



**GISPA Theatre Audition Information
For 2024/2025 school year**

Applicants must perform two contrasting monologues in their audition. Please choose two from: the one attached, one from *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*, *Treasure Island*, *Shakespearean*, or self-written.

These should not exceed two minutes in duration.

Email jdonaldson@sd64.org to schedule your individual and group audition on June 17, 2024.

Please bring the application package to your audition.

Burlap Bags

By Len Peterson

Tannahill

It was high noon now, and everything stood out clearly and colourfully in the light that cast only underside shadows. I was walking fast without exertion, and covering much ground. Everything looked normal. Either the burlap bags had disappeared, or I had come to accept them. The grass, and the sky, and the trees and the flowers were in primary colours, and vibrant. The earth of the summer fallow was black. I was out in the country. I felt that I had made a mistake about the world. It was beautiful.

I came across a group of children. They were young children.

Ahead of them was the most inspiring sight I had ever seen, their future that might be possible. The glory and beauty of it was overwhelming. There was a society of civilized men. In humility, thinking of my own generation and those that preceded mine with all their barbarity, I made move to kneel down, to bow my head. But as I did so the earth began to revolve rapidly. The years spun away.

The children moved forward and grew older. Instead of a vista stretching out endlessly, an ever narrowing horizon came into being. Walls sprang up on either side of the path the children walked along. Higher and thicker the walls became, narrower the horizon. The number of paths branching out ahead diminished. The vision came to resemble the world I knew. Now the walls were close together, and they shut out most of the sun. The children, grown to early man – and womanhood, walked now in single file between the walls. Oh, they were walking in a trench! They all walked down at the feet of the person in front of them, and followed those feet. No longer were there several possibilities in the future, there was only the inevitable end. Why watch them further?

Available from Playwrights union of Canada as a copyscript