



**Audition for *True North*
Monologue Script by Jack Burnham**

Dreams are lonely things. Floating out alone in that empty abyss being the waking hours, they only offer glimmers of light. They glow as campfires do, nestled deep within the pines. Only we can see our dreams, at least at their conception. They reveal themselves like constellations etched faintly against a halo of city lights. It is only us that can nurture them, only us that can comfort them, and only us that can chase them.

Hockey is a game made for the night. On Saturdays, high above our heads, a million different scenes are painted onto the walls of our living rooms, spilling over onto the couch cushions. Everyone knows that theme, humming quietly to themselves to form a great chorus of voices, a ceaseless murmur sounding from the breaking waves to the tall grasses. When the whistle blows and practice ends, a boundless night awaits us in the parking lot. How many of our heroes took shots under the streetlight in town or in a basement against a washer long after everyone else headed to bed? From dawn until dusk, a thousand cars start, a thousand watts light up a rink, a thousand rolls of tape are applied and adjusted, a thousand faceoffs, a thousand celebrations...

Hockey is made for the night and as we go out under those bright lights, our hearts beat just that much faster, we grip our sticks just that much tighter, and the tunnel never seems so long...