

GRANT BURNYEAT CREATIVE EXHIBITION

VOL
#2

2024.25



ZINE

We strive to strengthen communities and individuals through theatre education.



ENDLESS
POSSIBILITIES
on every
stage.

A NOTE

Digital storytelling by Moonrider
Productions



The Grant Burnyeat Student Series is an initiative developed by the Arts Club's Education Department in collaboration with longtime theatre supporter and former Arts Club board member Justice Grant Burnyeat. The intention of this program is twofold: to provide meaningful opportunities for youth to participate in the arts on a more frequent basis, and to strengthen relationships between the Arts Club and public Vancouver secondary schools.

We strive to strengthen
communities and individuals
through theatre education.

Theatre as a “language” or
practice has so many amazing
features: it creates empathy and
togetherness, it enhances self-
confidence and self-expression,
and it is full of joy.



ABBY HERGESHEIMER GLADSTONE SECONDARY

Abby Hergesheimer (she/he/they) is a grade 11 student at Gladstone Secondary School. Abby joined Gladstone Theatre Company at the start of grade 8, originally set on being a musician, but switched to Stage Crew in the second semester of that year and never looked back. Abby has held the title of Stage Manager for 2 years, and Club Leader for one

CLOSING NIGHT

I can't believe it, but it's closing night already. I've done this five times already through the years, so I'm prepared:

- Water and straws for actors (no staining the makeup!)
- Cough lozenges
- Chargers
- Tissue boxes, four
- Duct tape and scissors (let's hope we don't have to use it!)



Calltime passes, and the actors get ready. I flit between them like an overworked butterfly, checking off things from my list; hair, makeup, costume, props - making sure they fit my reference photos from Tech and Dress exactly.

I radio Tech over my walkie-talkie, and go over the auditorium to get my crew organized. They're all first-years, so I'm not surprised they're napping backstage.



I give them all a few minutes to get up and ready, and then I go over the set cues with them all one last time, quizzing them on the configuration. (They get it all right, of course)

They go to their positions, and I chat with Tech over the walkie as they run the lights and do initial soundchecks.

Soon enough, I go back to the actors, and grab the ones who need to get miked up, herding them over to the auditorium.

Once they're all set, I bring them back over to the other actors, and I check more people off my list, who are now in full hair, makeup, and costume.

I film some videos for our Instagram account, and my director signs off on them before I post, making sure to include all the tags and keywords.

Next, I check on concessions and finalize the layout, then leave them to their devices as they squabble over drink can placement.

After what seems like no time at all, we're at thirty-minute-call, and the audience starts arriving.

I quickly shuffle the actors over to their places, running to grab small things they forgot in the other room, and keep them quiet.

Five-minute call.

I get my headset on for the preshow announcements and fist-bump every member of my crew, letting them know that it's going to be great.

I give last call for tissues to the actors, then take a deep breath as the music cue comes on.



I step out of those red curtains and look at our packed auditorium, excited frenzy when they notice me onstage, and the spotlight comes on as I give the booth a thumbs-up.

I do my quick housekeeping spiel, then thank the respective people. Crack a few jokes to the audience, hype them up, and I'm backstage again, counting down on my fingers to our curtain operator.

They glide open without a hitch, and I stand back to watch the magic happen.

We run everything as smoothly as possible, communicating only in glances, muscle memory ingrained into my crew as I mouth along with every single word of every single line, having memorized the whole show.

Quickchanges, makeup touch-ups, replace mic pack batteries halfway through, give out some water, wipe a few tears, and then-

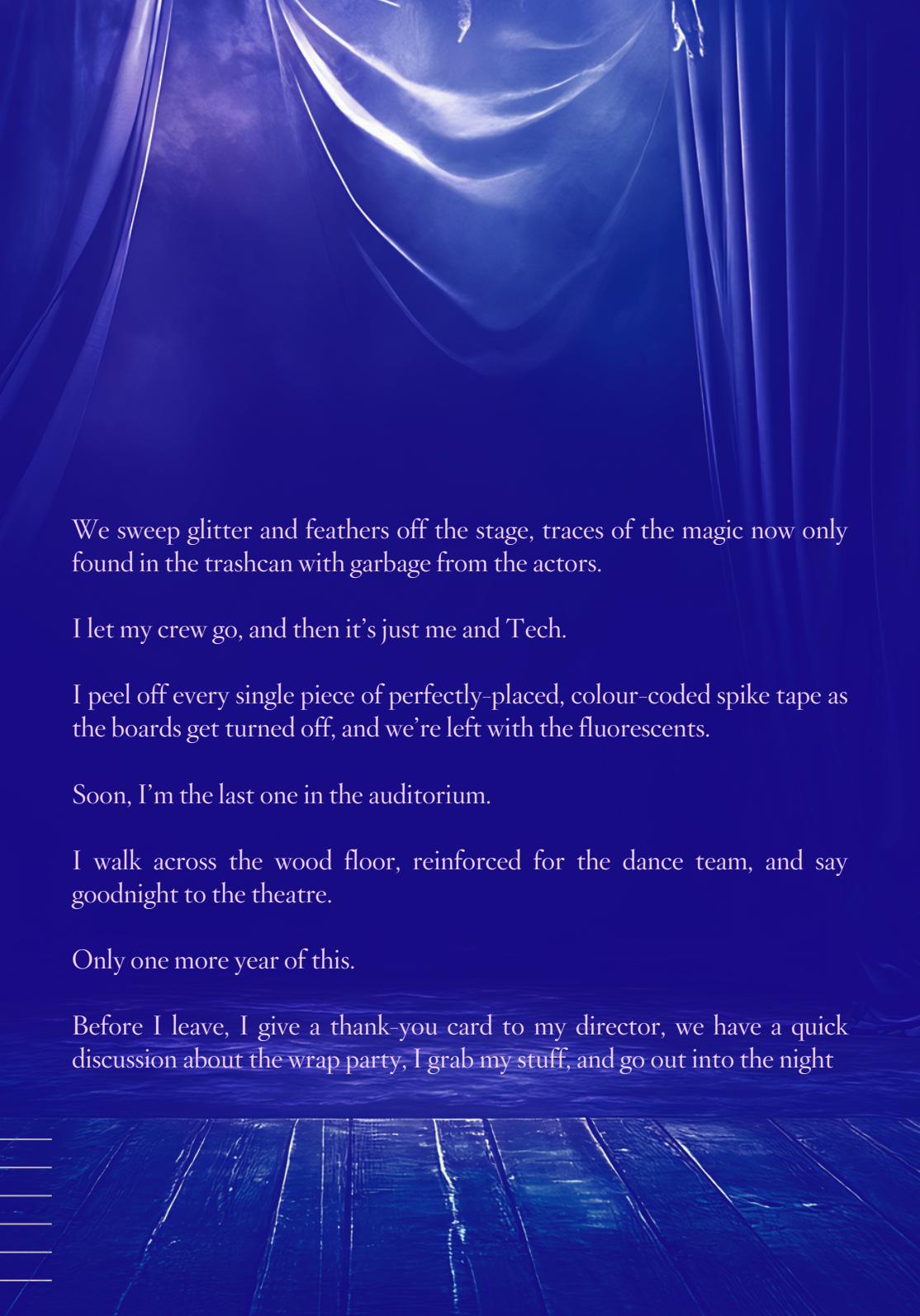
The music swells and the audience explodes in applause as the actors go out for final bows.

My crew is on after, and I cheer and yell the loudest for them. A few words from our director, and we close the curtains again as the house lights come on.

The actors dance and jump and laugh, and playing my role perfectly, I remind them to get changed out, not leave anything backstage, and put all their costumes back in the proper spots.

I don't break, not until everyone else leaves, and it's just me and my crew.

We open the curtains again and gather onstage, and we cry under the shine of the stage lights as we sing along to "Counting Stars" and move the set backstage one final time.



We sweep glitter and feathers off the stage, traces of the magic now only found in the trashcan with garbage from the actors.

I let my crew go, and then it's just me and Tech.

I peel off every single piece of perfectly-placed, colour-coded spike tape as the boards get turned off, and we're left with the fluorescents.

Soon, I'm the last one in the auditorium.

I walk across the wood floor, reinforced for the dance team, and say goodnight to the theatre.

Only one more year of this.

Before I leave, I give a thank-you card to my director, we have a quick discussion about the wrap party, I grab my stuff, and go out into the night

GRETA HASSE KITSILANO SECONDARY

My name is Greta Hasse, I'm sixteen years old and I live in Germany. I was an international student in Vancouver for five months at Kitsilano Secondary school, where my favourite class was drama. I've been playing theatre for three years in Germany and I am very grateful for this opportunity to express my experience on stage. Maybe I can inspire someone who feels the same way as I did. Theatre helped me a lot and I wish this feeling of true love, confidence and of fulfillment to everyone.

MONOLOGUE :



You know – those moments when the lights dim, the crowd goes quiet, and the stage feels like the center of the universe? I used to think that only happens in the movies. That this magic is artificially created, that it would never feel like this.

But I was wrong. I was so wrong.

I always had a voice inside of me. A loud one. And more than that: I had feelings. Strong feelings. All kinds of feelings. Feelings that howled.

Thoughts that burned. Thoughts like thunder, emotions like hurricanes. And no map. I didn't know how to shape them. They were ready to be released but I didn't know where to put them.

Then I found theatre. Or maybe ... theatre found me.

It started with this meeting. The meeting for a new season in a theatre. My best friend made me go with her. I thought "Fine, I'll give it a chance."

The director? She looked right at me. She saw me. She said: “You. I want you to read this.” and handed me a script.

It felt like she could see through my eyes to the storm of feelings that were waiting to be released.

I was nervous. My hands were shaking; the paper rustled like thunder. A cold shivering went through my entire body. My tongue was frozen in my mouth, not able to move or even say a word.

But then...I read. My hands stopped shaking. I suddenly knew where to put all my feelings: in my voice.

This moment – this tiny little moment – I felt something crack open. Like the voice inside me went: “Oh, finally.” I think part of me woke up.

A part I didn’t even know was asleep.

When I looked up: People looked at me and listened. They listened ...

Not because I was shouting.

Because I meant every single word.

You know what? I got the role! I only had a few lines but I said them like they could save the world.

Theatre didn’t just see my voice and my feelings.

It showed me how to use it.

It said, “Hey, Greta – this space? It’s yours. Fill it.”

It said, “Speak. Scream. Cry. Feel.”

It didn’t matter if I messed up, because every single part of me had a place on that stage.

I learned to cry without feeling weak, to shout and not flinch, to laugh so loud it echoed from the audience. To take up space, not just physically –but emotionally, spiritually, completely.

It taught me to feel out loud.

To own my feelings.

There was this one night –we were playing Alice in Wonderland, and I was Alice. A monologue, Alice asking herself who she really was. I looked out, and I couldn't see the audience, just this sea of darkness.

But I *felt* them.

The sound of breathless silence when I spoke, like I have enchanted them.

I made them feel something. I. Greta, with all my feelings inside me.

I could let them be part of my emotions.

Theatre taught me more than drama, it taught me to be brave, and how to stand up when I wanted to fall. Theater taught me to acknowledge every feeling and how to use them.

But mostly:

How to be someone else and somehow find myself in the process.

Weird, right?

But that's the magic. You pretend to be someone else so intensely, you suddenly understand your own skin a little better.

The lines you say on stage – they echo

They stretch something inside you. Make room.

And in that room, you start planting pieces of yourself.

You know what else theater gave me?

People.

Weird, loud, brilliant people who love stories as much as I did.

People who hugged me backstage with trembling hands before performing. People who made me feel like I belonged. People who listened, who helped, and people who truly loved each other.

They became a family. Not the kind you're born into, but the kind your soul recognizes.

They saw every version of me – messy, scared, real.

And they clapped anyway.

I found family in a full room of stage lights and chairs.

I found me.

Not the girl who has feelings inside her.

But the girl who feels them out loud.

It wasn't just about pretending to be someone else.

It was about becoming... me.

I found my voice, yes.

But more than that – I found my personality.

My curiosity.

My fire.

Maybe I'll never be famous, maybe I'll never make it to Broadway.

But every time I step into that light and feel the warmth hit my face
and breath the dusty air – I know who I am.

I'm Greta who found herself there.

Greta who belongs.

Greta who dares.

Greta who burns.

Theatre didn't just change my life.

Theatre opened the curtain to life for me.

It showed me my life – lit up by stage lights, filled with stories,
painted in courage.

It gave me my beginning.

But even more than that –

It gave me me.

GRETA HASSE



ABBY HERGESHEIMER

The Grant Burnyeat Creative Exhibition is a celebration of student perspectives on the impact of theatre, expressed through multiple creative mediums. Student work that is selected will be displayed in the BMO Theatre lobby with students receiving up to a \$500.00 scholarship.

The Grant Burnyeat Creative Exhibition is open to all VSB secondary students.

Reflect on what has been the role of theatre in your life. What has it changed in you?

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Thank you to everyone who submitted for the 24-25 Grant Burnyeat Creative Exhibition!

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Interested in receiving up to a \$500.00 scholarship? Check out the 2025-26 Grant Burnyeat Creative Exhibition below!



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