

Ethno-cultural mandate or ethno-cultural casting statement:

Electric Company Theatre enthusiastically welcomes submissions from candidates of all ethnocultural backgrounds.

Additional information:

Electric Company is seeking adult male Latinx and BIPOC actors for our upcoming workshop and world premiere of *Anywhere But Here*, an original script by Carmen Aguirre, with two rap pieces co-written with Shad. The production is directed by Juliette Carrillo and will be performed at the Vancouver Playhouse in the first two weeks of February.

Anywhere But Here follows a family on a journey back towards Chile from Canada. Along the desert border between the US and Mexico, the father and his two young daughters encounter an increasingly fantastic range of characters. They are encircled by past, present and future, in a collective vision that takes them, and the audience, into the compelling experiences of people crossing and guarding the border. With the arrival of the mother of the family, they confront the costs of exile and the true nature of home.

All roles have choral singing performances.

THIS POSTING WILL REMAIN OPEN UNTIL CAST. VIDEO SUBMISSIONS ONLY.

ROLES:

MANUEL and As Cast - A sexy nerd in his thirties. He has shaggy raven hair and wears Coke-bottle, black-rimmed glasses held together by scotch tape. This actor also plays **OLD MAN WITH EGG**.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS and As Cast: An early 20's American vigilante border guard, also known as a minuteman. As cast roles may include Abuelo (Spanish for Grandfather), a Monarch Butterfly, a Mexican border strawberry seller and others to be determined.

Please submit the following:

- 1) One of the following sides
- 2) a short personal story/anecdote about a time you felt in exile.
- 3) a short accompanied song (can be singing to a track, or along with an instrumental recording. No live accompaniment required) or an acapella version of "Happy Birthday".

VIDEO SUBMISSION DUE DATE: June 21, 2019

REHEARSALS: December, 2019 - January, 2020

PERFORMANCES: February, 2020

Agreement or Policy expected at the time of posting:

ITA

For Manuel, the following monologue, copyright Carmen Aguirre:

Someday, in the future, there will be these things called cell phones, and I will be able to call you and you will be able to call me and ask me to return. You'll get on your knees, on this cell phone, and I will be able to see you because it will have a built-in video system, and you will beg me to come back, to make you pee your pants with laughter, like on our first date. To make you howl at the moon when I touched your tender spot. You'll hold the cell phone up so that it catches your best angle, accentuating your cheek bones, deleting that double chin, bringing out your brown almond eyes, set a little too close together, like a muppet. I've never told you that. You look like a muppet. You will have a thing called a GPS, which is like a living, breathing map, and it will say you are here and he is there and it will lead you directly to me. And when you find me you will lie prostrate on the floor in front of me. You will crucify yourself and you will say "yes, yes, yes, I am here. Now and forever. Now and forever I am here. And I will never be an exile because I understand that home is YOU. Where you are I am and you are home. And that is how we abolish the state. The state of exile."

For Young Man With Guns, the following scene, copyright Carmen Aguirre:

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

Hands up! Migra!

CAROLITA:

Help!

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

Ain't no one gonna help you but me, senorita. You are in America now. And we're gonna help you get right back to Chihuahua.

CAROLITA:

The dog?

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

The place. (VERY HEAVY ACCENT) Donde estas sus mamas and papas?

CAROLITA:

I speak English. And I'm not Chihuahuan. I'm Chilean. And this is great. Just great. I'm only eleven and that's the second time men with guns point them at my head. (LOOKING UP AT THE SKY) Thanks, God!

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

(STILL POINTING GUN) You walked all the way from Chilly to Arizona?

CAROLITA:

Of course not. We took taxis and planes and buses and stuff. And now my dumb Dad wants us to go back there 'cause he caught my Mom making out with Bill - hey! Maybe you can scare the shit out of my Dad and send him back to Vancouver with us.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

What the-

CAROLITA:

My Dad and my sister are sleeping in our car over there.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

You're on your way TO Mexico?

CAROLITA:

Newsflash: Chile's not in Mexico. It's way down South. But we have to drive through Mexico and tons of other places to get there.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

(LOWERS GUN, STARTS TO WALK AWAY) If you're heading south I guess that's not our concern.

CAROLITA:

(LOWERING HER ARMS) You keep saying "we" but there's only one of you.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:

The others are on their way. And they might not stand around long enough to listen to you explain your situation. They might just shoot first and ask questions later.

CAROLITA:

Just point a gun to my Dad's head and tell him he has to go back to Canada. Tell him you're gonna arrest him for kidnapping-

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:
(REACHING FOR ONE OF HIS GUNS AND FOR HIS WALKIE-TALKIE) He kidnapped somebody?

CAROLITA:
Hello! Yes! Me and my sister. He's taking us back to Chile 'cause he hates it here.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:
Why?

CAROLITA:
The people. The coldness of the people. The life. Or lack thereof. That's what he says all the time. He looks around and shouts: "Where is the LIFE? Where? WHERE, goddammit?!"

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:
And there's life in Chilly?

CAROLITA:
Totally. People like sing your name and they make out in the streets and stuff and let their thighs rub next to yours on the buses and the men whistle at you and the ladies like it and the poor people share everything and you talk about the crux.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:
The what?

CAROLITA:
The meat of the matter. Right away. Like even with total strangers at the market. You talk about like torrid love affairs and how much you hate your mother in law like right there, in the street, while you wait to flag down a cab with like the ice cream vendor and stuff. And you're always dancing like cumbia and stuff. Like all over the place. In the streets, at work, wherever the urge hits you.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:
People make out in the streets?

CAROLITA:
Yup. They feel each other up and dry hump and moan and stuff. On plaza benches and buses and traffic islands and even while they're protesting they're making out.

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS' WALKIE-TALKIE:
Angel Number Four: have you found some wetbacks? What are your coordinates? We're coming to offer back-up. Over.

CAROLITA:
You're an angel?

YOUNG MAN WITH GUNS:
A guardian angel.