



# 6000 Degrees

Good Morning!

We're very excited to have you playing Monica in *6000 Degrees*!

After you've looked over the materials let us know what day: Sat / Sun / Mon – August 2 / 3 / 4 and about what time (we'll be shooting from early to late) you'd like to come in. We'll see you in a week in the CSULB "Werby Gallery"— see the attached map.

Feel free to email us at [casting@artboy.info](mailto:casting@artboy.info) with any questions you might have about the script or any other logistics. We're happy to take any questions, although, for a lot of the creative questions, we might turn them around and ask what you think— we really want your Monica to be your own organic creation who is unique and true to your own creative process. One thing's for sure: if you think a choice is right— it is right!

Keeping with the "you own the character" theme, we'll leave hair and make-up to you. For wardrobe we'd like you to come in an off-white top and dark slacks or skirt. Go anywhere you like within that.

Be sure to put some time in and really learn the monologue, we won't have too much time to work with you and we'd prefer to run it in a single take, without cuts, in order to generate the maximum sense of one-to-one connection between you and the audience. Although this is a monologue, think of it as a dialog with the camera. As for exactly "who" the camera is... we'll leave that one up to you... maybe it's just a mirror for your own quiet reflections, maybe it's a friend or the campus counselor, a relative or a journalist, the audience or God...

We look forward to meeting and working with you!

Wendy Benitez

Glenn Zucman

562 <b>Ph</b> 619-7009	626 <b>Fx</b> 307-4016	2623 <b>Ad</b> Willard Av	Rosemead <b>Ci</b> CA 91770	casting@ <b>eM</b> artboy.info	www. <b>w<sup>3</sup></b> artboy.info
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**Monica:**

“All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances, and one woman in her time plays many parts...”

My college is doing a production of *As You Like It*, we were rehearsing last week. And as I said those words I looked into the wings and my best friend Rachel was waving at me... she was all twisted, like she had to go to the bathroom or something... and I was trying to remember my lines... and why is Rachel waving at me? I couldn’t remember my lines. I just started laughing and we stopped. It was vintage Rachel.

So, Rachel didn’t have to go to the bathroom. It was a call from home. My brother, Ross, needs a bone marrow donor—again.

I guess, technically, my parents are asking me if I want to do it... and I want to want to do it... but I don’t really feel like I have any choice. I tried to pretend that I’m not scared, that it isn’t really any big deal... I am so scared.

They used me for bone marrow before, when I was twelve... and anyway, it turns out that I also donated bone marrow to Ross when I was just a year old... it turns out that the only reason they ever even had me was because Ross needed bone marrow.

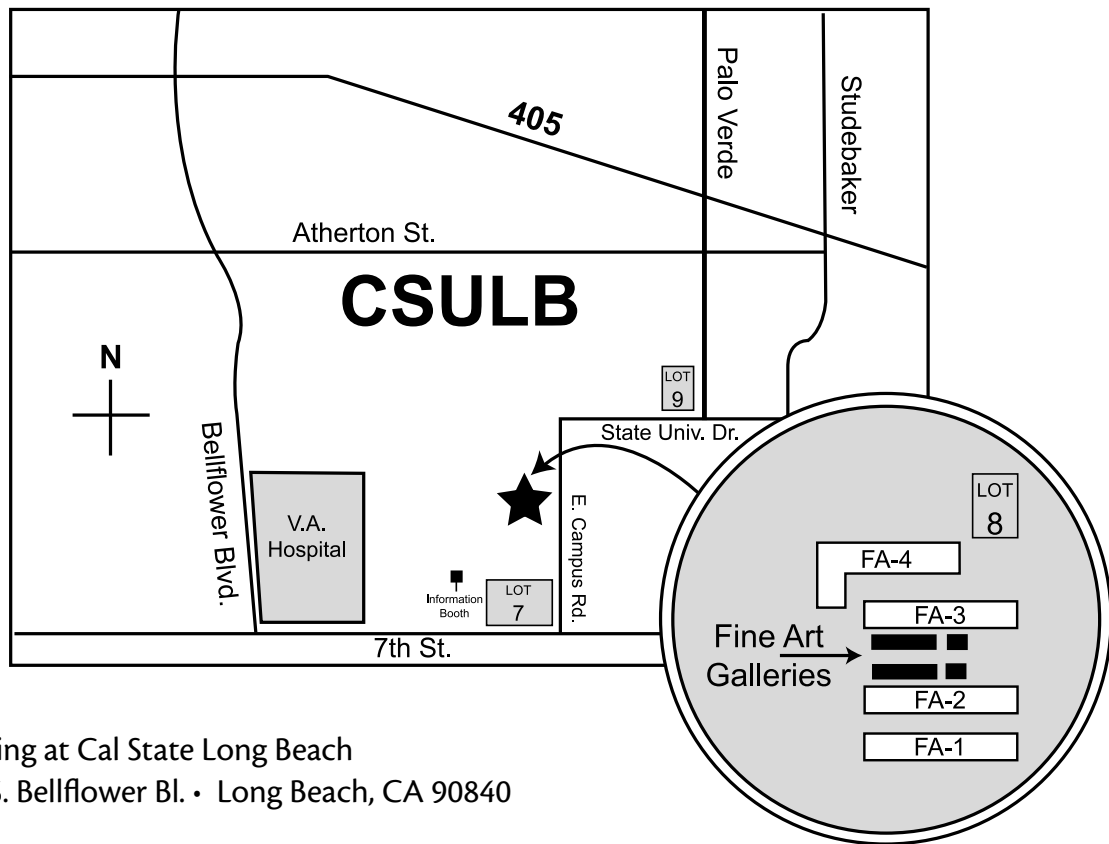
I suppose none of us chooses to be born... still... we have some sense, some illusion maybe, that we were willed into existence by the great forces of the cosmos... I was just made for the sole purpose of providing Ross with spare parts. Who am I? Am I just some old car in the junkyard— you find the part you want and take a hacksaw to it? If Ross is so defective, why don’t they just let him die and conceive a replacement Ross the same way they conceived me— I mean, when is it enough? I know I’m just being selfish and scared. Of course I want to help my brother. It’s just that... well, I wish I could choose to help him... it’s not my choice... it’s my destiny... it’s the only reason I exist.

Why do any of us exist? Because our parents were drunk and bored one Saturday night a long time ago? Is who we are forever determined by the circumstances of our past? Are we forever yoked by history? I don’t think so. But then, if we redefine ourselves each moment— are we just machines being constantly loaded with different software? Is there such a thing as I?

I have to believe that I am a unique person with a unique destiny. I may exist in Ross’ shadow. There may be billions of humans on earth. But I am the only me. No one may ever have exactly the same thoughts and dreams and fears again. I was born of purely utilitarian reasons... I was born of someone else’s choice... the future, I think, will be my own choice.

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Saturday - Sunday - Monday 2 - 3 - 4 August 03



Shooting at Cal State Long Beach  
1250 S. Bellflower Bl. • Long Beach, CA 90840

405 S —> Bellflower Blvd S —> L on 7th Street —> Left on East Campus Rd.

—OR—

5 S —> 605 S —> 7th Street Exit —> Right on East Campus Rd.

## MONDAY:

Follow frontage road to parking shack

Guard will have a pass in your name

(on occasion they can't find or don't have your pass - just insist that they should,  
and they'll eventually take care of you!)

Park in Lot 7

Guard can point you toward the Fine Art Galleries

You'll find the Werby Gallery between buildings FA-2 & FA-3.

## SATURDAY-SUNDAY

Parking is free... just park in Lot 7 or 8

Artboy Productions

casting@artboy.info

562-619-7009