2020

Some Southern Waters

Julian Baner
University of Central Florida

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SOME SOUTHERN WATERS

by

JULIAN BANER
B.F.A. University of Central Florida, 2017

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Entrepreneurial Digital Cinema
in the Film Program of the Nicholson School of Communication and Media
in the College of Arts and Humanities
at the University of Central Florida
Orlando, Florida

Spring Term
2020

Major Professor: Lisa Mills
Some Southern Waters is a microbudget feature-length film written, directed, and produced by Julian Baner as part of the requirements for earning a Master of Fine Arts in Entrepreneurial Digital Cinema from the University of Central Florida. The film is a black and white, semi-abstract narrative mainly in the mystery genre, with elements of thriller, horror, and black comedy throughout. This thesis is a description of the creative impetus behind the project, as well as the technical process from pre-production through production, and post-production.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1: AESTHETIC LITERACY ................................................................................. 1

Filmmaker’s Statement ................................................................................................. 1
Aesthetic Literature Review ............................................................................................ 2
Filmography ................................................................................................................... 10
References ..................................................................................................................... 11

CHAPTER 2: FINANCIAL LITERACY .............................................................................. 12

Funding Plan .................................................................................................................. 12
Marketing & Distribution Plan ..................................................................................... 14
Budget ........................................................................................................................... 18
References ..................................................................................................................... 22

CHAPTER 3: PRODUCTION LITERACY ..................................................................... 23

Production Literacy Overview ....................................................................................... 23

Introduction .................................................................................................................. 23
Crew - Initial Plan ......................................................................................................... 23
Crew – Conclusion ....................................................................................................... 28
Shooting – Initial Plan .................................................................................................. 29
CHAPTER 1: AESTHETIC LITERACY

Filmmaker’s Statement

My dreams are often at once meandering and directed. I have a recurring dream, indistinguishable and randomly scattered through my nights, in which I am trying to leave my house to meet someone, but things keep stopping me. I am set to leave, but then need to take care of a boiling pot of water. I am ready again, but I’ve forgotten to shut off a faucet. I am ready again, but can’t manage to tie my shoes properly, constantly twisting knots. I am ready again, but a friend of mine stops me; they need my help in the backyard with God knows what. If I do finally manage to leave, I get lost driving. I miss a turn and must backtrack. I miss it again and must backtrack again. I make the turn, but the road is blocked. And so it goes, and so it goes. I never get to where I’m going. How annoying, but it got me thinking: if the recursive dispositions of my dreams are a product of my thoughts, then what are the recursive dispositions of my thoughts a product of?

The more I navigate through my days, at once meandering and directed, the more I am cognizant of their repetitive nature. In nature expressly: in the cyclical makeup of all things, or in the random scattering of indistinguishable bubbles, like the random scattering of indistinguishable stars, like the random scattering of indistinguishable raindrops. It’s likewise true in human nature: in my physical cycles, in my habits, in my thoughts. It is this recursive character, the propensity for the world to ruminate, as if nature is constantly trying to get where it’s going, that is at the heart of my thesis film Some Southern Waters.
*Some Southern Waters* is a black and white, dream-like mystery/drama, mostly taking place in contemporary times in a beachside town in Florida. The film follows Jon Bedsoe, a 20-something heavy smoker with a fascination for the 50s, as he attempts to move on and face his guilt after his girlfriend is killed in a bizarre car accident with him at the wheel when, months later, he meets someone who looks exactly like her. Jon finds himself trapped in a figurative nightmare, stuck in a recursive series of loops, always trying to get where he’s going, but never getting there.

**Aesthetic Literature Review**

*Some Southern Waters* is a project with a multitude of influences. I hope to take these influences and make them my own, while staying true to the heart of the film: the recursive nature of things. There are four main aesthetic topics I wish to cover in the following pages: the overall tone, the use of my own past films as narrative influence, the visual style, and the stylistic adherence to the theme of repetition.

I am often asked, “What do you want the audience to get from your film?” My answer is always this, paraphrasing Robert Altman on his commentary track of *3 Women*: “I want the audience to say, I don’t really know what that was, but I liked it.” This is because tone always comes first for me. I’ve always conceived my films with the initial impetus of a specific tone, texture, and atmosphere, with the character and plot details coming afterwards. I want to attempt to illustrate the tone I’ve conceived for *Some Southern Waters* before continuing to specifics of how I will achieve it. I write “attempt” because ultimately, I feel tone, much like taste, can only truly be felt, not described. A good word to start with is ‘uncanniness.’ In his introduction to a
series of interviews with David Lynch, Chris Rodley quotes Anthony Vidler: “‘The sensation of “uncanniness” was an especially difficult feeling to define. Neither absolute terror nor mild anxiety, the uncanny seemed easier to describe in terms of what it was not, than in any essential sense of its own.’ – Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny*” (ix). Rodley goes on to write that this difficulty in describing the ‘uncanny’ could be the same difficulty found in watching the cinema of David Lynch.

I hope this is a difficulty found in watching *Some Southern Waters* as well. Reason being, I am more interested in my films standing on their own as emotional states, much like dreams, than in ‘solving’ or ‘understanding’ them through description and analysis. As Stanley Kubrick writes, “A film is — or should be — more like music than fiction. It should be a progression of moods and feelings. The theme, what's behind the emotion, the meaning, all comes later. After you've walked out of the theater, maybe the next day or a week later, maybe without ever actually realizing it, you somehow get what the filmmaker has been trying to tell you” (Ebrahimian 91).

To attempt to sum up the tone of *Some Southern Waters*, it is a blend of stark black and white surrealism, graceful digital photography, B-Horror movie aesthetics, Kafkaesque absurdism, Hitchcockian intrigue, and wry, deadpan humor, with a dose of misplaced 50s nostalgia.

I would now like to discuss how this film stemmed from my previous short films, and how this plays into the themes of the film. During my bachelor’s degree studies at UCF, I wrote and directed four short films, all of which were semi-abstract narratives that cultivated a dream-like atmosphere in some way. The first film, called *LHOAVTEE*, is about a young man,
presumably on a date with a mysterious young woman.Driving down a desolate road at night, they accidentally hit an old man. The young woman, to the complete bewilderment of the young man, steps out of the car to kiss the dead old man, thus reviving him and allowing him to dance to the Doo-wop music coming out of the car speakers. The second film, called *He Hunts Not Fish*, is about a young girl who rides her bike over to an old man’s house wearing a red dress and a white mask. She proceeds to wash the old man’s feet for money, presumably a practice that has been ongoing, but kills the old man by stabbing him with a pair of scissors so that she can steal his money. The third film, called *Some Southern Waters*, is a conversation about a dream between two young women on a beach while, unbeknownst to them, an old man, apparently injured by something in the ocean, dies on the beach while a little boy buries him in sand. The fourth film, called *Diamond Day*, deals with an old man trying to recall the story of a young man named Jon who finds his girlfriend has suddenly disappeared. He runs to the beach to try and find her, only to wake up later on the beach, buried under a pile of sand, before running into the ocean. The old man’s story is interrupted before we can understand the details.

I challenged myself to combine these four disparate stories into one cohesive one. The old men in all four films has been combined into one character. Same goes for the young women in all four, and the young men in *LHOAVTEE* and *Diamond Day*. What resulted was a nightmarish story with a host of eccentric characters and a logic all its own that I decided to name *Some Southern Waters*, eponymous with the short film. It is only in retrospect that I realize, by repeating stories I have already told, I am participating in the theme of repetition I have discovered within the new story.
The idea of a writer/director repeating themselves in their work, like a serial artist, has always fascinated me. To cite an example, this is an aspect I find especially compelling in the work of Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu. In analysis of the director in his book Ozu, Donald Richie writes, “Ozu’s pictures then, are made of very little. One theme, several stories, a few patterns. The technique, too… is highly restricted: invariable camera angle, no camera movement, a restricted use of cinematic punctuation. Similarly, the structure of the film… is nearly invariable… Indeed, there can have been few artists whose oeuvre is so completely consistent” (9). And to quote Ozu himself, “I always tell people that I don’t make anything besides tofu, and that is because I am strictly a tofu-dealer” (Richie 10).

Finding consistencies in a director’s work is no foreign concept to film critics. It is a quality that has been conspicuously praised in the forming of the politique des auteurs by the French Cahiers du Cinema critics, and later adopted as the Auteur Theory by Andrew Sarris in America. Sarris’s admiration for such a characteristic in directors is clear, for example, when he writes about Howard Hawks, whom he inducted into his list of Pantheon Directors: “The same lines and basic situations pop up in film after film with surprisingly little variation… the Hawksian hero acts with remarkable consistency in a predominantly male universe…that one can discern the same directorial signature over a wide variety of genres is proof of artistry” (53 – 56).

What is interesting to me about Ozu’s and Hawks’s consistencies from film to film, is how each film acts as a response to the one that came before it, and how this changes the context of each film within the oeuvre. The curiosity, then, lies in the small aspects that do change from film to film, and how these changes imply a change in Ozu and Hawks, as if the films themselves are recurring dreams. When writing my short films, I had no intention of making similar work. In
fact, I felt I was always striving for something completely different. I now realize, much like in both my dreams and my waking life, that I have been subconsciously recursive.

With an understanding, now, of the main foundations of my film, I would like to move on to elaborating on the visual style. As mentioned earlier, the film is in black and white. I chose this for a couple reasons.

One is thematic. The protagonist Jon has his foot in two worlds, one is the contemporary world that he is forced to embody, and the other is a world of the 50s, of a past he never experienced. In this way, he is a character displaced in time, trying to honor the lifestyle, codes, and expectations of another era, while navigating through contemporary times. Correspondingly, by being shot digitally with a camera stabilizer, yet in black and white, the film visually adheres to a style of photography associated with a bygone era, while clearly belonging to a contemporary world.

Another reason is budgetary. I find that it is much easier to use darkness to your advantage in black and white, to conceal what you otherwise have to show, such as locations or production design that is not allowed for in the budget. This a lesson learned from the B-Horror movie genre. By calling back to these low-budget films, aesthetically and narratively, I feel the use of a low budget on my own film feels called-for and deliberate, rather than something to try to conceal. In addition, using darkness in grayscale results in a lot of black in the frame. As described by David Lynch, “Black has depth. It’s a little egress; you can go into it, and because it keeps on continuing to the dark, the mind kicks in, and a lot of things that are going on in there become manifest. And you start seeing what you’re afraid of. You start seeing what you love,
and it becomes like a dream” (Rodley 30). So, there is an also an emotional implication to using black and white, which is the third, and perhaps most important reason.

I find that the feeling of the surreal, fragmented character of dreams that is inherent in the narrative is best suited to black and white. When you superimpose images in black and white, for example (a technique I plan on using heavily in the film), because there are no colors to distinguish elements in the frame, the two blend together and create new mental images that could not be achieved otherwise; much like the blending of dream and reality that Jon is forced to indistinguishably live between.

There is also an inherent beauty to the non-reality of black and white. To quote Roger Ebert, “Color is too realistic. It is too distracting. It projects superfluous emotional cues. It reduces actors to inhabitants of the mere world. Black-and-white (or, more accurately, silver-and-white) creates a mysterious dream state, a simpler world of form and gesture” (391). Though I believe there is a different aesthetic beauty in color as well, it is this quality of mystery in black and white that I find suits this film well.

To add to this ethereal quality, I intend on using a gimble, a specialized camera stabilizer, for both elaborate camera moves and stable shots, to give a free, floating feel to the film. The reasoning behind this is to avoid using tripod, panning, or dolly shots, which are too stable and customary in filmmaking grammar, giving an ‘invisible’ quality to the filming apparatus, while also avoiding a hand-held method of shooting, resulting in a much too conspicuous, vérité style. One, instead, should feel as if the camera is a dreamer, freely exploring the world in front of it, yet, by its very gaze, willing it into existence.
Overall, the film will adhere aesthetically to its cyclical narrative and themes of recursion and repetition. One way of achieving this is through visual motifs. Similar compositions and identical camera moves will be frequently used for different scenes. One example of this is in recurrently utilizing the full-body compositions often used in silent films. By adhering to this compositional style solely during the scenes of strongest, fear-inducing hallucinatory content, I hope to establish an ‘uncanniness,’ or innate, simplistic, eerie objectiveness to these scenes, very much standing apart from the off-kilter density of other scenes.

Another visual motif I intend to employ is to evocatively push in on the back of heads. This plays with the expectations of film grammar, in which a push in on someone’s face is meant to serve as a reveal, provide an emotional release, or involve you in the character’s own emotional momentum. It also evokes a dream-logic, in which you actively are forced to focus in on elements that seem arbitrary or insubstantial. By consistently repeating visual motifs such as these, I hope to weave the recursive theme of the narrative into the aesthetic itself.

I hope to do the same with sound design. One way of achieving this is to use the same exact sound effects in many different ways throughout different scenes. For example, a particular type of crunch sound made from stepping on a branch in one scene, could be used when someone cracks their fingers in the background of another scene. In this way, sound acts as it often does in dreams, re-contextualized to fit the setting or situation.

Another way of using sound to reinforce this theme is to have Jon listen to Doo-wop music. Doo-wop music in itself characterizes Jon’s personality in its candy-coated 50s nostalgia and its repetitious melodies and chord progressions. The fact that Doo-wop songs all follow very similar rhythms, chord progressions, melodies, and instrumentation, making it difficult to tell one
apart from the other, further supports the theme of recursiveness throughout the film. To exaggerate its repetitiveness, Jon will have one particular song play every time he is driving, a situation he reluctantly finds himself in often throughout the film. The effect this should have on an audience is to make them not only experience the idea of repetition, but to be emotionally impacted by it, going through the same emotions that the protagonist is.

In short, the majority of my seemingly eccentric aesthetic choices for *Some Southern Waters* stem from the themes and moods inherent in the narrative. My hope, however, is that these conscious choices, and these themes of repetition, act mostly subconsciously for an audience. They are subtle enough that an audience may not be totally aware of them while they are happening, but will nevertheless leave a lasting impression. I leave many elements, narratively and aesthetically, purposefully abstract. This project, for me, stemmed from my observations and understandings of my own recursive thought processes. However, I suspect that there are more subtle, subconscious aspects of my own personality and worldview that have also informed the work. It is these aspects that require an audience other than myself to extrapolate. In this way, I anticipate a viewer to come to their own conclusions as to what certain elements in the film - whether it be the choice of Doo-wop music, the eccentricities of the characters, the peculiar locations, or particular plot points - mean to them, or make them feel. In other words, my purpose in using ambiguity in storytelling is to create the space to allow each viewer to come away from the film with their own specific meanings and interpretations based on their own experiences and relationship to the images being shown.
Filmography

3 Women, Dir. Robert Altman. Lion's Gate Films. 1977

After Hours, Dir. Martin Scorsese. Double Play Productions. 1985


Carnival of Souls, Dir. Herk Harvey. Herts-Lion International Corp. 1962

Dead Man, Dir. Jim Jarmusch. Pandora Filmproduktion. 1995


Ed Wood, Dir. Tim Burton. Touchstone Pictures. 1994


Inherent Vice, Dir. Paul Thomas Anderson. IAC Films. 2014

The Lady From Shanghai, Dir. Orson Welles. Mercury Productions. 1947

L'Immortelle, Dir. Alain Robbe-Grillet. Cocinor. 1963


Rumble Fish, Dir. Francis Ford Coppola. American Zoetrope. 1983

Scorpio Rising, Dir. Kenneth Anger. Puck Film Productions. 1963

Stranger Than Paradise, Dir. Jim Jarmusch. Cinesthesia Productions Inc. 1984

Vertigo, Dir. Alfred Hitchcock. Alfred J. Hitchcock Productions. 1958

References


CHAPTER 2: FINANCIAL LITERACY

Funding Plan

*Some Southern Waters’* crowdfunding journey ended relatively successfully: almost $17,000 raised out of a $26,000 budget in in-kind and cash donations. We focused solely on Facebook/Instagram to build and cultivate an audience that we hoped would become supporters of the project. Shortly after the launch of our Facebook page in early January 2019, we began this cultivation with a “Like Campaign”: an ad featuring our trailer which ran on Facebook with a call-to-action for the viewer to “Like” our page. We spent about $450 on this campaign between January 5th and April 8th, resulting in over 2,500 page Likes, about 200 of which were organic, meaning not paid for (friends, family, etc.) Our hope was that by building up the credibility of our page with a decent number of Likes, we could convert some of these page followers into loyal supporters of the project.

We kept our growing audience engaged by posting about 3 times a week with various types of content: pre-production updates, films we were watching, and general engagement posts featuring jokes or artwork. We quickly found that, among our paid followers, re-posts unrelated to the film were the most popular; while among our organic audience, posts about the actual film were most popular. This was slightly disheartening, but we kept pressing on, noticing some paid followers were more dedicated to the actual project than others (some of which continue to engage with all our posts even as of this writing). Along the way, we secured 60 email newsletter subscribers (about half of which were strangers) through exclusive giveaways, the most popular being a free t-shirt (the winner of this shirt unfortunately did not convert into a donator as
hoped). We used the newsletter to prompt and remind subscribers of our crowdfunding campaign and continue to email a newsletter to these subscribers once every 3 months with production updates, retaining about a 30% open rate.

Finally, we launched our crowdfunding campaign through Seed&Spark on March 19th, 2019. Our initial post featuring our pitch video (boosted for about $7 for 4 days) resulted in 57 link clicks. We continued to promote the campaign throughout the month with unique opportunities and sales (reduced reward prices, matched pledges, etc.) while still posting unrelated content which continued to be popular with our followers. The result was 60 pledges equaling about $9,000 raised in cash with about $8,000 raised in in-kind donations (equipment, locations, food, etc.). Most of these in-kind donations were being found and tallied up separately from the crowdfunding campaign, and then manually added.

Overall, we were successful, but out of all the paid Likes we received, only two resulted in actual donations: $25 each for the reward of a streaming link. These two were highly involved followers who had direct messaged us through the Facebook page and were content creators themselves (one a filmmaker, one a musician). If I were to do this again, I would have saved the time and money used to accumulate Likes and Follows, and instead focused on the personal connections already in my network (friends, family, family of crew, etc.) Whether these followers will translate to actual watchers of the film in the future remains to be seen, but in either case, it would have been more useful to run a Like Campaign closer, and in tangent with, the actual release of the film at festivals.
Marketing & Distribution Plan

We plan on self-distributing Some Southern Waters, meaning, rather than attempting to sign a deal with a typical distributor who would market and attempt to distribute the film in theaters, TV, or online, we would market and publish the film online ourselves, keeping 100% ownership through sites like Amazon and Vimeo, while marketing the film ourselves through Facebook and Google. That being said, we still plan on submitting to film festivals both domestically and internationally as a means to bring critical attention to the film, and in turn hopefully offering our film free publicity.

Should we be accepted at a high tier festival, we plan to organize our online distribution such that our film will be available to rent online for $2.99 on Vimeo shortly after the film plays at that festival. This way we can capitalize on the heels of our festival buzz: the kind of free, widespread publicity that we won’t see again.

A great case study on the benefits of capitalizing on the publicity offered by major film festivals comes from the book Selling Your Film Without Selling Your Soul by Jon Reiss and Sheri Chandler. In it, they discuss the distribution plan of the film Ass Backwards. As per the director of the film:

We knew that the only one thing Sundance guaranteed us was a tremendous amount of publicity, a chance for people to hear about the film and to be curious about it. We also knew that we had an anti-commercial film, difficult to market, without an obvious target audience outside of the people that go to film festivals. We knew we had
virtually no chance for traditional pick-up, and imagined that if we did things the regular way and waited for other companies to come to us, we’d probably see ourselves on IFC’s digital platform six months later, and nothing else. We also knew that we had spent so little on the film that we could afford to take risks. So we decided to just go for the jugular and to use the publicity generated by Sundance to release the film directly to the audience. We knew we couldn’t wait until people forgot about the Sundance press, so we decided the launch the film as wide as possible immediately after the Festival, meaning February 1st...one day after the festival concluded (Reiss & Chandler 2011).

Knowing the improbability of our film being picked up for distribution in today’s market, we plan on utilizing a similar strategy to market Some Southern Waters.

Starting in July 2020, we plan to submit to the following 13 festivals: Slamdance Film Festival, South by Southwest Film Festival, Florida Film Festival, Fantastic Fest, Indie Memphis Film Festival, SCAD Film Festival, Austin Film Festival, Key West Film Festival, Woodstock Film Festival, New Orleans Film Festival, Oxford Film Festival, Fantasia Film Festival, and Berlin International Film Festival.

Afterwards, armed with more insight into the kind of audience that responds to our film, we will window our online release into TVOD (Transactional Video On Demand), SVOD (Subscription Video On Demand), and AVOD (Ad-supported Video On Demand). This allows for a recurring feeling of an exclusive premiere and gives us time to keep learning about our audience and their spending habits while we tweak our marketing (Hammond, “5 Lessons”).
An exemplary film that utilized this windowing strategy is the documentary *Sriracha*. According to director Griffin Hammond on a blog-post he published: “It turns out this strategy of premiering a film at separate times on separate platforms is called windowing. Each premiere is a new opportunity for excitement, a new likelihood of press coverage, a chance to reach new viewers. Each platform will treat the film as new, often featuring it prominently in the user interface” (“5 Lessons”). He released the film as follows:

- December 11, 2013: Sriracha premiered on Vimeo On Demand.
- August 29, 2014: Aggregator Premiere Digital published to iTunes and Amazon Instant Video ($1.99 SD / $2.99 HD).
- September 2, 2014: Distributor Janson Media published to Hulu (free, ad-based/subscriber).
- April 17, 2015: I asked Premiere Digital to turn on Amazon Prime (free for subscribers).
- April 18, 2016: In addition to my free director’s commentary version on YouTube, I added a paid YouTube option. ($0.99 HD rental / $2.99 HD) (“5 Lessons”).

This strategy turned out very well for Hammond, resulting in “$136,813 in revenue, from 720,848 views” (“5 Lessons”) in the film’s first 36 months of revenue (on a budget of about $13,000).

With this strategy in mind, once the festival publicity has died, or if there is none, we will drive traffic to the Vimeo rental through promotion on out Facebook page and through targeted
Facebook ads. Based on our success, or lack thereof on Vimeo rentals, we will add the film to Amazon’s TVOD platform, again at a $2.99 rental price. Based on the film’s performance on both platforms after some months, we will most likely shift to Amazon’s SVOD platform, allowing users with an Amazon Prime subscription to watch the film for free. At the same time, we will attempt to launch the film on an AVOD platform such as Tubi to make up for the lack of revenue that will be generated from Amazon views.

The reasoning behind on launching on Vimeo, a lesser known site than Amazon, is that the profit margin on Vimeo rentals for content creators is significantly higher than Amazon’s. Vimeo offers content creators 90% of profits on rentals (https://vimeo.com/ondemand/startselling) while Amazon only offers 50% (videodirect.amazon.com/home/help?topicId=G202037410). The reason to launch on Amazon despite lower profit margins - particularly on their SVOD: minimum one cent per hour viewed (videodirect.amazon.com/home/help?topicId=G202037410) - is that the potential for viewer count is significantly higher. We believe that rentals on Vimeo will significantly drop within the first 3 months of the film’s release, so to counteract this we will promptly relaunch on Amazon rentals, and finally Amazon Prime streaming views. This strategy, which will no doubt be adjusted based on incoming data, should allow for the highest and steadiest income generation.
Budget

The following pages include the entire budget of the production.
## Some Southern Waters Budget

### SUMMARY BUDGET

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### ABOVE-THE-LINE

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BETWEEN-THE-LINE

| 10-00 Production Staff  |        |   |   |   |   |
| 10-03 1st AD            |        |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 24 Days | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 10-05 Script Supervisor |        |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 27 Days | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 10-08 Production Assistants |    |   |   |   |   |
| PA #1 Shoot             | 12 Days | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
|                         |        |   |   |   | Total for 10-00 | 0 |

| 11-00 Extra Talent      |        |   |   |   |   |
| 11-02 Extras            | 6 Days  | 20 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
|                         |        |   |   |   | Total for 11-00 | 0 |

| 13-00 Production Design |        |   |   |   |   |
| 13-01 Production Designer |    |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 27 Days | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 13-02 Set Dressing      | 1 Allow | 1 | 200 | 200 | 200 |
| 13-03 Props             | 1 Allow | 1 | 250 | 250 | 250 |
|                         |        |   |   |   | Total for 13-00 | 450 |

| 15-00 Set Operations    |        |   |   |   |   |
| 15-01 Grips             |        |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 12 Days | 8 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Purchases               | 12 Days | 1 | 29 | 240 | 240 |
| Rentals                 |        |   |   |   |   |
| 15-06 Grip Rentals (see Elect.) |    |   |   |   |   |
| 15-07 Grip Expendables  | 1 Allow | 1 | 60 | 60 | 60 |
| 15-08 Set Drives        | 1 Allow | 2 | 80 | 160 | 160 |
|                         |        |   |   |   | Total for 15-00 | 460 |

| 19-00 Wardrobe, Make-Up, and Hairdressing |        |   |   |   |   |
| 19-05 Wardrobe           | 1 Allow | 1 | 100 | 100 | 100 |
| 19-06 Make-Up and Hairdressing | 1 Allow | 1 | 300 | 300 | 300 |
|                         |        |   |   |   | Total for 19-00 | 400 |

| 21-00 Electrical        |        |   |   |   |   |
| 21-01 Gaffer            |        |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 28 Days | 1 | 50 | 1,400 | 1,400 |
| 21-02 Best Boy          |        |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 28 Days | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 21-06 Grip/Lighting Truck | Flat | 1 | 576 | 576 | 576 |
| 21-10 Rentals           | 1 Allow | 1 | 940 | 940 | 940 |
|                         |        |   |   |   | Total for 21-00 | 2,916 |

<p>| 22-00 Camera            |        |   |   |   |   |
| 22-01 Director of Photography |    |   |   |   |   |
| Shoot                   | 28 Days | 1 | 40 | 1,120 | 1,120 |
| 22-02 1st Assistant Camera | 28 Days | 1 | 50 | 1,400 | 1,400 |
| Shoot                   |        |   |   |   |   |</p>
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**GRAND TOTAL**

$24,547

**Total Above-The-Line**

$0

**Total Below-The-Line**

$23,378

**Total Above and Below-the-Line**

$23,378

Check budget totals $24,547 $24,547
References


CHAPTER 3: PRODUCTION LITERACY

Production Literacy Overview

Introduction

I have separated this section into my initial plans as written during pre-production (written in future tense) and my conclusions written during post-production (written in past tense). This is to measure my goals and assumptions in contrast to the realities of the production, allowing me to catalogue the lessons learned and mistakes made along the way.

Crew - Initial Plan

I plan on using a crew of around eight, including myself, for the majority of my production. The roles, as I intend to assign on the call sheets, would be as follows: Director, 1st Assistant Director (1st AD), Director of Photography (DP), 1st Assistant Camera (1st AC), 2nd Assistant Camera (2nd AC), Sound, Production Assistant.

Before elaborating on each of these positions and how they will function on my set, I would like to expound on my preference for a small crew, and the reasoning, or philosophy, behind it. Having worked on many diverse sets during my BFA (from a one day shoot with a crew of four, to a three week shoot with a crew of fifteen, and everything in between), I have found my preference to be on crew sizes smaller than 10 people (not including actors). This is true even with more complicated set-ups and locations. I find that having a smaller crew forces everyone involved to play many roles and contribute in a large way to the project, thus adding a
necessary level of creative investment in every player. When a “grip’s” concern is not just the proper lighting placement, but the motivation behind the placement and how to simplify and/or improve upon it for that motivation, there is an exciting collaborative energy on set that permeates into every aspect of the film, from lighting, to framing, to camera movement, and especially to performances. There is also a loyalty established between all the crew members that is sometimes hard to acquire on larger sets when it does not feel as if every person is contributing to the same end-goal. This is because more trust must be placed on each crew member to be doing their job properly without as many hands on each element.

I realize that by having my crew members play multiple roles, it reduces the efficiency of my set, in contrast to one in which every member has a more specific role. I gladly take the reduction in efficiency over the tunnel-vision that often occurs when someone’s job is too specific. In my mind, that person becomes more of a tool than a contributing member of the project. My reasoning behind this method is that I find it does show up, ultimately in the film. By allowing each crew member to take ownership of their roles, I find I can see their individual style or input in the product itself. Much like a band whose players’ individual influences can be heard through their instruments, I can see an individuality in a camera move, a shot composition, or a lighting set-up.

To expand on the roles I listed, I will contrast their traditional assignments to how I intend for them to function on my own production. The 1st AD typically is responsible for ensuring that the shoot is running smoothly and on schedule. They do this by working closely with the Director in pre-production to create a shooting schedule, shot list, and call sheets. On set, they often act as the link between the Director and most other crew members, and ensure the
set is disciplined while keeping the Director informed of where they stand on schedule and budget (“First Assistant Director (First AD).”). I intend for my 1st AD to behave in the same way one would on a traditional set, with the only exception being that they may assist in other departments, such as grip or sound, if need be, and would be an important voice in creative decisions for anything from shot composition to acting suggestions. This being such a significant role, and one that demands a lot of trust from a Director, I have selected Steven Klotz, a close friend of mine who has acted as a “right hand man” on my past film sets to step up to the task. He will practice this role over two short films that I will write and direct leading up to the production of \textit{Some Southern Waters}.

The DP on my set will also serve a very similar role to one on a traditional set. Traditionally, the DP is the main creative voice in the look of the film. They consult with the Director on their vision for the film, and then decide on composition, camera movement, and lighting, working in close collaboration with the camera crew (“Director of Photography.”). My DP will do all of these things, as well as operate the camera and, non-traditionally, help with any labor-intensive set-ups such as setting up lighting fixtures or laying track, jobs normally exclusive to a Gaffer or Grips.

Instead of Gaffers and Grips, I have dispersed the jobs that would normally befall them to the DP and 1st and 2nd ACs. The 1st and 2nd ACs are normally responsible for all setting up, maintenance, and disassembly of the camera, with the 1st prioritizing in adjusting the lens to “pull focus” during filming, and the 2nd focusing on operating the slate (“Second Assistant Camera.”). On my set, I plan on the DP having more of a focus on matters concerning the
camera, while the 1st and 2nd have more of a hand in the setting up of lighting fixtures and contributing creative solutions to lighting, composition, and camera-move problems.

Rather than have a Boom Operator and Sound Mixer on set, as is traditionally required for sound capture, I prefer to simply have a Sound person to act both as boom operator and mixer, with help from the PA if they need an extra set of hands. I have found favorable results when there is one person dedicated to the capture of sound and has creative control and responsibility over it, as opposed to two people who, if not consistently on the same page, can have contradictory approaches to capturing appropriate sound when mixing and positioning microphones.

Finally, the PA, generally considered a jack of all trades who can help out with miscellaneous tasks on set, usually directed by the 1st AD (“First Assistant Director (First AD).”), will more or less play this role, while having a greater creative presence on set than is normally allowed for. The PA on my set should feel free to help and take ownership of almost any aspect of the production if need be, whether it be lighting, camera, sound, make up, set design, assisting actors, etc. This role is certainly a challenging one and would have to be assigned to someone very much steeped in filmmaking culture and who can dabble in all aspects of it competently.

Noticeably missing from my crew list are Script Supervisor, Hair & Make Up, and Production Design. I have personally never found a need for a Script Supervisor, who would normally closely watch the set for continuity and take notes on the Director’s reactions to takes (“Script Supervisor (Aka Continuity).”). Because I rarely shoot standard coverage, I find that continuity is not so much important enough to have a single person in charge of checking for it,
but is rather a task that any one on set can contribute to at any time if they notice something that is discontinuous.

To clarify, continuity means that the illusion of temporal and spatial accuracy is maintained between cuts. For example, if Character A is on screen with a glass that is full of wine and then we cut to Character B for a line of dialogue, we would expect, if we cut back to Character A for their response, that the glass has about the same amount of wine in it. When doing standard coverage, lines of dialogue and actions are often repeated, so that an actor may unconsciously choose to drink some of the wine. After several takes the glass may be nearly empty. Because the continuity of the wine glass was not being taken into consideration, you may have difficulty in the editing room using different takes of the same scene while trying to preserve the illusion of accurate time. I will cover why I believe my shooting style will mitigate this potential issue shortly, but suffice to say that I have found that between myself, the DP, and the actors, continuity is always more than adequately maintained. I have also found it unnecessary to read the Script Supervisor notes of my on-set reactions. I find it important to review all of the footage afterwards, regardless of my on-set feelings, especially as the context of the scene changes within the larger piece as a whole.

As far as Hair & Make Up and Production Design are concerned, I prefer for these decisions to be made collaboratively between myself, the actors, the DP, and often even the 1st AD, rather than having departments dedicated to these tasks. I personally enjoy taking the time to dress the set myself with anyone who feels inclined to, simply because it is enjoyable and under my control, and like giving the actors a sense of ownership when it comes to how they (or their characters) choose to dress, do their hair, and do their make-up (if any). This allows the
actors to fully inhabit the character, and exhibit eccentricities that they otherwise would not have considered.

Crew – Conclusion

In contrast to my plan of having of around eight crew members with crew members playing multiple roles, we ended up taking a more traditional route to crew. Grips, gaffers, production designers, a 2nd AD, hair/make-up, set PA’s, and a Digital Asset Manager were all present on set every day. As my 1st AD (a role eventually assigned to Mike Tran, with Steven Klotz serving as 2nd AD) my Director of Photography, and I meticulously planned each shooting day in advanced during pre-production, we quickly came to terms with the fact that our ambitions in terms of number and quality of shots would necessitate a larger crew than I had initially planned. We averaged a crew of 16 including myself, with clearly designated roles. Happily, I felt this number of people did not, in fact, detract from the collaborative and artistic nature of each of the roles, but rather allowed each member of the crew to contribute to an overall greater whole as a result of the streamlined process of having focused roles on set. By Hollywood standards this was still an extremely small number of crew members, with members focusing on a greater variety of tasks than is expected even in the low-budget world. In the future, I plan on being more open-minded towards the number of crew members, larger or smaller, required for a given project, depending on the scope of what is required.
Shooting – Initial Plan

I would like to elaborate on my intended shooting style as mentioned above. First, it is important to understand what I mean by “standard coverage.” Generally standard coverage is as follows:

…first shoot the scene in a master shot, which is a relatively wide angle that shows almost all of the action that is taking place. All of the characters move around within the view and no person is looked at specifically. Once you do this you do the entire scene with medium shots on different spots and characters. After this you do your close ups, which requires again doing the scene correctly but with the camera focused in tight on each of the characters (Burley, “Master Shots”).

This technique is very useful for most dialogue scenes, and I intend to use it for key moments in which I find the dialogue and performances more important than the “style.”

However, for the most part, I will not be using standard coverage. I will instead be using, what Jeanne Pierre Geuens refers to as Decoupage. By this, he means “…the director, working alone or with the screenwriter, has previewed the action in direct relation to specific camera positions” (120). In other words, rather than using coverage by performing a scene over and over again with different camera angles, I would have single, specific, independent camera setups in mind already for how to shoot a scene. This way of imagining my film falls very much in line with how I have written the script, in that I wrote it with every shot and cut already in mind. I write this way because I have never found myself able to separate “form” from “content.” The images I imagine and the story being told are intrinsically linked from the start of my writing. Naturally
this way of visualizing the script often steers me away from standard coverage, as there is often only one way in my head to shoot the scene. It is up to the rest of my crew, then, to feel at liberty to fill in all the details within the framework of the scene that I have created in my head.

To get more specific, what this translates to in this film is the heavy use of a gimbal for the camera. A gimbal is a stabilizer for a camera that allows for extremely smooth shots despite being handheld by absorbing most shock and movement normally inflected to the body of the camera.

The gimbal would allow me to perform longer takes which require complicated camera moves, without the burden of a dolly or crane. Therefore, I am, in a way, substituting cutting for camera movement. This technique was inspired in part by the way Jean Renoir often uses his camera. As Andre Bazin explains, “…even more important is Renoir’s use of camera movement to avoid excessive cutting. By moving the camera to ‘reframe’ the scene instead of cutting, Renoir is able to treat the sequence not as a series of fragments but as a dramatic whole” (64). This allows my actors more freedom to act in the moment, without having to worry about continuity, while giving the film a flowing, ethereal style, that captures the nature of the slippery, dream-like narrative.

I also plan on using a gimbal in a novel way. That is, not just for elaborate camera moves, but also for static shots which typically would either be on a tripod or handheld. My goal is to have a camera that subtly feels as if it is always floating, not completely unnoticed by the audience, but not drawing attention to itself. The emotional impact, I hope, would be a gradual building of an unsteady feeling not unlike sea-sickness, and a subconscious questioning of the camera spectator (a third party viewing the scene), as if there is a vague feeling of an outsider.
pulling the strings on the events that are unfolding. Pragmatically, I imagine this would prove relatively simple with adequate practice with the gimbal and proper attention given on set to its calibration. Extra time would have to be put aside for these considerations, and this would be the task of the DP and the 1st AC.

**Shooting – Conclusion**

The notion of not relying on standard coverage is one that my DP and I stuck to, and, as planned, we very often would shoot scenes in one take with a moving camera. The only difference in execution was the plan to use a gimbal for most of these moving shots, and even still shots. On our second day of shooting, we found the gimbal to be rather unreliable, and not offering the kind of movement we were hoping for, feeling a bit too unnatural and uncontrolled. We opted instead to utilize dollies and sliders, tools that would allow the camera to be on a controlled track and used a gimbal sparingly. Rather than use a gimbal on “static shots,” lending the sensation of a floating camera as mentioned in our initial shooting plan, we instead would often place the camera on a curved slider, allowing for a slow, subtle circular movement around the subjects. We found this technique much more reliable, and much more compelling visually: emphasizing the themes of cycles and loops, while retaining the subtlety of motion we were aiming for.

**Budget and Style – Initial Plan**

I intend to use a budget of 12,000 dollars for this production. This includes the cost of any equipment rentals, locations, permits, insurance, food for the crew, production design, and
hair and make-up. I have accepted that, in this case, the budget dictates my style, and welcome the swelling effect on creativity that these restraints create.

One way I have discovered of significantly lowering the budget of my film is using stock footage for some of the more complicated shots or stunts, rather than trying to stage them, and incorporating the use of stock footage into the aesthetic of the film. For example, there is a scene involving a car crash. Rather than stage a stunt of some sort, I have found a plethora of stock footage that costs as low as 20 dollars to use showing some sort of collision in a car from various angles. I believe that with clever cross cutting and digital manipulation, these can be assimilated into my film and give an accurate representation of the event, emotionally and technically, while doing so in an aesthetically intriguing way and on a very low budget. The same idea can be applied to a scene in which one of the main characters swims in a large staged fish tank dressed as a mermaid, by using stock footage of mermaid shows.

Budget and Style – Conclusion

Rather than stick with our plan of retaining a low budget by using stock footage, after camera tests, we decided to commit to the particular aesthetics of our own camera and lenses. We abandoned the idea of using stock footage, and instead increased our budget and used a combination of green screen, production design, and clever editing to convey the examples given above of a car accident and mermaid show.
The editing workflow for my thesis film will be somewhat different than the process I am used to, assuming I will be shooting digitally. Normally, I shoot on film, and the film is scanned in a lab which returns to me one or two large .mov files at 1080p. (The only time I have shot digital, I only had one take to handle). I then cut this file into its respective scenes, and sync the separate sound files using only the slates. Shooting on digital, I am directly handling the information coming out of the camera.

Still, once the files are organized into Adobe Premiere, my editing workflow will be very similar to the editing of *Diamond Day*, a 10 minute film I made while in the Bachelors of Fine Arts film program at UCF. I would first sync all my sound, then simply start editing chronologically, quickly, until I have a rough cut, in which the scenes “placed in order and checked for continuity. This… allows for revisions and new ideas to be tried and tested” (Grove). Then, once I have a feel for the film as a whole, I can begin to fine tune scenes, and start adding sound design.

Another challenge I will have to deal with is the pacing of the whole piece, rather than just individual scenes. I had a taste of this on *Diamond Day*, having multiple locations and some freedom structurally to play with, but this is nowhere near the scale I can anticipate on a feature-length film. My hope is that most of these structural questions will be answered in the script writing process, but I am aware that sometimes what works on paper does not work on screen, especially once all the pieces are tied and moving together.
One of the main stylistic premises that is making itself apparent in the script is the idea of being stuck in loops (a state I am in often when I am dreaming). The script as a whole is circular, as well as the individual scenes, elements throughout, and the dialogue. I foresee, then, a circular approach to camera moves and edits. I can exploit the idea of repetition through repetitive cuts, with a special focus on repetitive rhythms of cuts. I think this will bring home the premise in a deeper way that does not make itself too noticeable and detract from the characters and narrative.

Editorial – Conclusion

This plan has gone unchanged. As stated, I edited the film quickly in chronological order, and then fine-tuned, gradually incorporating sound design as I did so. This process proved very effective and allowed me to have a constant macro-view of the film, while also allowing me to focus on the minutiae of each of the scenes.

Finishing – Initial Plan

Regarding editing, “finishing” is described as “the process of giving your edited program the final polish it needs to make it as seamless and professional as possible…” (“What is Finishing?”). This would involve color correcting, color grading, and adding any visual effects.

Color correction for Some Southern Waters will be black and white. It is important to note that, unlike when shooting on black and white celluloid, which is an actual silver and white substance with no color information, shooting black and white digitally involves shooting in color, but then desaturating the footage to appear in grayscale. This requires many careful
decisions to be made regarding lighting and color while shooting, as different colors appear as
different shades of grey when converted to black and white.

If the footage is captured properly in color, I will be able to work with a desaturated
image that still contains an even range of highlights, shadows, and midtones, and a separation of
different elements within the frame through differing textures and shades of gray. You would
think that working in black and white would then be an easier color correction process, however,
the process can become complex when tried and true methods of color correction in color
footage do not have the same yield in black and white. I am aiming for a particular type of high
contrast black and white that is found on some black and white film stocks, such as Kodak Tri-X,
released in 1954 and used on the film Night of the Hunter to achieve very deep levels of black in
sharp contrast with impressionistic whites (Couchman 136 - 137). One way to achieve this is to
have a more dramatic “S-curve” then usual. An S-curve is a manipulation of a Luma Curve,
which controls zones of lightness and darkness to look like the letter S. Effectively this lowers
the levels of shadows and raises the levels of highlights (The Basics of Color). Learning how to
subtly manipulate Luma Curves to create high contrast black and white images while
maintaining proper levels of exposure in the shadows and highlights will be a challenge I have
not faced before in my color correction process.

Yet, manipulating Luma Curves is a relatively simple process. The real time-consuming
aspect of black and white color correction will involve effecting the red, green, and blue
channels. As demonstrated above, different colors appear as different shades of gray in black and
white. Therefore, manipulating different color channels will result in alterations of tone
throughout the entire image.
This is the extent of the concerns for *Some Southern Water*’s finishing workflow as of now. Experimenting with ways to enhance my black and white images will no doubt be a time-consuming but fulfilling process. It is important that I put aside ample time to dedicate to this process in my post-production schedule, and that I am consistent in my approach from scene to scene.

**Finishing – Conclusion**

This process has also gone according to plan. I have utilized Luma Curves, and the manipulation of the original colors in the footage to a great extent to color correct and grade the footage. The results are not only satisfying, but better than expected in the freedom offered of pushing the blacks and whites without losing information, and in the variation in shades of gray achieved.

**Sound – Initial Plan**

The sound design and soundtrack in this film will be a crucial element to the tone and atmosphere of each scene. I intend on capturing clean dialogue on set, while leaving all other sounds to be done in post. This would mean all foley would have to be created in a controlled ADR suite, meaning I would watch the footage with a microphone and recreate the sounds seen on screen one at a time (such as footsteps). I have had success with this method in the past as it helps keep the focus on recording clean dialogue on set while allowing for a near-accurate recreation of natural sounds.
Stylistically, I intend on having a very dense soundtrack containing several layered audio tracks. This will often be to contribute to the disorienting nature of the dream-logic throughout the film. I have had experiences of low-consciousness, such as when put under for surgery, where I am somewhat lucid as to the dialogue and sounds occurring in the operating room. The sounds appear densely packed on top of each other, almost like a form of fast forwarding by squeezing the empty space out of sound, rather than speeding up the sound. My goal is to accurately represent this phenomenon during especially hectic scenes. I would also like to experiment with how particular sounds add to the texture and pacing of a scene, and how these sounds collide with any soundtrack music over the scene (a long-sustained car horn, for example, that clashes with a sustained note on the soundtrack and/or a line of dialogue).

A central theme of this film is the idea of being stuck in loops and repetitions that is often experienced in dreams. Throughout the film there will be oddly similar repeating scenes, lines of dialogue, and visual motifs. Naturally, I would also like to include repeating bits of sound design. I would like the repeating motifs to be subtle, almost subconscious. Curiously, the human ear is very adept at detecting when two passages of sound are identical (think of when a recording of a scream is used twice in close succession), so the challenge will be to find bits of sound that make one question things, without being certain of the source. Combined with this will be the issue of frequency. If the sounds repeated are too close together, the effect will be obvious and will take the viewer out of the experience. However, if the sounds are spread too far apart, the effect will be completely lost.

As far as soundtrack is concerned, because music rights are too expensive on a micro-budget, but the main character is fascinated with 50s nostalgia, I plan on creating an original
doo-wop album that is meant to resemble the actual recordings of that era as closely as possible. The goal would be for a casual audience member to not be able to distinguish between my original soundtrack and an actual doo-wop recording. Luckily, doo-wop songs borrow heavily from each other and are very repetitive, often using identical chord progressions, similar melodies, and comparable lyrical subject matter. Curiously, this also aligns with the theme of repetition in the film. The creation of the album would involve a close study of recording techniques of the era and a collaboration with musician/producer Matt Verdier. I intend on having bass tracks recorded by Bry Reid, who in parallel will play the bass-playing protagonist in the film.

Sound – Conclusion

This plan has changed somewhat. The strategy of focusing on recording only dialogue on set is one that we were fortunately a bit more liberal about then initially planned. Though it is true that recording clean dialogue tracks was our focus - and we were always able to do so - whenever the opportunity arose, we would make time to record “wild tracks” on set. Wild tracks are tracks of foley and sound effects, such as footsteps, that are recorded during production. Though we were not always able to record all the required foley on set, doing so where possible has saved us many hours of attempting to recreate these sounds in post, and is a strategy that I intend to continue to utilize in future productions.

As for the creation of music, this plan has changed as well. Rather than attempting to recreate the sound of 50s doo-wop music (a task we found much more difficult than initially
anticipated) we secured the rights to *My Darling* and *So Fine* by *The Aquatones* for a total of $2,500 - songs that we use as a motif throughout the film. We are in the process of continuing to secure the rights to other music, including songs by the indie rock band *Yo La Tengo* that will be used throughout the film.
The following pages include the entire Shot-list which was also used as our shooting schedule throughout production. These shots also include storyboards drawn by my Director of Photography Karim Dakkon.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day 1 (6/27)</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>40</th>
<th>0</th>
<th>15</th>
<th>55</th>
<th>Reverse, fast forward</th>
<th>NA</th>
<th>7:30 PM - 8:30 PM</th>
<th>Ronin, Easy Rig, Doorway Dolly, Car Rig, Generator, JB, Follow Focus</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>20</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>Move camera up hood</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>8:30 PM - 9:00 PM</td>
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<td>Reverse, fast forwarded</td>
<td>Old Sailor</td>
<td>9:00 PM - 9:40 PM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>25</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td>Fast forwarded. Actor should move slow. Can be reduced. While shooting 6L, 2 grips need to set up camera on truck.</td>
<td>Old Sailor</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>Using truck for scene 24. Helen starts set up broken car while shooting. Set up jib</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>10:09 PM - 10:45 PM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>Reverse, fast forwarded.</td>
<td>Old Sailor</td>
<td>10:45 PM - 11:15 PM</td>
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<td>LUNCH (complex carbs, salads) LET CREW KNOW 3 MINS BEFORE</td>
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<td>11:15PM - 12AM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>Anna, Old Sailor</td>
<td>WISHLIST (30 MINS)</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Jeff jumps into make up (1h15)</td>
<td>John</td>
<td>12:00 AM - 1:00 AM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Anna, Old Sailor</td>
<td>1:00 AM - 1:30 AM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>Old Sailor</td>
<td>1:30 AM - 2:00 AM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>S</td>
<td>50</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>Doorway dolly, jb on dolly.</td>
<td>Old Sailor, Anna</td>
<td>2:00 AM - 3:05 AM</td>
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<td>Day 1 (6/27)</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>Set up jb for 24T while doing 24U out of frame. Camera frame right (jb will be set up)</td>
<td>Anna, John, Old Sailor</td>
<td>WISHLIST (30 MINS)</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td>Costume change. Set up dana dolly.</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>4:25 AM - 5:00 AM</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>Dana-dolly In</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
<td>5:00 AM - 5:45 AM</td>
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<td>Calltime: 4:30AM. Set up Ronin.</td>
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<td>A</td>
<td>45</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>55</td>
<td></td>
<td>Old Sailor, Salvatore, Woman on the beach</td>
<td>Ronin, 50 mm</td>
<td>4:30AM - 6:40AM</td>
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<td>Day 2 (6/29)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>30</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td>Woman on the beach, Salvatore</td>
<td>Ronin, 50 mm</td>
<td>6:40AM - 7:30AM</td>
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<td>Day 2 (6/29)</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>Woman on the beach</td>
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<td>7:30AM - 7:45AM</td>
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<td>7:45AM - 8AM</td>
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<td>Day 2 (6/29)</td>
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<td>B1</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>50</td>
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<td>Ronin, 24 mm, run several takes before getting wet, then run oner</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>8AM - 8:50AM</td>
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<td>Day 2 (6/29)</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>B2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>30</td>
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<td>24 mm, if oner didn’t work</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>8:50AM - 9:20AM</td>
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<td>BRUNCH ON THE BEACH</td>
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<td>Calltime 2PM.</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
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<td>2:30PM - 3:15PM</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>24mm</td>
<td>Jon, Salvatore, extras</td>
<td>3:15PM - 4:05PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 3</td>
<td>6/30</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>50mm, tripod</td>
<td>Jon, extras</td>
<td>4:05PM - 4:30PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 3</td>
<td>6/30</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>35mm, Set up 8ft track</td>
<td>Jon, extras</td>
<td>4:30PM - 5:25PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 3</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>35mm, Track, Flag down to replicate curtain</td>
<td>Jon, extras</td>
<td>5:25PM - 5:40PM</td>
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<td>Day 3</td>
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<td>15</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>35mm, 90 degree track</td>
<td>Jon, extras</td>
<td>5:40PM - 6:00PM</td>
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<td>Day 3</td>
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<td>30 LUNCH</td>
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<td>35mm, This is plate.</td>
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<td>15 Track Dismantle</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Jon, extras</td>
<td>Wishlist (15 min)</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Salvatore, extras</td>
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<td>105mm</td>
<td>Salvatore, extras</td>
<td>7:35PM - 8:10PM</td>
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<td>Day 3</td>
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<td>30 WRAP</td>
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<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
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<td>CALL TIME: 12 PM</td>
<td></td>
<td>12:00 PM</td>
<td>Ronin, Jb</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35 mm</td>
<td>Jon, Old Sailor, Mona, Salvatore</td>
<td>12:30PM - 1:30PM</td>
<td>Ronin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>24mm, Water Ripples, Practicals (think void sequence), PA black out windows, lighting for hallway in 4G. Jeff Make-up</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>1:30PM - 2:30PM</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>24mm, tracking forwards, light in master bedroom on a dimmer</td>
<td>Salvatore, Old Sailor</td>
<td>2:50PM - 3:40PM</td>
<td>Track</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>24mm, lighting reverse, tracking backwards</td>
<td>Mona, Sal</td>
<td>3:40PM - 4:35PM</td>
<td>Track</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>J1</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>24mm, setting up light for J1 and J2</td>
<td>Mona, Old Sailor</td>
<td>4:35PM - 5:35PM</td>
<td>Track</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>J2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>24mm, actually wearing mask and practical reflection</td>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>5:35PM - 6PM</td>
<td>Track</td>
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<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
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<td>LUNCH</td>
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<td>6PM - 6:45PM</td>
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<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>24mm, Kevin set up negative rags, while setting up jib</td>
<td>Mona, Old Sailor</td>
<td>6:45PM - 8:05PM</td>
<td>Jib</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pack jib, Jeff can leave make-up, costume change, PA remove black out, Set up Ronin</td>
<td></td>
<td>8:05 PM - 8:50 PM</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>24mm, orbit and pan into darkness</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>8:50 PM - 9:50 PM</td>
<td>Ronin</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Dismantle Ronin</td>
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<td>9:50 PM - 10:20 PM</td>
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<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>50mm, Tripod</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>10:20 PM - 11:00 PM</td>
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<td>Day 4 (7/1)</td>
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<td>WRAP</td>
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<td>11 PM - 12 AM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Shot</td>
<td>Setup</td>
<td>Shots</td>
<td>Actors</td>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Equipment</td>
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<td>Day 5 (7/2)</td>
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<td>CALL TIME: 12PM</td>
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<td>12:00 PM</td>
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<td>60</td>
<td>Set Up</td>
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<td>12PM - 1PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 5 (7/2)</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Mona</td>
<td>1PM - 2PM</td>
<td>50mm, Wig</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 5 (7/2)</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>E2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>2PM - 2:25PM</td>
<td>50mm, No Wig</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>2:25PM - 2:50PM</td>
<td>50mm, JON</td>
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<td>60</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2:50PM - 3:50PM</td>
<td>Set up green screen, Set up miniature with water</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>3:50PM - 4:35PM</td>
<td>35mm, milk</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>4:35PM - 5:00pm</td>
<td>50mm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
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<td>45</td>
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<td>LUNCH: 45 Mins</td>
<td>5:00pm - 5:45pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>5:45pm - 6:10pm</td>
<td>35mm, tank</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>6:10pm - 6:50pm</td>
<td>35mm, extras</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>S</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>6:50pm - 7:20pm</td>
<td>35mm</td>
<td>Jon in front of tank</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
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<td>WRAP</td>
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<td>7:20PM - 8PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>Order</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Shot</td>
<td>Set up</td>
<td>Time</td>
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<td>Day 5 (7/2)</td>
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<td>10:00 AM</td>
<td><strong>BREAKFAST: 9:30 AM</strong> . <strong>CALL TIME: 9AM</strong></td>
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<td>Set up crafty table (separate from camera) green screen 20' x 8' and car</td>
<td>10am - 11:00am</td>
<td><strong>BREAKFAST: 9:30 AM</strong> . <strong>CALL TIME: 9AM</strong></td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>45</td>
<td><strong>DRY, CAR, 50mm, (driving before gas station) fast, flipping through radio, sees empty gas tank. Street lamps, store fronts on Jon's right. Dulling spray. Car more forward, flags CITY</strong></td>
<td>11am - 11:45am</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>45</td>
<td><strong>DRY, CAR, 55mm, (before river, holding hands), moonlight and tree branches, smoking, fan CITY</strong></td>
<td>11:45am - 12:30pm</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>45</td>
<td><strong>DRY, CAR, 50mm, wakes up, looks around, opens window FOREST</strong></td>
<td>12:30pm - 1:15pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>55</td>
<td><strong>DRY, CAR, 35mm, opens window FOREST</strong></td>
<td>1:15pm - 2:10pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>25</td>
<td><strong>WET, CAR, 50mm, passed out after river, jacket, lighter FOREST</strong></td>
<td>2:10pm - 2:35pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>50</td>
<td><strong>WET, CAR, 50mm, wakes up, sees Old Sailor, screams FOREST</strong></td>
<td>2:35pm - 3:25pm</td>
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<td><strong>LUNCH</strong>  3:25pm - 4:10pm</td>
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<td>Day 6 (7/3)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>45</td>
<td><strong>WET, TRUCK, 35mm, wakes up, window down FOREST</strong></td>
<td>4:10pm - 4:55pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>H</td>
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<td></td>
<td>24mm</td>
<td><strong>WET, TRUCK, 35mm, wakes up, window down FOREST</strong></td>
<td>4:10pm - 4:55pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>55</td>
<td><strong>WET, TRUCK, passed out after beach 35mm RACHEL WRAP</strong></td>
<td>4:55pm - 5:50pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>22</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>40</td>
<td><strong>D R Y, TRUCK 35mm, driving to house from forest FOREST</strong></td>
<td>5:50pm - 6:30pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td><strong>D R Y, TRUCK just saved Anna 35mm</strong></td>
<td>6:30pm - 6:55pm</td>
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<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td><strong>D R Y, TRUCK, have someone on hood push car to simulate impact, Anna just opened window, Jon relaxes, then sees Old Sailor, accelerates, shuts eyes, impact</strong></td>
<td>6:55pm - 7:20pm</td>
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<td><strong>WRAP</strong>  7:20pm - 8pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Shot</td>
<td>Setup</td>
<td>Rhin</td>
<td>Shoot</td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Comment</td>
<td>Actors</td>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Equipment</td>
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<td>Day 6 (7/3)</td>
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<td>BREAKFAST 9:30 AM, CALL TIME: 10 AM</td>
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<td>10:00 AM</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Set up crafty table (separate from camera), Move in TRUCK facing crafty</td>
<td></td>
<td>10am - 10:30am</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, TRUCK, SUBURB</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>10:30am - 11:20am</td>
<td>Mood mount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, TRUCK, Anna just opened window, Jon relaxed FOREST 85mm. When we’re about to shoot, tell them to open garage door and move carts out.</td>
<td>Anna, Jon</td>
<td>11:20am - 12:05pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, TRUCK, Turn truck around towards garage. On the way to house from river FOREST 85mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>12:05pm - 12:55pm</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, TRUCK, Jon looks at Anna opening window FOREST 85mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>12:55pm - 1:20pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, TRUCK, Anna flipping through radio FOREST 85mm</td>
<td>Anna, Jon</td>
<td>1:20pm - 1:50pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, CAR, FOREST 24mm</td>
<td>Mona, Jon</td>
<td>1:50pm - 2:40pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, move in CAR facing garage door, CITY 35mm</td>
<td>Anna, Jon</td>
<td>2:40pm - 3:30pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
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<td>LUNCH</td>
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<td>3:30pm - 4:05pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, CAR, FOREST, Mona wakes up, pan from wheel 85mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>4:05pm - 4:50pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>DRY, CAR, FOREST 85mm. Have water on standby for 6A</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>4:50pm - 5:15pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>WET, CAR, FOREST 85mm Jon goes through entire action of cigarettes, sees Mona wake up, turns back to road. When we’re about to shoot, tell them to open garage door and move carts out.</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>5:15pm - 5:55pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>WET, turn CAR facing crafty, FOREST 24mm</td>
<td>Mona, Jon</td>
<td>5:55pm - 6:45pm</td>
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<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>WET, CAR, FOREST 85mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>6:45pm - 7:10pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 7 (7/5)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>P</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>85mm</td>
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<td>Set up crafty. Set up mirrors. Full-day sound. Run the shot twice the whole thing, then direct actors each line of dialogue</td>
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<td>Set up Ronin. Before day starts</td>
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<td>30 24mm. Before the day starts. Shots combined from behind, mask doorway to have him walk into shadow</td>
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<td>15  55 25mm/60FPS. Shoot out of back of Bry's truck, REVERSE footage.</td>
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<td>15</td>
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<td>30  24mm. The door looks like open/close by itself (have someone do gag).</td>
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<td>20  24mm. Magic hour</td>
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<td>35mm, &quot;I think you should spy on her...&quot;</td>
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<td>24mm</td>
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<td>60 General set up. Talk about lighting set up</td>
<td>Bruce, Beth, Lee</td>
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<td>80</td>
<td>24mm (35mm). Do 2 shots at the time: 16A (Karim) + 16B (Kevin + Anthony). Then move to 16B (Karim) + 16C (Kevin + Anthony). Slate all of them 16A</td>
<td>Jon, Beth, Bruce, Lee, Extras</td>
<td>12:10-1:30</td>
<td>Dana</td>
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<td>Day 16</td>
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<td>85</td>
<td>50mm, 85mm. Individual takes of each performer. After 16A, Cam A moves in to get CU.</td>
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<td>1:30-2:55</td>
<td>Multi-cam</td>
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<td>Cam B and/or C turn around and get extras</td>
<td>Extras</td>
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<td>24mm</td>
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<td>Jon, Beth, Bruce, Lee, Big one, Extras</td>
<td>4:10-5:30</td>
<td>Dolly Track</td>
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<td>Day 16</td>
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<td>70</td>
<td>24mm. Slow mo 60fps</td>
<td>Jon, Beth, Bruce, Lee, Extras</td>
<td>5:30-6:40</td>
<td>Curved Dolly</td>
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<td>6:40-7:25</td>
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<td>24mm. 1st AD calls &quot;action&quot;</td>
<td>Jon, Beth, Bruce, Lee, Skinny one, Big one, Extras</td>
<td>7:25-8:15</td>
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<td>35mm, Pan</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
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<td>Track</td>
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<td>WRAP: Leave equipments at location for the day after.</td>
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<td>Big One, Skinny</td>
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<td>35mm, Pan</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
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<td>General set up. PA set up signs outside bar for extras' entrance</td>
<td>Bruce, Extras</td>
<td>9:45-10:45</td>
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<td>85mm Bruce telling first dream (Whale)</td>
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<td>Jon, Beth, Bruce, Lee, Danny</td>
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<td>24mm. Multi Cam. Next 3 shots happening simultaneously (hence the multicam)</td>
<td>Bruce</td>
<td>1:50-2:30</td>
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<td>24mm. Multi Cam</td>
<td>Jon, Bath</td>
<td>2:30-3:10</td>
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<td>24mm. Multi Cam</td>
<td>Lee, Danny</td>
<td>3:10-3:50</td>
<td>Multi-cam</td>
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<td>Set up ronin/track</td>
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<td>Jon, Bruce, Mariah, extras</td>
<td>4:30-5:20</td>
<td>Ronin</td>
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<td>General set up. Move tables towards the stage. Leave space for base camp at the end of stage side. Wrap equipment throughout the day to move tables back for 3A. Helen draws the symbol by 8G (no production design 8F). Make sure the shots are good for sound takes!</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>8-8:40</td>
<td>Jon</td>
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<td>50mm</td>
<td>8:40 - 9:05</td>
<td>Helen</td>
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<td>Day 18 (7/17)</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>9:05 - 10:15</td>
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<td>Day 18 (7/17)</td>
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<td>24mm</td>
<td>10:15 - 11:25</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>11:25 - 11:55</td>
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<td>Day 18 (7/17)</td>
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<td>55</td>
<td>35mm</td>
<td>11:55 - 12:50</td>
<td>Jon, Danny, Lee</td>
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<td>Mona, extras</td>
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<td>NA 1:25 - 1:40</td>
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<td>Zoom lens (WISHLIST).</td>
<td>Mona</td>
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<td>General set up</td>
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<td>10am - 11am</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
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<td>50mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>11:55am - 12:30pm</td>
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<td>45</td>
<td>85mm Bandaged Hand</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>12:30pm - 1:15pm</td>
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<td>50mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>1:15pm - 1:55pm</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>FISH</td>
<td>James Dean</td>
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<td>zoom 24-105</td>
<td>Jon</td>
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<td>Jon</td>
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<td>Anna</td>
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<td>4:10pm - 4:55pm</td>
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<td>Day 19 (7/19)</td>
<td>75</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>COMPANY MOVE Plywood, Everyone minus 2 grips and PA</td>
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<td>4:55pm - 6:10pm</td>
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<td>Day 19 (7/19)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>118</td>
<td>Woman on the beach, Salvatore</td>
<td>6:10pm - 8pm</td>
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<td>Day 19 (7/19)</td>
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<th>Comment</th>
<th>Actors</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<td>C</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td>35</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>General setup, lighting Establishing. Jeff begins setting up nose and scissors</td>
<td>Sal</td>
<td>9:00-10:00</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
<td>P</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>15</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35mm, grabs scissors, screams at Curly hair</td>
<td>Jon, Sal</td>
<td>10:35-11:15</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35mm Shoulder rig, dirty, move in to clean medium. Prosphetic on Marcos</td>
<td>Jon, Curly</td>
<td>11:15-11:50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>25</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35mm</td>
<td>Sal, Curly, Cop</td>
<td>11:50-12:25</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Sal, Curly, Cop</td>
<td>12:25-1:00</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Sal, Cop, Curly</td>
<td>1:00-1:30</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Cop</td>
<td>1:30-1:55</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>24mm, play out first half of scene, jump on table</td>
<td>Sal, Cop, Curly, Jon</td>
<td>1:55-3:00</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Curly, Sal, Cop</td>
<td>3:00-3:45</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>35mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
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<td>Day 20</td>
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<td>105mm</td>
<td>Curly</td>
<td>4:55-5:45</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35mm (Car crash, Mona dead) Make Up</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
<td>8:30 - 9:30</td>
<td>Ronin A73</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>P</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>24mm (Hitting Old Sailor) Blood splatter fx on windshield. Have someone to standby to wipe off the blood. 2 grips for brake gag. Vomit FX.</td>
<td>Anna, Jon</td>
<td>9:30 - 10:20</td>
<td>High Hat</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>35mm (Anna walking out of car after Jeff is hit) Jon's POV. Put camera on tripod. Darken Background. Keep blood splatter. Pan TRUCK, ANNA (WET)</td>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>10:20-11:05</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
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<td>P2</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td>85mm (Jon reaction in truck after hit and as Anna walks out of truck) 2 grips for brake gag. TRUCK</td>
<td>Jon, Anna</td>
<td>11:05-11:40</td>
<td>Polarizer Filter</td>
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<td>F</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>35mm (Jon in front of river quitting smoking) TRUCK</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>11:40-12:20</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
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<td>50mm (Jon in front of river quitting smoking) TRUCK punch in from 19F</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>12:20-12:40</td>
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<td>2 Sky Panels</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>TRUCK driving lower left to top right</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>12:40-1:25</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>TRUCK coming to a stop in front of camera</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>12:40-1:25</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>AC</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35mm (Jon performing CPR on Mona, checking phone, and lifting her up out of frame) MONA (WET)</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
<td>1:25-2:15</td>
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<td>Day 21 (7/21)</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>14mm (Jon performing CPR on Mona, checking phone, and lifting her up out of frame) MONA (WET)</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
<td>2:15-2:55</td>
<td>High Hat</td>
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<td>Day 21 (7/21)</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>AE</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>24mm (Jon carrying Mona to car, can't open car, puts Mona down, covers her in jacket, runs back to jacket on floor, puts Mona in car, looks around, starts peeing) CAR, MONA (WET)</td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
<td>2:55-4:20</td>
<td>TRACK</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>AG</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>35mm (Jon looks around, pees, looks at Mona, finishes peeing, runs out of frame) CAR</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>4:20-4:50</td>
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<td>Day 21 (6/21)</td>
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<td>AH</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>35mm (Jon's POV after putting Mona in car after river) CAR, MONA (WET)</td>
<td>Mona</td>
<td>4:50-5:25</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>35mm (Mona wakes on way to river POV) CAR</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>5:25-6:00</td>
<td>High Hat</td>
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<td>on apple box</td>
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### Equipment
- Ronin A73
- High Hat
- Polarizer Filter
- 2 Sky Panels and diffusion frame
- TRACK
<table>
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<th>Scene</th>
<th>Shot</th>
<th>Setup</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Comment</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>CALL TIME: 7PM at entrance. 30-minute drive</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>7 - 7:30</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 N 40</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td><strong>7:30 - 8:30</strong></td>
<td>50mm Bry sitting in frog pose. Jon, Mona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 P 5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td><strong>9:20 - 9:30</strong></td>
<td>Jon, Mona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>19 E 10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
<td><strong>9:30 - 9:50</strong></td>
<td>35mm TRUCK 19E stays the same for SN &amp; SP. Entire action (arriving, cigarettes, turning around). Jon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>19 D 25</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>40</td>
<td><strong>9:50 - 10:30</strong></td>
<td>24mm TRUCK drives into spot. Jon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 Q 25</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>35</td>
<td><strong>10:30 - 11:05</strong></td>
<td>85mm. Mona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 R 30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td><strong>11:05 - 11:45</strong></td>
<td>50mm. Jon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>5 S 35</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>45</td>
<td><strong>11:45 - 12:30</strong></td>
<td>50mm. Jon, Mona</td>
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<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
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<td><strong>12:30 - 1:15</strong></td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td><strong>1:15 - 1:55</strong></td>
<td>35mm Wrap. Danny Dolly. Jon, Mona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 W 40</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td><strong>1:55-2:45</strong></td>
<td>24mm. Jon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 AJ 60</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>75</td>
<td><strong>2:45 - 4:00</strong></td>
<td>24mm. Jon finishes peeing. runs to front seat. drives off (jib down to radio) CAR, MONA. (VET). Jon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>5 U 45</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>40</td>
<td><strong>4:00 - 4:40</strong></td>
<td>24mm DON'T MOVE CAMERA. FOR 19N only lighting change. NA</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td><strong>4:40 - 5:05</strong></td>
<td>24mm TRUCK DON'T MOVE CAMERA. NA</td>
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<td>Day 22 (6/22)</td>
<td>19 M 20</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td><strong>5:05 - 5:30</strong></td>
<td>50mm TRUCK Drivers mirror. NA. High Hal</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>5:30 - 6:00</strong></td>
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<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>(Jules and Karim during wrap)</td>
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<tr>
<td>85mm (Mona wakes on way to river POV) CAR</td>
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<td>During wrap</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Hat on apple box</td>
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<tr>
<td>PLATES (Jules and Karim during wrap)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SCENE 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>SW Passenger Side (50 mm)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SE (35mm)</td>
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<tr>
<td>W (24mm)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NW (28mm)</td>
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<td>B (85mm)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NW to W (50mm) pan from steering wheel to Jon.</td>
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<td>66 fps</td>
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<td>SCENE 24</td>
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<td>E (24mm)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 23 (7/23)</td>
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<td>CALL TIME: 6:00 PM</td>
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<td>6:00 PM</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>60</td>
<td>General setup, test dolly. Prod Design: Coffee Cup, Bandage, Wallet, Money, Hooks, Frogs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 23 (7/23)</td>
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<td>3:30 - 4:00</td>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>24mm</td>
<td>Jon, Car</td>
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45 Lunch 11:15 - 12:00

Dolly and Track

WISHLIST High Hat
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<th>Rhsl</th>
<th>Shoot</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Comment</th>
<th>Actors</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>CALL TIME: 3PM. Carpool 3:30pm</td>
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<td>3 - 3:30</td>
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<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
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<td>60</td>
<td>General setup, FRAGILE ENVIRONMENT: Tennis balls on all c-stands, sound blankets, no clamps on anything, no dirty equipment / shoes, etc.</td>
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<td>3:30 - 4:30</td>
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<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>35mm</td>
<td>NA</td>
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<td>4:30 - 5</td>
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<td>E</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>50mm</td>
<td>Nancy</td>
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<td>5 - 5:35</td>
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<tr>
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<td>9</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>85mm</td>
<td>Nancy</td>
<td>5:35</td>
<td>5:35 - 6:10</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>50mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>6:10</td>
<td>6:10 - 6:50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
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<td>G</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>35mm</td>
<td>Jon</td>
<td>6:50</td>
<td>6:50 - 7:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
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<td>LUNCH</td>
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<td>7:30 - 8</td>
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<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
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<td>15</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Group photo</td>
<td></td>
<td>8 - 8:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>50mm</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>8:15 - 8:40</td>
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<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>35mm</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>8:40</td>
<td>8:40 - 9:05</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day 24 (7/24)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>WRAP</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:05 - 9:30</td>
<td>Kids and unicorns</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Crew List

**Director, Writer, Producer, Editor, Sound Design:** Julian Baner

**Co-Producer:** Nicholas Kerr

**Director of Photography:** Karim Dakkon

**1st Assistant Director:** Mike Tran, Fransiscus Fendrian (2nd Unit)

**2nd Assistant Director:** Steven Klotz, Sam Gordon (2nd Unit)

**Production Manager:** Alex Kerr

**PA:** Seher Sissi Tas, David Fernandez (2nd Unit)

**Art Direction:** Helen Morales

**Production Design:** Helen Morales, Alejandra Lopez (2nd Unit), Naybel Perez (2nd Unit)

**Makeup:** Vikki Martinez (2nd Unit)

**Production Sound Mixer, Foley Artist:** Harryson Thevenin

**Boom Operator:** William Olsen, Mario Ramirez

**DAM:** Nick Kerr, Brandon Wilson (2nd unit), Sophia Serpa (2nd unit)

**Special Effects:** Jeff Shedden

**Visual Effects:** George Lopez

**Gaffer:** Kevin Garcia

**Key Grip:** Grace Pineda, Josue Esquerdo

**Grip:** William Ruback, Gabe Blanco, Kyle Gattis, Adam McCracken, Cristian Rhea, Liam Wright, Javier Sanchez, Stephen Maxwell, Carlos Napoleoni

**1st Assistant Camera:** Alex Ingram
2nd Assistant Camera: Armando Pacheco

B-Camera Operator: Anthony DeCario

Script Supervisor: Lexa Davis

Catering: John Marcano, Stevie Ramirez, Trisha Cooper

Still Photographer: Carlos Ramos, Rex Hendricks

References


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“First Assistant Director (First AD).” Creative Skillset Website,

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“Second Assistant Camera.” Creative Skillset Website, creativeskillset.org/creative_industries/film/job_roles/3082_second_assistant_camera.


CONCLUSION

The creation of *Some Southern Waters* has been one of the most satisfying and educational experiences of my academic career. As discussed in the Production Literacy section, many of my initial production plans and aesthetic decisions had changed along the way, but rarely did they feel like compromises. In fact, had I not had the help and knowledge to lean on from my key collaborators and stuck to my initial presumptions, the final product would have suffered immensely.

Many things were workshopped and changed in the process of making this film for the better. There were 15 drafts of the script, and lines and situations would still change on the day of shooting. One key scene was shot and re-written three times. Some scenes had to be shot months apart. One individual shot (the opening shot of the film) took two days and a total of 26 takes. Things continue to be rearranged and tweaked in the edit. Layers of story, meaning, and aesthetics become denser and denser by the day. The main takeaway being that filmmaking requires patience and perseverance. I was very surprised at the constant ebb of emotional highs and lows I would experience throughout a day, week, month, and even year while working on this project.

At the end of the day, on screen I am left seeing both my artistic compromises and my ambitions accomplished in the same light. I see things I could have differently, and things I could improve upon in the future, while seeing all that went right, and the plethora of magical moments I could not have planned for: a camera movement accidentally discovered, a beautiful
composition born of necessity, an improvised line that rings truer than any word written, or a certain shift in an actor’s eyes that says what pages of dialogue cannot.

Luckily, I am left with a feeling of excitement for working out the things I can improve upon on my next project: writing more effective dialogue, establishing more satisfying character and narrative arcs, budgeting with more scrutiny, establishing better communication with department heads, and offering stronger direction to cast. Being more in touch with the financial realities of independent filmmaking, I am more cognizant of the need for identifying an audience for your film and capitalizing on the resources already available to you during the writing process. After 24 days on set, I have a clearer understanding of the importance of interaction with every department, and on the value of effective communication with actors. Finally, having sat behind my editing computer for months on end, I feel I have exponentially increased my speed, organization, technical understanding, and creativity when it comes to editing and sound design.

Overall, the creation of Some Southern Waters was extremely positive, and I very much look forward to doing it all again.
APPENDIX: SCREENPLAY

The following pages include the latest draft of the screenplay which was used in pre-production and during production. Many scenes were rewritten on the day or reordered in post, as expected. Numbers on the top right of the page indicate the page number within the script. Numbers on the left-hand side of the page indicate the scene number.
Some Southern Waters

by

Julian Baner
1 EXT. BEACH - SUNRISE

EXTREME CLOSE UP of closed eyes in a white mask. In the distance we HEAR a radio station stuck between channels. We slowly ZOOM OUT to reveal the mask is worn by a woman with dark, curly hair, laying down in the sand, surrounded by cigarettes. To her left is a small radio. As we continue to ZOOM OUT we reveal, to her right, standing. SALVATORE: dark goatee, slicked back hair, and a suit. He throws another cigarette by the woman as he stares out into the ocean.

We HOLD on the scene for a while. The radio finally lands on So Fine by The Aquatones.

We HEAR the SONG on the radio, and the CRASHING of the waves as Salvatore stares out at the ocean.

We DOLLY IN toward the ocean.

An OLD SAILOR, shirtless and covered in tattoos, slowly walks out of the ocean. He sings a sea shantie.

TITLE: SOME SOUTHERN WATERS

2 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE OVER: Years later.

A framed photograph of MONA, a young daydreamer with dark eyes and black bob haircut stares at us. She sits at a table, black-nailed fingers cradling a glass of wine. A cellphone RINGS. We slowly ZOOM OUT of the photograph as:

    JON (o.s.)
    Hey. Hey ya, are you - are you
    there now? Okay, I know, are you
    there now? Are. You. At. Pasticuffs
    now? I know I thought that - What
    time is it? Okay I thought you said
    later that's fine... Right on.
    Okay, yeah I'll be there soon. I'll
    be there in... 10 minutes okay?
    Okay. Right on. Hey. I love you.
    Okay. See ya.

JON (20s) hastily, clumsily, throws on a pair of jeans. His room is a hodgepodge of paintings, nautical paraphernalia, 50s memorabilia, and hints of an oncoming hippie phase. Pictures of he and Mona line the walls. Boo-wop music PLAYS from his laptop.

He goes to his closet, checks his watch.
JON (CONT'D)
Goddammit, how long does it take me
to jerk off?

INT. JON'S BATHROOM - NIGHT
Jon hustles in. Tins of pomade line the counter.
He runs his hands under the faucet, then through his hair.
Combs it back furiously.
Grabs the closest tin of pomade, fingers out a scoop, and
vigorously runs it through his hands, then his hair.
He lets out a big sigh.
Grabs a comb and goes to work. To his left is the poster of
Eddie Cochran, sporting a perfect pompadour. His inspiration.
Like a surgeon, he runs the comb through his straight black
hair.
He pushes the sides with his left hand.
Grabs a wider comb and slicks back his bangs.
Grabs the smaller comb again.
Carefully chooses a line created by the big comb, and slicks
his hair in two directions, creating a hard part.
Slicks back the hair on the right side, and plumps it up with
his left hand.
He does this three times, finally erects a pompadour he is
pleased with.
He looks at himself.
A few hairs stick together and fall back down to his
forehead.
Loads his hands with more pomade. Thoroughly coats the stray
hairs. Slicks it all back again.
He looks at himself again.
They fall again.
Jon screams, throws the comb across the room. Punches the
mirror, shattering it.
JON

Ahh, God Fucking Dammit!!

Jon clutches his hand.

INT. JON’S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon, bandaged hand, quickly makes a coffee. Lots of cream, lots of sugar.

EXT. JON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon bursts out of his motel-like apartment, all denim and leather other than his baseball cap. Coffee mug in bandaged hand.

He runs over to his car, pauses. Puts the coffee mug on top of the car and runs back to the door of the apartment.

He looks the door. Runs back to his car and hops in, coffee still on top.

He screeches off. Coffee mug flies off the roof. Shatters.

We stare at the apartment.

Suddenly, Jon’s car comes squealing back in reverse.

He jumps out, runs up, unlocks the front door, and heads inside.

INT. JON’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon opens a drawer, pulls out two condoms, rushes out.

EXT. JON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon bursts out again, locks the door, jumps in his car, and screeches off.

INT./EXT. JON’S CAR - NIGHT

Jon drives fast, focused on switching through radio stations.

Jon stops at a stop light. He looks out the passenger side window at a small service station. Displayed in the service station window are five plush frogs, hung by hooks in their backs. Jon winces, feeling their pain.

The light turns green and Jon reluctantly drives on. A few sighs and glances in his rear-view.
He makes an abrupt U-turn, rushes back to the service station and screeches into the parking lot.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Jon steps out of his car and walks toward the service station, taking a good look at those frogs.

INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Jon walks in. An EMPLOYEE behind the counter faces away, organizing cigarette boxes. Jon walks to a coffee machine. Pours a coffee into a to-go cup. Adds lots of cream and sugar. Walks to the counter.

JON
Hi, can I uhh... a pack of red labels.

EMPLOYEE
(Turkish accent)
Filters?

JON
Doesn't matter. And this.
(points to coffee)

The employee grabs a pack of Marlboro's.

As he does, Jon looks back at the frogs. The employee rings up the order.

EMPLOYEE
Eleven Eighty Five.

Jon hesitates. Pays.

JON
Keep it.

EMPLOYEE
Thank you very much.

Jon walks out.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Jon approaches his car. Stops. Walks back into the service station.
He makes an abrupt U-turn, rushes back to the service station and screeches into the parking lot.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

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EMPLOYEE
Eleven Eighty Five.

Jon hesitates. Pays.

JON
Keep it.

EMPLOYEE
Thank you very much.

Jon walks out.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Jon approaches his car. Stops. Walks back into the service station.
INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Jon approaches the counter.

JON
I'm sorry man, can I - Can I
purchase those frogs hanging there.

EMPLOYEE
Frogs.

JON
Yeah, those frogs hanging there on
those hooks.

EMPLOYEE
Fifteen dollars.

JON
Fifteen dollars each?

EMPLOYEE
Fifteen dollars each frog.

JON
(looking in wallet)
Shit. Umm, okay look, tell you
what. I'll buy all those frogs. All
those frogs.

EMPLOYEE
All the frogs. Fifteen dollars
each.

JON
No. I'll buy all those frogs for...
(counts money)
Sixty Three bucks.

EMPLOYEE
All the frogs? No. All the frogs...
One, two -

JON
No, I know I'm - I know that's not
what they're worth, but I'm buying
them in bulk. See, I'm buying them
in bulk, so when I buy them in
bulk... Look. Look.
(Showing wallet)
That's all I have. I'm broke.
That's all the money I have. I'm
buying these frogs in bulk with all
the money I have.
EMPLOYEE
Oh. You want to buy all frogs.

JON
All the frogs yeah.

EMPLOYEE
All frogs. All your money.

JON
Yes. Sixty Three bucks. Tell you what, next week - I live around here - Next week I'll bring you the rest of the money. I promise.

EMPLOYEE
All frogs. Seventy five dollars.

JON
...
Get those boys off those hooks!

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Jon struggles to open the back seat door of his car carrying all five frogs.

3 INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - NIGHT

Noise-rock BLASTS.

A band plays on a small stage. We slowly STEADICAM IN through the crowded bar, crawling past tables, waiters, and drinkers to land on Mona. She sits at a table, black-nailed fingers cradling a glass of wine, identical to the photograph framed in Jon's room. We keep PUSHING all the way into Mona's large dark eyes. She stares into her nearly empty glass of wine.

We stare at it with her. The deep, deep, dark wine slowly FILLS the screen.

Jon walks in. SILENCE. The bar is nearly empty. BETH, a dirty blonde with heavy eyeliner sits at a table with BRUCE and LEE, all smoking cigarettes. They spot Jon who scans the room.

BETH
Hey Jon.

JON
(concerned)
Hey Beth. Bruce, Lee.
Howdy. BRUCE Hey. LEE

JON Have you seen Mona?

BETH I think she's pissed at you.

JON What do you mean?

BETH She's super stressed looking. She stormed outside after our set.

JON Oh god.

BETH God has nothing to do with it.

JON (sarcastic smile)

EXT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - NIGHT
Jon walks to a dark side-alley on the right side of the bar.

JON Mona?

Mona slowly appears from the darkness, smoking a cigarette and super stressed looking.

JON (CONT'D) Are you okay?

She runs into Jon's arms.

JON (CONT'D) Are you pissed at me?

Stops embracing him.

MONA Why would I be pissed at you?

JON I don't know. I was kinda late, I think. Here I got you some some coffee. Lots of cream lots of sugar.
Mona
Thanks Jon. What happened to your hand?

Jon
Ummm... Noth-

Mona
Should I be pissed at you?

Jon
Umm, probably no. I just thought - you looked like you felt pissed.

Mona
Well, that's not how I feel, that's how I look.

A beat. Mona, close to bursting into tears, embraces Jon again.

Mona (CONT'D)
Thanks again for coming.

Jon
Yeah, of course.

Stops embracing him. They walk toward the front door of the bar.

Jon (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Mona
Oh, it's nothing, I'm just a hot mess in la la land.

Jon
What?

Mona
You're gonna think I'm crazy.

They stop by the door. Mona grabs Jon's shirt and throws her back against the wall.

Mona (CONT'D)
Kiss me like this.

Jon
C'mon...

Mona
You c'mon.
Jon subtly glances around. Kisses her for a bit. Mona stops, lets out a big sigh.

**MONA (CONT'D)**
Buy me a beer?

**JON**
I got you a coffee.

**MONA**
I know.

**JON**
I can't.

**MONA**
Why not?

**JON**
I'm broke.

A beat.

Mona walks inside. Jon follows.

**MONA**
You're gonna think I'm crazy.

INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - NIGHT

Jon and Mona sit behind a keyboard on stage. Mona noodles on the keys, trying to play the sea shantie.

**JON**
I mean... Are you sure it was him because, I don't know, I feel like old people kind of start to look alike, you know what I mean?

**MONA**
What?

**JON**
Right? Like, old people kind of start to all look alike... The older they get.

**MONA**
I knew you wouldn't believe me.

**JON**
No, I believe you I just -
MONA
No, you don’t, you’re saying all old people look the same, so that couldn’t have been the old guy from my dream because –

JON
I didn’t say that.

MONA
Yes you did, you said –

JON
I didn’t say all old people look the same.

MONA
Okay. You said... I don’t know, you – apparently in your world when you’re over sixty you start multiplying and creating carbon copies of yourself that stalk young pretty women.

JON
I’m trying to – You tell me that... an old man that you saw in a dream last night is stalking –

MONA
I feel like that’s what’s happening.

JON
Okay. You feel like an old man from your dream is stalking you. You tell me this. I try to offer a logical explanation.

MONA
Old men look alike, that’s your logical explanation... I saw him Jon. I saw him.

JON
Okay... you saw him. So what now then?

MONA
Sometimes, I tell you things not so you can give me a solution. I just tell them to you, because I want to tell you.
JON
Okay... I'm sorry... I believe you.
I just... want to fix, whatever, I
don't like it when you're sad. I
don't like it.

MONA
I like it.

JON
Why?

MONA
Because you're nicer to me when I'm
sad.

JON
That's not true... That's not true.

Mona focuses on the song she's been trying to play.

JON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Tell me the dream... C'mon let's go
for a drive.

Jon leans his head on Mona's shoulder. Mona stops. Lean's her
head on his.

MONA
It started with... I was riding my
bike. My old bike. I don't even
have that bike any more. And I was
driving through a neighborhood.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

MONA'S DREAM:

Mona rides through a calm neighborhood. The street curves
through sprawling oak trees. Sunlight peeks through the
canopy of branches. Dream characters scattered about. We only
HEAR the sounds of the wind and the neighborhood.

MONA (O.S.)
Maybe the neighborhood I used to
live in when I was a kid, but I
don't know. And, it's crazy, I
remember specifically I couldn't
hear my bike, it's like, my bike
was muted and everything else was
normal, so I was floating like a
ghost or something down this
street.

(MORE)
MONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've never felt like that in a
dream, or like, remembered
something that specific like that.

She stops at a small white house.

MONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Then I got to this creepy, pointy
type of house.

She stares at the house. It stares back.

MONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It was all white and symmetrical,
except it had these red curtains,
and it was emitting this red light
from them. And then I was just
stuck. I was totally fixated.

Mona steps off her bicycle and slowly walks toward the door.
She knocks. Salvatore opens the door.

He motions for her to enter. She does. We see:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mona's POV of the living room: There appear to be reflected
water ripples all over the room. There is a tall bookshelf
filled with ancient-looking books and an upright piano in the
corner. Opera and Broadway musical posters line the walls.

Salvatore looks in a mirror and cuts his hair with a rusty
pair of scissors as he sings an opera tune in a rich
baritone.

She looks across the living room into a dark hallway and
slowly makes her way toward it.

As the SINGING fades, all we HEAR is the sound of a rocking
chair rocking back and forth.

From Mona's POV: we gradually start to make out the figure of
the Old Sailor in a tank-top swaying on the rocking chair. By
his feet is a shallow bucket filled with water.

Mona calmly kneels down. Soaks her hands in the water and
washes the old man's feet.

We HEAR a knock. Mona turns her head toward the sound. We
slowly PAN away from her toward a curtain-covered window.
Mona is suddenly standing by it. An undefined shape moves
behind the window. Mona peels back the curtain.

A subtle reflection of a woman in a white mask.
5 INT./EXT. JON'S CAR - NIGHT

Mona wakes up in the passenger side. Remembers where she is.
The frogs gently bobble in the back seat.
Jon and Mona drive down a dark highway. Jon is clearly too drunk to drive.
Mona sticks her hand out the window. Feels how the air shifts in her hand.
Jon puts his hand face up in Mona's lap. Mona puts her hand in his. Jon closes his eyes in bliss.

HOLD on their hands for a beat.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An empty clearing by a river.

Mona, Jon, his car, and So Fine by The Aquatones PLAYING from a small radio in the grass FADE INTO the scene.
Jon sits under a tree smoking.
We watch Mona's feet as she skips around the river to the music, close to where the earth dips down into the water.
Jon suddenly poses in a frog-like position. He hops around, croaking.

MONA
(laughing)
What are you doing?

Jon keeps on doing this for a while. Mona laughs uncontrollably.

He playfully runs up to her, grabs her hand and her hips to waltz to the music.

MONA (CONT'D)
You're an idiot.

JON
What are the odds you jump into the river?

MONA
Are you kidding me, it's probably freezing.
JON
Yeah, what are the odds?

MONA
Oh my God.

JON
God has nothing do with it.

MONA
Oh, okay, well when I get pneumonia
cus of this stupid game you'll be
wishing God had something do with
it.

JON
C'mon, you choose the odds.

MONA
Okay, you know what, cus I wanna
see your face when I win and you
have to jump in there... 1 out of
100.

JON
Ahh shit, okay. Fine. Fine. 1 out
of 100.

MONA
1... 2... 3... 44 you gotta 1... 2... 3... 44! Woohoo!
be fucking kidding me.

JON (CONT'D)
Jon playfully pretends to push her in the water.

MONA (CONT'D)
Jon! If you push me into that water
I swear to God I will break up with
you.

JON
No you won't.

MONA
Yes I will! That's abuse!

JON
Oh c'mon -

Mona sees something behind Jon. Screams.

She slips backwards.

She falls out of Jon's arms, tumbling down into the water.

Jon looks on in shock.
INT. RIVER - NIGHT
Mona falls through the water.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
Jon throws off his jacket and dives in the water.

INT. RIVER - NIGHT
He swims up to Mona.
He grabs her in his arms and swims to the surface.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
Jon sets her on the ground and shakes her head.

JON
Mona! Mona!

He attempts CPR to no avail.

He pats his pockets.

JON (CONT'D)
Shit!

He takes out his phone. It’s soaking wet. It doesn’t turn on.

JON (CONT'D)
Shit!

He shoves his phone back in his pocket, lifts Mona into his arms, runs toward his car. He squirms his hand to the passenger side door, Mona still in his arms. Locked.

Jon tries in vain to reach into his pocket without dropping Mona.

Finally, he lowers her to the ground, sitting her up against the car. He reaches into his pocket. No keys. Checks all his pockets. Just two soaked condoms.

JON (CONT'D)
Shit!

Jon sprints back toward his jacket. Stops. Sprints back and grabs Mona’s jacket which sits on the hood of the car. Lays it over her torso like a blanket.
He sprints back toward his jacket. Shuffles in its pockets. Find his keys. Grabs the jacket.

He sprints back toward his car, unlocks the it. Throws his jacket into the back seat. Lifts Mona once again, jacket still covering her, awkwardly hauls her into the passenger side. Slams the door.

Jon takes a deep breath.

Looks left. Looks right.

Unzips his jeans and takes a leak on the tire. He takes a long, hard look at Mona through the window. She looks like shit.

He finishes, sprints into the driver’s side, lights the ignition, and gets the fuck out of there.

The radio remains, stuck between channels now.

INT./EXT. JON’S CAR - NIGHT

Jon speeds down the highway with the windows down. He reaches back, one hand on the wheel, to his jacket in the back seat. He struggles to grab it, keeping his eyes on the road.

The road is desolate and black. Rows of trees zoom past.

He finally manages to grab it and sits it in his lap. He digs through its pockets, shifting hands on the wheel. The car drifts like a drunkard. He pulls a box of cigarettes out, flips it open. Two inside.

JON
Oh thank god.

He pulls both out and digs in the jacket again for a lighter. Finds it. Throws the jacket behind him. Throws the two cigarettes in his mouth and tries to light them. A bead of sweat rolls down his forehead.

JON (CONT’D)
C’mon, you fucker.

Lighter doesn’t work. Jon looks at Mona. He leans over, one hand on the wheel and reaches into her jacket pocket. Floral-patterned lighter. Jon flicks it and lights his cigarettes.

JON (CONT’D)
Now we’re talking.

Jon looks out onto the road. Rows of trees continue zooming past.
Mona painfully awakens. She looks out at the road and suddenly SCREAMS in terror.

On the road a man is quickly being immersed by headlights as they head straight toward him at 80-something miles an hour. It is the Old Sailor.

Jon slams the brake and thrusts the steering wheel. The car zooms past the man. A loud SCREECH. A terrible BANG and SHATTER.

The car has crashed into the tree, the hood crumpled and the passenger side window shattered. Mona rests in the passenger side facing Jon, dead, bleeding profusely from her head.

Jon comes to. He breathes heavily, trembles uncontrollably.

Takes in his surroundings.

Stares at Mona. Her lifeless eyes stare back at him.

Jon looks to the road. It is empty, desolate and black.

7

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT
A still, empty beach. Wind blows. Waves crash.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
A river gently runs. A strong wind blows through the branches...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
A long, dark, empty highway...

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT
A silent, desolate carnival...

INT. MERMAID EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Vast and dark. Some wooden benches surround a large tank of water, reflecting its ripples across the carnival-poster-covered walls...
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An empty room lit solely by moonlight. A rocking chair on a rug sits in the center. A bookshelf and some paintings hide in the corners...

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

A calm, quiet neighborhood. Wind blows.

EXT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - NIGHT

We see the scene from a still distance.

A neon sign reads FISTICUFFS. All sorts of characters float around the front, smoking and drinking. A BIG ONE, bearded and tattooed argues with a small SKINNY ONE, pale with long hair. The small one pushes the big one and suddenly a fight breaks out, but it is quickly broken up.

TITLE OVER: Some Months Later

INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - NIGHT

A veil of smoke surrounds a table where Bruce smokes a cigarette. We CUT between Bruce and a SHOT of hands adding cream, sugar, and lowering an ever-emptying cup of coffee on the table as:

BRUCE
So I’m sitting at this bonfire thing and this girl who I’m like kind of a thing with, but not really is there. And all my buddies are there, my close ones. And my buddy Steven is telling this like real creepy ghost story, I don’t remember, and we’re all real into it y’know. And anyways he finishes his story and we all really like it and stuff and now it’s my turn to tell a story. So I’m like okay. I’m ready. I got this story. I stand up and I’m like okay this is the story of The Pond with the 30 Black Ducks. Real dramatic y’know.

(MORE)
BRUCE (CONT'D)

And basically the story is like there's this pond that has 30 black ducks in it and this girl went swimming in it and when she came out, she rushes to her boyfriend and tells him that they had to throw a virgin into the lake before sunrise or she would disappear. Now I don't know how she figured that out and what the ducks have to with it either, but they all knew it was true. So anyways long story short, they find this kid, and they have to climb over this fence to get to the lake and just as the sun is rising he dives in and the ducks like just go under, and the sun rises. And everything... well, I mean, all is well, y'know.
And so I finish telling this story and everyone’s real quiet. And I turn to the girl next to me, the one that I have a thing with y'know, and she just... evaporates! But it's like it's all purple and she, it's like parts of her just start coming unattached and, and she's like breaking up into her individual elements or something like that, and she eventually disappears completely.
And so now it's like we're in the actual story, and I look at my friend Steven and we look at each other and we're like: let's do this! So we just gun it, we start sprinting, and we get to the pond, the pond of the 30 black ducks y'know. And there's the fence there and everything and the sun's about to come up.
But we're like oh shit where is the kid, where is the virgin? What do we do? And then out of nowhere my little bother Francesco runs up to us and he's like, I'm sorry guys, I'm here, let's do this, I'm ready. And I'm like alright he's definitely a virgin let's do this.

(MORE)
BRUCE (CONT'D)
So we like climb up this fence and everything and it’s real dramatic and it’s getting brighter and brighter and we reach the lake, or the pond I mean, and there’s the ducks in it and everything. And I’m like okay Francesco are you sure you wanna do this? And he says yes, and he dives in and the ducks go under, and the sun rises and it’s really beautiful and the girl comes back and everything you know. And that was it, I woke up.... It was wild.

The cup of coffee lowers onto the table for the last time, empty.

Bruce takes a drink and looks at Jon. Jon now sports slightly messier hair. He silently smokes.

They share a moment as Jon finishes his cigarette.

JON
I’m gonna go take a shit.

BRUCE
Cool. I think we’re on in five.

JON
Right on.

Noise-rock BLARES on the sound-track. We follow Jon, floating through the hazy bar in SLOW MOTION:

Big people, small people, tall people, short people, smokers, drinkers, eating, talking, standing, dancing, he drifts past them all to the far end of the bar. He walks past a stage where a couple of rock musicians are setting up their instruments. He reaches the restroom. Knocks. Walks in.

INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) REST ROOM - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION:

It is a one-man restroom and very claustrophobic. The walls are covered in sharpie, spray paint, flyers, photos, and prints. Jon would look at himself in the mirror if it weren’t covered as well. He sits down to take a shit and looks at all the decorations. He stays on one of a mermaid going down on a frog. MUSIC ends.

INT. BAR - NIGHT
SLOW MOTION:

Jon stands on stage, holding a bass guitar by the other band members. Bruce on guitar, Lee on drums, Beth on guitar and vocals. Empty keyboard.

**BETH**

(in slow motion)
Hey party people. For those who just came in, we’re Bats in the Belfry, and we’re gonna keep on truckin’

Beth looks at the other members and they quietly murmur and nod their heads.

END SLOW MOTION

**BETH (CONT’D)**

One! Two! One Two Three Four!

The band plays one note and the Skinny One bursts through the front door wielding a beer bottle. He approaches the Big One from behind, who is watching the band, and smashes the beer bottle over his head.

Everyone watches in awe as the Skinny One stomps on the Big One. The lead singer and guitarist throw down their instruments and run to the scene.

Jon and Lee keep on truckin’ and Lee gives Jon a big smile. Jon nods, and watches as a crowd of people form around the scene and break up the fight.

INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) OFFICE - DAY

A dark, tiny, crowded office with posters all over. DANNY (mid 40s) in a short-sleeved button-down sits behind a messy table with Jon by his side. He is writing a check.

**DANNY**

Man, this place is getting fucking depressing. That’s the second time that kid has pulled some shit. Wasn’t like that before, man, I’m telling you. I know, I know. Look man, I’m sorry, but I can only give you 50 this time, y’know with all the shit that was broke and everything.

Jon looks at Danny for a while.
DANNY (CONT'D)
I mean, with all the shit that was
broke and everything.

JON
Okay.

Danny signs the check and hands it to Jon.

DANNY
Okay brother, be safe out there.
Good work tonight, considering.
Goddamn, this place is depressing.

Jon walks out and the rest of the band waiting outside steps in.

LEE (O.S.)
Yeah, but I mean, King Kong is a
racist movie...

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY
At a large dining room table Jon sits across from NANCY
SHEARER (late 40s, fair-haired, heavy make-up). On the wall
hangs a family photo: Mona, Nancy, a young kid, and a middle-
aged man stand by Jon's car, wrecked by the tree. The table
is set with roasted chicken, salad and wine. The table-cloth
features images violently depicting the Jewish exodus.

JON
I told you before, but, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry about everything. But, I
can make things easier for you,
really, if you just let me -

NANCY
Jon, how do you think you make me
feel? How do you think I like
having you at my dinner table,
eating this food?

JON
I don't know, but, I can fix
things. I can. I love your food.

NANCY
You don't get it! I am hungry! I
want to eat, that's why I'm here! I
need to feed myself!

JON
You're right. You're right. I'm
sorry. I'm sorry.
NANCY
If you were sorry you wouldn't be eating this food. If you were sorry you would be looking under the table. You would be giving your food to that.

JON
I don't understand...

NANCY
You would be looking there... Look under the table Jon.

JON
(covering his nose)
Oh god what's that smell!? 

NANCY
Look under the table Jon!

We HEAR a slimy, licking sound. Jon looks under the table. Mona, covered in blood, is licking Jon's foot.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Jon wakes up. He sits on the edge of his bed and holds his head in his hands.

INT. JON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT
We HEAR a neighbor practicing trumpet in the distance. One of the frogs sits on the kitchen counter.

Jon pulls a beer and Chinese take-out from the fridge.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Jon plops down on the couch. Flips on the T.V. News. He tries to twist the cap off the bottle of beer.

JON
Fuckin' A.

With a big sigh and a lot of effort he gets up and walks to the kitchen.
INT. JON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The frog looks at Jon.

JON
Don't gimme that look.
(shuffles around)
Where the fuck is it?

He gives up. He takes out his lighter and tries to open the bottle that way.

JON (CONT'D)
How the fuck do they do this?

The cap doesn't budge.

JON (CONT'D)
I don't know how they do this.

He looks at the kitchen counter, lifts up his beer and tries
to slam the cap off against it. Doesn't work. He tries again.

Doesn't work. He does it HARD now. Bottle breaks, spilling
some glass and beer.

JON (CONT'D)
Shit!

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jon sits on the couch with the half-broken bottle and a
glass. He pours the remaining beer into the glass. A little
piece of glass falls in the cup. Jon sticks his fingers in
the beer and lifts it out with precision. He takes a deep
breath, sits back, and takes a swig. Jon flips through the
channels.

Cooking. The film Carnival of Souls.

Jon puts down the remote and watches the film. Jon closes his
eyes, sinks into the couch and - a KNOCK on the door. Jon
stares blankly forward. Another KNOCK.

JON
C'MON....

Jon gets himself up and answers. Beth is at the door.

BETH
Hey!
JON
Oh hey!

They stare at each other.

BETH
Can I come in?

More stares.

JON
Yeah, yeah sorry. I forgot you were coming, come in.

Beth walks in the door.

JON (CONT’D)
You wanna beer or something?

BETH
Umm yeah, I’ll have a beer.

JON
Okay. I don’t have a bottle opener.

Beth throws her keys to Jon.

JON (CONT’D)
Thanks.

Jon walks to the kitchen. Beth watches the movie.

BETH
What are we watching?

JON (O.S.)
Uhh, I don’t know, some movie.

Jon comes back with two beers. He sits close to Beth.

BETH
Some movie?

JON
Yeah, some creepy movie from the 50s I think.

BETH
Did you break this to open it?

JON
I was trying to hit the cap off over the counter but I fucked it up. How do they open bottles with a lighter?
BETH
With a lighter?

JON
You can open a bottle with a lighter, I’ve seen people do it.

Beth doesn’t respond. They both watch the film for a while.

Jon takes out his phone.

JON (CONT’D)
(typing)
How... to... open...a... bottle

Beth leans into Jon and tries to make out with him. He continues to try to type.

INT. JON’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth rides on top of Jon, trying to be passionate, talking dirty. Jon sits motionless, staring at her. They do this for a while.

JON
Stop, stop.

Jon gently pushes Beth off.

BETH
What is it Jon? What is this? Why do we always do this?

Jon looks at Beth.

JON
I’m sorry.

BETH
Oh jeez. It’s okay.
(hugs Jon, comforting him)
We can just watch a movie or something, I don’t know.

JON
Let’s just… can we just lay here?

BETH
Of course.

Jon and Beth stare at the ceiling. We HEAR the neighbor badly playing trumpet.
BETH (CONT'D)
Your neighbor is some trumpet player.

JON
Oh, yeah. He’s a good kid.

BETH
How often does he play like that at night?

JON
Umm, like every night I think. I don’t know.

BETH
That doesn’t bother you?

JON
No, not really. It’s kind of relaxing. Nice background noise.

BETH
It’s definitely noise. God, that would drive me crazy.

JON
Nah, you get used to it.

BETH
No, I wouldn’t.

JON
Okay. Sorry.

BETH
Oh, jeez, it’s fine, I just, sorry I had a rough night I guess, I don’t know. I’m sure he’s a good kid, it doesn’t really bother me that much.

They sit and listen to the trumpet.

JON
Well, now it’s driving me crazy.

BETH
Me too.

JON
I can’t stop listening to it.

BETH
Me too.
JON
What the hell, it never bothers me.
Now it's gonna drive me crazy.
Should I knock on his door?

BETH
Maybe you should.

JON
You think I should?

BETH
I don't know. Maybe. I mean it's kind of late.

JON
I mean, it makes sense to just politely ask him to not do that so late. But, do I really want to be that guy? Why can't I just ask him to stop? Why am I the dick?

BETH
You're not the dick. He's the dick.

JON
This is bullshit! Why is this bothering me so much?

BETH
Do you want me to go?

JON
What?

BETH
I'll go ask him to stop.

JON
No, no, no, no.

BETH
C'mon, it's driving you crazy, isn't it?

JON
No, no, don't do that, I'm too embarrassed for you.

BETH
You're embarrassed for me?

JON
Yes. Please don't. I'm serious.
BETH
That makes no sense, I'm the one doing it, and I don't mind, why are you embarrassed for me?

JON
Beth, I'm asking you not to do it.

BETH
But, it makes no sense!

JON
It makes perfect sense!

BETH
No, it doesn't!

JON
Why do you insist on not doing what I ask you to do?!

BETH
I'm trying to help you! Why don't you just let me help you!? I can make decisions too, you know!

JON
What! I never said - you can do whatever you want, I'm just asking you -

BETH
I can not do whatever I want because you yell at me!

JON
Ya, because you're fucking asinine!

BETH
Excuse me!?

JON
YOU'RE BEING ASININE!

BETH
DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

JON
OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!

BETH
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
JON
... I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.

A KNOCK on the door. Beth and Jon look at each other.

BETH
What the hell was that?

JON
(whispering)
I think we were being too loud.

BETH
(whispering)
We were not that loud.

Jon
We were screaming Beth.

BETH
What about the trumpet player?

JON
He's a good kid Beth!

BETH
He's loud.

JON
...nevertheless...

BETH
You're not gonna get the door?

JON
No, I know what they want. They know I know what they want. Let's just stay quiet now.

BETH
I just don't understand you sometimes.

Jon sits up, facing away from Beth.

BETH (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go do you want that?

JON
I don't know...

Beth gets off the bed and grabs her clothes off the floor.
BETH
Where’s my bra?

Jon falls back onto his pillow, grabs a cigarette and a lighter, lights it up, takes a drag.

BETH (CONT’D)
Where the fuck is my bra Jon?

JON
I don’t know where your bra is Beth.

BETH
You took it off!

JON
Yeah, I remember that...

BETH
What’d you do with it?

JON
I don’t know.

BETH
What’d you toss it into the air?
Like an ape?

JON
Did you check under the bed?

BETH
Forget it. I’m gone.

She throws on her shirt and pants. Jon sits alone on his bed.

BETH (CONT’D)
I think we should stop seeing each other. This just, isn’t working.

JON
What?

BETH
C’mon Jon...

JON
Are you breaking up with me?

BETH
Oh please, we’re not a couple.

Jon stares at her.
Beth starts to leave.

JON
Well what about the thing tomorrow?

Beth turns back.

BETH
The thing?

JON
We were gonna go to the carnival thing tomorrow. Remember?

BETH
What?

JON
The mermaid thing. You invited me.

BETH
I'm not going to the mermaid thing tomorrow.

JON
Well, I'm going to the mermaid thing tomorrow.

BETH
Well, you do that...

A beat.

JON
So what now then?

BETH
We're playing on Saturday.

Beth walks out.

Jon stares up at the ceiling in contemplation, puts out his cigarette, closes his eyes, and slips into unconsciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

It is a hot summer afternoon. Beach-goers sparsely wander about. Jon parks his pickup truck. He hops out and looks out toward the beach, sees a Ferris wheel in the distance.
He walks toward the beach through various characters. Across the street, up the wooden ramp, past shower heads, down the ramp, onto the sand.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The carnival looms over everything. As Jon nears it gets louder and louder, until music and people chattering is all you can hear.

He approaches a small concession booth run by a teenage GIRL with pigtails. He pays her five bucks, she gives him a neon green wristband, and he walks in.

EXT. CARNIVAL - DAY

He swirls around the sensory overload, passing various plastic covered carnival games, sideshows, and food stands.

He reaches a small shack with the words MERMAID EXHIBIT on the roof. Jon stops and stares at it.

Jon walks to the small concession stand. A GRAY HAIR MAN works the booth.

JON
Hi there. How much is it?

GREY HAIR MAN
Nine bucks.

JON
Alright.

(Handing over a 20 dollar bill)

You have change for a 20?

GREY STAIR MAN
Sure do.

They exchange money and the man hands Jon a ticket.

JON
Thank you.

Jon makes his way toward the entrance.

GREY HAIR MAN
Woah, woah.

JON
Huh?
GREY HAIRD MAN
Can't go in there.

JON
Oh. Why?

GREY HAIRD MAN
Show's not until seven tonight. You bought a ticket for the show.

JON
Oh. Well, I thought there was stuff going on all day in there.

GREY HAIRD MAN
Ya, that's the regular exhibit. That goes on all day.

JON
Okay.

GREY HAIRD MAN
You want a ticket for the regular exhibit?

JON
Yeah, I guess, I'll get that then. If I get that ticket I can go in now?

GREY HAIRD MAN
Yeah, obviously. You buy the ticket, you can go in.

JON
Okay, well, I was just making sure, because that's what I thought the first ticket did.

GREY HAIRD MAN
The first ticket was the show ticket. The normal exhibit goes on all day.

JON
Okay, I get it, just lemme get the normal ticket then, I didn't know.

GREY HAIRD MAN
Alright, no need to get aggressive, I'm just trying to explain to you -
JON
It's fine, just, can I exchange
this for the normal ticket then?

GREY HAIR MAN
You can't - I can't do an exchange
here.

JON
You can't -

GREY HAIR MAN
You gotta go over to the customer
service if you wanna -

JON
Just, okay, no, I'll just buy the
normal ticket. How much is it?

GREY HAIR MAN
Normal ticket is five bucks.

JON
Okay, five bucks. You got change
for a ten?

GREY HAIR MAN
Boy, you're cleaning me out of my
change over here.

INT. MERMAID EXHIBIT - DAY

Jon steps in. It is cold and damp. Quiet echoes of whispered
murmurs fill the dark room. In front of Jon a crowd faces
away from him, staring at a large tank, reflecting its
ripples.

Jon looks around the crowd, spots a conspicuous man in the
corner whose eyes are locked on the tank. It is Salvatore.

Jon looks back at the tank. The crowd in front of him
disperses slightly, revealing:

Inside the tank a MERMAID swims around. She looks EXACTLY
like Mona.

Jon is dumbstruck.

He slowly approaches the tank, gently pushing his way through
the docile crowd.
He walks directly in front of the tank, staring at the mermaid spinning around. The Mermaid notices Jon. She stops her spins, distracted, staring back at Jon.

SALVATORE (O.S.)
Vaffanculo.

Suddenly, a curtain drops on the tank. Shows over. The crowd murmurs in confusion.

Jon turns to see Salvatore marching towards a door just behind the tank. He storms in, slamming the door behind him.

The crowd slowly wanders out. Jon walks against the stream, toward the door Salvatore entered.

Jon listens intently to a series of muffled shouts in Italian from beyond the door.

The shouting stops. Silence. Jon reluctantly steps away.

EXT. MERMAID EXHIBIT - DAY

Jon smokes a cigarette, waiting by the entrance door. He puts it out. Lights another.

The door opens. Out comes the Mermaid, now with legs and a sundress. She immediately tries to light a cigarette, not noticing Jon.

Jon quickly takes her appearance in. Still just like Mona, but with longer, wavy hair, and bright blue eyes. She looks super stressed, lighter falling.

Jon flicks his lighter, offering it in front of her.
She finally looks over.

JON
Howdy.

She accepts the offer, allowing Jon to light her cigarette.

MERMAID
Thanks.

JON
I'm really sorry. I screwed up your show I think.

MERMAID
Yep.
JON  
Do I know you?

MERMAID  
Nope.

JON  
Right on.

A long pause.

JON (CONT'D)  
Was your manager upset?

The Mermaid walks away. Jon decides to follow.

EXT. CARNIVAL - DAY

JON  
I am sorry. I just - I thought you were someone else so... so, you know... I don't know I guess I was -

MERMAID  
(turning to Jon)  
My name's Anna.

JON  
Okay, hi. My name's Jon.

ANNA  
Do you know me now?

JON  
No...

ANNA  
Right.

They continue walking. Anna doesn't look back.

JON  
But, maybe I can make it up to you.

ANNA  
Probably not.

JON  
Where are you from?

ANNA  
Here.
JON
Where at?

ANNA
Around.

They make their way to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

JON
Cool. I’m just wondering cus I haven’t seen you around, and you know, it’s a pretty small town.

No response.

JON (CONT’D)
Well... Pretty small anyways. But, you’ve lived here a long time?

ANNA
Yep.

JON
Right on, me too. What school did you go to?

Anna freezes, staring at something on the beach.

JON (CONT’D)
I went Keystone Heights. You know it?

ANNA
Shit.

Anna looks like she just saw a ghost. She swings back around, marching back toward the carnival.

Jon sees what she was looking at. A woman lying on the beach surrounded by cigarettes, facing the water.

Jon hesitates. Turns to catch up with Anna.

JON
Who was that?

EXT. CARNIVAL - DAY

They arrive at a worn-down building with a sign that reads MAZE OF MIRRORS.
JON
Okay. Hey! What is this? Can you just talk to me for a sec!

ANNA
Talk in here.

INT. MAZE OF MIRRORS - DAY
A hallway filled with mirrors. Reflections of Jon and Anna permeate the room, direction-less. It is empty, serene and quiet.

Anna continues walking away from Jon, leading him through this dizzying array of reflections, each turn more confusing than the last.

JON
Is this your hiding spot?

No response.

JON (CONT'D)
What are you hiding from?

No response.

JON (CONT'D)
Aright. Let's talk.

Anna stops. Looks at one of Jon's reflections.

ANNA
Here's how this is gonna work. I don't know you, and you don't know me. You're gonna ask me five questions. Whatever you want because you're so curious, and I'm going to choose whether I want to answer or not. We do that for a little while, and then after this conversation, you never saw me, you never talked to me, and you never saw that woman on the beach. Sound good?

JON
No. Why? What is going on?
ANNA
Okay, first question: What is going on? You're gonna have to be more specific than that.

JON
Jesus. Aright... Are you safe working here?

ANNA
Yes.

JON
Okay, good. I'm glad to hear that. Is that woman on the beach safe?

ANNA
Next question.

JON
Oh come on... What makes you think I won't call the cops?

ANNA
You won't call the cops. That was your fourth question by the way.

JON
You're something else.

ANNA
Last question.

JON
Aright. Aright. What are the odds you let me buy you a coffee?

ANNA
Really?

JON
Say a number: 1 out of whatever you want, you choose the odds. Then we count to three and say a number within those odds at the same time. If it's the same number you let me buy you a coffee.

Anna stares at Jon for a while.

ANNA
1 out of 100.
JON

...Alright, I out of 100.

JON (CONT'D)

1, 2, 3...

ANA

1, 2, 3...

Anna's reflection leaves Jon's vision.

JON

Hey!

Jon searches for Anna.

JON (CONT'D)

Anna? I think I owe you a coffee!
(To himself)
Do I owe you a coffee?

She is nowhere to be found.

12 INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A collection of pictures of Mona and her obituary sit on the coffee table.

Jon plops down on the couch in front of the coffee table, staring at the collection of Mona paraphernalia. Frustrated, he gets back up. Faces back and forth, muttering some obscenities.

He finally whips out his phone. Calls Beth.

BETH (V.O.)

Hello?

JON

What the hell was that?

BETH (V.O.)

Jon?

JON

Don't Jon me, what was that Beth?

BETH (V.O.)

What the hell are you talking about?

JON

C'mon, the mermaid girl?
BETH (V.O.)
Jon, what the fuck are you talking about?

JON
...I went to the carnival we were going to go to, alone. There's a mermaid there who looks just like Mona. And I don't think it's funny, it kinda fucked me up to be honest.

JON (CONT'D)
And there's all this other fucked up shit going on there, and I'm kinda freaking out.

JON
She looks exactly like Mona! I don't know what's happening!

BETH (V.O.)
Okay, okay. That's really weird Jon. That's really weird. Why are you at angry at me now?

JON
...

BETH (V.O.)
Why can I never tell what random thing is gonna make you angry with me?

JON
I - What do you want me to say Beth?

BETH (V.O.)
I don't want you to say anything, I want you to be consistent with your anger.

A beat.

BETH (V.O.)
I'm coming over.

JON
Really?

BETH (V.O.)
I'll be there in 30.
Beth hangs up.

INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A bodybuilding competition on Jon's T.V. We HEAR a knock on the door. Jon, cup of coffee in hand starts to get up, but Beth lets herself in.

JON
Hey.

Jon, half-standing, scrambles for the remote buried somewhere under the materials on the coffee table.

BETH
Hey. What are you watching?

JON
Nothing.
(clicks off T.V.)
How are you?
(sip of coffee)

BETH
I'm glad you called.

Beth sits by Jon on the couch. Jon nods at her, restless. They stare at each other. Jon gets up, pacing back and forth in the living room.

JON
Okay, so I couldn't figure anything out about this girl Anna, but, I know there's something weird going on at this carnival. It's owned by this dude Salvador Montolivo-

BETH
(in an Italian accent)
Salvatore.

JON
What?

BETH
(again)
Salavatore. It's Italian.
JON
Great. So it’s owned by this
Italian dude, who I saw at the
mermaid show, and he looked scary
and angry… and… that’s it, I
don’t know.

BETH
So what about this girl?

JON
Well, I think she’s… Not safe.

BETH
Jon…

JON
No, seriously. When I was talking
to this girl Anna we saw this girl
on the beach in the sand. It looked
like she was passed out or
something, and Anna got all freaked
out. I think this dude Salvador has
something to do with it.

BETH
Salvatore.

JON
Whatever!

BETH
Why would Salvatore have anything
to do with this?

JON
Because. He’s scary. And angry. And
evil.

BETH
I don’t think you should be
drinking coffee right now.

JON
It has no effect on me.

BETH
Who’s Anna?

JON
I don’t know.

BETH
Didn’t you talk to her?
JON
Yeah but she didn't say anything.
She was very... aloof... aloof?

BETH
She looks like Mona?

JON
Did Mona have a twin sister?

BETH
Shouldn't you know that?

JON
You knew her longer.

BETH
No... I think we have to figure out
who Anna is...

A beat.

JON
So what now then?

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A record spins. Jon and Beth sit at the foot of Jon's bed,
sharing a joint.

JON
Okay, so, I have to tell you
something. I know it's kind of a
weird thing, but I think we have
some sort of connection or
something. And... you look just
like my dead ex-girlfriend.

BETH
Jesus, that's how you're gonna say
it?

JON
What am I supposed to say?

BETH
Not that!

JON
Well what am I supposed to say?
BETH
Well, don't say "dead ex-girlfriend" just say "you remind me of someone I know."

JON
Aright. Okay, so, I have to tell you something. I think... you remind me of someone I know.

BETH
Your dead ex-girlfriend?
(a beat)
C'mon, you gotta be ready for that.

JON
I can't do this. Maybe I just shouldn't say anything.

BETH
About what?

JON
About Mona. I mean, like, I don't know, maybe it's not a big deal. Do you think she'd even care?

BETH
About what?

JON
About looking like my dead ex. If you were on a date with a guy and they said that, how would you actually feel?

BETH
Hmm....

JON
I mean, it might just be funny.

BETH
Say it to me.

JON
You look just like my ex-girlfriend. She... she died, not too long ago.

A beat.

Beth dramatically leans in as if she's going to make out with Jon.
JON (CONT'D)
Oh my god.
Beth cracks up.

JON (CONT'D)
You're out of control.

BETH
I'm sorry.

A beat. They stare at each other. Jon leans in for a kiss. Beth avoids it. Slaps Jon in the face.

JON
What the hell?

BETH (CONT'D)
What is your damage!? 

INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Beth walks to the front door.

JON
Alright well... see you later.

BETH
Jon... I think you should spy on her.

JON
That's what you're gonna leave me with?

BETH
You know where she works. Go back tomorrow. Follow her after she leaves her shift, see what you can see.

JON
See what I can see? I'm not doing that...

BETH
Don't be an ash mat!

JON
Excuse me?

BETH
Man up. Don't you wanna know who she is?
JON

No, I'm not spying on her... I'm better than that.

Beth rolls her eyes as she shuts the door.

13  EXT. DREAM HOUSE - DAY

A long DOLLY IN on the same house from Mona's dream.

Jon hops off a bicycle. Approaches the door. Knocks. Peeks into a window, sees the posters on the walls, the ancient books, the upright piano.

Jon walks through the door and we are suddenly in:

INT./EXT. JON'S CAR - NIGHT

Rows of trees zoom past on the dark road. The Old Sailor appears. Mona screams. She grabs the steering wheel. Water consumes the front windshield.

INT. OCEAN - DAY

A mermaid version of Mona swims toward us. Jon swims toward her. They embrace.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jon slowly wakes up. Lights a cigarette.

14  INT. MERMAID EXHIBIT - DAY

Anna, dressed as a mermaid, swims in the tank. Jon stands in the back of the crowd, wearing a baseball cap, sunglasses, and a scarf.

Curtains fall on the tank. Shows over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MERMAID EXHIBIT - DAY

Jon, still inconspicuously inconspicuous, watches Anna leave the Mermaid Exhibit. She walks away. He follows behind.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. CARNIVAL - DAY

Jon tails Anna through the carnival, spontaneously hiding behind light poles and carnival games.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

She walks into a trailer with a sign that reads "Employees Only."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAILER - LATER

Anna walks out with a back pack. She walks away. Jon follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon sits in his car. He watches as, in a shady corner of the lot, Anna unlocks a bicycle chained to a tree.

She opens up her backpack, pulls a white papier-mache mask out of it, and puts it over her face.

She hops on her bicycle.

Jon waits a moment for Anna to ride out of the lot, then drives.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK / EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

Jon follows Anna as she rides through a calm suburban neighborhood.

Turn after turn, Jon follows.

Finally, Anna arrives near:

INT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK / EXT. DREAM HOUSE - DAY

Jon notices the house coming up in the near-distance as Anna rides towards it.
Just then, Anna stops.

Jon slows. Anna turns around, looks right at Jon.

    JON
    (quietly)
    Shit!

Jon slams on the brakes. A cup of coffee flies off the truck's roof onto the hood, splattering the window.

Anna turns her bike completely around. Rides towards Jon.

    JON (CONT'D)
    Uuuhhh.

Jon ties the scarf around his mouth.

Anna reaches the truck. She takes off her mask. Recognizes Jon.

    ANNA
    What the hell!

Jon rolls down his window.

    JON
    What?

    ANNA
    Are you following me?

A beat.

    JON
    (takes down scarf from mouth)
    What the hell!

    ANNA
    What?

    JON
    What are you doing?

    ANNA
    What is your problem?

    JON
    I know what you're doing.

    ANNA
    What are you talking about?
JON
Why the mask Anna? Why the mask?

ANNA
I thought you knew what I was doing.

JON
I know enough.

ANNA
Oh, god. What do you think I'm doing?

JON
(pointing at the Dream House)
Evil. Shit.

ANNA
I'm leaving. If you follow me, I'll do evil shit to you.

Anna starts to turn. Jon reaches through the window to grab her shoulder.

JON
Your name is Mona!

Anna stops. Turns around.

ANNA
What?

JON
Aright, I know who you are, when are you gonna stop?!

ANNA
What?!

JON
When is this gonna stop!? What are you doing!? They said you were in the hospital, they wouldn't let me talk to you! I never heard from you! I thought you were dead, I thought - I didn't know what I thought! But you're here now! I'm here now!

ANNA
I don't know what you're talking about!
JON
You know what I'm talking about!
Let's talk about this! Let's figure
this out! I wanna get away too, but
we're here now! We're both here!

In the distance, the front of the Dream House opens. Anna
looks back at the house. Salvatore walks out. Stares at them.

ANNA
Shit.

JON
Who is that?

ANNA
I'm leaving!

Jon grabs Anna by the arm.

JON
Why are you doing this?

ANNA
Look! My name is Anna, and you
don't want to be involved in this!

JON
What?

ANNA
My name is Anna, and you do not
want to be involved in this.

JON
What are you talking about?

Anna tries to leave, but Jon grabs her tighter.

JON (CONT'D)
What is going on!? I saw that house
in my dream. Did you know that? I
saw that house in my dream!

ANNA
I'm not responsible for your
dreams!

JON
Well, neither am I!

ANNA
Let go of me!
JON
Who is that!? 

ANNA
Let go of me, or I’ll scream!

Jon lets go. Anna throws her mask back on. She walks towards Salvatore. He stares at her.

Jon watches. As Anna reaches the house, Salvatore invites her inside. Salvatore looks back at jon before closing the door.

JON
Fuck.

Jon drives off.

16 INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - NIGHT

Jon and Bats in the Belfry are all set up on stage. They play an entire song. We cut between the performance and the crowd dancing.

INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) - LATER

Jon, Beth, Bruce, Lee, and Danny sit at a table, smoking cigarettes, drinking beer.

BRUCE (THROUGHOUT SCENE)
So kind of like what we were talking about before... I was... Okay so... pretty much, it was super weird. But the whole dream was super vivid, it was one of my most vivid dreams. It was just this super vivid dream and I could like feel it and everything, you know, it was really violent. So basically, like, I was in this, it was sort of like an airport, kind of, but it was super dark. It was... okay so you know how in malls they have like the ceiling are windows so that it’s open to the sky? You know what I mean? So sunlight comes in? So I guess it was supposed to be like that but it was night time so that only that light was coming in, like just moonlight coming in. 

(MORE)
BRUCE (THROUGHOUT SCENE) (CONT'D)

And so it was this big empty airport and I was there with someone else, I don't know. But it started out on the beach. And there was like a whale, oh yeah that's what it was. It started on the beach and there was like a whale on the beach and it was thrashing around and we wanted to save it... ummm and so we had to hit it with a baseball bat to stop it from thrashing so we can take it somewhere. It was weird though because it was like a normal whale, but it was like the size of a medium dog, and everything was to scale.

So I picked it up and it was super heavy and super slippery, but I still kinda managed to grapple it and hold onto it, it was kinda on my shoulder. Ummm and then I basically...

Basically we started running through this big empty airport place with the whale and Roy was running behind me and we were like sprinting. We were sprinting to this, you know the luggage carousel things? So basically, it was like a luggage carousel thing but it was, like, had fish on it. And it was going into the water. There was water.

But then, so as we were approaching this thing the whale started like waking up and started thrashing and stuff. So it was getting super hard to hold and I was like right, I was approaching this thing, I was like right next to the luggage, the fish carousel thing.

And then I, like, couldn't hold onto it anymore because it was thrashing, and so I dropped it onto the luggage thing with all the fish, and apparently it was like I dropped it too hard and it broke the conveyor belt thing and it came off kind of and there was this green light above where the fish go into and it turned red and this alarm started sounding and the whale like...

(MORE)
BRUCE (THROUGHOUT SCENE) (CONT'D)

Everything broke and the whale kinda fell into the water but then this, like, metal thing that was attached to the belt somehow fell into the water also. And it just went in... It just, like went in and this big alarm sounded and stuff and everything was red cuz there was just red light and blood just started coming out of the water and in my head I'm like God! Like I just fucked the whole thing up... and... and then I woke up.

BETH
(to Jon)
Did you find anything out about Anna?

JON
Nope. Nothing.

BETH
Nothing?

JON
Seems totally normal.

BETH
You didn't talk to her again?

JON
I think I overreacted. I think I'm just going kind of crazy.

BETH
Well... are you sure, because I've been thinking maybe -

JON
Let's just drop it okay?

BETH
Aright.

A beat.

BETH (CONT'D)
By the way, I never apologized about the other night.

JON
The other night?
BETH
Yeah, you know, I just had a lot on my mind and I completely -

JON
Oh no, no that's okay, I think, it was sort of my fault.

BETH
What do you mean?

JON
I was just... there's been a lot going in my life lately you know with Mona and everything...

BETH
So... What are you talking about?

JON
I'm talking about... I don't know, I got mixed signals from you, and it was kind of a dick move to make a move on you-

BETH
I'm talking about the night we played, when I skipped your solo.

JON
Oh. Oh. Yeah. What? I don't remember that.

BETH
I'm not sorry about that night I came over Jon. You were being a dick.

JON
(singing)
Please don't remind me of my failures, I have not forgotten them...

BETH
(What?)

JON
That's a song.

BETH
Well, I will remind you of your failures, when they involve me. Besides, you already apologized and you admitted you were being a dick.
JON
Why are you like this?

BETH
I'm just the way God made me.

JON
Oh, great. Well did you ever think maybe, you should think about, what you could of done differently in a situation.

BETH
What situation?

JON
I wasn't even being a dick really -

BETH
You just said you were being a dick. Now you're not being a dick?

JON
I never really was being a dick.

BETH
Oh, really, then why'd you say that?

JON
I said that because I thought you were apologizing for you being a dick.

BETH
Oh so, for me being a dick now?

JON
Yeah. Yeah. And I was trying to, uhh, be self-defecating on your behalf.

BETH
What?

JON
I was trying to be nice.

BETH
You're not nice.

JON
I am nice.
BETH
No you're not.

JON
Yes I am.

BETH
Don't self-defecate on my behalf.

JON
I'm not. I'm saying I'm nice.

BETH
Yeah, well you're not nice. Lee!

JON
Lee has nothing to do with this.

BETH
Lee, is Jon nice? No right?

JON
Lee, don't answer that.

LEE
I mean... Jon's a nice guy.

BETH
No, he's not!

JON
Thank you Lee.

BETH
Why'd you say that Lee?

LEE
Look, I already told you guys I don't wanna be involved in this.

BETH
Jon's not nice, Lee!

JON
Lee knows. Lee knows, Lee said I'm nice!

BETH
Lee has nothing to do with this!

JON
Ask Danny if I'm nice.
Beth
Danny has nothing to do with this either!

Jon
Danny, am I nice?

Danny
Hold on -

Jon
Am I nice, Danny? Am I a nice guy?

Danny
Woah, woah, he's carrying the whale!

Jon
Do I take a lower pay then everyone because I'm a FUCKING ASSHOLE?

Jon knocks over a drink.

Everyone at the Table
Woah, woah, woah.

Jon
Oh shit, I'm sorry.

Danny
Jon, what the fuck? Can you calm down!

Jon
I'm sorry, I'm sorry it was an accident!

Beth
Lift the glass you idiot!

Jon
It already all spilled out!

Beth
Yeah cus you didn't lift the glass!

Jon
It immediately all spilled out what are you--

Danny
Someone get some paper towels!

Bruce
In the middle of my dream man--
JON
I'm sorry man.

BETH
No one cares about your dream
Bruce!

Lee and Jon grab napkins from another table and sweep up the mess.

BETH (CONT'D)
Jon, no matter what you do, or
where you go, I will always be
there to watch you fuck it up.

INT. FISTICUFFS (BAR) OFFICE - DAY

Danny eats a hotdog. Jon sits next to him. Nearby a tiny T.V.
airs a bodybuilding competition.

JON
I just need a break from everything
you know? I'm planning on - I got
some stuff in my head I wanna do,
and I think once I do it, I can get
over all this shit, you know.

DANNY
What are you telling me?

JON
I think I quit.

A beat. Danny looks at the T.V.

DANNY
This shit's crazy. Look at that.
What the fuck, look at that dude's,
what is that called, your dorsi?

JON
Your lats.

DANNY
Look at that dude's lats! He's got
lats the size of West Texas!

JON
Did you hear what I just said?

DANNY
You gotta get over that girl is
what you gotta do.

A beat.
JON
Tomorrow I - I'm not gonna quit.. I think... I'll know tomorrow.

DANNY
Do what you gotta do brother. Here. (handing Jon a check)
That's the full two hundred.
That'll keep you going in the interim.

DANNY
In the interim?

JON
Yeah, because I care about your health. You understand? Physically and physiologically.

JON
Thanks... We said two fifty.

DANNY
We said two fifty?

JON
Yeah.

A beat.

DANNY
I can't do two fifty. But that should be enough to keep you going in the interim.

17 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Similar day as yesterday. Jon parks his truck, steps out, and walks toward the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The pigtailed girl works the concessions.

PIGTAILS
Five dollars please.

JON
Hi. I was actually wondering if I could talk to the manager. I wanted to get some info on the mermaid show.
PIGTAILS
He's right behind here in that little trailer. That's his office in there.

JON
Okay cool. Is it okay to see him now? Should I just knock or?

PIGTAILS
I don't know. You can try.

JON
Okay... Thank you.

Jon walks past the concessions.

PIGTAILS
Wait! It's five dollars!

JON
Oh. I'm not going to the carnival, I just need to speak to the manager about the mermaid show.

PIGTAILS
The manager is in the trailer. The trailer is in the carnival. It's five dollars.

JON
But. Can he walk out here then, I'm looking for information, I'm not - look I was here yesterday, I paid already.

Jon flashes his wristband.

PIGTAILS
Today's wristband color is orange. You can't get in with a green wristband. It's five dollars for today's wristband, which is orange.

JON
Look, I'm not -

Behind Jon, a tan, heavy-set beach-goer with long dark curly hair and circle shades butts in.

CURLY HAIR
C'mon man, it's five bucks!
JON
Look, I don’t want to go in I’m, I’m looking for info.

CURLY HAIR
It doesn’t matter man, it’s five bucks!

JON
Okay, just mind your own business for a sec.

CURLY HAIR
This is my business man.

Jon turns back to the concessions.

JON
Ok, listen. Listen - what’s your name? They don’t make you wear name tags here?

PIGTAILS
My names is tickets are five dollars.

JON
Let me just speak to your manager, how about that?

CURLY HAIR
No one fucking cares man, it’s five bucks.

JON
Alright, you shut your mouth.

CURLY HAIR
What?

JON
What?

CURLY HAIR
Shut my mouth?

JON
What? I just meant -

CURLY HAIR
SHUT MY MOUTH?

JON
I’m sorry man. Look, I’m -
CURLY HAIR
I'll fucking touch you man!

JON
What!

Curly Hair punches Jon in the face. They brawl.

PIGTAILS
Next!

INT. TRAILER - DAY

A bare white room with a desk, some filing cabinets, and some carnival posters. Sunlight bleeds through window blinds.

On one side of a desk sits Jon, an orange wristband wrapped around his green one. His nose bleeds profusely. Next to him is Curly Hair, his hair all fucked-up.

Across from them sit a POLICE OFFICER and Salvatore. He appears to be the manager, sitting behind a nautical name plate that reads: "Salvatore Barrero". He wields sharp, wide, unblinking eyes and looks like he's about to blow a fuse.

CURLY HAIR
But he was the aggressor!

POLICE OFFICER
That's not the way I see it.

Salvatore breathes heavily, clawing at his desk as he stares at Curly Hair intensely.

CURLY HAIR
This is some bull. He was the aggressor! I was just minding my own business, y'know, trying to keep it cool -

POLICE OFFICER
We asked several people. They said he was ordering tickets and arguing with the concessions, which is a whole separate incident. And he turned to you, and some obscenities were exchanged. No particulars were exchanged. And you assaulted him in the face, that's what we understand. Several people said this. Several witnesses said you assaulted him in the face.
CURLY HAIR
Okay. But there's just one thing, okay. That's all well and good, but there's just one thing, and that's this.

Curly Hair and the officer stare at each other. Salvatore takes a frighteningly deep breath, his eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets.

CURLY HAIR (CONT'D)
HE was the aggressor.

Salvatore BURSTS out of his chair. Opens a drawer, pulls out a pair of scissors, points them at Curly Hair.

SALVATORE
(in Italian)
LISTEN HERE, YOU SHIT! YOU BIG SHIT! YOU'RE FUCKING UP MY FAIR!
YOU'RE FUCKING UP MY CUSTOMER'S DAY! AND YOU'RE FUCKING UP MY DAY!
I DEAL WITH PIECES OF SHIT LIKE YOU ON A REGULAR BASIS AND I'M DONE PLAYING NICE! YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M DONE PLAYING NICE! I WANT YOU TO APOLOGIZE TO ME FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I WANT YOU TO APOLOGIZE!

Silence.

CURLY HAIR
Your breath smells like shit.

Salvatore leaps on top of his desk.

SALVATORE
GRAB HIM LOU!

The room erupts. Everyone is standing. The police officer grabs Curly Hair's arms from behind his back. Salvatore leaps toward them and inches closer, scissors in hand. As Curly Hair and the officer struggle they are thrust into a corner. The officer holds Curly Hair tight now, no escape. Jon looks on dumbfounded.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
(in Italian)
My breath smells like shit huh? My breath smells like shit? Look at these, fucker!

He smacks the scissors open and closed by Curly Hair's nose.
SALVATORE (CONT'D)
(in Italian)
Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix!
(grabs Curly Hair by his hair.)
THERE'S NOTHING A PAIR OF SCISSORS CAN'T FIX!

Salvatore goes to work, slicing at Curly Hair's nose. Curly Hair screams in agony. Bits of blood-covered cartilage fall to his feet. Screams, blood, and anguish burst from the corner of the room. Jon is frozen in horror.

Salvatore steps back, satisfied, covered in blood. Curly Hair's face is drenched in deep, dark, blood. The officer lets go and Curly Hair falls to his knees in agony.

Jon, shocked, backs toward the door, never looking away from the scene. Salvatore and the police officer pay no mind.

Jon turns the door handle behind him. Locked. He turns around to face the door. Salvatore is standing right in front of it.

19 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jon wakes up with a start, breathing heavily.

JON
Oh, Jesus.

It takes him a while to come back to reality. Once he does he puts his hands over his face and takes a deep breath. On his wrist is the orange and green wristband.

Jon notices. Quickly gets up and rips them off his wrist.

He slumps onto his desk chair. Exhausted. Helpless.

INT./EXT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK - SUNSET

Jon drives through town. We gradually transition to less and less populated parts of town, until we arrive at the location of Jon and Mona's accident.

Jon sits in his parked truck. Rolls down his window and leans his seat way back.

Reluctantly sticks a cigarette in his mouth and lights it as if it weighed 20 pounds. As he smokes he inspects the pack. It is nearly full. He tosses it out the window.
A moment of reflection. Jon runs outside, grabs the pack, takes a single cigarette out. Runs back in his car and sticks the cigarette in the glove compartment.

He grabs an Aquatones CD and puts it in the CD player. Skips a couple tracks, until he reaches So Fine.

He slumps back down in the seat and smokes his cigarette in the dark. He reaches out to the passenger seat and holds an invisible hand.

He tries to get emotional, mustering tears.

The song abruptly stops. The CD ejects from the CD player.

He reluctantly pushes it back in. Skips to So Fine again.

He tries again to muster some tears, thinking deeply.

The song abruptly stops again. Again the CD ejects.

He tries again. Again the CD stops and ejects.

He stares at the CD hanging out of the CD player for a while, as if he's had a revelation.

INT./EXT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jon drives FAST as he meticulously combs his hair, looking in his car mirror.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jon's truck zooms by. A coffee cup flies off the roof.

20 INT./EXT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jon turns down the music. Pulls up to the Dream House. Sees Anna's bicycle parked out front.

JON
I knew it.

Jon parks a couple houses down. Turns off his car. Slowly steps out.

He silently walks toward the house.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - NIGHT

We HEAR opera music emitting from within the house.
Jon creeps up to the nearest window and looks in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We look through some branches and a foggy window. In one corner of the room Salvatore stands, calmly watching. Anna sets up a wooden bucket filled with water by a rocking chair in the middle of the room. She rests on her knees and soaks her hands in it.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon moves over to another window for a better view.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Old Sailor now sits in the rocking chair in front of Anna. Salvatore is looking STRAIGHT at us.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon quickly hides.

JON

Shit.

A couple moments pass. He creeps up again to the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Anna is now gently washing the Old Sailor's feet as he rocks back and forth, eyes closed. Salvatore now looks at them.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - NIGHT

JON

(mouths)

What the fuck?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We continue to watch Anna wash the Old Sailor's feet for a while. We notice Salvatore slipping a pair of scissors out of his pocket.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon continues looking.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Anna stops what she's doing and stands, facing the window.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - NIGHT
Jon ducks.
We HEAR a loud ruckus.
Jon quickly looks into the window again.
Anna is right in front, staring out. She doesn't notice Jon.

JON
Anna? Anna!
No response. She turns back around.
Jon runs to the front door. Rushes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Jon walks in to see Anna at the piano accompanying The Old Sailor as he dances and sings a sea shantie while Salvatore hums along. They don't seem to notice Jon, slowly approaching Anna. We swirl around the room as:

OLD SAILOR
On the good ship Venus
By Christ you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
Sucking a dead man's penis

The captain's name was Lugger
By Christ he was a bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one ship to another

And the second mate was Andy
By Christ he had a dandy
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock
For cumming in the brandy

The captain's wife was Mabel
And by God was she able
To give the crew their daily screw
Upon the galley table

The captain's daughter Charlotte
Was born and bred a harlot
Her thighs at night were lily white
(MORE)
OLD SAILOR (CONT'D)
By morning they were scarlet
The cabin boy was Kipper
By Christ he was a nipper
He stuffed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

The cook his name was Freeman
And he was a dirty demon
And he fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen

And the ship's dog was called Rover
And we turned the poor thing over
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Teneriff to Dover

When we reached our station
Through skillful navigation
The ship got sunk in a wave of spunk
From too much fornication

On the good ship Venus
By Christ you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
Sucking a dead man's penis

Salvatore takes over, singing the melody. The Old Sailor sits in the rocking chair.

Jon finally reaches Anna, gently grabbing her shoulder and pulling her away from the piano. She stops playing, resisting Jon.

JON
C'mon let's go, let's go. What's wrong with you?

Suddenly Salvatore gets stuck on a phrase, singing it over and over like a broken record, as he strains to turn and see Jon and Anna.

The Old Sailor is stuck, repeating a dance movement over and over.

Anna continues to resist. She doesn't speak. Salvatore finally finishes the phrase, ending on a high note. He stands as he sustains the note. Walks toward Jon and Anna. Anna turns, looks in terror and SCREAMS. The Old Sailor VANISHES from the chair.
22 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Over the following is SUPERIMPOSED images of Salvatore caressing Mona's bloody face.

Empty, save for a radio in the sand, the same as at the start. We HEAR it emit the same exact noises, muffled by the CRASH of the waves.

Suddenly a pile of sand by the radio moves. Jon is buried in it. He digs himself out.

He calmly walks into the ocean.

INT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Continue SUPERIMPOSED images of Salvatore caressing Mona's bloody face.

A frantic, strobe-light feel.

We CUT back and forth between shots of Anna thrashing violently, trying to escape her mermaid outfit and the back of Jon and Anna's heads.

The CUTTING builds and builds as Anna begins developing cuts and bleeding until:

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We HEAR the sound of waves CRASHING.

It is TOO dark.

Jon is in sleep paralysis. Next to him sleeps Mona. The Old Sailor stands before Jon's bed. He approaches the two. Grabs Mona in his arms, and walks out.

Jon wakes up, drenched in sweat, fully dressed. The room is empty.

So Fine PLAYS in the distance, filled with static. Jon hears.

He gets out of bed. Walks out.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The SOUND grows. On the coffee table in front of his T.V. sits a radio emitting the SONG.
23 INT./EXT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jon drives at break neck speed.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jon parks. Runs out of his truck.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Jon sprints through the carnival, finally arriving at:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

In the distance he sees a figure right by the water. He runs toward it.

It is Anna, lying on the ground in a white mask, surrounded by cigarettes. She is attacked by the crashing waves.

Jon huddles around her, protecting her from the waves. He takes off her mask. She's passed out, water coming out of her mouth.

Jon starts performing CPR.

Anna coughs up a bit of water, but quickly goes blank again.

JON

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Jon lifts her up, and bolts off the beach.

The radio remains. Stuck between channels.

24 INT./EXT. JON'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jon breathes heavily behind the wheel.

Rows of trees zoom by.

We HEAR the sound of the passenger side window open. Anna's opening it. She is somewhat lucid. Jon looks over, dumbstruck. She leans over the console and switches on the radio: it is stuck between channels. Closes her eyes, leans back into her seat, and sticks her arm out the window, feeling how the air shifts in her hand.

Jon lets out a big sigh. He relaxes. Opens his window.

He takes in this moment. Closes his eyes in bliss.
Five frogs in the backseat gently bobble.

The radio lands on So Fine. Jon opens his eyes. He is heading STRAIGHT toward the Old Sailor, just like at the start.

A second of consideration, and Jon accelerates. He'll go right through him. Closer, closer. He can't do it. He slams on his breaks, but doesn't turn.

He hits him. Blood splatters onto Anna's hand.

A silent pause...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Anna calmly steps out of the truck. Approaches the Old Sailor, who lies face up, directly in front of the truck.

Jon steps out now, looking on.

The music continues PLAYING.

Anna steadily makes her way to the Old Sailor. She reaches him. Kneels down and kisses him on the lips.

The Old Sailor abruptly sits up with a big breath. He stands up, and starts dancing to the music.

Anna, straight-faced, joins him.

Jon gives up trying to make sense of this world. Quickly reaches into the glove compartment. Takes out his last cigarette. Smokes it as he watches them dance.

We slowly PAN over to the left as they continue dancing.

We keep PANNING...

The car is crashed by the tree. It is hard to make out what's inside.

The MUSIC crescendos.

THE END.