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by

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NIGHT OUT

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NIGHT OUT

by

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Report

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Abstract

NIGHT OUT

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The following report describes the pre-production, production, and post-production stages of the short film NIGHT OUT, a film set in the present day in Montreal, Quebec. The story follows a high school kid throughout one evening out on the town. Over the course of the night he meets an older man, Julian, who takes him to a bar where he meets an older woman, Patricia. NIGHT OUT explores the loneliness in urban landscapes, a young person's relationship with strangers, and the risks and rewards of opening yourself to the world. The majority of this report consists of a first-person account of the entire process of making this project, from its inception to its completion. Supplemental materials include: character descriptions and synopsis, shot list, lined script, storyboards, and a props and costume list.

Table of Contents

Introduction.....	1
Pre-Production: Locations.....	11
Pre-Production: Casting.....	16
Days Leading Up To Production.....	21
Production.....	24
Day One.....	24
Day Two.....	26
Day Three.....	28
Day Four.....	30
Day Five.....	32
Day Six.....	35
Post-Production.....	38
Editing.....	39
Reflections.....	43
Endnotes.....	46
Appendix.....	47
Character Bios & Synopsis.....	47
Shot List.....	48
Lined Script.....	51
Storyboards.....	63
Props & Costume.....	73
Bibliography.....	75

INTRODUCTION

I make films about relationships. People approach filmmaking from many different vantage points. Some see film as a medium best used to explore our place in the physical world, using the lens to capture a unique way of seeing our surroundings. Others understand the innate nature of film's ability to entertain and so make films with the express purpose to please, even to distract. There are infinite shades of grey between these two extremes—and other extremes too—and with each film comes a different balance of modes of thinking taken from literature, painting, photography, drama.

Though indebted to each artistic medium in its own way, my work, and its tendency to dramatize realistic stories with “everyday” people, perhaps comes most out of theatre. The internal monologue of fiction, and of course the visual expression of painting and photography—and how all these things co-exist—are integral to filmmaking but the unadorned style that I often adopt comes out of naturalistic theatre, the dramatization of the individual, personal struggle.

I live in the landscapes I explore: the bedroom, the bar, bus stops, sidewalks, the backseat of a cab. The people in my films are almost never based on those I know personally, though, of course, each character comes out of something I know, something I've experienced. In my thesis film, *Night Out*, it's been strange to see my mannerisms and ways of speaking come out in the performances of a fifty-five year-old man and a forty-seven year-old French-Canadian woman. Though, for me, it always starts with a relationship, or the absence of one.

Before I moved to Austin to begin my MFA, I completed my undergraduate degree at Royal Holloway, University of London. There, I took a yearlong course where I wrote a feature-length screenplay, what became my first feature film, *Shadowboxing*. That film deals with the nuclear family, how people within that structure do not and do connect, and why. Though there are aspects of it that mark its creator's lack of experience, *Shadowboxing* successfully makes the simple point that family, however you define it, is a necessary evil and that we in part define and come to know ourselves through our relationships with others.

At UT, the stories I wanted to tell, the scripts that I wrote were almost invariably about people in close relationships, most often related by blood. As I worked on *Shadowboxing* with two editors and at times by myself, I wrote short screenplays that dealt with brothers, or a mother grieving the loss of her son. When I deviated from this formula I fell into gimmicks, an extended gag, something often seen in short films but without any gravitas. By the end of the first year, I had mixed feelings about my fiction short film, *Jellyfish*, though was proud of having finished a feature while being as committed as possible to the program. (This was brought up at my review at the end of my first year, and with good reason; it was quite challenging to do both and thankfully I did not attempt to do something like this again.)

After finishing *Shadowboxing*, I spent the summer of my first year in New York. Without a work visa, my time there was largely spent writing, my pre-thesis film script as well as a new feature, and reading. In the previous two years, I had begun reading the American writer David Foster Wallace. His writing enchanted and inspired me and still heavily influences the way I read, watch, and write. I came to Wallace around a year after

he committed suicide; a death the literary and pop culture world still reference on a regular basis. His decision to kill himself weighed on me in part because he joined a long-list of white male artists that I revered who had chosen not to live, among them Kurt Cobain, Elliott Smith, Ian Curtis, Mark Linkous (of Sparklehorse) and Hunter S. Thompson. I had long noted my predisposition toward artists who killed themselves and that acted as a catalyst that set in motion my pre-thesis film, *Mother's Day* (originally called *Dim The Void*^d, then *Happy Mother's Day, Mom*, then *Sundays*, then, finally, *Mother's Day*).

I wrote several drafts of *Mother's Day* throughout the summer of 2010 as well as an outline/scene breakdown for the feature project (as yet untitled), and returned to Austin ready to begin pre-production. This film too dealt with the family context as its setting; in it, a man is depressed and wants to commit suicide—is moments away from doing so—when his sister arrives at his home to bring him to their mother's for Mother's Day festivities. Again, the family dynamic is central here, Gary's mother and sister drive him to explode and destroy his mother's bathroom though, ultimately, their presence, their existence, enable him to go to sleep, to wait to see what tomorrow is like.

Though this film deals with similar themes as *Shadowboxing*, the conclusions drawn, and the way the drama is articulated is more complex and nuanced. Questions are not only purposefully left unanswered, but unasked. A common question for this project is the motive of Gary's depression; the issue is not addressed because it was not central to why he does or does not do something that day—he makes choices in the story based on things that happen in the story, not because of anything that happened before or after. Though I know this left some viewers wanting more, it was a decision I felt was

intrinsically tied to the style and manner that the story is told. If my hand were pressed, my answer is simply this: Gary is depressed because some people get depressed and he is one of them. I don't mean this facetiously, in a feature the issue would have to be unpacked but this is what I felt served the format of the short film best.

In every way, the pre-thesis film was an advancement of the work I had done before. From casting and rehearsal, to the performances, to my decisions about framing and camera placement, to the editing process, I knew that *Mother's Day* was a step forward and still feel that the film works on its terms, though not everyone finds it easy to ingest.

Throughout the second year, we were encouraged to begin working on our thesis projects. At the time, I had begun to write the feature film from the previous summer in a screenwriting class and wanted to take a portion of it, possibly the first act, and use that as my thesis project. I completed a draft of the feature film in May 2011 and selected a portion of it for the Texas Filmmakers' Production Fund grant application in June. It was difficult to pitch a project I was not sure about, and so throughout the summer I continued to think of different stories that I wanted to tell.

There were parts of the feature film, tentatively titled *Do Overs*, that I wanted to incorporate into the narrative and the story began with two adult brothers and a harrowing day they share when one is forced to move in with the other. There are images and scenes from that project that I still feel are strong and worthwhile—such as two people searching for keys in the snow at night (keys that one of the two people had just thrown in anger), or one person sitting quietly on a fire escape and watching someone fumble drunkenly

around their apartment—but the family dynamic no longer felt like the only starting point for me to craft a fictional narrative.

Over the summer I began to think about different places, different people, different relationships that meant something to me. There was one person who I had known for years, though really only an acquaintance, who had made a lasting impression. His name is Julianⁱⁱ. Julian is charming, slippery, and cunning; he is intensely inappropriate when speaking politics yet his convictions and delivery somehow enable him to escape scrutiny. His appearance is equally as arresting, he looks like a Southeast Asian Colonel Kurtz from *Apocalypse Now* i.e. an overweight, bald, Pakistani Marlon Brando. There was something in his demeanor that made a lasting impression on me; and when writing, he would come to mind as an image of evil, of how “First you must learn how to smile as you killⁱⁱⁱ.” The character of Judge Holden in Cormac McCarthy’s *Blood Meridian* was another image and personification of evil that contributed to the character of Julian though the person I began to construct was not evil to the same extent as the character in the novel.

In the past, I had battled with the notion of autobiography, and would construct protagonists that I shared traits with, some overt, some subtle, though there was still some distance between who I am and who I wanted to represent. For this project, as it began to take shape, I decided that the protagonist should be modeled after me entirely, in order to escape this murkiness. The character would be a male, in his late twenties, and someone who sees more than acts. From draft to draft, the story tightened though the main character remained amorphous, and too inactive to illicit concern or empathy from his audience.

During a meeting in October 2011 with the chair of my thesis committee, PJ Raval, we went over an early draft of the script. Raval explained that he liked the world that I had created, and found it to be authentic and charged with dramatic potential. He did not find the protagonist engaging or a character that invited the audience's sympathy. I suggested the possibility of halving the character's age; instead of being nearly thirty he would be fifteen or sixteen. In doing so, I would be able to keep the main dramatic elements in the story though with a teenage protagonist, I could accentuate his youthful bravado and when he would suffer, or be in real physical danger, the audience would feel for him because he would not be faulted for what he does not know. After the meeting, I immediately re-wrote the script with this in mind and found that the story took on a new, fuller, more charged meaning.

The other character that rounded out the story was a middle-aged French-Canadian woman named Patricia. As a Montreal-native, I grew up speaking French, and French culture played a large role throughout the years that I lived in Quebec. The idea began to take shape that Julian would bring the protagonist, who in the script was simply called the Kid, to a bar where he would meet an older woman. In my previous films, the female characters had been mothers and sisters. I wanted to write a different woman, one with her own history, feelings and preoccupations and one without the baggage of family. In Patricia, I had the opportunity to craft a strong character, but a fallible one, an adult woman who is single because she has did not like her prospects, a woman who would be alone at a bar on a week night because she preferred her own company but did not want to stay home alone.

The Kid was no longer based on me, nor was the story based on any previous experience. Over the course of a few months of writing, these three characters began to take shape, to expand, to grow into themselves. I see Patricia as a counterpoint to Julian. Julian is proof that evil exists; that some people create hatred because they want to, because they can. Patricia is not meant to be Julian's opposite but rather hints at the nuance, the conflict, that exists in people—Patricia is hardened, sick of it, but there still exists a side to her that would help another person, that cares.

After living in Austin for two years, I knew that I wanted to make my thesis film in Montreal, to show the city in a way I had not managed to with *Shadowboxing*. There are pockets of Montreal that I knew intimately that I felt would translate well on film, places that I had not seen represented before. As I wrote in Austin, I envisioned these locations and the way the urban landscape would shape the story, would even act as the story's fourth character. The areas of Saint-Henri and Notre-Dame-de-Grace have a downtrodden, lived-in feeling that complement and deepen the story world.

In October and November 2011, I re-wrote drafts and conferred with a handful of people (some of whom are on my thesis committee) about how to strengthen the narrative thrust and round out the characters. A common pitfall in my previous works was that the protagonist was too passive. In *Night Out*, there are key decisions that the Kid does not make for himself—going to the bar with Julian, dancing with Patricia, getting into the cab with Patricia—but I felt and still feel that that works in the context of the story as the Kid is at times led by the hand by people old enough to be his parents (arguably, stand-ins for his parents). With this in mind, I looked for instances where I could force the Kid to make decisions.

For example, after being ridiculed by not only kids his own age but by children under the age of ten (a scene that was later taken out), the Kid gets into a staring contest with an older man, Julian, in the diner. Instead of cowering in fear or admitting defeat, the Kid decides to confront Julian though soon finds himself in over his head as Julian confuses him with his linguistic acrobatics (another aspect drastically cut down in the final version). Despite that, the Kid's initial decision to fight back signals his frustration, his autonomy, his unwillingness to be bowled over. The Kid fights back and asserts himself again late in the script when he spits on Julian's car though when Julian gets out but only smiles at him, it becomes clear that there is a whole world that the Kid does not comprehend, a whole network of decisions and actions that he does not see.

During the writing process, there were films, paintings and pieces of music that I referenced. The works of Apitchatpong Werasethakul and his use of Thai pop music was influential; in his films, pop music is not used ironically though acts as an opposing force to the tone and style of the images. In Fall 2011, I researched pop music originating in Quebec in the last thirty years and concluded that some French pop music from the 1980s created the desired effect, not to comment upon the action but to simply accompany it, if in a somewhat slanted way.

In painting and photography, I thought of artists who stranded their subjects in lonely, urban places. So, naturally, the works of Edward Hopper, Robert Frank and Gregory Crewdson, among others, were an inspiration. In all three of their works, people, but more often only one person, sits, stands or lies down in ordinary places but each artist maroons their subjects in an inescapable, interminable loneliness—solitude is a central

theme in *Night Out*, and even when a character is with another, they are still alone (such as in the last scene in the taxi).

With film, many different directors and works were discussed with the cast and crew. The cinematographer Tomasz Werner and I discussed dozens of films we both adored and how we could incorporate some of the aesthetic choices we admired and how they related to the story. Contemporary films like *Science of Sleep* and *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* were both constantly referenced due to their free, handheld camerawork and use of naturalistic lighting. Werner spoke of Krystof Kieslowski's films, specifically *Blue* and *White*; *Blue* for its use of deliberate framing and succinct use of coverage to relay information, and *White* because of its effortless, understated camera movements and subtle editing style. However, I had no intention of conjuring every work I watched in that period, I also decided to watch films I loved and revered like Bela Tarr's *Damnation* and *Werckmeister Harmonies*. More than any other filmmaker, Werner and I discussed the work of John Cassavetes and how that related to our collaborative process.

Based on the story that I was writing, I knew this film would not have elaborate camera movements, or lure an audience with high concept ideas or elaborate production design; *Night Out* was going to be a character-driven story that relied on performance and tone to attract an audience. Werner and I talked about the precedence that Cassavetes gave to performance over camerawork and how we intended to do the same. On set, I did not set marks, nor did I mind if an actor went out of focus, I gave them very general guidelines and allowed them to work within that space. I re-watched *A Woman Under The Influence* and looked at the way the camera followed the actors, the action. Yet, I did

not want to be totally governed by the actors; in some cases there were frames/images I had in mind that I thought would complement the actor's state of mind. For example, the shot before the title credit with the cranes as a backdrop was an image I had months before I had solidified the script, I knew I wanted to isolate someone against that urban backdrop. Cassavetes' work continues to inspire me yet I feel like I can strike a balance between giving the actors a feeling of freedom while capturing a scene according to its aesthetic need.

Last, there were two short films that I felt brought different perspectives to this question of performance and framing: Andrea Arnold's *Wasp* and Lynne Ramsey's *Gasman*. In the former, the camerawork is almost done documentary style (which is itself no doubt a conscious aesthetic choice) and lends the story a lived-in authentic feel. Conversely, in *Gasman*, the framing is artful and deliberate; each picture does not just tell the story but comments on it, adds an undercurrent of meaning behind the action, subtext beneath text. Both shorts succeed because their visual style complement and further the narrative. In *Night Out*, I kept both styles in mind when envisioning a scene and how it would be captured. All the materials I reviewed before the shoot helped me solidify my own thoughts and opinions of how I would shoot and direct *Night Out*.

PRE-PRODUCTION: LOCATIONS

On December 2nd, I left Austin and travelled to Montreal to begin pre-production. In the summer of 2011, I had discussed making a film in December 2011 and January 2012 with a close friend, one of the producers on *Shadowboxing*, and someone I brought on for post-production producing duties with *Mother's Day*, Marley Sniatowsky. Sniatowsky in every way took charge of the production, assembling the crew, renting equipment and assisting with casting; this enabled me to work on the script, plan my shot list and discuss with my cinematographer. Sniatowsky brought on Michael Massicotte, a new collaborator, to produce the film with him (on set, he was also the assistant director).

My arrival in Montreal reinvigorated my sense of the story I had begun to think about four months before. I immediately began location scouting, revisiting places I had looked at over the summer, now covered in grey, dirty snow. As I had imagined, winter transformed the locations and left them looking even more dilapidated and depressing than they were in the summer months. I drove around Saint-Henri and lower Notre-Dame-de-Grace (NDG) imagining the story unfolding, seeing my characters living in these places. These rundown residential streets, with their houses stuck together and their narrow sidewalks, and the dive bars and diners just around the corner were all quickly becoming the fourth character in the story.

Location scouting was a large part of December and with it came the prerequisite frustrations and failures. In the summer, while I walked around the city with no direction other than a vague idea of what I was looking for, I walked into a bar called Alo Bar on Upper Lachine in Lower NDG. No matter the time of day, the bar was garishly lit,

usually filled with half a dozen to a dozen elderly Italian men playing cards, and drinking espresso. In the corner stood a stuffed animal vending machine, in the middle of the floor sat three or four tables with metal chairs, and the counter ran along the side up to the front door. Bar scenes from directors like Tarr (*Damnation*), Huston (*Fat City*), and Cassavetes (*Minnie and Moskowitz*) came to mind and I immediately made an attempt to stage the bar scene, in many ways the key scene in the short film, at Alo Bar.

However, the manager, Louie, was indifferent to student projects and what seemed like anything other than financial gain^{iv}. In a meeting in the back office, I laid out my plans for the project, suggested we film at a time that the bar was closed, but Louie was steadfast in asking for nothing less than \$1000. That was far too much based on the film's total budget and so after a futile attempt at negotiating, I left.

Weeks later, after many false starts, Sniatowsky and I set out to find a bar. While driving in Saint-Henri we drove by a bar, Bar de Courcelles, a place I had never been. On gut instinct alone, I pulled the car over and went inside. At eleven in the morning, a few people played the Video Lottery Terminals (VLTs), identical twins sat drinking identical beers and an obese woman sat alone at the back. Thinking she was the manager I walked over and introduced myself in French though soon realized she was more comfortable in English. From the start, the manager, Karen, was supportive of our using her bar and easy to work with. During the shoot, we put her in the film and the only thing she asked for was the recipe for my mother's chocolate chunks (though there was also a small fee).

The other main location (that was not public) is the diner where the Kid and Julian first meet. During that same summer scout, I found myself at Greenspot Diner, a 75 year-old establishment in Saint-Henri with a jukebox at every table and a hot dog with

fries on top for \$1.25, if you take it to go. The diner's look was another instance of the Montreal that I wanted to show, one that I felt has yet to be seen. My producer Sniatowsky was the go-between for this location as he has ties in the Greek community in Montreal and Greenspot is owned and run by a Greek family. The manager assured us that we would be able to shoot there, while they remained open, on a quiet night during the week.

To jump ahead in time briefly, on or about January 10th, I returned to Greenspot to show my lead actor the location and just verify that everything was set up. When I spoke with the manager, she said that she now wanted \$2500 for the evening shoot. I asked her why that was. She responded that Rogers (a Canadian cell phone provider) had recently asked the owner to shoot a commercial there and offered that amount and that he refused. I tried to explain the difference between the two shoots. The manager then lowered the fee to \$1000, and looked at me as if to "Fine." I explained that the most I could afford for this particular expense was \$200. For whatever reason, she agreed. I of course never inquired as to the truthfulness of her claim about Rogers nor does it bother me. I have recently been informed that the whole restaurant has since been renovated, for the time in 20 years at least, and I am glad we had the opportunity to film there before the alterations took place.

The last major obstacle in regards to locations was the first scene, a chase that takes place in a metro station. The metro, or any other public transit system, is privately owned and run by the city. Obtaining a permit to shoot a film was financially prohibitive and so it was understood that we would have to shoot this scene covertly, which should be easy as it was a chase scene involving running, screaming, intimidation and the

involvement of extras (whoever happened to be present at the time). During the cinematographer Werner's visit, we took a ride on the metro and scouted different stations, examining their varied looks and layouts. Villa Maria metro Station, the one I had envisioned shooting in, was the frontrunner as I had written the scene specifically for the location. In regards to the illegality of the shoot, we decided to leave that until principal photography was underway and not tempt fate by creating a commotion beforehand.

Werner's pre-production trip to Montreal between the 22nd and 24th of December were key dates in this preparatory stage. During those days we examined the lighting possibilities in the locations we had already confirmed, like Greenspot, and discussed the validity and allure of certain locations for a given scene. For example, there is a small scene with no dialogue, scene three, that involves the Kid breaking down while walking alone in the winter cold. I had a few ideas of where this scene could take place. Werner and I narrowed it down to two locations. The first location used the construction of the English Super Hospital and its eight or nine cranes as a backdrop. The other, located at an overpass termed "The Hump" had a more suburban feel. I was unsure as both images were visually arresting and brought with them an altogether different meaning. I deliberated for approximately a week, and after conferring with a fellow MFA candidate, Monique Walton, who came to Montreal for a visit, I decided that the cranes were the appropriate visual accompaniment to the scene's anguished energy.

The Super Hospital has been under construction in Montreal for over half a decade though only recently has ground finally been broken. During the summer, cranes began to invade the Montreal skyline. Something about them moved me; for me they not

only had aesthetic weight but somehow took on an emotional, narrative meaning too. There was something lonely about them; despite the fact that they are squished together, each crane seems to be very much alone. Though this was never fully articulated (even to myself) during the shoot, the cranes metaphoric significance was ever-present. Now, they can be seen in two places in the film. First, in the aforementioned scene when the Kid breaks down while walking alone in the cold and, second, in scene five which contains of a conversation in voice over though all we see is the Kid's point of view out of his car window, his view gazing up at the cranes during blue hour (this was later taken out).

PRE-PRODUCTION: CASTING

Casting is often the most daunting process in pre-production. Locations are often already established as we write a scene knowing where we want it to take place. In the past I had gone through the conventional channels, either with a casting director or generally seeking out talent through posting casting calls on local websites. For *Mother's Day*, I saw over 30 actors for both the lead role (Gary) and that of the sister (Susan), and approximately 20 for the role of the mother (Joan). The process was a trying one because most often actors would come in who were relatively inexperienced and not right for the part^v. After almost two months of casting, I decided on three actors and am satisfied in retrospect and proud of the work we all did together.

For *Night Out*, I wanted to adopt a new approach for seeking out talent. I began by contacting people in Montreal who I knew and respected who I thought would know talented actors. Directors (both film and theatre), casting directors and actors were those I reached out to first. Casting took place over three weeks, from December 5th until the 23rd. As soon as I landed, I gave myself the deadline of the 23rd knowing that people would disappear for over ten days with Christmas and New Year's.

During the first two weeks of casting, I saw far fewer actors than I had while casting *Mother's Day*. By the end of the two weeks, I had seen roughly ten people for each of the three principal roles. For the role of Patricia, all of the actresses who came in to audition were talented enough to play the role, it was simply a matter of finding the woman who exhibited the right balance of the maternal and the sexual. Most women were either far too young, around the age of 35, or were too old, around or over fifty and

so could not convincingly entice a 16 year-old boy. One woman, Marie Turgeon, had the right balance. A playwright, Arthur Holden, recommended her. I met with her at her agency. Turgeon is established enough in Montreal and in French-Canadian film and television that she was not willing to audition but rather wanted to meet me in person to discuss the role. The hour-long meeting was casual; we talked about the backstory for her character, the range, and I answered certain questions she had about motivation. At the end of the meeting, I felt strongly about her though not totally sure as I had barely seen her read, let alone perform.

Casting the role of Julian was somewhat more straightforward. The majority of actors who came in, six of the ten, had totally misunderstood the part and played it as a lecherous creep, totally ignoring the subtlety, the charm, that Julian has. My producer Sniatowsky recommended one actor, Guy Sprung. I had heard his name before as he is also a theatre and film director. When he walked in as the last audition on the first day I knew that at least in look alone, he was perfect. Guy had light brown, long unwashed hair with a scraggly goatee. To brace himself against the Montreal winter, he wore layer upon layer topped off with a turquoise lady's overcoat and a neck warmer he bragged about buying for two dollars at Canadian Tire. His initial read was fair to middling and for his second read I allowed him to "manhandle" me however he wanted^{vi}. Instead of miming the struggle in the car in scene 7, Guy strangled me which at first took me out of the performance and made me genuinely fearful. However, I quickly regained my composure and finished the scene with him. I had seen one or two other actors that I took seriously, but I was most strongly considering Sprung for the part of Julian.

The Kid was definitely the most difficult role to cast. Most of the actors who came in were in theatre school and did not have any professional experience. This can at times be an advantage though in the case of this group, it showed their level of inexperience. Further, it was crucial that the actor who played the Kid look young, but not so young as to take away any possibility of sex appeal; if the actor looked like a child, then his romantic interlude with Patricia would seem inappropriate and his mugging by Julian would appear as child abuse. Consequently, many of the actors who came in appeared either too old or too young.

An actress friend of mine recommended an up and coming actor in her Meisner class, Paul Zinno. When he came in to audition, I was intrigued by his performance, though was unsure of what I thought of it. He was broader across the chest than I thought appropriate for the role and spoke with a vague Italian accent which I found distracting. Additionally, he had a cast on his right arm, and would have it throughout production. Almost right away, I was enamored with the cast and thought it the perfect addition to his character. It signified weakness but in an indirect way. Sniatowsky was unsure about Zinno, felt that he looked too old and lacked the youthful naiveté the character needed.

During the third and final week of casting I saw a few more actresses for Patricia and had callbacks with Sprung, Zinno and few other actors. As mentioned above, all of the actresses were talented and able to play the role; for Patricia, it came down to the correct appearance. I was hesitant about Sprung playing Julian; he has a reputation in the Montreal art community of being difficult to work with, and I did not want an actor who would tell me how to direct a scene. When I met with him, he was easy going and, more than anyone else, seemed to understand what I had intended to do with Julian and began

making the character his own. Similarly, the callback with Zinno showed a real commitment to the role and to the process of creating it. On the 23rd, I contacted Zinno, Sprung and Turgeon and offered them the roles^{vii}.

Zinno accepted the role excitedly and Sprung soon after. Days passed where I did not hear from Turgeon. This made me extremely anxious as I had already sent the rejection letters to the other women who auditioned for Patricia. Four or five days passed with no word from her. Finally, on around the 28th, she responded and accepted the role. Then, three days later, she dropped out, saying that she had just gotten a role on a French TV show and was already starring in a play. In a panic, I wrote her an email, begging her to reconsider, saying that she was indispensable to the film (which was/is in fact true). In the email, I called her Patricia, her character's name, and not Marie. Embarrassed, I wrote her back right away and apologized for the oversight. Marie found the slip endearing, and in our conversations genuinely seemed to like the part and wanted to do it. With a very constricting schedule, Marie agreed to play Patricia.

Unlike *Mother's Day*, a film with three characters and not a single extra in it, *Night Out* is chock full of bit parts and supporting roles. The waitress, the bartender, the teenage kids, the two young boys among a dozen or so other characters all had to be cast. I had always admired the Cassavetes approach to casting, making it a family affair and including in your film the people you include in your life. Cassavetes said that he believed anyone could act, and that each person could act better or worse depending on the circumstances and their ability to feel free. With this film, I was not in a position to cast those I knew in the three lead roles; I simply didn't know a Patricia, a Julian or a Kid.

Friends and family of the film filled almost all of the supporting roles. The two kids at the beginning are Sniatowsky's close friends. The two young boys are my first cousins once removed. The extras in the bar are my father's patients^{viii} or people who frequent and/or work in that bar. The first waitress in the diner really works at Greenspot, the second is the production designer (and script continuity, and make-up). The man in scene nine laughing with Patricia is an actor I had worked with previously on *Shadowboxing*. The cab driver is a delivery driver for the Sniatowsky family business and I am the one speaking/driving in the final scene. In the weeks and days leading up to the shoot, we slowly filled these roles one by one and were able to do so because of everyone's generous spirit and interest in the project.

DAYS LEADING UP TO PRODUCTION

Sprung and Turgeon both had such busy schedules that neither were able to meet as often as I would have liked for rehearsals. Zinno, on the other hand, was always available. He and I began by talking about character. As much as possible, I tried not to give him any answers but encouraged him to make choices himself about backstory or motivation. I brought him to the diner, drove him around the area and talked about why I wanted to make a film there, not why the Kid would hang out in a certain space. Further, the whole feeling of the night out is meant to be new, foreign, so the less he felt or thought about the settings, the better. After our first few meetings one on one, Zinno would just hang around while I worked on my various other pre-production responsibilities; we quickly formed a relationship where we were comfortable around each other.

After around a week of meetings, I met with Zinno and asked about the progress he had been making in constructing the Kid's backstory. Zinno responded that the character was no longer the Kid, he was now Chris Backins. Chris went to the same high school that Zinno did, and exhibited many of the traits that Zinno had, or tried not to have, when he was in high school. I was pleased that Zinno was bringing this level of seriousness to the role, especially considering that this would be his first time on camera. He had two years of acting experience in classes, but had never before been in a film. In a different context this might have made me anxious but with Zinno I could tell that his youthful bravado would carry him through his insecurities. Throughout our working together, I made sure to always give him just enough attention, but never any more.

Zinno and I met with Sprung on three occasions before production was underway. With each rehearsal, we delved deeper into the process, talking about motivation, backstory, tweaking dialogue, discussing blocking. After our first meeting, Zinno and I exited Sprung's apartment and Zinno leaned in and said, "Dude, that's great casting. That guy's terrifying!" I took this as a compliment. The third rehearsal was on set, in Greenspot, and then later in Sprung's car (which was not the picture car). This was the night before the shoot commenced and I was feeling insecure and unsure about the whole project. The rehearsal went well and as they performed the scene, my cinematographer Werner moved around them and then later showed me different options of how to shoot the scene. All things considered, there needed to be a level of unfamiliarity between the characters and so having some, but not too many, rehearsals turned out to be positive for the film.

The same could be said about Turgeon. She was so busy throughout this time that she was only able to rehearse one time with Zinno. (I did not feel Sprung and Turgeon needed to rehearse together as they interact only briefly with each other in the film. It was important to me that they each had time with Zinno, who was far less experienced than they.) That rehearsal proved adequate; it gave them the time to get acquainted and comfortable with one another but still kept things fresh, even a little mysterious. They danced in the kitchen where we rehearsed with no music, I sat a few feet away, watching, trying to figure out what it meant.

From January 2nd until the first day of production, January 10th, Sniatowsky, Werner, Massicotte, the production designer Danielle Fagen, and I worked full-time

finalizing equipment lists, schedules, shot lists, costumes, locations, lunches and everything else needed for production to get underway.

PRODUCTION

Day One

I have always tried to shoot my films in sequence and so when making the schedule with Massicotte and Werner, we arranged for the first scene, the chase in the metro, to be shot first. That first morning we met near the metro station. I was meeting many of the crewmembers for the first time; it was an odd feeling. Before we left, I briefly called everyone together and said that I was deeply appreciative of all of their involvement. I said that I believed that making a film was a communal experience and that they were all essential in its construction. With that, we walked over to the metro station.

As stated above, it is prohibited to shoot in a public transit building without a permit. As such, I knew we would have to be as covert as possible: no monitor, no slate, no boom. Werner, the sound person, the cast and I went up the escalator, ready to do the first shot. Werner sprinted down the escalator after Zinno, the camera bouncing with his every step. After the first two takes, we introduced the two teenage kids into the shot and ran a couple takes that way. Filming Zinno from in front would be more difficult as Werner would have to be moving backward, quickly, while filming. We ran one take like that before we were told to leave by the metro security.

This was an anticipated problem; there were cameras everywhere and it was these people's jobs to make ours difficult. Thinking quickly, I instructed my crew to get on the metro and travel two stops east to Place St-Henri. There, we continued shooting, framing

out things that would give away the new location and just trying to cover the scene from where we left off at the previous location. At about this point we were busted again, when we arguably had covered the scene sufficiently and decided to return to the first station, Villa Maria, hoping that things had calmed down there and that we could continue working.

Upon our arrival there, we were informed that the police had been contacted and were on their way. After receiving that information, I was greeted by my five and seven year-old cousins and their father, Jamie, who were there to shoot scene two. I explained Jamie the situation and decided that this time we would not change stations, but rather we would change lines. We got into two cars and moved from the orange line to the blue line.

This was not my first time directing children; I had done so with *Shadowboxing* and my first year fiction film, *Jellyfish*. I had rehearsed with them once but knew once the camera was present and there were strangers watching, that it would be harder to keep them focused. One way that I tried to minimize distractions was by having as few crewmembers present as possible. For the filming of scene two, it was Werner, the set photographer and myself.

The kids, Garner and Aidan, had a difficult time not laughing on camera and staying focused. Instead of constantly stopping and starting, I would roll long, continuous takes, upwards of ten minutes, to let the kids become accustomed to being on camera. The result was a positive one; there was more than enough useable footage. We shot the kids, then Zinno, then some B-roll of other commuters. I did not know how much I would use of this B-roll but wanted to leave myself the option.

We finished in the metro (with no more interruptions from the authorities) and then, because it was around magic hour, decided to shoot some of the cutaways from scene five. Werner and I had previously discussed several locations for these cutaways so I knew what I had in mind and directed the car and camera to specific places to get specific shots. The cranes, a series of highways piled on top of one another, various angles of street lamps all spoke to the aesthetic I was exploring, namely, an urban landscape that offers little, that describes aloneness, a bleakness, a lack of hope.

Day Two

Day two was the diner scene where the Kid meets and is seduced by Julian. I made the decision to shoot in a diner that was open during its rush hour (not that I had much choice in this). We arrived at four o'clock and shot in sequence.

For this scene, the Kid was coming from an emotionally vulnerable place and now finds himself somewhere foreign. My approach for this was to neglect the actor Zinno a little. I did not provide much direction; if anything, I ignored him a little, and I instructed the rest of the crew to do the same.

Guy Sprung, the actor playing Julian, arrived prepared, though with a totally different costume than we had discussed—it was similar enough and so I decided not to press the issue.

We wanted to shoot the scene from multiple angles, from both sides, jumping across their eye line and back again. This was not to subvert the convention for its own sake. We wanted to disorient the Kid/camera/audience and put the Kid in a place of

confusion. However, I did not want it to be confusing spatially and so I made sure to establish the space as well.

An ongoing struggle for the shoot that began at the Diner was Sprung's constant tweaking of the dialogue. He often added "Kid" at the end of sentences, and generally would always change the verbiage, though not the meaning, of his lines. I did not want to constrain him so I most often bit my tongue. But, at times I really felt he was lessening the weight of his lines and so I had to ask him to try to keep to the lines as written. This pretty much never worked and Guy said what he wanted, when he wanted, and I shot enough that I knew I would be able to cut around the things I did not think worked.

After we completed the diner scene, with over ten set-ups and a lot of variations in blocking and performance, we kept the actors a little while longer and shot a portion of the driving sequence in scene five. Guy had arrived that day wearing a bright orange beanie, and though it was a little silly and thus out of character, I felt it added a menacing aspect to him and we decided to have him wear it.

Sitting in the backseat, Werner shot Guy and Zinno from behind while I instructed them where to drive, having scouted these scenes with Werner weeks before. They were not performing, as the lines are delivered in voiceover. We drove around, capturing different angles of them with different backdrops.

Then, Werner and I changed cars to get a tracking shot of the Kid looking out of the window, taking in the city at night. We kept a constant speed and stayed on small streets. Also, it was one in the morning on a weeknight so traffic was not an issue.

Day Three

Day three was the most challenging day on the shoot, without question. This was the day with scenes nine and ten, Patricia finding the Kid at the bus stop and then bringing him to his house in a cab. Due to Marie Turgeon's schedule, and after a fair amount of my begging and pleading, she was able to offer the Thursday night (late) and the Friday morning and afternoon. We basically created the entire schedule around her and Sprung and so that evening we were slated to begin at 9 PM, wrap at 3 AM, then arrive on set at 7 AM for a full, ten to twelve hour day. The entire crew had been warned about this weeks in advance, but regardless, it was still a daunting prospect.

We arrived on set at 9, it was snowing. I had wanted it to snow, so I was by no means upset, though with no shelter or way of warming up other than a cold car, it was physically demanding to ask my crew to be outside for a minimum of six hours straight. Upon our arrival, I immediately noticed that the school, the place we planned on getting power from, was still open, that people were still working. In a panic, I instructed my crew to position the minimum amount of equipment out of sight, around the corner. All the while, I obsessively checked to see if all of the security guards had left, which they eventually did.

Not knowing how the school would respond to our presence, or what the police would think of the fact that we were rigging lights in a bus stop, something owned by the city, we worked as discreetly as possible. While this was going on, Marie was over an hour late. She was supposed to arrive at 11 PM, already in make-up, and we would begin right away. She arrived around midnight and immediately disappeared with the costume

designer and proceeded to take over a half hour changing and doing her make-up. For her, this was a laughably small amount of time to do hair and make-up, but when the entire crew is standing outside in -20 C, there is not much of a choice.

We were able to do a couple of singles while we waited for her and by around 12:30 AM, we were ready to start shooting in earnest. The snow was pelting down, and the cast and crew were astounding in how they maintained a great attitude and kept working. We shot scene nine, which was comprised of around six or seven set-ups until 3:00 AM. At around 2:00 it stopped snowing completely and I was terrified that what we were about to shoot would not cut with what we had just done. (Luckily, based on the framing, this proved not to be a challenge.)

At 3:00 we began shooting scene ten, the final shot and scene in the film. We were all totally exhausted, freezing and out of sorts. We lit the car, and had the actors get into their positions in the backseat. Werner was in the passenger seat in the front shooting on a wide-angle lens into the back, while I drove the car and “performed” as the cab driver (I had one line). Based mostly on exhaustion, we did not spend time looking for a smooth road and so much of the time we had to battle the camera shaking too much. Also, because I wanted to end the film in one long take, if there were any missteps at any point, we would have to do it again. This resulted in our doing the scene around 15 times.

By a little after 4:00, we wrapped the scene and were on our way home. Werner had to download the footage and was asleep before 5:00. I was too wired, stressed out and obsessed with what I thought we did or didn’t get and so I did not manage to sleep at all. I woke Werner up at 6:15 and we got ready to be on set for 7:00.

Day Four

We arrived to set a little after 7:00 AM. Because it looked like dusk, and the owner had not yet arrived, I asked Werner to shoot some B-roll of street lamps, passing cars, and power lines. In not too long the manager, Karen, arrived and let us in. We brought in our gear and began to black out the windows with garbage bags, having to fake day for night.

While this was going on, a woman addicted to crack came into the bar and defecated in her pants. This made for a somewhat awkward situation. Karen recognized the woman and tried to shoo her out but she refused to leave. I do not know if I aided the situation or not, but I decided to give her food as a peace offering, specifically my mother's chocolate chunks. She accepted the gift, swore at Karen a fair amount, mainly calling her a "fat cow," and then went off into the winter morning.

We set up the lights for the first hour or so and then Zinno and Sprung arrived. We began with shooting their entry into the bar. Finding extras for this scene had been a trying experience. I did not hire a casting director, and apart from the three main actors, all of the people in the film had little to no acting experience. The bartender in the scene did not have any lines, but he did have to act, to do certain things on cue. To start off, he needed to put drinks on the bar when Julian asked for them. He interpreted this as meaning that he had several lines that he thought best to make up as he went along. I had to plead with him to stop talking, and to just put the drinks on the bar. Miraculously, he acquiesced. And, for someone over the age of 80, with almost no onscreen experience to date, I felt he performed wonderfully.

Not long after, Marie arrived and we shot some of her coverage. Marie arrived at 9:00, having gone to bed around 4:00 or 5:00, and Sprung had to leave by 11:00 for another obligation. This gave us two hours to shoot all of the coverage where they would be seen in the same frame. At the end of the scene, Julian interrupts the dance between Patricia and the Kid and walks up to them, telling the Kid that they are leaving. It was a challenging shot, choreographing their movements, and after a number of attempts, we had the shot and Sprung left (with his lavalier mic still on, something we had to retrieve hours later).

I populated the scene with two patients my father had “referred” to me, one occupying a VLT for the day, the other sitting alone and nursing a beer. Other than those two, I used actual patrons and directed them as if they had elected to be in the film. All of them agreed to be in the film enthusiastically; these people frequent this bar from morning until night everyday, they were flattered that we wanted to shoot in their home and were thrilled to be part of it^{ix}.

In the afternoon, we shot the scene with Patricia and the Kid, leading up to their dance together. For the dance, I wanted the camera to hover with them, as if it was dancing with them. At one point, Werner was so transfixed by the dance (and probably exhaustion) that he did not notice that they had stopped dancing and continued swaying. Unlike in other parts of the film, during this part of the shoot I told my actors that they could speak when they wanted to, and change the dialog as they saw fit. The dance went exactly as I had hoped and with that, in less than 24 hours, Marie had already wrapped on the film.

After she left, there were a few parts of the scene we had left to do. The VLT close-up, the Kid's entrance, small things that give the scene a sense of place, of character. Throughout the day, when we were not shooting, Karen and her friends would turn on the TV and watch the news, or sports, or really anything that was on. I took notice of this and wanted to incorporate it into the scene. We turned the TV on and shot the Kid from behind looking up at the screen. Then, I asked Karen if we could channel surf for a little. When we came upon French *Family Feud*, there was something so lonely about the idea of a teenage kid watching that alone in a bar. We set up the camera and shot a minute or two of it and it is still in the cut. It breaks up the two events, arriving and then spending time with Patricia, quite well and subtly comments on the Kid's state of mind. Instead of mingling, or trying to hang out with Julian, the Kid opts to sit by himself, and watch a French game show. After twenty-one hours of shooting with a small break in the middle, we had wrapped day four.

Day Five

Day five was supposed to be a day off. Based on the actors' schedules, we had to shoot the Sunday night (for the car scenes with Julian), but were able to give the majority of the cast and crew the Saturday off.

We had begun to shoot B-roll and cutaways for scene five after the Metro scenes on day one but knew that the majority of the footage would be done on Saturday. Scene three, which was short but pivotal, was also scheduled. Additionally, there was a glitch in

the footage, an eye line issue, from day two and so we planned on doing pick-ups for that scene at the end of the day.

Werner had been adamant that he wanted a pick-up truck to shoot some of the driving shots so the first thing I did that day was borrow a truck from a mentally unstable man around twenty minutes outside of town.

When I arrived, he instructed me to sit in the car for around a half hour, as he was afraid his father was going to berate him for lending me his truck (he was in his mid-forties, his father almost in his eighties). After his father had left, we had to remove the cab from the back. He did this in a t-shirt and barefoot in -30 C. His size alone made me nervous (he was 6'3, around 275 lbs.). Once the cab had been removed, he lectured me about the various particularities concerning the truck and then finally let me go on my way.

For scene three, it was crucial that we shot just after magic hour, right before dusk. The film being called *Night Out*, I wanted to ease into night, and this was the scene to do it. We were lucky with the weather; when we wanted it to snow, it did, and for this day, when we needed a clear sunset, that was what we got. On the other hand, it was also the coldest day of the year.

We arrived at the location, climbed under a fence, onto the train tracks, and got set up. Zinno's costume was hardly suitable for any winter weather—tennis shoes, light jacket—so he wore his own clothes right up until shooting. The weather was so intense that none of us, including myself, could work undistracted. Also, due to the weather, we could not do as many takes as we wanted, no one could sustain staying outside for too

long. We started with shooting Zinno from the front walking, then the back, then we went out to the wide.

This wide shot was one of the earliest images I had when developing *Night Out*. A composed frame, almost a tableau, where the Kid would walk into frame, break down, compose himself, and then keep on walking. We shot a number of variations, but the one that most resembles my original vision, and is still in the film, fully captures the cranes in the background, dwarfing the Kid in the foreground. The cranes stand, almost indifferently, as the kid breaks down, without any other recourse.

We waited for nightfall or just before it, what is called “blue hour,” and shot the cutaways for scene five, the transition from the diner to the bar. With Werner on the back of the pickup truck, we drove around Saint-Henri shooting streetlamps, different angles of the cranes, and other things that caught our eye.

In every draft of the script, the Kid looks out and sees a girl his own age waiting for the bus. Due to snow banks and removal trucks, this simple shot alone took over two hours (and, at the time of this writing, is not even in the film).

Finally, after nearly five hours spent in -30 C, we returned to Greenspot where we shot the pick-ups for scene four. Sprung was not available so I played Julian and read with Zinno. This proved to be quite a challenge because the day spent among the crew had taken Zinno out of character and we had to run multiple takes for him to get back into character. In one take, I forgot Julian’s lines and Zinno began laughing, though not in character; it was disappointing, because if he would have stayed in character and in the moment, it might have been an interesting variation. Regardless, we did the take in a

close-up and then wrapped, ready for the last day and I returned the truck to the somewhat unstable man by around midnight.

Day Six

Day six began at 4 PM for the majority of the cast and crew, but, because of the difficulties we ran into on day one in the metro, we arrived at the metro at 10 AM to shoot pick-ups.

On a Sunday morning, the metro is deserted, including the security workers. In all the ways that the first metro shoot was a disaster, this time it was smooth and easy. We were discreet, we shot single system (no external recorder for audio) and generally did not make a scene, and we were not bothered once by the police, or anyone else. We shot B-roll, different shots exploring certain architectural elements of the space (none of which are included in the film) and completed the chase scene.

Although it was not as cold as the day prior (the coldest day of the year), it was always difficult to concentrate, to remain focused, or to stay outside for more than ten minutes at a time. We spent the evening lighting the beginning of the car scene, before Julian pulls out into the night. When we were finally ready to shoot, Werner and I got into the backseat, he shot while I did sound. I alternated between looking at the monitor and the actors, all the while making sure that the sound was adequate.

As in previous scenes, Sprung changed the lines constantly. Again, I was not married to most of the lines, but all too often he changed the meaning of the lines and so I had to remind him of what he was supposed to say. For example, before he hits the Kid,

he says, “Look. This will be as bad as you make it.” Instead he would say a variation of “This will be as good as you want it to be.” I still am of the opinion that that makes no sense. As such, I would remind him of the line, we would reverse the car, and do it again.

On this evening, Zinno was focused and ready work. He brought an interesting quality to his buzzed, more laid back attitude. This is essentially the only time in the story where he relaxes, where he feels at home. He is, of course, punished for this. He egged Sprung on to get him angry and after weeks of rehearsal, and nearly a week of shooting, he really seemed to embody this character. What I told the actors, as I have in the past on previous projects, is that as soon as I cast the project, the people I’ve created cease to exist, that I only imagine them as the people who will play them. For the Kid especially, he was somewhat of an abstraction, but with Zinno, he became a slightly bulky, misguided, open kid who was on his own and thought he might have found a friend. And in the end he did.

We shot into the night, wrapping the film at around 2 AM. Sprung had to leave at 1, and so the final shots were done with the set photographer standing in (in the car) as Julian.

Six days, with many logistical problems, but after six days of shooting we had wrapped the film.

In retrospect, which is of course what this entire report is meant to be, a looking back, I think that everyone gave what they could. For myself, I think at times my tendency to let the actors get there themselves was too extreme, or employed too much or too frequently, that occasionally a more hands-on approach may have elicited a stronger choice. That said, I gave what I could in the moment and if I was ever withholding, it was

to coax Zinno to do something specific, something that the feeling of alienation and neglect would bring out.

Werner and I worked closely together throughout. Other than when we separated on the first day on the metro, I was constantly by his side and we discussed every decision, and made it together. There were a few glitches, but on the whole he was a great partner on this project. We began discussing the film in October, and he had been on board at least six months before that, and from then on we built the film together.

The next day, we did returns (and I managed to avoid a potentially bitter end to the shoot with a car accident), said our goodbyes and the day after, Werner returned to New York and I returned to Austin.

POST-PRODUCTION

I knew that I was going to edit the film, or at least start as lead editor. As soon as I returned I backed up the footage, and then cut together an under two minute reel to showcase the footage, in the hopes of raising funds. I did this in Final Cut Pro.

Due to the release of Final Cut X, the industry revolted and there was a mass exodus out of Final Cut Studio, and to Avid Media Composer. For those unfamiliar with this software, this may seem obscure, but the workflow and layout of the two programs are quite different and many people have been discussing no longer if, but when they will make the transition to Avid.

Having this project, I decided that now was the time for me to re-learn Avid. I was already comfortable with Final Cut, and so it seemed advantageous to know both programs upon graduation.

The first week or so of working in Avid was grueling. It is not user friendly or intuitive; you have to learn how it works and play by its rules. These first few days were spent watching tutorials and syncing footage. Once this was done, I was ready to, slowly, begin cutting the film.

EDITING

Though it is tedious, and at times difficult to avoid the temptation of skipping ahead and playing with footage I responded to, I began by watching all of the footage from beginning to end. I went in order of the days, not the order in the film, though as I progressed, I reorganized it into scenes, not days.

For scenes like scene five, the driving interlude, I had hours of footage for a scene that would end up being no longer than a minute. Here, I would put a “red marker” at a moment that I liked and would label it, something like “Streaking Lights 1,” and the numbers would correspond exclusively to that shot. Scenes like scene one in the metro would have minimal coverage whereas scene five or the diner or the bar scene had a lot of coverage with many takes running over three minutes. During a take, for example a close-up in a dialogue scene, I would similarly put a marker if there was a response or a facial expression that fit the moment perfectly.

During the shoot, I had been most nervous on day three, scenes nine and ten. Watching the footage, the weather discontinuity that nearly gave me convulsions did not seem to be an issue at all. And, in the two-shot sustained throughout scene ten (the last shot of the movie), the camera shake that had made me nauseous from anxiety seemed natural, not extreme or egregious.

Slowly, I began to cobble together the scenes. I began in order. I did not put whole takes on the timeline as some people do with their assemblies. After choosing my “circle takes” for each shot, even each moment, I began putting them in order. I quickly realized scenes one, two and three are so short that separately it’s difficult to realize if

they have any kind of tempo or coherence. So, I began working on those three scenes together.

Scene four and six are the meat of the film. This accounts for almost ten of roughly fifteen minutes and contains most of the dramatic action between the main characters. Those scenes went through many incarnations. I always start with story. I choose a performance or a shot that I think advances the story in some crucial way. “Story” here is not the literal beats, the events unfolding. “Story” means the central dramatic idea or emotion (or both) that I’m trying to express as a filmmaker in that moment. As I worked my way through the scenes, I encountered obstacles that got in the way of that—a boom in the shot, an extra looking in camera—but always did my utmost to not be distracted by small annoyances and to continue to tell the story to the best of my ability.

Some of the ideas I had during the writing process are still in the work. For example, I always envisioned that scene seven, in the car with Julian, would start out with a long, sustained two-shot. I hold that shot for over a minute before I cut into over the shoulder singles from the backseat. The sustained wide shot with the Kid kicking the railing in scene three was also an idea that came early on.

Beyond these few instances, I made decisions in the edit room according to how the footage spoke to me in a given moment. As I progressed from cut to cut, I realized, or others helped me to realize, what material was extraneous or superfluous. Around 50% of the dialogue in both scenes four and six has been removed from the film. Julian goes on about hot dogs and has a weird opening monologue about them staring at each other; both were taken out as it did not advance the story. In the bar scene, the Kid and Patricia have

a talk before they begin dancing. She complains about men and also lies to the Kid about her age. These too were removed for brevity's sake, because with them the film was feeling overlong. Other than these places, the story largely stayed the same throughout the entire process.

After approximately a month of cutting without doing any sound editing, I finally decided on the music that would play in the bar. As well, I put the song I had always anticipated ending the film with, over the final scene and the credits. During test screenings for friends and colleagues, not a single person thought the music worked at the end. While I wanted it to act as a counterpoint to the end, people felt it undermined the work. A fellow MFA candidate, Ben Slamka, watched a cut of the film and suggested I work with non-diegetic music, specifically a song by an electronic artist, Dan Deacon. Once I put that in the film, I realized that it worked much better and kept it until I began working with a composer.

Before I had even begun editing, I knew that I wanted to bring on a professional editor to do a pass late in the process. It took some time to find the right person and in the end I worked with Robin Schwartz, a freelance editor in Austin. It was refreshing and comforting to see how quickly Robin would change things I would be stuck on; she brought a new perspective and that undoubtedly improved the work. Working with her from late in the process until picture lock, together we refined the film, and carved a story out of the footage.

After we picture locked, I began sound design with another Austin local, Isaac Hammons. I had a strong idea of what it was I felt the work needed and so I gave him a

fairly comprehensive list along with the sounds needed to complete the work. He went off and began working and every so often we would meet and go over what he had done.

A 2nd year MFA candidate, Deepak Chetty, agreed to help me with some visual effects once I had locked picture. We stabilized some of the shots that I found were distracting, and not an addition to the film's aesthetic. We also redid the subtitles and created the title credit and end credits.

The music is always a challenging part of the process for me. With the work up until then I am able to articulate and execute to the best of my abilities. Music is a different language and without the experience of playing an instrument, it can be difficult at times to communicate with a composer or musician to achieve what it is I am looking for. I worked with another 2nd year MFA candidate, Nathan Efstation. Nathan has experience as a composer and on the whole, the experience was a fluid one wherein I was able to successfully communicate with him and achieve the desired effect.

REFLECTIONS

It's at times astonishing to think how much time and effort is required to make a short film. Viewed one way, that being realistically, a short film is a format that almost never makes money, and is largely overlooked by most moviegoers. If you are not involved in film in some capacity more than just a viewer, it's unlikely you will seek out a short film. Viewed another way, the short form is an opportunity to express something succinctly, but potentially pregnant with feeling and meaning.

At this juncture, I do not know what my next project will be. Having made a feature before I fully understood how much is really needed for that, I am reluctant to make another project on that scale until I have a script, a team, and some version of a budget that will ensure that it will be worthwhile. That said, it's unclear when it is I'll be making a new film; though I do not think it will be too long, most likely within the next year. Over the summer I'll begin to develop a new feature and go from there.

Since I've been in Austin at UT, I've made four short films and finished a feature. I am currently working with a company on the sale of my feature film, *Shadowboxing*. The hope is that the film will be sold to what they termed "a second-tier company" within the next six months.

I have mixed feelings about the work I did in my first year. In the documentary filmmaking class taken in the fall 2009, 881 KA, I made a short doc called *Hipsters Like Us*. I had no background in documentary before I moved here and even still I do not generally seek out documentary subjects or try to make documentary films. When I moved here the term "hipster" was nearly ubiquitous; I was intrigued by this and why it

was perceived negatively. In trying to explore this fact, it at times seemed like I was judging the people in the work. This was the least of my intentions, nor was I trying to do something humorous with the piece. The result is a little muddled; in the future, should I do documentary work, I'll have a much clearer idea of my perspective and what it means as I approach a given subject.

For the fiction filmmaking class in first year, 881 KB, I made a film called *Jellyfish*. The script for that film was written in the screenwriting class taken the previous semester. I had a difficult time in that class. My work was not well received for the first half of the semester. Then, I wrote an outline for a different script but knew that I had misgivings about doing it for personal and creative reasons. Being a full-time graduate student while trying to finish a feature film (with no money) did not make any of this easier. When I entered the KB class, it was expected that we would use a script written the previous semester and partly because I was so preoccupied with *Shadowboxing*, I decided to proceed with making *Jellyfish*. I think there are strong performances and am happy with all of the work the crew did, I just feel what is explored and said with that film does not fit in with the rest of my work. I decided not to submit my KA or KB films to festivals.

Over the summer of 2010, I began developing my pre-thesis, then titled *Dim the Void* (as mentioned above). That project was a step forward in my process; it is the first work where I feel I helped bring about fully realized, committed, impressive performances from the two leads^x. Though there are of course things I now see could have been done differently, it is a work that I stand by and hope, at some point, people will get to see.

Night Out started out as something completely different. In fact, it only really became this work months after I had begun the writing process. The original script with two brothers was put aside to begin this new subject and this script changed drastically from its original incarnation, largely thanks to PJ Raval and his suggestion to make the protagonist far younger.

I believe that some of the motivation for making this project are still latent, that I do not fully know why I wanted to tell this story in particular at this time. I think I wanted to make a film about evil, about loneliness, about a young person's relationship with adults. The ending, which is now cut short, seems to be getting at the impossibility of communication; there is *so much* staring in this movie but rarely do people speak to each other in a straightforward manner. There are similar instances, where people look at each other but are unable to figure out what to say, in both *Shadowboxing* and *Mother's Day*.

For my next project, I'd like to do something from a female perspective. My work has thus far been male-dominated, and I think that I am capable of and would like to create a female character and tell a story from her perspective. At this very early stage, all I can say is that I am imagining what Mable in *A Woman Under The Influence* would have been like single, with no children, at age thirty. Hopefully, I will begin that project soon...

ENDNOTES

-
- ⁱ Taken from the Samuel Beckett prose piece “Worstward Ho.”
- ⁱⁱ Julian is one of the three main characters in my thesis film *Night Out*.
- ⁱⁱⁱ From John Lennon’s “Working Class Hero.”
- ^{iv} Which is altogether fair based on his choice of occupation.
- ^v This is totally fair as these are unpaid student projects but that does not change the quality of their performances. Ultimately, it’s a necessary evil.
- ^{vi} I was the reader during auditions and Sniatowsky filmed them so that I could watch them later.
- ^{vii} I also wrote individualized rejection to letters to each actor who came in to audition.
- ^{viii} For this, I am giving him an “Additional Casting” credit.
- ^{ix} Also, Marie Turgeon is somewhat famous in Quebec, and many of the patrons were amazed that she was even in their bar.
- ^x Jason Newman, the actor who played Gary, said it was the best acting experience of his career.

APPENDIX

CHARACTER BIOS & SYNOPSIS

Synopsis

A sixteen-year-old kid flees the world of playgrounds and bullies to spend a night on the town with the locals. There, he gets his first taste of adulthood, and of romance. Though he soon finds out that violence comes in all different shapes and sizes.

The following descriptions were sent to casting agencies.

Characters:

Lead, 18, Anglophone, male.

I imagine anywhere from 18-22 is worth consideration but must look young, the character is 16.

Julian, 50, Anglophone, male.

For this character, any adult male is a possibility though ones who are older and somewhat imposing, or have an imposing quality are ideal.

(though a small younger person is also conceivable, depending on their presence.)

Patricia, 45, Francophone, female.

She should be attractive and appear much older than The Kid. So, she could be 38, 33 even, or 48 for that matter.

SHOT LIST

SC 1

1. TR BEHIND MCU on Kid down escalator, 3 EXTRAS, 2 KIDS run past
2. TR IN FRONT MCU on Kid down escalator, 3 EXTRAS, 2 KIDS run past (excerpt)
3. WS REVERSE escalator going up, they're going down
4. PAN/TILT from escalator to metro
5. CU Kid gets on metro/it pulls away
6. LS 2 Kids screaming and banging on the metro
7. Cutaway POV, person looking
8. Cutaway POV, person looking

SC 2

1. ECU cutaway kid
2. ECU cutaway kid
3. POV Brothers to Kid
4. POV Kid to brothers
5. 2-Shot Profile facing direction Metro is travelling

SC 3

1. TR BEHIND on Kid walking on overpass
2. TR IN FRONT on Kid walking on overpass
3. Silhouette WS Kid on overpass, kicking

SC 4

1. MCU Kid at table (include eye line matches to POV cutaways/reverse for Julian)
2. POV Cowboy Waitress
3. POV MS Someone eating something
4. POV MCU Julian looking back
- 4A. Kid staring at Julian on Kid (MCU)
5. LA MS Waitress (walks in frame)
6. LS PAN Kid walks to Julian's table into dirty 2-shot (into Julian's profile in foreground?)
7. MS Julian (two lenses)
8. PAN/TILT Kid sits down at table with Julian (two lenses)
9. LA MS Waitress (walks in frame)
10. Behind Kid CU turns around as Julian walks out
11. LS Guy walks out

SC 5

1. LS backseat through windshield up at cranes through tunnel
2. TR PAN of street lamps
3. TR PAN highways
4. From adjacent car MCU Kid looking out window

5. TR PAN cranes
6. TR PAN WS girl at bus stop

SC 6

1. CU VLT screen
2. COWBOY Kid standing at threshold of bar
3. MCU Guy sitting on bar stool staring at Kid
4. MS Julian at bar, Kid walks in to make it 2-shot, Bartender puts beer on bar, then walks to VLT (we lose him)
5. LS see Patricia from behind, she turns (right shoulder) and looks at Julian and Kid, then walks off
6. MCU Kid drinking beer, checking time, sitting down (away from us)
7. LS Patricia walks to bar, shooting across Kid's back into 2-shot dirty on her (incorporate Bartender)
8. REVERSE dirty 2-shot on Kid with Patricia
9. LS see Julian from behind in front of the VLT (same as 5)
10. COWBOY Patricia dancing alone/she dances toward him (directly behind Kid) TURNS INTO dance with them TURNS INTO 3-shot of them in frame
- 10A. Julian walks up to Patricia and Kid
11. CU Kid after step away TURNS INTO hug
12. CU Patricia (dirty) TURNS INTO hug
13. OPTIONAL Julian fighting

SC 7

1. 2-shot from behind in car back seat from Kid getting in through
2. From back seat, straight-on profile of Kid/after "Do you have money?"
3. From back seat, straight-on profile of Julian/after "Do you have money?"
4. Outside through windshield, 2-shot toward end

SC 8

1. 7 ft away, profile COWBOY Kid gets out of car
2. POV Kid, Julian counting money
3. Shooting across car, MCU Julian
4. REVERSE shooting across car, MCU Kid
5. LS diagonal to street, Kid looks around, nothing
6. POV empty street

SC 9

1. CU Kid shaking, seething in bus stop
2. POV Kid LS 2-shot Patricia and Man walking down the street joking around
3. MS 2-shot Patricia and Man talking (different from 2)
4. PAN Man walking by Kid, smiles
5. MS Patricia leaning on bus stop
- 5A. CU Kid at Bus Stop
6. LS through the glass, Patricia out in the street, hails cab, cab pulls up, she calls him from the street.

7. MCU Patricia over cab
8. PAN MS Kid gets in cab

SC 10

1. 2-shot toward back seat, Kid camera left, Patricia camera right, it plays out.

<p>1</p> <p>1 2 3 4</p>	<p>1 INT. METRO STATION - DAY</p> <p>A KID, 16, races down the escalator, turns the corner and sprints toward the stairs down to the train.</p> <p>Around thirty feet behind him are TWO OLDER KIDS, who also race down the escalator.</p> <p>The metro pulls into the station. The doors open.</p> <p>The Kid races down the steps and jumps onto the metro. He moves to the corner of a car, sits down and then looks around, terrified. A FEW COMMUTERS look at him.</p> <p>The Kid hears the Older Kids walk along the side of the train, SCREAMING nonsense, LAUGHING, and BANGING on the windows.</p> <p>The doors close.</p> <p>The metro pulls away.</p>	<p>1</p> <p>5 6 7 8</p>
<p>2</p> <p>1 2 3 4</p>	<p>2 INT. METRO - DAY</p> <p>The Kid sits across from TWO BROTHERS, 7 and 5, sharing a chair.</p> <p>The Two Brothers stare at the Kid. The Kid makes faces at them, trying to make them laugh.</p> <p>The Brothers just keep staring.</p>	<p>2</p> <p>5</p>
<p>3</p> <p>1 2</p>	<p>3 INT. OVERPASS - DUSK</p> <p>The Kid walks briskly across an overpass. Cranes are visible in the distance.</p> <p>The Kid stops walking and kicks the side of the overpass again and again. MUFFLED CRYING is heard.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>3</p>
<p>4</p> <p>1 2 3 4 5</p>	<p>4 INT. DINER - NIGHT</p> <p>The Kid sits at a booth for two. He looks at a menu then looks around.</p> <p>He sees the WAITRESS, a WOMAN EATING SPAGHETTI, then JULIAN, 55, a man sitting alone, who is staring back at him.</p> <p>The Waitress walks over.</p>	<p>4</p>

1
REV'S.
5 CONT'D

WAITRESS
T'es pret?

KID
Oui, uh, est-ce que je peux avoir deux
steames, frites et une coke?

WAITRESS
Toute garnie sure les steames?

KID
Oui, merci.

The Waitress takes his menu and walks away.

The Kid discreetly checks, Julian is still staring at him.

The Kid looks right at him, then juts his head forward, to try to make Julian flinch.

Julian does not respond, he just keeps staring.

The Kid throws up his hands as if to say "What?". Julian just keeps staring.

The Kid gets up, still wearing his coat, and walks over to Julian's table. He stands there.

4
4A

KID (CONT'D)
Yo, can I help you with something?

JULIAN
Have a seat.

The waitress returns with the food and the drink and puts it on the table, across from Julian.

Julian motions across from him, offering the Kid a seat.

The Kid looks at Julian, then sits down. He takes a bite of his hot dog, then a sip of coke, not taking his eyes off Julian.

7A
(mcw)

5
6

KID
I'm not gay.

JULIAN
That's lucky, neither am I...
Mind if I have a bite?

8A
(mcw)

83

The Kid looks down and sees Julian pick up a hot dog off his plate and take a bite. He then proceeds to have a few of his fries.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Here's the thing... you were looking at me and so, why not look at you? Then you got up and came over here, so how could I not ask if you wanted a seat? ...A hot dog is just a hot dog, and you know what's in 'em, but still...

Julian puts the hot dog back on the plate. He pushes the plate away from him, offering some to the Kid.

The Kid looks at him, holding his hot dog, clenching his teeth.

A pause, then-

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I'm Julian by the way.

He extends his hand across the table. He takes it back. (MCU)

KID

Dude, what do you want?

JULIAN

Do you drink... Come on. Have plans? I mean, where are your friends?

This catches the Kid off-guard.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You must like drinking. Let's go for a beer. To say thanks for the hot dog.

Julian motions to the waitress to come over. She does.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

How much?

WAITRESS

Pour lui? Cinq et cinquante.

Julian looks at the Kid. The Kid looks around suspiciously then takes his wallet out of his pocket.

He opens his Velcro wallet and gives the waitress a twenty. She gives him change. He leaves a tip, and puts the rest back in his wallet. She walks off.

7A
(MCU)
CONT'D

7B

BA

BB

9

7A
(MCU)
CONT'D

7B

JULIAN
It's a free drink. Maybe two. No big deal. Might be fun. New experiences...

KID
Yo, I swear to God if...

Julian slides out of the booth and walks toward the door, doing up his coat as he walks.

The Kid turns and watches Julian walk out the door.

4.

8A
(MCU)

8B

5

INT. CAR - NIGHT

5

The car drives through a tunnel. Julian turns and the car starts to creep up the hill. The following dialogue is said over the following images.

①

Street lamps.

2

Highways piled on top of each other.

3

The Kid looking out the window.

JULIAN
Cool phone.

V.O.
KID
Yeah, thanks.

JULIAN
You gotta loosen up, Man.

A construction site with half a dozen cranes.

A GIRL IN A SKIRT, around the Kid's age, waiting for the bus.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Got your own place?

V.O.
KID
Yeah, not too far from here, actually.

6

INT. BAR - NIGHT

6

The spinning screen of a Video Lottery Terminal. A SONG plays.

1

The Kid stands at the threshold of the bar. ONE GUY turns to look at him for a little too long.

2

3

He walks over to Julian.

JULIAN
She's on my machine again.

The BARTENDER puts a beer on the bar for Julian.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
One for him too. Come on already! Perde!
T'es rien!

PATRICIA, 45, sitting in front of a VLT, looks at Julian over her shoulder.

She looks back at the screen, not liking the results. She gets up, frustrated, and walks away from the VLT, adjusting her dress.

Seeing this, Julian walks over to it.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(To the Kid)
I'll be right over there.

The Kid notices the beer sitting on the bar for him and quickly scoops it up.

He takes a sip that's a little too big. He looks around, takes another sip. Then quickly checks his phone. He turns and takes a seat at the bar.

INT. BAR - LATER

Patricia, wobbling a little, walks over and takes a seat a couple stools over. She sizes him up.

PATRICIA
T'es deja venue ici?

KID
Oui.

PATRICIA
Il est bon ton bier?

KID
J'aime des chose plus fort, mais oui,
c'est bon.

PATRICIA
Alors... quoi? C'est ton choix.

Unseen by the Kid, the Bartender gives Patricia a look.

KID
Manhattan.

PATRICIA
(To Kid/Bartender)
Manhattan, bonne choix. Alors c'est deux
Manhattans puis deux shots de rye. Des
doubles.

The bartender pours the shots first and puts them in front of Patricia.

She pushes one toward the Kid. She smiles and raises her eyebrows.

She picks hers up-

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Pret?

He picks his up.

The Kid watches Patricia open her throat and down the shot. The Kid pours the whole shot into his mouth, his cheeks puffed out, and quickly swallows.

Trying not to look uncomfortable, he grits his teeth and takes a sip of beer.

The bartender puts the Manhattans in front of them.

Patricia grabs her drink and swivels her stool around, turning to look at the bar.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Christ, des hommes sont degeulasses.
Tous. Regarde-lui.

Patricia motions with her glass over to Julian.

Julian takes a sip of his beer, staring at the screen in front of him.

A NEW SONG plays. Patricia looks back at the Kid.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
T'es quel age toi?

KID
Vingt-et-un. How old are you?

7

PATRICIA

Twenty-nine.

Patricia has a sip of her drink while the Kid has a sip of beer.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Viens.

Patricia has another sip of her drink then puts it on the bar. She walks out to an open space. He follows.

She begins swaying, to and fro. She drops her head and closes her eyes.

The Kid awkwardly watches.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Tu ne danse pas?

She dances closer to him. She puts her hand on the small of his back, and starts to move the two of them.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Just like that.

She takes his hand and puts it on the small of her back, and moves her hand to his shoulder, letting him lead.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Oui.

She puts her hand in his, then her head on his shoulder.

KID

You kind of smell like my Mom.

PATRICIA

You look like my first boyfriend.

He drops his head onto her shoulder.

They dance, their heads on each other's shoulders.

Julian looks at them.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Est'ce que t'es ici avec Julien?

KID

You know him? Yeah, he, uh, asked me if I wanted a drink.

7.

8

10

10A

8.

Bon. PATRICIA

Shit! JULIAN (O.S.)

Julian gets up and walks over to them, putting on his coat.

Come on. Let's go. JULIAN (CONT'D)

The Kid looks at Julian.

Come on, I'll give you a ride home. JULIAN (CONT'D)

Julian walks out the door. The Kid looks toward the door then takes a step away from Patricia. He looks at her realizing that she and Julian are both complete strangers.

Do you want money? For the drinks? KID

Non, ca va. PATRICIA

The Kid does not know what to say and so smiles blankly.

Patricia wraps her arms around him. They hug. She puts her hand on the back of his neck.

* (13)

7

INT. CAR - NIGHT

7

The Kid jumps into the car and closes the door. The car is still cold, their breath hangs in the air. The heater is on HIGH BLAST.

Just give it a minute. JULIAN

You know that woman? KID

Patricia? Yeah, she comes in there. JULIAN

Pa-tri-cia... KID

1

10A
CONT'D

10
CONT'D

11 12

JULIAN
So where do you live? You said you had
your own place?

KID
What? Nah, nah, I was just saying that
before. I'm sixteen, dude. My moms still
does my laundry.

JULIAN
OK. So where is that?

KID
I don't know I thought maybe we could
hang out a little more? Another drink or
something, you said maybe two... Pff,
Patricia was nice.

Julian nods, licks his teeth. He puts the car in drive
and pulls out of the spot. He looks straight ahead. The
Kid takes out his phone and starts looking at it.

JULIAN
Hey, do you have any money?

KID
What do you mean?

JULIAN
I could really use just like forty bucks.
Fifty'd be perfect.

KID
(Turning away from him)
No, sorry.

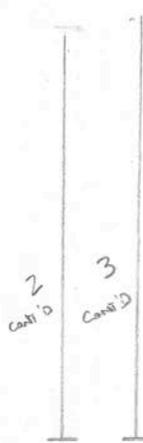
Julian reaches across and starts to go through the Kid's
pockets. The Kid tries to fight him off but Julian is
bigger and stronger.

The Kid reaches over and grabs the wheel, trying to turn
the car toward the curb. Julian fights to keep it
straight. The car swerves.

Julian steps on the brakes, the car stops in the middle
of the street.

The Kid tries to undo his seat belt but Julian grabs his
arm, holding him in place.

JULIAN
Look! This will be as bad as you make it.



Julian extends his left hand.

The Kid fights to break free, trying to take off his seat belt. Julian smacks the Kid in the face with his left hand.

4 The Kid looks at Julian.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet and puts it in Julian's left hand.

Julian looks at the wallet, then lets go of the Kid. He sits back in the driver's seat and opens the wallet.

The Kid quickly undoes his seat belt and gets out of the car.

8

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

8



The Kid slams the door and takes a couple steps back. The car doesn't move.



The Kid takes a step toward the car and peers in. Julian is going through his wallet.



The Kid spits on the window.



Julian gets out of the car. He looks at the Kid.

The Kid stands there, frozen.

Julian gets back in the car.



The car pulls away.

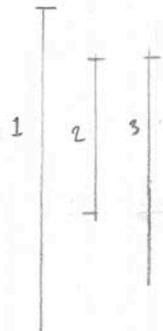


The Kid looks around. Nothing.

9

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

9

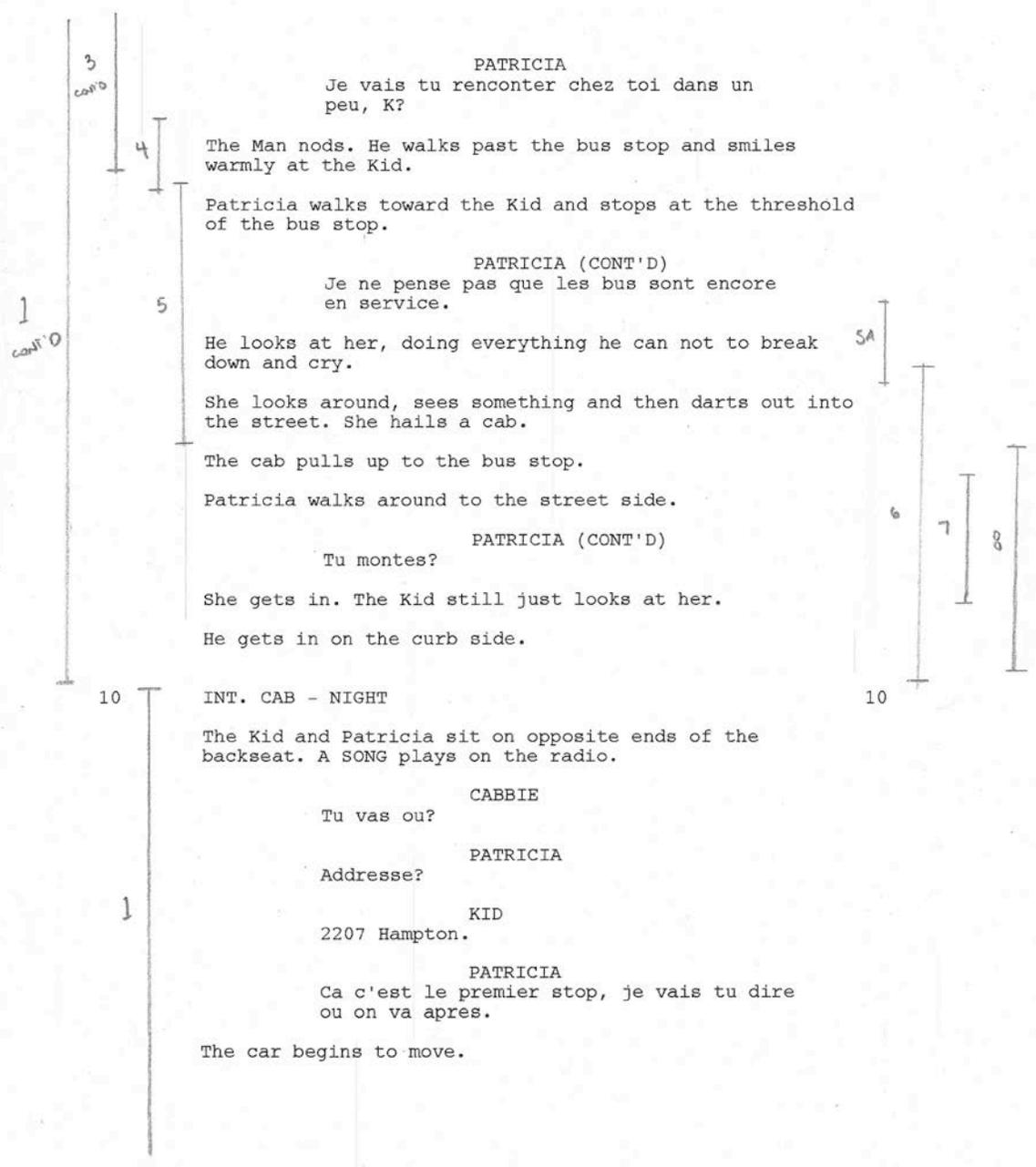


The Kid sits in a bus stop, shivering, seething.

The sound of FEMALE LAUGHTER approaching. He sees Patricia and A MAN FROM THE BAR walk down the street. They are arm and arm, stumbling, pushing each other, laughing.

As they approach the bus stop, Patricia catches sight of The Kid. She straightens up.

She quietly says to the Man-



PATRICIA
Je vais tu rencontrer chez toi dans un
peu, K?

The Man nods. He walks past the bus stop and smiles warmly at the Kid.

Patricia walks toward the Kid and stops at the threshold of the bus stop.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Je ne pense pas que les bus sont encore
en service.

He looks at her, doing everything he can not to break down and cry.

She looks around, sees something and then darts out into the street. She hails a cab.

The cab pulls up to the bus stop.

Patricia walks around to the street side.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Tu montes?

She gets in. The Kid still just looks at her.

He gets in on the curb side.

10 INT. CAB - NIGHT

The Kid and Patricia sit on opposite ends of the backseat. A SONG plays on the radio.

CABBIE
Tu vas ou?

PATRICIA
Adresse?

KID
2207 Hampton.

PATRICIA
Ca c'est le premier stop, je vais tu dire
ou on va apres.

The car begins to move.

The Kid closes his eyes and leans his head against the window.

Patricia looks over at him.

She props her elbow up on the door and then rests her head on her hand. She closes her eyes.

The car moves quietly up the hill. Orders come in over the intercom. The song plays.

The Kid opens his eyes and looks over at Patricia.

He reaches over to rouse her, but then decides not to.

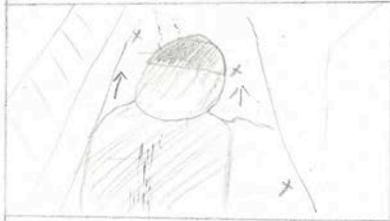
He goes back to leaning against the window. He closes his eyes.

1
CONF'D

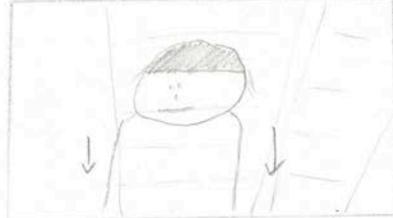
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

1.1 TR BEHIND MCU ON KID



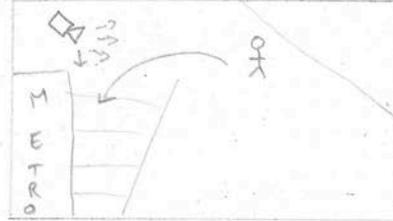
1.2 TR IN FRONT MCU (REVERSE)



1.3 NS REVERSE UP ESCALATOR



1.4 PAN/TILT FROM ESCALATOR TO METRO



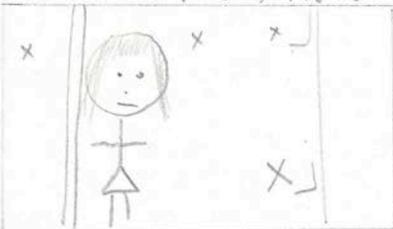
1.5 CU KID GOES ON METRO (LEAVES)



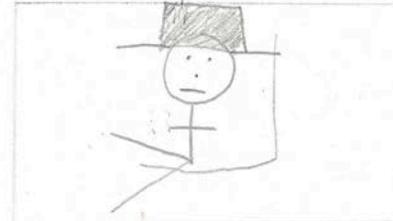
1.6 LS 2 KIDS SCREAMING



1.7 MS CUTAWAY POV (KID) PERSON LOOKING



1.8 SAME AS 1.7 MCU

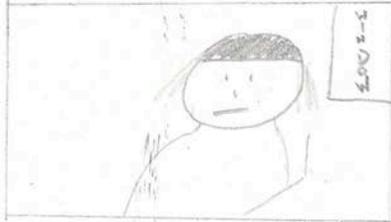


X = EXTRAS 1, 2 = OLDER KIDS

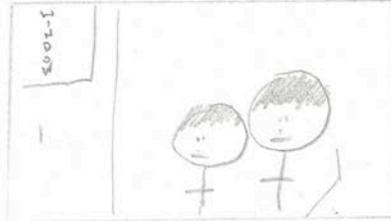
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

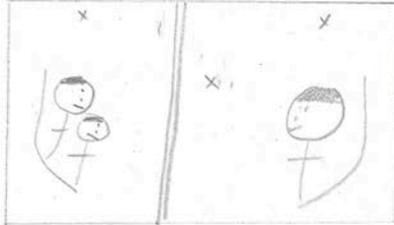
2.1 MCU ON KID (POV BROTHERS)



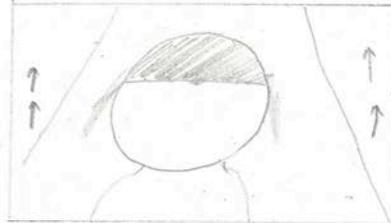
2.2 MCU BROTHERS (POV KID)



2.3 2-SHOT PROFILE WITHIN TRAVEL



3.1 TR BEHIND CU ON KID



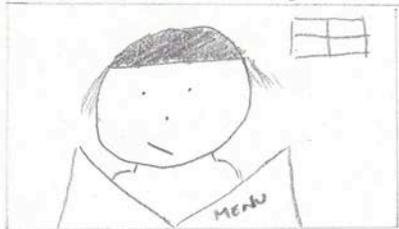
3.2 TR INFRONT CU ON KID



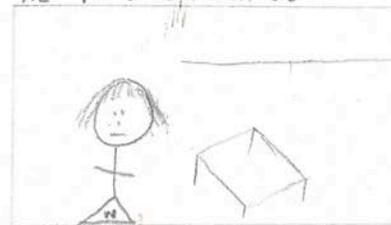
3.3 SILHOUETTE WS KID (KICKING)



4.1 CU KID LOOKING AT MENU



4.2 POV COWBOY WAITERS



NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

4.3 MS MAN EATING



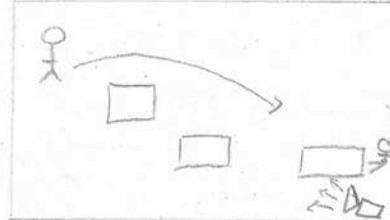
4.4 MCU JULIAN SMIRK BACK



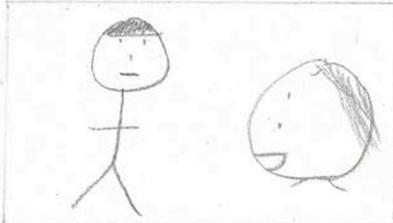
4.5 LOW ANGLE MS WAITRESS (WALKING)



4.6.1 LS PAN KID INTO DIRTY 2



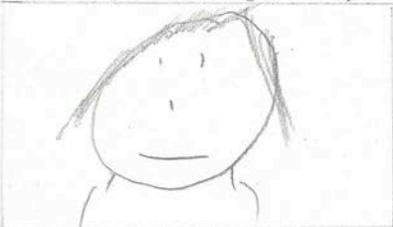
4.6.2. LS PAN KID INTO DIRTY 2



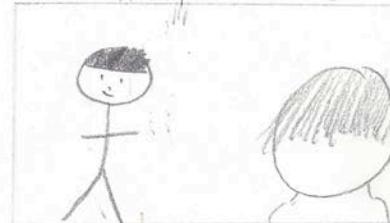
4.7.1 MS JULIAN MS (LENS #1)



4.7.2. JULIAN CU (LENS # 2)



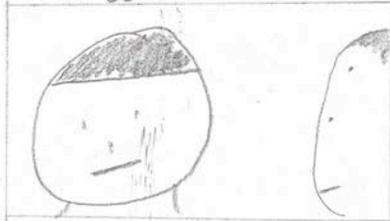
4.8.1 PAN/TILT MS KID SIS



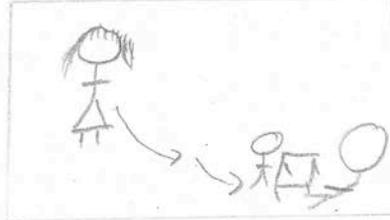
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

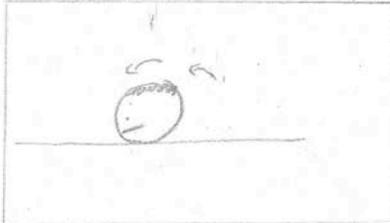
4.8.2. CU KID SITTING



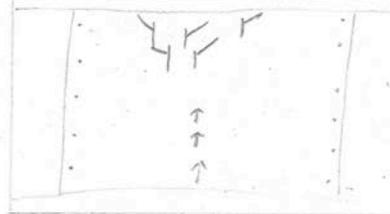
4.9 LA MS WAITRESS (INTO FRAME)



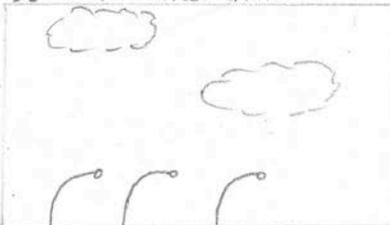
4.10 BEHIND KID CU TRUCKS AT JUMPS



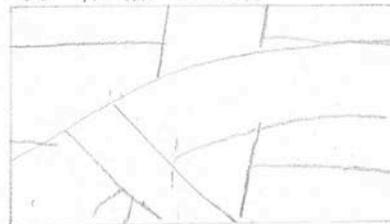
5.1 LS BACKSHOT UP AT CARNES/TUNNEL



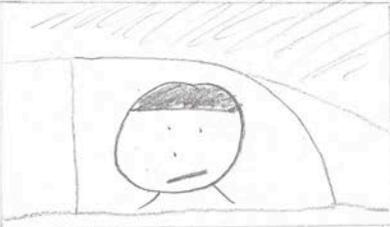
5.2 TR PAN STREET LAMPS



5.3 TR PAN HIGHWAYS



5.4 MCU KID LOOKING OUT WINDOW



5.5 TR PAN CRANES



NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

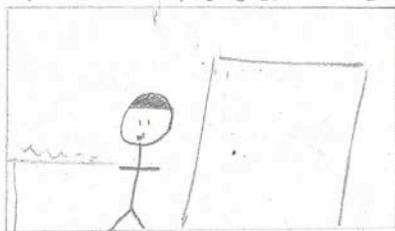
5.6 TR PAN WS GIRL @ BUS STOP



6.1 CU VLT SCREEN



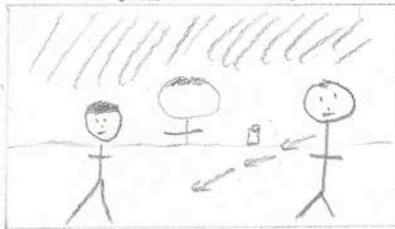
6.2 Cowboy KID STANDING IN BAR



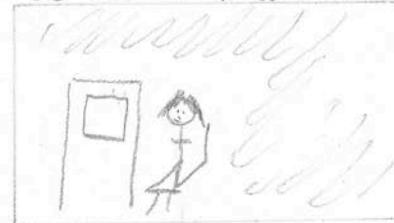
6.3 MCU EXTRA AT BAR SMILING



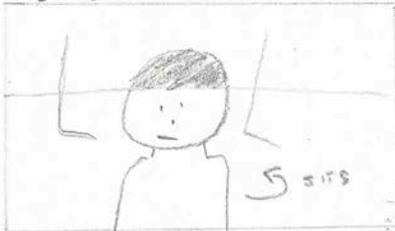
6.4 MS JUAN → KID 2SHOT → JEFF



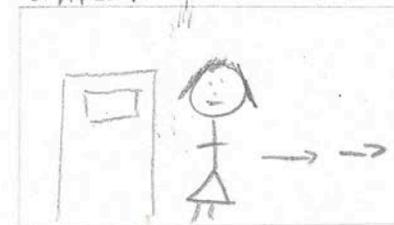
6.5 LJ PATRICIA SEATED AT VLT



6.6 MS KID DRINKING THRU STRAW



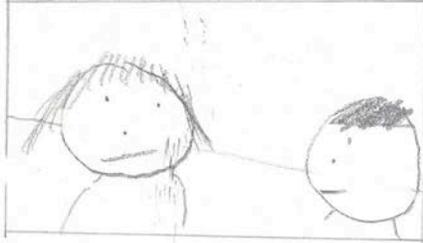
6.7.1 LS PAN INTO DIRTY 2 P TO BAR



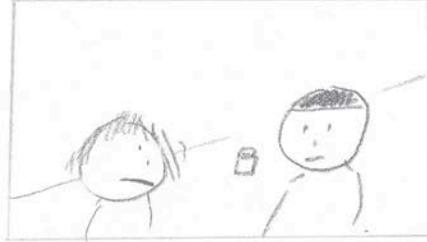
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

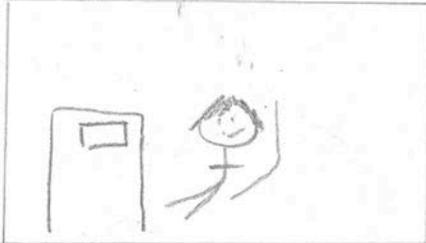
6.7.2 DIRTY 2 @ BAR w/ KID



6.8 REVERSE DIRTY 2 w/ KID



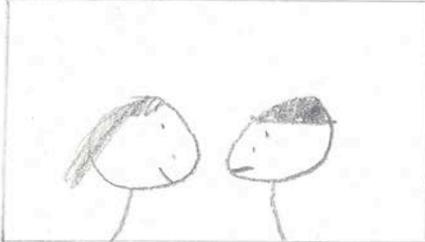
6.9 (SAME AS 5) LS JULIAN VLT



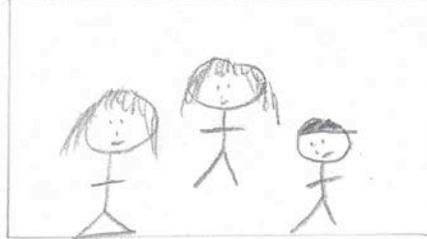
6.10.1 CAMBON P -> DANCE -> 3 SHOT



6.10.2 DANCE P E K



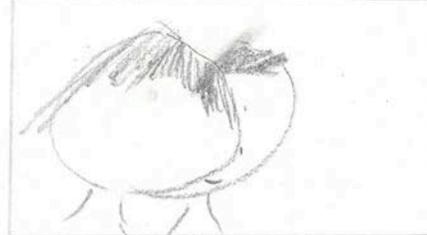
6.10.3 JULIAN WALKS INTO 3-SHOT



6.11.1 CU KID



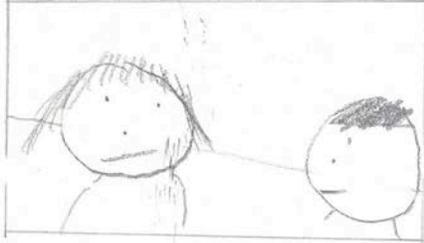
6.11.2 TRANS INTO DIRTY 2 HUG



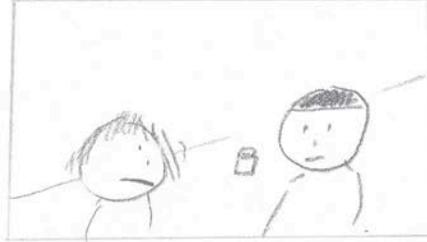
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

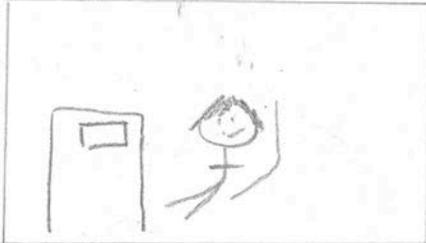
6.7.2 DIRTY 2 @ BAR w/ KID



6.8 REVERSE DIRTY 2 w/ KID



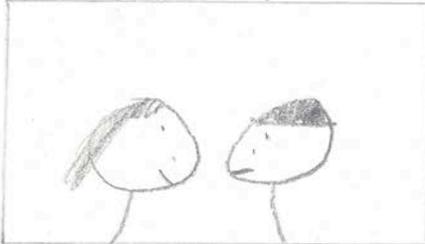
6.9 (SAME AS 5) LS JULIAN VLT



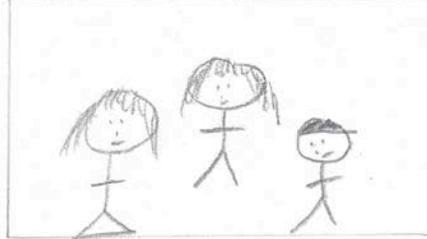
6.10.1 CAMBON P -> DANCE -> 3 SHOT



6.10.2 DANCE P E K



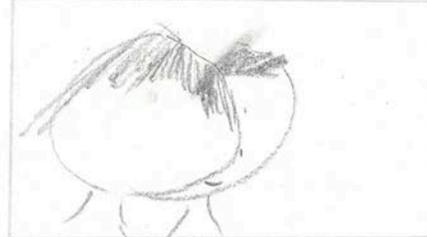
6.10.3 JULIAN WALKS INTO 3-SHOT



6.11.1 CU KID



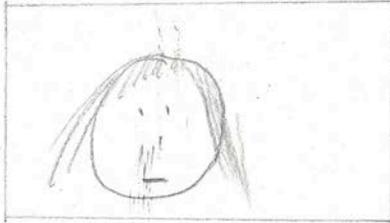
6.11.2 TRANS INTO DIRTY 2 HUG



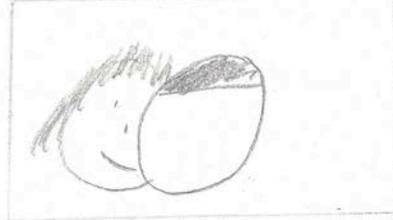
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

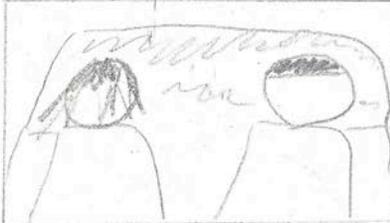
6.12.1 PATRICIA CU



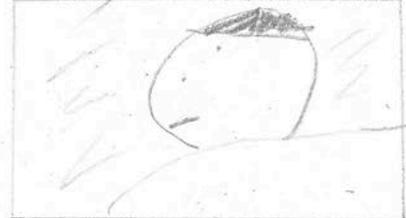
6.12.2 CU PATRICIA DIRT 2 HAIR



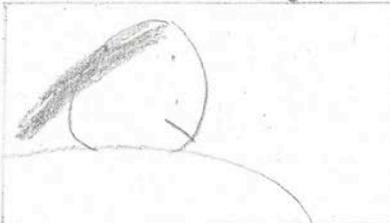
7.1 2 SHOT FWD FROM BACKSEAT



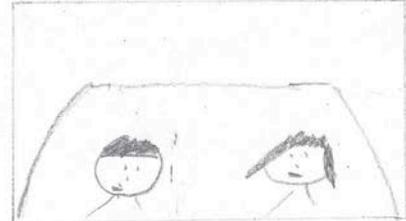
7.2 STRAIGHT ON PROFILE KID MCV



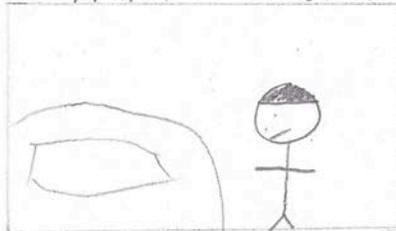
7.3 STRAIGHT ON PROFILE JULIAN MCV



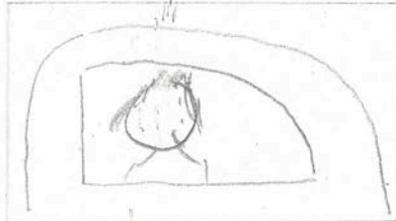
7.4 FWD 2-SHOT THRU WINDSHIELD



8.1 7 FT AWAY PROFILE GUYBY KID ROPS (RECURS)



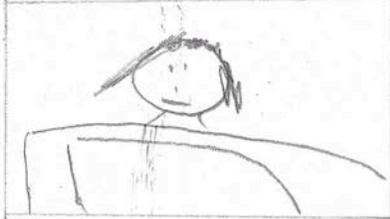
8.2 POV KID JULIAN CANNOT MOVE



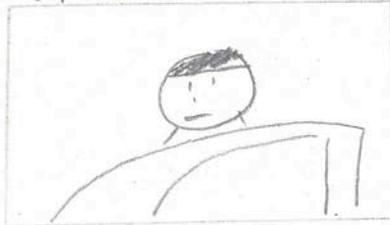
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

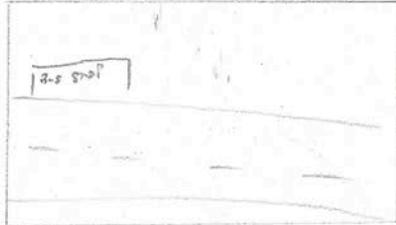
8.3 ACROSS CAR MCV JUAN



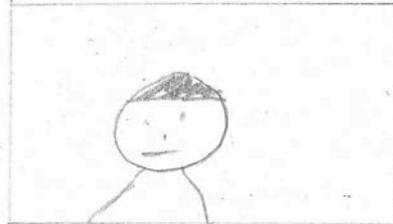
8.4 REVERSE ACROSS CAR MCV KID



8.5 LS DIRECTION TO STREET (X2?)



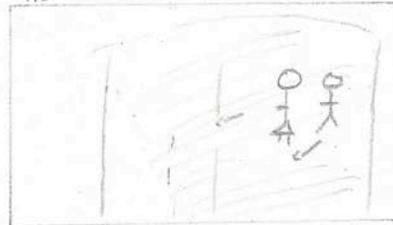
8.6 MS KID LOOKS AROUND



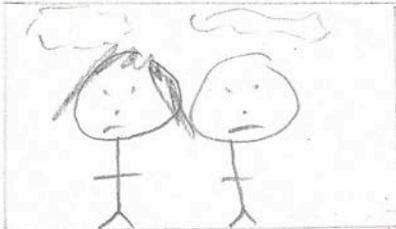
9.1 KID SHAKING/SEEMING IN BUS STOP



9.2 POV 2-SHOT P & MAN WALKING



9.3 MS 2-SHOT P & MAN



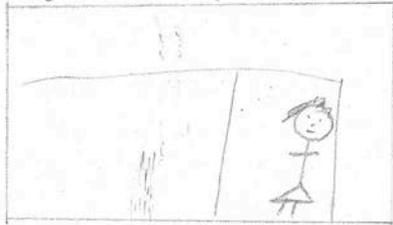
9.4 POV KID - MAN WALKING BY MS



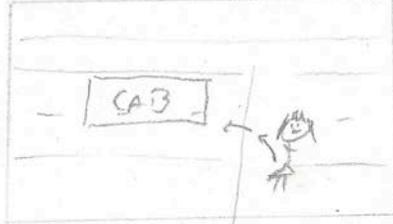
NIGHT OUT STORYBOARDS

12.25.2011

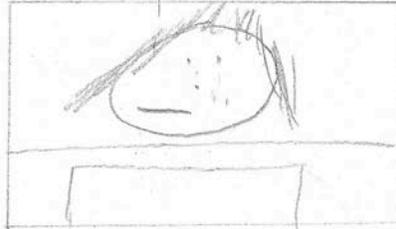
9.5 LS PATRICIA (CAME ON 3rd JAIL)



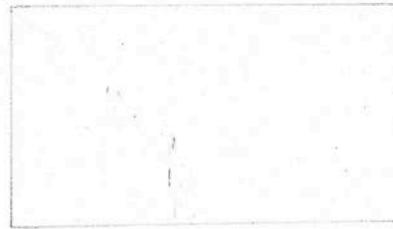
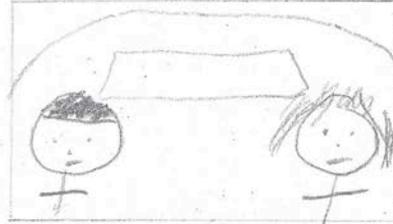
9.6 P RUNS ON STREET, HAILS CAB



9.7 MCV P TO KID



10.1 2-SHOT BWD BACKSTAY K/P



PROPS & COSTUME

Scene 1

Kid

Toque
gloves
scarf
jacket
sweater
shirt
pants
socks
boots
schoolbag
velcro wallet

Two older Kids
winter outerwear

Scene 2

Two little kids
winter outerwear

Scene 3

N/A

Scene 4

At Resto, need to order but there:

Menu
Spaghetti
Hot dogs
Fries
Coke (not in nagano glass)
Coffee cup (white generic)
Ketchup (glass bottle)
40 bucks (1x20+2x10)
float

Julian

Toque
gloves
scarf

jacket
sweater
shirt
pants
socks
boots

Scene 5

Cellphone (smartphone but not Iphone)
Girl in Skirt
costume
maybe uniform

Scene 6

VLTs
2 beers (in bottles) (maybe Hamms)
2 manhattans (small rocks glasses with finger square ridges)
2 shot glasses (either rocks glasses)
stools/ maybe swivel?
straws maybe (little black ones)

Patricia

dress (maybe?)
leggings
jacket
earrings
heels (2inch)

Scene 7-10

Cab

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