Spring 5-13-2016

Can the Good Man Be Happy? The Production of "Beyond Memory"

Madison Beaudet
University of New Orleans, New Orleans, madisonbeaudet@gmail.com

Recommended Citation

Can the Good Man Be Happy?
The Production of "Beyond Memory"

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
In
Film & Theatre Arts
Film Production

by

Madison Beaudet

B.A. Portland State University, 2012

May 2016

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

University of New Orleans	UNO
Assistant Director	AD
Over the Shoulder	OTS
Point of View	POV
Automatic Dialog Replacement	ADR

LIST OF FIGURES

ABSTRACT

This paper details the production of the short film *Beyond Memory* from conception through completion. Particular attention is paid to the application of Deleuze's time-image and film noir as a genre.

I – INTRODUCTION

> "...the simultaneity in one image of two things that would happen sequentially on the page – the train entering the station, the rain falling. In his view the cinema does automatically what literature wants to do and cannot: it connects two ideas in one time."
>
> Richard Brody, *Everything is Cinema* p. 68

This paper seeks to detail the making of my thesis film *Beyond Memory* through the stages of development, pre-production, production and post-production. Rather than serving as a journal, this document is intended to explore the ideas that shaped the film and how I have tried to situate myself within a genre, engage theoretical and philosophical concepts, and explore the medium's expressive capabilities.

The first section outlines some of the major intellectual influences on the project, particularly the concepts of philosopher Giles Deleuze. Over the past couple of years, Deleuze has been a source of both intellectual stimulation and artistic inspiration. His book *Cinema 2: the time-image* provided much of the conceptual framework for *Beyond Memory* and shaped my approach to film as a medium.

Next, I detail the process of writing the script with considerable attention paid to film noir as a genre. I utilize Andrew Dickos to explicate noir iconography, structure and character archetypes and Stephen Faison to provide an existential reading of these elements. I also draw from the novels and essays of Raymond Chandler for further examination of the private detective figure. After demonstrating my understanding of the genre, I describe how these ideas were employed throughout the various drafts of the script.

The following sections explain the decisions made to turn these ideas into concrete expressions with cinematography, production design and casting. Section VII describes the major problems and successes on the set of *Beyond Memory*. Then, the editing, sound design and score, and color correction sections show how those expressions were refined.

The final two sections evaluate successes and failures of the finished film in my view, starting with an attempt to objectively evaluate the technical aspects of *Beyond Memory*. In the concluding pages, I will posit a more subjective account of what the movie means to me as both a filmmaker and individual.

II – INFLUENCES

        Before embarking on the description of *Beyond Memory*'s production, I feel it is prudent to outline some of the major intellectual influences that structured my approach to my thesis film. My undergraduate training was in Film Studies at Portland State University and my interests in theory, history and criticism factored heavily into the development of *Beyond Memory*. During my time at UNO, I continued to pursue these academic interests with two long essays in Film History and Film Theory: "Isolated Together: Existentialism in Film Noir, Auteur Criticism and Nicholas Ray" and "The Limits of Control: A Case Study in the Morality of Decentralizing Narrative in Film" (both are included in the appendix). The former used film noir, particularly its existentialist themes, to reexamine the auteur criticism that spawned the French New Wave. The latter applied concepts developed by philosopher Gilles Deleuze in his book *Cinema 2: the time-image* to Jim Jarmusch's film The Limits of Control.[1] In his text, Deleuze draws heavily from the French New Wave to describe his concept of the time-image. Thus, film noir is situated, both historically and theoretically, within three major interests of mine: *auteur* criticism's concept of *mise-en-scène*, the subsequent French New Wave (and modern cinema more broadly), and existentialist philosophy.

        In contemporary cinema, film noir seldom rises above parody; sadly weighed down with clichéd detectives, femme fatales and chiaroscuro. This approach to the genre negates its natural power for social commentary and its exploration of the moral, psychological and philosophical implications of urban modernity. Much of this stems from a purely nostalgic view of the classic period of film noir (generally considered from *The Maltese Falcon*[2] to *Touch of Evil*[3]). This narrow time frame fails to consider the roots of noir which are embedded much further back: in the pulp detective fiction of the 1920s and 1930s. Even the low-key lighting often attributed to German filmmakers that fled to the United States around WWII has precedent in the hard-boiled school of writing, e.g., "The streets were dark with something more than night."[4] Rather than a short-lived, post-war phenomenon, noir is most effective as a contemporary genre. *Beyond Memory* was devised as an earnest engagement with the genre to explore masculinity, existential concerns, and film form.

        My discussion of film noir as a genre will continue in subsequent sections on the development and production of the film; the concepts of Deleuze would be much more difficult to integrate. I will attempt to summarize key points of his work here.

---

[1] 2009
[2] Huston, 1941
[3] Welles, 1958
[4] Chandler, "Introduction" p.1017

Deleuze delineates two distinct approaches to cinema: the movement-image and the time-image, classic and modern cinema, respectively. The movement-image is primarily concerned with the development of the sensory-motor schema, the interplay between received movement and executed movement: action and reaction. Movement passes from perception through affection to action resulting in a relation.[5] As it concerns an entire film, Deleuze defines this entire process as Situation, Action, Transformed Situation (SAS'), or, in the small form ('detective form'): Action, Revealed Situation, New Action (ASA').[6] In "The Limits of Control" I drew the comparison between this formula and narrative structure, as it helps to contextualize Deleuze's semiological terminology within a more general approach to film. It important to note that Deleuze insists that it is the development of the sensory-motor schema that "grounds narration in the image."[7] Simply put, it is the distinct combination of images that create narrative in film, rather than narrative giving rise to specific images. This view point is not nearly as radical as it seems at first glance. In fact, the entire field of editing is founded on this principle. However, the notion that it is images that create narrative does have profound implications: narrative is not inherent in film form, which calls into question the role of narrative in film.[8]

The movement-image enters a crisis following WWII:

> Nevertheless, the crisis which has shaken the action-image has depended on many factors which only had their full effect after the war, some of which were social, economic, political, moral and others more internal to art, to literature and to the cinema in particular. We might mention, in no particular order, the war and its consequences, the unsteadiness of the 'American Dream' in all its aspects, the new consciousness of minorities, the rise and inflation of images both in the external world and in people's minds, the influence on the cinema of new modes of narrative with which literature had experimented, the crisis of Hollywood and its old genres… Certainly, people continue to make SAS and ASA film: the greatest commercial successes always take that route, but the soul of cinema no longer does. The soul of cinema demands increasing thought, even if thought begins by undoing the system of actions, perceptions and affections on which cinema had been fed up to that point.
>
> - Deleuze, *Cinema 1* p. 206

In the above quotation, Deleuze lays out a basic thesis for the forces outside of cinema that led from the movement-image to the time-image. Within cinema, he points to the amassing of clichés.[9] He charges modern cinema with the responsibility of tearing real images from clichés.[10] As part of this process,

---

[5] Deleuze, *Cinema 2* p. 32
[6] Deleuze, *Cinema 1* p. 142 and p. 161
[7] *Cinema 2* p. 32
[8] This is crucial to the argument of "The Limits of Control" as well as the discussion of the time-image.
[9] *Cinema 1* p. 208-11
[10] *Cinema 2* p. 21

Deleuze notes the necessity of bringing in images that do not belong to the genre's set.[11] These concepts certainly played into my approach to the film noir genre.

As mentioned above, Deleuze calls into question the role of narrative in film with the notion that images create narrative in film, not the other way around. This becomes important when considering Deleuze's position that narrative's sole purpose is to pass judgment:

> Organic narration consists in the development of the sensory-motor schemata as a result of which characters react to situations or act in such a way as to disclose the situation. This is a truthful narration in the sense that it claims to be true, even in fiction… [it] is defined by a field of forces, oppositions and tensions between these forces, resolutions of these tensions according to the distribution of goals, obstacles, means, detours…Truthful narration is developed organically, according to legal connections in space and chronological relations in time. Of course, the elsewhere may be close to here, and the former to the present; but this variability of places and moments does not call the relations and connections into question. They rather determine its terms or elements, so that narration implies an inquiry or testimonies which connect it to the true. The investigator and witness may take on an autonomous and explicit shape, as in literal 'judicial' films. But whether explicitly or not, narration always refers to a system of judgment: even when the acquittal takes place due to benefit of the doubt, or when the guilty is only so because of fate.
>
> *- Cinema 2* p. 127-133[12]

I have argued elsewhere the moral ramifications of this system of judgment.[13] Contrary to the system of judgment that professes itself to be true, modern cinema through the time-image substitutes affective evaluation by positing "false narration." False or falsifying narration refers to narrative structures that pose incompossible[14] presents and/or the coexistence of not necessarily true pasts (this particular notion structured the script of *Beyond Memory* as will be explained in the following section).[15]

This discussion of Deleuze is far from exhaustive, nor does it seek to explain the themes or purpose of *Beyond Memory*; rather, it serves to lay out the theoretical and critical methodologies that influenced decisions throughout production. Far more than telling a story with a deliberate message, I sought to situate *Beyond Memory* within a genre to explore film form and philosophical ideas, particularly existential themes and the function of memory.

---

[11] *Cinema 2* p. 184

[12] Cf. Lajos Egri *The Art of Dramatic Writing*. Deleuze's claim is very similar to Egri's chapter on premise (p. 2), though they draw different conclusions.

[13] "The Limits of Control" especially the section pertaining to William S. Burroughs and the Conclusion (p. 76 & p. 81)

[14] Not mutually possible

[15] *Cinema 2* p. 131

PART 1 – GENRE & STRUCTURE

      Writing extensively about film noir in "Isolated Together," I was piqued to write within that genre. Two key texts shaped my understanding of noir throughout the process: Andrew Dickos' *Street with No Name* (which provides a comprehensive study of noir iconography and motifs) and Stephen Faison's *Existentialism, Film Noir, and Hard-Boiled Fiction* (which provides an existentialist reading of the genre). Additionally, I read the works of Raymond Chandler, limiting my hard-boiled reading to him both because of my enjoyment of his work and because of his works' screen adaptations: *The Big Sleep*[16] and *The Long Goodbye*.[17] *The Big Sleep* provides the possibility of romance for the Marlowe character and the private detective archetype (though I have my reservations and critiques). *The Long Goodbye* demonstrates the fashioning of a contemporary private detective (though I have a bit more nostalgia than Altman). Before detailing the various stages of the script, I will outline the generic factors that shaped the main characters and structure.

> I'm a licensed private investigator and have been for quite a while. I'm a lone wolf, unmarried, getting middle-aged, and not rich. I've been in jail more than once and I don't do divorce business. I like liquor and women and chess and a few other things. The cops don't like me too well, but I know a couple I get along with. I'm a native son, born in Santa Rosa, both parents dead, no brothers or sisters, and when I get knocked off in a dark alley sometime, if it happens, as it could to anyone in my business, and plenty of people in any business or no business at all these days, nobody will feel that the bottom has dropped out of his or her life.
>
> <div align="right">Chandler, The Long Goodbye p. 493</div>

In this passage, Phillip Marlowe sums up everyone's conception of the private detective. Chandler's view of what makes the private eye (in all hard-boiled fiction) has nothing to do with his past; instead he inherently knows the difference between right and wrong and is willing to fight the corruption and hypocrisy of the world he lives in.[18] Faison notes this instinctual morality as a key facet of noir's working class ethics and politics.[19] This "past-lessness" is what separates the detective from other noir protagonists, who often are trying to escape their pasts.[20] By contrast, the detective pursues, in search of truth (however insignificant or limited) and it is personal only through bodily (and sometimes emotional) harm incurred in the process.[21]

---

[16] Hawks, 1946
[17] Altman, 1973
[18] Chandler, "The Simple Art of Murder" p. 992
[19] p. 92
[20] Cf. Dickos p. 66
[21] Cf. Dickos p. 105 and Faison p. 80 Dickos mentions the existential awareness of the private eye. Faison explicates this into metaphysics of the noir world that abandons its characters to seek answers with a limited empiricism inside a chaotic world.

Herein lies the root of the easily parodied private detective figure: he comes from nowhere and is tired of being right. Thus, my intention with Valentine was to interrogate that archetype by giving him a past, which makes the future matter and the present more difficult. This was addressed on two fronts: the case and his choice to be a private detective (this was much more deliberate in early drafts). The case, as it were, is immediately personal; it involves his most intimate relationship. This negates the detective's most valuable tool: detachment.

Faison discusses the ending of *The Maltese Falcon* at length as it is exemplary of the detective figure's necessity of detachment and the limitations of empirical evidence when determining human motive. In the movie and the book, Brigid O'Shaunessey implores Spade to "look" at her; he can "see" she isn't all bad. The dissonance between her appearance and her character persists throughout, culminating in her professing her love for Spade… but he turns her over to the police anyway. Faison asserts that this is part of noir's existential epistemology: one can only know things through the senses, but this is insufficient information to make a decision. In the end, it is more important to Spade to be a good detective than gamble on the possibility of love. It is important to note that his personal feelings about Archer do not motivate Spade, but rather the professional symbol that it means to catch his partner's killer.[22] The private eye's job is the existential reason for his existence. His natural temperament (outlined by Chandler above) leaves him no real alternative in terms of employment and the uncertainty of human interaction renders such endeavors lost causes.

Faison notes the more problematic traits of this process: "Knowledge is often the basis for decision-making but is frequently also used to remove the burden and responsibility of decision-making."[23] This is the flaw of Valentine. He refuses to accept responsibility for his part in the failing of his relationship with Zia. It stems from his stubborn attachment to his job. His need to be a private eye is responsible for many of the more affected elements of his persona. Bogart's portrayal of Phillip Marlowe sets the standard for this archetype. It is pertinent here to discuss some of the coded elements of Valentine's character.

In early drafts of the script, "Richard Valentine" was not the character's real name. It was Richie Argencour. He changed it to Valentine, so it would sound more hard-boiled. Even though this was later cut from the script, it is important to note that Valentine tries hard to be a Marlowe-like detective. Another deliberate siding with the Bogart detective(s) is Valentine's refusal to investigate infidelities ("divorce work"). Though this was not explicit in early drafts, it was always part of the character in my mind. This choice is what separates idealized detectives like Spade and Marlowe from the "flawed"

---

[22] Faison p. 66-9; 75-6
[23] *Ibid.* p. 68

detectives like Mike Hammer[24] and J.J. Gittes.[25] Despite his attempts to place himself in the idealized group, Valentine has more in common with the latter detectives than he realizes. Both Hammer and Gittes are out of their depths. Because of his pride, Gittes is unable to see the darkness of Noah Cross until it's too late. Mike Hammer quite literally does not know what he's dealing with.[26] The private detective may be able to drag his battered body from small-time puppets to high-society puppeteers to the truth of a socio-economic crime, but he is unable to comprehend something as un-gainful as incest or as destructive as an atomic bomb. At his best, the private detective is a resilient seeker of truth. At his worst, he stubbornly gets other people killed to prove that he is clever and tough.

Raymond Chandler states that he doesn't "care much about [the detective's] private life."[27] I have opted for the opposite approach. Given that the detective holds no illusions about his ability to change the world he lives in, why deny himself happiness? The apparent answer is the retention of freedom and autonomy so desired by the private eye. Less charitably, perhaps it has to do with the refusal to take responsibility for decisions unaided by logic, as alluded to by Faison. This complicates the notion that "if he is an honorable man in one thing, he is that in all things."[28] Faison argues that noir ethics resonated with working class men because they were shown through specific situations rather than abstract concepts.[29] His qualification of men is important, as it illustrates the detective archetype as an idealized masculinity. This explains the existence of Mike Hammer and Jake Gittes: they embody the dangers of taking the hard-boiled exterior at face value. In *Playback*, Phillip Marlowe says, "If I wasn't hard, I wouldn't be alive. If I couldn't be gentle, I wouldn't deserve to be alive."[30] Gittes, Hammer and Richard Valentine seem to forget this.

The question of denied happiness remains because the unwavering belief in the "square deal" and the practice of ethics in specific situations is rendered invalid when the private detective only seems to care about humans in the abstract sense. It begs the question: why choose an existence predicated on a losing battle in the public sphere when the only loss is private fulfillment? And more importantly, what is the usefulness of the private detective as a figure when he becomes simply a martyr for futility?

These are the questions that fueled *Beyond Memory*. I am brought back to Deleuze, who poses a similar question, one that the private eye seems to be asking but is unable to articulate: "How can one

---

[24] Ralph Meeker's character in *Kiss Me Deadly* (Aldrich, 1955)
[25] Jack Nicholson's character in *Chinatown* (Polanski, 1974)
[26] Dickos notes Hammer's inability to deal with the case: "… the pursuit of an unknown object, never defined except with scary illusions, a 'whatsit.' (p. 135)"
[27] "The Simple Art of Murder" p. 992
[28] Ibid.
[29] Cf. p. 112
[30] p. 861

exist, personally, if one cannot do it alone?"[31] I find this to be crucial in his conception of modern cinema and its breakdown of the barrier between the political and the private.[32] This is why Valentine's case is immediately and patently personal – his search is internal and his choices pointedly existential.

On the other side of the coin is Zia. Unlike Valentine, I endeavored to keep her character's history opaque. Andrew Dickos notes, "The opacity of the femme fatale is a projection of the male desire to retain her in the role of the mystery woman – an enigma that satisfies as it arouses the unknowability of her hidden destructive powers."[33] Zia is literally a projection of Valentine's memory. Thus, her desire for money[34] is only apparent and filtered through his interpretation of past events. Her current actions are left deliberately vague (more so in early drafts), so as to heighten the futility of Valentine's search.

The epigraph from Saint Augustine's *Confessions* was originally "You shed your fragrance about me; I drew breath and now gasp for your sweet odour."[35] This quote was later moved to the postscript. The text of the *Confessions* is interesting in that it shifts from Augustine's personal conversion tale in the first eight books, but the remaining five are philosophical in nature. Book X, from which this quote is derived, is primarily concerned with the metaphysical problem of memory. Augustine ponders how memory functions and how it can seem to exist beyond the mind as it encompasses the totality of our experience, even when we forget something.[36] Most pertinent to the script is Augustine's deliberation on the process of remembering emotion and how it differs from empirical memories. Empirical memories can be restored to the present through operations of the mind.[37] Given that I play with the connection between scent and memory, Augustine provides a way to interpret the mechanism of Zia appearing and disappearing.

The epigraph was later changed to "I must pass beyond memory to find you, my true Good, my sure Sweetness. But where will the search lead me?"[38] I discovered this passage when I was re-reading Augustine in hopes of discovering a title. It turned out to be the right place to look. Much better than the pun *In a Scent* or some heavy-handed noir title that referenced death or darkness in the streets. *Beyond Memory*, while not the most noir title, better encapsulates the driving force of the film. In conjunction

---

[31] *Cinema 2* p. 193
[32] *Ibid*. 218
[33] p. 162
[34] *Ibid*.
[35] p. 232
[36] *Cf.* p. 219 "But the word cogito is restricted to the function of the mind. It is correctly used only what of is assembled in the mind." *Ibid*.
  It is also interesting to note that Augustine's discussions bear similarity to the work of Henri Bergson, the philosopher Deleuze draws from for his conception of the sensory-motor schema and the function of time. cf. Matter and Memory.
[37] Augustine p. 215
[38] Ibid. p. 224 it continues, "If I find you beyond my memory, it means that I have no memory of you. How, then, am I to find you, if I have no memory of you?"

with the quote, it not only conjures the futile and dangerous search of the private detective but indicates that the search will be internal.

PART 2 – EARLY DRAFTS

The first draft of the script was penned in the summer of 2014. I had originally intended to use the idea for my second year film in FTA 5500/5550, but the idea proved too much for an eight page script and was never finished. I revisited it in December, intending to make it into my thesis.

Drafts one and two focused heavily on Valentine's detective identity (including a prologue that featured young Valentine before he changed his name). At this point, Zia's appearance was far more driven by chance, an attempt to incorporate the noir world that oscillates between random chance and fate.[39] Valentine steps onto the street, looking to enjoy a nice cigar, when he notices a smell and sees the flash of a woman in a yellow dress. This sparks his search for the perfume that Zia wore.

He looks for the perfume and tries to determine whether or not Zia is in town. He gets a black eye from a woman he mistakes for Zia and another from Nick when he refuses to open up about his problems. Nick tells him about a perfume store that he could check out. Dead end. Zia hadn't purchased a bottle, but Valentine decides to. Back at his house, he sprays the perfume and has a final conversation with Zia (or her manifested memory). Valentine tosses out the bottle and regrets the decision. The script ends with him crying in the street over a broken bottle. Throughout the permutations of the script these last two scenes were the only ones that remained relatively intact, save for one attempt at a happy ending.

In these early drafts the final conversation with Zia skirted around a much more complicated history. Zia left Valentine and ended up marrying a millionaire (who would later become the character of Sean Lawrence). The situation was complicated by the fact that Valentine had gotten Lawrence's younger brother killed and he was forced out of town, changing his name and resettling in New Orleans. This was an attempt to tie money to criminal enterprises. The distrust of money that the private detective has is a crucial part of the political element of noir existentialism.[40] Rather than being illuminating, this backstory made the past unduly convoluted and Zia's decision to leave Valentine less clear. I had in my mind that Zia married Lawrence as a selfless act that was a bargaining chip to save Valentine's life, but this failed to come through on the page.

The element from the early drafts I miss most is the prominence of Nick and Raoul. The attempt was to create the distinction between friendship (which the noir ethical framework allows for)[41] and romance. Nick and Raoul were also developed to tie Valentine to Mike Hammer. In *Kiss Me Deadly*,

---

[39] Faison p. 31
[40] Cf. Faison's chapter "The Existential Politics of Noir"
[41] Ibid. p. 104

Hammer's only friend is the Greek mechanic Nick (Nick Dennis). Nick got the name, Raoul got the foreignness. At one point, there was a third friend, Chuck, who was a mechanic. It was important to me to limit Valentine's movement, as well as justify his walking around everywhere, by taking away his car.[42]

At this point in the writing process, I developed a rapport with screenwriter Katheryn Warzak. Initially, she intended to give me notes, but she ended up producing and co-writing the film. Her contributions led to the best additions to the script and the film could not have been made without her. As we were working together, a second version was developed that shifted Valentine's search from Zia's perfume to Zia herself. We wrote a new draft of each version and decided to combine the best elements of both into what became the final version.

PART 3 – LATER DRAFTS

This new version introduced Lawrence as a character. In keeping with genre conventions, I originally had Valentine engaged for his services by an emissary of Lawrence's. Katheryn told me it would take too long for Lawrence to show up if I took that route. Why not just start with him at Valentine's office? Valentine would just punch him if he dropped in unannounced, I explained. "So? What's wrong with that?" She was right. It'd be a strong, humorous opening.

This version dropped Zia as an apparition. Instead, she haunted these two men as an unseen ghost, save for her appearance in Valentine's bed. In the final scene, she actually was there in Valentine's house. It culminated in the happier ending of Zia going back to Lawrence, but Valentine having a new perspective on his life.

Though there were benefits to Valentine having the perfume from the beginning of the movie, it lost the 'is she or isn't she?' mystery that made the original concept work. The best thing to come from Lawrence hiring Valentine for the case was the prop of the handkerchief, a plausible vehicle of scent delivery which also allowed me to pay homage to *The Killers*.[43] In this refashioning of a Hemmingway short of the same name, an insurance investigator (Edmond O'Brian) tries to discover why The Swede (Burt Lancaster) would passively accept his own death. His first clue is a handkerchief The Swede got from Kitty Collins (Ava Gardner), the woman who betrayed him. Not only does this film deal with the impossibility of truth from unreliable sources (it is structured primarily through subjective flashbacks), it also muses upon the inscrutability of human emotion.[44]

Two of the best scenes came from this new version: the hotel and the "St. James Infirmary Blues" musical interlude. Though they were both substantially changed in subsequent drafts, the movie was

---

[42] Dickos notes that cars have a role in almost every film noir. p. 176
[43] Robert Siodmak, 1946
[44] Cf. Faison's analysis of the film p. 53-7

starting to take shape. The original hotel scene brought Lawrence back into the picture. He had been tracking Valentine's progress and followed him to the hotel. Valentine smells the perfume and is about to investigate something on the balcony, but is interrupted by a knock. On the other side of the door is Lawrence, who immediately punches Valentine. This led to the image I miss the most from this draft: two sad men with black eyes sitting on a hotel bed drinking whiskey, wondering what happened to the woman they both love. It was cut because their conversation was again grounded in exposition about a convoluted backstory involving Lawrence's brother and a previous investigation of Valentine's.

The "St. James Infirmary Blues" scene allowed me to repurpose a hitherto missing element of noir: the jazzy nightclub. Dickos points out the prevalence of these seedy locations in the genre and their connection to chance, fate and danger while escaping to or from a mundane existence.[45] In some ways, New Orleans as a city can feel like one big nightclub, it seemed only fitting that we used this to our advantage in the script.

"St. James Infirmary Blues" has always fascinated me for its odd lyrical structure. The three common verses are some variation on these:

> I went down to the St. James Infirmary
> To see my baby there
> She was stretched out on a long white table
> So sweet, so cold, so fair
>
> Let her go, God please bless her
> Wherever she may be
> She can search the whole world over
> And never find a sweet, little man like me
>
> Now when I die, bury me in my shoes
> I want a Boxback coat and a Stetson hat
> Put a twenty dollar gold piece chain in my pocket
> So the boys will know I died standing pat

In the first verse, the singer's lover is dead. In verse two she left him (a poor decision), while the third verse deals with the singer's desire to look important when he dies. This disjointed set of desires from the singer pose an interesting look into the psyche of a jilted lover (decidedly male) and provide an interesting interpretation of Valentine's conflicting emotions. The chronology of the verses emphasizes the loss of the singer's lover; he loses her twice, once to death and once to a break-up. The break-up would appear to happen first and implies a causality between her leaving him and ending up dead. Despite any hard feelings toward her, he cannot help but love her and mourn her loss. The first two verses illustrate the difficult line between good riddance and goodbye.

The third verse is what seems to make the song especially complicated; she dies in obscurity, perhaps even anonymity, but he refuses to do so. He will die "standing pat." This makes his life's value

---

[45] p. 174-5

11

completely material, as opposed to the possible immortality of the woman (as a religious reading of the first couple lines of verse two is not unwarranted). Without her, his life is reduced merely to appearance.

With the inclusion of "St. James Infirmary Blues" I aimed to utilize the conflicted lyrics as an examination of Valentine's predicament. Not only does he have opposing feelings toward Zia, his need to be a private detective (his version of standing pat) is all he has left. The existential need of the detective to be a detective is one of the cornerstones of this film (as discussed above); this song gave me the key to expressing this without resorting to a prologue or convoluted backstory.

Katheryn and I now had two distinct versions of the script with differing strengths. The original version had the benefit of creating a more mysterious Zia and a stronger ending. The new version had the punchy opening scene and a better tangible expression of Zia's perfume. The best course of action seemed to be an attempt at combining the best elements of both.

Combining the versions solved many of the issues that persisted in both versions: the apparitions of Zia became less coincidental and were grounded in specific memories of Valentine's. The hotel and "St. James Infirmary" scenes functioned as a strong turning point, where the movie abandons all pretense of an external search. Valentine getting punched was better grounded in the conceptual framework, rather than coming from a completely incidental character. Most importantly, the starting and endpoints felt right. It was then just a matter of fine-tuning the middle.

Now that Lawrence's function in the script served merely to set things in motion and Zia's appearances were connected to intimate memories between her and Valentine, we were well on our way to solving a problem of the script that had persisted through all its incarnations: the convoluted backstory. Not only was there insufficient room to pack a feature length noir plot into the exposition, it simply didn't fit the movie I wanted to make. I never wanted the movie to be about Valentine not knowing what really happened, but that is the conflict the backstory posited. We cut it all and didn't miss it. There was no reason to try to tie Valentine's personal life with his business until the events of *Beyond Memory*. Finally, the movie was working toward the existential choice Valentine made to believe Zia left him for Lawrence's money; it doesn't matter if she did or not, because information does not help in making this kind of decision.

Now that we had the proper elements in the script, our only task left was to improve upon them. I would do a draft and Katheryn would cut it down. She substantially condensed the scene with Lawrence by adding the line "It's amazing how tough guys always sound like little kids." This replaced half of a page of banter. Many of her edits were to the early scenes. When we were getting close to the end of the process, I re-appropriated some of this space to the final scene between Zia and Valentine. It was important that this scene take up a considerable amount of the script. Not only is it the only time Zia functions as an independent character, it creates a dichotomy between the public search and the private

battle. These two sections take up roughly half of the script with the "St. James Infirmary Blues" scene functioning as an intermediary.

PART 4 – VALENTINE

Even though many aspects of Valentine were shaped by external concepts, through the process of writing, he moved from idea to person. He came from a blue-collar family. His dad was always working in order to send Valentine to a good school. He was intelligent, but poorer than many of his classmates, so he was picked on until he learned that he was tougher than they were. He got into a lot of fights and was generally left alone after he'd won them. Whenever he saw someone being bullied, he'd step in.

Valentine's habit of inserting himself into situations is how he met Zia. He was at a bar (likely on a case) and saw a guy getting a little too frisky with a girl that wasn't interested; he intervened. Zia appreciated the help, but wasn't particularly impressed with the tough guy act. In his own, odd sort of way, Valentine is a gentleman; he gave her a ride home and didn't try to make a pass. This is what piqued Zia's interest.

As their relationship developed, it became clear that Valentine suffered from the emotional distance that seems to be ingrained in the blue-collar man's genetic code. He loved her but couldn't show it. At the same time, he needed her to prove her love of him, the classic double standard. Zia's friendship with Sean Lawrence (which existed before Valentine and Zia met) was another source of tension. Not only was Valentine suspicious of Lawrence's intentions with Zia, his childhood experiences had engendered in him a disdain for money and those who possess it.

IV – CINEMATOGRAPHY

Ryne Anderson, the cinematographer of *Beyond Memory*, was a lucky find. He showed remarkable dedication and hard work that not only improved the look of the film but also the quality of the set. Katheryn recommended him to me, as she had worked with him before. He continually pushed for a clear shot list and a mutual understanding of what shots we were going to get. Ryne is far more practical than I am, so our conversations were not about ideas but basic cinematographic qualities: color, lighting, movement, and composition.

Most people who read the script asked, "Are you going to shoot it in black and white?" Ryne was no different. It was the first major decision we made. Since black and white is so closely tied to audiences' memory of film noir, I wanted to avoid it. Color would also help us make the scent tangible by associating it with a specific color. Zia's color would be yellow: her dress, the handkerchief, the perfume bottle and the hotel room. In contrast, Valentine would be drab, neutral colors, mostly brown and grey.

Chinatown was a major influence on color palate. Polanski's neo-noir is perhaps the most well known film after the classic cycle, likely because of its nostalgia for the genre. Its most radical departure is the arid feel, making it different than most noirs, which tend to exist in a perpetual state of just after rainfall. Even though most of *Beyond Memory* takes place inside, I wanted the sense of dryness and infertility of Chinatown's brown color scheme. *Le Samourai*[46] uses a very grey color scheme that shows the bleakness of the noir protagonist's home life. We accented the browns with grey, black and white to create a sense of emptiness in Valentine's spaces.

The low-key lighting most associated with the noir style was something I wanted to be careful about using. We opted for a progression from light shadows to heavy shadows to mimic the progression of noir as a genre. *The Maltese Falcon* is very tame in terms of high contrast photography. It is exemplary of a stark difference between the beginning of the classic cycle and its end: *Touch of Evil*. The progression into shadow was an attempt to utilize the genre's stylistic conventions in a way that illustrated a key function of shadows in classic noir films. German expressionism is often cited as the source for low-key aesthetic, but in my studies I found there to be a radically different use of the technique in film noir. In expressionism, the mise-en-scène is the projection of the character's psyche (fear, anxiety, paranoia), whereas in noir it is the cause of these feelings, not the representation of them.[47] Furthermore, darkness functions as a hindrance to Valentine's ability to rely on his sight, adding to the

---

[46] Melville, 1967 (Figure 1)
[47] I have argued this point in more detail elsewhere: "Isolated Together" p. 48

limits of empiricism that Faison discusses.[48] This progression was designed to provide a counterpoint to Valentine's certainty.

Movement was also used to comment on Valentine's misunderstanding of his situation. While it aesthetically harkens back to classic noir camera work, particularly, *The Big Sleep*, it is repurposed to highlight Valentine's futility. Most of the scenes begin with a tracking shot and many others contain at least one. In the early scenes, Valentine appears to move the frame, giving the illusion that he is in control. The opening scene sets up this concept. Even in the script stage, Katheryn and I envisioned this scene to be a single tracking shot. First the camera describes Valentine and his space, then it follows him to the door where he punches Lawrence.

In the second scene, the camera movement begins the process of closing in on Valentine, questioning his control of the situation. There are two shots that do this: the dolly in on Valentine's face as he smells the handkerchief and the wide shot that evens out the frame between him and Lawrence after the flashback. This motif continues in Valentine's bedroom before Zia's first manifestation, when he gets the phone call from Raoul that sends him to the hotel, and outside of Zia's hotel room.

As the movie progresses, Zia takes control of movement as it functions to reveal or conceal her. This starts with her in Valentine's bed, the revelation of her in the mirror of the hotel room, her various manifestations on the street, and her appearances and disappearances on Valentine's couch. By the time Valentine hands her the drink and it doesn't fall, she has complete control over the tracking shots: it moves back with her as she saunters past Valentine and closes in on him with her during the final part of their conversation.

The "St. James Infirmary Blues" scene is the only time we used a handheld camera. This not only solved certain practical issues pertaining to the French Quarter location, it helped distinguish the scene from the rest of the film, solidifying the transition from the first half to the second. The main body of the scene alternates between a frontal medium shot of Valentine staggering down the street and his POV. The camera, rather than following Valentine, appears to be dragging him along. The handheld movement adds to his instability and apprehensiveness about what he is seeing.

Much like the camera movement, composition was used to chip away at Valentine's control. We decided to have him slowly lose his prominence in the frame. In the opening shot Valentine takes up a considerable amount of space; by the final shot he is reduced to a tiny figure with a cab (that may or may not have Zia in it) looming over him.

There are many occasions where a low-angle shot with a wide lens was used to emphasize the space around Valentine. This type of shot draws from the camera work in *The Big Sleep*,[49] but rather than

---

[48] *Cf.* p. 79
[49] See Figure 2

being used to establish the environment, it is employed to give the setting dominance over Valentine. There are four major instances of this in *Beyond Memory*. The wide shot in front of the hotel is the first notable one. Just at the point of apparent success, the movement that dominated the earlier entrances to scenes stops and shows a tiny Valentine ineffectively questioning a bellhop. Ryne thought that this shot would fail to draw the audience in and wanted to start the scene with a shot that tracks Valentine getting out of Raoul's cab to the bellhop. On top of my intentions for the shot, I was concerned about the dialogue. A closer shot would necessitate hearing Valentine's questions, but I saw the value of a shot that covered Valentine traversing the space between the door and the car. We decided to get both.

Inside the hotel room, the low-angle wide was used at the point of Zia's disappearance to emphasize Valentine's inability to effect the present or future without reckoning with the past. The camera is behind him, much like the shots outside Zia's room. From this point in the film, I wanted to play with the idea of Valentine looking the wrong way. This motif comes up again after the glass exchange: the over-the-shoulder, shot-reverse shot is inverted during Valentine and Zia's dialogue.

The third low-angle wide is used at this point to mark the instability of Valentine's convictions. His accusation that Zia doesn't know anything about being hurt in love is called into question, indicating his interpretation of their past is flawed. Zia then moves them to the couch and proceeds to loom over Valentine, maintaining a higher position in the frame. This was a direct homage to the work of Nicholas Ray who continually used the image of a woman in a higher position than a man in a frame to imply a moral superiority, particularly in relation to violence.[50]

After Valentine throws out the perfume bottle, the final low-angle wide shot criticizes his decision by enforcing the broken glass and his empty living room. This leads to his emotional breakdown. He thinks he has won but the shot implies otherwise.

The foregoing discussion ties into another cinematographic strategy Ryne and I devised: the use of camera proximity. Valentine is an emotionally distant character, the archetype demands as much, and this character trait is a likely contributor to Zia's decision to leave him. We decided to use limited close-ups in the earlier scenes to create a similar lack of intimacy. The first true affective close-up occurs in Zia's hotel room after she disappears. While there are more close shots in the final sequence, the only other shot comparable is when Valentine is crying over the broken perfume bottle.

---

[50] This was one my major findings in "Isolated Together" p. 61-5

PART 1 – BASIC APPROACH

      The design of *Beyond Memory* closely mirrors the visual strategies of the cinematography: to engage film noir as a genre and refashion these elements to elucidate Valentine's relationship with his past and the existential nature of his role as a private detective. This was accomplished by creating a contrast between Valentine's home and his office, as well as Zia's rooms (the flashback and hotel). The biggest challenge for the production design was to have the costumes and furnishings as nostalgic as possible without taking the movie out of a contemporary setting. Alaina Boyett, the production designer, and Amy Laws, the costume designer, handled this task admirably.

      Despite the wide range of movies to draw from, Alaina and I referenced *Angel Heart*[51] more than any other when we discussed the design of the film. In a lot of ways, it is the noir that most closely resembles *Beyond Memory*: it is set in New Orleans and uses elements not commonly found in noir to make the detective's futile search more existential. We also looked at *The Long Goodbye*, not so much for direct inspiration, but as a reference for contemporizing the noir aesthetic.

PART 2 - WARDROBE

      Valentine's wardrobe was fairly easy to pin down. We had the color scheme of brown and grey for his outfit and the detective outfit is fairly well defined: hat, trench coat, slacks, button-up shirt. This at once connects him to the notion of being stuck in the past and his need to appear like a private eye. The most distinctive part of his wardrobe was the tie. There was something about Mickey Rourke's tie in *Angel Heart* that struck a chord with me. We decided that Valentine having a tacky tie would help sell the idea that he hasn't bought new clothes since the 90s. We found a grey tie that, luckily, had accents of yellow in the patterns. We had planned to have his clothes seem worn, but it fell through the cracks.

      Zia was a bit more of a challenge. Yellow dresses were scarcer than we'd imagined. We had the added challenge of seeking something that had a classic feel but was difficult to place within a specific era. We found the main dress online. The yellow was not overpowering and the cut was classic. I particularly liked that it wasn't too seductive, given that Zia is not necessarily a *femme fatale.* It was also long enough to accommodate the blocking I had planned without becoming too revealing. Fortunately, our actress Sarah Beth James had a wide selection of shoes to choose from. We decided that black heels would be most the timeless. Heels would also make Zia and Valentine about the same height which played into the idea of her taking over the frame.

---

[51] Alan Parker, 1987

The fancier dress took longer to hunt down. The idea was that she'd be dressed up for one of Lawrence's parties. We decided to add long silk gloves to the outfit to sell the occasion. Amy hunted down a dress that wasn't yellow but nude, which still had a warmth to it that worked for our conception of the character. It was tight fitting and had a slit at the knee, giving it a more classic feel. The pearl waistband added a nice flourish and gave us a direction to go for jewelry.

Given the budget, we had to be careful with putting together Lawrence's outfit as he is supposed to be wealthy. We wanted more color than Valentine, but not so much that the contrast was too great, so we settled on blue. His pants were a lighter color than Valentine's but still in the brown spectrum. Despite the differences between the two men, we wanted to create some parallels in their clothes to connect them. The most obvious connection is that Lawrence's tie also has yellow in it. The coat for the opening shot was a last minute addition, I felt that it gave him a classic "big-shot" kind of look to help sell that he has money.

I wanted Nick to have a Hawaiian shirt because it gives off a congenial vibe but is also tacky, much like Valentine's tie. It created a sort of bond between them. The apron was simply a matter of verisimilitude. The bellhop's outfit was inspired by Cinqué Lee's character in *Mystery Train.*[52] Raoul's costume was pretty straightforward: within the Valentine color palate and nothing fancy.

PART 3 – LOCATIONS & SET DECORATION

I wanted a sparse, almost empty feel to Valentine's spaces to highlight the sadness of his existence. Alaina had her reservations; she worried that it wouldn't look good or believable. She took inspiration from the movies I showed her and opted for a more cluttered appearance. Katheryn didn't think it should look too slovenly or it wouldn't make much sense that Zia would have dated him. I think we achieved a nice balance between these factors. Valentine's office was cluttered, his living room was a little messy and his bedroom was incredibly sparse. I think this progression from public to private spaces becoming emptier fell in line with his existential need to be a detective.

There was a lot of debate between me and Katheryn regarding the office. I didn't think we would find a place that fit the aesthetic I wanted and Katheryn wasn't sure we could get enough things to fill up an empty space made to look like an office. We scouted a few office locations but they looked too nice and wouldn't accommodate the shots Ryne and I had talked about. At the time, Katheryn was cat-sitting for her neighbor. She asked if we could make his front room into Valentine's office. I liked the off color walls, wood floors and minimal windows. From a production standpoint, we also had the benefit Katheryn's house available to use as a staging area for cast and crew. We decided to create Valentine's office there.

---

[52] Jim Jarmusch, 1989

We had access to filing cabinets, so the main concern became the desk. Many UNO students use the desks from the graduate assistants' office but I really didn't like the look of them. The wood is cheap and without character. I felt that it needed be bigger and look older. We found a perfect desk that we could rent from Canal Furniture Liquidators. It was dark, solid and massive.

Alaina and her team found a great fan and lamp to put on top of the desk. These really helped set the tone of the office. The fan in particular created a sense futility: a broken fan in a stuffy office. Alaina also added a dead plant and an empty tape dispenser.

The flashback into Zia's bedroom was only ever going to be a few seconds, but nonetheless created a challenge for the art department as it had to set up her character and contrast Valentine's bedroom. It didn't really start coming together until we found the location. During my search for the office, I looked at my boss' house, since he had recently moved in, which would make the transformation into the set easier. His house was too nice for the office, but his bedroom worked perfectly for Zia's. He had a queen size bed with pillars on the frame that we could drape yellow fabric over. The only shot in the scene was through a mirror, which we brought in.

Even in the script writing phase I planned to use Suis Generis for Nick's Diner. I knew the owners but more importantly, the eclectic aesthetic of the restaurant has a classic feel while still looking contemporary. I really liked the beaded curtain that separates the bar from the kitchen too; there's something about loosely defined spaces that I find myself drawn to. The decent sized dining area and long bar would allow us to really play up the emptiness of the restaurant.

I used my own house for Valentine's. Given the logistics of the shoot and the amount of time we needed for those scenes, there really wasn't another feasible option considering schedule and budget. This gave us the freedom to tailor it to the needs of the design and script. Again, there was a loosely defined separation between the kitchen and the living room. This provided a lot of opportunities for me and Ryan to have Zia appear and disappear. Fortunately, my couch fit into the color scheme and aesthetic we had for Valentine. Just about everything else had to go. I packed up most of my things and kept them in a shed for the duration of the shoot (and a substantial amount of time thereafter). In addition to a small end table and lamp, which were required by the script, we had another small table with a chessboard on it to pay homage to Marlowe. We kept one of my bookshelves but left it empty. Over the couch Alaina put up a painting of classic Hollywood era movie stars that she inherited from her grandmother. I liked the idea, but on the condition that it wasn't level.

I wanted Valentine's bed to be a twin mattress on the floor. It was Ryne's idea to have the only light source in the scene be a lamp with a bare bulb. These two things gave his room a very sad, empty feel that contrasts harshly with the lushness of Zia's spaces.

I knew I didn't want a modern look to the hotel, so we started our search in the French Quarter. Katheryn and I spent an afternoon walking around the area to scout for hotels. We generated a list, ranked by appearance and logistical concerns. When we started making inquiries, the Olivier House was immediately welcoming. During our first visit, they let us look inside the rooms. I was sold on the aesthetic and hospitality. We began a correspondence with the manager and he recommended their cottage once we told him we were looking for yellow. It was perfect: the curtains and couch were yellow; it had a lot of richly colored wood and was available the day we planned on shooting the hotel scene.

The street location for the "St. James Infirmary Blues" scene was the most difficult to secure. I knew we had to actually shoot in the French Quarter on a weekend night. Though this would cause some problems, personal experience has proven that getting extras for a student film night shoot with satisfactory results is nearly impossible. Katheryn's roommate works at Pat O'Brian's in the Quarter and shares an apartment with some fellow musicians on Royal Street. She was willing to let our cast and crew use their bathroom and their courtyard for staging, so we scouted the surrounding area and it accommodated our needs: it was well lit and crowded but not too rambunctious.

The permitting process proved more problematic than we'd predicted. Much of this stemmed from vaguely dissuading comments from the city office. Katheryn went back and forth with them trying to discover what we could do and how much it would cost. Perhaps because ours was a student production, they would not give her a straight answer. Since our production was small and we had no plans of blocking traffic (pedestrian or vehicular), it didn't cost us anything to shoot in the Quarter. The allowance did come with restrictions, however, foremost among them: we couldn't set up any lights or block any traffic. Since we had not intended on the latter anyway, our only concern was the former. After talking with fellow student and notable cinematographer Trenton Mynatt, Ryne and I determined that we could pull it off. The city office also strongly suggested we would hire a police officer for the fight scene to ensure that it did not cause any panic or threat to passersby. This was easier than we had anticipated. The office of police secondary employment was as friendly and punctual as the officer who ended up on our set.

PART 4 – PROPS

The two main props were the handkerchief and perfume bottle. Both of them serve to make Zia tangible before the final scene. The handkerchief was something we had to find. Rashada Fortier, the prop master, hunted down a few options within the given parameters (yellow and silk), but none of them quite seemed right. I started the search myself and eventually came across one that allowed for a nice reference

to Deleuze. The circular pattern on the handkerchief was reminiscent of a diagram that Deleuze borrowed from Henri Bergson that describes memory as a circuit.[53] The diagram seeks to explain a conception of memory in relation to the perception of an object. As circuits of memory are created (A, B, C, etc.) the perception of the object is able to penetrate further, illuminating more details (B', C', D', etc.). Bergson expands on the implications of this process:

> In other words, personal recollections, exactly localized, the series of which represents the course of our past existence, make up, all together, the last and largest enclosure of our memory. Essentially fugitive, they become materialized only by chance, either when an accidentally precise determination of our bodily attitude attracts them, or when the very indetermination of that attitude leaves a clear field to the caprices of their manifestation…There comes a moment when the recollection thus brought down is capable of blending so well with the present perception that we cannot say where perception ends or where memory begins.
>
> *Matter and Memory*, p. 128-30

I was very happy to find a design that implied how Zia's appearances in the film worked to me, even if an audience would probably never draw the connection.

We had to make the perfume bottle. I enlisted the services of graphic designer Juliet Meeks to design the label. I explained the color scheme and sent her the script as well as an image from *The Darjeeling Limited*[54] as a reference. Her initial designs were very close to what I was looking for. Alaina and I picked out the elements we liked and she combined them for the final label. Alaina also made the important suggestion to add a volume to the label, making it immediately more believable. The most important part of the label was the legibility of the perfume's name: *L'amour analgesique*. Translated, the name means "The Analgesic Love," hinting at the idea of a love that is painless. However, given that painkillers numb sensation in general, it implies a problem with having love without risk.[55] To accommodate the label we found a rectangular bottle we could put an atomizer on. The atomizer bulb contributed to the nostalgic feeling we wanted the perfume bottle to create.

---

[53] See Figure 1
[54] Anderson, 2007 (Figure 4)
[55] See Figure 5

VI – CASTING

Naturally, the biggest concern with casting was finding the appropriate dynamic between the actors playing Valentine and Zia. Valentine was a bit more challenging in that the role called for an actor older than those within the UNO stable. I used Breakdown Express, an online breakdown service, to cast a wider net. Ultimately, however, it came down to two actors I approached directly: Escolante Lundy and David Cole.

I became aware of both actors through other UNO productions. Escolante starred in Andrea Kuhnel's thesis *Us Against the World*.[56] I was impressed by his non-verbal expression in his performance. Though he did not have the conventional look of the private detective (it is important to note that Escolante's imposing stature is much closer to the hard-boiled fiction than the post-Bogart look), I was interested in utilizing his skills at conveying complicated emotions with facial expressions. In early talks, he showed a remarkable intuition for the more depressing elements of Valentine.

David Cole played a minor character in Margaret Broach's thesis film *Loose Ends*,[57] on which I was a grip. More than his performance, I was struck by David's on-set energy. He was continually joking around and I had a hunch this would be useful for capturing the sardonic wit of the classic private detective. I wasn't able to see him in person until callbacks, but his initial video audition made him an early favorite in the process.

I had a wider selection of viable options for Zia. The three actresses I brought in for callbacks did all have one thing in common during their first auditions, though: they didn't yell. The final scene in the script has tense moments and is rooted in subtext, but given the genre and my own personal taste, it is anything but a lovers' quarrel. Manon Pages, Christine Tonry and Sarah Beth James all showed strong instincts as to the tone of the scene.

I was interested in Manon even before she auditioned for me. She appeared in Fernando Malabet's project *Tomorrow*[58] and her performance was easily the strongest element of the film. On top of her performance, Manon's French accent added a certain degree of intrigue to the Zia character.

Christine was a different approach to the character of Zia. Even in the script, I planned for an age gap between Valentine and Zia (to heighten the influence of his memory of her, I wanted her to have not aged since their relationship). Christine made me willing to abandon the age gap. It could have been interesting, because without the age difference, it might be a bit less clear if Zia was there or not.

---

[56] 2015
[57] 2016
[58] 2015

Sarah Beth James was a natural choice for me as I have worked with her on two projects prior to *Beyond Memory*. Given the difficulties of the project, I knew it would be easier to work with an actor I understood. Also, her previous work with me gave her the advantage of knowing my taste.

In some respects I got lucky; after callbacks, Escolante had to drop out because of a scheduling conflict. I had David as my Valentine. Zia's choice was more difficult. Though she did a great job and responded well to direction, Christine seemed to not play off of her scene partner very well. The relationship between Valentine and Zia is the crux of the movie; I couldn't have an actor not naturally interact with the person in front of them. Sarah Beth and Manon both gave strong performances, so it came down to their off-screen tendencies. David is a big personality. He likes taking control of a room. This is perfect for the role of Valentine. I knew Sarah Beth could handle this; she's not easily pushed around. I feared David would eclipse Manon, making it more difficult to convey Zia and Valentine as equals.

The other roles were easier to fill. Initially, I had considered David Brown for Nick; in fact, I had him in mind when writing the part. I gradually become more convinced that he should play Lawrence, for whom I had no strong candidates. David Brown's cleaner, boyish appearance would contrast nicely with David Cole or Escolante's more rugged looks.

Pretty early on, I planned on casting Julio Castillo as Raoul. I had seen him in two of Barry Cunningham's shorts. He read for the part and blew the competition out of the water. Chris Ploetz as Nick was a bit of a gamble. I had only seen a video audition, but it was very solid. Emmett Crockett was the only person I asked to be the bellhop. I knew he could pull off the dry comedy in the lines. Max Fisk as the guy who punches Valentine was also selected out of competition. Not only is Max's personality and look easily molded into a tough guy, he has a background in doing fight scenes and could save me the additional trouble of hiring a fight coordinator.

VII – PRODUCTION

For the most part, production is the execution of a plan. I had rehearsed thoroughly with my actors and Ryne helped me develop a precise shot list. Both of these paid off immensely. We wrapped ahead of schedule every day, save for the 6th day of shooting, which we wrapped on time. We only cut shots that proved to be redundant. It was an incredibly effective shoot. As such, this section will detail the major problems that surfaced unexpectedly and the successes that stemmed from our preparation.

DAY 1: NOVEMBER 6, 2015

The assembly of Valentine's office in the front room of a private home was the major challenge of our first day. We had the desk delivered to Katheryn's house the night before and fortunately the homeowner had cleared out the space (a task we were prepared to do). Even though it was projected to be the most difficult part of the day, it actually went rather smoothly.

Our only real problem was planes flying over set. After lunch, as we started to do Lawrence's coverage of scenes 2 and 4, a non-stop barrage of planes started circling the area. David Cole, who had some pilot training, informed us that it was probably a class. We moved on to inserts that were less dependent on sound. To be safe, we added a close up of Lawrence to ensure that we had good audio of his lines.

DAY 2: NOVEMBER 7, 2015

It was my original intention to shoot all of the final sequence in order (scenes 14 through 20), but once we secured the other locations, this proved problematic. The office scene had to be shot on Friday and the diner scene had to be shot on Monday. Given that these are the only two daytime scenes, for the well being of the crew, we had to shoot a large portion of the scenes in Valentine's house during the day. This required some shuffling around, but proved to be effective.

We couldn't start with Valentine's entrance (scene 14) as it looked out the door. Instead, we shot Zia's appearance first. The first shot of the day proved to be more difficult than we had anticipated. I wanted to look over Zia's foot to see Valentine in the kitchen window. The couch was too low for this to be accomplished simply and propping her up in a way that looked natural took a fair amount of trial and error. In the end, she sat on a bunch of pillows and we had her foot rest on an apple box.

Getting a good light on the cigar was troublesome as I didn't have David light one during rehearsal. He worried that it was taking too long in between lines and continued without lighting it well. It was an easy enough fix: we did a pick up of him lighting the cigar before saying his last line. It led to his

best take of the moment, because deliberately lighting the cigar brought out the defiance that was implicit in the action.

Scene 19 is the longest scene in the film. For coverage purposes, Ryne and I had the scene broken into four parts:

1) Valentine sprays the perfume, the glass exchange through the point Valentine rushes over toward Zia

2) Their exchange in the middle of the room

3) Their conversation on the couch

4) Their conversation in front of the kitchen through the aftermath of Valentine throwing out the perfume

We started with the glass exchange to more economically use the dolly, which we had used in scene 17 (after Valentine has made the drinks and Zia is gone). This shot worked out incredibly well and allowed us to cut a shot in part 2.

We then moved on to what was arguably the most difficult shot to get in the entire film: a sweeping jib shot that starts on the perfume bottle, up to Valentine's face, following him to the couch, then pulling back to reveal Zia. Although it was tricky, in the long run it saved us from covering this complicated action with multiple shots. After rehearsing, we managed to get in two takes before lunch. David wanted to press on and do more but I was adamant that we keep to schedule, especially given the slim chance of getting the shot in a couple more takes. It was the right decision. After lunch, it took ten more takes before we had one that we could use. Barry Cunningham, the camera operator, did a truly outstanding job on this day. I was ready to move on, but Barry said he would feel more comfortable if we got a safety, so we did.

Moving on to coverage of Valentine during the glass exchange proved to be a problem. With the wall and Zia's positioning, we couldn't get coverage without breaking the 180º. After Zia walks off, we had to have Valentine step into the composition of the inverted OTS shot described in the cinematography section. I wasn't too concerned about the shifting screen direction as I thought I might be able to use the effect to highlight the jarring nature of the moment in the film. (The next day, I was less resolved on the matter and picked up a single of Valentine that didn't cross the line)

For reasons involving Sarah Beth's availability on Sunday, we had to stop shooting scene 19 after part two to cover scene 6. The scene change involved moving a considerable number of items from the bedroom to the kitchen area to create the sparse, sad room that Valentine sleeps it. Initially, we had conceived this scene as two shots: one that dollys in on Valentine searching through the dresser drawers and one that dollys out from Zia's face under the covers, whips around to Valentine, then whips back to the empty bed. We had measured the room to make sure the dolly could fit, but it proved impossible to

get this second shot. We had to improvise and add an additional shot that panned from the bed to Valentine and back to create the practical disappearing effect that we sought to create.

DAY 3: NOVEMBER 8, 2015

The first part of the third day had very few shots but it covered one of the most emotionally wrought portions of the movie. The jocular nature of the dialogue during the portions on the couch was something we'd rehearsed well and my actors understood. The final bits of dialogue between Valentine and Zia were another matter. Zia presses forward, attempting to kiss Valentine, but the scene is not a seduction. The master shot was incredibly important because it paid homage to classic film noir while reframing both the private detective and the *femme fatale*. He loses his control over the situation and she is not on trial: the exchange does not settle the matter of Zia's faithfulness or unfaithfulness.

After eight takes I got Zia where I needed her to be. She was earnest about her love for Valentine. We moved on to her close up. I knew she was in the moment because her eyes weren't fixed – they continually scanned Valentine's face for reactions. In the second take, when Valentine said "If you loved me, you'd let me forget you." I saw genuine pain in her face. I knew we had it. After Valentine rushes off, Zia just sort of sat there reeling from the impact of her rejected kiss.

When we moved on to Valentine's coverage, I was less pleased. After a couple of takes I asked David, "Who are you trying to convince?" He started explaining that, since he knows she's not there, it's really himself that Valentine is talking to. I told him to try to convince her. It worked. It pulled him out of his head. His eyes now darted around, too.

After that scene, Sarah Beth took off and we knocked out a couple of scenes with just Valentine. We were way ahead of schedule. I conferred with all the department heads and we decided to get the falling glass shot. We'd discussed it before, but it is one of those shots that is easier on paper than in reality. Art team realized that the glasses they were using were really heavy and might not break from the fall. They scrambled to figure out how to get the glass to break while Ryne and Barry worked out how to get the vertical angle. Lighting was difficult, we had to match (at least well enough) the light on the floor with what could be seen in other shots (made all the more difficult because the it was a slow motion shot. Everything was casting shadows. All hands were on deck.

I stepped outside to get some air. Christian Chesnut was watching the grip truck. Everyone else was inside. I felt like a real director.

We had done everything we could to rehearse the shot. "Scene 19 Rashada, take 1." The slate went out, Rashada Fortier's hand came in with the glass. We all held our breath. "Action." Rashada let go of the glass and it plummeted down. It broke one the first try. We all erupted.

It was the kind of moment that reminds us why we enjoy being on set.

26

DAY 4: NOVEMBER 9, 2015

The first half of the day we shot the diner scene. It was the only scene that we didn't rehearse. I had scheduled a rehearsal, but there was a misunderstanding and David booked a gig out of town at that time. It was unfortunate, since the actor playing Nick lived in Mississippi and didn't have an easy schedule. This was the only day we were held up by performance issues. The lines themselves weren't difficult but the dynamic between two friends that give each other grief is hard to create from nothing.

This was exacerbated by the fact that we had to be done with the scene before lunch. There were roughly four takes per shot, each one different. I had to think about the edit much more during production. Katheryn was concerned about the performances (especially Nick's), but I assured her that there were moments that could be pieced together to create a strong performance. Fortunately, the shots I had planned with Ryne conveyed a lot of the dynamic between Nick and Valentine.

From the diner we moved on to the flashback of Zia spraying perfume on her neck. Even though Ryne and I had tested the shot, it became clear that he didn't quite understand what I wanted the shot to look like. It was the first time in the production we were not on the same page. I wanted to see the perfume bottle, then Zia's eyes in the mirror with Valentine in the background. Given the physics of the space, this was impossible to pull off. Ryne felt we could get the shot from the mirror's perspective, but it was important to me to have Zia's image doubled: a real image and a reflected one. He was also concerned that Valentine was barely recognizable in the shadows. I knew that the shot would be placed between two images of Valentine's face, which would easily convey it as his memory.

We struggled to find a composition that worked. Once we did, another problem arose: we didn't have anything for her to wear. I had initially only wanted to see her neck and eyes, implying nudity, but the shot was wider than we planned for and we didn't have anything for her to cover up with. I scrambled around the house trying to find something yellow. It was important to me that I not suddenly spring being topless on Sarah Beth. We eventually found a yellow shirt that we could pass as a sheet or towel.

The performances in this scene were tricky. We had talked about this being a post-coital moment, but it took a while to find the right tone. After a few takes, I told Valentine to try to get her attention and Zia to take her time giving it to him. This freed Zia to primp in the mirror, creating a more natural performance.

DAY 5: NOVEMBER 13, 2015

I had more anxiety about the street scene than any other in the shoot: it was a Friday night in the French Quarter and we had a live band, a fight and an actress changing outfits multiple times. We started with the middle section of the scene where Valentine staggers down the street and sees Zia in every girl he passes. We shot this first because the band that performed in the scene had a show earlier in the night

and since we had to pay the police officer overseeing the fight scene by the hour, we opted to make sure it was after lunch.

The only major problem we encountered was David forgetting the tie for Valentine. The second weekend had a lot of problems in the art department. Alaina was gearing up for her thesis, so I told her she could just coordinate her team during the last three days. Unfortunately, her team got sick, had car troubles or other commitments. We thought it would be easier to have the actors hold on to their own wardrobe, but that turned out to be a mistake. It wasn't ideal, but we buttoned up his coat to hide the fact the tie was missing.

We finished the staggering section before the band and Max Fisk, the fight choreographer and actor, showed up. We called Max in early, but decided to shoot a reaction of Valentine seeing Zia and her date walking on the sidewalk. In retrospect, I should have told David to take his time going from recognition to anger, but in the moment I just tried focus on the type of anger he was feeling. It took thirteen takes before we got one that worked.

Given scheduling conflicts, we had to record the band on set before we shot them on the corner. Emilie Nutter, the sound mixer, consulted Justin Ditch and Lukas Gonzales of Pro Sound about the situation. They offered to help us out free of charge because they had recently acquired some new microphones that attach to the end of instruments and were excited to test them out. Once the band arrived, Justin and Lukas got to work. We got the track in three takes. Even the band was impressed with the quality of the recording, claiming that it sounded better than the last time they were in a studio.

We originally had planned to get more coverage of the fight, but once David and Max got going, it was clear that a simpler coverage would better capture the energy they were putting into it. Barry almost got knocked over once, but aside from that we managed to safely capture a very believable fight.

DAY 6: NOVEMBER 14, 2015

Saturday proved to be the most difficult day of shooting, much to our surprise. The troubles began the morning before the shoot. Barry's personal truck had broken down and he needed to fix it that day, leaving us without a camera operator. If worse came to worst, Ryne could have pulled it off, but since there was a long dolly shot and exterior night lighting, I knew it would be best to have someone else operate. Fortunately, Andrea Kuehnel stepped in and saved the day.

We ended up having no art team for most of the day, either, which really slowed things down as we had to match scenes shot on previous days and deal with blood makeup and broken glass (both real and fake). It was more difficult than it needed to be, but thanks in large part to Alaina, who dropped by even though she should have been working on her own thesis, we pulled it off nonetheless. I'm proud of that.

The cab scene had to happen after lunch so traffic would be minimal. The temperature dropped significantly. We had to shoot everything with the cab first, meaning David had to do the most emotionally draining part of the scene before the build up. To help him ease into it, we shot the long shot from the end of the street, then from the inside of the cab, and, finally, the close-up.

Both of the early shots were difficult to compose. The long shot was done with a 300mm lens, so the camera was over half a block away from the action. There was a lot of running back and forth to position David and the cab. When we got inside the cab, it became clear that it would be difficult to see both Sarah Beth's hair and David's face. The way Andrea and Victor Nguyen, the first AC, were positioned did not allow us to have the cab pull up to Valentine in this shot. At this point, we were nearing the end of our allotted time with the cab. Fortunately, the driver from Nawlins Cab was willing to stick around longer than scheduled, saving us the trouble of faking the lights of the cab pulling up on Valentine in the close up.

The last major difficulty was the jib shot that goes from the cigar on the ground to Valentine's face. It was a significant distance to cover and stopping in the final position smoothly was no easy task. It took a lot of takes just to get the camera movement and there were still performance issues. Something about reacting to something and walking off screen that seemed to really hang David up. Once we got the rise down, we did a few pick-up takes of Valentine's reaction to the perfume bottle.

DAY 7: NOVEMBER 15, 2015

The biggest issue we faced on Sunday was anticipated: noise over the dialogue outside the hotel. There was a minor hiccup during the scene in the courtyard. We had shot the master and Valentine's coverage and were well into the bellhop's when I realized I had forgotten to have Valentine knock on the door before demanding that the bellhop open it. The way the scene played out in the master shot, there wasn't really space to fit in an insert without reshooting, which would entail resetting dolly tracks. Josh Pereira, the script supervisor, figured that I had left it out intentionally as the scene played fine without it. Sometimes, Josh puts too much faith in me. I had to let the knock go, even though I had a very clear image of Valentine's hand hesitating in front of the door.

Once in the hotel room, Ryne wanted to pump in light from outside. We'd talked about it before but I was hesitant, I wasn't sure that the time required to set it up would be worth it. I couldn't have been more wrong. After I saw what Ryne meant, I fell in love with the angled beam of light that painted the wall of the dark room.

The dolly shot that starts the scene is probably one of my favorites in the film, not only because of Ryne's lighting, but because we were able to use the wardrobe's mirror to give Zia a strong entrance. I always wanted her to be revealed behind him, preferably through a mirror, but it wasn't until we started

29

blocking this first shot that it became a reality. As Ryne and his team started setting up the tracks and camera moves, I played with the mirror, finding the right angle to reveal Zia as the door swings shut. I put a mark on the inside of the drawer so the mirror would stop at the right angle. Then Sarah Beth had to quietly step into a precise spot from her hiding place in the kitchen (which we faked for the bathroom). Even though we had a shot of Valentine spraying the perfume to cut to, it really helped having the whole first part of the scene in one shot.

VIII – EDITING

I started editing *Beyond Memory* immediately after we wrapped production. Not only did I want to ensure the completion of the film to graduate on time, I thoroughly enjoy editing because it is the most concrete part of the filmmaking process. In my first cut, I found the basic structure of the film and determined what the major difficulties would be.

One of the key components of the film is how it deals with time and memory. I wanted the sense that time was folding in on itself. Valentine was not going crazy, rather his past was impeding on his present. I thought about Deleuze's work, particularly the passage

> "For memory is clearly no longer the faculty of recollections: it is the membrane which, in the most varied ways (continuity, but also discontinuity, envelopment, etc.), makes sheets of past and layers of reality correspond, the first emanating from an inside which is always already there, the second arriving from an outside always to come, the two gnawing at the present which is only now their encounter."
>
> *Cinema* 2, p. 207

Throughout the editing process, this notion of memory being the intersection of the past and future was crucial to my decision making process. With this in mind, the glass exchange became a vital moment of the film. I spent more time on this part of the film than any other because it is the climax of various timelines. Until this point, Zia has just been a projection of Valentine's recollection: one pure flashback, two instances of past moments playing out in the present, and a series of Zia's image taking the place of other people. The glass exchange is the moment where Zia becomes manifest; she is no longer a recollection.

In early cuts, I tried to make this moment subtly jarring by using shots that jumped the 180°. This approach was unsuccessful. I went through various versions of this section trying to create the sensation that Zia may or may not be there. My final cut didn't have an abrasive edit but used the single of Valentine coming into focus as he hands her the glass. She takes it in the insert shot and asks, "who says I'm not here?" in an OTS. Valentine's reaction is in the single. By isolating him before and after the exchange, there is a mild implication that Zia may not be in front of Valentine.

If the glass exchange was the point that time converges, I needed to set up disruption of time early on in the film. The obvious choice seemed to be Zia's first manifestation in Valentine's bedroom. I was a little disappointed with how the scene looked (as the shot moving from Zia to Valentine was not what I envisioned), but the use of a triple shot on Zia's reveal gave it an energy I liked while setting up the notion that time was becoming distorted. I originally did not have the triple shot applied to Valentine at this moment, but later added it to create a sense of Valentine snapping back to the present time.

This played into the final conversation between Valentine and Zia. His decision to throw out the perfume bottle is not just a refusal to believe Zia, but a choice between incompossible presents: she cannot both be there and not be there. Valentine picks between present realities and chooses the one without her. Initial edits of Valentine pulling away had a rapid pace. I had hoped it would create a disorienting sensation that demonstrated time fixing itself, but it didn't work. As I built up this moment, I found myself slowing it down and focusing on Zia's reaction after Valentine pulls away. Her reaction really sells this feeling of being cast away. I return to the shot twice in the sequence.

There is a jump cut after Valentine kicks the broken glass. This served to solidify time being restored. The first time Zia appears, time repeats; after she disappears, time skips. Bookending the time distortions is Zia's voice. Her final "goodbye" was only recorded as a wild line, but her first line "I was wrong" was captured on camera. I decided to create a disconnect between her voice and her image to give Zia dominion over the sound track before she overtakes the visual field.

The only other part of the film with abrasive editing is the "St. James Infirmity Blues" scene. Aside from minor tweaks, this scene was essentially locked from the first cut. I had initially intended to add sound effects to the scene, especially the fight, but opted to only have the music to give it a dissociative feeling. The predominance of the music helps to solidify Zia's control over the soundtrack. This scene standing out was always important to me because it marks the center of the film; a transition from the first half (where Valentine is searching for Zia) to the second half (where he is confronted by his memory of her).

I wanted to keep this structure of halves bound together by a transitionary scene. I used *Certified Copy*[59] as a model. A structure with two distinct halves limits the narrative drive by substituting a comparison over a conclusion. In the case of *Beyond Memory* an external search in the first half and an internal one in the second. The halves do not stand on their own without cheapening Zia's appearances or making the movie about Valentine finding Zia or not.

In the first half, I had two major difficulties: the pacing of the scenes with Lawrence and the tone of the diner scene. My initial cut of Valentine's interaction with Lawrence tried to emulate the snappy pace of classic film noir. The scene was written that way but I did not direct the scene to accommodate those rhythms. It felt rushed. I went the other direction, making it more of a chess match: each move deliberate and calculated. This tended to lag, so I finally split the difference between these two approaches.

As mentioned in the proceeding section, the diner scene was not rehearsed. As such, the performances varied substantially from take to take. Not only did this make it difficult to match action, it was a chore to construct a consistent tone throughout the scene. There was the material to make this scene

---

[59] Kiarostami, 2010

much more comedic, but then it would not fit within the surrounding scenes. I focused on the dry jocularity between two friends, which was closest to my original conception.

After this was accomplished, I had to use this scene to create the sense of Valentine's dominance in his relationships. Early cuts focused on Valentine ignoring Nick, but after discussing it with Katheryn, she noted that it would work better if I used the wide two-shots more because it served to have Valentine's visual presence saturate the scene while also illustrating his choice to be distant when intimacy is an option.

The idea of intimacy played a large role in the final parts of Valentine's conversation with Zia. I cut the scene fairly straightforward initially, but as things moved on, I decided to not show Zia's face when she said that she loved him. I was playing with the idea that only Valentine could decide to believe her or not. It worked, but was not as affecting as I wanted the moment to be. I ultimately ended up keeping the scene in the master two-shot. This way the characters had the intimacy I wanted but the audience was kept outside of the moment until Valentine rejected her.

Leading up to this rejection, I found myself attached to the wide shot with Valentine and Zia at opposite edges of the frame. It was reminiscent of a shot from the beginning of *Le Samouraï* where Jef (Alain Delon) kills the nightclub owner.[60] I liked this sense of tense mortality that the composition adds to the scene.

The final scene, though it was one of the more difficult to shoot, was one of the simpler to edit. Unlike the glass exchange, the switching of screen direction never really caused a problem. I cut the final scene for emotional impact without worrying about which way Valentine was facing. In early cuts, I used more of the close up and the long shot of Valentine in front of the cab. Katheryn suggested saving the long shot until the end. She also recommended I only use Valentine's close up once. These changes served to not overplay the ending and gave the final moments of the film a haunting aspect.

My final cut removed about six seconds from the film, primarily from the first half. As mentioned above, condensing the firsts half tended to cheapen the effect of Zia's appearance. Given that the mechanism of her manifestation is not explicitly dealt with in the movie, time is necessary for an audience to accept her coming in and out of scenes. I tried to keep the pace in the first half moving without disrupting the overall tone of the film. I believe I found that balance in my final cut.

---

[60] See Figure 6.

IX – SOUND DESIGN AND SCORE

SOUND DESIGN

      Lukas Gonzales approached me to do the post-production sound work on *Beyond Memory*. He was the sound recordist on my second year film *To Live Outside the Law*,[61] so I was confident he understood my style and taste. Our meetings were limited, but they demonstrated that Lukas had an intimacy with film noir and that we both agreed on a fairly straightforward sound design. As I mentioned in the editing section, Zia's image is separated from her voice at the beginning and ending of the film. This led me to think of the soundtrack as her space. This was the only conceptual note I gave to Lukas.

      We recorded ADR, which was minimal, thanks to Emilie Nutter's recording on set. The front of the hotel was the only scene that needed it. Justin Ditch helped Lukas record Foley sounds, most notably the perfume bottle breaking on the street, which we were unable to capture on set. Justin also mixed the "St. James Infirmary Blues" track.

      Early in the editing process, I used Miles Davis' score from the film *Elevator to the Gallows*[62] as a temporary soundtrack. Using music from a New Wave neo-noir allowed me to draw a connection between the genre and the movement that gleaned so much from it. Naturally, I couldn't use the music in the final version of *Beyond Memory*, but it gave me a strong direction to go in when I hired a composer.

      I was put in contact with Leo Hernandez through Victor Atkins of the Music Departement at UNO. I met with Leo and showed him the movie, indicating where I wanted music and gave him an idea of what I wanted it to sound like.

      Given the condensed schedule, I didn't have a chance to meet with Leo before we recorded. Naturally, this caused some anxiety, but once I heard the songs, my fears were allayed.[63] Leo came up with four different tracks: An opening song, a theme for Zia, an upbeat track for the diner and a Cuban song for Raoul's cab. Lukas came and we recorded the songs in an evening. We did not have a monitor set up for the film to be played for the band. I really liked the idea that the movie was cut to different music, so the songs would have a different rhythm without feeling totally out of place.

      After we got the new soundtrack, I wanted to use more of it in the movie, especially in the first half. The *Elevator to the Gallows* music more naturally faded in and out. Leo's score made more sense to be used in longer chunks. I used far more of the Zia theme to make her presence stronger in the first half of the film. This also gave the early scenes a more classic feel with prominently featured music.

---

[61] 2015

[62] Malle, 1957

[63] This is New Orleans; I should have known that a jazz band would sound good.

X – COLOR CORRECTION

Ryne's work during pre-production and on set made the color correction process relatively simple. Most of the work was accentuating patterns we had planned early on. The biggest challenge was keeping a certain degree of darkness without losing the image to murkiness. Neither Ryne nor I had much experience with color correction programs so there was a large degree of trial and error, but I think we gave the movie a distinct and appropriate look in the end.

The only real correction that needed to happen was the color of the blanket in Valentine's room. It was green, which didn't match the color scheme for Valentine's spaces and the light reflecting off of it gave the room a greenish wash. I was able to shift that specific color and desaturate it, giving the blanket a grey/beige look.

I decided to accentuate Zia's growing influence over the visuals by slowly shifting the color temperature to the warmer spectrum. I did a similar progression with contrast and saturation. The movie gets warmer and more colorful until the final scene. When Valentine is outside of his house, the movie is suddenly cold and desaturated; a return to Valentine's sad existence. However, this colorlessness takes on a new aspect when the cab pulls up. I had the brightest parts of the image lose color, making the lights of the cab take on a white aspect. I hoped to give the light a beatifying sense. Even though it is not clear if Zia is in the car or not, I did want a redemptive quality to the moment; a possibility of salvation.

One technique I employed was putting a mask over Zia's face and darkening the rest of the image. This solved a practical problem when she was sitting on the end of the couch as the lamp shining on the wall was far too bright. This allowed me to balance out the image. I put this technique to a more expressive end when she first appears in Valentine's bed. Her face seems to glow as it peeks from under the covers. In conjunction with the triple shot, Zia is given a much more powerful entrance.

XI – EVALUATION

> "It's not my job to even know what they mean. You know, it's not my job. My job is to make them and an audience receiving them, their interpretation is way more valuable than even my own."
>
> Jim Jarmusch[64]

Despite the seemingly glib tone of this statement, Jarmusch points toward one of the fundamental difficulties of film: the problem of interpretation. Many of the ideas I have expressed in this paper may not find articulation from an audience but that does not mean I have failed as a filmmaker. It is my belief that the strength of a film lies in its ability to provide occasions for thought and emotion, not in its ability to prescribe specific ideas. It would be foolish of me to try to guage the success of *Beyond Memory* by an audience expressing concepts I used to shape the film. Thus, in this section, I will simply articulate, on a technical level, which elements of the finished film I am happy with and those I am disappointed in.

The "St. James Infirmary Blues" scene stands out as one of the major accomplishments of the film. Not only am I proud of the fact that we pulled off a live band and fight scene in the French Quarter on a weekend night, but there is an energy there as well that consistently draws viewers in. It effectively performs its role as the transitionary moment between the two halves of the film.

The performances of my main actors is another victory. With Sarah Beth and David I was able to create a chemistry that carries the film despite the lack of exposition. Without a connection between the two main characters, I could not have made this movie. You understand Zia's importance to Valentine without him ever saying anything. Underneath her banter, you can feel Zia's concern for Valentine. I feel that their dynamic is fully realized and gives an audience complex emotions to interpret.

I am also pleased with the expression of film noir as a genre. Even though an audience may not approach noir from a standpoint as academic as my own, I feel that it invokes a great deal of cultural knowledge without being cliché. There's something unique in my presentation of Valentine as a private detective; his vulnerability is on full display. Zia complicates the notion of the *femme fatale* by demonstating a tenderness toward Valentine. I believe that by reliance on heavily coded genre conventions, I have created something that an audience will implicitly understand, even as those assumptions are called into question.

Many of the visual elements of the film I am pleased with, but in particular, I think the hotel room and final three shots stand out. In the hotel, the shots communicate as much if not more about Valentine's failed search than his actions. The final moments of the film are narratively ambiguous without feeling unearned. A number of viewers have commented on the sensation that Valentine is kneeling before some

---

[64] *Broken Flowers,* 2005 "Farmhouse"

sort of God or monster. I am glad that there is an intimation of repentance, after all, this shot is followed by a quote from Augustine's *Confessions*.

As I mentioned in the production section above, the diner scene was not rehearsed. As such I feel the scene failed to reach its full potential. Unlike his relationship with Zia, Valentine's friendship with Nick does not come across as strongly as it could have. It was shot in a fashion that conveys some of this dynamic, but I would say that it is one of the weaker scenes.

The other scene that somewhat misses the mark for me is Zia's first appearance in Valentine's bed. I did a lot in editing and color correction to make this scene work but I am disappointed in the shot that goes from the bed to Valentine. As discussed earlier, we had to improvise this shot on set. If we weren't pressed for time I'm sure we could have come up with something that traversed the space between them better. Alas, the dimensions of the room and limited schedule prevented this moment from properly being captured.

Given our mutual lack of experience with color correction, I do not feel that we hit the mark. The general strategy works, but I would like it to be fine-tuned. The final image looks more acceptable than impressive. Similarly, the sound design could stand to be more fleshed out. The soundtrack is clean, but could be used more expressively.

As per the requirement of the thesis project, I screened *Beyond Memory* for Rashada Fortier's class. The responses were generally positive. It came up during the discussion that many student films were shown to the class and my movie was solidly preferred. In particular, they found the camera work engaging and the concept interesting. The process of dealing with the end of a relationship is something that everyone has gone through. The music was another element that worked well for them.

There was some confusion, but nothing that was unexpected or detracting from the experience. The primary question was whether Zia was really there or not. I am pleased that there were differing interpretations. Some people were confused as to who Sean Lawrence was. Once the movie was finished, I had some concerns that it might not be too clear, but there is enough to piece it together. The main problem is that Valentine refers to him as Lawrence, while Zia refers to him as Sean. This makes it difficult to connect the man in Valentine's office to the man Zia left Valentine for.

Some of the students critiqued the production design inside of Valentine's house. I admit that it could have been better. Sparseness is difficult to pull off. I should have worked with Alaina more to make this expression work. I still believe it was the right choice, just not the best execution. In general, the design worked for the audience, but this component missed the mark.

XII – CONCLUSION

At this point, it is probably clear that I put little stock in narrative as a means and end to filmmaking. Over the course of my studies I have come to reject the view that it is the dominant component to filmmaking. Early on in this paper, I brought up Deleuze's notion that it is the specific combination of images that create narrative in film, rather than narrative having some preordained privelege in the medium. I find it hard to believe that a non-native structure, whose sole purpose is to pass judgment, can have a monopoly on meaning in the cinema. By way of conclusion, I aim to explore this belief in relation to *Beyond Memory*, as much of the film is shaped by this belief.

The thrust of my argument in "Isolated Together" was that the existentialism in film noir resonated with the writers at *Caheirs du cinéma* and led to the development of *auteur* criticism which promoted *mise-en-scène* as the primary source of meaning in cinema. In the scriptwriting section of this paper, I outlined my engagement with film noir as a genre. At the heart of the script, there is a questioning of the private detective as a masculine archetype. A great deal of my approach to the cinematography was rooted in a similar inquiry, but images only have potential meaning.

In his essay "The Cinema of Poetry," Pier Paolo Pasolini discusses the difference between writing and filmmaking based on the comparison between language and cinema: "While the writer's work is esthetic invention, that of the filmmaker is first linguistic invention, then esthetic."[65] This is due to the fact that images do not have a set meaning, like words, so each film invents its own own vocabulary and grammar. Ultimately, however, this is merely an analogy, because films are not linguistic but stylistic in nature.[66]

Pasolini develops the concept of free indirect subjective, which is taken up by Deleuze. This refers to the relationship between the filmmaker/camera and the characters that does not adhere to the distinction between objective images from the former and subjective images from the latter. Instead, the filmmaker/camera enter into a relationship with the character's way of seeing, and the distinction and identification of these images dissolves. "The story no longer refers to an ideal of the true which constitutes its veracity, but becomes a 'pseudo-story', a poem, as story which simulates or rather the simulation of a story."[67]

Thus, my questiong of the private detective was never meant as a denouncement, but an examination. The detective is inherently good (according to Chandler), at the cost of his own personal

---

[65] p. 545

[66] *ibid.* 552

[67] *Cinema 2* p. 148-9 It is important to note here that Deleuze distinguishes between narrative and story. Story is the relationship of the filmmaker/camera and the characters (objective-subjective relationship). As discussed above, narrative (or narration) refers to the development of the sensory-motor schema (the relationship between action and situation, ending in judgement)

happiness, for the sake of his professional duty (which yields no results). The non-narrative approach shifts the critique from a judgment (to be happy, you should do this...) to a tender question: Why do you choose to be unhappy? I say "tender question" because I care about Valentine. I want him to be happy because he's a good man, but unlike Chandler, I do not believe that he is inherently good.

Must the good man be unhappy? Certainly his life will be difficult, but despair cannot be a badge of honor lest it become more important than being good. The private detective's denial of love is a copout; his detachment keeps him alive but it also keeps him from living. The detective is a crucial figure of modern man: detached and futile.

> The modern fact is that we no longer believe in this world. We do not even believe in the events which happen to us, love, death, as if they only half concerned us...The reaction of which man has been disposessed can be replaced only by belief. Only belief in the world can reconnect man to what he sees and hears. The cinema must film, not the world, but belief in this world, our only link. The nature of the cinematographic illusion has often been considered. Restoring belief in the world – this is the power of modern cinema (when it stops being bad). Whether we are Christians or atheists, in our universal schizophrenia, *we need reasons to believe in this world*.
>
> <div align="right">Deleuze, Cinema 2 p. 171-2</div>

Through the process of writing this paper, I realized, more than anything, making *Beyond Memory* was about my personal need to believe that one can be good *and* happy. I cannot say "being good *makes* one happy" nor "unhappiness *stems* from being good," so narrative, which can only pass such a judgment, is of no help to me. Valentine's dilemma is existential in nature: as a private detective he chose not to be with Zia or, more accurately, he refused to choose her. This was not a coice between two alternatives (the false dichotomy between public and private), but his indecisiveness in becoming her lover (though he certainly demanded that of her). In his memory, he constructed her guilt. Zia was the one who did not love properly. This absolves him of responsibility, but it does not make him happy. In early drafts of the script, I mistakenly tried to prove Zia innocent, but Valentinte did not misintepret the past: he chose the unhappy version.

Deleuze offered a solution to the problem of narrative judgment through the time-image. My study of noir as a genre provided me with Valentine and his situation. From the outset the detective has been faced with this choice. This study also led me to further understand the *auteur* critics' concept of *mise-en-scène*, reinstating film itself (image, montage, sound) as the center of cinema. Only through engagement with film theory could I explore the relationship between goodness and happiness; only from making *Beyond Memory* could I believe in their mutual existence.

Works Cited

Augustine. *Confessions*. Trans. R. S. Pine-Coffin. New York: Penguin, 1961. Print.

Beaudet, Madison. "Isolated Together: Existentialism in Film Noir, *Auteur* Criticism and Nicholas Ray."

Beaudet, Madison. "The Limits of Control: A Case Study in the Morality of Decentralizing Narrative in Film."

Bergson, Henri. *Matter and Memory*. Trans. Nancy Margaret Paul and W. Scott Palmer. Mineola: Dover, 2004. Print.

Brody, Richard. *Everything Is Cinema: The Working Life of Jean-Luc Godard*. New York: Metropolitan /Henry Holt, 2008. Print.

Chandler, Raymond. "Introduction to The Simple Art of Murder." *Raymond Chandler: Late Novels and Other Writings*. New York: Literary Classics of the United States, 1995. 1016-019. Print.

Chandler, Raymond. *The Long Goodbye*. *Raymond Chandler: Late Novels and Other Writings*. New York: Literary Classics of the United States, 1995. 417-734. Print.

Chandler, Raymond. *Playback*. *Raymond Chandler: Late Novels and Other Writings*. New York: Literary Classics of the United States, 1995. 735-871. Print.

Chandler, Raymond. "The Simple Art of Murder." *Raymond Chandler: Late Novels and Other Writings*. New York: Literary Classics of the United States, 1995. 977-92. Print.

Deleuze, Giles. *Cinema 2: The Time-image*. Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Robert Galeta. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota, 1989. Print.

Deleuze, Gilles, and Barbara Habberjam. *Cinema 1: The Movement-image*. Trans. Hugh Tomlinson. London: U of Minnesota, 1986. Print.

Dickos, Andrew. *Street with No Name: A History of the Classic American Film Noir*. Lexington: U of Kentucky, 2002. Print.

Egri, Lajos. *The Art of Dramatic Writing*. New York: Wildside, 2008. Print.

Faison, Stephen E. *Existentialism, Film Noir, and Hard-Boiled Fiction*. Amherst, NY: Cambria, 2008. Print.

Pasolini, Pier Paolo. "The Cinema of Poetry." *Movies and Methods*. Ed. Bill Nichols. Berkley: U of California, 1976. 542-58. Print.

Films Referenced

Angel Heart. Dir: Alan Parker, 1987.

Big Sleep, The. Dir: Howard Hawks, 1946.

Broken Flowers. Dir: Jim Jarmusch, 2005.

Certified Copy. Dir: Abbas Kiarostami, 2010.

Chinatown. Dir: Roman Polanski, 1974.

Elevator to the Gallows. Dir: Louis Malle, 1957.

Kiss Me Deadly. Dir: Robert Aldrich, 1955.

Limits of Control, The. Dir: Jim Jarmusch, 2009.

Long Goodbye, The. Dir: Robert Altman, 1973.

Loose Ends. Dir: Margaret Broach, 2016.

Maltese Falcon, The. Dir: John Huston, 1946.
Mystery Train. Dir: Jim Jarmusch, 1989.
To Live Outside the Law. Dir: Madison Beaudet, 2015.
Tomorrow. Dir: Fernando Malabet, 2015.
Touch of Evil. Dir: Orson Welles, 1958.
Us Against the World. Dir: Andrea Kuehnel, 2015

Figure 1
Jean-Pierre Melville's *Le Samourai* inspired the feel of Valentine's home.

Figure 2
Low angle wide shot from Howard Hawk's *The Big Sleep*
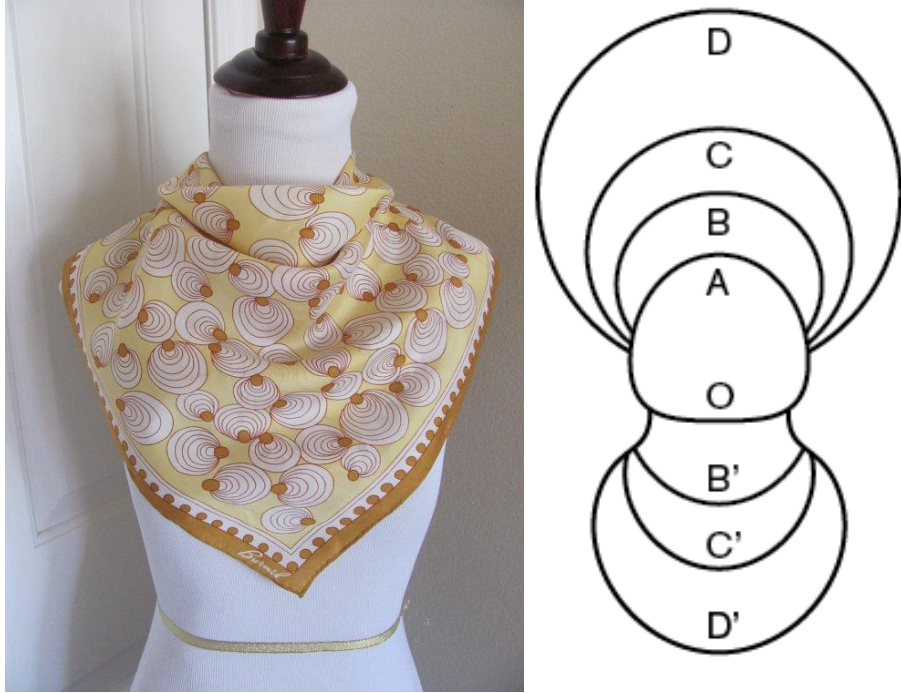
Figure 3
The handkerchief compared to Bergson's diagram

Figure 4
Perfume bottle from Wes Anderson's *The Darjeeling Limited*

Figure 5
Juliet Meeks' perfume bottle design

Figure 6
From Jean-Pierre Melville's *Le Samourai* as an inspiration for edge of the frame wide shot.

Isolated Together: Existentialism in Film Noir, Auteur Criticism and Nicholas Ray

I. Introduction

The inherent complexities of film production presents critics with the problem of artistic authorship. The contributing writers of *Cahiers du cinéma*, many of whom went on to become influential directors, developed the concept of the *auteur*, placing the director as the primary creative force on a film. Some critics, such as Andrew Sarris, elaborated on this concept, developing what is known as *auteur theory*. Unfortunately, this approach has become a tool in justifying favoritism towards particular directors, rather than an instructive way to understand film in both a particular and broad sense. I would like to explore the development of the original concept in the pages of *Cahiers* to reexamine the usefulness of *auteur* criticism. To do so, I will look at film noir and the existential themes that are abundant in this body of work. Using the writings of Stephen Faison, who argues that noir and its roots in hard-boiled fiction posits a "poor man's existentialism." I suggest that this particular brand of existentialism resonated with the *Cahiers* writers and influenced their notion of the *auteur*, which I take to be an existential doctrine in itself. I aim to show that this existential thread clarifies some issues concerning the development and implementation of *auteur* criticism. In doing so, I argue that *auteur* criticism is relevant and useful when attempting to explain the complex medium of film.

First, I will discuss the unwieldy collection of films deemed noir. Using the work of Andrew Dickos, I suggest the usefulness of treating film noir as a genre. Next, I will discuss Faison's analysis of existentialism in noir and hard-boiled fiction. I follow this existential thread to *Cahiers du cinéma's politique des auteurs*. Finally, I will analyze four films directed by Nicholas Ray using *auteur* criticism.

II. Film Noir

Film noir, despite its widespread use as an academic concept, is a highly contested term. This stems from its retrospective naming, trans-generic subject matter and relatively short lifespan. While it is not my purpose to redefine the boundaries of film noir, it is important to note some of the issues attached to this field of study. First, I will examine the debate over noir as genre/style/series to develop a working definition for the purposes of this essay. After which, I will discuss some of the influences that shaped the phenomenon, film noir.

The most obvious difficulty in defining film noir is determining whether or not it is a genre. Billy Wilder's question, when interviewed by Robert Porfirio in 1975: "Well, give me then a classic example of film noir?" is indicative of the major issue faced by categorizing noir in terms of genre (103). Time and time again throughout *Film Noir Reader 3*, directors of what became known as film noir express a similar mix of apprehension and confusion about the classification. While, at first glance, this appears to be a reason to throw out noir as genre (as one could not imagine such responses from Ford or Chaplin with

respects to the Western or Slapstick Comedy), there is much to be gained from a generic reading of these films.

Andrew Dickos, in the introduction to his book *Street with No Name*, makes some convincing points on noir as genre. First, regarding the trans-generic properties of noir narratives, he notes that critics place noir "*in relation or juxtaposition to* other kinds of film stories." However, film noir is never quite a subset of any particular genre, but rather occupies a "space between 'kind' of film recognized and the constituent qualities of structural style that make this particular film recognizable as something other, or more, than its 'kind' (2-3)." Dickos goes on to insist that noir fuses a modern myth of alienation and obsession with an essential style: a narrative pattern with formal representation. He then asks the important question, "Why must we resist recognizing the development of a *kind* of film during World War II that later increasingly embodied in its narrative concerns the disruptive, dark forces that drive and deplete modern urban man (4)?"

Accepting Dickos' definition, the problem that immediately presents itself is the short lifespan of film noir. The generally accepted birth is *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), dying with *Touch of Evil* (1958) (cf. Schrader 54). This poses a question: If it is a genre, why did it die off? The fact that it dropped out of American Cinema is why it is often referred to as a cycle or series. Alain Silver and James Ursini offer a simple historical answer: that many of the actors, writers and directors involved in the classic noir period were blacklisted ('*Brute Force*').

While the above may not be a wholly satisfactory explanation of the death of noir, it does indicate the provocative nature of the classic period. Perhaps a fruitful way to examine the noir is its revival in neo-noir, and the distinction between the two. Jason Holt addresses this issue specifically in his essay "A Darker Shade." Of special import is his definition of the noir genre: stylized crime realism (25). While seemingly contradictory, it is actually a rather apt description. Crime, Holt asserts, is a crucial element of noir. It was describing a new kind of crime film that prompted the French definition. Realism (in the colloquial sense) is what gave noir narratives their twisting plots and morally ambiguous characters. He notes that this realism is undervalued because of the stylistic traits of noir, namely low-key, expressionistic lighting. Holt, argues that this does not work against the realism; it does not distort but conveys a reality. Thus, he arrives at stylized crime realism (24-5). Holt examines a cross-section of neo-noir and shows that as the Production Code vanished, the realism (particularly regarding morality and the depiction of sex and violence) in noir was allowed to become more pronounced (38-9).

While this accounts for a certain amount of difference in the portrayal of violence, sex, and the relationship between the two (whether or not we accept Holt's assertion that realism was the "telos" of noir is another matter), there is another strong element that is lacking in neo-noir that is prevalent in the narratives and their structure in classic noir: a nostalgia for the past (38). While Paul Schrader does not

argue for noir as a genre, he points to this thematic element in his essay "Notes on Film Noir." "[F]ilm noir's techniques emphasize loss, nostalgia, lack of clear priorities, insecurity. . . (58)" This element is lacking in *Bonnie and Clyde* (Penn 1967), but is present in Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night* (1948), which I will discuss in detail at a later point. There is no nostalgia in *The Long Goodbye* (Altman 1973), but it is very close to the heart of *Chinatown* (Polanski 1974), despite the former's source material: Raymond Chandler.

Holt's definition of classic noir, however, is useful as it draws focus to the criminal element. It would be difficult to deny that crime is ubiquitous in film noir. What Holt does not address, is that this crime is not solely performed by professionals. This is stated overtly in Kubrick's *The Killing* (1956): "...none of these men are criminals in the usual sense of the word. They've all got jobs and they all lead seemingly normal, decent lives. But they've all got their share of problems and they've all got a little larceny in them." Not only does this separate noir from the gangster film, but in 1956, towards the end of the classic period, it indicates an awareness of a genre, albeit an unnamed one.

As cited above, Dickos provides a functional groundwork to understand noir as a genre: "the dark forces that drive and deplete modern urban man (4)." Dickos does not use the verb drive inconsequentially. Later he notes that the car is an indispensable part of noir narratives and iconography (174, 176-7). The car, along with the nightclub, are the two most common visual elements in Dickos' account of the noir as genre (174). In conjunction with his assessment of common narrative structures; most notably: the protagonists' denial of or being denied conventional domestic happiness, invites a generic reading of noir (7).

For the purposes of this paper, I will use an amalgamation of Dickos' and Holt's definitions of film noir: stylized urban crime realism concerned with the dark forces driving and depleting modern man. I do not pretend that this cumbersome definition somehow settles the debate, but it suffices for my purposes of treating noir as a cohesive body of work. While it may not be a genre per se, it is not necessarily limited to the specific time period as many assert, including the first serious critics on the subject, Raymond Borde and Étienne Chaumeton, who define it a series: a group of motion pictures from one country sharing certain traits (17). Yet even they cannot refrain from referring to noir as a genre (i.e. 20). They also fail to note that Dassin's *Night and the City* (1950) was produced in England (20). Similarly, *The Third Man* (Reed 1949), which is easily classifiable as a noir, was produced outside the American system. Not to mention Dassin's *Rififi* (1955) or Jean-Pierre Melville's *Bob le Flambeur* (1958).

Nor do I intend to skirt the issue of noir as a style, since it has certainly been an important element of recognizing noir. This is precisely the point that Paul Schrader makes at the end of his early essay on the subject: "Because film noir was first of all a style. . . (63)," The problem with looking at only

the style, is that it neglects the fact that the style was intimately intertwined with the narrative themes. It is also odd that Schrader says that noir brought out the best in screenwriters, if it was predominantly about a visual style (62). Here again, I bring in a quote from Wilder, when questioned about the influences of his background and World War II on the visual style of *Double Indemnity* (1944): "I tried to dramatize. . .to emphasize what [James M.] Cain had in mind (104).

Wilder's comment leads me to the next important topic: the pertinent influences on film noir. No discussion of noir is complete without a mention of German Expressionism, but Wilder, and many other émigré directors, when interviewed for *Film Noir Reader 3: Interviews with Filmmakers of the Classic Noir Period*, deny an intentional use of Expressionist techniques (cf. 'Preminger' 92-3). This invites a reassessment of the relationship between noir and Expressionism. Certainly, it is hard to deny a similarity between the low-key, chiaroscuro lighting of both noir and German Expressionist films. However, I assert that they are used to different ends.

Dickos uses a quote from Lotte Eisner that describes the personification of objects in the German language, and that this personification is amplified in Expressionism. Dickos draws a comparison between the slanted roofs and winding streets of Expressionism, an attempt to alter nature into the projection of the subject's mind, and the necessarily subdued transformation present in noir: the dark streets altered by the protagonists' paranoia (16). Here, I feel, Dickos forgets his own thesis, that the urban environment is in some sense causal to the feelings of alienation and despair felt by noir protagonists. Thus, it is not that the characters are scared, making the streets appear dark and menacing (as in Expressionist narratives), but rather, the characters are scared because the streets are dark and menacing. While this distinction may seem trivial, it is important to thematic elements of noir as a body of work.

I do not mean to say that there was no influence of German Expressionist film on noir, but that this was more likely on the technical side; that the cameramen and directors knew how to film dark scenes, which lent itself to the subject matter of the narratives. This seems in keeping with Wilder's assertion quoted above and Otto Preminger's claim that Expressionism being attributed to Reinhardt was "nonsense (94)." Even Fritz Lang is hesitant to admit that there was a cohesiveness among the émigré directors, "We were all émigrés, yes, but after that, who knows (51)." And what of the American directors, particularly John Huston, who directed the first accepted noir? It is more likely that the noir style was derived from the dark tone of the source material.

Many films noir were derived from the works of hard-boiled fiction writers, such as Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Cornell Woolrich and James M. Cain. While there was not necessarily a close connection among the various writers lumped under the 'hard-boiled' label, there is arguably a primary source in the development of this style of writing that emerged in the 20s and on into the 30s:

(The) Black Mask pulp magazine. Founded by H. L. Mencken and George Nathan in 1920, *The Black Mask* was the third pulp magazine the two editors created to offset the losses from their beloved, intellectual magazine: *The Smart Set*. Despite the growing circulation of *The Black Mask*, Mencken and Nathan sold their magazine in November of the same year (Nolan 19-20). By 1923, Dashiell Hammett and Carroll John Daly had each developed a series featuring tough detectives, which were placed at the front of the pack by the new editor Phil Cody, who thought this brand of detective would separate *The Black Mask* from other detective pulp (Nolan 23). In 1926, Hammett left the magazine when he failed to get a raise; circulation suffered, and by the end of the year a new editor was hired that would help the of the hard-boiled genre: Joseph "Cap" Shaw. Reviewing the back catalog, Shaw was profoundly struck by Hammett's fiction and lured him back with the prospects of longer stories for his Continental Op. character (Nolan 24-5).

Shaw encouraged his writers during his editorship to write in Hammett's style, describing the 'new' formula as, "emphasiz[ing] character and the problems inherent in human behavior over crime solution. . . the ensuing crime, or its threat, is incidental (Mayer, 22-3)." Raymond Chandler, described the hard-boiled mood,

> It's not a very fragrant world, but it's the world you live in, and certain writers with tough minds and a cool spirit of detachment can make very interesting and even amusing patterns out of it. It is not funny that a man should be killed, but it is sometimes funny that he should be killed for so little, and that his death should be the coin of what we call civilization ('Art of Murder' 991).

And later, "Their characters lived in a world gone wrong. . .The streets were dark with something more than night ('Introduction' 1017)."

Here we see the framework for noir narratives and style. Of course, not all films noirs were adapted from this tradition, but three of five films that caught the attention of French critics in 1946 were (Borde and Chaumeton, 17). I focus on the hard-boiled influence, because its roots go back well before the war, suggesting a growing sense of disillusionment with traditional American values that culminated (cinematically) in the war-time and postwar film noir genre. Also, as will be discussed in the third section, there is a brand of existentialism found in these texts which embeds itself in the films adapted from them.

This limited overview of film noir is not intended to solve any of the debates within the discourse, but merely serves to frame how I will be treating the films of Nicholas Ray in the final section of this paper. I am aware that I have skimmed over the often discussed connection to poetic realism and the important B-movie modes of production. This is more unfortunate regarding the latter, but I will discuss production factors, when pertinent, in my analysis of specific films.

III. Noir Existentialism

Robert Porfirio, in his 1976 essay "No Way Out: Existential Motifs in the Film Noir," was the first critic to propose an existential reading of noir. Porfirio rightly posits that the existential qualities of noir did not likely come from the French writers, but a source "much nearer at hand;" the hard-boiled tradition (81-2). Unfortunately, he does not develop this much further. He points to various existential motifs (i.e. choice, alienation and loneliness), but, as he admits himself, given the length of the article, his "narrow intention here has been to indicate the necessity of a critical reappraisal (93)."

Stephen Faison's book *Existentialism, Film Noir, and Hard-Boiled Fiction* takes up the task indicated by Porfirio. Faison argues that the hard-boiled tradition and film noir create an American Existentialism that was "not produced in the ivory towers of academia but instead emerged in genre fiction and Hollywood films (12)." He focuses primarily on the relationship between the two American artistic endeavors, rather than the often cited European influences (Expressionism, poetic realism and neo-realsim), questioning the common descriptions of noir as "a European phenomenon that astonishingly occurred on American soil (4)." He also notes the hard-boiled influence on Camus, who claimed to have written The Stranger after reading *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (6). Faison examines four elements of what he calls the poor man's existentialism found in hard-boiled fiction and film noir: metaphysics, epistemology, ethics and politics.

The Flitcraft parable in Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, for Faison, is exemplary of the metaphysics of noir (23). Sam Spade tells Brigid O'Shaunessey about a former case: Flitcraft, a real-estate agent, disappeared after almost being killed by a falling beam on his way to lunch. He left home and wandered to Seattle, where he eventually remarried and started another life (23-4). The first existential element that Faison indicates is the sense derived from Spade's telling of the story; metaphysical awareness is attained through personal experience. The revelation that the world is not "a clean orderly sane responsible affair" is not necessarily one that can be expressed. Similarly, the reaction to such moments is purely individual and difficult to explain (25). This is indicative of many noir characters: only the what is adequately expressed; even when reasons are given, the why of their choices remains somewhat unclear.

The Flitcraft parable also points to another component metaphysics in noir: the randomness of existence (26). Many noir narratives are concerned with this problem, particularly in heist films, which as Faison rightly points out, are often successfully pulled off, but unravel during the getaway when unforeseen coincidences foil an otherwise perfectly designed plan (26). This randomness is complicated by the sense that fate, destiny or an unseen force is responsible when the characters reflect upon the coincidences (29). Whether random coincidence or fate, the important metaphysical element is that the individual is unable to control everything within his reality.

Similarly, time and space are forces beyond control; Dassin's *Brute Force* exemplifies this, in conjunction with the above metaphysical themes. Not only are the prisoners confined to their cells, serving sentences, time plays another important role: Collin's (Burt Lancaster) alibi in Wilson's murder and the subsequent execution of the prison break (44, 47). The latter is foiled as much by Captain Munsey's knowledge of the attempt as the coincidence of Gallagher ramming the gate with a truck when Collins tries to open the it from the tower (48-9).

Faison asserts that the penitentiary becomes "the ultimate symbol of meaningless activity, pointless effort, doomed hope and the torture of too much time and not enough space (49)." Despite the slim chance of success, the characters gamble their lives on their escape plan. Gambling becomes a way of dealing with this contingent world (31-2). When Doctor Walters tries to rationalize the event at the end of the film, Calypso simply states, "Whenever you got men in prison, they're gonna want to get out." This reinforces the idea that there are limits to logic in understanding the why behind any individual's actions in the face of a chaotic existence (50).

The epistemology of noir begins with empirical discovery. Faison humorously demonstrates this viewpoint in opposition to a more conceptual idea of truth:

> Descartes' process of radical doubt strikes the noir existential epistemologist as artificial. If Descartes' radical doubt is genuine, no complicated methodology is needed. There is a quick and easy way to test the validity of his existence: He can put a gun to his head and slowly squeeze the trigger. At that point, the existential epistemologist is confident that Descartes' faith in his existence and the gun will be restored (62).

The empirical nature of the characters does not "seek to explain existence, which is too unstable, nonrational, and contingent to be captured in the mind's conceptual constructions, but instead tries to describe it (63)."

This empiricism has its limitations, one of which is suggested by noir metaphysics: the individual's senses are confined in time and space. Faison discusses this using both Riordan's (Edmond O'Brien) search for truth in *The Killers* (Siodmak 1946) and Vincent Parry's (Humphrey Bogart) in *Dark Passage* (Daves 1947). In the first case, Riordan is only able to piece together Ole Anderson's (Lancaster) life through subjective accounts of past events. Riordan must "selectively interpret and edit the accounts he receives and draw his own conclusions. . . the truth about the death and life of Ole Anderson is at least partially a subjective construction (57)." In *Dark Passage*, Parry's view becomes the audiences': "The opening shot gives comfort that the whole world, or at least the world around San Quentin is available to our faculties. By reducing the visual field to the inside of the barrel, we are made aware of how insufficient and in adequate our knowledge can be (61)."

This empiricism has further limitations concerning morality and interactions between people. Faison examines primarily the relationship between Sam Spade and Brigid O'Shaunessey in Hammett's

Maltese Falcon. Throughout, she lies to him, but insists that he trust her by imploring Spade to look at her and he will know she's not all bad (66). Thus, as Faison points out, "empirical data can provide information but cannot tell him how to interpret that data (67)." Ultimately, in noir epistemology, one is unable to "fully comprehend and explain human behavior (69)." This is an important distinction between detectives from the English school and the hard-boiled. The former restores order to a world disrupted by a crime, whereas the latter, though usually solving the case, is reminded how bleak and incoherent the world is (80-1).

Concerning the ethics of noir, Faison looks at two primary elements: the figure of the private eye and the idea of honor among thieves. The private eye is on the fringe between the law and criminal; he has a license, but cannot perform his duties within a conventional ethical framework, ethical being a set of rules and standards of conduct. The detective has his own code, which is rarely made explicit, but can be understood by what he refuses to do, separating him from the criminals around him (87-8). Faison points to Spade in Huston's *Maltese Falcon*: Spade criticizes the value of human life Gutman and his cohorts place on the falcon (91). It is clear that Spade disapproves of killing for material gain.

Faison asserts that, "The hard-boiled detective believes in justice and fairness but not as abstract concepts (89)." Instead he practices them in "particular situations" depending on the individuals he encounters. This stems from the corruption of the society in which he lives. Often the trail leads from working-class, petty criminals to the wealthy, white-collar ones. Unable to change the larger forces at work, he forgoes conventional ethics and focuses on solving a single case (88-9). The private detective, and similar figures in noir, are able to do so by remaining isolated from people as much as possible, limiting the problems of ethical engagement (100).

This is not the case for other noir protagonists, particularly those in heist films. Faison examines the idea of honor among thieves. Starting from a concept in Plato's *Republic*, he addresses the notion that "Stealing is a dishonorable practice, so a person who steals is dishonorable. A group of thieves consists of several dishonorable persons. Because thieves are by definition dishonorable, there can be no honor among thieves (101)." Faison insists that this definition is intended to simplify the complexity of human interaction, which, as demonstrated in the section on epistemology, is not the case. "A thief is a person who steals, but a person who steals is not simply a thief but is a person whose actions consist of more than thievery (101)." The noir world is not simply divided by criminals and law-abiding citizens, the former is further divided: honorable and dishonorable criminals. Honorable criminals hold onto what Faison calls working-class values: integrity, loyalty, friendship, commitment and professionalism (102).

While Faison does not state this directly, I feel, the above values also pertain to the private detective; throughout my research, I have found the isolation of the detective figure to be somewhat exaggerated. Marlowe in *The Big Sleep* (both the book and film; Hawks 1946) considers Bernie Ohls a

friend of sorts. Even Mike Hammer (Ralph Meeker) in *Kiss Me Deadly* (Aldrich 1955) has a clear friendship with Nick (Nick Dennis). Faison does examine the death of Harry Jones (Elisha Cook Jr.), the diminutive grifter in *The Big Sleep*, and, more importantly, its negative effect on Marlowe, but does not admit the implication that this could have resulted in a friendship had Jones not been killed (94). This is important when considering the alteration of the story to include a romance between Vivian (Lauren Bacall) and Marlowe in the film version; Vivian is deceitful, but only to protect her sister and father at her own expense. Since her values are aligned with Marlowe's, the romance is feasible within the framework of his world view (cf. Dickos 110-1).

Within the ethics of noir there can be honor among thieves (and love for the private detective), but as Faison demonstrated in the previous discussion on epistemology, the ability to discern whether or not a person is deserving of trust, is difficult; deciding for certain, impossible (112). It is not simply a task of labeling an enterprise criminal or lawful, but determining whether or not an individual both a.) has a personal code of honor, and b.) upholds it (112).

The politics of film noir, as Faison articulates them, are centered around working class disillusionment with the practice of American values; working class audiences, in turn, sympathized with the "dissatisfied and rebellious characters at odds with society (119)." Faison, though, does not address the blacklist, which would have been helpful to his argument. Certainly, when considering the linking of business with criminal enterprises in films like *Force of Evil* (Polonsky 1949), these politics that initially slipped past the censors played a large role in the persecution of artists in Hollywood. Despite their various forms, noir protagonists "conclude that criminal acts are warranted in a world that marginalizes, rejects, or unfairly punishes them (134)."

Faison's primary argument in this section is directed against the view maintained by Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, who assert that Hollywood is incapable of producing art or anything other than ideology of the ruling class (115). However, noir filmmakers were able to slip social and political criticism past the censors by using unassuming source material: urban crime thrillers. He suggests that Horkheimer and Adorno, like the censors, failed to appreciate the political and philosophical dimensions of noir and the abilities of audiences to interpret them (143). Faison's primary concern here is the professionalization of philosophy, which excludes both a large portion of the population, and narrative as a form of philosophy (145).

Faison's concern is similar to that of Robert Sinnerbrink in his book *New Philosophies of Film*. Sinnerbrink examines competing conceptions of film as philosophy, suggesting, "that the most productive way of exploring the idea of film as philosophy is an invitation to rethink the hierarchical relationship between philosophy and art (117)." Sinnerbrink questions various concepts such as the "exclusivity thesis": that film can only philosophize if it does so by uniquely cinematic means and provides an original

contribution, not simply a paraphrase of a philosophic idea (125). He also argues against the notion that a film can only be viewed philosophically if a direct intention can be illustrated, such as the connection between Ingmar Bergman and Finnish philosopher Eino Kaila. This overly intentionalist doctrine has three problematic implications concerning the art-philosophy relationship. First of all, it ignores the context in which a film was produced and received/interpreted by audiences and critics. Secondly, it dismisses the benefits of philosophical interpretation to make sense of a film's narrative or structure. Finally, it posits the idea that artists can only refashion concepts developed by philosophers (129).

Sinnerbrink proposes a different approach:

> We can only 'demonstrate' whether a film makes a philosophical contribution by offering aesthetically receptive, hermeneutically defensible and philosophically original interpretations of the films in question. The 'film as philosophy' thesis is less a matter of theoretical argument...than of critical reflection and debate concerning competing interpretations of relevant films... Hence the validation of the 'film as philosophy' thesis depends on our accepting that interpretation... (134)

Like Faison, Sinnerbrink asserts that this is beneficial in it forces us to reexamine what constitutes philosophy, particularly regarding the Platonic dismissal of art (135).

Unfortunately, I do not have the space to go further into Sinnerbrink's work, but given my elaboration of Faison's existential interpretation of film noir and hard-boiled fiction, I believe it is clear how this type of philosophical film criticism can be employed. While Faison and Sinnerbrink are primarily concerned with the relationship between art and philosophy, they demonstrate that a critical approach to film need not solely rely on artistic intent nor that one interpretation necessarily excludes others; this point is critical to my examination of *auteur* criticism.

IV. *Auteurism*

First, I would like to make a distinction between the *politique des auteurs* and *auteur* theory. The primary reason for doing so is to focus on the critics of *Cahiers du cinéma*, who were indebted to film noir as critics and later as directors. Secondly, the application of *auteur* theory, in my mind tends to be overly evaluative in a way that earlier critics were not. The most notable of such critics is Andrew Sarris. Sarris outlines three tenants of auteur theory in his article "Notes on the Auteur Theory in 1962." First, "the technical competence of a director as a criterion of value (63)." Second, "the distinguishable personality of a director as a criterion of value (63)." Finally, and most opaquely, "auteur theory is concerned with interior meaning, the ultimate glory of the cinema as an art (63)." The *politique des auteurs stemmed* from François Truffaut's polemical article "A certain tendency in French cinema" never reached this level of systemization, because, I suggest, it had different and more appealing goals.

Truffaut's article published in *Cahiers du cinéma* in 1954 attacks the "Tradition of Quality" present in the French film industry and criticism of the time, indicative of the transition from poetic

realism to psychological realism (224-5). He attributes this to a pair of scenarists, Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, who became famous for their adaptations of classic French literature. Aurenche and Bost, much to the dismay of Truffaut, developed the process of remaining true to the spirit of the adapted text, rather than the letter as some scenes were unfilmable and required the substitution of equivalent scenes (225-6). Truffaut is "not at all certain that a novel contains unfilmable scenes (227)." Furthermore, on top of Aurenche and Bost's unfaithfulness to both the letter and spirit of the adapted texts, Truffaut declares that he only values adaptations by a man of the cinema (228-9). To him, this screenwriting pair are only literary and he "reproach[es] them for being contemptuous of the cinema by underestimating it (229)."

In addition to his derision of the aesthetic qualities of the "Tradition of Quality" Truffaut attacks the thinly guised politics of Aurenche and Bost and psychological realism. He questions the use of excessive profanity, "Is this realism (231)?" In the section title "PSYCHOLOGICAL REALISM, NEITHER REAL NOR PSYCHOLOGICAL" he again asserts these scenarists' inability to grasp the potential of film, " This school which aspires to realism destroys it at the moment of grabbing it, so careful is the school to lock these beings in a closed world, barricaded by formulas, plays on words, maxims, instead of letting us see them for ourselves, with our own eyes (232)." He suggests that while Aurenche, Bost and those that follow their example proclaim an anti-bourgeois attitude, they fail to be anything but; the working class does not relate to the cinema that is proclaiming to support (234). Instead, the Tradition of Quality will one day find that what it laughs at is "ITSELF, that abject family ITS family, that scoffed-at religion ITS religion (235)."

Many have noted the social conservatism of Truffaut's article (cf. John Hess quoted in Caughie, 37). However, there is clearly an emphasis on how over the what. Truffaut seems to be more upset that the same movie is essentially being made. He lists a series of the Tradition, summarizing all of them as such: "He loves and has no right to (230)." Having condensed the films, he complains, "Under the cover of literature – and, of course, of quality – they give the public its dose of smut, non-conformity and facile audacity." It seems to me that Truffaut is primarily disgusted with the idea that Aurenche and Bost seems to discredit the working class and their ability to think for themselves, not only that, but to do so with a certain contempt for the medium employed; Aurenche and Bost do not even have the decency to condescend well.

In opposition to the Tradition of Quality (and it is indeed that, cf. 234), Truffaut posits the cinema of *auteurs*: Renoir, Bresson, Cocteau, Becker, Gance, Ophuls, Tati, and Leenhardt (233). In his article, he does little to develop the auteur other than marking the above directors as men of the cinema. Truffaut demands a shift from the Tradition of Quality, whose merit was drawn solely from the literary sources from which the films were adapted, to cinema for its own sake. While Truffaut et al clearly had its biased favoritism, it was a means to a definite end: film as a viable art by virtue of *hommes de cinéma*.

John Caughie, in his book Theories of Authorship, provides some interesting points on the *politique des auteurs* that developed after Truffaut's article. First, that the *politique* pushed for a shift from subject matter to *mise-en-scène* and the marks of the directors personality. Caughie also notes that this led to an aggressive formalism that even André Bazin, one of Cahiers eldest critics, became concerned with (36-7). Caughie discerns in the confusion of the various *Cahiers* authors, a privileging of films with themes of solitude, aimlessness, introspection, aggression and failure (38). Just before his selection of extracts, Caughie makes his strongest point:

> I have tried to preserve something of the confusion of voices. It is tempting to present the politique as a set of rules: the late work of an auteur is necessarily more interesting than the earlier work, the worst work on an auteur is necessarily worth more than the best work of a metteur en scène, etc.; but such a schematization, though it has a substantial foundation, avoids the seductiveness of *Cahiers'* auteurist practice, with its celebration of mise-en-scène and its ability to account for pleasure and excitement: it misses the variety and dimensions of the writing, and most, seriously, it situates the politique as an aberration outside any tradition of criticism, rather than an attempt to bring the principles of romantic criticism to bear on cinema, as they had been brought to bear on other arts (38).

Though Truffaut's article addresses only French auteurs, American directors became prominent in *Cahiers'* criticism. Jacques Rivette named four directors he and his compatriots admired: Nicholas Ray, Richard Brooks, Anthony Mann, Robert Aldrich (95). I posit that it is not mere coincidence that three of the four directed prominent noir films, especially considering the themes mentioned by Caughie above, as well as those listed by Fereydoun Hoveyda in his article "La résponse de Nicholas Ray": "Solitude, violence, moral crisis, love, struggle against oneself, self-analysis (42)" Considering the existential themes outlined by Faison, it is perhaps those themes that not only drew the various directors to noir, but the Cahiers critics as well. Hoveyda acknowledges that these themes are common to all the directors they admire, however, it is not simply the presence of these themes, but how individual directors deal with them through *mise-en-scène* that the *Cahiers* critics admired (42-3).

However, there was much debate within the journal regarding the relationship between subject matter and its presentation. From Truffaut's article on, *Cahiers* critics asserted that a film could not be judged on content alone. Luc Moullet in his discussion of Sam Fuller and his seeming rightwing politics, writes the following opaque lines, "Morality is a question of tracking shots. These few characteristic features [the seemingly conservative political content] derive nothing from the way they are expressed nor from the quality of that expression, which may often undercut them (148)." This indicates one of the more beneficial uses of the *politique*'s conception of *auteur* and *mise-en-scène*: an understanding that the way a narrative is shot complicates a simple interpretation based solely on what happens. Bazin is more explicit about his concerns about the auteur/subject matter relationship. He warns against the practice of reducing the subject of a film to no importance, but he also posits an interesting idea, "To a certain extent at least,

the auteur is always his own subject matter... he has the same attitude and passes the same moral judgements on the action and on the characters (255)." He qualifies "the personal factor in artistic creation as a standard of reference (255)." This qualification is defended and explained later:

> [T]he *politique des auteurs* seems to me to hold and defend an essential critical truth that cinema needs more than the other arts, precisely because an act of true artistic creation is more uncertain and vulnerable in the cinema than elsewhere. But its exclusive practice leads to another danger: the negation of the film to benefit the praise of its *auteur*... I feel that this useful and fruitful approach, quite apart from the polemical value, should be complimented by other approaches to the cinematic phenomenon which will restore to a film its quality as a work of art. (258).

The goal of the *politique des auteurs* begins to emerge more clearly: raising film to an art. The focus on the director as an artist is a strategy employed to allow the introduction of romantic criticism, as Caughie suggested, which privileged the artist as an individual (cf. Caughie 10).

Prominence of an individual in a context that represses individuality certainly hits an existential chord. In conjunction with the thematics of the films triumphed by *Cahiers*' critics, it becomes increasingly inviting to read the *politique des auteurs* as a brand of existentialism. I say brand of existentialism because it is not obvious that the critics sought to tie themselves to Sartre or other French existentialists. In Truffaut's article, he seems to reject the idea of connecting films to Sartre and Camus to give them credibility (229). Instead, I would like to suggest that there was something in the existentialism of film noir that allowed its directors to develop in a way that gave the young *Cahiers* writers a cinema to champion, an art to defend. Rivette, when discussing violence in the work of the above mention *auteurs*, notes that the violence is never an end in itself. Instead it creates a rupture of convention, leading to self-reflection once "unfettered by arbitrary constraints (95)." One need only think of the flashback narrative structure of many films noirs to understand what he means. Certainly, this resonates with the existential themes of film noir as a genre, but Rivette also asserts that this is the process undergone by the directors in making these films citing the discontinuity with conventional techniques (95). Jean-Luc Godard, in his forward to a collection of Truffaut's letters, gives the strongest indication that there was an existential element in their attitude towards film:

> [W]hat bound us together more intimately than the false kiss in *Notorious* [Hitchcock 1946] was the screen, and nothing but the screen. It was the wall we had to scale to escape our lives, and there was nothing but that wall, and we invested so much of our innocence in the ideal of that wall that it was bound to crumble beneath all the fame and decorations and declarations that lay ahead... The cinema had taught us how to live, but life, like Glen Ford in *The Big Heat* [Lang 1953], was to take its revenge... François is perhaps dead. I am perhaps alive. But then, is there a difference (x)?

V. Case Study

Here, I will examine a selection of films from Nicholas Ray, in keeping with the *politique des auteurs*, I will focus largely on *mise-en-scène*, indicating elements of Ray's style. I hope to show that auteurism need not be as polemic or exclusive as it often is thought to be. Rather, like Bazin asserts, when complimented by other approaches, can "restore to a film its quality as a work of art (46)." Unfortunately, given the length of this paper, I will have to limit myself to a few films and only small portions of each film.

Nicholas Ray is an obvious choice. Not only was he mentioned in Rivette's list of incontestable *auteurs*, he was the first (94). I will analyze Ray's noirs *They Live by Night* (1948) and *In a Lonely Place* (1950) to find elements of Ray's style. Then I will show that these are also present in his non-noir films: *Johnny Guitar* (1954) and *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955).

They Live by Night, Ray's first film, from the outset clues the viewer in to his thematic concerns and the style in which he will present them. The first image is an idyllic medium-close shot of Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell) and Bowie (Farley Granger) laying down, nuzzling in an ambiguous space. Even though it is dark, they are lit softly, glowing from backlighting. Keechie is on her back, she rolls over, they smile at each other as text on the screen tells us that they "were never properly introduced to the world we live in." They kiss, the music crescendos, they break apart looking off screen, panic stricken. A jarring cut to a vigorous helicopter shot of a car barreling down the road. It looks slightly undercranked, adding to the franticness of the shot. Here we have the crux of Ray's films – a drastic juxtaposition between an ideal domestic life and the violence of the world.

After the tire of the car blows out, Chickamaw (Howard Da Silva) bears down on the farmer whose car they stole after their jailbreak, knocks him over and beats him out of sight of the viewer behind the car. Bowie is in the back seat, facing away from the camera on screen left. The farmer, Chickamaw, and T-Dub (Jay Flippen) are midground outside the car. When Chickamaw attacks the farmer, he crosses Bowie, the camera pans left, shifting Bowie to the other side of the frame. At the sound of the punches, the camera cuts to a medium close up of Bowie, showing his worried reaction to the sudden outburst of violence. He is center framed, a framing that Ray seems to favor. It causes a sense of uneasiness and is often used on a single character to show isolation. In this case, Bowie's isolation from Chickamaw's violence and the criminal mindset in general. In the next part of the sequence, another dramatic helicopter shot shows Bowie lagging behind his fellow escaped convicts. He falls and they leave him behind, again framed alone in the center reinforces his isolation from the other criminals.

Bowie is also isolated from society in general due to his murder conviction. This is shown when Keechie pulls up in her truck to pick Bowie up. He is shown through the trellis below the women's garment billboard he's hiding under. Again, center frame, peering through the lattice patterned boards,

resembling a prison cell. This is reinforced by Keechie's arrival also being shown through the trellis over Bowie's shoulder in a near POV angle.

In their first interaction, she is covered in shadow. As Bowie approaches, the camera follows him, pushing in as he reaches the car. Keechie's face is almost totally obscured by shadow. It is hard to even tell it's a woman. Ray seems to be playing with conventions. She is wearing a wide brimmed hat, dressed androgynously. With the wash of shadow, one almost expects a dangerous man behind the wheel. Bowie seems just as surprised to realize she's actually a woman. Just before her line, which reveals her gender, the camera cuts in to a medium close shot of her, Bowie screen right. When she says, "Could be," Bowie moves to screen left to look at her face. Her being a woman changes everything. Combined with the above mentioned push in as Bowie approaches the car, there is this bizarre sense of fate and chance as Faison discussed in his book. These two will be insolubly linked. This is suggested by the shot as they pull up to the house: a medium close two shot from behind, the lattice pattern of the truck grating recalls the trellis Bowie was hiding behind. Criminals or not, they will be treated as such together.

Bowie and Keechie choose to bind themselves to one another (somewhat) legitimately through marriage. They get off the bus (their means of escape), to get married for $20 in a house by the Greyhound stop. Earlier, Bowie says his catchphrase, "There oughta be a law," regarding this practice of marriage. However, due to their fugitive circumstance, this is they only way they can be wed. The sequence begins with a slow craning/tracking shot that starts with the neon sign flashing "MARRIAGES PERFORMED ANY HOUR DAY OR NIGHT" looming over the top half of the screen. Bowie and Keechie stare at the sign as they are drawn towards it like moths to a flame. As they approach the camera it pans and tracks with them keeping them at the center of the frame. They slowly make their way to the gate, passing between light and shadow, and pause between two cupid statues. The statues seem to loom over them. Finally, they speak. Bowie asks Keechie for the time, recalling the symbol of their love: the watch he bought her before the Zelton robbery. A cut to a medium close two shot behind the couple. The edge of the frame boxes them in, they continue down the narrow "aisle" of bushes. The camera follows slowly, then stops as they reach the steps. Another cut to a medium close shot from behind. That pushes in behind them as they enter the house and are greeted by Hawkins (Ian Wolfe).

This lead up to the marriage is ironically ominous. They seem to be pushed by the camera in the above described shots. Inside, it is brightly lit, starkly contrasted to their walk to the house. Though well-lit, it is hardly an idyllic scene. The camera continues in with them, their backs remain to the audience until there is finally a cut to Bowie stating that he will buy a ring. The commercialization of the wedding further enforced by Hawkins' line (as he divides Bowie and Keechie from each other in the frame): "That's my business." A little later, when they sign the register, again Hawkins is positioned between them with a placard that reads "RINGS FOR SALE OR RENT." There is a subtle judgment about the

inequity of commerce. Bowie stole to get a lawyer to clear his name, but by doing so he is unable to buy his freedom. He is able, however, to buy (albeit seedily) tokens of love: the watch, the ring, but this is not real love.

Bowie's misconception of money and its power is reinforced by the final sequence. After returning to Hawkins, unsuccessfully trying to buy his way into Mexico, he returns to Mattie's (Helen Craig) hotel, unaware that she has sold him out to the cops in exchange for her husband's release. Between them are signs that read "SALES" and "Rentals" harkening back to placard in Hawkins' house. As Bowie writes his love letter, Mattie steps behind him to read it. The camera cuts to a close up of Bowie with "SALES" right by his face. The camera tilts up to reveal Mattie's guilty expression.

Bowie crosses the parking lot in a tense long shot. Pillars of light stream across the asphalt, the rest is nearly pitch black. A cut away to the cops' guns glinting in the darkness, their faces obscured. Back to the long shot, Bowie stops center frame, isolated in a stream of light. There is a jarring cut to an opposite long angle on Bowie. The cops wait, their faces are illuminated, but indistinct. One of them moves towards the camera becoming a menacing silhouette, he signals with his gun to an offscreen officer. Bowie makes it to the doorway, Keechie can be seen sleeping on the bed through the window. Bowie's head covers up her lower half as reaches the door. When the cops' lights flash on, he turns his head facing screen right, another light turns on, he spins around. Bowie now completely covers up Keechie. He runs forward, struggling to pull out his gun and is shot down, collapsing center frame. Keechie runs out to join him. She pulls out the note in a medium shot, she looks up at the cops, it cuts to close up as she starts to rise, then returns to the medium. This discontinuous cutting adds to the disturbing sense of the scene and Keechie's emotional state of shock. She turns her back to the camera and begins to walk away as she reads the note aloud. The camera follows her closely. This choice on Ray's part creates a strongly personal presentation of their love, inexplicable to the viewer. Much like Bowie and Keechie's backs turned around during much of the wedding. She turns around when she reads "I love you, Bowie." The soft lighting and sentimentality on her face indicates that Bowie finally understood what was important for him to do, even if it was too late: express his love. She reciprocates the feeling. The lights begin to shut off, shadows slowly take over her face before fading to black.

Many elements of The*y Live by Night* resurface in Ray's other films. Thematically: a pair of loners who fall in love; they are isolated visually by center heavy framing, then brought together in centered two shots. Ray also tends to use ironic depictions of domestic scenes, such as Bowie and Keechie's wedding. Slow tender moments are often interrupted or punctuated by sudden violence. Violence is often what causes the characters' isolation, subsequently, this mutual isolation brings them together. However, as will be shown from *In a Lonely Place*, violence may isolate the lovers from each other.

In a Lonely Place stars Humphrey Bogart as Dixon Steele, a short-tempered Hollywood screenwriter. During the opening credits only his eyes are shown through the rear view mirror of his car. This already posits his loneliness. It is complicated by the contrapuntal use of sentimental music. At a stop light the sentimental music descends into an aggressive theme while Dix is shown in a centered frame making a threat towards another driver. His isolation and violence are connected, but it is difficult to determine which is cause and which is effect.

The next scene provides an interesting answer: when discussing a script with his agent Mel (Art Smith) and director Lloyd Barnes (Morris Ankrum), Dix is shown in a tight close up separating him from the others; once, as he declares he won't work on anything he doesn't like, again, as he berates Lloyd for being a "popcorn salesman." Immediately following, he is shown in a two shot with the washed-up, alcoholic actor Charlie Waterman (Robert Warwick): another loner. When a young director comes into frame between the two and belittles Charlie, Dix shoves him violently. The next shot shows the director smashing into a passing waiter and onto a table. Dix lunges after him, but is restrained by a crowd. Breaking continuity, the next shot is a medium-close two shot of Dix and Charlie. This disruption shows the dependence these two loners have on each other, but more importantly it seems to indicate a cyclical relationship between Dix's violence and his isolation.

Before getting to how violence brings Dix and Laurel (Gloria Grahame) together, I would like to point to a shot that will become important to Ray's style: Laurel in her apartment raised above Dix. Not only does this shot foreshadow their coming together through violence and loneliness (Dix is in that lonely place in the center of the frame; Laurel is blocked in by two pillars), it introduces another image we will see multiple times in Ray's work, the woman in a position to look down on the man from the top of a staircase. Looking up from a low-angle at the female characters does not seem to simply imply power, rather, a moral superiority, namely: the ability to control violent impulses.

When Dix is suspected of murder, he calls in Laurel as his alibi, since she saw him from her balcony in the shot described above. The mention of violence isolates Dix from her. Initially, she is positioned in front of him in a two shot, but when the murder is brought up, Dix is separated from her by a close shot. Since she corroborates his story, she becomes suspect and is also left alone in a single shot. By the logic of Ray's framing, this mutual persecution binds them together: in the next shot they are shown grouped together on screen right; Detective (and Dix's friend) Brub Nicolai (Frank Lovejoy) sits opposite them screen left.

Violence isolating Dix from others is most disturbing in the scene where he describes, hypothetically, how the murder of Mildred may have happened to Brub and his wife Sylvia (Jeff Donnell). The married couple is positioned in a two shot opposite Dix, alone center frame. The scene cuts between these two shots. Dix is slowly shown in darker light, while Brub is gradually taken in by his

story, unintentionally choking his wife. We see the beginning of Brub's stranglehold on his wife, but the escalation of the violence happens offscreen. Instead, we see Dix's maddening expression highlighted by shadow. Cutting back to the couple only when Sylvia panics, she leaves the frame; Brub is left alone. Violence's effect on domestic relationships become apparent here, foreshadowing the relationship between Laurel and Dix.

The two domestic scenes between Dix and Laurel are separated by his most explicit display of brutality. In the first scene, Mel observes Dix writing at his desk, the scene is well lit, Laurel enters from screen right, turns off his writing lamp, as she walks away Dix turns it back on. Mel follows Laura over to the bedroom where she tidies up and puts the phone under some pillows so it won't disturb Dix should he go to bed. The scene is tender, shot with more conventional compositions. After Mel is caught snooping and invited in, this style of filming continues until there is a bizarrely tense tickling moment. Dix's sudden lurch at Laurel when she tries to take away his notebook has a violent, sudden feel. Afterwards, the two are positioned in the center of the frame. The light tone is modulated to a darker one. She puts Dix to bed, finding Brub at her door to take her to the station for more questioning.

The second domestic scene begins with isolated center framed shots of Dix preparing grapefruit in the kitchen crosscut with similarly framed shots of Laurel getting dressed in her bedroom. However, unlike earlier scenes this separation is not resolved in a central two shot. Instead, when Laurel enters the kitchen they are positioned at opposite edges of the frame. For the duration of this scene the alienating close shots serve to keep them separate, broken apart by Dix's violent behavior. This adds a dark, ironic tone to Dix's comment, "Anyone looking at us could tell we're in love," as well as his subsequent proposal of marriage.

Their positioning on the couch in the scene above mirrors that of the car, before and after Dix's brutal attack of another motorist. From this point on, Laurel is worried and isolated from Dix; right after his first punches land, there is a cut to a close shot of Laurel. As Dix's aggression builds he is drawn to the center of the frame, first in long shot from behind, then close up below his pummeling fists. He grabs a rock, shown from the long shot again he is stopped by Laura screaming from her center framed close up.

In a Lonely Place introduces a complexity to the relationship between violence, isolation and love: violence can both bring Ray's couples together through mutual isolation (as in *They Live by Night*) and drive them apart, depending on the context of the violence. *Johnny Guitar* continues Ray's examination of this dynamic.

Johnny Guitar opens with a beautiful shot of the Southwestern landscape. Johnny (Sterling Hayden) rides peacefully from screen right on horseback, as he reaches the center of the frame, an explosion in the nearby mountain interrupts him. Already, there is the random outburst of violence that

we have seen in the previously discussed films. This cycle between calm and action repeats before Johnny reaches Vienna's: a stagecoach is held up and a man is killed in the valley below. Johnny, like Dix, seems unphased in the threat of violence.

Inside Vienna's saloon, there are a few important staging elements. The first is the positioning of Vienna (Joan Crawford) at the top of the stairs when she enters. Looming over the saloon from a low angle long shot, Vienna is placed in the center of the frame. As Tom (John Carradine) comments on Johnny's height, there is a cut to a very high angle long shot looking down at them, creating an ironic comment on Johnny's stature. Vienna is shown from this position on the stairs many times throughout this sequence. The low angle view gives her a sense of power (which she has considering that this is her saloon), but often she is isolated, building tension between the having power and what it cost her: being an outcast from society. There is also the positive reading, similar to that of Laurel's positioning in Lonely Place, as an indication of her moral superiority to both the mob she confronts (that continually push aside the marshal) and Johnny (who is "gun crazy").

Vienna's isolation is complimented by Johnny's, who is shown in between the mob led by Emma Smalls (Mercedes McCambridge) and The Dancin' Kid's (Scott Brady) gang. At this point, even Vienna is on the side of The Kid and his men. Johnny, as a stranger is under suspicion for robbing the stagecoach, when he cracks a joke about why he doesn't wear guns, McIvers (Ward Bond) is enraged and hurls a bottle of whiskey against the wall, threatening to run Vienna, The Kid and his gang out of town. Vienna is isolated in a close shot. Johnny joins her side. Again, in keeping with Ray's thematic scheme, we have a couple of loners.

Jarring brutality juxtaposed with a calm scene is exemplified by the fight between Johnny and Bart (Ernest Borgnine) while The Kid and Vienna discuss their relationship. Right as Bart sucker-punches Johnny, the scene cuts back inside the saloon to a straight forward over the shoulder shot/counter shot dialog between Vienna and The Kid. It almost feels like a romantic comedy, suddenly, the camera cuts back to the fight in a series of quick shots of escalating violence: a long shot of Bart throwing Johnny against a horse, a medium close shot of Bart grappling with Johnny and a shaky close shot of Johnny's face being smashed by Bart's hand. The close up looks undercranked, giving it a startling feel compared with the standard framing and cutting of the scene inside. Another series of long, medium, close shots of the fight ends with a chair smashing against a pole. As it does, Ray cuts back to Vienna and The Kid still in their conventional positions. The conversation progresses, tension builds with a few closer shots. The fight is over and Bart is shoved back into the saloon and comically kicked to the floor by Johnny. This burst of violence seems to bring Johnny and Vienna together, as they are both isolated from the gang narratively and visually. Thus, we again have the sense that violence can bring alienated people together, but it does not last long.

Shortly after, Johnny frantically shoots Turkey's (Ben Cooper) gun out of his hand, when he mistakenly thinks the "youngster was shooting up the place." Vienna steps in front of Turkey in a medium-long shot, breaking their isolated framing. After his own outburst, we finally see Johnny affected by violence, separating him from Dix, in that he is concerned about his own potential to be a killer. Once alone Johnny and Vienna are positioned on opposite edges of the frame, much like the wedding scene in Lonely Place, followed by isolating close ups. Johnny's violent past coming alienating them from each other is reinforced when Vienna mentions his real last name: Logan. Again, they are shown in the center of the frame.

Their separation is resolved (partially) by another one of Ray's ironically dark domestic scenes. The saloon becomes a surrogate home. They are still isolated from each other, Vienna's admission of being with many men since they broke up begins to bring them together in over the shoulder shots, her alienation from society by being labeled a tramp is compared to Johnny's violence. However, it is her sudden throwing of a whiskey glass (violence) that finally draws them to the center of the frame together, which solidifies them as one of Ray's outcast couples. They stay in the center of the frame as Johnny pulls her out into the main gambling room through shadows, telling her to, "laugh, Vienna, and be happy. It's your wedding day!"

Violence bringing them together is solidified in the final sequence of the film, when Vienna kills Emma. Vienna is positioned mid-frame during the dual. After Emma is shot, Johnny climbs a staircase to meet Vienna. Together they descend the staircase, remaining centered until the final shot of them kissing in front of a waterfall.

The final film of Ray's I will look at is *Rebel Without a Cause*. As can be expected, the use of central framing and its connection to isolation and violence persists in this film. However, I believe I have sufficiently elaborated on this thematic and stylistic aspect of Nicholas Ray's filmmaking. Instead, I will focus primarily on his depiction of domestic scenes analyzing two shots that use the staircase to create power dynamics.

The first shot takes place when Jim (James Dean) returns home from Buzz's death on the bluff. When his mother (Ann Doran) threatens to move again, she runs past Jim up the staircase. The camera tilts on its axis emphasizing her position above Jim on the staircase, looking up at her from a low angle. As discussed earlier, a woman standing above a man on staircase tends to signal her morality via control over violent impulses. This scene complicates such a reading. Shortly after, when Jim's father (Jim Backus) stands below them at the bottom of the staircase, the trio is shot from a high angle, creating a diagonal line from the top-left to bottom-right corners of the screen. There is a menacing quality to it, unlike Laurel or Vienna standing above Dix or Johnny. The positioning does not seem to be representing control over violence, but an iniquitous balance of power.

Later in the film, Judy (Natalie Wood), Jim and Plato (Sal Mineo) create a remarkably similar diagonal line from top-right to bottom-left of the screen. This image does fall into Ray's common use of women on staircases. Judy has little to no violent tendencies, Jim only when provoked by questions of honor, Plato's violence stems from a deeper issue of abandonment and is the most sporadic. This positioning reenforces their desire for domestic acceptance, oddly though, the three kids pretend to be less than ideal adults.

Considering the deliberate distortion of domestic scenes in Ray's work, these two shots clearly figure into depiction of the American home: in practice it does not live up to its promise. However, there is little evidence that ideals of marital and familial happiness should be thrown out, rather, accounting for the process of violence and isolation bringing couples together, there is hope. This hope, for Ray, lies in the acceptance of the possibility of violence in oneself and one's lover.

VI. Conclusion

I have tried to demonstrate the usefulness of *auteur* criticism as one of many ways to read a film. Dickos provides an excellent argument for a generic treatment of film noir, just as Faison offers an existential one. Unfortunately, the length of this paper does not allow me to take the next logical step: finding the overlap between these approaches. As I stated at the beginning, film is a complex medium in terms of production and viewing. Film criticism does itself a disservice by excluding multiple interpretations in service of a single argument. My purpose in reviewing *auteurism* through the lens of existentialism and film noir was to juxtapose three modern concepts that developed simultaneously leading up and responding to World War II, suggesting that, though not necessarily causal, are related and offer insight into each other. Similarly, I argue that only through a multifaceted approach can we understand film and its profound ability to affect us emotionally, intellectually and culturally.

VII. Filmography

Big Heat, The (Fritz Lang 1953)

Big Sleep, The (Howard Hawks 1946)

Bob le Flambeur (Jean-Pierre Melville 1958)

Bonnie and Clyde (Arthur Penn 1967)

Chinatown (Roman Polanski 1974)

Dark Passage (Delmer Daves 1947)

Double Indemnity (Billy Wilder 1944)

Force of Evil (Abraham Polonsky 1948)

Killers, The (Robert Siodmak 1946)

Killing, The (Stanley Kubrick 1956)

Kiss Me Deadly (Robert Aldrich 1955)

Long Goodbye, The (Robert Altman 1973)

Maltese Falcon, The (John Huston 1941)

Night and the City (Dassin 1950)

Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock 1946)

Rififi (Dassin 1955)

They Live by Night (Nicholas Ray 1948)

Third Man, The (Carol Reed 1949)

Touch of Evil (Orson Welles 1958)

VIII. Works Cited

Bazin, André. "On the politique des auteurs." 1957. *Cahiers du Cinéma The 1950s: Neo- Realism, Hollywood, New Wave*. Ed. Jim Hillier. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1985. 248-59. Print.

Borde, Raymond and Étienne Chaumeton. "Towards a Definition of Film Noir." 1955. *Film Noir Reader*. Ed. Alain Silver and James Ursini. New York: Limelight, 1996. 53-63. Print.

Caughie, John. *Theories of Authorship*. London: Routledge, 1981. Print.

Chandler, Raymond. "Introduction to The Simple Art of Murder." *Raymond Chandler: Late Novels and Other Writings*. New York: Literary Classics of the United States, 1995. 1016-019. Print.

Chandler, Raymond. "Simple Art of Murder." 1944. 1950. *Raymond Chandler: Later Novels and Other Writings*. New York: Literary Classics of the United states, 1995. 977-992. Print.

Dickos, Andrew. *Street with No Name: A History of the Classic American Film Noir*. Lexington: UP of Kentucky, 2013. Print.

Faison, Stephen. *Existentialism, Film Noir, and Hard-Boiled Fiction*. Amherst: Cambria Press, 2008. Print.

Godard, Jean-Luc. "Forword." *François Truffaut Correspondence 1946-1984*. Ed. Gilles Jacob and Claude de Givray. New York: Cooper Square Press, 1988. ix-x. Print.

Holt, Jason. "A Darker Shade: Realism in Noir." *The Philosophy of Noir*. Ed. Mark T. Conrad. Lexington: UP of Kentucky, 2006. Print.

Hoveyda, Fereydoun. "La réponse de Nicholas Ray." 1960. *Theories of Authorship*. Ed. John Caughie. London: Routledge, 1981. 42-3. Print.

Lang, Fritz. "Fritz Lang." Interviewed by Alain Silver and Robert Porfirio. *Film Noir Reader 3: Interviews with Filmmakers of the Classic Noir Period*. Ed. Robert Porfirio, Alain Silver and James Ursini. New York: Limelight, 2001. 51-65. Print.

Mayer, Geoff. "The Hard-Boiled Influence." *Encyclopedia of Film Noir*. Westport: Greenwood Press, 2007. 19-46. Print.

Moullet, Luc. "Sam Fuller: In Marlow's Footsteps." 1959. *Cahiers du Cinéma The 1950s: Neo-Realism, Hollywood, New Wave*. Ed. Jim Hillier. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1985. 145-55. Print.

Nolan, William. *The Black Mask Boys: Masters in the Hard-Boiled School of Fiction*. New York: William Morrow and Company, 1985. Print.

Porfirio, Robert. "No Way Out: Existential Motifs in the Film Noir." 1976. *Film Noir Reader*. Ed. Alain Silver and James Ursini. New York: Limelight, 1996. 77-93. Print.

Preminger, Otto. "Otto Preminger." Interviewed by Robert Porfirio. *Film Noir Reader 3: Interviews with Filmmakers of the Classic Noir Period*. Ed. Robert Porfirio, Alain Silver and James Ursini. New York: Limelight, 2001. 87-98. Print.

Rivette, Jacques. "Notes on a Revolution." 1955. *Cahiers du Cinéma The 1950s: Neo-Realism, Hollywood, New Wave*. Ed. Jim Hillier. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1985. 94-7. Print.

Sarris, Andrew. "Notes on the Auteur Theory in 1962." 1962. *Theories of Authorship*. Ed. John
      Caughie. London: Routledge, 1981. 62-65. Print.

Schrader, Paul. "Notes on Film Noir." 1972. *Film Noir Reader*. Ed. Alain Silver and James Ursini. New
      York: Limelight, 1996. 53-63. Print.

Silver, Alain and James Ursini. "Brute Force Audio Commentary." *Brute Force*. Criterion
      Collection, 2007. DVD.

Sinnerbrink, Robert. *New Philosophies of Film: Thinking Images*. New York: Bloomsbury, 2011. Print.

Truffaut, François. "A Certain Tendency of the French Cinema." 1954. *Movies and Methods*. Ed. Bill
      Nichols. Berkley: University of California Press, 1976. 224-237. Print.

Wilder, Billy. "Billy Wilder." Interview by Robert Porfirio. *Film Noir Reader 3: Interviews with
      Filmmakers of the Classic Noir Period*. Ed. Robert Porfirio, Alain Silver and James Ursini. New
      York: Limelight, 2001. 101-119. Print.

The Limits of Control:
A Case Study in the Morality of Decentralizing Narrative in Film
By
Madison Beaudet

Holtzinger
FTA 5545: Film Theory
10/22/15

Introduction

> "… the mass-art, the treatment of the masses, which should not have been separable from an accession of the masses to the status of true subject, has degenerated into state propaganda and manipulation, into a kind of fascism which brought together Hitler and Hollywood, Hollywood and Hitler."
>
> Gilles Deleuze
> *Cinema 2: the time-image*, p. 164

Despite Deleuze's insistence throughout his book that he does not place modern cinema above classic cinema, quotes such as the above hint at the moral dimension implicit in the distinction between the classic movement-image and the modern time-image in practice. In this essay I will explore the concepts in Deleuze's book *Cinema 2: the time-image* through the analysis of Jim Jarmusch's film *The Limits of Control* (2009).

I begin with a brief recapitulation of Deleuzian theories from *Cinema 1: the-movement-image*. In this section I will also use narrative concepts from Lajos Egri's book *The Art of Dramatic Writing* to illustrate analogies with Deleuze's movement-image. This review will show that narrative is a product of the movement-image and not inherent to cinema.

From there I will elaborate on elements of the time-image that are crucial to my reading of Jarmusch's film, particularly: the powers of the false, the political concept of a people creating themselves through collective utterances, the relationship of unthought to thought, and the idea of spiritual automatons. This serves to highlight the distinctions between classic cinema and modern cinema.

Next, I will examine William S. Burrough's essay *The Limits of Control*. As it shares the title of Jarmusch's film, the concepts presented in the piece shall prove helpful in the analysis. Furthermore, it provides a way to connect the film with the moral implications of Deleuze's theories.

Finally, I will provide a formal analysis of *The Limits of Control*, highlighting the deliberate disruption of narrative drive. By using Deleuze and Burroughs I aim to show the profound implications of this disruption: it is a rebellion against the socio-political control inherently active in narrative processes; a moral battle cry against narrative being the center of filmmaking and viewership.

The Movement-image and Narrative

To fully discuss the time-image, we must first briefly describe the fundamental components of the movement-image. Deleuze's purpose in *Cinema 1* is to classify images of classic cinema. Such a purpose is outside the scope of this essay, so much of his work will be over-simplified (not that it makes it easier to articulate). The organic structure of a film based on

movement-images is described by the following formula: SAS'. A situation (S) is transformed into a new situation (S') by an intermediary action (A) (*Cinema 1,* 142). It is noted that there is a reverse formula ASA', but the subtle distinctions overly complicate this discussion of the basic fundamentals of the movement-image, its constituent parts and the sensory-motor link (cf. 160,164).

The movement-image, as Deleuze defines it, is comprised of six distinct types of images: perception, affection, impulse, action, reflection and relation. A proper summary of Deleuze's classification of images and their signs would be unfruitful as this essay is not focused on semiology, but the function of narrative. A simplified version should suffice: the images move from the perception of movement received, the affective qualities of that movement (i.e the affect on a character), through the impulse to act, followed by the reflections on and relations established by the movement. These images create the sensory-motor schema "which grounds narration in the image (*Cinema 2*, 32-3)."

It should be noted that the movement-image ideally culminates in relations, expressions of a whole. This is the transformed situation (S') made possible through action (A). The original situation (S) is movement received. Between S and A there is affect and impulse; between A and S' there is reflection. Perception of movement is a given throughout the chain.

Perhaps it would be helpful here to provide an analogy for the SAS' formula that Deleuze offers up for the movement-image. Situation -> Action -> Transformed Situation bears a strong resemblance to the narrative structure proscribed by almost any text on "being a good writer." As an example, Lajos Egri, whose concept of premise, is analogous to the SAS' formula. Citing the 70dictionary, Egri states, "proposition antecedently supposed or proved; a bases of argument. A proposition stated or assumed as leading to a conclusion (2)." Egri summarizes Romeo and Juliet, then provides the premise he sees at work in the play: "Great love defies even death (3)." Relating to Deleuze's SAS' concept: *Situation* (great love), *Action* (defies), *Transformed Situation* (death). Egri insists that the premise of a play should contain three parts and lead to a conclusion (cf. 8). Furthermore, he believes that an author must pick sides, i.e. pass judgment (9). This concept of judgment will factor heavily into the discussion of the time-image, but for now it is enough to point to it as a part of narrative.

Before moving on to Deleuze's time-image, I would like to stress that narrative structure is analogous, not synonymous, to Deleuze's SAS' formula. In fact, what is perhaps most radical in Deleuze is the power he gives to images *qua* images: "Narration is never an evident given of images, or the effect of a structure which underlies them; it is a consequence of the visible images

70

themselves…(*Cinema 2*, 27)" This idea provides a crucial key to understanding the break

between classic cinema and modern cinema that Deleuze posits in *Cinema 2*.

The Time-image

At the end of *Cinema 1*, Deleuze begins to posit the breakdown of the movement image:

> "Certainly, people continue to make SAS and ASA films: the greatest commercial successes always takes that route, but the soul of the cinema no longer does. The soul of cinema demands increasing thought, even if thought begins by undoing the system of actions, perceptions and affections on which the cinema had fed up to that point. We hardly believe any longer that a global situation can give rise to an action which is capable of modifying it – no more than we believe that an action can force a situation to disclose itself, even partially. The most 'healthy' illusions fall."
>
> p. 206

This disbelief is the product of WWII. However, Deleuze also points to forces within cinema that

led to the creation of modern cinema and the time-image: images that no longer refer to a

synthetic whole, growing indifference in characters to the situations they find themselves in, the

rise of meandering films that undo space as wells as plot, and this all leads to the amassing of

clichés and condemnation of plot (207-10).

These factors are what Delueze calls the crisis of the action-image; a slackening of the

sensory-motor-schema; this slackening is not yet a new type of image until it gives rise to what he

calls purely optical and sound situations (*Cinema 2*, 3). What defines these purely optical and

sound situations are the impossibility of them extending into action, being valid for the whole (in

contrast to the SAS' formula). "[They] reveal connections of a new type, which are no longer

sensory-motor and which bring the emancipated senses into direct relation with time and

thought…to make time and thought perceptible, to make them visible and of sound (17-8)."

Deleuze explains that in this shift, movement becomes subordinate to time, whereas before time

was indirectly represented through movement (22). Thus, the time-image.

It would take me too far afield to get into Deleuze's philosophical discussion of time,

what is relevant here are the effects of the time-image. Regarding narrative, Deleuze states that in

the organic mode (SAS'/ASA') through the sensory-motor schema "claims to be true, even in

fiction (127)." In contrast, the time-image or crystalline narration is "fundamentally falsifying"

because it "poses the simultaneity of incompossible presents, or the coexistence of not-

necessarily true pasts (131)." Narrative in the movement-image claims to be true, while in the

time-image it is patently false.

To explore the ramifications of truthful narrative, it is important to explore the concept

of judgment, which Egri insists as an important element of good narrative. Deleuze also claims

that narrative always "refers to a system of judgment," while falsifying narrative destroys judgment (133). He brings in Nietzsche to explain the work of Orson Welles in regards to this idea of falsifying narration:

> "The truthful man in the end wants nothing other than to judge life; he holds up a superior value, the good, in the name of which he will be able to judge, he is craving to judge, he sees in life an evil, a fault which is to be atoned for: the moral origin of the notion of truth. In the Nietzschean fashion, Welles has constantly battled against the system of judgment: there is no value superior to life, life is not to be judged or justified, it is innocent…"
>
> <div align="right">p. 137-8</div>

What begins to take shape is the trouble of narrative: judgment is only possible through the presentation of the true, but this true does not exist (this will be all the more important when considering Burroughs). Deleuze posits that what replaces the system of judgment is "affect as immanent evaluation […]: 'I love or I hate' instead of 'I judge (141).'" In place of a transcendent Truth, there is the created truth of the artist: "There is no other truth than the New: creativity, emergence, what Melville called 'shape' in contrast to 'form' (147)."

It is here that Deleuze discusses story, which is separate from narrative. This distinction is certainly not a common one, but it becomes important once narrative becomes essentially falsifying in the time-image. As has been discussed above, narrative is a product of the sensory-motor schema and tied to judgment through the value of truth. Story, as Deleuze defines it, is concerned with the subject-object relationship and the development of this relationship. It is clear that Deleuze is not using subject-object in a grammatical sense, rather, he is describing the relationship between subjective and objective material in a formal relationship: artist/medium as objective vs. character/content as subjective. Conventionally, in cinema, this is divided between what the camera sees as objective and what the character sees as subjective (147). Thus, story is the development of objective (camera/filmmaker) and subjective (character) images, their relationship and ultimate resolution (148). Story, as Deleuze defines it, is concerned with the artistic relationship between form and content.

Deleuze looks to documentary to highlight this point and contrast classic cinema's story with modern cinema's poetry, a term he borrows from Pasolini. While documentary favors the real over fiction, Deleuze argues that by maintaining the conventional idea that what the camera sees is objective and continuing to use the model of truth (consistent with narrative), documentary failed to encounter the real, instead they continued to participate in the realm of fiction. "What is opposed to fiction is not the real; it is not the truth which is always that of the masters and colonizers; it is the story-telling function of the poor, in so far as it gives the false the power which makes it into a memory, a legend, a monster (149-50)."

<div align="center">72</div>

In modern cinema (time-image/cinema of poetry), the distinction between objective camera and subjective character disappears: the camera begins to see subjectively; the objective and the subjective enter into a discourse with one another, not an antagonism which must be resolved. Much like narrative becoming false, story, when no longer refers to an ideal of the true, "becomes a 'pseudo-story', a poem, a story which simulates or rather a simulation of the story (148-49)."

Just as the falsifying narrative allowed for the artistic creation of truth, story-telling grounded in the power of the false contributes to another creation: that of a people (150). This is why it is important to define story by the subject-object relationship. In the quote that opened this essay, Deleuze insists that cinema as art of the masses refused to make the masses its subject. Instead, the masses are merely an object for a films story; it doesn't really concern them. Later, he states that a truly political cinema must be concerned with the problem of the audience not being a people, they are missing. "Art, and especially cinematographic art, must take part in this task: not that of addressing a people, which is presupposed already there, but of contributing to the invention of a people (216-7)."

Deleuze reminds us that this story-telling function is not an impersonal myth nor is it a personal fiction: it is a collective utterance. In modern cinema, it is a speech act, which dissolves the boundary between a characters private life and politics (222). As the sensor-motor link breaks down, sound is no longer a part of the visual image; it become heautonomous (reflexive independence), reinforcing the audio-visual nature of the cinematographic image (253). In this way, a speech-act (be it music, conversation or monologue) becomes an act of resistance (254). In relation to story-telling, this is inherently political, but it also indicates the incommensurability between the audio and the visual: they are connected, but do not form a whole (256).

Obviously, this indiscernibility between true-false, objective-subjective, requires a different relationship between cinema and thought. In classic cinema, given that there is this idea of resolution (be it in terms of narrative or story), there is a whole. Deleuze designates three relationships between thought and cinema in the movement image: critical-thought, which can only be thought in a higher awareness; hypnotic-thought, which can only be shaped in the unconscious unfolding of images; and action-thought, which is the sensory-motor relationship between world and man (163).

In modern cinema, the question is no longer about the conception of the whole in thought, nor the relationship between man and the world, because the sensory-motor link has been broken. The audience can no longer think about the whole; the time-image does not construct one. This inability to think, this unthought, Deleuze champions as the real power of

thought and modern cinema. In place of knowledge we have belief, "not in a different world, but in a link between man and the world, in love or life, to believe in this as in the impossible, the unthinkable, which none the less cannot be but thought… it is this belief that makes the unthought the specific power of thought, through the absurd, by virtue of the absurd (170-2)."

This reference to Kierkegaard's phrase, points to the existential and spiritual component of Deleuze's work. He uses the concept of spiritual automata to connect the automatic movement in cinema to thought. In classic cinema the was a proliferation of mechanized movement: clocks, trains, etc.. Deleuze notes the affinity of these images to modernity and the future. However, this spiritual automata was taken over, the power of machines to awaken something in man was taken advantage of: the movement-image culminates in Leni Riefenstahl (263-4).

A new type of automata rises from this: an electronic automata. The concept of window/frame is shown to be insufficient; the eye-Nature couple is disposed by the brain-city: "when the frame or screen functions as an instrument panel, printing or computing table […] the shot itself is less like an eye than an overloaded brain endlessly absorbing information." This is not simply due to the proliferation of digital technology, but is a product of the time-image (267).

The shift from mechanized movement to digital or cybernetic movement in society, not just cinema, changes the configuration of power. Rather than a single leader, commander of actions, there is an information network of 'decision makers' (265). In this, the real concerns of the time-image become clear. In the discussion of the time-image, it has been shown that the breakdown of the sensory-motor schema gave way to a questioning of the ideal of the true (falsifying narrative, refashioning the object-subject relationship, speech-acts as political defiance), but this is only half the battle. The time-image must also confront the problem of information. Deleuze posits that information's power comes from its ineffectiveness, which makes it all the more dangerous. Information poses two questions: what is the source and who is it addressed to? However, these questions are misleading, because "the source of information is not a piece of information any more than is the person informed (269)." Thus, information perpetuates the illusion that the sensory-motor link is intact. Deleuze insists that cinema must confront information: "Redemption, art beyond knowledge, is also creation beyond information (270)."

It is illustrative to quickly mention Kierkegaard in relation to Deleuze's conception of cinema. Already, Deleuze has reference Kierkegaard by using his phrase "by virtue of the absurd." This puts modern cinema firmly in the realm of faith (cf. *Fear and Trembling*). It is through this that we might understand the importance of the time-image denying commensurability between objective and subjective. In *Either/Or,* Kierkegaard posits the first

two stages of existence: the esthetic (lacking a self) and the ethical (having a social/external self). However, faith is an internal self that cannot be understood simply from appearances. In regard to Deleuze's information, Kierkegaard questions the possibility (and desirability) of an objective being. Information (or objective knowledge) does not help with existential choices (cf. *Unscientific Concluding Postscript*). On top of the risk of an illusory sensory-motor link, information is dangerous because it inhibits existential choice: "[c]hoice no longer concerns a particular term, but the mode of existence of the one who chooses (*Cinema 2*, 177)."

Deleuze's work is decidedly philosophical. He himself is aware of the animosity filmmakers and viewers have toward applying philosophy to cinema. However, Deleuze insists that he is not simply bringing philosophy to cinema, rather, he is developing a philosophy that born from cinema's own concerns: movement, time, perception, faith.

> Cinema's concepts are not given in cinema. And yet they are cinema's concepts, not theories about cinema. So there is always a time, midday-midnight, when we must no longer ask 'What is cinema?' but 'What is philosophy?'[…] For no technical determination, whether applied (psychoanalysis, linguistics) or reflexive, is sufficient to constitute the concepts of cinema itself
>
> p. 280

William S. Burrough's "The Limits of Control"

Burrough's short and pithy essay "The Limits of Control" not only provides an insight into Jarmusch's film, but also provides some concepts that illustrate the implicit moral arguments in Deleuze's work (particularly, for the purposes of this essay: the role of narrative). The centerpiece of the essay is what Burroughs calls a control scenario: a lifeboat with ten passengers, two have guns and plan to kill the other eight when land is sighted. In this scenario he lays out several limits of control: the impossibility of complete physical control, the implementation of suggestion and deception, the problem of making concessions, and the necessity to maintain control.

Before the lifeboat scenario, Burroughs lays out the fundamental paradox of control: complete control is impossible, because complete control ceases to be control. "I *control* a slave, a dog, a worker; but if I establish *complete* control somehow… then my subject is little more than a tape recorder, a camera, a robot. You don't *control* a tape recorder – you *use* it (339)." The other pole of this limit is explained in the lifeboat scenario: complete use of physical force, namely, killing the eight unarmed passengers, results in the controllers to having to row themselves; neither of the two left safe from the other (341). Later in the essay, Burroughs expands on this limit, stating that in current socio-economic structures, where wealth is an influential factor, force negates the power of money (341).

The impossibility of complete control leads to the inherent use of suggestion and deception. To avoid an all-out battle, the controllers of the lifeboat, promise that there is enough food and water for everyone. Also, by contributing their navigational skills, the controllers complete the deception that this is a cooperative endeavor (340). This illusion must be maintained, if the rowers knew that the controllers intended to poison the drinking water once the boat nears land, they would attack against all odds (341). This would place the controllers in the same bind as the first limit discussed above.

To maintain the deception, the controllers may make concessions. In the lifeboat scenario this would mean increasing food and water rations. Burroughs maintains that concessions are the retention of control (340-1). "Here's a dime, I'll keep a dollar. Ease up on censorship, but remember we could take it all back (342)." However, history, Burrough's reminds us, shows that concessions are a one-way street. Thus, another limit of control: concessions must be made to hide deception and maintain control, but they cannot actually be taken back without an increased risk of revolution (342).

Through these limits, it becomes clear the ultimate limit of control: the necessity to maintain it. Burroughs states that it becomes a matter of self-preservation: "Who, then, needs to control others but those who protect by such control a position of relative advantage? Why do they need to exercise control? Because they would soon lost this position and advantage and in many cases their lives as well, if they relinquished control (340)."

As mentioned above, Burroughs highlights the wealthy as one of the most powerful groups of controllers. Through this, Deleuze's implicit political and moral argument can begin to be seen:

> The cinema as art itself lives in direct relation with a permanent plot, an international conspiracy which conditions it from within, as the most intimate and most indispensable enemy. This conspiracy is that of money; what defines industrial art is not mechanical reproduction but the internalized relationship with money.
>
> Deleuze, *Cinema 2,* p.77

Now it becomes important to reexamine Deleuze's concepts pertaining to classic cinema and to what extent they are control methods.

As discussed above, the sensory-motor schema is what grounds narrative in the image and narrative is predicated on a system of judgement. But who's judgment? It should also be remembered, that Deleuze notes that the most commercially successful films still use the SAS' formula. Thus, it becomes important to consider narrative as a system of control. Deleuze insisted that narrative had to present itself as truthful in order to make its judgment. In Burrough's lifeboat, deception was a necessary part of control, the rowers had to believe in the cooperative

enterprise. At this point, it would be easy to fall into the trap of putting words into Deleuze's mouth, so I will simply move on to Jarmusch's film after one final quote from Deleuze:

> Hence the idea that the cinema, as art of the masses, could be the supreme revolutionary or democratic art. But a great many factors were to compromise this belief: the rise of Hitler, which gave cinema as its object not the masses become subject but the masses subjected; Stalinism, which replaced the unanimism of peoples with the tyrannical unity of the party; the break-up of the American people, who could no longer believe themselves to be either the melting-pot of peoples past or the seed of a people to come…
>
> <div align="right">p.217</div>

Jim Jarmusch's *Limits of Control*

"Two espressos in separate cups," says The Lone Man (Isaach De Bankolé) to The Waiter (Óscar Jaenada). When The Waiter brings back a double espresso, Lone sends it back, displaying one of the rare outbursts of energy. It would seem that Jarmusch is giving us a clue to pay attention to forms: how things are structured and presented, not just the content.

The most obvious structure is the formulaic conversations that Lone has with various characters. They all start with the rhetorical question "You don't speak Spanish, right?", a discussion of his interest in a subject (more on the subjects later); a stoic glance, an exchange of matchbooks, and instructions (usually to go somewhere and wait). This points to two important elements of the film: Deleuze's concept of collective utterances and time as Lone's main antagonist.

Above, it was pointed out that collective utterances were part of the creation of a people. In *Limits of Control*, there are a few more collective utterances: "La vida no vale nada (life is not worth anything)" and "He who thinks he's bigger than the rest, must go to the cemetery; there he will find what life really is a handful of dirt." The idea that life is not worth anything does not seem to be nihilistic, I would argue that it is a political statement, attacking worth in the monetary sense in relation to human life. This ties into the culmination of Lone's mission, especially in conjunction with the second phrase "He who thinks he's bigger than the rest…" Together, they evoke a threat against power and money; against the controllers.

The second collective utterance reaches the status of pure speech-act, which Deleuze describes as defiant, furthering the idea of it being a threat to those in control. Lone stops into a closed bar and a flamenco band is rehearsing. The song: "He who thinks he's bigger than the rest…" with operatic passion. Not only does this serve to make it a pure speech-act, it also connects Lone and his compatriots to artists and the lower class. In this regard, Lone's mission is pointedly political.

This is why time as a dominant antagonist is important. It nicely makes discussing Deleuze's time-image feel appropriate, but it is also one of the primary disruptions of narrative drive. Waiting in *The Limits of Control* is not like that of a ticking clock narrative, like *High Noon* (Fred Zimmerman, 1952) or *3:10 to Yuma* (Delmer Daves, 1957) where time functions as an element that creates tension, facilitates the occurrence of obstacles or provides insight into the psychology of the characters. Instead, time is the obstacle itself, but it is not revelatory or tense. In fact, it is quite banal: Lone sits in a coffee shop or bar, goes to the museum, lays in bed, does Tai chi. Time is not a clock ticking down to an explosion, but a simply clock incessantly ticking.

There is a prominence of automated movement in *The Limits of Control* that is difficult to ignore: automated walkways, cars, trains and airplanes. The airplane is what connects this automated movement to cinema itself. The airline that Lone travels on from France to Spain is Air Lumière. It has been shown above (in Deleuze's terms) that the automatic movement of cinema created the spiritual automaton. However, this was taken over by fascism via Leni Riefenstahl. Within *The Limits of Control* there is a conflict between time (as obstacle) and automatic movement (Air Lumière, et al.); a struggle between the movement-image and the time-image. The Lone Man as spiritual automata must avoid the pitfalls of fascism as well as information; he must become an artist.

In his first conversation with The Creole (Alex Descas) and The Frenchman (Jean-François Stévenin), The Lone Man is told to use his imagination and his skills, which bears resemblance to advice for artists. Later he is told by The Creole in French, "The universe has no center and no edges. Reality is arbitrary." The Frenchman doesn't want to translate because he doesn't understand it. The Creole says not to bother, "He gets it." Here the distinction between understanding and getting is presented. Understanding as logical function, getting as affected response. The Lone Man does not speak French nor does the cryptic message make immediate sense, but he gets it. This is not dissimilar to the feeling of watching *The Limits of Control* or experiencing art in general.

The subsequent conversations are all predicated on the concept of affect: "Do you like?" or "Are you interested?" The resulting monologues are structured on belief, preference and pleasure: the belief that wooden instruments have a memory of every note played on them inside their molecules; the pleasures of the body; the preference of movies where people just sit there, that movies are like dreams; an interest in molecules, a personal take on a Sufi saying, speculative scientific futures; bohemians and whether or not they're artists, speculation on the origins of the term; the belief that reflections are more present than the object reflected, the pleasure of hallucinatory drugs. The Lone Man's accomplices are subjective individuals.

This is contrasted with the arbiter of truth role of The American (Bill Murray). As discussed above, narrative judgment depends on presenting itself as true. Thus, we have the closest thing to a reason for Lone to kill The American: destroying the ideal of the true, judgment, money, power, control.

Money is equated with military force (a business suit in a military compound). While Burroughs posits that physical force nullifies money's power, Deleuze has a reason for this literal conflation of concepts. He states, "[t]here is no room for metaphor, there is not even any metonymy, because the necessity which belongs to relations of thought in the image has replaced the contiguity of relations of images (174)." The American is Big Business and the military; he has control.

The American as controller, must uphold the ideal of true to pass judgment (narrative) but also to save his own life (as Burroughs demonstrates). The American, trapped and unarmed, berates Lone for not understanding the real world and living in an artificial reality. Lone responds to these accusations that he understands subjectively and that reality is arbitrary. Lone then kills The American.

Subjectivity triumphs over objectivity. The imaginary beats the true. The most radical narrative disruption bookends the American's death. Lone stares at the military complex, much like the artwork he views throughout the film. Rather than a climactic fight or elaborate infiltration, the film cuts to inside the compound, Lone casually sitting on the couch, playing with a light. The American enters, takes of his toupee (the appearance of truth) and, upon noticing Lone, demands, "How the fuck did you get in here?" "I used my imagination." Similarly, after killing The American, Lone appears in the truck with The Driver (Hiam Abbas), while the guards struggle to get into The American's room. The movement-image's logical and cohesive structure is abandoned for Lone's imagination.

What is important to note is the preference of subjectivity. The questions revolving around Lone's mission are left unanswered. There is a suspicion that he will kill someone and he does, but even though he calls it a job, there is never an exchange or discussion of payment. He looks like a gangster, but it is undecidable whether or not he is (the children ask him and he denies it; his answer would be the same if it was true or false). There is even less information about The American: his villainy is only determined by a subjective interpretation and belief about wealth, militaristic forces and power. The sensory-motor schema and it's narrative are disposed; there is no judgement, only affective evaluation.

So far, the discussion has focused primarily on the verbal elements (though there was mention of the depiction of automated movement), as Deleuze put much emphasis on the speech-

act concerning the political dimensions of the time-image, but there are some incredibly important visual elements to consider. Most notably, the interstices between the conversational scenes and the introductions of The Lone Man's compatriots.

One of the few things apparent about Lone is his appreciation of painting, which is confirmed by The Man With the Guitar's (John Hurt) question about painting. In the first part of the film, while Lone is in Madrid, between his encounters he visits the museum. Each time, he seeks out a single painting. The first time, it is a cubist painting of a wooden instrument; the second, a nude portrait; third, a photorealistic painting of Madrid. Not only does this interest in art further serve to interpret Lone as an artist, it hints at a prophetic or visionary quality to him. The paintings predict the Man with Violin (Luis Tosar), The Nude Woman (Paz de la Huerta), and The Blonde (Tilda Swinton) who is fascinated with films and/or an actress. Lone's intuitive power to go to the museum and select a single painting that represents his next encounter defies narrative logic. Additionally, it draws attention to the introductions of each of the characters he meets.

There is a somewhat disorienting series of shots that preface each conversation. A musical theme plays and the character is shown walking in a disoriented time and space. These sequences serve less to explain the characters as they do to create an expression of a people. The musical element (which is a political speech-act in Deluzian terms) is the most cohesive element. There are aberrations in the set: Molecules (Youki Kudoh) approaches loan on the train without the aforementioned prophetic art piece introduction, The Man with the Violin and The Guitar (John Hurt) seem paranoid, but others do not. These are not a uniform people, but a group of subjective individuals performing a collective utterance. The non-conventional editing and cinematographic depiction of space/time does not create a sense of confusion even while it denies a cohesive pattern.

There is one pointed instance of abrasive editing that shows the breakdown of the sensory-motor schema. When Lone first meets The Naked Woman, she is pointing a gun at him and taunts that he left his bag unguarded. Lone replies that there's nothing in it. The Naked Woman gets distracted and Lone snatches the gun from her. This rare moment of action is disrupted by a double-shot of the disarming. This appears to be all the more noteworthy when considering Deleuze's discussion of clichés and modern cinema's task of "tearing a real image from clichés (Cinema 2, 21)." The Naked Woman is cliché incarnate: deliberately and pointlessly oversexualized, this sexuality conflated with danger (Lone is warned that she is a "criss-cross").

From this vantage, two other clichés become important in the false narrative and simulation of a story in The Limits of Control. The Naked Woman continues to play the role of

femme fatal as she is seen from Lone's second window, appearing to be following him. In the final house that Lone is staying in, her glasses are on the nightstand. Neither of these misdirections "pay off" in a narrative sense; it seems more fruitful to view them as purposefully disruptive of the sensory-motor schema. Similarly, The Blonde is seen captured by men in suits, but Lone simply avoids them and continues on his mission undeterred. These clichés are shown as false obstacles that call into question the necessity of narrative tension.

At the end of the section on Burroughs, I suggested that narrative and its inherent judgment is aligned with control through the connection to money. In relation to this, I offer one more piece of evidence. The first shot of The Lone Man is in a bathroom stall, upside-down, pushing against the edge of the frame. After completing his mission by breaking narrative structures, he is shown again in a bathroom stall. This time he is right-side-up, implying a reconstitution of himself through subjectivity. The subjective nature of his task is all the more evident as his employers and his target are left vaguely defined, the artistic nature of his process, and that his only reward seems to be being turned right-side-up.

Conclusion

Given the disruption of narrative drive that has been shown in The Limits of Control, it is time to articulate the moral dimensions decentralizing narrative in film. Deleuze does not expressly condemn the movement-image, but does provide hints at a moral issue implicit in that approach to filmmaking. The first concerns the role of narrative. Early on in this essay, it was clear that Deleuze posits the radical notion that the sensory-motor schema developed through the different elements of the movement-image are what creates narrative in film. This is more than the idea that film was not created as a narrative medium (which is historically accurate), but that it is only through the cohesive interaction of specific types of images (perception, affection, action) that narrative exists; it is not native.

Judgment is the purpose of narrative. This is not only posited by Deleuze, but also Lajos Egri. The necessity for narrative to present itself as true is a notion also shared by the two authors. This becomes a moral issue when Burroughs' is considered: the necessity of being perceived as truthful, of hiding ones intentions is behavior of those in control. In conjunction with the reality of money being involved in filmmaking, which Deleuze points to, it becomes more than suspect that narrative judgment is in service of controllers. Deleuze notes how the practices of the movement-image led to Leni Riefenstahl and Hitler's subjugation of the German people. There are also corollaries in the Soviet Union and Hollywood. Here one only needs to think of D.W. Griffith's Birth of a Nation (1915), which influenced Eisenstein and future American filmmaking

81

to see that the misuse of the movement-image and narrative is not just a matter of who uses the forms; the forms themselves are not innocent.

In contrast to the ideal of true in narrative under the regime of the movement-image, there is the falsifying narrative of the time-image. Affective evaluation replaces judgment. It has been shown that this type of subjective evaluation is prominent in The Limits of Control. Not only does this place Jarmusch's film within the discussion of Deleuze's time-image, it solidifies the moral and political arguments that the latter circled around. The Lone Man dispenses of narrative to kill The American, who is running a business like military or a military like business; the two are literally shown, not metaphorically linked. It seems to be a viable reading of the film to insist that narrative is just as much the target of Lone as business or militaristic power. The three are closely woven and inseparable.

Deleuze wrote of the movement-image and the time-image as different philosophical approaches to cinema that produced distinct aesthetic paradigms. I have shown that narrative's role in cinema is not simply a matter of taste, but something that is morally problematic. Certainly, this is a polemic claim, but it is important to remember the distinction Deleuze makes between narrative and story. Story is the subject-object relationship and its development: "Is what the camera records objective or subjective? Can they be discerned? Must they be discerned?" These are cinematic questions. Narrative is the creation of causal links that present themselves as true in order to make a judgment. Deleuze notes that narrative is created through specific movement-images; it is not native to cinema.

However, this is not an aesthetic argument. Narrative judgment is a method of control. From Deleuze through Burroughs to Jarmusch, it is clear that the answer is not a counter narrative, but the disruption of narrative in favor of a subjective, collective utterance. Film viewers must ask themselves if narrative and their enjoyment of it in cinema is not simply a concession, the maintenance of control by those in power. Filmmakers must ask themselves if judgment is their reason for making films. Collectively, we must reexamine how cinema restores our belief in the world.

Works Cited

Burroughs, William S. "The Limits of Control." *Word Virus: The William S.*
      Burroughs Reader. Ed. James Grauerholz and Ira Silverberg. New York: Grove, 1998.
      339-41. Print.

Deleuze, Gilles. *Cinema 1*. Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam.
      Minneapolis: U of Minnesota, 1986. Print.

---. *Cinema 2: The Time-image*. Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Robert Galeta.
      Minneapolis: U of Minnesota, 1989. Print.

Egri, Lajos. *The Art of Dramatic Writing*. New York, NY: Wildside, 2008. Print.

Films Referenced

3:10 to Yuma (Delmer Daves, 1957)
Birth of a Nation (D.W. Griffith, 1915)
High Noon (Fred Zimmerman, 1952)
Limits of Control (Jim Jarmusch, 2009)

Beyond Memory

By

Madison Beaudet and Katheryn Warzak

"I must pass beyond memory to find you, my true Good, my sure Sweetness. But where will the search lead me?"

- Saint Augustine, *Confessions; Book X*

1   INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Not much taste or money went into this office: a few worn filing cabinets, a safe, a desk that used to be sturdy.

Atop the desk rest a pair of brown loafers connected to tan slacks, a linen shirt and a weary man. RICHARD VALENTINE, 40s, naps beneath a straw fedora.

A KNOCK on the door. Valentine rises to open it.

A contrived smile is on the other side. It's worn by SEAN LAWRENCE, late 30s, tall, handsome, well dressed.

                    LAWRENCE
          Valentine, it's been a while.

He extends a hand.

Valentine punches him in the face.

2   INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Valentine is back behind his desk, reclining. Lawrence sits across from him, massaging his cheek. Valentine smirks to himself.

                    LAWRENCE
          Be reasonable.

                    VALENTINE
          Make me.

                    LAWRENCE
          It's amazing how much tough guys
          sound like little kids.

                    VALENTINE
          This is the point where you pique
          my interest or get the hell out of
          my office.

Lawrence removes a silk handkerchief from his pocket and tosses it on the desk. Valentine picks it up.

85

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
               It's nice, but what would I wear it
               with?

He mimes tying it around his neck. He catches its scent.
The smirk drops from his face. He sits up straight.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

3   INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A WOMAN's neckline in front of a mirror. A delicate bottle
of perfume caresses the contour. Mist bursts out of it.

In the mirror, playful eyes look back over the woman's
shoulder. She's looking at Valentine.

END FLASHBACK.

4   INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

A glimmer of sadness in Valentine's eyes. He snuffs it out
but not fast enough. Lawrence notes his reaction.

                    LAWRENCE
               I just want to talk to her.

                    VALENTINE
               I don't do divorce work.

                    LAWRENCE
               I can pay you. Handsomely.

                    VALENTINE
               I don't need your money.

Lawrence looks around the shabby office.

                    LAWRENCE
               Not as long as you're happy living
               in squalor.

                    VALENTINE
               You're on your own, Lawrence.

Lawrence stands up. He holds his hand out for the
handkerchief. Valentine tightens his grasp.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
               Consultation fee.

Lawrence's mouth curls in a wry smile. He walks to the door.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
          Why didn't you bring any muscle?

Lawrence CHUCKLES, shaking his head. He crosses the threshold and closes the door like a gentleman.

Valentine muses over the handkerchief, then catches himself. He wads up the cloth and shoves it in his pocket.

He yanks open a desk drawer. A box of cigars sits in the back, gathering dust. Valentine pulls this out.

He opens the box and grabs a cigar. He glances up at the clock: lunch time.

Valentine heads out.

5   INT. NICK'S DINER - DAY

         JAZZ floats out from the kitchen, over the counter and across half a dozen cozy tables, all empty. A few liquor bottles rest atop a small refrigerator holding beer and mixers.

         Valentine pushes open the front door. A BELL chimes.

         NICK, late 30s, baby-faced, emerges from the kitchen. He wipes his hands on an apron.

         Valentine pulls out his cigar as he approaches the counter.

                    NICK
          Don't even think about smoking that
          in here, Valentine.

                    VALENTINE
          Wouldn't want to ruin your lunch
          rush.

         Valentine settles onto a stool. He studies the cigar.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
          Ya ever smell something that brings
          you back to a time you haven't
          thought about in years?

                    NICK
          Sure. My mom was always cooking
          onions in paprika. Got stuck in
          the curtains. I used to think...

Nick notices that Valentine isn't paying attention, just staring at his cigar. He sighs and moves to the fridge.

Nick grabs a beer and sets it in front of Valentine. This shakes Valentine from his reverie.

                    VALENTINE
          Thanks, Nick.

Valentine puts the cigar away. Inside his pocket, he caresses the handkerchief.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
          Hey, can I use your phone?

Nick is already taking the cordless off the wall.

                    NICK
          Heady times, these, don't know if
          you're aware. A communication
          revolution, been going on ten years
          now. Twenty, even, maybe.

He walks back to Valentine and hands him the receiver.
Valentine dials a number.

                    NICK (CONT'D)
          They got these things - "cell
          phones." Self-phones, you could
          almost call them. A phone of your
          own...

                    VALENTINE
          I'll take a cheeseburger when you
          got a minute.

Nick throws up his hands and saunters back to the kitchen.

Valentine pulls out the handkerchief and pulls it through his fingers.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
          Raoul? Qué pasa? Look, I got a
          line on some Saints tickets... Just
          a small favor.

Valentine checks to see if Nick is looking. He is not.
Valentine takes a whiff of the handkerchief.

6   INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is dark, but there wouldn't be much to see anyway.
Just a mattress on the floor and the dresser Valentine is
rummaging through.

He slams the desk drawer shut. He can't find what he's
looking for.

Valentine takes a deep breath of the handkerchief.

                    ZIA (O.S.)
          I was wrong...

Valentine looks over to the bed.

Peeking out of the covers is ZIA, a beautiful woman in her
late 20s. The playful eyes in the mirror were hers.

                    ZIA (CONT'D)
          There is a gentle man in there.

Valentine slowly approaches the bed.

A phone RINGS. Valentine looks towards the door. When he
looks back to the bed, Zia is gone.

7   INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen looks like it hasn't been used in a long time. A
phone on the wall continues to ring. Valentine answers.

                    VALENTINE
          Hello?

                    RAOUL (O.S)
          Amigo. I got something.

Valentine perks up.

8   EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Valentine interrogates A BELLHOP, mid-20s, outside a
boutique hotel. The man turns from Valentine to open the
door for a GUEST.

When he turns back, Valentine is holding the handkerchief in
the bellhop's face. The bellhop jerks back. Valentine
presses forward.

                    VALENTINE
          Did she smell like this?

The bellhop looks uncomfortable, but sniffs. He swoons. A
contented smile slides over his face.

                    BELLHOP
          Yeah...

Valentine heads toward a cab idling at the curb.

9   EXT. HOTEL (AT CAB) - NIGHT

RAOUL, a large Cuban man in his 50s, drums his fingers on
the steering wheel. He looks expectantly at Valentine.
Valentine hands him an envelope.

                    VALENTINE
          Gracias, amigo.

                    RAOUL
          De nada. You want me to wait?

                    VALENTINE
          No. This might take a while.

Raoul's mouth curls into a mischievous grin.

                    RAOUL
          If you're lucky.

Valentine shakes his head and pats the top of the car. Raoul
takes off. Valentine goes back to the bellhop.

10   EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

                    VALENTINE
          Can you take me to her room?

                    BELLHOP
          I'm not supposed to...

Valentine pulls out a twenty. The bellhop takes it.

11   INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Door 307. Valentine and the bellhop approach. Valentine
hesitates before knocking, then does so.

No answer.

                    VALENTINE
          Open it.

                    BELLHOP
          No.

Valentine reaches for his wallet. He'll pull out another
twenty while the bellhop speaks.

                    BELLHOP
          Dude. I could get fired for
          showing you up here, but I could go
          to jail for letting you in.

                    VALENTINE
          You won't go to jail.

The bellhop plucks the twenty from Valentine's fingers.

                    BELLHOP
          I know.

He saunters off. Valentine scowls as the bellhop rounds the
corner. He turns to the door.

Valentine pulls a set of lock picks from a different pocket.
He crouches in front of the door.

12   INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A CLICK O.S. and the door opens.

Valentine stands, stashes the picks and eases into the room,
shutting the door behind him.

The space is nice but not extravagant. There are no
suitcases. A few dresses hang in the closet.

Valentine disappears into the bathroom. We hear a quiet
RUMMAGING through toiletries.

He emerges with a delicate bottle of perfume.

INSERT - BOTTLE OF PERFUME

"L'amour analgesique" printed in scrolling cursive.

BACK TO SCENE

Valentine sprays it into the air. That's her alright.

He sets down the bottle and wanders to the night stand.

                         ZIA (O.S.)
                  You nosy bastard.

Valentine looks back. Zia is elegantly dressed and angry,
stalking across the room. He remembers this night.

                         VALENTINE
                     (under his breath)
                  Better than being handsy.

Zia responds as if Valentine had spoken at full volume. Her
voice and gestures are directed slightly to his left, as if
he is standing there instead.

Zia takes off her necklace. Her earrings will follow.

                         ZIA
                  Lawrence was just being friendly,
                  which is more than anyone could say
                  about you.

In the nightstand, Valentine finds a passport; Zia looks
older in the picture. Underneath is a slew of plane
tickets: Mexico City, Paris, New York...

                         VALENTINE
                  Trying to see as much of the world
                  as you can while he's still footing
                  the bill?

                         ZIA (O.S.)
                  I'm not going to stop having fun
                  just because you don't know how to
                  enjoy yourself.

                         VALENTINE
                  Is that why you--

Zia is gone. Valentine's eyes are filled with longing as he
stares across the empty room.

He slips his business card into the passport before
returning it to the night stand.

He grabs the perfume bottle on the way out.

13   EXT. STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Valentine sulks down the street. PEOPLE mill about, drunk
or getting there. On the corner a BAND plays "St. James
Infirmary Blues."

Valentine sprays the handkerchief with the perfume and huffs the scented cloth. Every woman that passes now looks like Zia.

Valentine stops and watches a MAN, 20s, flirt with one of the Zias. Everything about it angers him: the man's hand on the small of Zia's back, the way Zia tilts her head back to laugh at what the man says.

The camera stays put while Valentine strides over.

He shoves the man away. The man is confused. Valentine threatens him. Zia tries to go to the man, but Valentine holds her back with his arm.

The man lurches forward. Valentine swings his fist; it's blocked. The man lands a punch on Valentine's chin, then a hard hit to his eye. Valentine goes down.

His perspective as Valentine looks up at the man and Zia, at the man and not-Zia.

A YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, stands where Zia should be. Same dress, same expression, different girl. Valentine glowers.

The man rolls up his cuffs, ready to continue the beating, but the young woman intercedes.

The couple leave Valentine to bruise alone on the street. Valentine pulls out the handkerchief and wipes a trickle of blood from his face.

>   BAND (O.S.)
>   Let her go, let her go. God bless
>   her...

14   INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (KITCHEN)

Dark and empty. Valentine staggers through the door and rushes through the gloom. He flips on the light.

He takes out the perfume and sprays into the air, basking in the smell.

Valentine takes the phone off the wall and dials.

>   RAOUL (O.S)
>   Hola.

>   VALENTINE
>   Raoul, I want you to hang out
>   around the hotel tonight. I think
>   she may be heading to the airport.

                         RAOUL (O.S)
               What should I do if I see her?

15   INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Light from the kitchen pours onto a pair of women's feet in
high heels in front of the couch. Valentine notices them.

                         VALENTINE
               Let me call you back. My neighbor
               thinks it's cute to leave leopards
               in my living room.

                         RAOUL
               Que?

Valentine hangs up.

                         VALENTINE
               It's generally considered rude to
               break into other people's houses.

He sets the bottle of perfume on the coffee table and turns
on a lamp, revealing Zia smiling on the couch.

                         ZIA
               The same could be said of stealing
               a girl's favorite perfume.

Valentine pulls out his cigar.

                         ZIA
               Please don't. You know I can't
               stand the smell of those things.

                         VALENTINE
               You can break into a man's house or
               you can ask him not to light a
               cigar, but you can't do both.

He lights the cigar defiantly.

                         ZIA
               Would you at least pour me a drink
               for old times' sake?

                         VALENTINE
               All I got is whiskey. Still ruin
               it with lemon and soda?

Zia smiles.

16   INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two glasses. Valentine clinks ice into one before filling
both with whiskey. He takes care making Zia's: a fresh
bottle of soda water, just a touch of lemon juice.

He heads back to the living room.

17   INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Valentine steps into the doorway, smiling.

                    VALENTINE
              Remember that time--

Zia is gone.

Valentine sets the drinks down next to the perfume on the
coffee table. He pulls the cigar from his teeth and watches
the smoke billow out. God damn it...

18   INT/EXT. - VALENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Valentine yanks open the door and chucks his cigar outside.

19   INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He spritzes perfume into the air and sits on the couch.

                    ZIA (O.S.)
              Thank you.

She stands near the entrance to the kitchen, silhouetted by
the light.

                    VALENTINE
              You're even better than I remember.
              Don't even have to be here to get
              what you want.

He stands and approaches her with the drinks.

Valentine hands her the glass but doesn't let go. Her
fingers wrap around it, but he still holds on.

She gently strokes his finger with hers. He recoils,
letting go of the glass. It doesn't drop. Valentine is
stunned.

                    ZIA
          Who says I'm not here? And who
          says I got what I wanted?

Zia saunters past the dazed Valentine.

                    VALENTINE
          Marriage to a millionaire is what
          every girl wants, isn't it?

She scoffs.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
          Tell me I'm wrong.

                    ZIA
          Tell me you're sorry.

                    VALENTINE
          I'm not about to --

                    ZIA
          You poor, simple man...

Valentine reels around and strides toward her.

                    VALENTINE
          You listen here--

Zia softly touches his black eye. He winces.

                    ZIA
          Still confusing masochism with
          romance, I see.

                    VALENTINE
          What would you know about it?

                    ZIA
          More than you think.

Zia walks over to the end of the couch and sits on the arm.
Valentine sits too. Zia nestles her feet against his leg.
She sips her drink. It's just right. She smiles and
Valentine tries to hide that he's pleased with himself.

                    ZIA (CONT'D)
          It's funny how selective memory can
          be.

                    VALENTINE
          Must be why I'm laughing so hard.

                    ZIA
          Playing tough isn't going to get
          you anywhere.

                    VALENTINE
          It's gotten me this far.

                    ZIA
          As long as you're happy...

Valentine bursts off the couch.

                    VALENTINE
          It's not about being happy!

                    ZIA
          Then what is it about?

Valentine searches for the words. He doesn't find them.

                    ZIA (CONT'D)
          There's no point in making life
          painful just to prove you can take
          it.

Zia sets down her glass and walks up to Valentine. He
averts his eyes. She touches his battered face.

                    ZIA (CONT'D)
          It doesn't make you weak to want a
          little pleasure in your life.

                    VALENTINE
          Pleasure doesn't last.

                    ZIA
          It can. If you let it.

She caresses his cheek and leans in closer. Valentine grabs
her hand.

                    VALENTINE (CONT'D)
          Don't.

                    ZIA
          I know you don't believe me, but I
          really did love you.

                    VALENTINE
          If you loved me, you'd let me
          forget you.

                         ZIA
                 Wrong again.

She tries to kiss him. He tears away from her.

Valentine yanks the perfume off the table and storms to the
front door. He flings it open and hurls the bottle into the
street.

The SHATTER echoes, filling the night air.

                         ZIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
                 Goodbye.

Zia's glass SHATTERS on the floor.

Valentine turns, goes to where Zia stood. She's not there
now.

He kicks the remains of her glass. A chunk skitters into
the wall, BREAKING into even more pieces.

Valentine slams his own drink and steps to the kitchen.
Spilled whiskey stains the hard wood a darker brown.

He returns to the spot with a new drink, full to the brim.
He slams that one too.

Valentine looks from his glass to the remains of Zia's.

Through her shards we see him distorted and alone.
He returns his gaze to his own empty glass, pats his pockets
and frowns. Valentine heads out the door.

20   EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

His cigar lies on the curb.

Valentine picks it up. He shoves it into his mouth and
tries to light it, but his hands are shaking too much.

A YOUNG COUPLE strolls by GIGGLING, in love. Valentine
watches them avoid the shards of the perfume bottle.

Valentine's face slackens as anger turns to regret. The
cigar falls from his teeth.

Valentine shuffles over to the puddle of glass. He inhales
deeply. His eyes dart through the night. No Zia. All he
sees is the couple round the corner.

He drops to the ground. His breathing is more frantic.

Valentine sweeps up shards of glass and brings them to his nose. Short, desperate gasps.

Tears mix with the blood trickling from his hands.

Light washes over him, the headlights of an approaching car.

It's a taxi. It slows. The driver is male, the passenger female. That is all we can discern.

Valentine turns back to the remains of Zia's perfume.

FADE TO BLACK.

            VALENTINE
  I'm sorry...

OVER BLACK:

"You shed your fragrance about me; I drew breath and now I gasp for your sweet odour." - St. Augustine *Confessions, Book X*

Death Wears a Sweet Perfume

By

Madison Beaudet

1   EPIGRAPH

        "You shed your fragrance about me; I drew breath and now I
        gasp for your sweet odor." - St. Augustine, *Confessions;
        Book X*

2   INT. OFFICE - DAY

        A modest, cramped office. A few filing cabinets and a beat
        up old desk. The name plate on the edge of the desk reads
        RICHIE ARGENCOUR. The feet of it's namesake rest casually
        behind it, The owner of the feet is a handsome young man in
        his late 20s. His clothes are ill fitting. He nonchalantly
        smokes a cigarette. In his other hand he holds a
        handkerchief. He pulls it to his nose and inhales deeply.

        There's a knock at the door. Richie tosses the handkerchief
        in a drawer and composes himself with an air of forced
        professionalism.

                        RICHIE
                It's open.

        AABYE HOSGAARD, a well dressed man in his late 40s enters.
        Before he can speak, the phone rings.

                        RICHIE
                Excuse me a minute.

        Richie picks up the phone. Aabye politely tries to look
        around the room, but there's nothing much to see.

                        RICHIE (cont'd)
                Hello? Hey, Z. I can barely hear
                you. What's going on there? Look,
                dollface, I got a client. Why don't
                you call me back in an hour.

        Richie hangs up the phone.

                        RICHIE (cont'd)
                Sorry about that.

                        AABYE
                Quite alright. You are Mr.
                Argencour?

        Richie jokingly looks at the name plate.

                        RICHIE
                So it would seem.

                    AABYE
          And you're a private detective,
          yes?

                    RICHIE
          I know my name ain't as catchy as
          Spade or Hammer, but I can get the
          job done, Mr....

                    AABYE
          Hosgaard. Aabye Hosgaard.

                    RICHIE
          That's a doozy. Where's that from?

                    AABYE
          It's Danish.

                    RICHIE
          I can have you spell it for me
          later. What can I do for you Mr.
          Hosgaard?

                    AABYE
          Actually, I thought I might be able
          to help you.

                    RICHIE
          Yeah? How you figure?

                    AABYE
          Are you happy?

Richie is confused. He puts out his cigarette.

                    RICHIE
          Come again?

                    AABYE
          I asked if you were happy?

                    RICHIE
          Look, I don't know what you're
          selling, but I'm not interested.
          You can get the fuck outta my
          office.

Aabye looks directly into Richie's eyes as if searching for
something. Richie deliberately gestures towards the door.
Aabye leaves quietly.

Richie chuckles, then lights up a cigarette. As he ponders Aabye's question, he gets more enraged. He puts out the cigarette, grabs his hat off the desk and rushes out the door.

3   EXT. STREET - DAY

Aabye is lying on the side walk. Richie comes bursting outside. He walks up to Aabye and shakes him. Richie notices the blood on his hands. He jumps back panicked. He looks up and down the street, but sees nobody. Sirens wail in the distance.

                                        FADE TO BLACK

4   BLACK SCREEN

                    VALENTINE(V.O.)
            Did ya ever try to forget
            something? Never seems to work out,
            does it?

5   EXT. STREET - DAY

A busy street on a hot, muggy day. Everyone is in motion. Music can be heard from distant buskers.

A pair of brown loafers. They stop on the curb beneath a pair of tan slacks and a linen shirt: RICHARD VALENTINE, a hard-looking man in his late 30s. A five o'clock shadow blends with the shadow cast by his hat.

He sniffs an unlit cigar and almost smiles. He adjusts his hat and steps off the curb.

A blur of YELLOW passes behind him. His nostrils flare, a glint of recognition in his eyes. He scans the milling crowd. He sees a WOMAN in a yellow dress across the intersection. He starts after her but a car cuts him off.

She's gone.

6   INT. DINER - DAY

Nick's diner. Cozy, empty. Jazz softly seeps in through the kitchen door. The front door opens, Valentine enters. NICK, a baby-faced man in his 30s emerges from the kitchen wearing an apron.

                    NICK
          You're late, Val.

                    VALENTINE
          I walked.

                    NICK
          That ol' jalopy finally crap out on
          ya?

Valentine pulls out his cigar as he approaches the counter.

                    NICK (cont'd)
          Don't even think about smoking that
          in here.

                    VALENTINE
          Yeah, wouldn't want to ruin your
          lunch rush.

                    NICK
          I don't need your ten bucks that
          bad.

Valentine chuckles.

                    VALENTINE
          Sorry, Nick. I just...

He slumps onto a stool. He studies the cigar.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          Ya know how you were saying that
          the smell of cooking onions makes
          you feel like a kid in your mom's
          kitchen again?

Nick takes a close look at Valentine's pensive stare.

                    NICK
          You alright, Val?

Valentine snaps out of it.

                    VALENTINE
          Yeah. It's probably nothing.

Valentine puts the cigar away. Nick opens up a bottle of
beer and slides it to Valentine, who looks up confused.

                    NICK
          Just skipping the part where I ask
          if you wanna talk about it and you
                    (MORE)

                    NICK (cont'd)
          tell me to shut up and give you a
          beer.

                    VALENTINE
          Thanks, Nick. Can I use your phone?

Nick walks over to grab the phone.

                    NICK
          You know, they got these new phones
          you can carry around in your
          pocket...

He hands the phone to Valentine. Valentine starts to dial a
number.

                    NICK (cont'd)
          Sure, the government can track your
          every move, but that's a small
          price to pay for convenience.

                    VALENTINE
          I'll take a cheeseburger when you
          got a minute.

Nick throws up his hands and saunters back to the kitchen.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          Raoul? Que pasa? Look I got a line
          on some Saints tickets... Just a
          small favor... Can you meet me at
          Nicks?

7   EXT. STREET - DAY

Valentine walks down the street, deep in thought. He rounds
the corner towards the street he was on before. He sees a
BRUNETTE in a yellow dress down the block.

                    VALENTINE
          Zia!?

He hurries toward her. She picks up speed and turns the
corner. Valentine breaks into a run. He whips around the
corner.

A dark blur and he is on the ground.

                    BRUNETTE
          Look here, asshole...

Valentine looks up at her. He doesn't recognize her face, but he does recognize that shes pointing a pistol at his.

                    BRUNETTE
          I don't know what you want, but
          you're not gonna get it from me.

                    VALENTINE
          Sorry, lady. I thought you were
          someone else.

                    BRUNETTE
          Would she run away from you if you
          called her name?

                    VALENTINE
          I don't know. Maybe. I wouldn't
          rule it out.

She lowers the gun and leans in slightly.

                    BRUNETTE
          Then maybe you oughta let her go.

                    VALENTINE
          You're probably right.

He looks up at her and smirks.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          You doing anything tonight?

She smiles flirtatiously at him, then brings the butt of the pistol down on his eye. Black out.

8   INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is covered in darkness. There wouldn't be much to see anyway. Just the desk that Valentine is rummaging through. He's got a hell of a shiner covering one eye and a look of frantic determination in the other. He slams the desk drawer shut. He can't find what he's looking for.

9   EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Valentine approaches a taxi cab. The window rolls down to reveal RAOUL, a Cuban man in his late 30s.

                    RAOUL
          Hey, papi, what happened to your
          eye?

                    VALENTINE
          My date thought I got a little
          fresh.

                    RAOUL
          You need a new name. Valentine
          don't suit you.

                    VALENTINE
          What'd you find out?

                    RAOUL
          Nothing, papi. Maybe if I had a
          picture.

                    VALENTINE
          I don't have a picture anymore.

Raoul smiles jovially.

                    RAOUL
          Anymore? Maybe I was wrong about
          your name.

Valentine looks down defeated. An idea! His head whips up.

                    VALENTINE
          Her perfume! What was it called?
          Shit! I don't know... it's kinda
          floral, but not too sweet.

                    RAOUL
          No puedo ayudarte, papi. Unlike
          you, I try not to use my nose in my
          line of work.

                    VALENTINE
          Thanks anyway, amigo.

Valentine pulls out an envelope and hands it to Raoul.

                    RAOUL
          For you, my friend, I keep looking.

                    VALENTINE
          Gracias.

Valentine pats the roof of the car and steps away. Raoul
takes off.

10   EXT. STREET - DAY

        Valentine is walking down the street. It looks like he
        hasn't slept. He passes some cacti with yellow flowers. He
        stops and inhales deeply.

        A payphone rings across the street. He glances over. ZIA, a
        beautiful woman in her late 20s wearing a yellow dress,
        leans against the payphone. She winks at Valentine.

        He hurries to the curb. He snaps a look down the street
        before crossing, but when he looks back to the payphone
        there's nobody near it.

        He smacks the payphone in frustration. He takes a moment,
        then fishes out some change. He dials a number.

                        VALENTINE
                Come on...

        A harsh tone comes through the receiver.

                        WOMAN (O.S.)
                We're sorry, but the number you
                have dialed has been disconnected.
                If--

        Valentine slams the phone into the hook.

11   INT. DINER - DAY

        Again the joint is empty. Valentine looks even worse when he
        enters. Nick comes from the kitchen.

                        NICK
                Jesus. What happened to you?

        Valentine doesn't acknowledge Nick and shuffles
        absentmindedly to the stool.

                        NICK (cont'd)
                Seriously, Val, you look like
                you've seen a ghost. What's wrong?

        Valentine seems to slowly remember where he is.

                        VALENTINE
                No. Someone has to be dead to be a
                ghost.

        Nick grabs a bottle of whisky and a glass.

                         NICK
          You're not shaking me off this
          time. I'm not pouring you a drink
          until you start talking.

                         VALENTINE
          Nothing good ever came outta
          talking.

Valentine reaches for the bottle. Nick pulls it away.

                         NICK
          The only thing you're gonna get on
          this side of the counter is a
          matching eye.

                         VALENTINE
          Wouldn't be the first time, and
          probably won't be the last. What
          can I say? I like symmetry.

Valentine reaches across the counter for the bottle. As
promised, Nick pops him in his eye. Valentine recoils.

                         VALENTINE (cont'd)
          I don't need a friend, I need a
          drink.

                         NICK
          I'm running a two-for-one special
          today.

Valentine laughs.

                         VALENTINE
          Alright...

Valentine takes a deep breath; where to begin?

                         VALENTINE (cont'd)
          I moved down here to get away from
          a bad situation. Wrong place at the
          wrong time with the wrong people.

Nick pours the whiskey. Valentine takes a solid pull.

                         VALENTINE (cont'd)
          I had to change my name, the works.

Nick chuckles.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          What?

                    NICK
          Nothing. I just always figured
          Irony didn't have that dark of a
          sense of humor.

                    VALENTINE
          Get me some ice.

Nick obliges.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          It didn't matter much after she--

                    NICK
          Who was she?

                    VALENTINE
          Don't push it. Long story short, I
          never thought I'd see her again. I
          don't know, maybe I haven't...

                    NICK
          So... what? You think she tracked
          you down?

                    VALENTINE
          I doubt it. But all I got to go on
          is a hunch and some perfume.

                    NICK
          Perfume? Hmm...

Nick snaps his fingers.

                    NICK (cont'd)
          There's this shop in the quarter. I
          snagged an anniversary present
          there once. It had a stupid name...
          Follow Your Nose!

Valentine seems restored.

                    VALENTINE
          Thanks, Nick.

Valentine reaches for his wallet. Nick waves him off.

                    NICK
          It's on the house.

                         VALENTINE
               I oughta let you punch me more
               often.

Valentine takes off.

12   INT. FOLLOW YOUR NOSE - DAY

          A small shop filled with a glass counter lining the wall.
          Behind the counter, shelves are littered with perfume
          bottles.

          Valentine bursts in and takes a deep breath. The lights dim.
          A lone ray of light illuminates a small bottle with a yellow
          label.

          Zia emerges from the shadows and smiles at Valentine as she
          touches the bottle.

                         CLERK (O.S.)
               Can I help you?

          The lights come back up as Valentine snaps out of it. He
          finds the CLERK, a woman in her 30s, sizing him up. He
          points to the bottle.

                         VALENTINE
               That one with the yellow label. I'd
               like to get a whiff.

          The clerk walks over to the bottle, keeping an eye on
          Valentine. She pulls it down.

                         CLERK
               L'amour analgesique.

          Valentine smells the bottle. A giggle erupts from the other
          side of the room. He looks over to see Zia lying on the
          counter.

                         ZIA
               You're getting closer.

          Valentine turns back to the clerk.

                         VALENTINE
               Has a woman in a yellow dress
               bought this recently.

                         CLERK
               Why?

                         VALENTINE
               Because I want to know if a woman
               in a yellow dress bought this
               perfume.

                         CLERK
               No way. I'm not about to help some
               crazy ex hunt down a girl how had
               every right to leave.

Zia laughs.

                         VALENTINE
               It's OK. I'm a private detective.

                         CLERK
               Really?

                         VALENTINE
               You think I wear this hat for fun?

                         CLERK
               You certainly don't wear it for
               style.

Valentine pulls out a business card and a twenty from his
wallet. The clerk eyes them suspiciously.

                         VALENTINE
               Now, are you gonna insult my
               wardrobe all day or are you gonna
               help me out?

The clerk looks into Valentines eyes.

                         CLERK
               Keep your money. Nobody's bought
               that perfume in weeks.

She slides the twenty back towards Valentine.

                         VALENTINE
               Thanks anyway. You know what?

He throws another twenty down.

                         VALENTINE (cont'd)
               I'll take a bottle.

13   INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

          A dark, empty room in a shotgun house. Valentine bursts into
          the door and rushes through the darkness. He flips on a
          light, revealing an virtually unused kitchen. He takes out
          the perfume and sprays it into the air, basking in the
          smell.

          He walks into the living room. The light from the kitchen
          pours onto a pair of women's feet in high heels in front of
          the couch.

                         VALENTINE
                    Some people might consider it rude
                    to have their house broken into.

          He sets the bottle of perfume on a coffee table and turns on
          a lamp, revealing Zia smiling on the couch.

                         ZIA
                    Even if it's done as a gesture of
                    affection?

                         VALENTINE
                    Skip it.

                         ZIA
                    Haven't you missed me? I've missed
                    you.

                         VALENTINE
                    What do you wanna hear? That not a
                    day goes by where I don't think
                    about you? No reason for us both to
                    be liars.

          Valentine pulls out his cigar.

                         ZIA
                    Please don't. You know I can't
                    stand the smell of those things.

                         VALENTINE
                    Listen, dollface, you can break
                    into a man's house or ask him not
                    to light a cigar; can't have both,
                    but I guess that was always your
                    problem.

          He lights the cigar defiantly.

                    ZIA
          Would you at least pour me a drink
          for old times' sake?

                    VALENTINE
          All I got is whiskey. Still take it
          with lemon and soda?

Zia smiles. Valentine goes into the kitchen to fix the
drinks. He returns.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          I don't know why--

Zia is gone. He sets the drinks down next to the perfume on
the coffee table. He pulls the cigar from his teeth and
watches the smoke billow out. He walks to the front door and
chucks it outside.

He sprays a cloud of perfume into the air and sits on the
couch.

                    ZIA (O.S.)
          Thank you.

She stands near the entrance to the kitchen, silhouetted by
the light.

                    VALENTINE
          You're even better at that than I
          remember. You don't even have to be
          here to get what you want.

He approaches her with the drinks. He hesitantly hands her
the glass. Her fingers wrap around it, but he doesn't let
go. She gently strokes his finger with hers. He lets go.

                    ZIA
          Who says I'm not here?

Valentine is stunned.

                    ZIA (cont'd)
          And who says I got what I want?

Zia saunters past the dazed Valentine.

                    VALENTINE
          Well, what would you call it when a
          girl with a penchant for fancy
          things runs off with a millionaire?

                    ZIA
          An over simplification.

Valentine reels around and hauls off toward Zia. Zia touches
his black eye. He winces.

                    ZIA (cont'd)
          Still confusing masochism with
          being romantic I see.

                    VALENTINE
          What would you know about it?

                    ZIA
          More than you think.

Zia walks over to the end of the couch and sits on the arm.

                    ZIA (cont'd)
          It's funny how selective memory can
          be.

                    VALENTINE
          Must be why I'm laughing so hard.

                    ZIA
          You know, your bull-headedness
          could almost be charming if it
          wasn't so dangerous.

                    VALENTINE
          What's that supposed to mean? Are
          you talking about the Dane?

                    ZIA
          What else!? A man gets stabbed
          outside of your office and you
          don't stop until someone else ends
          up dead!

                    VALENTINE
          You know damn well I didn't kill
          Johnny! He was a small time punk
          with a big time mouth.

                    ZIA
          It doesn't matter. It gave Charles
          a reason to get rid of you.

                    VALENTINE
          I could've handled it.

                    ZIA
          You're not the only one allowed to
          make sacrifices.

                    VALENTINE
          Yacht rides and fur coats aren't a
          sacrifice. I lost everything and
          you decided that was the perfect
          time to walk out on me.

                    ZIA
          I did it to keep you alive.

                    VALENTINE
          I didn't need you to protect me.

                    ZIA
          What did the Great Dane say to you?

                    VALENTINE
          What's it matter?

                    ZIA
          Because you'd rather die than
          accept that he was mugged!

                    VALENTINE
          He asked me if I was happy!

Zia softens. Angry tears well up in Valentine's bruised
eyes.

                    ZIA
          What did you say?

                    VALENTINE
          I told him to get the fuck out of
          my office.

Zia steps in close. She touches Valentine's battered face.

                    ZIA
          I always loved you.

Valentine grabs her hand.

                    VALENTINE
          Don't.

                    ZIA
          I know you don't believe me, but
          it's true.

                    VALENTINE
          If you loved me, you'd let me
          forget you.

                    ZIA
          You're wrong.

She tries to kiss him. He tears away from her. Valentine
yanks the perfume of the table and storms to the front door.
He flings it open and hurls the bottle into the street. The
shatter echos and fills the night air.

                    ZIA (cont'd)
          Goodbye.

He turns around. Zia fades away. He goes to where she stood.
Remorse sets in. He runs out the front door.

14   EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Valentine hurries to the broken bottle. He breathes
sporadically, trying to take in as much of the scent as he
can. He sweeps up shards of glass and brings them to his
nose. Tears mix with the blood streaming from his face and
hands.

                    VALENTINE (V.O)
          Did ya ever try to forget
          something?

                                        CUT TO: BLACK

15   BLACK SCREEN

                    VALENTINE (V.O)
          Never seems to work does it?

                                        ROLL CREDITS

In a Scent

By

Madison Beaudet

1   INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Not much taste or money went into this office. A few worn
filing cabinets, a safe (mostly for show), a desk that used
to be sturdy. Atop the desk are a pair of brown loafers,
connected to tan slacks and a linen shirt. Under the shadow
of a straw fedora rests the stubbled face of RICHARD
VALENTINE, a hard-looking man in his mid-40s.

A knock on the door. Valentine rises to open in it. Smiling
on the other side is SEAN LAWRENCE, late 30s handsome, tall,
well dressed.

                    LAWRENCE
              It's been a while, Richie.

His hand extends to shake Valentine's. Valentine answers
with a jab to Lawrence's face.

2   INT.VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Valentine is back in his chair. Lawrence is across from him
massaging his cheek. Their eyes fixed on one another.

                    VALENTINE
              Make it quick.

                    LAWRENCE
              Do you know where she is?

                    VALENTINE
              Nope. Great catching up. You can
              see yourself out.

                    LAWRENCE
              Rich--

Valentine lurches over the desk, grabbing Lawrence's lapel
and readies another punch.

                    LAWRENCE (cont'd)
              You don't expect me to call you
              Valentine?

Valentine shoves Lawrence back into his seat.

                    VALENTINE
              I expect you to leave. Whether it's
              walking or laying down is up to
              you.

                            119

                    LAWRENCE
          Please... Valentine.

                    VALENTINE
          I don't do divorce work.

                    LAWRENCE
          I can pay you. Handsomely.

Valentine cringes at the thought.

                    VALENTINE
          I don't need your money.

Lawrence looks around the shabby office, then back at
Valentine.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          This is where you pique my interest
          or get out of my office.

Lawrence tosses a wadded up handkerchief on the desk.
Valentine picks it up sarcastically.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          It's nice, but what would I wear it
          with.

He smells it. The smirk drops from his face. He takes a deep
inhale. He knows that scent! He composes himself and looks
back to Lawrence.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          I don't know where she is.

                    LAWRENCE
          I believe you.

                    VALENTINE
          What makes you think I'll help you?

                    LAWRENCE
          Nothing. I expect you to help her.

Valentine laughs. He tosses the handkerchief on the desk.

                    VALENTINE
          You're on your own, Lawrence.

Lawrence stands up. He tries another handshake. Valentine
lifts the handkerchief. Lawrence pulls his hand away.

                        LAWRENCE
              Keep it.

Lawrence walks to the door.

                        VALENTINE
              Why didn't you bring any muscle?

Lawrence stops. A small chuckle exhales from his nostrils as
he shakes his head. He crosses the threshold and closes the
door like a gentleman.

Valentine opens his desk drawer and dusts off a box of
cigars. He pulls one out and smells it. He glances at the
clock and heads out the door.

3   INT. NICK'S DINER - DAY

JAZZ floats out of the kitchen, over the counter and across
half a dozen cozy tables, all empty. A few liquor bottles
rest atop a small refrigerator holding beer and mixers.

Valentine pushes open the front door. A BELL chimes.

NICK, lates 30s, baby-faced, emerges from the kitchen. He
wipes his hands on his apron.

Valentine pulls out the cigar as he approaches the counter.

                        NICK
              Don't even think about smoking that
              in here.

                        VALENTINE
              Wouldn't want to ruin your lunch
              rush.

Valentine settles onto a stool. He studies the cigar.

                        VALENTINE (cont'd)
              Ya ever smell something that brings
              you back to a time and place you
              thought was long gone?

                        NICK
              Sure. My mom was always cooking
              onions. Got stuck in the curtains.
              I used to think...

He notices Valentine is not paying attention, just musing
over the cigar. Nick opens the fridge and slides Valentine a
bottle of beer. Valentine puts the cigar away. Inside his
pocket he feels the handkerchief.

                    VALENTINE
          Thanks, Nick. Can I use your phone?

Nick walks over to a cordless phone mounted on the wall. He
picks up the receiver.

                    NICK
          You know, they got these new phones
          you can carry around in your
          pocket...

he hands the phone to Valentine. Valentine dials a number.

                    NICK (cont'd)
          The government can track your every
          move, but that's a small price to
          pay for convenience.

                    VALENTINE
          I'll take a cheese burger when you
          got a minute.

Nick throws up his hands and saunters back into the kitchen.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          Raoul? Que pasa? Look, I got a line
          on some Saints tickets... Just a
          small favor.

4   INT. VALENTINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, but there wouldn't be much to see anyway.
Just a mattress on the floor and a small dresser that
Valentine is rummaging through.

He slams the drawer shut. He can't find what he's looking
for.

Valentine flops onto the bed. He pulls out the handkerchief
and breathes it in.

On the pillow next to him lies ZIA, a beautiful woman in her
late 20s. Somehow, she seems far away. She smiles at
Valentine. The phone RINGS.

Zia is gone. Valentine snaps out of his reverie.

5   INT. VALENTINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen looks like it hasn't been used in a long time.
The phone continues to ring. Valentine answers.

                    VALENTINE
          Hello?

                    RAOUL (O.S.)
          Hola, amigo. I got something.

Valentine perks up.

6   EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Valentine is talking to the BELL HOP, late 20s. He pulls the
handkerchief out and holds it to his face.

                    VALENTINE
          Did she smell like this?

The bell hop is uncomfortable, but takes a whiff.

                    BELL HOP
          I think so...

Valentine goes to the curb where a cab is waiting. Inside
sits RAOUL a large Cuban man in his 50s. Valentine hands him
an envelope.

                    VALENTINE
          Gracias, amigo.

                    RAOUL
          Anytime. You want me to wait?

                    VALENTINE
          No. This might take a while.

A mischievous grin takes over Raoul's face.

                    RAOUL
          Maybe your name does suit you.

Valentine shakes his head and pats the top of the car. Raoul
takes off. Valentine goes back to the bell hop.

                    VALENTINE
          Can you take me to her room?

                    BELL HOP
          I don't know. I'm not supposed
          to...

Valentine pulls out a twenty. The bell hop takes it.

7   INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is nice, but not extravagant; clean. There's a
KNOCK on the door. A moment of silence. Valentine slowly
opens the door.

Zia is not there.

Valentine strolls around the room. No suitcases. He checks
the closet. A few causal dresses are hung up. He glances
around the room for another clue.

He disappears into the bathroom and emerges with a bottle of
perfume: *L'amour analgesique*. He sprays it into the air.
That's her alright.

He catches a glimpse of something on the balcony, but a
knock at the door interrupts his investigation.

He opens the door. Lawrence is on the other side.

                    LAWRENCE
          You son of a bitch!

Lawrence Valentine in the eye.

8   INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Valentine sits on the end of the bed pretending that his eye
doesn't hurt that much. Lawrence holds a glass of whiskey in
front of him. After a moment, he takes it. Lawrence sits on
the bed too.

What a pair! Two sad men with black eyes.

                    LAWRENCE
          I guess we're even.

                    VALENTINE
          Not even close.

Valentine sips his whiskey. Lawrence follows suit.

                         124

                    LAWRENCE
          I was wrong. Zia didn't come here
          to find you.

                    VALENTINE
          I wish you were right, even if it
          does make me dumber than you are.

                    LAWRENCE
          What now?

                    VALENTINE
          We finish these whiskeys and go our
          separate ways.

Valentine finishes his whiskey in a single gulp. He walks
over to the table to set down the cup. He eyes the perfume.
He glances back at Lawrence who is staring down into his
glass. Valentine pockets the perfume and starts for the
door.

                    LAWRENCE
          You're really gonna give up that
          easy?

Valentine wheels around.

                    VALENTINE
          Who said it was easy? I've been
          working at it a long time. Then you
          come along and get me thinking she
          want to make up and ride off into
          the sunset. If you thought
          something happened to her you
          wouldn't've bothered me about it
          and if you did something to her
          you'd better hope I don't find out
          about it. If I see you again, you
          better bring some goons. I'll be
          damned if you muscle me outta two
          towns.

Lawrence takes a moment to process.

                    LAWRENCE
          You seem to forget that me and my
          brother run in different circles.

                    VALENTINE
          How is Johnny?

>   LAWRENCE
>   In jail, where he belongs.

Valentine is taken aback.

>   LAWRENCE (cont'd)
>   I had nothing to do with Zia
>   leaving you.

>   VALENTINE
>   I'd say I believe you, but then
>   we'd both be liars.

Valentine opens the door. He hesitates as if he expected a protest, but Lawrence looks like a kicked puppy. Valentine looks at him with pity.

9   EXT. STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Valentine sulks down the street. People mill about drunkenly. On the corner, a BAND plays the "St. James Infirmary Blues."

Valentine smells the handkerchief. Every woman that passes looks like Zia.

10   INT. VALENTINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Valentine sulks in. He passes through in the dark. He enters the kitchen and turns the light on, revealing a pair of woman's feet in high heels near the couch.

11   INT. VALENTINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Valentine sprays the perfume and inhales deeply. He notices the feet in the living room.

12   INT. VALENTINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Valentine approaches the couch slowly.

>   VALENTINE
>   You know, it's considered rude to
>   break into somebody's house.

He flips on the lamp. ZIA is sitting on the couch. She looks older. She smiles at Valentine. He sets down the perfume.

                    ZIA
          The same could be said about
          stealing a woman's perfume.

Valentine takes out his cigar.

                    ZIA
          Please don't. You know I can't
          stand the smell of those things.

                    VALENTINE
          Listen, doll face, you can break
          into a man's house or ask him not
          to light a cigar. You can't have
          both.

Valentine lights the cigar deliberately.

                    VALENTINE (cont'd)
          But I guess that was always your
          problem.

Zia stands up, ready to leave.

                    ZIA
          And here I was thinking you'd be
          happy to see me.

                    VALENTINE
          Everyone makes mistakes.

                    ZIA
          Everyone except you, right, Richie?

Zia heads for the door, she starts to open it, but Valentine
rushes over and shoves it shut.

                    VALENTINE
          What are you doing here?

                    ZIA
          Your friend Raoul made it--

                    VALENTINE
          That's not what I mean. If you
          wanted to skip out on Lawrence, you
          could've done it without bringing
          me into it.

                    ZIA
          As fas as I'm concerned, you
          involved yourself.

                         VALENTINE
              Why would Lawrence think you ran
              off with me?

                         ZIA
              It's not my fault you and Sean
              think you're the only two men in
              the world.

                         VALENTINE
              You expect me to believe it's just
              a coincidence you ran off to to New
              Orleans?

                         ZIA
              Can't a girl like jazz?

                         VALENTINE
              What happened between you and
              Lawrence?

                         ZIA
              You're insufferable... But if you
              insist on prying into my affairs,
              could you at least put out that
              cigar.

Valentine opens the door. Zia starts to leave, then
Valentine throws the cigar into the street.

                         ZIA (cont'd)
              Thank you.

Zia returns to the couch. Valentine shuts the door.

                         ZIA (cont'd)
              Do you have anything to drink?

                         VALENTINE
              All I have is whiskey.

                         ZIA
              That'll be fine.

                         VALENTINE
              Do you still ruin it with lemon and
              soda?

Zia smiles. Valentine goes to the kitchen. Once he's gone,
Zia sprays the perfume into the air.

13   INT. VALENTINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Valentine prepares the drinks. He makes Zia's with care,
opening a fresh bottle of soda water, just a touch of lemon
juice.

14   INT. VALENTINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Valentine returns with the drinks. He hands Zia hers. She
takes a sip and is pleased. Valentine sits on the other end
of the couch.

                    ZIA
          You always did know how to mix a
          drink.

Zia lifts her glass. Valentine hesitantly follows suit.

                    ZIA (cont'd)
          To the good times.

Zia drinks. Valentine does not.

                    VALENTINE
          I guess it's easier for you to
          remember the good times.

                    ZIA
          Oh, don't be like that. It was such
          a long time ago. Doesn't do any
          good to hold onto the end.

                    VALENTINE
          You got what you wanted; I didn't.

                    ZIA
          Who says I got what I wanted?

                    VALENTINE
          What would you call running off
          with a millionaire?

                    ZIA
          An oversimplification.

Valentine slams his glass down on the end table as he stands
up.

                    VALENTINE
          I had to leave town and you shacked
          up with the guy who ran me out!

                    ZIA
          Nobody ever made you do anything.

Valentine pulls her up by the arm.

                    VALENTINE
          Look at my face and tell me that
          Lawrence wasn't dead set on keeping
          me quiet.

Zia breaks Valentine's hold. He grabs for her again. She
throws her drink in his face. He smacks the glass out of her
hand and it shatters on the floor.

                    ZIA
          Name one thing he ever did to
          strong arm you!

                    VALENTINE
          He...

                    ZIA
          That's what I thought.

Valentine thinks it through for the first time. He collapses
into himself. Zia touches his face gently.

                    VALENTINE
          I loved you, but I guess it wasn't
          enough.

                    ZIA
          It could have been. If you did more
          than say it.

                    VALENTINE
          I'm sorry I couldn't make you
          happy.

                    ZIA
          I'm sorry you believe that. I
          really did love you.

They stare into each others eyes. Slowly their faces come
together. They kiss.

Valentine pulls away.

                    VALENTINE
          What now? Lawrence is probably
          still crying in your hotel room.

                    ZIA
          Are you saying I should sleep here?

                    VALENTINE
          If you did, you'd have stay for
          good.

                                        FADE TO BLACK

15   INT. VALENTINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

        Valentine is lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling. He
        looks over to the other side of the bed. It's empty, but
        Valentine seems ok.

16   INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

        Valentine opens the door. He finds a note has been slid
        under it.

        "Not sure what you did, but she came back. If you ever need
        anything, just ask. Sean Lawrence."

        Valentine is pleased by the note. He goes over to the safe
        and opens it. He pulls out the perfume and places it inside.

        He goes to the desk and pulls out a cigar. He lights it and
        puts his feet up on the desk.

                                        FADE OUT

DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT	UNIT	X	RATE	SUBTOTAL	TOTAL
STORY AND SCRIPT						
Copyright/Registration Fee					0.00	
Copies/Supplies					0.00	
Total for SC-1000						$0.00
PRODUCER						
Staff/Assistant					0.00	
Supplies					0.00	
Total for P-1100						$0.00
DIRECTOR						
Staff/Assistant					0.00	
Supplies					0.00	
Total for D-1200-00						$0.00
TALENT						
Casting Supplies		Allow			20.00	
Valentine	7	Days			700.00	
Lawrence	1	Days			0.00	
Zia	5	Days			0.00	
Nick	1	Days			150.00	
Raoul	1	Days			0.00	
Overtime		Allow			0.00	
Rehearsal Expenses		Allow			20.00	
Total for C-1300-00						$890.00
TOTAL ABOVE-THE-LINE						**$890.00**
DESCRIPTION	**AMOUNT**	**UNIT**	**X**	**RATE**	**SUBTOTAL**	**TOTAL**
PRODUCTION						
Telephone					0.00	
Office Supplies					0.00	
PRODUCTION MANAGER						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap					0.00	
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap					0.00	
SCRIPT SUPERVISOR						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap					0.00	
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap					0.00	

Total for PR-1400-00						$0.00
CAMERA						
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	7	Days			0.00	
ASSITANT CAMERA						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	7	Days			0.00	
2nd A.C./Loader						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	7	Days			0.00	
RENTALS						
Base Package	7	Days			0.00	
Additional - Video Tap, Dolly, etc.	7	Days			0.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			100.00	
STILL PHOTOGRAPHER						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	7	Days			0.00	
Rentals	7	Days			0.00	
Film & Developing		Allow			0.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			0.00	
Total for CA-1500-00						$100.00
LIGHTING & GRIP						
KEY GRIP						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			317.20	
GAFFER						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	
B.B.E.						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	
B.B.G.						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	
ELECTRICIANS						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	
GRIPS						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	
RENTALS						
Base Package	1	Week			0.00	
Additional	1	Week			0.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			200.00	
Total for LG-1600-00						$517.20
DESCRIPTION	**AMOUNT**	**UNIT**	**X**	**RATE**	**SUBTOTAL**	**TOTAL**
SOUND						
MIXER						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	
BOOM OPERATOR						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap	1	Week			0.00	

133

RENTALS						
Walkies (10-package)	1	Week			0.00	
Base Package	1	Week			10.00	
SUPPLIES					0.00	
DAT Stock (50 min/10 per case)		Allow			0.00	
Batteries		Allow			100.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			0.00	
Total for SO-1700-00						$110.00
ART DEPARTMENT						
Set Dressing					0.00	
Breakaway glass bottles					51.79	
Scarf					11.95	
Perfume design					50.00	
Cigars x 10					59.81	
Perfume bottles x 3					58.22	
Desk rental					104.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			20.00	
Total for A-1800-00						$355.77
WARDROBE						
Staff (Prep/Shoot/Wrap)					0.00	
Rentals/Purchases					0.00	
Yellow dress					68.99	
Expendables/Supplies					0.00	
Hat					98.10	
Tie					1.08	
Men's button down shirt (2)					65.23	
Boutique item					18.52	
Misc from Joann Fabric					18.18	
Bellhop jacket					83.97	
Fancy dress for hotel					86.13	
Total for W-1900-00						$440.20
MAKE-UP & HAIR						
Staff (Prep/Shoot/Wrap)					0.00	
Rentals/Purchases					0.00	
Expendables/Supplies					0.00	
Total for M-1901-00						$0.00
LOCATIONS						
LOCATION MANAGER						
Prep/Shoot/Wrap					0.00	
Hire NOPD Officer for EXT. FQ					136.50	
LOCATION FEE						
Site 1 (Hannah's apartment)	1	Days			100.00	

DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT	UNIT	X	RATE	SUBTOTAL	TOTAL
Site 2 (hotel)	1	Day			0.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			0.00	
Total for LO-2000-00						$236.50
DESCRIPTION	**AMOUNT**	**UNIT**	**X**	**RATE**	**SUBTOTAL**	**TOTAL**
TRANSPORTATION						
Cargo - Camera & Sound		Days			0.00	
Cargo - Lighting & Grip		Days			0.00	
Taxi/Car Service		Allow			15.00	
Gas		Allow			57.60	
Tolls		Allow			0.00	
Parking		Allow			50.00	
Total for TR-2100-00						$122.60
SET OPERATIONS						
CATERING						
Crew Meals						
-Stickball Nola	5	Days		125.00	625.00	
-Killer PoBoys	2	Days		220.00	440.00	
Craft Service		Allow			600.00	
Fees					0.00	
Total for OP-2200-00						$1,665.00
TOTAL PRODUCTION						**$3,547.27**
DESCRIPTION	**AMOUNT**	**UNIT**	**X**	**RATE**	**SUBTOTAL**	**TOTAL**
EDITING						
Staff						
Meals & Supplies						
EQUIPMENT RENTAL						
Harddrive					486.95	
Total for E-2500-00						$486.95
MUSIC						
Composer (Package)		Allow			150.00	
Equipment Rental		Days			0.00	
Expendables/Supplies		Allow			0.00	
Rights/Clearance Fee (Festivals)		Allow			0.00	
Band (4 piece)					600.00	
Total for M-2600-00						$750.00
SOUND POST						
Mixer/Engineer		Weeks			0.00	
MIX						
Studio		Weeks			0.00	
Multitrack Stock/Beta		Allow			0.00	
DAT Printmaster		Allow			0.00	

135

DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT	UNIT	X	RATE	SUBTOTAL	TOTAL
Optical Track		Allow			0.00	
Equipment Rental (Pro Tools)		Weeks			0.00	
Transfer		Hours			0.00	
Total for SP-2700-00						$0.00
DESCRIPTION	**AMOUNT**	**UNIT**	**X**	**RATE**	**SUBTOTAL**	**TOTAL**
POST PRODUCTION LAB						
TITLES						
NEGATIVE CUTTER						
PRINTING						
OPTICAL SOUND						
FINAL PRINT						
DUBBING						
Transfer						
VHS/DVD Stock						
Beta Stock						
Equipment/Facilities						
Total for N-2800-00						$0.00
TOTAL POST PRODUCTION						**$1,236.95**
Insurance						$0.00
TOTAL OTHER CHARGES						$0.00
TOTAL BELOW THE LINE						$4,784.22
TOTAL ABOVE AND BELOW THE LINE						$5,674.22
CONTIGENCY 10.00% ($530.42, not spent)						
GRAND TOTAL						**$5,674.22**
DESCRIPTION						**TOTAL**
STORY AND SCRIPT						$0.00
PRODUCER						$0.00
DIRECTOR						$0.00
TALENT						$890.00
TOTAL ABOVE-THE-LINE						**$890.00**
PRODUCTION						$0.00
CAMERA						$100.00

LIGHTING & GRIP						$517.20
SOUND						$110.00
ART DEPARTMENT						$355.77
WARDROBE						$440.20
MAKEUP & HAIR						$0.00
LOCATIONS						$236.50
TRANSPORTATION						$122.60
SET OPERATIONS						$1,665.00
TOTAL PRODUCTION						**$3,547.27**
EDITING						$486.95
MUSIC						$750.00
SOUND POST						$0.00
POST PRODUCTION LAB						$0.00
TOTAL POST PRODUCTION						**$1,236.95**
TOTAL OTHER CHARGES						$0.00
TOTAL BELOW THE LINE						$4,784.22
TOTAL ABOVE AND BELOW THE LINE						$5,674.22
CONTINGENCY 10.00% ($530.42, not spent)						
GRAND TOTAL						**$5,674.22**

Sheet #: 1 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 1	INT Day	VALENTINE'S OFFICE Valentine Punches Laurence	1, 2	Lawrence
Sheet #: 2 5/8 pgs	Scenes: 2	INT Day	VALENTINE'S OFFICE Lawrence gives Valentine the handkerchief	1, 2	Lawrence
Sheet #: 3 1 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 4	INT Day	VALENTINE'S OFFICE Valentine brushes off Lawrence	1, 2	Lawrence

End of Shooting Day 1 -- Friday, November 6, 2015 -- 2 1/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

Sheet #: 15 7/8 pgs	Scenes: 15	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) Zia Reveal	1, 3	Zia
Sheet #: 18 1 pgs	Scenes: 19.1	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) Zia confronts Valentine (drink to center of room)	1, 3	Zia
Sheet #: 14 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 14	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) Valentine calls Raoul	1	Zia
Sheet #: 6 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 6	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) Valentine sees Zia	1, 3	First Sighting

End of Shooting Day 2 -- Saturday, November 7, 2015 -- 2 7/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

Sheet #: 22 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 19.2	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) Zia confronts Valentine (Center of room to couch)	1, 3	Zia
Sheet #: 17 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 17	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) Zia is gone	1	Zia
Sheet #: 19 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 18	INT/E) Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (DOOR) Valentine chucks cigar	1	Zia
Sheet #: 16 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 16	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) Valentine fixes drinks	1	Zia
Sheet #: 7 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 7	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) Raoul's got a lead	1	First Sighting

End of Shooting Day 3 -- Sunday, November 8, 2015 -- 1 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

Sheet #: 5 1 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 5	INT Day	NICK'S DINER Valentine closes off from Nick, takes case	1, 4	Nick's
Sheet #: 4 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 3	INT Night	Bedroom Perfume Flashback	1, 3	Flashback

End of Shooting Day 4 -- Monday, November 9, 2015 -- 1 7/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

Sheet #: 13 6/8 pgs	Scenes: 13	EXT Night	STREET (FRENCH QUARTER)	1, 3, 7, 8	Band/Fight

End of Shooting Day 5 -- Friday, November 13, 2015 -- 6/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

Sheet #: 23 1 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 19.3	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) Zia confronts Valentine (Couch to tearing away)	1, 3	Zia
Sheet #: 24 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 19.4	INT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) Zia confronts Valentine (Tossing the bottle and gla	1, 3	Zia

Sheet #: 20 6/8 pgs	Scenes: 20	EXT Night	VALENTINE'S HOUSE (STREET) Valentine cries over Zia	1, 3, 5	Zia

End of Shooting Day 6 -- Saturday, November 14, 2015 -- 2 5/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

Sheet #: 10 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 9	EXT Night	HOTEL (CURBSIDE) Valentine talks to Raoul	1, 5, 6	Outside Hotel
Sheet #: 8 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 8	EXT Night	HOTEL (DOORWAY) Valentine interrogates bellhop	1, 5, 6	Outside Hotel
Sheet #: 9 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 10	EXT Night	HOTEL (DOORWAY) Valentine bribes his way in	1, 5, 6	Outside Hotel
Sheet #: 11 5/8 pgs	Scenes: 11	INT Night	HOTEL (HALLWAY) Valentine breaks into Zia's room	1, 6	Hotel Inside
Sheet #: 12 1 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 12	INT Night	HOTEL ROOM Valentine searches Zia's Room (flashback fight)	1, 3	Hotel Inside

End of Shooting Day 7 -- Sunday, November 15, 2015 -- 3 1/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 0:00

CAST AND CREW LIST

CAST
Richard Valentine: David Cole
Zia: Sarah Beth James
Sean Lawrence: David Brown
Nick: Chris Ploetz
Bellhop: Emmett Crockett
Raoul: Julio Castillo
Man on Street (Derek): Max Fisk
Not Zia: Anna Brown

CREW
Director/Writer/Editor: Madison Beaudet
Producer/Writer: Katheryn Warzak
1st AD: Anna Brown
2nd AD: Langston Williams
PA: Sean Pugh, Fabiola Andrade
Cinematographer: Ryne Anderson
Camera Operator: Barry Cunningham, Andrea Kuehnel
1st AC: Victor Nguyen
2nd AC: Cameron Kadkhodai, Nick Manning, Kyndra Periban
Gaffer: Paul Punzo
Key Grip: Keifer Beaudet
Company Grip: Christian Chesnut, Nick Manning
Set Photographer: Joey Harmon
Sound Mixer: Emilie Nutter
Boom Operator: Emily Poulliard, Emily Barth
Band Recordist: Justin Ditch, Lukas Gonzales
Production Designer: Alaina Boyett
Prop Master: Rashada Fortier
Art Assistant: Bruce Lemmert, Regan Cook, Kyndra Periban
Sound Designer: Lukas Gonzales
Music Mastering: Justin Ditch
ADR Assistant: Josh Wood
Composer: Leonardo Hernandez
Score Band: Leonardo Hernandez, Jonathan Bauer, Stuart Coles, Xavier Reed
St. James Infirmary Band: Mike Hammer and the Great Whatsit

FILM REFERENCE

The DVD copy of the thesis film *Beyond Memory* is located in the Earl K. Long Library.

VITA

Madison Beaudet was named after the Madison Buffalo Jump in Montana and raised by the perpetual rains of the Pacific Northwest. He received his B.A. in Film Studies from Portland State University. Aside from his interests in film, Madison is an avid pizza chef and passable harmonica player.