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## Entrepreneurs

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Entrepreneurs

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 Production

by

John Alden Patton

B.A. Mississippi State University, 2009

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## **Abstract**

In this paper, I will cover the process of making my thesis film, *Entrepreneurs*. Specific facets of this process include writing, directing, production design, cinematography, editing, sound, and technology. I will detail the goals initially set for each facet, the approach taken during production, and the results that led to the finished product. I will then evaluate the overall success of the project.

Keywords: Thesis, Film, Lucien Jenkins, Entrepreneurs, Stoner, Heist, Comedy, Pilot, Patton

## Chapter 1

### *Introduction*

Like a lot of people, I became fascinated with storytelling at a young age because it sparked my imagination and provided an escape from the daily routine. My parents and grandparents all told stories, and always with such enthusiasm. The more stories I heard, the more I wanted to be able to bring my own imagination to life.

My interest in using film and television to accomplish this began around the age of six. There are two distinct memories I have from this era. The first is a constant stream of mornings filled with oatmeal and *Fraggle Rock* (Henson, 1983), a television show that was like medicine, always putting me in a good mood before I went about my day. The second is *Child's Play* (Holland, 1988), a horror film my father reluctantly allowed me to watch with him one night after much pleading. Boy, was that a mistake. I didn't sleep for days. But when the fear finally wore off, I was hooked on the possibilities of how a movie could make one feel. The bounds of my imagination were growing, and there were seemingly no limits to what kind of stories one could bring to life on screen.

As my journey towards film school played out from adolescence to young adulthood, my storytelling aspirations shifted from dreaming up wild, intergalactic battles to capturing the deviance and shenanigans of the kind of people I'd grown up around. Needless to say learning what was practical on a student film budget played into this, but I also knew I'd be able to showcase my storytelling abilities more effectively by simply following the old adage of "writing what you know."

The film I made a year prior to my thesis for FTCA 4500, *Moon Pie* (2011), was an ultra low-budget comedy centered around one simple objective: a man looking for his missing snack. Channelling my roots in rural Mississippi, the story was essentially a snapshot of what some might call "trailer trash," as the main character rumbles through his doublewide, actively interrogating family members over the disappearance of his beloved moon pie. The script was ideal for my first student film for two reasons. I was confident in the characters and dialogue because I knew these kinds of people growing up, and it all took place in one location which would only require two days of filming. It was an absolute blast to make. Because everything we needed to film was right there in and around the trailer, we weren't as stressed out over time

constraints. The cast and crew did a great job and we got everything we needed in one weekend. Ultimately, the film ended up being eight minutes long and only cost around \$1,200 to make. It was accepted to several major film festivals across the South and won an audience award at the UNO Film Festival that spring.

My experience making *Moon Pie*, one I generally consider a success, would have both positive and negative ramifications moving forward. On the plus side of things, it gave me more confidence as a filmmaker. I knew I could make people laugh or tell stories that were somewhat engaging, but aside from home videos growing up, I had never really made my own film that required much collaboration or was worthy of screening outside of my own living room. Positive feedback aside, merely completing it was an accomplishment. However, the confidence I gained, coupled with the fact that it had been well-received, created a desire within to really take a big step forward with my thesis film. Those aspirations would prove challenging.

While *Moon Pie* was set in a world I knew, those characters weren't exactly people I was close to. At that point in my life, many of my friends were slackers who smoked pot a lot, so it made sense to explore the idea of making my thesis a stoner film. I'm fine with that label, for genre purposes, but I didn't necessarily want to start writing *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie* (Chong, 1980). In my mind, my thesis idea was more about people in their mid-twenties who don't quite have their careers in order and may resort to more unorthodox means of getting by from time to time.

Small-time drug dealers certainly fall into that category and I've met several of them throughout my young adult life. One in particular was a close friend who ended up getting set up by someone staring down a charge of their own. He was convicted for selling marijuana and sent to jail for about a year. While there's no doubt he was in violation of the law, he got a lot of sympathy from close friends and those who disagreed with the punishment. But he lost other friends, too, along with job opportunities and a year of his life as a free man. After being released, his desire to get revenge on the one who set him up was strong, but with a newborn on the way and the fear of going back to jail, he suppressed those feelings and moved on with his life. I was proud of him for doing that, but a part of me had always wished he could've at least evened the score, and my warped imagination often wondered how that would play out in grand comedic fashion. What if there was no newborn? What if that year in jail was so excruciating

that he felt like he had nothing to lose? And what if the day he got out he realized the perfect opportunity to extract revenge was that very day? Would his friends help if called upon? These were the questions the storyteller in me kept trying to create cinematic answers to, and eventually the framework for a revenge plot was born and I knew what I wanted my thesis to be about.

The problem was, there was a lot of story on the table with that idea. But the confidence I had to take a big step forward with my next project kept me determined to find a way to tell some of it. Once I decided that this “stoner revenge” plot would be the basis for my thesis, I began the lengthy process of producing all phases of what would eventually become known as *Entrepreneurs*. Did my ambitions get the best of me? In order to assess that, I will first cover key facets of this filmmaking adventure in the next few chapters. They include writing, casting, directing, cinematography, production design, editing, and sound. I will then evaluate my thesis experience as a whole, the impact it has had on my career as a filmmaker, and the opportunities it has provided moving forward.

## Chapter 2

### *Writing*

When I actually began putting this story into script form, it was in the midst of a screenwriting seminar at UNO taught by Henry Griffin, who would ultimately serve as my major professor. The class called for feature ideas, but there was some flexibility allowed for production students if the script was one you might actually shoot. I spent the first few weeks of the class outlining, still unsure if the narrative demanded a feature-length page count or something I could squeeze into a short film.

While the real life inspirations weren't all that funny, I wanted this film to ultimately hang its hat on making the audience laugh. Movies like *Road Trip* (Phillips, 2000) came to mind when I thought about how I wanted to structure the story. It was a favorite of mine as a teen, but it was inspiring for me as a writer in this case because it possessed similarities to what I wanted with my story in terms of characters and how they supported the objective. The main plot in *Road Trip* centers around one guy and his mission to stop a tape from getting to his girlfriend, but there are three guys who go on the trip with him, and they each have their own little subplots that play a part along the way. That was essentially how I wanted to approach my group of stoners. Tony and his mission to get revenge on Tad would be the primary focus on the story, but his stoner friends would play just as important of a role in getting him there. Because of that, I wanted to spend enough time with the others to make it seem like a real team effort. That meant not always focusing on Tony and instead getting the stoner group involved in their own way.

The initial idea for the entire plot was that my protagonist, Tony, was set up on a bad drug deal by an envious douchebag named Tad. Upon his release from prison a year later, Tony immediately sets out to confront Tad. However, in order to raise the stakes a bit, I wanted Tony to discover that Tad has wronged much harder criminals during Tony's absence and, unbeknownst to Tad, those men are also now after him. This gives Tony the option to either hang back and watch Tad's situation unravel, or find a way to get involved and make it even worse for Tad when he's confronted by the true gangsters. Naturally, for cinematic purposes, Tony chooses the latter, even though he risks going back to jail for what he might do. All parties eventually confront each other in the climax. In the end, Tony gets his revenge and everyone goes home relatively unscathed.

I knew what this story was going to be centered around, but I needed to determine who the characters actually were, too. Inspired by my real life friend, I wanted Tony to be level-headed for the most part, with just the slightest inclination to take risks. One of those risks would land him in jail, another would be the catalyst for revenge. Flanking him, I wanted two friends who would pull him in opposite directions, like the angel and devil on each shoulder. The conservative stoner, Donald, would be the one to try to talk him out of taking any more risks. The carefree stoner, Justin, would be the one supporting or even creating these risks. Instead of another guy in the core “stoner group” mix, I decided to give Donald a girlfriend, Alaina. In a way, she would be the devil on *his* shoulder, since I knew I needed the group to ultimately take the risk of seeking revenge. Tony would call on Donald for help, and Alaina would be the one who swayed him.

Tad, the object of Tony's revenge, was an interesting character to conceive. He needed to be persuasive enough to convince a reasonable guy like Tony to trust him. His true colors would shine later on in the story, but I needed hints of his sleaziness on the page right away, and it was fun toying with what dialogue he would use in that initial setup scene. I decided on making him an employee of a small-time shipping company. This was an economical decision more than anything else. It allowed him to convince Tony that he could prevent a search of the product coming in. It would also provide the means for Tad to get caught up with bigger criminals while Tony was in jail. The shipping company, itself, would provide the place that Tony figures this out the day he's released from jail and comes looking for Tad, but instead finds the gangsters interrogating a staff member over Tad's whereabouts.

Creating those gangsters is where the potential for this narrative really blossomed. At first I just needed Lucien and Joey to be an intimidating force lurking in the shadows of the main plot. As we followed the progression of the stoner gang's revenge plan, I envisioned the occasional scene checking in on Lucien and Joey tracking down Tad. But in the end, I needed a twist. I'd decided that they were after Tad because he stole something they were trying to ship out, but I wanted Tony's mission to be more challenging than just finding a bunch of pot and taking it. The struggles of that search would ultimately be what allowed Lucien and Joey to catch up and confront the stoner crew with Tad in the end. And that's where the edibles came in. If the pot was already baked into food, Tony and his crew wouldn't know what they were looking for, and thus,

wouldn't find it until it was too late. Lucien's aspirations to become “the South's next edible marijuana kingpin” dominated how I framed the narrative for weeks after plotting it out. Thus, Lucien was the original “entrepreneur” in all of this. In fact, I enjoyed writing for him so much that the original title for my thesis was *Lucien Jenkins: Entrepreneur*.

I continued to work on the script in yet another screenwriting seminar, this time taught by Erik Hansen. He encouraged us to make a “wish list” for our stories to help spark ideas and connect the dots of where the plot would go. This helped me expand on my ideas effectively, generating additional supporting characters and establishing more subplot. I wanted Tony to risk something he valued by making the deal with Tad. This is where Shelley came in. If Tony was risking his relationship by continuing to deal pot, it raised the stakes a little bit. It would be implied after Tony's release that Shelley had broken things off with him during his time in prison, and just to double down on the tension this would create when their paths crossed, I even decided to insinuate, but not necessarily guarantee, that Tad had moved in on his former flame while Tony was in jail. That moment would occur at a party Tony and Justin attend to scope out what Tad is doing. The party was a location on my wish list just because I thought it would be ripe for comedic moments and good music. I wanted the stoner crew to break off into pairs during their mission, so while Tony and Justin were at the party, Donald and Alaina would be searching through Tad's house to see what they could find there.

The search at Tad's house led to the creation of Tad's mother, Bertha. Rather than have them look through an empty house, it seemed like a good idea to give the stoner couple an obstacle along the way, and in my mind she was literally a large hurdle to clear. I named her after the “Feed Big Bertha” arcade game I used to play as a kid. Cartoonish, loud, and totally out of it, she would provide comedic relief while challenging the invasive couple previously unaware of her existence. It also gave a bit of a wrinkle to Tad's character, since the stoners were unaware he still lived with his mother.

When I finally had the entire idea laid out, and knew where my characters were coming from and what they were after, it definitely seemed like feature material. I had a decision to make before I went any further. I briefly considered making my thesis about something else. But with no solid options on the table at the time, and having put so much effort into plotting out this particular narrative, I was determined to make this story. But how could I fit that into a script that

was suitable for a student film? I was going to have to cut out some subplots and see where that got me.

The first thing I decided to leave out was any non-essential scenes following Lucien and Joey. As much as I loved their potential conversations and page presence, learning that they were after Tad was the only thing essential to Tony's mission before the climax. So there would be no scenes with the gangsters between Tony eavesdropping on them at the shipping business and the confrontation at the end.

The next thing to go was most of Tony and Shelley's subplot. This came after I had finished the script, but was ultimately necessary to get the page count down. She would be referenced in the beginning, seen at the party, and referenced in dialogue between Tony and Tad, but conversations I had in mind for her and Tony at the party, along with any flashback or backstory scene between the two of them before Tony went to jail, had to go. This was difficult because I thought that it gave the story some needed depth and put more at stake between Tony and Tad, but ultimately the mission was about righting the wrong done to him, and that wrong—at its core—was simply between Tony and Tad. That's all that Tony really needed to be concerned with in revenge. At least, that's how I justified cutting those scenes. As a writer it's never easy to do, but you have to think about what's best for your budget, what's practical as a student filmmaker, and what scenes are essential to the story you are trying to tell.

I continued to make minor adjustments by tweaking jokes or trying out new one-liners to see what my peers thought. I also began trimming conversations here and there after getting feedback in my screenwriting seminars that I was being a bit wordy with some of my dialogue and exposition. Slowly but surely I trimmed my script to just under 50 pages. This was still a lot, especially for a student film, but at that point in time my confidence was such that it felt doable.

The biggest change in the script unrelated to page count was an adjustment on how the climax played out. Originally, after they all converge on Tad's house, where Tad had stashed Lucien's laced pastries, Lucien forces Tony to shoot Tad after giving them a speech on his ambitions as an entrepreneur. For Lucien, this gave Tad what he deserved and cruelly gave Tony the revenge he wanted in extreme fashion, as a punishment for trying to interfere. Tony was supposed to flinch when he pulled the trigger and shoot Tad in the leg or crotch rather than mortally wounding him. Bertha, unknowingly stoned from eating the pastries her son brought



home, would then return from the journey Donald and Alaina had tricked her into going on to get her out of the house. She stumbles in, oblivious to the fact that her son is shot and strangers are in her house. She mumbles some words, then passes out on the couch. The confusion it creates with Lucien and Joey, coupled with the fact that Tad had at least been painfully wounded, is enough to get everyone to leave the house and agree to be on their way. This was fine and would probably be funny, but looking at the script as a whole, I felt like I wasn't taking enough risks comedically to really set myself apart from other stoner comedies. But the climax gave us the opportunity to change that.

After brainstorming with friends on other options for how the climax could play out, we decided that Tony would not have the guts to actually pull the trigger on Tad, simply because it wasn't in him to risk killing someone. So we churned out new ideas to determine what would happen if Tony didn't pull the trigger and came up with a climax that changed the way the film ends entirely. In the new climax, Tony puts the gun down when he realizes he can't pull the trigger and Lucien snatches it away. But just as Lucien threatens to shoot all of them in retaliation, Donald tosses a dildo he'd found looking through Bertha's dresser at Lucien's hand, knocks the gun loose, and the stoner crew takes control of the situation after a brief moment of chaos. I thought this was a much funnier option. But that wasn't the kicker. With Alaina holding a gun on Lucien, and Joey holding a gun on members of the stoner crew, Tony calmly explains that the reason he was so hellbent on revenge was that he had actually gotten raped while he was in prison, something he denied earlier in the script when Donald asked him about his crazed urgency to seek revenge immediately. Tony then picks the dildo up from the ground and asks Lucien if he can return the favor, to which a confused and disturbed Lucien obliges. Tony then penetrates Tad with force, using Bertha's dildo, to the disgust of everyone in the room. Bertha still enters in the same shape as the previous version, recognizes her sex toy and calls it by name, then passes out before she can get much more out. This was a giant change in tone from where I originally had the scene, and prison rape isn't necessarily a laughing matter, but we felt like we weren't taking enough comedic risks with the script as is, and this change certainly took that risk. I didn't get unanimous support for making this change, but a majority of people thought it took the ending to another level and gave it their vote of confidence. It was unexpected, pushed the

envelope, but ultimately, made sense. In my mind, Tony was just taking the “eye for an eye” approach. I decided it would stay.

Confidence in my draft aside, I still had to figure out what I was going to do with a script just over forty pages. From a film standpoint, it seemed too long to be a short and too short to be a feature. At that point in time, I had already decided to start pre-production and had brought on Jared Stanton and Dawn Roe as producers. Andrew Bryan was set to be involved in some way and had helped with the script prior, so together we all went back and forth on what marketability a script of that length had. Andrew was quick to warn me that his thesis, *Out of True* (Bryan, 2011) which had a run time just over twenty minutes, failed to get much traction on the festival circuit, despite being well-received by those who saw it. At first, we thought maybe we could pitch it as “half a feature.” The film would stand on its own and satisfy my academic requirements, then we could raise money to shoot scenes I had cut out, such as Lucien and Joey's pursuit of Tad's whereabouts, as well as anything relating to Tony and Shelley's relationship. Then we considered the possibility of making this a pilot for a series. It was an intriguing option because that hadn't been the idea at first, but I had devoted a lot of time to thinking about Lucien's ambition and had already considered what it would be like if he brought the stoner crew along to help get his product out there. The way the streaming market was booming at the time, it seemed like the more marketable path to take.

To cater to the pilot idea, I wrote one more scene for the film to end on. It took place the following morning, with Tony waking up to find Lucien and Joey in his bedroom. Lucien tells a petrified Tony that the evening prior gave him a few ideas with how he wanted to diversify his clientele, then asks Tony if he's ready to go to work. The film would now end on Tony's surprised, frozen face. This gave the film a humorous cliffhanger ending, not uncommon in comedies, but also left some indication of where any potential series would head with these characters. I would continue to work on an outline for a series pitch in my own time, but as far as making this film a reality, the script was ready to go.

## *Casting*

Casting was definitely the most enjoyable aspect of pre-production for me, personally. First of all, it's a cheap way of getting feedback on portions of the script. You can tell whether or not the actors are into what they're reading and how well your dialogue flows into the mind and out of the mouth of another. Casting also provides the initial glimpse of the pages coming to life, and that's really exciting as both a writer and director.

We held auditions for nearly two weeks, just so we could have a deep pool to choose from. The tricky thing about an ensemble cast is that you can't lean too hard on one good lead—you really have to be strong across the board. Not only that, but once you start narrowing down options for each role, you really want to know what kind of chemistry these actors have with their potential partners on screen, so we held extensive callbacks, too, creating nearly every pairing possible between serious candidates. This also gave me a chance, as a director, to practice giving direction and assess how the actors responded.

One of the more challenging tasks of locking down the cast was filling the role of Lucien Jenkins. Turnout from African-American males was low, so we had fewer actors to choose from. I wanted a certain rhythm and sharpness that came natural to the speaker because, quite frankly, I didn't want to be a white director telling an African-American actor how to “talk black” more. In this case, I decided to be confident in my own ear for dialogue and trust that the words would resonate with someone.

Just when I was starting to think that I might have to change some of the lines to cater to the best available candidate, Michael McFarland showed up. Michael, a rapper interested in getting into acting, totally understood the importance of the delivery and really made it his own. He was younger than I had originally envisioned for Lucien, but his rhythm was so in tune with what the role needed that it didn't matter. The way he lit up and transitioned from calm to commanding in some of Lucien's ramblings reminded me of Samuel L. Jackson in *Pulp Fiction* (Tarantino, 1994). We were lucky he came in.

Another role we had trouble filling was that of Tad's mother, Bertha. In my mind, she was almost something out of a cartoon. We had several people audition for the role, but few had the large physique I'd hoped for, and none of the ones who did had the vibrant personality or screen presence the character demanded. Desperate for a viable option, I went to Henry Griffin. When I

described everything I wanted for the role, his eyes lit up. “I know just the person you want,” he said, “but it might take some effort getting her.” The actress he had in mind was locally famous stage and stand-up personality Becky Allen. Not only was Becky a long shot with her constant schedule of performances, simply getting in touch with her was a process, since she didn't use email and rarely took calls. But Henry put me in touch with people who knew how to get in touch with her, and eventually I was able to get a script in her hands and meet her for lunch to discuss the role.

It wasn't until I first laid eyes on Becky that I fully understood Henry's confidence in knowing what I needed. It was like the arcade game had come to life. The whole experience that day was a bit surreal. There I was, in a quaint little Metairie diner, having lunch with a woman I'd never met, who embodied everything I wanted in a character I desperately needed to cast. Lucky for me, Becky's film experience was limited, and she was interested in getting some time on camera. She was also willing to work for a reasonable fee. Her schedule was tight, but she had enough of a window during our production dates for us to make it work. For the most part, she liked the script and the role, but wanted to bring her own touch to the character. I was more than willing to oblige, and the deal was done.

After finalizing our cast, we only had one major bump in the road before the cameras started rolling. Rehearsals were going well. They're so essential to building chemistry on set, especially in a situation where you had an inexperienced director and several actors who were just getting off the ground. The actors portraying the stoner crew all knew each other personally and it showed during the first table read. The two gangsters we cast were great complements to one another, with Michael's slender frame leading the way as Lucien and Theo Crane, a giant of a man, towering behind him as his faithful sidekick, Joey. Theo was a kickboxing champion when he wasn't performing, and was so versatile as an actor that we considered him for a couple of the stoner roles. Unfortunately, someone else noticed, too, as he was offered a multi-episode deal from AMC's *The Walking Dead* (Darabont, 2010) just one week before we started principal photography. We knew he had to take that role, and suddenly we were scrambling for a replacement.

I had already pushed my production dates back once before, and that was months prior, when few locations had been determined and we were still weeks from finalizing a crew, much

less a cast. This was different. Seemingly everything was ready to go from a production standpoint. Delaying principal photography was not an option, so my producers and I were in a frenzy trying to arrange an impromptu casting call to find a new Joey.

The results weren't perfect, but we were left with two viable choices. There was one actor who had the size we wanted in the role but didn't exactly have the chops or demeanor to nail the part as written. And then there was Derrick Freeman, who didn't fit the body type, but clearly had a presence about him that we could work with. Rather than rewrite scenes to cater to the actor who fit the role visually, I decided to forego the look I had in mind for Joey and roll with Derrick. He brought an attitude to Joey that was both comedic and intimidating, but most importantly, his own. We were able to rearrange a few of the shooting days to push Joey's scenes back and get a couple of rehearsals in with Michael to work on the chemistry between their characters. They hit it off quickly, which was encouraging.

## *Directing*

I don't consider directing to be my strongest role as a filmmaker, but I do feel comfortable directing my own work and definitely learned the most about myself as a filmmaker throughout this facet of the process. Coming in, I had only directed a couple of short films during my time at UNO, but having had such a positive experience directing *Moon Pie* a year prior gave me confidence to take on a bigger challenge.

The attention to detail we put in with casting, along with time spent rehearsing prior to production, made my life as a director on set much easier. I don't consider myself to be a master of the directing language, as David Mamet or former UNO professor Phil Karnell would want me to be, but through the latter's Performance and Direction teachings, along with Henry Griffin's Directing course, I learned that the more interaction you have with an actor, the more common ground you can achieve to communicate on set. There truly is an economy to what you say to an actor on set between takes and, most of the time, less is more. I think early on in production I realized that the wordier I was in describing what adjustments I wanted the actor to make, the less they retained moving forward. This hadn't been an issue when I directed *Moon Pie* a year prior, but I think that had more to do with a frantic shooting pace and shorter script. That film, after all, was only two days of production. With nearly two weeks of filming and over forty pages of content to shoot with *Entrepreneurs*, I really had to focus on making sure the performances were consistent from one day to the next.

Working with the younger actors was as easy as my directing got. I'd known all four of them for years and we all got along well. Jacob McManus (Tony) and Matthew Martinez (Justin) both had extensive experience acting in comedies and it showed on set. They fed off of each other well, but I had to reel them in every now and then to make sure we got what was on the page first. I like to let my actors improvise for a take or two, once we've covered what's on the page, but these two took liberties a lot. It made for some good laughs most of the time, though. Jacob was also playing the role of a stoner with, to my knowledge, no experience of having been stoned. Getting him in the right frame of mind for the scene after he eats the laced scones was challenging, but for the most part he did a pretty good job.

With Chelsea Bryan (Alaina), the trickiest part was toning down her language at times, something you wouldn't expect a guy like me, who has no filter, to do. She had a tendency to

resort to the words “fuck” and “shit” too often when she improvised. Giving her some ideas to feed off of made things easier, along with encouraging her to react without saying words from time to time. Hunter Burke (Donald) had mostly been cast in dramas leading up to his role in *Entrepreneurs*, but he was playing the most straight-laced of the stoner bunch, so it worked well for the most part. I think giving him direction was the most challenging of this bunch, perhaps because he was used to a director who was a more efficient communicator. I think he also had an urge to match the humor Jacob and Matt were achieving when most of the time his role was to play it steady and be the reasonable voice of the group.

Alex Galick (Tad) was one of the surprise turnouts of casting. He wasn't a local guy like all of the other actors his age in the film. He was based in Baton Rouge by way of Minnesota and somehow saw a listing for the audition. I had originally considered Jacob for the role of Tad, but Alex was so convincing as a scheming douchebag, and I mean that in the best way possible. Sometimes my direction was simply “be more confident in the awful things you're saying,” and he'd take Tad's presence to an even more despicable level. He definitely relished playing the villain and it was a lot of fun to watch him work.

One of the unfortunate consequences of cutting the script down from feature to pilot was the diminished role of Shelley, Tony's love interest. It was a subplot that would've fit in nicely with a 90-page script, but it wasn't essential to explore that relationship to accept Tony's burning desire to extract revenge. Tony alludes to their relationship in the opening scene and they have a brief, awkward encounter at the party, but I decided not to sink my teeth into that relationship to cut down on page count. We cast Vicky Illk in that role after seriously considering her for the part of Alaina. In the few chances I had to communicate with her as a director, she was great to work with. I really felt like she had a lot more to bring to the role, but the story simply wasn't there anymore.

I didn't know the two actors playing the gangsters before we cast them, but I think I did my best job of directing with them, mostly because they were just as inexperienced as I was. Michael McFarland had only acted in music videos for his rap songs. The one thing he had trouble with on camera was being too busy with body movements. He was nailing the vocal delivery of Lucien's rants, but it was almost like he was dancing along with it at times. It was a difficult balance because when I'd tell him to minimize his movement, his delivery lost some of

its flair. However, he eventually got the hang of it and did an excellent job. Derrick Freeman was also a musician and had a great sense of timing that required little manipulation months later in the editing room. He didn't take direction as well as some of the other actors, even arguing with me over a few of the suggestions I gave for him, but it was generally a healthy discussion. I probably was a bit too wordy with him at times, but any issues we had were primarily the result of not having as much rehearsal time due to his last minute casting. Derrick ended up having some of the funniest one-liners in the film, and most of them were improvised.

Working with Becky Allen was both a treat and a tough task. She was easily the most experienced thespian of the cast and had such a commanding presence that it was intimidating at times to critique her performance on the spot. Fortunately, the way she saw the role wasn't too far off from what I had in mind. She thrived on improvisation and cracked jokes about all kinds of stuff, but for some reason she just wasn't comfortable with Bertha passing gas on camera because it wasn't "ladylike" in her mind. It baffled and frustrated me as a director that she could joke about seemingly everything under the sun except for one fart joke that was actually in the script, and had been since the day she first read it. I suppose everyone has their limits, though. I tiptoed as best I could around that scene and tried to downplay that moment as much as possible, but we needed to get it in order to motivate the other characters to leave the house. Ultimately, she sped through that part of the scene when the time came, but we were able to get what we needed. Aside from that hiccup, it was a lot of fun having her on set.

Flatulence etiquette wasn't the oddest or most troubling issue I encountered directing *Entrepreneurs*, though. We actually had to fire an actress in the middle of production. The actress playing Margaret, a supporting character who tags along with Shelley and gets wasted at the party scene, actually showed up intoxicated for her scene and got worse as the night progressed. She did okay for the first scene she was in. We weren't even sure if she was actually impaired at the time, but upon discovering that she had passed out in a bedroom upstairs between scenes that featured her character, we realized it was a more serious situation. I met with my producers during the next scene change. Jared and Dawn had already been observing her for about an hour and were convinced she needed to go home. She claimed she was "going method" for the character, but it was clear she was in no shape to continue performing. Upon waking up and learning that we were going to move on without her for the rest of the night, she threw a fit and



stormed out. Jared had to run her down and make sure she got home safely. She apologized the next day, but we had already figured out a way to write the character out of the script and part ways with her. It was troubling to witness that and I had to stay professional in what was truly a bizarre couple of hours for everyone on set. Her well-being was my primary concern, but we ultimately had to do what was best for the production and I couldn't risk having her on set anymore.

## *Cinematography*

I was confident in my writing, directing, and editing, but the one thing I knew I'd have to relinquish control over was the camera. I know what a good shot looks like, I've just never been one to know exactly how to get it. I experimented with cameras and shot little shorts of my own growing up, but from a technical standpoint I never took enough time to really learn the intricacies of the camera and take my camera skills to the next level. Even after two years of graduate studies, I knew it simply wasn't my forte.

One of the great things about film school is being surrounded by people on the same path who possess unique skill sets. Along the way, you're able to scout the strengths and weaknesses of other filmmakers and put together a wish list of sorts for future crews. One person who caught my attention after my first year in the UNO graduate program was Andrew Bryan. He's a well-rounded filmmaker, but the thing about his films that stood out to me compared to the work of other students was how much more professional they looked. Needless to say, Andrew was on my wish list and I was lucky enough to become friends with the guy, work with him on a few projects, and ultimately have him on board as my Director of Photography for *Entrepreneurs*.

When we initially discussed my vision for this film, I wanted to visually distinguish the two narratives that simultaneously play out during the film after the stoners begin their mission. We used *Traffic* (Soderbergh, 2000) as a reference, since Steven Soderbergh used different filters, shutter speeds and exposure levels to give each narrative in his film its own feel. This would also give us some flexibility in the editing room, since we would be able to transition from one narrative to the other without having to establish a character on the screen right away. For example, the audience would know they were following Tony and Justin's scenes if the lighting was bright with yellow tones, regardless of whether or not one of them had been established on camera. Because there would be more action going on, we would use quicker camera movements to cover the energy of the party. In contrast, the scenes with Donald and Alaina would be darker, with highlights of blue, slower movements, and wider shots to accommodate the slower pacing of their journey.

We kept those basic ideas in mind, but the need to distinguish the narratives became less important as my script went from feature to pilot length. The more we cut out, the more we realized there simply weren't enough scenes to justify unique shutter speeds or exposure levels.

We were confident the audience wouldn't get lost with the narratives, since most of the time we transitioned from one track to the other, one of the main characters was on screen immediately. If we had taken it to the lengths that Soderbergh did, I really think the distinguishing features of each narrative would've been distracting.

That's not to say we didn't want to challenge ourselves. We knew we wanted to go handheld for a lot of shots. It seemed practical to do so with a long student film script, the movement we had blocked out for certain characters, and so much of the story taking place at a party. Plus, it just so happened that a few months before production, the department started offering Steadicam training, and our camera operator, Christopher Martin, had become qualified to use the one the school owned.

We decided to use tracking shots to establish both parties. For the fantasy, which was also shot at a higher frame rate for slow motion, we tracked Tony and Justin walking backwards with the Steadicam as they entered the costume party and walked towards Tad. It wasn't much ground to cover, but even the slightest of errors with Chris's steadiness were harder to ignore at the higher frame rate. We also tracked the same path walking forward to get Tony and Justin's point of view of the partygoers.

The most difficult use of Steadicam was the establishing shot in the actual party. We didn't start on Tony and Justin like we had for the fantasy because, in addition to mixing it up, we wanted the audience to realize that it wasn't a costume before Tony and Justin did, so they would already know what they were reacting to as they arrived. We had to rehearse this shot a lot, because it covered action going on in the back room, then followed a random party attendee (our First Assistant Director, Wendy Granger) coming in from the back porch, walking through the kitchen past guys taking shots, and into the living room where people were dancing and hanging out. We landed on Tony and Justin walking in from the front door and stayed on them through their first few lines of the scene. Because of the twists and turns Chris had to make on the Steadicam, the blocking of the extras moving around the house, and the timing needed to land on our leads for their initial lines, it took nearly an hour to rehearse and get right, but I was proud of the shot we ended up using, as well as Chris Martin's efforts and dedication to get it right.

Filming the climax was another challenge due to the amount of coverage we had to get. We didn't use Steadicam, but we did end up going with two handhelds to save time. All told, there were over twenty camera setups and five pages of content for one scene that featured seven actors in an average-sized living room. This could've been a nightmare to accomplish, but Andrew Bryan was great in sticking to our coverage plan and Wendy Granger did an excellent job keeping us on task into the night. Admittedly, at some point in the wee hours of the morning, I nearly lost track of what we had and hadn't covered in the scene, as did our inexperienced script supervisor, but I trusted the work of Andrew and Wendy and focused on doing my job as a director. It was the first scene I wanted to review in the editing room. I was worried we'd missed something along the way, but everything we needed was there.

Another unique and challenging aspect in this facet I encountered during production was working with a “substitute” Director of Photography for two days. Andrew was going to be unavailable for the last two days of filming, and Chris Gayden, who had worked as a camera assistant throughout the production, stepped in to fill the void. The first day was for our “Econoship” scene, at a business we rented out in Metairie, while the second day we filmed the stoner living room scenes at my apartment. It was an interesting adjustment between the two, but I think we planned for it about as well as we could.

The business location was tricky because of what the shot list called for and what the scenes meant to the story. We had multiple angles down a hallway, tracking Tony down the hallway and into an office, then a continuation of that scene that took place in another office that introduced Lucien and Joey. I made sure to meet with both of them and discuss the scene on location days before filming, but we had to make some logistical changes on set the day of filming and things got a little stressful for a couple of hours. Understandably, Gayden was torn on sticking to the plan we had laid out with Andrew and making the adjustments he felt necessary on set. He didn't want to deviate from the plan and catch hell for it later, but after some deliberation I urged him to trust his instincts and cover the scene the way he felt was best. It ended up being fine.

The second day went much smoother for the most part. Gayden's approach was a little slower than Andrew's, but again, I think that mostly had to do with his hesitance in changing someone else's plan. The shots were much simpler for the scenes in my living room, and it was

also the last major day of filming, so everyone was in good spirits. Aside from a few daylight issues we were forced to clean up with color correction in post, those scenes turned out great. I was grateful to Gayden for the role he filled those last few days. It wasn't easy for him to step in like that but he took it in stride.

Principal photography was practically done at that point, but Andrew and I still had one scene to film that we had yet to find a location for, and thus hadn't scheduled with the rest of the production. This was the second scene of the film, which took place at a jail and advanced the story a year ahead to the day the rest of the story takes place. Finding the right location took some time, but we ultimately settled on a juvenile detention center on the Northshore. From a camera standpoint, filming the scene was a breeze. Tony is released from prison. Donald picks him up and they have a conversation on the way home. Andrew and I had several days to plot the scene out. It was refreshing to only have to focus on one day, as opposed to the eleven days of filming we'd done before. The shots of Tony getting released from jail ended up being some of my favorites from the film.

## *Production Design*

My only production design experience coming into the project was on *Moon Pie* a year prior. The entire production took place in and around a trailer we'd rented for two days down in St. Bernard, Louisiana. I spent the night before our first day of shooting unloading and scattering items I'd purchased that day from Dollar General to make the place look trashy. It worked, but I'd written that script with ease of setup in mind. I was going to need a lot more help for *Entrepreneurs*.

There were several fellow classmates at UNO who had established themselves as capable production designers, but I needed one who understood stoner culture enough to be able to fill in little details here and there on the screen. That person was Brandon Melancon. "Snakebites," as we called him, knew a thing or two about that lifestyle and had ideas churning as soon as we first discussed his involvement. Coupled with costume designer Lindsey Terrebonne, who has gone on to become very successful in her field, I had a production design team I was very confident in.

We were using my own living room for the stoner apartment. There were only two scenes that took place at the stoner crew's apartment, but they were early in the film and I really thought it was important that their surroundings set the tone for the kind of people they were. Brandon did a fantastic job transforming it into a room that gave me flashbacks of my early college years. Old Nintendo controllers, magazines, road signs, rock and reggae posters, junk food, paraphernalia, you name it, the man collected stoner essentials and filled the place up. Those scenes ended up looking great on camera.

Having scenes in a house or apartment makes for an easier pre-production process, simply because there are usually a lot of people willing to let you borrow their house for a day to film. Finding a location to turn into the made-up "Econoship," however, was a bit of a challenge. That name was a nod to the fictional shipping company in Kevin Hughes's thesis film *Bicycle Season* (Hughes, 2010). Kevin was gracious enough to let me use the name in my film and even gave us the logo files from his film to keep the continuity the same. The business we ultimately chose to rent out for filming had three things we were looking for. First of all, they were nice people. That may seem trivial, but because we didn't have much money to offer and were at the mercy of when they'd be willing to let us use their space, we felt like this was important. They also had a layout to fit our action, which meant that we didn't have to change up the script too

much to adjust to the space. And perhaps most important from a design standpoint, there weren't a lot of signs we'd have to cover up or disguise. From there, it was all about making it our own. Brandon had several logos printed up. We put one on the door, a few smaller ones on coffee mugs and bulletin boards, and even had one big enough to slap on the front awning outside where the establishing shot of Tony's entrance to Econoship took place. Ultimately, I think the scene there was convincing enough to not remind the audience that they're watching a student film.

A big chunk of the movie took place at a party and, once again, surroundings that were familiar to our own personal experiences were easy to replicate. However, there were two parties: the one that existed in a character's mind as part of his fantasy to extract revenge, and the actual party they attend that isn't as exciting as he imagined. The latter was simple; all we needed to do was act like we were throwing a party. We put out some snacks, threw a few colored lights up here and there and filled in any plain spots with groups of extras socializing. We had a keg in one corner, cups and beer bottles covering every surface in sight, a ping pong table in the back, and paraphernalia placed here and there throughout the bottom floor. We even had a nice puke-covered toilet in the upstairs bathroom for good measure. The fantasy sequence was probably more of a challenge to create the look for, but required far less footage to shoot. It called for everyone to be in costume, which I'll get to later, but also demanded heavy red and strobe lighting, smoke effects, and balloons floating around everywhere. Once we got everything in place, both parties made for fun scenes to shoot and looked very good on camera.

With Bertha's house, where the climax took place, we were able to use a stand-alone house out in New Orleans East rented at the time by my producer, Jared Stanton. Jared's taste in décor didn't scream "elderly woman," but he did have a few bookshelf items, like a framed and signed portrait of the *Everybody Loves Raymond* (Rosenthal, 1996) cast, that we left in place. We mostly used thrift stores and an estate sale to fill in the gaps with little trinkets. A few weeks before production, we did a photo shoot with the actors portraying Becky and Tad, then framed some of the photos to put up around the house. Those were all the background visuals we needed to give her place the right feel.

As for the look of characters, themselves, I was less hands-on in the process and let Lindsey do her thing. With the stoner group, we didn't want them to all look the same, so the

challenge was to distinguish them. Justin, the quintessential stoner, had the wildest look. For most of the scenes he wore maroon pants, a patterned shirt, and was made to look like he hadn't showered in a while. Donald and Alaina, the couple, were dressed a bit cleaner to portray more "responsible" stoners, while Tony, the lead, was given a bit of a plain look since he had just gotten out of prison. I was pleased with their unique appearances throughout the film.

One of the biggest dilemmas we had, from a costuming standpoint, was the costume party that took place as part of Justin's fantasy sequence. Costume rentals can be expensive for one person, let alone the nearly two dozen we thought we needed to fill out the space and make it look like a legitimate party. However, instead of renting or buying a bunch of cheap costumes for extras to wear, we rolled the dice and asked crew members and any extras who were certain to come to bring their own costume with only the promise of free food and beer (for non-crew members) as incentive. Fortunately, enough people came through and we were able to avoid the cost of several costume rentals or the hassle of fitting extras into costumes we'd acquired. The variety of costumes looked great for the fantasy scene and made for one of the more enjoyable scenes to edit.

We were also lucky in acquiring the proper attire for the two gangster characters, Lucien and Joey, since we didn't have to look any further than their own closets. The two were meant to contrast one another, with Lucien leading the way in a nice suit and Joey ready to run someone down at a moment's notice, sporting a jump suit. Michael McFarland, who played Lucien, had a collection of suits that exceeded my own imagination in terms of dressing his character. The only hard part was picking one. With Joey, we actually ended up better off from a costuming standpoint with the last minute cast change. We had planned on purchasing a jumpsuit for Theo Crane to wear, but Derrick Freeman, his replacement, already had the exact one we were looking for.

All things considered, I think our production design ended up being one of the more successful facets of production. We were able to accomplish just about everything we initially set out to do. You could argue that we didn't have too big of a challenge here, since most of the characters were our age or because the locations written into the script didn't require us to branch out too far beyond our own crew. But we could have just as easily taken that for granted and



half-assed the design, as so many other student films seem to do. I'm glad we took the time and effort to really make our scenes and characters look authentic.

## *Editing*

With so much content filmed, I anticipated that post-production would take several months, but the process took far longer than imagined, due to a variety of factors. The initial delay was due mostly in part to my budget. After we wrapped principal photography in May 2012, I was practically out of any money set aside for the project and living month to month. I had a couple of friends involved in the production who were willing to help out in the editing room pro bono, but I was at the mercy of their schedules and it took some time for us to get on the same page. That wasn't such a bad thing at first. Even UNO editing guru Danny Retz had instructed us to take some time after production to refresh our perspective on the narrative, especially if it was a project we had written and directed. Once I was ready to get back on the horse, I called on David LeBlanc to serve as my co-editor throughout the post process. We found time towards the end of the summer to work together and began the tedious process of editing *Entrepreneurs*.

I consider myself to have pretty good eyes and ears for editing, but David is much more well-versed in Avid than I, and was a huge help in getting my workflow organized. We brought in a few undergrads looking to get some screen credits to sync all of our clips, then started reviewing the takes scene by scene, grading them out along the way. Fortunately, there didn't appear to be a need for reshoots or ADR. There were very few focus issues with our Steadicam and handheld shots and most of the synced audio was in good shape. Great performances made choosing which takes to use difficult, but this was a good problem to have. It was a relief to see that our hard work in production had paid off.

No longer a graduate assistant at UNO, I was forced to work odd jobs during this time, but David was willing to take on a major editing load in the fall for very little compensation. I probably paid him in beer and conversation more than anything else. Over the course of a few months, he put together a first cut that was true to the script, but definitely in need of some timing adjustments. This is where my strengths came in. I knew how I wanted the conversations to flow in order to get the most out of each scene, comedically and cinematically. But accessibility and effort became major hurdles.

I do not own Avid. My computer wasn't equipped to handle it and I didn't have the funds to buy a new one. On top of that, from the fall of 2012 on, I was not a full-time student at UNO

and was unable to access the editing labs as often as I had in the years prior. But this was an issue I used as an excuse more than anything else. To be honest, I was a little burned out on the project by early 2013. The cut wasn't quite where it needed to be and I, like David, had to devote most of my time to making ends meet. I took a job at the National World War II Museum and took a break from everything film related.

It wasn't until late 2013 that I really got after it again on the editing front. Andrew Bryan, my Director of Photography, expressed an interest in “taking an axe” to the cut and seeing what he could do. He had helped here and there in getting some timing down in each scene the year prior, but I was more than happy to have him take a major swing this go around. Prior to his efforts, the cut stood at around 42 minutes. For the sake of pitching this as anything other than a really long short film, that length was in a no man's land of sorts. The writer in me had failed to part ways with content that didn't drive the story forward. There were jokes I really liked on paper that didn't quite deliver on screen. There was exposition I mistakenly thought the audience needed in order to understand the plot. But Andrew was able to find that and more, and by the time he was done with it, the cut stood at 29 minutes. I had my doubts before I sat down to watch it for the first time, but they were quickly extinguished. The pace was brisk but coherent. We had definitely parted ways with some lines I was attached to, but most of the humor was still there. The cut had become far more watchable and marketable than it was before and my interest in completing the project and getting it screened was rejuvenated.

The first screening of note with the shortened cut was arranged by my producer, Jared Stanton. He was working for the editors of *Hot Tub Time Machine 2* (Pink, 2015) at the time and, over the course of production, talked them into looking at *Entrepreneurs*. I was eager to let them see it because they were working on a film that was targeted at the same kind of audience as ours. My biggest concern with the shortened cut was the audience being able to understand the motives for Tony seeking revenge on Tad. Andrew had taken a lot out of the initial scene where we get some backstory on those characters, but the editors of *HTTM2* seemed to understand that part of the story just fine and generally seemed to enjoy the film. As expected from professional editors, they suggested that we tighten the scenes even more. They also felt like the climax, particularly when the dildo gets tossed at the gun and all hell breaks loose, needed to be played up more, which is something Henry Griffin had also suggested when he viewed the cut. Perhaps

the biggest note we took moving forward was their sentiment that Bertha, while initially funny, was one character whose scenes we could cut even more of if we wanted to shorten the length without losing essential content. That was a major edit in my mind, and something I went back and forth on for several months.

In the meantime, David and I made some minor adjustments in the early months of 2014. This was mostly just tightening scenes and swapping jokes here and there to see what worked and what didn't. I had, after all, allowed my actors to improvise quite a bit, so there were options aplenty for almost every scene. Occasionally, we brought in a few friends to get some minor feedback on portions of the cut. For the most part, feedback was good, but we really wanted to screen it for a large audience and see how it played in full.

That opportunity would come in May of 2014 at the UNO Film Festival. While, at the time, the soundtrack didn't entirely consist of music we had the rights to use, we felt the cut was in good enough shape to screen in this particular festival. The audience would be familiar with cast and crew who were involved and I'd get a chance to show my thesis to a large crowd. The night of the screening would prove rewarding on a number of levels. I hadn't seen a lot of the cast and crew in several months, and we had a decent turnout in that regard. It was great to reminisce on the production, which I think was a positive experience for a lot of people involved. Despite the nearly two years it had taken to get the film to where it was, folks were excited to see it up on a big screen and, for the most part, understanding of the post-production delays. The actual screening was icing on the cake, as the film drew a lot of laughs and even won the Audience Award for that night. It was encouraging to get that kind of response to the film, but screening the film in festivals wasn't the immediate route I wanted to go at that point in time, and my attention turned to pitching it to someone who had connections in the industry.

After a few months of considering our next move, my producing partner Jared Stanton set up a screening with a working professional. Jared was constantly jumping from one production to another working in dailies. Along the way, he made connections with a few people he thought might possess the means to get our feet in the door of a pitch room. One of those guys was Billy Hines. Billy was a local producer who spent a lot of time in Los Angeles. Jared met him on the set of a film shot here in New Orleans in the fall of 2014. Billy wasn't working directly for a network we could pitch to, but he was constantly in contact with people who were, and Jared

figured Billy would shoot us straight and tell us what kind of shot we had pitching it to various outlets. We finally got the chance to sit down with Billy in November and, like the editors we had screened it for a year prior, he liked the cut but also felt that it needed to be shorter. He echoed their suggestion that Bertha would be the character to cut first, and let us know that he'd put us in touch with a few people he thought might be interested once we trimmed it down some more. This was another positive screening experience with an industry professional, but it also forced me to consider the major edit I'd been putting off for quite some time.

Bertha was a character I enjoyed writing a lot. We initially scaled her scenes back a bit, but I never seriously considered taking her out of the movie entirely until it became apparent that it was the only way we could take out a few more minutes in the film without losing content essential to the narrative. This was a hard edit to consider for a few reasons. Becky Allen was easily the most credible name I had in this movie, but that's mostly from a local standpoint. The effort it took to get her on board compared to the other actors made it feel like I was throwing away something I'd worked a little harder for. It also meant that scenes featuring other actors would be considerably shortened. But those are more sentimental reasons than anything else. The most practical reason was how would the narrative flow? The concurrent storylines between the two groups of stoners who set out on their mission were pretty balanced, even after the major jump from 42 minutes to 29. Would it feel too lopsided with Tony and Justin's portion of the heist attempt? There was only one way to find out, and it was back to the editing room.

Fittingly enough, Bertha was just too big of a character to cut. I don't mean that physically, but rather the amount of time her scenes play out compared to those at the party. Cutting her scenes just made Tony and Justin's scenes far too lopsided, to the point that we barely had anything to cut away to with Donald and Alaina, since the entire scene with them waiting for her to leave was useless. I decided to just stick to my guns, as is. Not all audience feedback on her character had been negative. In fact, she was a favorite for some, so I just decided to keep her in the story and leave my cut a little on the long side. It's truer to my original vision for the film. Cutting out more content at the expense of keeping the narrative balanced and coherent just wasn't worth it.

## *Sound Design*

There wasn't anything too fancy about our approach to production sound, but it's such an overlooked feature of quality filmmaking that I still wanted to make sure we had the right people in place to prevent headaches in post. Prior to assembling a crew, I had set aside what I thought was enough money to bring in someone with a proven track record in student and/or professional sound design, but those we negotiated with weren't available at the time of principal photography. Ultimately, we brought on Jack Bigelow to do our sound at the recommendation of producer Jared Stanton. Jack was only 19 at the time, young to take on such a big role, but he had the pedigree, with his father being a well-respected sound engineer in the industry, and there weren't any scenarios in our production plan that he hadn't encountered before.

Most of the film's scenes took place indoors, where we could control background noises. The climax, which challenged our camera crew a great deal, was probably the biggest hurdle for Jack, as well, since so many characters were speaking in the scene. Plus, as the tension rose in the plot, the characters would go from speaking softly to screaming for their lives, sometimes within the same take. That said, we didn't notice any major sound issues in post, so he did a good job.

The party scenes were interesting to shoot from a sound standpoint, too. You want your characters to be dancing along with the music, but you can't play that music once the cameras start rolling, in order to ensure quality dialogue and avoid continuity issues with background noises. It was the one time as a director that I really had to think about how everything would sync up with the music in the editing room, so we would play the music quite loud before the cameras started rolling, get everyone moving, and then kill the music right before I called "action." I even bobbed along to the beat behind the camera just to try to keep some kind of rhythm going on around me. For the most part the background actors did a good job of keeping up.

The party scene was also the one time our shooting schedule sort of backfired on us towards the end of the night. We had one scene to film outside that only involved Tony talking on the phone to Donald. Since we were shooting until daylight and had a number of background actors required for the party, we decided to shoot that scene last so we didn't keep the background actors around all night. However, we got a little behind on our schedule that day and

by the time we got everything set up to shoot the phone call, we were only about half an hour away from the sun coming up. Visually, Andrew assured me that it wouldn't be a problem to adjust some things in post, even if the lighting changed a little as we shot. But what we didn't consider were the birds who would be getting an early start on the day. Once we started rolling, their chirping became a bit of a distraction. It briefly created a little tension amongst the crew, but we decided to push on and get what we could. Fortunately, when we reviewed the scene in post it wasn't as bad as we feared, thanks mostly in part to good sound work by Jack and our boom operator Jonathan Kieran, and because we were able to drown out any chirping that was there by adding muffled “sounds” of the party going on inside the house.

I think most writer-directors have a pretty good idea of what music they want to use for their soundtrack even before they begin filming. For me, personally, it's such a motivating force for churning out script ideas and tuning my ear for dialogue that you could argue that in some instances deciding on what music I want to use to tell a story comes before writing the story, itself. In this case, I knew what I wanted my story to be about and where I wanted it to take place. Hip-hop and jazz fusion were the major genres I listened to when writing the story. “Luck of Lucien” by A Tribe Called Quest was the inspiration for naming one of the main characters Lucien. With the story set in New Orleans, I listened to a lot of Galactic when brainstorming over plot points. Naturally, these were songs I had in mind when we started soundtracking *Entrepreneurs*.

Just about all student filmmakers come to the hard realization that they won't be able to use the songs they want due to copyright laws and the high costs of obtaining the rights to use those tracks in their films. But our situation was a little different. Because we had decided to pitch the film as a pilot for a television series, we knew we could make a version of this film that included whatever songs we wanted, since it would only be used to pitch the series and give potential suitors an idea of what kind of music each episode would feature. So, with our “pitch” cut, we were able to include songs from Snoop Dogg, A Tribe Called Quest, and Galactic, among others, to really give the story some added flair. It might not have been as important to go this route with a drama or something that included more of an original score, but I think that a lot of people who enjoy comedies, especially stoner films, really appreciate a good soundtrack. I also made it a point to track down some local artists who had tracks that fit in with the story, as well.

That fulfilled what I consider the three main features of a good soundtrack: music the audience is familiar with, lesser known tracks from prominent artists, and music that fits the story well from artists largely unknown.

Reality would ultimately set in when finalizing a cut that I could send off to festivals, as well as one that would fulfill my academic requirements at UNO. But since I had already acquired some local music that I had permission to use, I was already on the right track. Jake Gold, a local musician and friend of mine, had already given me permission to use tracks from his funk band, Jupitang, to open and close the film. I was thrilled to get those because they fit the story really well and are songs a lot of people have never heard of, which is always a pleasant surprise for audiences. Jake also was starting up an organ trio at the time, and they possessed a sound similar to some of the tracks by Galactic and The Meters that we had used in our pitch cut. With those replacements fulfilled, the only tracks left to address were hip-hop songs. As luck would have it, two of my actors were also musicians. Michael McFarland, who played Lucien, had several rap songs he offered to let me use and Derrick Freeman, who joined the cast at the last minute as Joey, had all sorts of original music to choose from, including a brass-inspired rap song “DaMission,” which ended up replacing Snoop Dogg’s “Murder Was the Case” that played over the opening title and release from prison scene. That was the song I feared replacing the most, because it really complimented the scene establishing Tony’s motivation for revenge, but “DaMission” fit in so well, I’ve considered using it in the pitch cut moving forward.

Pairing music with scenes is one of my favorite things to do in post, but it’s a tricky process with all the legal hurdles. Sometimes, without a budget or connections to major record labels, there’s nothing you can do. I sent emails to Galactic’s record label and those representing A Tribe Called Quest, and never heard back from them. But it certainly helps to know capable musicians who can make up for the lack of big names with quality tracks at a low price. I’m satisfied with the soundtracks for both cuts.



### *Technology and Workflow*

Back in the spring of 2012, the Canon DSLR cameras were the best available to use through the school, but Andrew Bryan and I had a mutual friend who was willing to rent out his Red Scarlet-X for a reasonable fee. The Scarlet was a hot item on productions around town at the time. Even UNO was in the process of acquiring one for students to use. Unlike the Canons, which were primarily for use in still photography, the Red cameras were made for shooting video and did so at higher resolutions (up to 4K at the time). However, due to those resolutions, the video file sizes were much larger. I was going to have to purchase additional hard drives just to make sure we could store all of our footage and back it up, and no one on my crew had any experience setting up a workflow in Avid from Red footage. These factors ultimately convinced us to stick with the Canon package. Andrew felt more comfortable using the same cameras he used for his thesis. I felt good about saving money on rental fees and avoiding a nightmare in Avid sorting the footage out.

We used the Canon 5D for most of the film and shot in 1080p at 23.976 frames per second. Despite struggling a little with shadows and darker scenes, the 5D is still a high-quality camera. Just about all of our footage looked great. We switched to the Canon 60D for our fantasy scene and shot at 60 frames per second in 720p. The difference in resolution might be noticeable to the trained eye, but we were okay with that because the sequence is a fantasy and we wanted it to have a unique look from the rest of the film.

The fact that we began editing *Entrepreneurs* in Avid 6.0 and finished it in Avid 8.3.1 is yet another example of just how long it took to finish the film. David LeBlanc handled most of the workflow duties since he was the primary editor. He was glad we stuck with the Canon cameras because he had become confident establishing a workflow with footage from the 5D and 60D for his own thesis, *Dantalion* (LeBlanc, 2012). David and other graduate students before me had experienced problems relinking footage to AMA in Avid, so he created new masters in DNxHD 115 to edit with. This made for larger file sizes, but because I had saved money on the production cameras, I had the funds to acquire G-Drive external hard drives that could handle the load.

We didn't get too fancy with effects, but there were a couple of instances where we needed them. Most of our sound editing was done in Avid, but David also used reverb effects through iZotope to filter out background noises. The process basically involves setting in and out points between dialogue. Once these moments have been isolated, the program recognizes the background noises in each scene and filters them out. It made for a cleaner sounding film without having to get too in-depth, or costly, with professional sound editing.

Visually, the only major effect we had was creating the flashes for the gunshots as Tad is executed by Lucien and Joey in Justin's fantasy scene. For this, we brought on Ben Samuels to work in After Effects. It was a pretty simple process for him. The only thing we really sat down and discussed was what shade of yellow the flashes would be. He did a good job with the gunshots. We also had him do an effect for the final scene, in which we simulated eyelids slowly opening from Tony's POV shot, waking up to see Lucien and Joey standing over him. The result wasn't really what I had in mind, however, so we decided to scrap the effect and just fade in with some focal distortions to make it look blurry for a few seconds. It was convincing enough.

### Chapter 3

#### *Self-analysis*

Looking at the experience of making my thesis as a whole, I'm left with mixed feelings, but I think we made a solid film. The entire production ended up costing just over \$13,000. As far as ultra low-budget comedies go, it's something to be proud of. Everything from pre-production to the last day of principal photography was a team effort and some of the most enjoyable work I've ever been a part of.

The script was really what I wanted to hang my hat on with this film and for the most part I think it translated well to the screen. The big change with the climax, in my opinion, was a success. It might have turned a few people off, but I feel like we needed that edge there at the end to distinguish the story and establish an “anything goes” type of style to viewers. I came away completely satisfied with how the gangster characters turned out. Justin was a crowd favorite, as well, but we had a feeling that would be the case watching Matt Martinez perform on set. Good actors make writers look better and I certainly had help from a talented cast. That said, anyone who prides themselves on comedy will always wish their work had been funnier, and I'm no different. Some of the scenes, particularly the scenes following the stoner couple on their mission to search Tad's house, didn't connect with audiences as well as I had hoped. If I had it to do all over again, I probably would've rewritten a lot of their conversations to try and generate more laughs. The scenes with Bertha got mixed results, but I can live with those scenes being in there because the pace just doesn't flow as well without her.

Obviously, the major criticism that I have for myself is that it took far too long to get it done in post-production. I think it's safe to say that in the end, my ambitions got the best of me. When planning my post-production schedule, I didn't take into account that I might have to take on a full-time job to make ends meet and put things on hold for a while. After that happened, I simply got a little too burned out to put the hours in and get it done in a reasonable amount of time. But that's just the nature of the independent filmmaking grind. The blame there falls squarely on my shoulders. Perhaps, because I took on every stage of the process for such a large student project, it's somewhat understandable to run out of steam at some point, but still, I wouldn't recommend trying to shoot a forty-plus page thesis film to anyone unless they absolutely know it's the only thing in their life they want to do. Me? I'm passionate about a lot of

things. The city of New Orleans caters to that. To say I got distracted and walked away from completing this task for a while is a huge understatement. I'm not the kind of person who likes to dwell on regrets because ultimately I feel blessed to have this life, but I do wish I hadn't put this off for so long. However, the time to finish has finally come.

This process has given me even more respect for just how difficult it is to get a film written, shot, edited, and put out into the world. I was fortunate to have a great crew on this film, and had tremendous help in post-production, for virtually nothing in return, from David LeBlanc, Andrew Bryan, and Jared Stanton. My thesis committee members, Henry Griffin, Hamp Overton, and Erik Hansen were incredibly patient and always encouraging throughout the process. Without good help, none of this gets finished.

Moving forward, I'm still not sure where this story will land. Feedback has been mostly positive amongst professionals who have seen the film, but we've yet to have any serious takers on our pitch as a pilot. That said, I'm determined to keep putting it out there and see what happens. I don't regret taking this chance. Not many people can say they wrote and directed a pilot for their thesis film. The tedious struggle to get it completed has drained much of my creative output as of late, but now that it's finished, particularly on the academic level, I'm starting to feel a greater sense of accomplishment, which hopefully will rejuvenate my creative energy in future endeavors. Consistency was my biggest failure in this project. Hopefully, I will learn from my mistakes and be a better storyteller down the line.

## References

### *Filmography*

- Bicycle Season*. Dir. Kevin Hughes. 2010.
- Cheech & Chong's Next Movie*. Dir. Tommy Chong. 1980.
- Child's Play*. Dir. Tom Holland. 1988.
- Dantalion*. Dir. David LeBlanc. 2012.
- Everybody Loves Raymond*. Prod. Philip Rosenthal. 1996.
- Fraggle Rock*. Prod. Jim Henson. 1983.
- Hot Tub Time Machine 2*. Dir. Steve Pink. 2015.
- Moon Pie*. Dir. John Alden Patton. 2011.
- Out of True*. Dir. Andrew Bryan. 2011.
- Pulp Fiction*. Dir. Quentin Tarantino. 1994.
- Road Trip*. Dir. Todd Phillips. 2000.
- Traffic*. Dir. Steven Soderbergh. 2000.
- The Walking Dead*. Prod. Frank Darabont. 2010.

## Appendices

### *Appendix A: Shooting Script*

Lucien Jenkins, Entrepreneur

by  
John Alden Patton

Version 05.27.12

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1 INT. STONER APARTMENT - DAY

1

Two 20-somethings sit adjacent to one another in a cluttered living room. TONY, grinds up some weed for a bowl while TAD, sporting an ECONOSHIP UNIFORM, waits.

Tony looks up at Tad, then down to the table.

TONY

So... what'd you wanna talk about?

TAD

Well...I just wanted to see if you were still considering my proposal.

Tony sighs. He picks up the bowl and a lighter.

TAD (CONT'D)

Look, buddy...I know it's a major load but it's a hell of a deal! My guy's hookin' us up *dirt cheap*.

TONY

Tad, I appreciate the offer but, I told you...I don't wanna be a... real drug dealer, okay?

(hits bowl)

I provide for my friends, which essentially allows me to smoke for free and *barely* pay the rent. If anything, I'm trying to quit this shit and get an honest job.

TAD

And what better way to go out than with a huge score? You can...ditch the slobbs you live with and put a downy on your own place.

TONY

Those *slobbs* are two of my best friends.

TAD

(hits bowl)

Well, what about Shelley? You guys could use a vacation, huh? Maybe a trip to PC Beach? Margaritas all day, maybe a Buffett show? Before you know it you'll be diggin' sand out of her castle all night.

TONY  
Shelley would lose her mind if she  
found out I had two pounds shipped  
to my house.

TAD  
Tony, babe. It's medical grade.  
Northern California. You'll get rid  
of it so fast she'll never know.

Tony can't argue with that. He hits the bowl.

TAD (CONT'D)  
And if you're concerned about the  
shipping, quite frankly I'm  
offended. I mean, you've got the  
Econoship guarantee right here! No  
scans, no red flags, no worries!

Tony nods. Tad leans in.

TAD (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't believe what I come  
across in the mail these days.  
People ship all kinds of stuff,  
every day. Lucky for those dopes,  
I'm a nice guy.

Tony sighs.

TONY  
Alright, in theory it does sound  
pretty good. But I mean it when I  
say this is a one-time deal. After  
this, the buzzer sounds and the  
game's over.

TAD  
Hey, absolutely. I'm just passin'  
you the rock. Don't want it? Pass  
it right back. No hard feelings.

Tony takes a moment to ponder the situation. He and Tad lock  
eyes for a moment.

TONY  
Okay. I'll give it a shot.

Tad smiles calmly.

TAD  
Trust me, Tony. It's a slam dunk.

A crushing BOOM, like a jail cell closing, CUTS TO BLACK.



3.

2 INT. JAIL LOBBY - DAY

2

INSERT: ONE YEAR LATER

A blues or slow jam style hip-hop track starts up.

In slow motion, we fade in to the lobby of a jail. A door from the back opens... it's Tony, escorted by a GUARD.

He looks rough as he makes his way to the window, throwing deuces at an old JANITOR. Janitor flips him the bird.

An overweight CLERK greets him at the processing window with a forced "LUCKY YOU" smile. He nods "SUP."

She offers him a clipboard, which he signs and passes back.

She pulls out a bag and empties his belongings one by one.

- His clothing (a goofy sweater, pants, shoes).

- A wallet.

Her eyebrows raise.

- A condom.

Tony shrugs. She's not impressed. She reaches deep into the bag for one last thing.

- An iPhone, cracked screen.

He looks at her questioningly. She shrugs "AIN'T MY PROBLEM."

He collects the items and walks away as the music fades.

3 INT. TONY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

3

We hear classic rock on a car stereo. Tony rides shotgun with an excited DONALD. Fast food trash rests between them as they ride through town.

TONY

Thanks for picking me up, man. I really appreciate it.

DONALD

Come on, you know I'm happy to do it... still can't believe you wore that sweater going in though.

Tony throws his hands up questioningly.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I mean, Ed Norton gets his buds to bash his face in to look tough, but you... you wear *that* sweater.

TONY

Fuck off. I had no clue what to expect, much less put on, before I left. It's a nice sweater.

Donald tries not to laugh but gives in. Tony stares.

DONALD

Sorry, just messin' with ya, man. It's gonna be great havin' ya back in the house...everything in your room is *pretty* much the way you left it.

TONY

Cool.

Donald's demeanor builds with guilt.

DONALD

Me and Alaina had sex in your bed.

TONY

What?

DONALD

It was only once, I promise! And we washed the sheets, there was no mess, or--

Tony wants no more of it.

TONY

Okay, okay.

DONALD

I'm sorry, man. Been waitin' a few months to get that off my chest.

(beat)

Anyways... what's next on the freedom tour, huh? Wanna go burn one down at the river??

TONY

(sighs)

I gotta piss in a cup every month.

DONALD

Oh yeah... well, we can still go see some titties, right? Penthouse? Barely Legal? Scuttlebutts? Shit, this time of day it's probably the B-team, but I'll buy ya a dance as long as you don't tell Alaina we were--

TONY

Anywhere I want?

DONALD

Hell yeah, man! You name it.

Tony's face hardens.

TONY

Anywhere?

Donald isn't sure why he's so serious.

DONALD

Yeah, anywhere.

Tony nods slowly.

4 EXT. ECONOSHIP PARKING LOT - DAY

4

The ECONOSHIP LOGO fills the screen. We tilt down from the sign to see Tony storming towards the door beneath it.

5 INT. TONY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

5

Donald leans on the wheel looking towards the building.

DONALD

Oh, shit.

6 INT. ECONOSHIP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

6

Tony walks in to a startlingly empty lobby. His anger turns to confusion. A small sign sitting on the counter reads "OUT FOR LUNCH, BACK SOON!"

He starts down the hall and checks his watch. Still nothing.

A WOMAN SCREAMS from one of the back offices. Tony ducks into a NEARBY COPY ROOM and peers around the corner.

CARLA (O.S.)  
Please! I don't know!

Through a half-closed office door, he spots TWO DARK FIGURES with their backs to the doorway. One of the figures adjusts their waistline. A TUCKED GUN flashes.

Tony twists back into the copy room, reaches for his cellphone, and begins to dial 911. One of the figures speaks.

JOEY (O.S.)  
Well when do you expect Mr. Temple  
to be in?

Tony perks up. He cancels his call and turns his attention back to the office, still crouched.

The older secretary, CARLA, sits at a her desk in a typical office, tears welling in her eyes.

CARLA  
I told you, Tad quit a few days  
ago. I don't know where he is, or  
where he lives. Honest!

JOEY, a LARGE BLACK MAN, stands facing her, trying to break her with his menacing stare and way-too-tight black shirt.

LUCIEN  
Ma'am...

A gentleman (30s) steps in from behind Joey. He wears a loud suit. He is LUCIEN JENKINS.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
I believe we got off on the wrong  
foot. Pardon me if my associate  
here has frightened you.

Joey stares.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
He's just a big, mean-lookin'  
nigga. And that's what mean-lookin'  
niggas do.

The woman gulps.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
My name...

Lucien calmly takes a seat in front of Carla's desk.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
is Lucien Jenkins. I am a respected  
young business man in the greater  
Nawlins community, and it is my  
belief that your *former* employee,  
Mr. Temple...

Joey crosses behind Lucien.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
May have mixed up one of our recent  
shipments. A simple  
misunderstanding I'm sure. Ya feel  
me?

She slowly nods, dabbing her eyes with tissue. Joey leans in.

JOEY  
He took something that don't belong  
to him.

Carla nods, scared shitless. Lucien keeps his eyes on her.

LUCIEN  
Let's not jump to conclusions,  
Joey. Now, Carla...all we're trying  
to do is resolve the matter in a  
timely manner. Are you sure you  
can't help us?

She shakes her head.

CARLA  
I'm sorry, Mr. Jenkins.

Lucien sighs and nods understandingly. Joey gets even closer.

JOEY  
Don't try to save the day, white  
lady.

Carla cowers. Lucien turns to his partner.

LUCIEN  
Joey, yo' scary ass is about to  
give this woman a heart attack. You  
check all the rooms?

JOEY  
Ain't nobody here.

LUCIEN  
Well get on out back and start the  
car then.

Joey slowly walks out of the office.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
 (to Joey)  
 And don't be listenin' to none of  
 that bunk shit when I get there!  
 (to Carla)  
 I only fucks wit' da soul, baby.

He hums/sings as he stands, pulling out a few bills and counting them.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
 For ya troubles.

Lucien tosses a wad of cash onto Carla's desk. She stares at it, still frozen. Lucien backs away.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
 Keep it to yourself, now.

He puts a finger over his lips. Carla mimics and nods.

Tony sits near the copier, wide-eyed. A door closes in the distance. He takes a deep breath.

7 INT. STONER APARTMENT - DAY

7

Alaina's face. Stunned, she exhales a big plume of smoke.

ALAINA  
 Woahhhhh.

Tony nods from across a coffee table littered with stoner memorabilia, soda cans, and a half empty bag of chips. A few posters and paintings are on the walls around them.

A devious grin creeps across her face.

ALAINA (CONT'D)  
 Are you still gonna kick his ass?

Donald sits next to her, working on a slice of pizza.

DONALD  
 Yeah, and go right back to jail.

TONY  
 No. I'm gonna go take what he took.

Alaina is intrigued. Donald is concerned.

ALAINA

Really?

TONY

Hell yeah, you think I'm gonna let him get away with this? Fuck no. Besides, if the guys I heard today ever find him, he'll be empty handed, and they'll fuck him up big time...because of *us*!

DONALD

Us!? Tony, I want the bastard to get what's coming to him just as much as you do, but you just got out! This is...?

TONY

Meant to be? A great opportunity?

DONALD

A great opportunity? What are you gonna do with that much grass, huh?

TONY

I'm sure Justin knows someone...

He gestures across the room. We now see scruffy JUSTIN on a love seat passed out in an awkward position. He twitches.

DONALD

I wouldn't count on him for much.

TONY

Well, I'll fuckin' Robin Hood that shit, you guys can smoke free for months, I don't care.

ALAINA

(inhaling)

I'm cool with that.

TONY

The point is, Tad fucked me over. Hell, there's a good chance he's fucked a lot of people over. Where does it end, huh? It's high time somebody fucked Tad Temple.

They digest the moment. Donald sits up.

DONALD

Look, do we need to talk about anything?

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)  
Like, something bad that may have  
happened while you were in there?

Alaina looks confused.

TONY  
What do you mean? It was all bad.

DONALD  
I know, but like... showers? Or  
"lights out!" And... all dudes?

Alaina and Tony react with disgust.

ALAINA TONY  
You asshole! Unbelievable.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, it's just the way you're  
acting, I have to ask!

TONY  
No, Donald. I did not get--

A booming cough from the other couch interrupts the group. A  
plume of smoke comes out of Justin's mouth, who still  
rests on his back, eyes closed.

TONY (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Justin's eyes open. He slowly sits up.

JUSTIN  
Woah. Tony the Tiger. Welcome back.

They shake hands.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I, uh, only had sex in your room  
like twice.

TONY  
Jesus! Can't you guys just fuck in  
your own beds?

Alaina looks at Donald as if "You told him?"

JUSTIN  
Hey...I said room.

TONY  
I don't wanna know.



JUSTIN

Good. Now let me get this straight.

He clears his throat and reaches towards Donald, who reluctantly passes the blunt.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Tad the rat is sittin' on someone else's cheese, and...

(takes drag)

You want us to swoop in and take that shit... so that when these big cats pounce, he's dead meat?

TONY

I guess you could put it like that.

JUSTIN

Well by cheese I meant all the weed he stole.

TONY

Yes, I know.

JUSTIN

You get ass raped or somethin'?

TONY

No! God damn it!

JUSTIN

Just checkin', relax.

TONY

Is that all you got?

JUSTIN

Actually....

Justin takes a huge drag. We move in close.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I got a plan.

He exhales a huge plume of smoke that fills the screen.

8 INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT (FANTASY)

8

Justin narrates his glamorous VISION SEQUENCE of how they will take Tad's stash. It's fast paced and dreamy.

JUSTIN (V.O.)  
 Tad's throwin' a big party at Sammy  
 D's tonight. Me and Tony show up.  
 Blend right in. Play it cool, have  
 a few drinks, ya know, keep an eye  
 on Tad.

A lively costume party that Tony and Justin attend.

TAD TEMPLE (20s) is there in a devil costume. He's flanked  
 with two slutty-looking women. He smokes a cigar and smiles.

JUSTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Make sure he's not unloading there.

Tony and Justin dressed as pimps, looking around the house.

JUSTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Regardless of what comes up, we  
 find time to make Tad our bitch.

Tony and Justin laugh in Tad's face. Justin slaps him. The  
 two girls now appear with Tony and Justin.

9 EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT (FANTASY)

9

JUSTIN (V.O.)  
 And then I get a handskil out back.

Justin sits outside with one of the girls. Her hand is  
 stuffed down his pants, pumping. Justin talks to her in the  
 dream.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 Just let me finish!

Tony's voice interrupts.

TONY (V.O.)  
 What?

10 INT. STONER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (REALITY)

10

We flash to Justin, in real time.

JUSTIN  
 Just let me finish.

The others look at him awkwardly.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 Meanwhile!

He turns towards the couch.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Alaina and Donnie are at Tad's  
house.

Donald and Alaina look at each other, curious.

11 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (FANTASY) 11

Donald and Alaina enter Tad's house in classic burglar gear.

JUSTIN (V.O.)  
Looking for the big stash...

Donald rips open a duffle bag, finding a huge brick of weed.

JUSTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
With time to spare for a little  
action.

Alaina straddles more duffle bags nearby. She rips open a blouse, revealing a sexy black bra. Donald moves in.

ALAINA (V.O.)  
Are you picturing me nak--

Justin clears his throat.

JUSTIN (V.O.)  
And *just* when we're back here  
celebrating...

12 INT. STONER APARTMENT - NIGHT (FANTASY) 12

The four of them meet back at the apartment with the stash.  
They toast champagne.

13 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FANTASY) 13

JUSTIN (V.O.)  
Tad Temple comes up a few bags  
short.

Shadowy gangsters shoot Tad several times. Tad dramatically falls to the ground, littered with bullet holes.

14.

14 INT. STONER APARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO REALITY) 14

The fantasy is over. Justin's beaming. The others just stare.

DONALD  
Ridiculous.

Justin deflates.

JUSTIN  
Come on.

Tony is still going over it in his head.

TONY  
No dude, think about it. That's a  
fucking brilliant idea.

DONALD  
What?

TONY  
Minus the sex and costumes, it  
makes sense.

JUSTIN  
Well it's a costume party.

TONY  
It is?

JUSTIN  
Yeah. On Facebook it said,  
"Costumes, lots of alcohol."

Justin takes a drag.

ALAINA  
I love it.

DONALD  
You love it?

ALAINA  
Yeah, it's exciting.

DONALD  
What if someone's at Tad's?

TONY  
Who? Just get the hell outta there!  
Come to the party. Worst case, we  
all get drunk.

The others nod. Donald takes a deep breath and turns to Alaina.

DONALD  
You're really okay with this?

She nods.

TONY  
C'mon, man. You know I'd do the same for you. I need you on this.

Donald ponders the situation. He lets out a deep breath.

DONALD  
Alright, fuck it. I'm in.

They rejoice.

TONY  
Yes! Let's do this.

Justin puts his hand out.

JUSTIN  
Hands in, guys.

The others just stare. Music fades in.

15 INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - LATER THAT NIGHT

15

Music blares over the chatter of a crowded house. A long shot goes slowly through the party. Folks are dancing and drinking, really enjoying themselves.

Tony and Justin arrive on the scene, immediately sticking out as the only two dressed in costume. Tony is in full pirate gear and Justin wears only a monster mask.

TONY  
What the fuck?

They get some looks but most people are preoccupied.

Justin takes off his mask and stares at his phone.

JUSTIN  
Oh, dude. It says "*consume* lots of alcohol" My bad.

TONY  
God damn it, Justin.

JUSTIN  
Be cool. We still got this.

Tony scans the crowd and spots something.

TONY  
There he is.

It's Tad, sporting black pants and a purple button-up, standing right between SHELLEY and MARGARET.

We move in slowly on Tad as ominous music kicks in. Something catches his eye. Tony has turned away but it's too late.

TAD  
Whoa, who the fuck let Captain Hook in?

Tony turns slowly. Justin reluctantly nods.

SHELLEY  
Tony?

Tony approaches. Justin follows.

TONY  
Oh... Shelley. Hey.

TAD  
Tony... Long time no see, stranger.

SHELLEY  
I didn't know you were out.

Shelley and Tony share a brief moment. Tony shrugs.

TONY  
Well....

TAD  
What's with the pirate get-up?

Tony searches for words.

TONY  
Uh, you know. There was this other...party.

JUSTIN  
A costume party.

Awkward stares.

TAD

Right.

Tad turns back to Margaret and Shelley.

TAD (CONT'D)

So anyway, like I was saying, help yourselves to the beer... or the liquor. And if you're hungry, we have plenty of snacks... I even brought homemade scones for everyone to enjoy.

(to Shelley)

They're almost as sweet as you.

Tad bites his lip. Tony rolls his eyes. Justin in disbelief.

SHELLEY

Well thank you, Tad. You really helped Sammy throw a great party.

TAD

Sammy and I go way back.

Tad points to SAMMY, a short, fat guy wearing a windsuit, shades, chains. He's talking to a group of younger girls.

TAD (CONT'D)

Sammy!

Sammy points and smiles.

TAD (CONT'D)

(back to the ladies)

It's the least I could do.

Tad notices Tony and Justin are still standing there.

TAD (CONT'D)

Hey, Shelley why don't you help Margaret make a drink? Let us guys catch up....

Shelley nods and leads Margaret away. The men watch the women strut off.

TAD (CONT'D)

Tony, buddy, sure is good seein' ya out havin' fun again.

Tony nods.

TAD (CONT'D)  
There's a keg in the back, but I'm  
sure you brought some rum, huh?

Justin laughs but quickly straightens to match Tony's cold  
stare.

TONY  
Nice party, Tad. Drinks, snacks...  
the scones are a cute touch.

TAD  
Hey, now. My mother made 'em. You  
can't call me a pussy for loving  
the one I came from, huh? Huh?

JUSTIN  
I thought she was dead.

Tad's game show host attitude fades a bit.

TAD  
No, Justin. I'm still taking care  
of her.

Tony looks somewhat alarmed.

JUSTIN  
Oh. Sorry, I'm sure they're good.

TAD  
No worries. Help yourself.  
(to Tony)  
Both of you.

Tad offers a fist bump to Tony.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Great to see ya, Tone. Let's catch  
up soon.

Tony reluctantly abides as Tad walks away towards a group.

TONY  
Alright, keep your eyes peeled.  
That cheesedick's up to something.

JUSTIN  
Well, if we're gonna blend in we  
might as well start drinking.



TONY  
 Good idea. Meet me in the back in a few. I'm gonna take a look around first, see what I can find.

JUSTIN  
 (makes hook with finger)  
 Arrrr-right.

Tony is not amused.

16 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 16

A doorknob wiggles and clicks. The door pops open slowly and creaks. Donald and Alaina sneak inside, looking around.

Darkness and silence as they creep into the kitchen.

Bertha enters from the den, turning the kitchen light on.

BERTHA  
 I'm sorry. I didn't hear the doorbell.

Donald and Alaina look up in shock.

ALAINA  
 Oh shit.

DONALD  
 Holy....

It's Tad's mother BERTHA TEMPLE, squinting and moving as if she might fall over in her nightgown at any moment.

BERTHA  
 You're Tad's friends, right? Shawna and Sammy?

ALAINA  
 Uh, yeah. Yes ma'am.

Bertha approaches.

BERTHA  
 Oh, sweet babies. It's been so long!

She gives them a big, awkward hug.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
 You just missed Tad. He went to a revival...up on the Northshore.

They worm their way out of the hug.

DONALD  
Is that right? Well, darn it. You know, gosh. We were... gonna ride with him.

ALAINA  
Yeah.

BERTHA  
Ohhh, heavens to mercy, y'all.

She moves into the living room completely and beckons.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Come on in and have a seat.

They reluctantly follow and sit down on the couch.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Does anyone want a snack? I have all sorts of baked goods. They're just delicious.

Bertha breaks wind loud enough for all to take in.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Could you two honies 'scuse me just a second.

She walks through them towards the back. The stench follows.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Just gimme a minute.

She trails off humming towards the bathroom. Alaina starts off but Donald spots a phone and picks it up.

ALAINA  
What the fuck are you doing?

DONALD  
Improvising.

Donald dials on the land line and pulls out his cell phone.

17 INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

17

A strange conversation ensues outside a bathroom. The door opens, it's Tony. He attention shifts as he hears cheers down the hallway.

A crowd gathers around a keg stand, cheering. The feet come down. A jubilant Justin throws his hands in the air.

TONY

Fuck, man.

Justin wipes his mouth and burps. They move away.

JUSTIN

Dude, just like we said, act natural. I mean, look around. This party's off the hook. There's music and snacks and bitches everywhere. I feel like I'm nine years old!

TONY

You did keg stands at age nine? Keep your god damn head in the game, okay? Something's not right.

Justin sighs.

JUSTIN

Is it because Shelley's here?

TONY

No. She's...long gone.

JUSTIN

Well, what'd you find?

TONY

Nothing, yet.

JUSTIN

Okay, I'll go snoop around upstairs. You talk to Donnie?

TONY

He won't answer.

18 INT. ALAINA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

18

Donald and Alaina sit in her TOYOTA CAMRY, still outside Tad's house.

ALAINA

Baby, there's no way this works.

DONALD

Wait and see, damn it.

Donald dials from his cell phone and looks towards the house.  
Ringing. Alaina crosses her arms.

19 INT. BERTHA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

A land line continues to ring. Bertha's hand grabs the receiver and brings it to her mouth.

BERTHA

Hello?

CUT BETWEEN THE LOCATIONS.

DONALD

(altered voice)

Hello, is this Mrs. Temple?

BERTHA

Yes, yes it is.

DONALD

Good evening, Mrs. Temple. This is  
Pastor... Troy up here at the  
Northshore Baptist Revival.

Bertha has a tissue to her nose.

BERTHA

Yes?

Alaina shakes her head.

DONALD

Uh, well ma'am, your son collapsed  
during one of our hymns and we  
can't figure out what's going on.  
Now, it could be fatigue or...maybe  
a coma. You...just need to get on  
down here right now.

We've moved out to see Bertha sitting on the toilet.

BERTHA

Oh, my baby!

She wipes her ass.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Pastor Troy. I'll be  
there as soon as I can!

She hangs up the phone and flushes.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, Tad.

Donald is laughing as he puts away his phone. Alaina sits arms folded.

ALAINA

That was so dumb. There's no way she believed you.

DONALD

Are you kidding me? She's worried sick.

ALAINA

Whatever. I really don't even know what we're doing here anymore.

DONALD

What the fuck are you talking about? You're the reason I'm here.

ALAINA

No I'm not!

DONALD

Yes, you are! You said on the couch, 'this could be exciting!' Fucking Ocean's Eleven and shit.

ALAINA

We're doing this for Tony!

DONALD

Yeah, but for us, too!

ALAINA

We're tricking a poor, old lady *for us*?

DONALD

Jesus, you're fucking crazy.

ALAINA

Oh my god, you're such an asshole!

DONALD

Just gimme the damn lighter.

Margaret dances by herself near a group of people. She thrusts and twists, mouth open. She beckons Shelley.

Shelley moves in slowly, but instead takes Margaret's sloshing drink and returns to her spot. She looks over.

Tony smiles, watching from afar near a snack table. She forces a smile, but looks away quickly. It wasn't the same.

Tad walks up behind him.

TAD  
Lookin' for some hidden treasure?

Tony turns around.

TONY  
What? Oh...something like that.

TAD  
Yeah, there's some real gems here tonight. Like that one over there.

Tad looks towards Shelley. Tony glances as well.

TONY  
That one's got a heart of stone.

TAD  
Well, good thing I have a chisel.

Tony is not amused. Tad takes a more sincere approach.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Tony, you should know, Shelley and I have been seeing each other some over the last few months.

TONY  
You got a lot of nerve, motherfucker.

TAD  
Tony, whoa. C'mon. What do you want me to say? It's been a year.

Tony stares at him in disbelief, realizing he's not kidding.

TONY  
Are you serious?

Tony looks over at Shelley, who looks concerned by their conversation. Tony turns back to Tad, holding in his rage.

TONY (CONT'D)

Give me one good reason not to shove a year's worth of fist down your throat.

TAD

Easy, Cap'n. Let's not cause a scene. Now look, if you still think I had anything to do with your...issue, then I don't know what to say. It was totally a freak stroke of bad luck, okay? I had no idea the feds were following the package! Heck, I was lucky to keep my job.

TONY

Unbelievable!!

Shelley isn't taking any chances. She bolts. Tad downplays the situation with smiling glances. Tony gulps and composes.

TONY (CONT'D)

What I meant to say was, it's hard to believe how much has changed since I've been gone.

Tad smiles and pats him on the back.

TAD

Well, I'm glad you can take it like a man. Now, if you're looking for some consolation, Margaret's about to pass out upstairs. If you hurry, you can probably slip right in. Not bad for your first night back, huh?

TONY

I didn't come here for that.

TAD

Oh no? Well why did you come here?

TONY

Just to get Lucien here.

Tad's face goes cold.

TAD

What did you just say?

Tony clears his throat and talks over the music.

TONY  
I said to get loose in here! You  
know, catch a buzz? I'm here to  
have fun as a free man.

Tad forces a half chuckle but is visibly distraught. Tony  
returns the pat on the back.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Tell mom they're delicious!

Tony starts moving away to the beat of a song. Tad watches.

TAD  
Enjoy...

21 INT. ALAINA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

21

Smoke fills the cabin of the car. Donald coughs and turns to  
Alaina. She takes the blunt out of his hand.

DONALD  
Baby I'm sorry. You know I don't  
think you're crazy.

ALAINA  
I know. You're such an asshole.

DONALD  
I know, I know, my bad.

He faces forward, looking over the dashboard.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
I mean, if anything I'm crazy.  
Crazy to be sitting here in this  
car... waiting on this bat shit  
crazy woman... carry out this  
revenge-crazed plan. But, it makes  
sense 'cause...  
(turns to her)  
I'm still crazy for you.

ALAINA  
Oh, baby.

Alaina lunges for him. They tongue kiss sloppily but a car  
engine starting stops their progress.

They look up to see Bertha's car slowly pulling out of her  
driveway just down the street. It swerves onto the road and  
away from them. Donald and Alaina proudly look on.



ALAINA (CONT'D)  
 (gasping)  
 Well, I'll be damned! Baby!

DONALD  
 It's go time.

22 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 22

SERIES OF SHOTS - Donald and Alaina search the house.

- A closet door opens from within to reveal Alaina. There's a lot of bakery boxes.

- From underneath a bed we see Donald.

- Alaina looks through a bathroom. She skims over normal toiletries and dentures, then examines a bottle of pills. She empties a few in her hand and swallows them, then puts the bottle in her pocket.

23 INT. BERTHA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 23

Donald looks through a chest of drawers. He spots something. He gulps and reaches for it. He pulls out a huge vibrator.

He turns it on. It whirls around a bit and buzzes loudly. He turns it off.

He slowly moves his face towards it and takes a whiff.

Alaina walks in. Donald freezes and turns to her.

ALAINA  
 I got no....thing.

She glares at him, as if to say, "Seriously?"

Donald's eyes move back to his discovery. Music fades in.

DONALD  
 Keep looking. It's gotta be somewhere.

24 INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - LATER ON 24

The end of a cup being chugged. The music is loud. We move out to see Tony on the dance floor, amongst others. He wipes his mouth and continues dancing.

A couple of girls giggle at his costume and grind around him. He takes them in. The pace slows. He seems off. He exits.

25 INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS 25

Justin stands behind a HOT GIRL waiting on the bathroom. She's next. They are both drunk.

JUSTIN  
So what's your name again?

TANYA  
Tanya.

JUSTIN  
Taaaanya. That's kinda exotic. Are you wild?

TANYA  
Maybe...yeah.

JUSTIN  
What do ya say when that door opens, we both go in? Get a little occupado goin' in there.

She gets close and whispers.

TANYA  
I'm not going in there to pee.

He locks in on her eyes and speaks softly.

JUSTIN  
Well just how wild are you?

A hand lands on his shoulder from behind. It's Tad.

TAD  
Justin. Been looking for ya, man.

JUSTIN  
What the fuck do you want?

The bathroom door opens. A guy walks out.

TAD  
A word.

Tad shoves Justin into the bathroom and follows.

TANYA  
Hey, it's my turn!

Tad closes the door.

26 INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS 26

Justin moves back towards the door, but Tad arm is blocking his way.

JUSTIN  
What the hell, man?

TAD  
What's going on here?

JUSTIN  
People trying to piss, what do you think?

TAD  
Where are your friends?

JUSTIN  
What? Tony? He's out there grinding, I think.

TAD  
No, your other friends. Donald and...sugar tits.

JUSTIN  
*Alaina?* They're...on a date, shit!

TAD  
Just seems a little odd that they wouldn't stop by with Tony here.

Justin fidgets. He smirks.

JUSTIN  
Maybe they will. They're probably stoned and got lost or something.

TAD  
Yeah, maybe they're at the wrong house.

Justin's face goes blank.

JUSTIN  
Why would they be at your house?

Tad is taken aback.

TAD  
Who said anything about my house?

Justin panics.

JUSTIN  
Uhh....

He grabs Tad and hurls him into the tub. Tad hits his head on the wall and groans. Justin looks at his hands in shock.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Ho-ly shit!

Justin darts out of the bathroom. Tad struggles.

27 EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS 27

Tony staggers down stairs leading outside in a daze. He looks at his phone lighting up. He answers with urgency.

TONY  
Donald! Where the hell have you been?

28 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 28

Donald sits on the living room couch, eating a scone. Alaina is curled up next to him smoking from a small pipe. They're watching TV.

DONALD  
Dude, we're still here, but this house is empty, man. There's no stash, no sacks... nothing.

CUT BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS.

TONY  
I'm fucked man. I--I feel like I'm stoned. It doesn't make any sense.

DONALD  
What? Aw, shit. Well, look it's okay, man. That shit'll be gone before you get tested.

Alaina takes interest.

TONY  
What shit?

DONALD

Jesus, dude. Whatever's in your system. Look, Alaina and I are about to get outta here. Tad's mom only has like five channels and I don't know when she's coming back.

TONY

Wait, no. You don't understand. The stuff man. It's gotta be there.

DONALD

Tony, I'm sorry. We tried. It was fun, but there's nothing here except a giant dildo and like a dozen boxes of scones. They're fucking delicious, but none of it's what we came here for, so...

TONY

Wait, hold on. What'd you just say?

DONALD

There's nothing here!

TONY

No, the other part. A dildo and what?

A party-goer outside the house does a double take on Tony.

DONALD

Scones, man. Fucking pastries, there's dozens of 'em. Tad's mom is out of her god damn mind but the bitch knows how to bake.

Tony takes a moment to collect himself. He takes a deep breath. Things clear up for him a bit. He looks inside the party for a moment.

TONY

Donald, that's it! It's the scones!

DONALD

What??

TONY

The scones!

DONALD

What are you talking about?

TONY  
Where's Tad's mom?

DONALD  
I dunno. Maybe on her way, maybe at the bottom of Lake Pontchartrain. She's been gone a while.

TONY  
Great! Just stay there! I'm on my way. I'll explain everything. Just don't lose those scones.

DONALD  
Dude, wait--

Tony hangs up the phone.

29 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 29

Donald looks at his screen then puts the phone down. Alaina is curled up, with only a shirt on. Donald is in his boxers.

ALAINA  
What was that all about?

DONALD  
I don't know.

30 EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS 30

Tony steps towards the house and pats a RANDOM GUY on his back.

TONY  
(beaming)  
The motherfucking scones, man.

The guy looks confused. Tony chuckles.

Justin darts out of the front door and crashes into Tony.

JUSTIN  
Tony! There you are! We gotta jet, man! I blew it, Tad knows!

TONY  
What? Shit!

They stumble off together.

31 INT. TONY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

31

Tony drives. Justin rides shotgun. They're looking at houses in a neighborhood, creeping slowly down the street.

JUSTIN

Wait, is that it?

They look at a house.

TONY

How the fuck should I know? Do you see Donald's car?

JUSTIN

Wait, what does Donald drive?

TONY

The fucking blue car, man. It's a... I don't know. Did they even bring his car?

JUSTIN

Alaina has a car?

TONY

Just call Donald, damn it.

JUSTIN

Okay.

Justin pulls out his phone as Tony creeps ahead. Tony spots something down the street.

TONY

No fucking way!

JUSTIN

What?

They see Tad getting out of his car and walking briskly towards a house in front of them.

TONY

How the fuck?

JUSTIN

I told you to take the interstate, man!

TONY

Fuck that.

34.

Tony brakes hard and throws the car in park. He bolts out of the car.

TONY (CONT'D)

Come on!

Justin struggles to unbuckle himself but manages to make it.

32 EXT. OUTSIDE TAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

32

Tad makes his way into the front yard. He sees Tony quickly approaching. Justin trails.

TAD

No way, asshole! Get outta here!  
You too, motherfucker! Mom!

They converge on the front door.

TONY

It's too late, you lying prick. We  
got that shit!

TAD

Like hell, you do! Mom!

They burst inside and freeze.

33 INT. TAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

33

Tad, Tony, and Justin all stop just inside the front door and lock eyes with Lucien, who stands in the kitchen doorway.

LUCIEN

Well, well, well. Look who we have  
here! Right on time, fellas.

Joey stands nearby with a gun pointed towards the couch  
Donald and Alaina are huddled on.

Stacks of boxes rest on the kitchen counter near Lucien.

Tad takes a step back towards the door.

JOEY

(calmly)  
Don't even think about it.

Joey motions with his gun. They shuffle inside. Joey moves  
towards the door.



LUCIEN  
Come on in.

TONY  
Look, we didn't take your stuff, we  
were only trying to--

JOEY  
Shut the fuck up Jack Sparrow!

LUCIEN  
Easy, Joey.

Lucien walks even closer and puts his hands on Joey's  
shoulders.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
This here's my trigger man. Joseph.  
Watch'a mouth around him now, or  
he'll blow it clean off ya face.  
Bang!!

Joey relaxes. Lucien backs up and raises his arms.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
Y'all recognize me?

No response.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
Of course you don't! I'm just a  
black man, in a nice suit. Maybe  
I'll shine some shoes or blow a  
tune for ya. Play a song called  
'fuck that!'

Lucien pulls out his gun but just rants with it in his hand.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
No sir...You, my friends, are  
looking at the South's next edible  
marijuana kingpin!

Awkward silence.

TONY  
Is that right?

LUCIEN  
Oh that's right! Over the next few years, laws against this *harmless* drug will fall, and I, Lucien Jenkins, will be the Jack motherfuckin' Daniels of the laced pastry industry! Whatcha say about that, now?

The stoners try to look impressed. Lucien puts his hands, gun included, on the table, speaking softly.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
My cakes will get you baked. My apple pie will get you so damn high.

He pushes off the table and shouts.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
My strawberry scones will put you in that zone!

Justin smiles and nods.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

JUSTIN  
Nothing I jus--

Lucien lunges towards him, pointing the gun.

LUCIEN  
Laugh at my jingles now, nigga!

Justin scrambles for words.

JUSTIN  
I-I'm sorry, sir. It s-sounds awesome.

Lucien lowers his gun.

LUCIEN  
You damn right.

His tone grows dark.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, I have to do a lot of not so *awesome* things, too. Like teachin' mothafuckin' thieves a lesson.

(MORE)

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Get 'em over here.

Joey pushes up and leads the others towards Lucien. Joey grabs Tad and takes him across the room by himself.

JOEY

You stay here.

LUCIEN

Now I know that only one of you took something from me, directly...

Lucien glares at Tad, who cowers.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

...but you are *all* here for what is *mine*. And for that you must all pay a price.

Lucien looks to Tony.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

You.

TONY

Me?

LUCIEN

Your friends here tell me this was your idea. Your beef...

Lucien points to Tad.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

...with this mothafucka here.

Tony looks back at Donald and Alaina. They lower their heads. He looks back at Lucien and nods.

TONY

Yes sir. They're here on my behalf.

Lucien takes him in for a moment.

LUCIEN

Responsibility! I like that. You ever fired a gun?

TONY

(confused)

Uh, maybe, a long time ago.

LUCIEN  
Well shake off the rust, baby! You  
about to fire another one off now.

Tony still doesn't follow. Lucien walks in between Tad and  
Tony. He points towards Tad.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
This little bitch here is a dead  
man. And most days you and your  
crew would be, too. But you seem  
*responsible*, so I'm gonna let you  
be responsible for shootin' his ass  
for me.

	TONY	TAD
What?		What??

TONY  
Wait, sir...this is all a little  
extreme.

LUCIEN  
Extreme?

JOEY  
(mutters)  
Oh shit.

LUCIEN  
What the hell was you thinking when  
you tried to pull this shit fresh  
out the pen, son? Extreme? Now you  
gon' shoot this motherfucker dead,  
or else!

Lucien points his gun towards the couch. Tony grabs his shirt  
at the sides to dry his palms.

TONY  
Okay, okay. I'll do it.

Gasps. Tad squirms. Joey points his gun towards Tony.

LUCIEN  
You get anymore crazy ideas and  
Joey's gonna make sure it's your  
last. Ya got one shot. Make it  
count.

Lucien wipes off the gun and hands it over.

Tony turns from the aim of Joey's gun and takes Lucien's. He sighs, examines the piece briefly, and raises it towards Tad.

TAD  
Please, God! Tony, don't do this!  
I'm sorry man!

TONY  
Shut up, Tad.

JOEY  
Ice this nigga!

TAD  
Listen to me! I was wrong! I was  
selfish! I-I-I was jealous of your  
ff-friends and your girl!

Tony tries to maintain his composure.

TAD (CONT'D)  
I'm a loser, man. I'm a fucking  
snitch loser, please!

Tad begins to piss himself while pleading, taking small steps towards Tony.

JOEY  
If I have to shoot him, I'm  
shootin' all'a y'all!

TAD	LUCIEN
Please, Tony! Jesus!	(softly)
	You better pull the trigger, boy.

Tony steadies his aim. Justin is wide-eyed. Donald is horrified. Alaina unable to watch.

TAD  
Forgive me, Tony! Please!

Tad steps even closer. Joey steps in behind Tony.

LUCIEN  
Now or never.

TAD  
Don't shoot!

TONY  
Fuck you, Tad.

Tony closes his eyes and tenses up... then lowers the gun.

Silence.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I can't do it.

He hands the gun back to Lucien. Tad begins weeping and slumps to the ground. Lucien sighs.

LUCIEN  
Alright, then. If you can't do it,  
shit's about to get ugly.

He raises his gun towards Tony. Donald reacts quickly.

DONALD  
No!!!

Donald launches the dildo out of nowhere towards Lucien, knocking the gun out of his hand. Justin leaps on Joey's back and covers up his eyes. Joey swings around.

Alaina quickly dives on the gun and points it up at Lucien, unleashing verbal fury.

ALAINA  
I will pull this trigger! I will  
pull the fucking trigger!

Lucien's hands go up. He backs away. Joey wrestles Justin off and throws him down.

LUCIEN  
Okay, bitch! Okay! Nobody shoot!

Joey points his gun at Alaina.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
Stand down, Joey. Do not shoot, my  
big nigga! Do-not!

JOEY  
I won't as long as she don't!

Tony takes over.

TONY  
Okay! Okay! Everyone stay calm.  
(to Alaina)  
Just keep it on him, girl. Steady.

Tad has perked up.

TAD  
Oh thank god! I'll call the police.

Why not? TAD

What? TAD

JOEY  
What's goin' on boss?

Tony paces across the room. The others stare on.

He stops.

Gasps.

More gasps.

LUCIEN  
God damn.

JUSTIN  
It's okay, man.

TONY  
I know it's okay, Justin. Because  
here I stand before you... damaged,  
but still strong, and determined...

He picks up the dildo we now see beneath him.

TONY (CONT'D)  
To return the favor.

The others mumble in shock.

TAD  
What?? No!? Tony, please!

TONY  
(to Lucien)  
We get this done and then we can  
all go home.

Lucien nods.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Take his pants.

Donald and Justin wrestle Tad's pants down in the rear. Tony approaches. Lucien is in disbelief. Alaina and Joey struggle to focus on their targets.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Don't you fucking move!

We hear pants being ripped down. We see Tad crouched over, struggling.

JOEY  
Boss, this is some cold-blooded Oz  
type shit.

Lucien winces.

LUCIEN  
Yeah, you right... but let's get it  
over with. Putcha gun on bitch man.

Joey puts the gun back on Tad. Tad's breathing trembles. Tony leans down to his ear.



TONY  
No hard feelings, Tad. This is just  
another slam dunk.

Tony does it in a swift thrust.

We stay on Tad's face, who HOWLS awkwardly. Tony flips the  
switch and we hear the dildo start buzzing.

Grimaces all around.

BAM! The door busts open. Everyone looks up in shock.

It's Bertha. But she's so wasted she can't see straight.

BERTHA  
Tad!?!

She stumbles in, even more out of it than before. She can't  
tell what's going on.

BERTHA (CONT'D)  
Tad, are you here?

Through challenging gasps, Tad screams.

TAD  
Mom!

JOEY  
Who the fuck?

Donald talks to her as he did before.

DONALD  
Mrs. Temple!

BERTHA  
Oh good, you're back!

She staggers in, bangs into a nearby table, then crashes onto  
a couch. Out cold. A snore sets in. The dildo stops buzzing.

LUCIEN  
Where the fuck did she come from?

Joey is looking out the window now.

JOEY  
Looks like the bitch just pulled  
right up.

We see Bertha's car in the middle of the front yard.

LUCIEN  
Man, this is fucked up! Pull the  
car around, now!

Joey exits.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
(to Alaina)  
And get that god damn gun out my  
face!

ALAINA  
I'm sorry.

She hands the gun over.

LUCIEN  
Are y'all crazy niggas finished?

Tony nods. The others release Tad who struggles to remedy.  
Lucien takes him in.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
Shiiiiitt...

34 EXT. OUTSIDE TAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Lucien is in the passenger seat. Joey closes up the trunk and  
proceeds to the driver's side. The crew looks on.

Lucien rolls down the passenger window. Soul music is  
playing. Joey fastens his seat belt and starts the car.

LUCIEN  
Sleep tight, my children. Maybe we  
can do breakfast soon. Haaaa!

The crew looks on as the car trails off down the street.

DONALD  
What the hell does that mean?

TONY  
Who the fuck knows, let's go home.

We stay on Tony staring off for a moment, then DARKNESS.

35 INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

35

Tony slowly comes to in his bed, facing the wall. He rolls  
over. His eyes open. A blurred figure comes into view.

It's Lucien, in a chair right next to his bed, eating a sausage biscuit. Joey stands next to him. Tony jerks up.

LUCIEN  
Mornin' sugar. Sausage biscuit?

Lucien offers.

TONY  
What the fuck, man?

Joey steps in.

JOEY  
My *man* offered you a god damn  
sausage biscuit.

Tony, in shock, reluctantly accepts and takes a small bite.

TONY  
Is there drugs in this too?

Lucien and Joey laugh.

LUCIEN  
(to Joey)  
I told ya, this boy's got ideas.

Joey smiles and nods. Lucien turns back to Tony.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
So! You ready to go to work?

Tony's jaw drops. CUT TO BLACK, ROLL CREDITS.

Appendix B: Call Sheets

<b>UNO FTCA THESIS: Lucien Jenkins</b> <small>CALL SHEET</small>						
<b>Producer:</b> Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz <b>Director:</b> JA Patton <b>1st AD:</b> Wendy Granger <b>UPM:</b> _____		<b>General Crew Call</b>  <div style="background-color: pink; padding: 10px; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; margin: 10px auto; width: 100px;">6:30PM</div> <b>Shooting Call 8:30PM</b>  <div style="text-align: center;">****</div>		<b>Wednesday 4/16/12</b> <b>Day:</b> <u>2</u> <b>OF</b> <u>11</u> <b>Sunrise:</b> 6:05AM <b>Sunset:</b> 7:47PM  <b>Weather:</b> 87°, 10% chance rain <b>Lunch:</b> 12:30AM		
<b>SET CELL: (571) 235-8496</b>						
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES
16	INT. KITCHEN - Donald and Alaina encounter Bertha	2,3,8	N	2 1/8		<b>Location Address</b>
33	INT/EXT - Bertha's car through window		N	1/8		7927 Mercier St (New Orleans East)
21	INT/EXT - Bertha leaves from Don/Alaina's POV	8	N	1/8		<b>Crew Parking</b>
19	INT - BATHROOM - Bertha on the toilet on the phone	8	N	1		<b>Along Mercier street</b>
16	INT. LIVING ROOM = Alaina and Donald enter sneaking	2,3	N	1/8		
22	INT. KITCHEN - Alaina Rummages through cabinets	3	N	1/8		
22	INT. BATHROOM - Alaina rummaging, takes pills	3	N	1/8		<b>Nearest Hospital:</b> Fastrac Urgent Care Clinic 5640 Read Blvd # 230 (1.5 mi S) (504) 244-0455
				<b>TOTAL</b>		
#	CAST	CHARACTER	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REMARKS
1	Jacob McManus	Tony				
2	Hunter Burke	Donald				
3	Chelsea Hebert	Alaina				
4	Matt Martinez	Justin				
5	Alex Galick	Tad				
#	STANDINS & BACKGROUND ATMOSPHERE		STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REPORT TO
<b>TOTAL:</b>						
DEPARTMENT NOTES						
<b>MU/H:</b>			<b>PROPERTY:</b>			
<b>WRD:</b>			<b>SFX:</b>			
<b>SFXMU:</b>			<b>SETDEC:</b>			
<b>NOTES:</b>			<b>LOCATIONS:</b>			
***SUBJECT TO CHANGE*** ADVANCE SCHEDULE - DAY 3 OF 11 4/17/12 - Approx. Call Time: 6:30PM						
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES
8	INT. LIVING ROOM - Tad and Ladies	1, 4, 5, 14, 15	N			<b>Location Address</b>
9	Adult shot	4, 14				7927 Mercier St (New Orleans East)
25	INT. HALLWAY - TANYA and JUSTIN outside bathroom	4, 5, 12	N			<b>Crew Parking</b>
28	INT. BATHROOM - Tad confronts Justin	4, 5	N			<b>Along Mercier street</b>
				<b>TOTAL</b>		
<b>Producer</b> Dawn Spatz		<b>1st A.D.</b> Wendy Granger		<b>PRODUCER</b> Jared Stanton		
(504) 452-2077		(571) 235-8496		(973) 534-3724		

Producer: <u>Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz</u> Director: <u>JA Patton</u> 1st AD: <u>Wendy Granger</u> UPM: _____		<h1 style="margin: 0;">General Crew Call</h1> <div style="background-color: #FF69B4; padding: 10px; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; margin: 10px 0;">6:30PM</div> <h2 style="margin: 0;">Shooting Call 9:00PM</h2>			<b>Tuesday 4/15/12</b> Day: <u>3</u> OF <u>11</u> Sunrise: <u>6:05AM</u> Sunset: <u>7:48PM</u> Weather: <u>86°, 10% chance rain</u> Lunch: <u>12:30AM</u>	
SET CELL: <b>(571) 235-8496</b>		<b>**We need extras! Bring friends, tell them to come at 7:00pm IN COSTUME! :) **</b>				

SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES
8	INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - FANTASY	1, 4, 5, 14, 15, BG	N	5/8		<b>Location Address</b>  147 10th Street New Orleans, 70124
9	EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - Adult shot	4,14	N	2/8		
25	INT. SAMMY's HOUSE PARTY - Hallway - reality	4,5,12	N	1 1/8		
26	INT. SAMMY's HOUSE PARTY - Bathroom - reality	4,5	N	1 2/8		<b>Crew Parking</b>  Along 10th Street
						<b>Nearest Hospital:</b> Ochsner 1315 Jefferson Highway, (3.0 mi SW) (504) 842-3900
				<b>TOTAL</b>		

#	CAST	CHARACTER	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REMARKS
1	Jacob McManus	Tony			6:45pm	
4	Matt Martinez	Justin			7:00pm	
5	Alex Galick	Tad			7:00pm	
12	Tenaj Jackson	Tanya			11:00pm	
14	Ashton Akridge	Adult shot girl			7:00pm	
15	Lindsey Terrebonne	slut			6:30pm	

#	STANDINS & BACKGROUND ATMOSPHERE	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REPORT TO
<b>TOTAL:</b>					

DEPARTMENT NOTES	
MU/H: _____ WRD: _____ SFXMU: _____ NOTES: _____	PROPERTY: _____ SFX: _____ SETDEC: _____ LOCATIONS: _____

<b>***SUBJECT TO CHANGE*** ADVANCE SCHEDULE - DAY 2 OF 11    4/17/12 - Approx. Call Time: 6:30PM</b>						
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES
24	INT. SAMMY's HOUSE PARTY - Tony tripping on the dance floor	1, BG	N	2/8		<b>Location Address</b>  147 10th Street New Orleans, 70124  <b>Crew Parking</b>  Along 10th street
15	INT. SAMMY's HOUSE PARTY - Tony and Justin arrive at party	1,2,4,5,10,11,BG	N	3 4/8		
				<b>TOTAL</b>	3 6/8	

<b>Producer</b> Dawn Spatz	<b>1st A.D.</b> Wendy Granger	<b>PRODUCER</b> Jared Stanton
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(504) 452-2077

(571) 235-8496

(973) 534-3724

LUCIEN JENKINS CALL SHEET							
Producer: <u>Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz</u> Director: <u>JA Patton</u> 1st AD: <u>Wendy Granger</u> UPM: _____		<b>General Crew Call</b>  <div style="background-color: pink; padding: 10px; font-size: 24px; font-weight: bold; margin: 10px auto; width: 150px;">6:30PM</div>			<b>Saturday 4/19/12</b> Day: <u>5</u> OF <u>11</u> Sunrise: <u>6:03AM</u> Sunset: <u>7:49PM</u> Weather: <u>86°, 0% chance rain</u> Lunch: <u>12:30AM</u>		
SET CELL: <b>(571) 235-8496</b>		Shooting Call <b>9:00PM</b>  <b>**We need extras! Bring friends, tell them to come at 7:00pm :) **</b>					
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
20	INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - FANTASY	10,1,5 BG	N	5/8		Location Address	
17	INT. HOUSE PARTY - Keg stand - Reality	1,4,BG	N	1		147 10th Street New Orleans, 70124  Crew Parking  Winn Dixie on Veterans Blvd. (Park at the corner of the parking lot nearest to set)  Nearest Hospital: Ochsner 1315 Jefferson Highway, (3.0 mi SW) (504) 842-3900	
27/30	EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE PARTY - Tony phones Donald- REALITY	1,4,BG	N	2 4/8			
			TOTAL				
#	CAST	CHARACTER	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REMARKS	
1	Jacob McManus	Tony			6:45pm		
4	Matt Martinez	Justin			11:30pm		
5	Alex Galick	Tad			7:00pm		
10	Vivkyllik	Shelly			7:00pm		
#	STANDINS & BACKGROUND ATMOSPHERE		STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REPORT TO	
TOTAL:							
DEPARTMENT NOTES							
MU/H:		PROPERTY:					
WRD:		SFX:					
SFXMU:		SETDEC:					
NOTES:		LOCATIONS:					
***SUBJECT TO CHANGE*** ADVANCE SCHEDULE - DAY 6 OF 11 4/21/12 - Approx. Call Time: 6:30PM							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
33	INT. TAD'S HOUSE - the whole gang meets Lucien Jenkins	1,2,3,4,5,6,7	N	5 4/8		Location Address	
						7927 Mercier St. New Orleans, 70128  Crew Parking  Along Mercier street	
			TOTAL				
Producer Dawn Spatz		1st A.D. Wendy Granger		PRODUCER Jared Stanton			
(504) 452-2077		(571) 235-8496		(973) 534-3724			





Producer:	Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz
Director:	JA Patton
1st AD:	Wendy Granger
UPM:	

**6:30PM**

\*\*\*\*

**Lunch: 12:30AM**

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LUCIEN JENKINS CALL SHEET							
Producer: <u>Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz</u> Director: <u>JA Patton</u> 1st AD: <u>Wendy Granger</u> UPM: _____		<b>General Crew Call</b>  <div style="background-color: pink; padding: 10px; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; margin: 10px auto; width: 150px;">9:00AM</div> <b>Shooting Call 9:30AM</b>  *****		<b>Friday 5/25/12</b> Day: <u>9</u> OF <u>11</u> Sunrise: <u>6:01AM</u> Sunset: <u>7:52PM</u>  Weather: <u>90°, 0% chance rain</u>  Lunch: <u>3:00PM</u>			
SET CELL: <b>(571) 235-8496</b>							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
12	INT. STONER APT. - GROUP TOAST (FANTASY)	1,2,3,4	D	1/8		Location Address	
7/10/14	INT. STONER APT. - GROUP MAKES REVENGE PLAN	1,2,3,4	D	6 1/8		3713 Dumaine St. New Orleans	
						Crew Parking	
						Along Dumaine and surrounding streets	
						Nearest Hospital:	
						Tulane Medical Center 1415 Tulane Avenue (504) 988-5800	
						TOTAL 6 2/8	
#	CAST	CHARACTER	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REMARKS	
1	Jacob McManus	Tony			9:00am		
4	Matt Martinez	Justin			9:00am		
2	Hunter Burke	Donald			9:00am		
3	Chelsea Hebert	Alaina			9:00am		
#	STANDINS & BACKGROUND ATMOSPHERE		STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REPORT TO	
TOTAL:							
DEPARTMENT NOTES							
MU/H:		PROPERTY:					
WRD:		SFX:					
SFXMU:		SETDEC:					
NOTES:		LOCATIONS:					
***SUBJECT TO CHANGE*** ADVANCE SCHEDULE - DAY 9 OF 11 5/25/12 - Approx. Call Time: 9:00AM							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
4	EXT. ECONOSHIP PARKING LOT	1,2		1/8		Location Address	
5	INT. TONY'S CAR	1,2		1 2/8		Ridgelake Realty 3350 Ridgelake Dr. #200 Metairie, LA 70002	
6	INT. ECONOSHIP OFFICE	1,6,7,9		2 6/8		Crew Parking	
						In the available parking lot (spread out as if it were a business day)	
						TOTAL 4 1/8	
PRODUCER		1st A.D.		PRODUCER			
Dawn Spatz		Wendy Granger		Jared Stanton			
(504) 452-2077		(571) 235-8496		(973) 534-3724			

LUCIEN JENKINS CALL SHEET							
Producer: <u>Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz</u> Director: <u>JA Patton</u> 1st AD: <u>Wendy Granger</u> UPM: _____		<b>General Crew Call</b>  <div style="background-color: pink; padding: 10px; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; margin: 10px auto; width: 100px;">7:00AM</div> Shooting Call 7:30AM  *****		<b>Saturday 5/26/12</b> Day: <u>10</u> OF <u>11</u> Sunrise: <u>6:01AM</u> Sunset: <u>7:52PM</u>  Weather: <u>93°, 0% chance rain</u>  Lunch: <u>1:00PM</u>			
SET CELL: <b>(571) 235-8496</b>							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
4	EXT. ECONOSHIP PARKING LOT	1,2	D	1/8		<b>Location Address</b> "Ridgelake Realty 3350 Ridgelake Dr. #200 Metairie, LA 70002"	
5	INT. TONY'S CAR Metairie, LA 70002	1,2	D	1 2/8			
6	INT. ECONOSHIP OFFICE	1,6,7,9	D	2 6/8			
						<b>Crew Parking</b>  In the available parking lot (spread out as if it were a business day)	
				TOTAL	4 1/8	<b>Nearest Hospital:</b> East Jefferson General Hospital 4200 Houma Boulevard, Metairie, LA (504) 454-4000	
#	CAST	CHARACTER	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET		
1	Jacob McManus	Tony			7:00am		
2	Hunter Burke	Donald			7:00am		
6	Michel Carlione	Lucien Jenkins			12:00pm		
7	Derrick Freeman	Joey			12:00pm		
9	Lisa Mackle-Smith	Carla			1:00pm		
#	STANDINS & BACKGROUND ATMOSPHERE		STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REPORT TO	
TOTAL:							
DEPARTMENT NOTES							
MU/H:		PROPERTY:					
WRD:		SFX:					
SFXMU:		SETDEC:					
NOTES:		LOCATIONS:					
***SUBJECT TO CHANGE*** ADVANCE SCHEDULE - DAY 10 OF 11 5/27/12 - Approx. Call Time: 7:00AM							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
3	INT. TONY'S CAR - They eat Popeyes and talk	1,2		6/8		<b>Location Address</b> 3713 Dumaine St. New Orleans	
35	INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - Lucien wakes Tony up	1,6,7		7/8			
1	INT. STONER APT - Tad makes a proposition to Tony	1,4		1		<b>Crew Parking</b> Along Dumaine and surrounding streets	
				TOTAL	2 6/8		
PRODUCER		1st A.D.		PRODUCER			
Dawn Spatz		Wendy Granger		Jared Stanton			
(504) 452-2077		(571) 235-8496		(973) 534-3724			

LUCIEN JENKINS CALL SHEET							
Producer: <u>Jared Stanton, Dawn Spatz</u> Director: <u>JA Patton</u> 1st AD: <u>Wendy Granger</u> UPM: _____		<b>General Crew Call</b>  <div style="background-color: pink; padding: 10px; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; margin: 10px auto; width: 100px;">7:00AM</div> Shooting Call 8:00AM  <b>**LAST DAY! Woool**</b>		<div style="background-color: #cccccc; padding: 5px; font-weight: bold;">Saturday 5/27/12</div> Day: <u>111</u> OF <u>11</u> Sunrise: <u>6:01AM</u> Sunset: <u>7:54PM</u>  Weather: <u>93°, 0% chance rain</u> Lunch: <u>1:00PM</u>			
SET CELL: <b>(571) 235-8496</b>							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
3	EXT. ECONOSHIP PARKING LOT	1,2	D	6/8		Location Address	
35	INT. TONY'S CAR Metairie, LA 70002	1,6,7	D	7/8		3713 Dumaine St  Crew Parking  Along Dumaine and neighboring streets  Nearest Hospital: East Jefferson General Hospital 4200 Houma Boulevard, Metairie, LA (504) 454-4000	
1	INT. ECONOSHIP OFFICE	1,5	D	1			
				TOTAL	4 1/8		
#	CAST	CHARACTER	STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REMARKS	
1	Jacob McManus	Tony			7:30am		
2	Hunter Burke	Donald			7:30am		
6	Michel McFarland	Lucien Jenkins			9:00am		
7	Derrick Freeman	Joey			9:00am		
5	Alex Galic	Tad Temple			1:00pm		
#	STANDINS & BACKGROUND ATMOSPHERE		STATUS	H/MU/W	ON SET	REPORT TO	
TOTAL:							
DEPARTMENT NOTES							
MU/H:		PROPERTY:					
WRD:		SFX:					
SFXMU:		SETDEC:					
NOTES:		LOCATIONS:					
***SUBJECT TO CHANGE*** ADVANCE SCHEDULE - DAY OF - Approx. Call Time:							
SC.#	SET DESCRIPTION	CAST/BG	D/N	PGS	TIMING	LOCATION NOTES	
						Location Address	
						Crew Parking	
				TOTAL			
PRODUCER		1st A.D.		PRODUCER			
Dawn Spatz		Wendy Granger		Jared Stanton			
(504) 452-2077		(571) 235-8496		(973) 534-3724			



*Appendix C: Production Stills*


























Appendix D: Release Forms

 <p><b>The University of New Orleans Film Program</b></p>		The University of New Orleans Film, Theater, and Communication Arts 2000 Lakeshore Drive - PAC 307 New Orleans, Louisiana 70148 Office: 504-280-6317 - Fax: 504-280-6318	
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PROD. #:	PRODUCTION TITLE: <u>Lucien Jenkins, Entrepreneur</u>		
PRODUCER: <u>J.A. Patton</u> <u>Dawn Spitz</u> <u>Jared Stanta</u>	DIRECTOR: <u>J.A. Patton</u>		

### ACTOR RELEASE FORM

To Whom It May Concern:

I (the undersigned) hereby grant to the UNO Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts the right to photograph me and to record my voice, performances, poses, actions, plays and appearances, and use my picture, photograph, msilhouette and other reproductions of my physical likeness in connection with the student motion picture tentatively entitled Lucien Jenkins, Entrepreneur the "Picture").

I hereby grant to the UNO Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts, its successors, assigns and licensees the perpetual right to use, as you may desire, all still and motion pictures and sound track recordings and records which you may make of me or of my voice, and the right to use my name or likeness in or in connection with the exhibition, advertising, exploiting and/or publicizing of the picture. I further grant the right to reproduce in any manner whatsoever any recordings including all instrumental, musical, or other sound effects produced by me, in connection with the production and/or postproduction of the Picture.

I agree that I will not assert or maintain against the Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts, your successors, assigns and licensees, any claim, action, suit or demand of any kind or nature whatsoever, including but not limited to those grounded upon invasion of privacy, rights of publicity or other civil rights, or for any reason in connection with your authorized use of my physical likeness and sound in the Picture as herein provided.

By my signature here I understand that I will, to the best of my ability, adhere to the schedule agreed to prior to the beginning of my engagement. Additionally, I agree, to the best of my ability, to make myself available should it be necessary, to rerecord my voice and/or record voice-overs and otherwise perform any necessary sound work required after the end of filming. Should I not be able to perform such sound work, I understand that the Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts may enter into agreement with another person to rerecord my dialogue and/or record voice-overs and use this sound work over my picture or however they deem appropriate.

I further acknowledge and agree that any commitments beyond the scope and intent of this release are the sole responsibility of the above named production, or its duly appointed representative(s) and NOT the UNO Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts.

I hereby certify and represent that I am over 18 years of age and have read the foregoing and fully understand the meaning and effect thereof.

Name: Jacob McManus

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: [REDACTED]

Signature Jacob McManus Date 5/23/12

Character Name: "Tony"

Producer Signature [Signature]
 Date 05-27-12
 Producer Telephone [REDACTED]





The University of New Orleans Film Program

The University of New Orleans  
Film, Theater, and Communication Arts  
2000 Lakeshore Drive - PAC 307  
New Orleans, Louisiana 70148  
Office: 504-280-6317 - Fax: 504-280-6318

PROD. #:	PRODUCTION TITLE: <u>Lucien Jenkins, Entrepreneur</u>	
PRODUCER: <u>Patton / Spatz / Stanton</u>	DIRECTOR: <u>J.A. Patton</u>	

### ACTOR RELEASE FORM

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Name: Hunter Burke  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: [REDACTED]

Signature Hunter Burke Date 5-23-12

Character Name: "Donald"

Producer Signature [Signature] Date 05-27-12 Producer Telephone [REDACTED]





The University of New Orleans Film Program

The University of New Orleans  
Film, Theater, and Communication Arts  
2000 Lakeshore Drive - PAC 307  
New Orleans, Louisiana 70148  
Office: 504-280-6317 - Fax: 504-280-6318

PROD. #: \_\_\_\_\_ PRODUCTION TITLE: Lucien Jenkins, Entrepreneur  
PRODUCER: J.A. Patton, Dawn Spitz DIRECTOR: J.A. Patton  
Jared Stanton

### ACTOR RELEASE FORM

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Name:

Matt Martinez

Address:

Telephone:

Signature

Date

5-27-12

Character Name:

"Justin"

Producer Signature

Date

05-27-12

Producer Telephone





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PRODUCER: <u>Patton / Spitz / Stanton</u>	DIRECTOR: <u>J.A. Patton</u>

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Name: Chelsea Hebert

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature [Signature]

Date 5/23/12

Character Name: "Alaina"

Producer Signature [Signature]

Date 05-27-12

Producer Telephone \_\_\_\_\_





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PRODUCER: <u>Patton/Spatz/Stanton</u>	DIRECTOR: <u>J.A. Patton</u>		

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Name: Alex Galick

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: [Signature]

Date: 5/23/12

Character Name: "Tad"

Producer Signature: [Signature]

Date: 05-27-12

Producer Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_





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Name: Michael McFarland  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone: [REDACTED]  
Signature: [Signature] Date: 5-23-12  
Character Name: "Lucien"  
Producer Signature: [Signature] Date: 05-27-12 Producer Telephone: [REDACTED]





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Name: Hermon Freeman

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: [Signature]

Date: 5-23-12

Character Name: "Joey"

Producer Signature: [Signature]

Date: 05-27-12

Producer Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_





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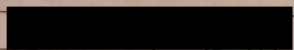
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Name: *Becky Allen*  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

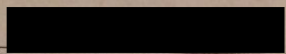
Telephone: 

Signature *Becky Allen* Date *5-21-12*

Character Name: *"Bertha"*

Producer Signature *[Signature]*

*05-27-12*  
Date

  
Producer Telephone

*Appendix E: Budget*

**“ENTREPRENEURS” PRODUCTION ESTIMATE**

Wolf House Films  
6347 Canal Blvd.  
New Orleans, LA 70124  
(973) 534-3724  
Prod. Contact: Jared Stanton  
Director: J.A. Patton  
Cinematographer: Andrew Bryan  
Prod. Designer: Brandon Melancon  
Editor: David LeBlanc  
No. shoot/location days: 11

Production Dates: May 15-27, 2012

<b>SUMMARY</b>	<b>Estimate</b>	<b>Actual</b>
Pre-production & wrap costs	\$400	<b>\$600</b>
Shooting crew labor/EFP	\$600	<b>\$750</b>
Location & travel expenses	\$500	<b>\$1,200</b>
Props, wardrobe, animals	\$500	<b>\$1,150</b>
Studio & set construction costs	\$0	<b>\$0</b>
Equipment cost	\$1,000	<b>\$1,000</b>
Craft Services	\$3,500	<b>\$4,100</b>
<b>Sub-total:</b>	<b>\$6,500</b>	<b>\$8,800</b>
Director/creator fees	\$0	<b>\$0</b>
Insurance	\$0	<b>\$0</b>
<b>Sub-total:</b>	<b>\$0</b>	<b>\$0</b>
Talent costs & expenses	\$3,000	<b>\$3,600</b>
Editorial & finishing	\$1,000	<b>\$200</b>
Contingency	\$1,000	<b>\$500</b>
<b>Sub-total:</b>	<b>\$5,000</b>	<b>\$4,300</b>
<b>GRAND TOTAL:</b>	<b>\$11,500</b>	<b>\$13,100</b>

The DVD copy of the thesis film *Entrepreneurs* is located in the Earl K. Long Library.

### **Vita**

John Alden Patton was born in Pascagoula, Mississippi. He grew up in Starkville, Mississippi and obtained his Bachelor's degree in Communication with a concentration in Broadcasting from Mississippi State University in 2009. He also minored in Religion. John Alden began pursuing his Master of Fine Arts in Film Production at the University of New Orleans in August of 2009, and was a graduate assistant at UNO from 2010-2012.