FIGHT, FLIGHT, FREEZE

A series of short films on sexual assault

By: Emma Mazurek
Acknowledgements:

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This project is dedicated to anyone who’s ever had an experience even remotely similar to mine. Your story deserves to be told. I hope this helps you find peace in some way.
“I did not tell my parents. I convinced myself that because Brett did not rape me, I should just move on”—Dr. Christine Blasey Ford, September 27, 2018 before the U.S. Senate Judiciary Hearing Committee

part 1: experience

I started writing this project long before I even started typing. I began writing it based on the people I knew in high school, and the boys I met in fraternity parties. But I most actively began writing this past summer, after a night out dancing with friends.

It was dark and there were black puddles on the ground that splashed with every step we took. Streetlights and iPhones lit the way for all of us, as we trudged to an intersection where Ubers could pick us up. The streets of Nice were under construction, building more tram lines for tourists to move around. Unfortunately, though, trams didn’t run at 4 a.m., so we were stuck spending a few extra euros to get home from the club.

I watched as everyone got into their car. Headlights peered around brick buildings to say hello and beckon my friends into their air conditioning. I heard myself tell them when they asked if I’d be okay or if they should wait, that it would be fine. My car will be here in like 5 minutes, I don’t want to keep you guys out too late or make you pay extra for your cars or anything—And I did not, do not, and could never blame them: they did everything right, by the book. So I let them leave.

I stared at the light coming from my near-dead phone and watched as my Uber’s distance from me became greater and greater. From 5 minutes to 15. I stared at the streetlight that turned from green to yellow to red, green to yellow to red, green to yellow to red.
I could feel my eyelids eating at my face, begging to close, to be home. I fumbled with my host family’s keys just to have something to do—each a different size: the first a sleek, young silver one, then a grainy slightly larger gold one, and last, the large tarnished gold ancient one. My hands traced the outlines of each one of them until I felt myself coming out of my almost-asleep state. I jolted when I recognized the sounds of drunk men yelling coming my way, ready to turn the corner. I picked up each key: the young one, the grainy one, and the elder one, and shoved them in between my fingers so my hand became like a claw. They trudged by me, and I stared at the ground. I concentrated on the way that the lines below me shot through one another, cracking the concrete. I concentrated on how the concrete looked like coral spotted, eroded. I could feel their eyes on me, looking at every part of me they could see as they walked. With my other hand, I stroked each of the keys like they were good luck charms, like they could help me feel safe.

But they went past me, they kept walking, and left me alone. I took a deep breath, de-clawed my hands, and held the keys behind my phone in my hands. I looked up at the street light again. I looked down and scrolled to check the time my Uber would come-- still 15 minutes. And then while I was staring at my phone, I felt his body crash into mine, and press me against the wall.

“Oh, je suis vraiment désolé” his deep voice crackled out-- I’m sorry, so sorry. His button down shirt only had one button left on it, and his sweat reflected the red of the streetlight, so he glowed a candy apple red. His eyes were bloodshot, red running through the whites of his eyes. He smelled like liquor and stale heat.
I needed him to leave, so I answered, “Oh, pas de problème” and looked down at my phone again. He kept speaking to me. I fumbled with my keys, and their small clanking sounds were sharp in my ears. I felt the hairs on my legs shoot up, prickly for a moment. He slurred on about how I looked pretty and how I must have been doing a good job working. He thought I was a sex worker, and in that moment I realized that to him it didn’t matter who I really was. And I remembered every article I have ever read about women being taken or murdered because of where they were one night with one wrong man. My throat got tighter, and the wind felt colder. He stared at me, into my eyes, forcing me to look at him. I didn’t know how to look away or if looking away would provoke him further. I wonder if he could hear me breathing. Looking back, there is almost no way that I wasn’t hyperventilating at the time.

He stepped in closer and asked me my name. And I really wasn’t going to answer, I was really going to ignore him, but then he yelled his question again. “Comment tu-t'appelles?” His voice bounced off of the concrete wall behind me. The light turned green. I didn’t know what he would do if I didn’t answer, but I couldn’t give him my name. I would have been giving away too much by doing that. So I told him my friend’s name: Claire.

“Enchanté, Claire,” he whispered in my direction, and held out his hand.

I needed him to leave, so I shook his hand. I still don’t know if this was the right thing to do.

He used the name like a weapon, saying it whenever he could, cutting me with every utterance. Somehow it felt like he was saying every letter but he was really slurring it.

His hands were clammy and wrinkled, they pressed against mine. I felt the heat of mine clash with the cold of his, creating a small storm. The word enchanté slithered out of my mouth,
I couldn’t have him yell at me again. He kept talking to me, and moving in closer. His hands began to fumble around with the wisps of hair that framed my face. His fingers batted them like he was a cat. I leaned back, hoping that I could fall into the building behind me. That something would take pity on me and let me out, let me sink into the concrete.

Then I heard a voice yell at him, not for me, for him.

Another man asked what he was doing. *Just talking to Claire, here.* He didn’t look at the other man, but instead kept eyes on me. He looked like he wanted to take me with him. I didn’t move. My feet felt heavier than normal, as if my body was trying to stick itself to the ground below me. The other man told him that he had to get going and that they needed to be somewhere else.

*J’arrive, (I’m coming)* he finally turned and yelled.

But then instead of leaving, the man leaned in closer to me, and breathed on my face—hot breath. He leaned in as if he was going to kiss me, but instead put his hand on my cheek. He brushed it like he knew me. The only thing I could think was that maybe he was going to rape me or take me or kill me, that this was going to be the end of all of it. I couldn’t breathe anymore. I couldn’t blink, couldn’t move, couldn’t cry. I had to sit there, as he touched me. I wondered if he was going to do anything else.

*Au revoir Claire, bonne soirée,* he told me, and trudged away. The light around me was yellow now. I watched from the corner of my eye his dark shadow growing taller as he walked away from me to the other man, and then eventually the group.

I waited until the group of men turned around the block, and dropped to the ground, finally regaining my breath, air. It was like he had finished choking me, and the hot,
Mediterranean air cut at my throat like I had been force fed a steak knife. I started to feel tears
stream down my face. I got up and started pacing.

I needed to be moving.
I needed to be active.
I needed no one to catch me ever again.
I needed to be invisible.
I needed to be wrapped in something.
I needed to be in bed.
I needed to breathe normally.
I needed someone I knew with me.
I needed my parents.
I needed to be home.
I needed to be asleep.
I needed to be gone.
I needed to be out of the streetlights, the sidewalk, and out of everything that happened.

The light from my phone lit up: a notification that my car was around the corner.

Everything felt like it was spinning, as I watched a black, sleek car drive up to me. I wiped my
face quickly, and opened the back door. I mumbled out a question about who the car was for, and
heard my name. I jumped into the backseat, and felt my body quit. I slouched against the leather
and stared at the lights as we drove through the city streets until we got back to my home. I put
the keys in between my fingers again, because I didn’t know what else to do.
part 2: residual pieces

I couldn’t sleep that night. I spent thirty minutes scrubbing at my face, until my skin was damp and raw. Until the towel I patted my face with felt like asphalt. I crawled into bed shaking and quivering, even though it must have been hot that night, I couldn’t feel it. I wrapped myself in the blanket as much as I could, and felt tears stream down my face quietly. I didn’t want to wake my host family up so late.

I called my best friend, Kiara, on the phone the morning after. I didn’t know how to tell her how afraid I was, or why I even felt afraid. I remember a voice in the back of my head telling me that it could have been worse. And it could have. I tried so hard to make it not a big deal, and to put it away, but I couldn’t. All I could feel was his phantom hand brushing against my cheek. As I write this, I can still feel it. It reminded me of the way my mom sometimes touches me at church, the way my Jiddoo jokes about pinching my cheeks, it reminds me of the way ex-boyfriends have brushed my hair from my face in the morning. And it’s not mine anymore. It’s not theirs anymore either. Months later I can’t stop thinking about the way he smelled, his bloodshot eyes, and how he touched me. How he felt like he could touch me. How he was entitled to me, because I was just there. And how I feel lucky that he didn’t hurt me more. Because he could have. But also how I should not have had to feel hurt or luck or anything else.

I don’t know for how long I was on the phone trying to make sense of everything with Kiara. But I remember her phone-altered voice telling me that she knew I could do something with this, that I could make it into something beautiful and something worthwhile. She said *if anyone can do anything good with this, it’s you.* I am still so grateful for her never-wavering faith in me.
So I took her advice and began writing. One of the first pieces I wrote was this poem:

6:37 a.m. June 24, 2018 / Nice, France

I’ve been scrubbing at
my face.
Nothing will budge.
And I’ve tried everything—
soap from the finest French drug store on the block, Monoprix,
salty tears,
the most water pressure the shower head can muster up.
Nothing worked.
I tried sleeping it off,
   wrapping myself in covers and not waking until noon,
walking it off,
   down the steep hill and to the water every day,
sweating it out,
   sitting in sun while teaching or writing.
Yet—
it stays.
I still feel his hand reach through me
and tug at my muscles,
on each of my nerves,
into my memories of others
who had touched me that way:
a brush on the cheek from my mom after I’ve been annoying her all day
laying tangled in red covers while the boy looks me in the eyes and rubs my cheek
my grandfather grabbing my cheek, pinching, and then brushing before we all laugh.
his bloodshot eyes still stare into mine
like he wanted to devour all of me
and maybe he did.
part 3: understanding

After I had calmed down, I tried to reason everything out. A few days after I was at a cafe with a few friends, and the waiter suggested that we all smile for some reason, the reason being that we weren’t already. So, I laughed and did it to get him to leave our table alone. One of my friends looked at me and asked why one earth did I smile. She knew me pretty well, and knew my deep hatred for men telling me to smile, so much so that I did a photography project on the subject just a year ago. And I didn’t know why I didn’t fight back. I chalked it up to not wanting to argue publicly, or just being too tired.

That small moment at the cafe started to make me think about why I behave the way I do. I never understood why I couldn’t fight back for myself, in the cafe, on the sidewalk, at parties, even when I wanted to. I realized I have no problem fighting for the women around me in bars or clubs, but I couldn’t do it for myself. I kept hearing in my head: I am a feminist. I am supposed to fight back even and especially for myself, right?

* 

A few months passed, and I was back at school when someone shared an article with me about a basic neurological response common in victims of sexual harassment or assault, called freezing. And, then I began to connect the dots. Sexual assault is by definition an assault and thus warrants some of the same biological responses that occur when people realize they are in danger. I began to think about other people I knew, who have fought back in different ways, and ran in different ways. I, like so many others, had learned about the well-established concepts of fight and flight in response to fear or danger, but had never learned about the freezing response.

I realized that I wanted to not only work to explore my experience, but also experiences
that are similar to mine, ones where people fought back or ones where they ran. I wanted to explore all three biological responses in the context of sexual assault in each of the short films I created. So before I began writing, I started to research freezing, or tonic immobility, to better understand what I was thinking about and perceiving. In Norman B. Schmidt’s work, “Exploring Human Freeze Responses to a Threat Stressor,” I found a precedent for this response in the context of nature:

“Similar to the flight/fight response, a freeze response is believed to have adaptive value. In the context of predatory attack, some animals will freeze or “play dead.” This response, often referred to as tonic immobility (Gallup, 1977), includes motor and vocal inhibition with an abrupt initiation and cessation” (Schmidt).

What was effective about this article was the way it brought freezing into the same category as well known responses to danger such as fighting back or fleeing. Most common education will only address fight or flight responses and leave out freezing entirely. I then researched what freezing looks like in narratives of sexual assault. In “Victim Reactions During Rape/Sexual Assault: A Preliminary Study of the Immobility Response and its Correlates,” it is written that:

“Tonic immobility has seldom been studied in humans (Crawford 1977), but Suarez and Gallup (1976) proposed that freezing reactions during rape may be an instance of tonic immobility in human beings. This possibility is supported by victim self-reports such as, 'I felt faint, trembling and cold . . . I went limp' (Burgess & Holmstrom 1976, p. 416), or feeling '. . . unable to do anything . . . even move my legs (Rose 1986, p. 819).” (Galliano).

After reading this quote, I realized how natural this response is, and that many different people have experienced this. Some people don’t fight back or run because they can’t. And most accounts of sexual assault describe moments of freezing even when the survivor moves on to a different reaction. What disturbed me most is that this knowledge is not readily available and most people will never really know that freezing and tonic immobility is a valid response to fear,
and sexual assault especially. People will continue to learn in high school about the same two responses to danger and leave out conversations about tonic immobility entirely. So many survivors feel guilty for not fighting back or leaving, without ever knowing that their reactions were completely valid, and out of their conscious control. I wanted to create something that could represent many of the different experiences and responses that victims undergo, and place freezing on par with the other responses of fighting or fleeing. I started to see the connections between different experiences in not only understanding the biological responses but also the predators and the ways that scenarios occurred.

From there I decided to begin to research traits of sexual predators. I learned that most often they believe in the strict following of gender roles, and express them commonly in their own lives (“Male Perpetrators” Greathouse et al 19). Additionally, studies have found that there are correlations between hostile masculinity, or the need to control and dominate women, and men who sexually assault women (“Male Perpetrators” Greathouse et al 19). I decided that in order to portray these impulses I needed to set my pieces in male-dominated spaces or spaces that easily could be taken over by men. So I decided on a fraternity setting and a sidewalk, both informed by from my own personal experience. I also thought about ways that I could form each of the perpetrator's dialogue to reflect some of their views on women, whether the audience sees them be overtly frightening and possessive or ease into their toxic behaviors.

However, I had challenges with researching traits of women who perpetrate sexual assault. There is significantly less research and information available on women offenders. What is known is that most women who perpetrate sexual assault have been sexually assaulted in the past, often as children (“Female Sexual Assaulters” Greathouse 38-39). Additionally, there is a
high rate of mental illness among women who perpetrate sexual assault ("Female Sexual Assaulters" Greathouse 39). And often women offenders use different coercive strategies to assault their victims, and for women with less sexual experience, they are unable to use physical ability to sexually assault their victims ("Female Sexual Assaulters" Greathouse 40). So, when writing my third screenplay, I wanted to try and portray some of the differences between women offenders and male offenders. I picked a younger age group, so I could focus in on the use of surroundings and emotions to show a young woman attempting to coerce her peer.

One of the most difficult parts of this experience was writing and developing character who committed acts of sexual harassment but were still real and fully formed individuals. The research done here, allowed for me to write better characters with clear motivations and drives that were more complex than just presenting them as perpetrators. By presenting narratives of sexual harassment that popular culture might not deem as being “serious,” I was not only able to tell complex stories of the survivors, but also imply the room to change or grow for perpetrators. Because the shorts are narrow and focused, the only character growth seen is that of the protagonists, but the antagonistic characters resemble real people in the hopes of getting audience members to think about their actions critically. Part of the goal of these films is to bring people in to the realities of what sexual assault looks like and force them to consider how their actions might affect the experiences of survivors.
Before I began writing my screenplay or planning my films, I did more research on what I wanted the visual language of my stories to look like. I wanted to create powerful moments even during establishing shots, so I looked to films and shorts that inspired me.

I heavily leaned on a short film by Laura Holliday called *Disfluency*, which chronicles a young woman’s, Jane’s, experience with sexual assault and its aftermath. The film presented a realistic portrait of a woman struggling with sexual assault in an authentic way. This short film used subtle visual elements to explore and portray trauma, and I borrowed heavily from that idea. The entire production showed the reality of sexual assault without being too intense for viewers to watch or engage with. I also used the film, *It Felt Like Love*, to inform the style I wanted to shoot in. This film, which also dealt with sexual assault, was raw and a dark slice of life drama, about growing up as a young woman. I wanted to channel a similar energy of intensity of reality and rawness, without using all of the violence present in that film. I used this film when creating my shot list to think about what shots might create an intimate feeling and bring the audience into the world. Another film that really influenced my writing process was *Eighth Grade* which has a powerful moment of a young girl being sexually harassed by an older high school boy in the back of a car. The interaction is not particularly violent but the scene exemplifies some of the emotional tension that can happen in what people might deem a “less dangerous” sexual harassment. Additionally, this film proved to me that everyday experiences are often ones deserving of exposure and critical thought. This film’s focus on the “small” encouraged me to do the same in the construction of each film’s plot. I also explored a short film called *Thick Skin* which documents the day of a perpetrator after he has committed sexual assault. This short
forced me to work on writing fuller characters, even ones who I hated and didn’t agree with at all.

In terms of the specifically visual elements of the film, I continued to watch movies and get ideas about what my shorts should look like, and color was a big way that I thought about imagery on screen. I created several collages included in this project to help me visualize what I wanted images to look like both in terms of composition and color. *Disfluency* also uses lighting as a way to express residual trauma and fear. I was really interested in using colors to incorporate emotions in my film as well. Additionally, the film *Moonlight* plays with colors well, including many scenes that are lit with dry blues and fuller purples. I felt compelled to try and explore color that in each film, giving each one its own distinct color palette. *Fight* was based around hot colors, reds and oranges, while *Flight* was centered with cooler colors, blues and greens, and *Freeze* made use of grays with pops of red.

I wanted all of the films to feel raw and realistic as well. I used *It Felt Like Love* and *Disfluency* to set that benchmark. But at the same time, I wanted the films to have moments of distinct beauty, so I used elements from films that I felt were cinematically beautiful like *Cleo from 5 to 7* and *Call Me By Your Name* to influence some of the stylistic elements in my films, such as the driving scenes and the dancing scenes, respectively. I thought about the characterization of high schoolers in films like *Lady Bird* and *Moonlight* that pulled me into a specific setting of high school when working on *Flight*, and when location scouting for each of the films. I thought about the quick characterization in the short film *Thunder Road*, and thought about specific details I could use to ground each of the pieces in reality. I watched as many different films of varying lengths as I could and tried to learn from them. I wanted to take
different elements that I believed worked well in other films and incorporate them into my works whether that be in the screenplay, the shot lists, the casting, the location scouting, the filming or the editing.

I kept visual language in mind as I worked on my scripts, which are as follows.
FIGHT

Written by

Emma Mazurek

*Trigger warning- Sexual Assault*
FADE IN

TITLE: FIGHT

SCENE 1. INT. FRATERNITY DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT.

Darkness punctuated by glints of strobe lights. Loud music thuds in the background. We see flashes of skin in the mix of all the large crowd of dancing people.

We focus in on a girl dancing in the center of the floor, and to the lights bouncing off of her hair.

People seem to be looking at her from all around the room. She is smiling widely and moving with her friends around her.

We see the partygoers wearing flashy clothes, the lights bounce off them too. We can’t really hear them as they try to yell over the music.

PARTYGOERS
   Hey Mel! [Ect.]

We get a good look at MEL (20’s) the girl who is the center of attention.

She is also har to hear because of the music bumping in the background.

MEL
   Hey! Great to see you!

Mel smiles and reaches out and grabs the arms of some of the Partygoers in a familiar way.

Mel walks out of the main room into:

SCENE 2. INT. FRATERNITY BAR ROOM--NIGHT

She chats to different people as she searches for a drink.

We see ZACH (20’s) in the background. He holds a red solo cup, and we see him bite his lip as he stares at her. He looks around the room before moving towards her.

ZACH
   Hey, whatcha looking for?

Mel is startled. She didn’t realize he was there.
MEL
Uh, just a beer, or something.
Whatever you can find is fine.

ZACH
Gotcha.

Zach reaches over the bar, lays his whole body on it, and his legs move up in the air. He fumbles around. Mel giggles. Zach leans back down so he’s standing again.

MEL
Wow. That was impressive.

ZACH
Oh, yeah. You know, I try.

Zach hands her the beer while they speak.

MEL
Thank you.

She takes it from him and starts to turn around.

ZACH
Wait--

Mel turns around to look at him.

MEL
Yes?

ZACH
Did we have a class together, or am I just making it up that?

MEL
Yeah we did. You sat behind me, I think.

They look at each other for a moment.

ZACH
I’m Zach. (Reaching out to shake her hand)

MEL
Mel.

ZACH
To be honest, I don’t remember a lot from that class.
MEL
I do remember you talking a lot.

ZACH
That does sound like me.

He moves in closer.

ZACH (CONT'D)
What isn’t like me is that I didn’t talk to someone as pretty as you.

MEL
Oh-- uh, thanks. But, I really should be getting back to my friends now--

SHAUN, (20’s) another woman their age walks up to talk to both of them.

SHAUN
Hey guys!

MEL
Oh, hey Shaun. How are you doing?

ZACH
What’s up man?

Zach and Shaun side-hug, and Mel takes a step back.

ZACH (CONT'D)
How are you doing?

SHAUN
Good! How about you?

Mel starts to step away.

ZACH
How do you know Mel?

Zach reaches his arm around her waist and pulls her in closer.

SHAUN
Oh, she and I were in class together our freshman year.

MEL
Yeah, Ethics in literature, with Shannon.
SHAUN
It was actually one of my favorites.

MEL
It was one of mine too.

SHAUN
Really?

MEL
Yeah!

Mel steps towards Shaun, and Zach lets her waist go.

Mel has relaxed a little bit with Shaun’s presence. Zach is still standing close to Mel.

MEL (CONT’D)
But how have you been since?

SHAUN
Good so far. Just taking classes, and working all the time I’m not in class, so.

Mel nods as Shaun tells her about her life.

SHAUN (CONT’D)
But, I just finished up my minor, actually.

MEL
Oh, congrats! What’s it in again?

SHAUN
Econ. I really love those classes, and I was close to finishing it. So, I figured I’d just get it done sooner rather than later.

As they talk, Zach starts to reach his hand out and slowly moves it around Mel’s waist, and then down to her ass, groping her.

MEL
Hey! (Jumping away for a second)

ZACH
What?

MEL
Your hand is what!
ZACH
My hand? I didn’t touch you! (laughing slightly)

We see fear in her eyes, and then Mel punches Zach in his nose.

Mel shakes her hand out for a moment.

Zach bends down afterwards clutching his nose.

SHAUN
Oh, shit.

Shaun rushes over to help Zach. She sits up and looks at Mel.

ZACH
You bitch! Fucking crazy--

Mel is just standing there, looking at what she did. Mel makes eye contact with Shaun for a moment.

MEL
Shit.

People are looking at her again. Mel turns around and runs out of the room. The camera follows her out into

SCENE 3. INT. FRATERNITY DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

Mel picks up the pace. The bass bumps louder.

We follow her out the dance floor and into

SCENE 4. INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The fluorescent light hits her eyes harshly, so she pauses and rubs her eyes. Her mascara smudges.

She looks at the knuckle on her punching hand, which is turning red. She rubs it with her other hand gently.

MEL
Ow - Fuck.

She rushes down the stairwell, still holding one of her hands in the other.

CUT TO:
SCENE 5. EXT. SIDEWALK-- NIGHT

Mel walks alone on the sidewalk looking back at the house she just left. The street isn’t lit too well, so it is almost as if we can only see a part of her.

She bends down to the snow around her. She picks up a handful of it and holds it to her knuckles.

We can see her breath. She exhales deeply.

FADE OUT.
FLIGHT

Written by

Emma Mazurek

*Trigger warning- Sexual Assault*

403 E. Seminary Street, Greencastle, IN
(219) 299-3721
TITLE: FLIGHT

SCENE 1. EXT. HIGHSCHOOL--AFTERNOON

A group of kids sits on a bench outside a school.

AARON,(16) is staring and scrolling on his phone. We see him sitting and chatting with his friends on the metal benches. They’re all hunched over because it’s mid-winter.

We see a cigarette being lit by one of the boys. They pass it around and laugh. We see smoke in the air. Their speech is slightly muffled.

    BOY 1
Damn have you seen her?

    BOY 2
Oh shit-- she’s fine.

    BOY 1
Aar (air)? Whatcha think?

    AARON
She looks--

Then we see LIZ, (18) a senior, walk out with another girl. The boys stop talking and we see Aaron stare at Liz. They pair of boys whisper something we can’t hear to each other.

We see the girls laughing together, and then stop to talk in front of the boys. Liz whispers something to her, and the other girl leaves.

    LIZ
Hey guys. (Turning towards Aaron)
Hey Aar. I can call you that right?

    AARON
(Almost nervously) Yeah, we’re friends now.

    LIZ
Good. Glad to hear it.

There is a pause. The boys in the background tap each other lightly and grin.

    LIZ (CONT’D)
Listen, I’m about to head home. You need a ride?
AARON
Yeah, that would be great. Thanks.

Aaron picks up his backpack that was on the ground in front of him.

LIZ
See you guys!

AARON
(Turning around slightly) Bye guys!

CUT TO:

SCENE 2. INT. LIZ’S CAR--AFTERNOON.

Liz is driving, turns the car out of the parking lot.

Aaron picks up his phone and scrolls through it as the drive continues. The RADIO is on in the background filling up some of the silence.

LIZ
You still live off 320 North, right?

AARON
Yeah, I do.

LIZ
Glad I can still remember.

It is quiet for a second.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You know, you can smoke in here if you want to?

AARON
Oh, no. I couldn’t do that in your car.

LIZ
A lot of my friends do it in here, so I really don’t mind.

AARON
No, I’d just feel bad.

LIZ
So, this year treating you well?
AARON
Yeah, I think so. Classes aren’t too hard.

LIZ
Nice.

Aaron looks up from his phone for a moment.

AARON
And you know, parties and social life, and shit like that is going well too.

LIZ
Oh really?

AARON
Yeah--

LIZ
(Grinning) Glad to hear it.

AARON
How’s senior year?

LIZ
Oh, you know-- well, you actually don’t know. Oh, I was going to take the long way through the forest because it’s nicer, do you mind?

AARON
No. Not really.

LIZ
You don’t have anywhere to be or anything? People waiting on you? You are so popular with your parties and social life?

Aaron laughs a little bit and pauses before answering. He’s thinking about what to say.

AARON
Nope, just my fam, but dinner won’t be ready for a few hours from now.

LIZ
Okay, cool. And senior year is good. A little stressful because I’m still waiting to hear back from schools.
AARON
Well. I’m sure you’ll be fine.
You’re damn smart.

LIZ
That’s really sweet of you Aar.
(Looking over at him).

We see out the car window that we are starting to pull into a
more wooded area. The outside is getting more filled with
trees.

Aaron looks out his window for a few seconds before going
back to the phone. He keeps scrolling.

Liz is humming along to the radio in the background.

The car is actually in a forest now. A little deep. The light
outside has started to darken a little bit.

Liz leans forwards and looks out the window.

LIZ (CONT’D)
Do you mind if we stop for a
second? I just didn’t get a lot of
sleep last night and want to just
sit.

Aaron seems confused by this request. But he likes her
enough, so he gives in.

AARON
Yeah, sure. You don’t really have
to ask me though. You’re driving.

Liz laughs.

Both Liz and Aaron lean back in their seats. They take turns
closing their eyes and then opening them. Each looking at
each other, while the other has their eyes closed.

Liz then keeps her eyes open until she catches Aaron with his
open. Then, Liz moves her hand over towards him. Aaron looks
over at her hand for a moment. He bites his lip.

LIZ
You know I like you, right?

AARON
No, I didn’t.

Liz leans over and kisses Aaron. He pulls back for a moment.
Liz moves her hand over to his thigh, and she moves in to kiss him again.

We see Liz’s hand move up towards Aaron’s crotch. He jumps a little bit.

    AARON (CONT’D)
    Hey, I’m not really ready for that.

    LIZ
    Oh, come on. That’s bullshit.

    AARON
    Liz it’s just--

Liz moves her hands up towards his belt and starts fumbling with it.

    LIZ
    You don’t have to fuck with me like this.

Liz gets the belt undone and starts trying to unzip his pants.

Aaron looks to his right and starts fumbling with the door. It is locked. He pulls up on the lock near the window, and opens the door.

SCENE 3. EXT. FOREST. LATER.

Aaron falls out of the car, and lands on all fours. He looks around, before running into the forest. We get a few follow shots.

    LIZ
    (In the background)
    Aar? Listen I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to--

Aaron gets to a small clearing and looks at the trees around him. He can still hear Liz yelling in the distance.

    LIZ (CONT’D)
    Aar? Just let me take you home and make it up to you. I’m sorry.

Aaron bends down to his knees and stares at the ground for a second. He pants for a few seconds alone.
SCENE 4. INT. AARON’S HOME--DINNER TIME

We see a family sitting at a long, wooden table. The kids are on one side, the mother and father are on opposite sides. Aaron picks at his food slowly. Nothing seems wrong.

AARON’S FATHER
Aar, how was school today?

AARON
It was--

There is a long pause.

AARON (CONT’D)
Fine, I guess.

FADE OUT.
FREEZE

Written by

Emma Mazurek

*Trigger warning- Sexual Assault*

403 E. Seminary Street, Greencastle, IN
(219) 299-3721
TITLE: FREEZE

SCENE 1. EXT. CITY SIDESTREET--MIDDAY

We open on people walking through some small puddles. We see their feet first, and then the people sort of split into two groups.

SARA, MIGUEL, and VIOLA are in one group.

ABIGAIL and BETHANY are behind the first three arguing.

The group is leaving a street festival where they have all had a few drinks. Sara, Miguel, and Viola (all 20’s) aren’t really drunk but Abigail and Bethany are.

MIGUEL
(looking back at them) We got to get them home.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2. FURTHER BACK ON THE SIDESTREET TO ABIGAIL AND BETHANY

ABIGAIL
Listen you can’t just pour drinks on people. Especially, when you miss and hit me!

BETHANY
I was literally doing it for you-- You just never appreciate the stuff I do, ever. Like, I’m sorry I--

CUT BACK:

SCENE 3. We see Sara, Miguel, and Viola but can still hear Abigail and Bethany arguing in the background.

ABIGAIL
Are you going to dry clean my dress? Huh?

BETHANY
(Choking up) You know what, sure! If that will get you to stop--

We focus on Sara (20’s) has a cool air around her, effortless, but she looks the youngest.
She stands by Viola (20’s). Viola looks like she is the oldest one of the group. She looks serious.

The two women in the background become inaudible.

SARA
Yeah, if we leave them here they will kill each other. I live by Beth’s house, so let me grab an Uber for me and her.

MIGUEL
Yeah, and I’m right by Abby, so I can Uber back with her. And Vi, I know you don’t really live near any of us--

VIOLA
Yeah, I can grab my own car.

MIGUEL
Is that good for you?

VIOLA
Yeah, no problem.

CUT TO:

SCENE 4 CORNER OF AN INTERSECTION

Sara, Miguel, and Viola are all looking down at their phones at the UBER app.

SARA
Mine’s just around the corner, actually. Abby!

Abigail and Bethany are a little bit behind the group still arguing. But they are closer to just making up with one another now.

ABIGAIL
What?

SARA
The car’s almost here.

ABIGAIL
Kay.

We hear and see bits of Abigail and Bethany in the background.
ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Listen, it’s not the end of the world. Sorry for snapping.

Abigail hugs the sniffing Bethany.

A CAR pulls up, and SARA walks up to it and talks with the driver for a moment before yelling.

SARA
Abby! It’s here.

Abigail and Sara slide into the car. Sara peeks out of the car to talk to the rest of her friends on the sidewalk.

SARA (CONT'D)
You guys good?

VIOLA
Yes! Go ‘head!

The door slams shut, and as their car is pulling away, a new one pulls up.

MIGUEL
Shit, this must be us. Bethy come here!

Bethany has some mascara down her face. She walks towards him but stops by Viola.

BETHANY
You going to be okay, waiting here alone Vi?

Viola seems to be surprised by the question.

VIOLA
Yeah, of course. Don’t worry about me.

Miguel opens the backdoor for BETHANY who slides into the car.

MIGUEL
See you later, Vi!

VIOLA
Bye guys! Text me when you’re back!

The car pulls away. Viola sighs for a second. She looks back down at her phone.
SCENE 5. The UBER switches from being 5 minutes away to 15 minutes away.

        VIOLA (CONT'D)
        (whispering to herself)
        Seriously?

Viola leans back on the wall behind her. And she starts to hear a loud GROUP OF 4 MEN walking towards where she is. They’re all talking loudly and a little incoherently.

Viola leans back further, and looks at her phone. She reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out her keys.

Viola places them in between her fingers for a second like claws.

The group of men walk by her. They look at her, but leave her alone.

She takes the keys out of her fingers. Viola breathes out for a second.

Suddenly, another man turns the corner, and almost runs into Viola.

Viola moves back a bit startled. She is still holding her keys, but can’t put them between her fingers.

She looks at the MAN (late 20’s) for a second. His shirt is unbuttoned, and his hair is slightly messy.

        MAN
        Oh my god, I’m so sorry.

        VIOLA
        (reluctantly)
        Oh, you’re okay. It’s fine.

        MAN
        No, I really am sorry.

        VIOLA
        It’s fine.

        MAN
        What’s your name?

Viola pauses for a moment too long.

        MAN (CONT'D)
        (almost yelling now)
        What’s your name?
VIOLA
Abby.

MAN
Abby? Enchanté.

The Man reaches his arm out to shake her hand.

Viola puts the keys in her other hand with her phone, and reaches back out.

VIOLA
Enchanté.

MAN
You speak french too?

VIOLA
No. Not really.

MAN
You look like you would. You are very beautiful. What are you doing out here alone?

Viola tries to look down at her phone while he’s speaking.

MAN (CONT'D)
(louder again)
Why are you here? Alone?

Viola can make out 6 minutes left until her UBER arrives.

VIOLA
Uh- my friends had to take my other drunk friends home.

MAN
So, they just left you?

The Man moves in closer to her.

VIOLA
I guess.

MAN
So sorry for that Abby.

The Man presses himself against her body, and brushes her hair with his hand.

Viola can’t move. She moves her fingers around the keys and then drops them.
The Man bends down and picks them up.

    MAN (CONT'D)
    You dropped something.

He goes back to being pressed against her, and holds her keys out. She grabs them back.

The Man stares into her eyes, and Viola cannot break that stare. He puts his hands back in her hair.

ANOTHER MAN, from the group that walked by before, yells back at the two standing there.

    ANOTHER MAN
    Hey! Rob! What are you doing?

    MAN
    Just talking to Abby here.

    ANOTHER MAN
    Yo, come on we’re going to be late!
    Sam’s getting an UBER and it’s almost here.

    MAN
    Okay, fine!

The Man moves his hand from her hair to her check and brushes it, like he knows her.

    MAN (CONT'D)
    It was nice to meet you Abby.

He moves back, slowly, and then walks over to his friend.

SCENE 6.

Viola stops for a moment. She looks back down at her phone. 2 minutes until her UBER comes.

Viola is rubbing her keys frantically. And starts pacing for a moment. She is breaking down.

Her phone buzzes. The UBER is almost here.

She continues to panic.

A car pulls up. Viola looks at her phone, and then opens the backdoor.

FADE OUT.
After I wrote these scripts I created a casting breakdown with excerpts from each script for people auditioning.
***TRIGGER WARNING***
These short films contain non-explicit reenactments of sexual harassment and sexual assault.

**FIGHT, FLIGHT, FREEZE Casting Breakdown**
Short film series | ACTRA/SAG

Screenplay by Emma Mazurek  
Director: Emma Mazurek  
Producer: Austin Lewis  
Casting Director: Bronson Roseboro  
Casting Associate: Emma Mazurek

1. **TITLE: FIGHT**

Filming Start Date: Feb. 24  
Location: Greencastle, IN

**STORYLINE**

Mel is at a party looking to enjoy herself and spend time with friends. She leaves the dance floors enters another room to get a drink. There, she encounters Zach, whose intentions differ from hers. Zach ends up groping Mel and she punches him in response before rushing out of the party. Outside, she finds herself thinking about what she has just done and what she is going to do next. She lingers for a moment, thinking and icing her swelling hand with nearby snow.

**CAST**

[MEL] Woman, 18-20 years-old; popular, strong, and independent -- the kind of person people enjoy being around. She is the kind of woman who goes to a party with friends but is comfortable navigating crowded, chaotic spaces on her own. Fiery, intuitive, sharp, and complex, she is always acutely aware of her entire environment but remains polite because she has to be. ...LEAD

[ZACH] Man, 18-20 years-old; masculine, athletic, and an average student. Well-known by his peers and very openly demonstrates his interests in women. A drunk but calculating predator who believes that he is doing what is right: he sees what is in front of him as being presented to him. ...LEAD

[SHAUN] Man, 18-20 years-old, an all-around average guy and friend. He is close with Zach, but is largely oblivious to how his friend’s destructive behaviors. ...SUPPORTING

[PARTYGOERS] 18-22 years old. Typical college students at a typical college party. ...EXTRAS

2. **TITLE: FLIGHT**

Filming Start Date: March 2  
Location: Greencastle, IN

**STORYLINE**

A young woman, Liz, drives her friend Aaron home from school -- taking the long way. They chat for a bit, but then Liz suddenly stops the car and sexually assaults Aaron. Aaron runs from the car and finds himself lost in the woods as he begins to have a panic attack.
CAST

[AARON] Man, 16-18 years old; confident and popular but somewhat unassuming and meek. More mature than a lot of his peers, easy to like, and agreeable. He is a great listener and adept at noticing his surroundings. Doesn’t always speak much, but speaks effectively and with purpose. He trusts people easily, perhaps too much. …LEAD

[LIZ] Woman, 16-18 years old; shy and lacking in self-confidence despite acting bold and self-assured. She is worried about not having a relationship and feels a lot of pressure from friends to be more assertive and get what she wants. She wants Aaron and seems to be comfortable making him uncomfortable to get what she wants. …LEAD

[AARON’S FRIENDS] A small group of men, 16-18 years-old. Passively paying attention to Aaron, eyeing him periodically. …EXTRAS

[LIZ’S FRIEND] Woman, 16-18 years old. Walking and chatting with Liz. …EXTRA

3. TITLE: FREEZE

Filming Start Date: Feb. 23
Location: Indianapolis, IN

STORYLINE

Vi and her friends are leaving a street festival and end up taking different Ubers to their respective homes for convenience. While Vi is waiting alone for her Uber to arrive, a man confronts her and begins to invade her space before sexually assaulting her. Vi is frozen. His friends get the him to leave her alone. After he leaves, Vi dwells on the experience -- pacing and thinking as her Uber arrives.

CAST

[VIOLA] Woman, 18-22 years old; smart and intellectual but down-to-earth. Goes by Vi. She cares for her friends and wants them to be safe. For as kind and likable as she is, she can be nervous at times. She is the type of woman who would be able to stand up for herself in a crowd but would have trouble standing up for herself on her own. …LEAD

[MAN] Man, 20-30 years old. Oblivious to social cues and the effects of his behavior. Carries himself with a lot of confidence and is someone who clearly only thinks about himself. He goes after what he wants whenever he wants it and feels very little sympathy or remorse about violating others to get it. …LEAD

[SARA] Woman, 18-22 years old, youthful, bright, and kind. A friend to Vi. She wants to take good care of the people around her. …SUPPORTING

[MIGUEL] Man, 18-22 years old. A bit blunt but very laid-back. A friend to Vi. He is just trying to get everyone home safely. …SUPPORTING

[ABIGAIL and BETHANY] Women, 18-22 years old. Distracted and slightly drunk. Friends to Vi. Arguing with each other. …SUPPORTING

[OTHER MAN] Man, 20-30 years old. Is able to convince his friend to leave. …SUPPORTING

**TRIGGER WARNING**
These short films contain non-explicit reenactments of sexual harassment and sexual assault.

---

**FIGHT**

**ZACH & MEL SIDES**

**ZACH**
Hey, whatcha looking for?

**MEL**
Uh, just a beer, or something. Whatever you can find is fine.

**ZACH**
Gotcha.

Zach reaches over the bar, lays his whole body on it, and his legs move up in the air. He fumbles around. Mel giggles. Zach leans back down so he's standing again.

**MEL**
Wow. That was impressive.

**ZACH**
Oh, yeah. You know, I try.

**MEL**
Thank you.

**ZACH**
Wait--.

**MEL**
Yes?

**ZACH**
Did we have a class together, or am I just making it up that?

**MEL**
Yeah we did. You sat behind me, I think.

**ZACH**
(reaching out to shake her hand)
I'm Zach.

**MEL**
Mel.
LIZ
You know, you can smoke in here if you want to?

AARON
Oh, no. I couldn’t do that in your car.

LIZ
A lot of my friends do it in here, so I really don’t mind.

LIZ (CON’T)
So, this year treating you well?

AARON
Yeah, I think so. Classes aren’t too hard. And you know, parties and social life, and shit like that is going well too.

LIZ
Oh really?

AARON
Yeah--.

LIZ
(grinning)
Glad to hear it.

AARON
How’s senior year?

LIZ
Oh, you know--. Well, you actually don’t know. Oh, I was going to take the long way through the forest because it’s nicer, do you mind?

AARON
No. Not really.

LIZ
You don’t have anywhere to be or anything? People waiting on you? You are so popular with your parties and social life?

AARON
Nope, just my fam, but dinner won’t be ready for a few hours from now.
FREEZE

MAN
Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

VIOLA
Oh, you're okay. It's fine.

MAN
No, I really am sorry.

VIOLA
It's fine.

MAN
What's your name?

Viola pauses for a moment too long.

MAN (CONT'D)
(almost yelling now)
What's your name?

VIOLA
Abby.

MAN
Abby? Enchanté.

The Man reaches his arm out to shake her hand. Viola puts the keys in her other hand with her phone, and reaches back out.

VIOLA
Enchanté.

MAN
You speak French, too?

VIOLA
No. Not really.

MAN
You look like you would. You are very beautiful. What are you doing out here alone?

MAN (CONT'D)
(louder again)
Why are you here? Alone?
I then created shot lists and mood boards to guide the filmmaking I wanted to focus on:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCENE/SHOT</th>
<th>INT/EXT-LOCATION</th>
<th>LENS</th>
<th>SHOT, SIZE/ANGLE</th>
<th>MOVEMENT</th>
<th>SHOT DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>NOTES</th>
<th>ACTORS</th>
<th>TIME NEEDED</th>
<th>shooting order</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>INT. Dance floor</td>
<td>CU-</td>
<td>Stable</td>
<td>Mel dance</td>
<td>minimal movement - all one shot</td>
<td>Mel and extras</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.2</td>
<td>INT. Dance floor</td>
<td>Dolly to WS</td>
<td>Dolly out</td>
<td>mel dancing - see more people</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.3</td>
<td>INT. Dance floor</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>people say hi and linger on dancing</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mel and extras</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.4</td>
<td>INT. dance floor</td>
<td>MCU</td>
<td>follow shot</td>
<td>Mel walking out of the room</td>
<td>- end of one shot</td>
<td>Mel and extras</td>
<td>30-45 minutes</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.1</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>MCU or extreme close up</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel looking for drinks</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.2</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach watching Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>MS-american ?</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach speaks to her - &quot;Hey.. for&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2.4</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel looking frightened - linger until her dialogue and until he says &quot;Gotcha&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.5</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach jumps over bar feet up in air as focus</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.6</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>2 cameras back forth</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>from Mel's &quot;Wow&quot; to &quot;You sat behind me&quot;</td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.7</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach opens beer and hands it to her</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.8</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach shaking her hand- include dialogue</td>
<td>&quot;I'm zach and I'm mel&quot;</td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.9</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>M-CU (medium close up)</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach- To be honest- Mel Now watch him move in closer to her</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach and Mel</td>
<td>60 min.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.10</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Shaun walks in- &quot;Hey guys&quot; until Zach &quot;..man&quot;</td>
<td>Mel tries to leave, Shaun enters frame,</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.11</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>MCU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Bro hug- &quot;How are you doing?&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.12</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>&quot;Good.. you&quot;, mel walks away, &quot;Mel</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.13</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>hand around mel's waist- hear Shaun &quot;Oh-- year&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.14</td>
<td>INT. bum room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel &quot;Yeah ethics--- Mel &quot;Yeah!&quot; We see her step closer to Shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2.15</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel- &quot;but how-- Mel &quot;In again?&quot;</td>
<td>Zach is still standing closely, his hands twitch</td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.16</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Zach moving his hand down Mel's waist to her ass</td>
<td>Shaun talks in background</td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.17</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>shot from the back of Zach resting his hand on Mel and her beginning to shift and look uncomfortable linger her for a moment</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.18 a *</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel &quot;Hey-- Zach ....you and laugh&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.18 b.</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>ECU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel looking scared for a moment linger</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2.19</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel punches Zach, Shaun rushing over to help zach &quot;Oh shit&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.20</td>
<td>INT bum room</td>
<td>from below MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel looking down at zach linger- see her realize what she's done</td>
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<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Location</td>
<td>Frame</td>
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<td>Description</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.21</td>
<td>INT burn room</td>
<td>from above</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable Zach holding his nose-- Shaun by him - &quot;you bitch--- crazy&quot;</td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.22</td>
<td>INT burn room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Mel- &quot;sh!t&quot;</td>
<td>Zach mel shaun</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.23</td>
<td>INT burn room</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>pan across room</td>
<td>see people looking at what happened, whispering</td>
<td>Zach mel shaun and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.24</td>
<td>INT burn room</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>follow shot</td>
<td>Mel walks out of the room</td>
<td>Zach mel shaun 70 minutes 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.1</td>
<td>INT. dance floor</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>follow shot</td>
<td>Mel walks through the crowd of dancing people, she needs to push some people out of the way, she picks up the pace early on- walks towards stairs</td>
<td>Mel, EXTRAS 20 minutes 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.1</td>
<td>INT. stairwell</td>
<td>WS from above</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Mel pauses and takes a few deep breaths</td>
<td>Mel</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4.2</td>
<td>INT stairwell</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>see Mel- makeup smudged, rubs her eyes, panicking a bit</td>
<td>mel</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.3</td>
<td>INT stairwell</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Mel leaning against wall/railing- still rubbing hand &quot;Ow fuck&quot;</td>
<td>mel</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.4</td>
<td>INT stairwell</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Mel rubbing her hand</td>
<td>mel</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4.5</td>
<td>INT. stairwell</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Mel looking back up at the party</td>
<td>mel</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4.6</td>
<td>INT stairwell</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable? idk</td>
<td>Mel rushes down the stairs to leave</td>
<td>mel 25 minutes 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.1</td>
<td>EXT sidewalk</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel walks alone on the sidewalk- its dark now</td>
<td>mel</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5.2</td>
<td>EXT sidewalk</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Mel's eyes, close to crying, smudged makeup</td>
<td>mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5.3</td>
<td>EXT sidewalk</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel reaches down to grab snow</td>
<td>mel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5.4</td>
<td>EXT sidewalk</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel holding the snow against her hand</td>
<td>mel</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5.5</td>
<td>EXT sidewalk</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Mel holding the snow against her hand and breathing out</td>
<td>mel 30 minutes 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>SCENE/SHOT</td>
<td>INT/EXT-LOCATION</td>
<td>LENS</td>
<td>SHOT, SIZE/ANGLE</td>
<td>MOVEMENT</td>
<td>SHOT DESCRIPTION</td>
<td>NOTES</td>
<td>ACTORS</td>
<td>TIME NEEDED</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>boys sitting on a bench talking with their phones hunched over</td>
<td>Aaron and extras</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.2</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron scrolling through his phone, see light reflect on him</td>
<td>Aaron and extras</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.3</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>one of the boys lights a cigarette, pass it around</td>
<td>Aaron and extras</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.4</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>The boys talk about girls they have seen-- &quot;damn-- think&quot; Aaron is a little out of it and not paying too much attention</td>
<td>Aaron and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>Medium, close up</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron starting to say-- she looks- door farther away opens up</td>
<td>Aaron and extras</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.6</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz walks out of the door talking to her friend- it slams loudly</td>
<td>Aaron liz and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.7</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Liz and her friend whisper to themsevles</td>
<td>Liz and extra</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.8</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Boys whispering tapping Aaron, laughing,</td>
<td>aaron and extras</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.9</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>set up 2 cameras for dialogue</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>boys reach around Aaron, tap each other more</td>
<td>Aaron liz and extras</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.10</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz stops to talk to them- &quot;Hey guys-- hear it&quot;</td>
<td>Aaron liz and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.11</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>set up 2 cameras for dialogue</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz &quot; Listen-- Aaron &quot;Thanks</td>
<td>Aaron liz and extras</td>
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<td>1.12</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron picks up his backpack- hear Liz&quot; see you guys&quot;</td>
<td>Aaron liz and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.13</td>
<td>EXT. highschool</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron and Liz walking out Aaron says &quot;bye guys&quot;</td>
<td>Aaron liz and extras</td>
<td></td>
<td>60 minutes</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>linger in their walking</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.1</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>shooting from the windshield? is that possible</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz is driving, aaron picks up his phone</td>
<td>linger in this moment</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2.2</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>view out windshield</td>
<td></td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Location</td>
<td>Camera Angles</td>
<td>Shot Information</td>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Notes</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>2 cameras for dialogue</td>
<td>CU stable, french over</td>
<td>Liz &quot;You still-- Liz&quot; remember</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.4</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>WS stable</td>
<td>view out windshield, hear Liz &quot;You know--&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.5</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>2 cameras for dialogue - will most likely need to shoot one person at a time</td>
<td>CU stable - profiles</td>
<td>&quot;Liz-- you can smoke&quot;- Liz &quot;Nice&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<td>Aaron looking at his phone</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.6</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from windshield</td>
<td>MS stable</td>
<td>Aaron looks up says &quot; you know -- Aaron Yeah&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.7</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU stable</td>
<td>Liz- grinning &quot;glad to hear it&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.8</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from windshield</td>
<td>MS stable</td>
<td>Aaron &quot; How's-- Liz &quot;You don't know&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<td>want to focus on their emotions and thinking through words- Liz glancing over every once in a while</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.9</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU on both during their dialogue</td>
<td>CU stable</td>
<td>Liz &quot;Oh I was-- Aaron &quot;hours from now&quot; out&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.10</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from windshield</td>
<td>MS stable</td>
<td>Liz &quot;Okay cool-- looking out&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.11</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from Aaron's window</td>
<td>WS handheld</td>
<td>see the forest out hear Liz humming to the music in the radio background</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.12</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU stable</td>
<td>Liz - yawning, turning the radio down saying &quot; Do you mind-- sit&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.13</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU stable</td>
<td>Aaron thinking-- then answering &quot;Yeah-- driving&quot; hear Liz's laugh</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<td>2.14</td>
<td>EXT. forest</td>
<td>CU stable</td>
<td>car pulling up to park</td>
<td></td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.15</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from windshield</td>
<td>MS stable</td>
<td>Both Liz and Aaron lean back in their seats. They take turns closing their eyes and then opening them. Each looking at each other, while the other has their eyes closed.Liz then keeps her eyes open until she catches Aaron with his open. linger in the weirdness</td>
<td>aaron and liz 90 minutes 1</td>
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<td>2.16</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>camera place on driver's side</td>
<td>MS- french over on Liz</td>
<td>Liz moving her hand towards him</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.17</td>
<td>INT. Liz's car</td>
<td>camera place on driver's side</td>
<td>MS- french over on Liz</td>
<td>Liz &quot;You know I like you--&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<td>Scene Number</td>
<td>Location</td>
<td>Shot Type</td>
<td>Stability</td>
<td>Dialogue</td>
<td>Adherence</td>
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<td>2.18</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron &quot;No I didn't bite lip, is nervous&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.19</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from windshield</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz leans over and kisses him, he pulls back</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2.20</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz kisses him again</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.21</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz moves hand towards his crotch, Aaron jumps</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2.22</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>view from windshield</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>Aaron &quot;Hey-- Aaron &quot;It's just--&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.23</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Liz reaching towards belt, starting to undo it - hear liz say &quot;You don't-this&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.24</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Aaron looking uncomfortable, looking out the window</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<td>2.25</td>
<td>int. Liz's car</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Aaron fumbling with the locks around</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<td>3.1</td>
<td>EXT. forest</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron opens the door and practically falls out</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3.2</td>
<td>EXT. forest</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron kind of getting up and starting to run</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3.3</td>
<td>EXT. forest</td>
<td>medium/close up-follow shot</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Aaron running into the woods to find a small clearing</td>
<td>aaron</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3.4</td>
<td>EXT forest</td>
<td>*inserts</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>Aaron running by a tree</td>
<td>aaron</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3.5</td>
<td>EXT forest</td>
<td>*inserts</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>Aaron standing looking at the trees; can hear Liz yell- &quot;Aar-- mean to&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3.6</td>
<td>EXT forest</td>
<td>*inserts</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>Aaron looking at the trees; can hear Liz yell- &quot;Aar-- mean to&quot;</td>
<td>aaron</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.7</td>
<td>EXT forest</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Aaron looks up at the trees, turns back- Liz heard &quot;Aaron-- sorry&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.8</td>
<td>EXT forest</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron bends down and pants for a moment</td>
<td>aaron</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3.9</td>
<td>EXT forest</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>Stable</td>
<td>Aaron staring straight ahead, mumbles from family around</td>
<td>aaron</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4.0</td>
<td>INT. dinning room</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron staring straight ahead, hearing mumbles from family around</td>
<td>aaron and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.1</td>
<td>INT. dinning room</td>
<td>MS-CU</td>
<td>dolly in</td>
<td>Aaron looking at the trees; can hear Liz yell- &quot;Aar-- mean to&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and extras</td>
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<td>4.2</td>
<td>INT. dinning room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron looks to the side and answers &quot;Fine&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and extras</td>
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<td>4.3</td>
<td>INT. dinning room</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Aaron looks the to side and answers &quot;Fine&quot;</td>
<td>aaron and extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>SCENE/SHOT</td>
<td>INT/EXT- LOCATION</td>
<td>LENS</td>
<td>SHOT, SIZE/ANGLE</td>
<td>MOVEMENT</td>
<td>SHOT DESCRIPTION</td>
<td>NOTES</td>
<td>ACTORS</td>
<td>TIME NEEDED</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.1 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>feet walking through the sidewalk, and a bit of water splashing; hear laughing and chatting in the background</td>
<td>sara, miguel, viola walking up front with abigail and bethany trailing behind them</td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.2 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>boom up</td>
<td></td>
<td>see the group of friends chatting with one another</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.3 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miguel looks back, says &quot;we-- home&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.1 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Abigail &quot;Listen-- Bethany &quot;I'm sorry</td>
<td></td>
<td>abby beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.1 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sara, Miguel and Vi huddled together looking back at Abby and beth- hear them- Abby &quot;Are you-- Beth &quot;to stop&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.2 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>quick pan across group to see faces</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sara, Miguel and Vi look at each other before speaking pan ends on sara so she can speak</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.3 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>MS- american</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sara- &quot;Yeah if we leave them - Miguel 'You?'&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.4 EXT. sidewalk</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Viola 'yeah no problem</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.1 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS- potentially room for shot reverse shot of the phones open to the uber app</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sara Miguel, Vi all looking at phones abby and beth are further down the sidewalk</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.2 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS- profile</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sara looking at phone then yelling &quot;Mine's-- Abby&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.3 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable- pull focus as people speak</td>
<td></td>
<td>Abby- &quot;What&quot; Sara &quot;Car- here&quot; Abby Kay</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.4 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Abby holds beth's hands ' Listen and then hugs</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.5 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>car pulls up, Sara starts towards it</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.6 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara opening it and getting in &quot;Abby-- here&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<td>4.7 EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td></td>
<td>Abby and sara slide into the car- Sara sticks her head out and asks &quot;You guys good?&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Location</td>
<td>Shot Type</td>
<td>Stablity</td>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Actors</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.8</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS- reverse shot of 4.7</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi answers yes</td>
<td>sara, miguel, vi, abby, beth</td>
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<td>4.9</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Beth walks over to stand by Vi and Miguel, there is a beat for a moment- Beth-sniffs, Miguel and Vi look down at their phones</td>
<td>beth, vi, miguel</td>
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<td>4.10</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Miguel - &quot;This must be us- Beth &quot;Going to be okay- Vi?&quot;</td>
<td>beth, vi, miguel</td>
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<td>4.11</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi surprise then &quot;Yeah= don’t worry</td>
<td>beth, vi, miguel</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.12</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Miguel and Beth get into car, slide in, Miguel- See you later</td>
<td>beth, vi, miguel</td>
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<td>4.13</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi- &quot;bye-- back&quot; she signs and pulls up phone</td>
<td>vi</td>
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<td>4.14</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU- french over</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi looking at the app on her phone, we see it switch here</td>
<td>vi</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.1</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU- reverse of 4.14</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi whispering seriously</td>
<td>vi</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5.2</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi looks around then leans back on the wall behind her- starts to hear sound of group of men talking, looks at her phone again</td>
<td>vi and men extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.3</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi grabs something out of her pocket keys- men louder</td>
<td>vi and men extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.4</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>EXCU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi puts the keys between her fingers like claws</td>
<td>vi and men extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.5</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Men walk by her, some of them glance at her, she holds her breath, the men walk out of frame</td>
<td>vi and men extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.6</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>EXCU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>she releases the keys from her hands-</td>
<td>vi and men extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.7</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi breathes and then the Man walks around the corner and almost runs into her- she moves back still holding keys but not in the fist way</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.8</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>2 cameras for back and forth</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>Man- Oh my god- What's your name?</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.9</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Man almost yelling- Name emptiness of the area around</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>Scene</td>
<td>Location</td>
<td>Camera</td>
<td>Action</td>
<td>Description</td>
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<td>5.10</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi - “Abby - until handshake and Vi answers “enchante” and then through Vi- &quot;not really&quot;</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.11</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS- CU</td>
<td>dolly in</td>
<td>Man steps closer</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.12</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Man “You look-- alone” then Vi looks down, tries to pull up phone</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.13</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Man &quot;Why hear alone&quot;</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.14</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi “Uh-my ...” man steps closer Man &quot;that abby&quot;-</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.15</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>medium close up</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>we see him press himself against her body</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.16</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>EXCU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>brush her hair with his hands</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.17</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>EXCU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Vi holding the keys in her hand- drops them</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.18</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>man picks them up</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.19</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Man &quot; You dropped something</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.20</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>medium close up</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>man presses himself against her, holds the keys out, stares into her eyes</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.21</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>EXCU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>man puts his hands back in her hair, she closes her eyes tight</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.22</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>other man standing there- yells out &quot;Hey-- Man answers &quot;Fine</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.23</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Man moves his hand to her cheek &quot;Nice to meet</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td>5.24</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>stable</td>
<td>Man backs up and walks away</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.1</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi alone looking down at her keys and her phone</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
<td>70 minutes</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.2</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi paces</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
<td></td>
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<td>6.3</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>*inserts</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi touching her keys</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.4</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>*inserts</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi rubbing her face</td>
<td>vi and Man</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Scene Description</td>
<td>Camera</td>
<td>Movement</td>
<td>Action/Directive</td>
<td>Character(s)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.5</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner *inserts</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi's feet pacing</td>
<td>Vi</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6.6</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi's phone buzzes, she sinks down against the wall</td>
<td>Vi</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6.7</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>CU, follow shot</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi looks up see the car breathes</td>
<td>Vi</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6.8</td>
<td>EXT. intersection corner</td>
<td>WS- profile</td>
<td>handheld</td>
<td>Vi waits a beat, gets up and walks to car</td>
<td>Vi</td>
<td>20 minutes</td>
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**FIGHT**

*A FILM BY EMMA MAZUREK*

*TRIGGER WARNING - SEXUAL ASSAULT*

**PLOT**

A young woman attends a crowded party, is groped by a stranger, and then punches him in reaction.

Themes: Women as justly reactionary, Intense, but at the same time deeply frightened and hurt by this common experience, Women as aggressive in a non-demeaning way

**CHARACTERS**

**MEL**
- Naturally likable, beautiful, smart
**Wants:** to enjoy herself, to let loose, have fun
**Needs:** To get home safe

**ZACH**
- Conventionally handsome, well liked
**Wants:** Mel, sex, power
**Needs:** To control himself

**SHAUN** (supporting)
**Wants:** friends, entertainment, to have a good night
**Needs:** to help those around him- but he is not conscious about what he should be doing

**LOCATIONS**

**Fraternity**
- Dancefloor
- Bum room
- Stairwell

**Outdoors**
- looming house in background
- snow on ground

*the stairwell at sigma chi*

Everything needs to look as if it has been lived in

Hopefully more snow when we actually shoot
Isolating and cold feel
SHOOTING DAY FOR NIGHT - so block out any windows (trashbags)

A party scene so many different shades and lights - but also a clear darkness.

Want to use a red/purple/maroon bounce on close ups and dialogue - especially in staircases which will be lit with fluorescents and blue bounce

*party energy*

"Bum room- tone down"

"this type of lighting/energy for stairwell scene"

**LIGHTING pt. 2 exterior**

- Will want a lantern on boom to light her
- Shoot NIGHT FOR NIGHT (or 5pm for night)
- Lights in the distance potentially
  "this aesthetic"

**PROPS and COSTUMES/ART**

- Mel’s energy
  - something chic and unconventional for Mel- she’s very cool and knows it
  - Zach and Shaun in typical streetwear/bro clothes
  - all extras dressed in their frat clothes - nothing too flashy that could take away from the action

- Men’s energy

- potentially will need posters and lights for a kind of bum room type feel- will look into that more specifically

**SOUND**

Conversations are most important
- Plus going to need some general hype music that is also royalty free- for all the dancing scenes
- Need general chatter and room sound!!!
- Will need mostly quiet for exterior scene- and just mel mic’d- and will want a lot of room sound (outdoor sound?)
**Flight**

Film by: Emma Mazurek  
*trigger warning sexual assault*

---

**PLOT**

A young boy (high schooler) gets into a car with an older high schooler woman who take him into the woods and sexually assaults him.

**THEMES**

- Not gender or age specific
- Running is sometimes the best option
- Not less valid than others
  - Still steeped with fear and trauma

---

**PS.**

thinking about potentially having this film in Black and white  
(Hence the moodboard aesthetic)

---

**CHARACTERS**

**AARON**

Kind, slightly reserved, sees the best in people  
WANTS: to get home, to have friends to be a successful kid  
NEEDS: to get home, be away from Liz, not be pressured

**LIZ**

Demanding, straightforward, intimidating, popular, intense  
WANTS: Aaron, power, sexual control  
NEEDS: healthy relationships, mutual affection

**EXTRAS:** Just friends hanging around (street clothes)

---

**LOCATIONS**

- High School—on a bench outside—Greencastle HS is perfect
- Street on the back way to Prindle
  - Isolated drive
  - Many trees and greenery
  - Gives the feeling that has
  - Lots of rolling grass
- Liz’s car—cramped, relatively clean/nice
  - Relatively nice
  - Isolates both of them within this space

---
Minimalistic
Want to work with as much natural light as possible - Shooting Day for Day
Lanterns are going to come in clutch here - if in color dark tones - blue bounces mostly
Going to want their faces to be the brightest part

LIGHTING

PROPS and COSTUMES/ART

Aaron’s energy
Liz’s energy

Car looks lived in- an air freshener- not dirty but also not completely clean
- Both characters need backpacks and stuff like that

SOUND
Mics on the 2 main characters- dialogue is most important
Going to need some type of background music for the radio
Lots of room sound in the car but even more outside in the forest!
- going to need quiet for exterior scenes and also try to minimize carsounds etc. outside
FREEZE

By: Emma Mazurek

*Trigger warning, sexual assault*

PLOT

While Vi is waiting alone for her Uber to arrive, a man confronts her and begins to invade her space before sexually assaulting her. Vi is frozen. His friends get the him to leave her alone. After he leaves, Vi dwells on the experience -- pacing and thinking as her Uber arrives.

CHARACTERS

VIOLA (VI)
- Caring, timid, perceptive,
Wants: not to be a nuisance, to get her friends home, to end her good day
Needs: To get home safely, to be away from people

MAN
- Selfish, forceful, demanding, insecure, toxic
Wants: women, power, control
Needs: to get Vi, the girl he finds on the street

Friend group (street wear) includes: Miguel, Sara, Bethany, Abigail
Large group of men (streetwear) includes other men

LOCATIONS

Indianapolis will be where we shoot this on the canal walk
Want kind of a secluded area- a little odd for cars to maneuver
- Still waiting on a specific place we can use as our home base - but will make sure that people would know where we’re going to be exactly
LIGHTING / SOUND
Will be shooting Day for Day so want natural light of outdoors
Hoping that there will be some chance to show the dark shadows and inherent dreariness of Indiana in the spring, hoping for a darker feel throughout this one
Will play around with bounces here to see what it looks like

Going to need a lot of room tone (outdoor tone) here
Man and Vi need the mics most often
- Going to for sure use a boom mic for the convos among the group of people
- Only use boom for convo with Beth and Abby

PROPS and COSTUMES / ART
VI’s energy
Will have VI in red lipstick almost slightly smudged
Extra's streetwear:
Minimalist colors and aesthetic for all clothes
Will need cars for the Ubers so can plan on just having different crew people take on those roles and actually drive
Then after working with my producer and assistant directors, we collaborated and created call sheets for the actors and the crew:
**Call Sheet**

**7A**

**DATE:** SAT 02/24/19  
**SHOOTING CALL:** 730A  
**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:** Alex Thompson  
**CREW CALL:**  

**Weather:** 36/58  
**Sunrise:** 7:29A  
**Sunset:** 6:32P  

**CREW**  
**PARKING**  
Street parking (see signage)

**A.D. - Barb Castellini - E: bcastellini_2019@depauw.edu  C: +1 (513) 802-8670 **"PLEASE CALL WITH ANY Q'S"

**DIRECTOR:** Emma Mazurek

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>CAST</th>
<th>STATUS</th>
<th>CALL</th>
<th>2nd CALL(scene 5)</th>
<th>RPT TO/ NOTES</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>MEL</td>
<td>MINKYO PARK</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>730A</td>
<td>745P</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>ZACH</td>
<td>GRAHAM VITAOW</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>730A</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>SHAUN</td>
<td>ANNA MARTIN</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>730A</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>EXTRAS</td>
<td>MANY PEOPLE</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>215P</td>
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**NOTES**

**PROPS:** red solo cups, beer cans, trash, lights

**LOCATIONS:** Delta Upsilon Fraternity 626 E. Seminary Street, Greencastle, IN 46135 / S. Locust Street (exterior location)

**SAFETY:**

Please be respectful!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>PRODUCTION (channel 1)</strong></th>
<th><strong>CAMERA (channel 4)</strong></th>
<th><strong>PROPERTY</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Director</strong></td>
<td><strong>DP</strong></td>
<td><strong>Prod. Design</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Emma Mazurek</td>
<td>Kylee Rippy</td>
<td>Emma Reed</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Producer</strong></td>
<td><strong>1st AC</strong></td>
<td><strong>RPT A &amp; T</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Austin Levis</td>
<td>Val Dowd</td>
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<td><strong>Associate Prod</strong></td>
<td><strong>2nd AD</strong></td>
<td><strong>RPT A &amp; T</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>Olivia Roseman</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>1st AD</strong></td>
<td><strong>Prod. A.</strong></td>
<td><strong>N/A</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barb Castellino</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>2nd AD</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Olivia Roseman</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Prod. A.</strong></td>
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**HAIR & MAKEUP AND WARDROBE**

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gaffer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebecca Siler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>RPT A &amp; T</strong></td>
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**SOUND**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Talent</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Key Grip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>RPT</strong></td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Talent</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mixers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minkyo Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>730A</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>745</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+HAUN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>730A</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*WE WILL HAVE TO BREAK TO SHOOT THE LAST SCENE 5 AT NIGHT-- SO WE WILL HAVE A SECOND CALL TIME OF 7 P.M. LATER THAT NIGHT*
**Call Sheet**

**CREW CALL:**

**CALL TIME**

**PRODUCER:** Austin Lewis  
**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:** Alex Thompson

- **CALL TIME:** 7A  
- **DATE:** Sat 3/2/19  
- **Day #:** 1 of 1

- **Weather:** 33/14 Cloudy  
- **Sunrise:** 0719A  
- **Sunset:** 0640P

**DIRECTOR:** Emma Mazurek  
**A.D. - James Rueff - E: jamesrueff_2020@depauw.edu C: (317) 452-2189 **PLEASE TEXT WITH ANY Q’S**

-- **TAG #HOSCOSHORT** --

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I/E</th>
<th>SET/DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>SCS.</th>
<th>CAST</th>
<th>DIN</th>
<th>PGS.</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>Car Drive</td>
<td>2.1-2.14</td>
<td>TSIAN DEFOUR</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>8A</td>
<td>1001 E. Seminary St.</td>
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<td>Beginning of Convo with Liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>Car Drive Continued</td>
<td>2.15-2.25</td>
<td>AREA GUEDE RAMOS</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>8A</td>
<td>910 E Washington St.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Climax of Convo with Liz</td>
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<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Forest Flight</td>
<td>#3</td>
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<td>910 E Washington St.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Aaron running into the forest</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Aaron’s House</td>
<td>#4</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Aaron keeps his trauma on the inside</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>Front of High School</td>
<td>#1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>910 E Washington St.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Aaron agrees to go for a ride with Liz</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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</table>

**# CHARACTER | CAST | STATUS | CALL | SET CALL | RPT TO | NOTES**

| 1   | AARON | TSIAN DEFOUR | SWF | 8A   | RPT to Set Address |
| 2   | LIZ   | AREA GUEDE RAMOS | SWF | 8A   | RPT to Set Address |
| 3   | EXTRAS | | SWF | 2P   | |

**NOTES**

- **WILD LINES:**
- **PROPS:** Car, Cigarettes & Lighter

**LOCATIONS:**

**SAFETY:**

Please be respectful!
**CALL SHEET**

**Saturday, 03/02/19**

**FLIGHT SHORT FILM**
**DIRECTOR:** Emma Mazurek

**CREW CALL:** 730A
**SHOOTING CALL:** 7A

**CURRENT SCRIPT:** BLUE

**PRODUCTION (channel 1)**
- **Director:** Emma Mazurek (RPT 630A)
- **Producer:** Austin Lewis (RPT 7A)
- **1st AD:** James Ruff (RPT 630A)
- **2nd AD:** Olivia Rosemann (RPT 630A)

**CAMERA (channel 4)**
- **Cinematographer:** Kylee Rippy (RPT 1030A)
- **1st CA:** Emma Mazurek (RPT 630A)

**PROPERTY**
- **Prod. Design:** RPT 1030A

**HAIR & MAKEUP AND WARDROBE**
- **Art Department:** Emma Rees (RPT 730A)
- **Gaffer:** Becca Sellers (RPT 730A)

**SOUND**
- **Sound Engineer:** Joslyn Fox (RPT 700A)

**TALENT**
- **Casting Director:** Bronson Roseboro (RPT 730A)
**Call Sheet**

**CREW CALL:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Call Sheet</th>
<th>CREW CALL:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>7A</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PRODUCER:** Austin Lewis  
**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:** Alex Thompson  
**DIRECTOR:** Emma Mazurek

**DATE:** SUN 02/24/19  
**Day #:** 1 of 1  
**1st Unit**  
**Weather:** Flurries  
**Sunrise:** 7:26A  
**Sunset:** 6:31P

**CREW PARKING:** Street parking (see signage)

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:** Alex Thompson  
**A.D.:** Olivia Rosemann  
**E.:** oliviarosemann_2019@depauw.edu  
**C.:** (314) 825-1747  
****PLEASE CALL WITH ANY Q'S**

****TAG HOSCHOSHORT**

**DAILY SAFETY MEETING TO BE HELD ON SET AT CALL**

<table>
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<tr>
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<th>SET/DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>SCENES</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>SWF</td>
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<tr>
<td>MAN</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>1, 3, 4, 5, 6</td>
<td>Indy Street</td>
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<tr>
<td>MIGUEL</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>1, 3, 4, 5, 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>SARA</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>1, 3, 4, 5, 6</td>
<td>Indy Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BETHANY</td>
<td>SWF</td>
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<tr>
<td>ABIGAIL</td>
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<tr>
<td>EXTRAS</td>
<td>SWF</td>
<td>1, 3, 4, 5, 6</td>
<td>Indy Street</td>
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</table>

**PROPS:** house keys, three cars, three uber stickers, black sunglasses, red lipstick  
**COSTUMES:** street wear  
**LOCATIONS:** 1123 Lexington Ave., Indianapolis, IN  
**SAFETY:** Please be respectful!

---

**NOTE:**

**WILD LINES:**

**NOTES:**

**PROPS:** house keys, three cars, three uber stickers, black sunglasses, red lipstick  
**COSTUMES:** street wear  
**LOCATIONS:** 1123 Lexington Ave., Indianapolis, IN  
**SAFETY:** Please be respectful!
**CALL SHEET**

Sunday, 02/24/19

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<tr>
<th>0</th>
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<th>FREEZE SHORT FILM</th>
<th>DIRECTOR: Emma Mazurek</th>
<th>CREW CALL: 7A</th>
<th>SHOOTING CALL: 730A</th>
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**CURRENT SCRIPT:** WHITE

**PRODUCTION (channel 1)**

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<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>Emma Mazurek</td>
<td>RPT</td>
<td>7A</td>
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<tr>
<td>Producer</td>
<td>Austin Lewis</td>
<td>RPT</td>
<td>7A</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Barb Castellin</td>
<td>RPT</td>
<td>7A</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd AD</td>
<td>Olivia Rosemann</td>
<td>RPT</td>
<td>7A</td>
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<tr>
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**CAMERA (channel 4)**

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<tr>
<td>DP</td>
<td>Kylee Rippy</td>
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<td>7A</td>
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<tr>
<td>1st AC</td>
<td>Val Dowd</td>
<td>RPT</td>
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**PROPERTY**

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**HAIR & MAKEUP AND WARDROBE**

**SOUND**

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<tr>
<td>Quiffer</td>
<td>Rebecca Sellers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Key Grip</td>
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**TALENT**

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<td>Mel</td>
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<td>Man</td>
<td>David Young</td>
<td>RPT</td>
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*WE WILL BE SHOOTING OUTSIDE ALL DAY- THE ADDRESS CITED IS OUR HOME BASE* - IF YOU NEED TO WARM UP PLEASE SPEAK WITH A.D.s
And then I filmed. Here are the links and passwords for each of the short films:

Fight: https://vimeo.com/330396406
password: fight.

Flight: https://vimeo.com/330405287
password: flight.

Freeze: https://vimeo.com/330394814
password: freeze.
After filming was done, I worked on three posters that I felt did the best work at representing each of the films that I had created.
fight
a short film by Emma Mazurek
flight
a short film by Emma Mazurek
freeze
a short film by Emma Mazurek
And here we are. Everything is done. I am still here. I hope you know your stories are worth telling too.

**Works Cited**


Collage Work Cited


