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Pō

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Pō

by

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Report

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Dedication

For my parents, grandparents, and anyone who ever told me a story.

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Abstract

Pō

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The University of Texas at Austin, 2014

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This report describes the inspiration, writing, development, pre-production, production, and post-production of the graduate thesis film *Pō*.

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Introduction

I used to joke that film school is an intensive 3-year recovery program designed to cure the afflicted of the insanity of wanting to make films. I still tell people this, but I'm not sure I'm joking anymore. Creating my thesis film was one of the most challenging experiences of my life. Let this report serve as a chronicle of my descent into madness and a cautionary tale to others.

I was not born with the desire to make films. I discovered movies later than most of my peers. I grew up with books. My earliest memories are of my father reading Herge's adventures of Tin Tin to me and my brother. My mother, a voracious reader, led weekly expeditions to the library, where we loaded up on mysteries. I don't remember going to the theater as a kid. We didn't have cable television. My family didn't own a VCR until I was a teenager. However, once I did get a taste of the world of film I was hooked. I remember a clerk at the local Blockbuster telling me to get a life when I was in high school. It started with the usual suspects of Spielberg, Lucas, Landis, and Zemekis. Later, I grew to admire the work of John Patrick Shanley, Danny Boyle, Wes Anderson, Spike Jonze, and Michel Gondry.

I studied Spanish Literature and Studio Art in college because I love narrative and creativity. It never occurred to me to make films until I saw an intro film class in my undergraduate catalog. I enjoyed the experience, but quickly set aside any creative aspirations when faced with finding a job in the real world. Years later, and thoroughly depressed with the jobs I did find, I returned to film. After being rejected by every major graduate film program in the country, including UT, I became a freelance editor, working on music videos and independent films. With this experience under my belt I applied a

second time was accepted into the MFA Film and Media Production program here at the University of Texas at Austin in 2009.

Obsession is the theme that unites the films I have made at UT. My first film, a short documentary titled *Instrumental*, explores the guitar, my single greatest preoccupation. I spent three months at a local guitar factory documenting the creation of some of the finest instruments in the world. I still watch this film with a smile. The following semester, my first fictional film at UT explored the darker side of obsession. In *Paperless Office* a businessman with OCD finds himself trapped in a public restroom when he runs out of the paper towel he relies on to open the door. While this was more of a learning experience than a great film, I can still find elements to be proud of in this comedy inspired by my own obsessive-compulsive disorder. My pre-thesis, *Cinnamon*, pushed my skills as a writer, producer and director as I explored my fascination with death and secrets. In the film, the protagonist must grant his grandfather's last wish the night before his grandmother's funeral. Single for the first time in sixty-five years, the old man wants the company of a young woman. This was another comedy drawn from personal experiences and it has a heart that still makes me laugh and cry.

When it came time to develop a thesis I wanted to try something different. I'm naturally drawn to comedy, but I felt like it was time to let go of being clever. I'm tired of short films that are mostly punch lines or plot twists. I wanted to make something that reached a little deeper into the human experience. Pō began gestating somewhere deep inside of me.

Chapter 1: Inspiration

I was inspired to make this film by the time I spent in Hawai'i during college. Burned out from high school and ambivalent about my freshman year at Trinity University in San Antonio, I was looking for something different. I was driving around the streets of Houston with a friend during winter break when I spoke the magic words, "I wish there was a school on an island somewhere." It occurred to me that Hawai'i is a state and must have a state school. Flipping through U. S. News and World Reports half an hour later confirmed that the University of Hawai'i existed. I filled out an application and a few months later I was studying geology and geophysics on an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

I had no real interest in the subject matter, but I found the change of scenery I was looking for. Along with the coursework came field trips to study the various geologic landscapes of the island. I came to know Oahu like a second home. I was impressed with the history of the place and the intersection of cultures in this oasis thousands of miles from the nearest mainland. I spent part of my childhood in Indonesia, where my father was an exploration geologist, and Hawai'i reminded me of my earliest memories. In any case, I was more interested in the stories that the people had to tell than in the rocks. I switched majors a few more times and ended up transferring again, this time to Rice University where I graduated with that degree in Spanish Literature and Studio Art. Life took me elsewhere, but Hawai'i was never far from my thoughts.

When I returned to filmmaking in my mid twenties and began collecting ideas for the stories I wanted to tell I wrote a feature titled *Wanderlust*. It follows the host of a cable television travel show who finds himself homeless in Honolulu when his series is

abruptly canceled. The writing exercise let me run wild on that island that captured my imagination.

Among the themes I explored, one concept stood above the rest. The *leina ka 'uhane*, the leaping place of the soul, sits on the western tip of Oahu at Kaena Point. Rising from its relatively flat surroundings like the monolith from Kubrick's *2001*, this piece of limestone has seen a million sunsets. Because of its unique appearance and a location that feels like the end of the world, ancient Hawaiians saw it as the gateway to the afterlife. I first came across the leaping place of the soul on one of those field trips at the University of Hawai'i. I can't remember the geologic reason for the visit, but I was struck by the existence of a physical place where the souls of the departed make their leap into the afterlife. The seeds for an Orpheus tale must have been planted at that time, waiting for the opportunity to grow into a narrative.

Fast forward to my third year in the MFA program at UT. I was taking a playwriting class to satisfy my minor requirement, using this time to workshop what I thought was going to be my thesis film. The untitled comedy/drama followed a young woman who was in the final weeks of her PhD residency in a mental institution for the wealthy. Just as she is about to finish, her estranged father shows up as a patient. I was engaged with the material, but something happened that changed my course.

I woke one night gripped by a fever dream. One thought raced through my head. I could make the Hawai'i movie, or at least a version of it. I spent the rest of the night trying to talk myself out of the idea. Do not make this movie. Do not try and produce something 4,000 miles away from home. Don't do it! But as I sat there staring at the ceiling I became obsessed with the idea of someone standing at the leaping place of the soul, trying to bring a loved one back from the great beyond. I handled this obsession the only way I know how. I made a film.

Chapter 2: The Script

After failing to talk myself out of the idea of shooting in Hawai'i, I began to adapt my feature into a short film. Needless to say, this involved throwing most of it out. What I was left with was the idea of loss and the struggle to come to terms with the sudden death of a loved one in a place most people consider paradise.

I read everything I could from Hawaiian mythology. I turned to Joseph Campbell's *The Power of Myth* and *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. I devoured the ghost stories collected by Glenn Grant in his *Obake Files*. I re-watched the entire HBO series *Six Feet Under*.

Early drafts of the short film followed a small family, a mother, father and their young son named Basil, after a Hawaiian friend of my family. It was always the mother who was going to die. How it happened changed, but I think I had originally settled on a car crash. In the beginning I worked with the idea of the husband searching for her spirit, but eventually I understood that it needed to be the son who was looking for the spirit of his mother in hopes of bringing her back. There was something universal about the naiveté of youth in the face of death. This also gave me a title. What do you call a short psychic on the run from the police? A small medium at large. Ultimately, the tone of the final film demanded a change, but *Small Medium at Large* served as a working title for almost two years.

Early drafts were steeped in Hawaiian mythology and the idea of *aumakua*, ancestor spirits who look after their descendants. A grandmother character served as a link to this world of the supernatural. Raised with her myths and legends, Basil sets out to find his mother on the path of the soul after death and bring her back. In early drafts of

the short script Basil was a creative nerd, building his own ghost hunting tools and searching for his mother with his best friend, Aristotle the tortoise. Ambitious flourishes included a scene in a boat at sea and a trained owl. Did I mention this project was ambitious?

By the spring of 2012 I had a script that I was more or less happy with. My friend Lauren, a talented artist, created concept art based on this story. I applied for the Jesse Jones Fellowship with this material and was fortunate enough to receive a grant. Without this award I would not have been able to move forward with the project.

I needed to travel to Hawai'i to see if I could actually shoot what I had written. This would be my second research trip to the islands, the first happening back in 2007 for the feature. My goal was to scout locations and equipment rental houses and to meet with local filmmakers to see if I could find support for the project.

Richard and Michelle Baie, my uncle and aunt who live on Oahu, were a great help throughout development and production. Without this connection to the location I wouldn't have been able to complete this project. After scouting the island securing the required locations seemed possible, although the bureaucracy was mind-boggling. Next came the need for gear. Shooting so far from school meant only shipping out the bare minimum of camera and audio equipment. All grip and electric would have to be rented on the island. With the numerous feature films and television series that have been filmed over the years, the industry infrastructure is strong and all the necessary equipment could be acquired, for a price. The Hawai'i production directory showed that local casting agents were available to secure local talent.

Sadly, handling owls, even trained owls, is illegal in Hawai'i, so that aspect of the film was a dead end. This was probably for the best, because looking back I have no idea how we could have possibly filmed the scenes I had written. In my search for an owl,

however, I came across the series of books titled *Nānā I Ke Kumu (Look to the Source)*.

One passage from this cultural guide for local children stood out.

There is a sea of time, so vast man cannot know its boundaries, so fathomless man cannot plumb its depths. Into this darkness plunge the spirits of men, released from their earthly bodies. The sea becomes one with the sky and the land and the fiery surgings that rise from deep in the restless earth. For this is the measureless expanse of all space. This is the timelessness of all time. This is eternity. This is Pō.¹

This quote would inspire a great deal of what would become the final movie.

On this research trip I was lucky enough to make contact with a film professor from the University of Hawai'i, Anne Misawa, who was invaluable. She helped me understand what filming in the islands would entail. Later she put me in touch with local film students who would help crew the project. She also warned me that some Hawaiians might not be so open to the project I was planning.

Just as I was feeling confident in the logistics of my project I heard back from local historians I had contacted about the film. In a nutshell, they told me that I had no right to make the movie I had written. I am not Hawaiian. I have only spent a relatively small amount of time in the islands. Who was I to tell this story?

I was about to scrap the idea and return to the mental hospital script when I was laying on the lanai of the condo where I was staying. I looked out at the lights of Waikiki and thought of all the tourists asleep after their long day of exploring and relaxing. I had another eureka moment. It's a family on vacation. I am not and will never be Hawaiian, but I have visited the islands as an outsider and stood in awe of the culture and landscape. If I could frame the story in terms of an outsider exploring the islands I felt like I had the

¹ Mary Kawena Pukui, E. W. Haertig, M. D., Catherine A. Lee, *Nānā I Ke Kumu (Look to the Source)* (Honolulu: Hui Hānai, 1972) 35.

authority to tell the tale. The idea of a vacation also allowed me to play with the theme of paradise, both as an exotic location and the destiny of the soul. I returned home and began reworking the story.

By the fall of 2012 I think I had the version of the script that was shot, more or less. Henry and Olivia are celebrating their anniversary in Hawai'i along with their ten year-old son, Basil. The story begins in the Bishop Museum, the Hawaiian state museum of culture and natural history. In voice-over we hear Basil read a version of that passage from the *Nānā I Ke Kumu*. We get our first glimpse of the *leina ka 'uhane*, the leaping place of the soul, as Olivia examines a museum exhibit.

The family then travels to Waikiki, where Basil learns about the path of the soul when he encounters a ghost tour guide. Based on a character from the feature script, William is a local paranormal expert. His character would replace the grandmother from early drafts and serve as the link to the spirit world. Balancing the pace of the film and the necessary exposition was a challenge, but William served as a nice framing device.

The inciting incident happens on the day the family is set to fly home. Olivia goes for a morning swim, but never returns. Three days later, refusing to accept his mother's fate, Basil sets out to find William in hopes of enlisting his help in the search for his mother's spirit. William returns Basil to Henry, his father, but encouraged by what he believes to be his mother's ghost, Basil sets out for the leaping place of the soul by himself and searches for his mother beneath the turbulent waves of the Pacific. This ending was one of the final pieces of the puzzle.

One recurring note with previous drafts of the script was that the ending was unsatisfying. The father tracked down the son in early versions, but there was no resolution. There was also nothing at stake as the two of them merely sat and watched the sunset. Now, as Basil follows his mother into the ocean, the stakes could not be

higher. The underwater goodbye that I envisioned was unlike anything I had seen in a movie. This meant shooting underwater, a dream of mine for a long time. I grew up in swimming pools. With a father who is an Oceanographer, I don't remember not knowing how to swim. I spent many summer months swimming laps in the UT pool, dreaming of how to incorporate an underwater scene into one of my films. With this new ending I felt that I had all of the narrative pieces in place and the script was worthy of becoming a short film.

Chapter 3: Pre-production

With a script that I felt comfortable with, all that I needed now was money. Lots and lots of money. A preliminary cash budget came in somewhere around \$35,000. The bulk of this would pay for travel, lodging, equipment rental, local transportation, casting and food.

I applied for a grant from the Austin Film Society, but based on previous work I was told that I could neither cast nor direct actors. With that helpful note, and lack of funds, I was once again prepared to scrap the project when I got an email about a short-term editing gig. A local reality television production company was looking for assistant editors. I signed a contract that amounted to a deal with the devil and spent the next 18 months working 70+ hour weeks in the salt mines of reality television. Reflections on that experience would fill another hundred or so pages, but the short version is that I had found a way to pay for my thesis out of pocket, but at what price?

I began the process of acquiring film permits in the fall of 2012. Depending on where you shoot in Hawai'i, two different permits are required. City streets and public property on Oahu require approval from the city and county of Honolulu. Beaches and water access require state approval. The original shooting schedule had principal photography taking place in February 2013, but this moved to the summer to accommodate a child actor and the student crew. I was glad for the extra pre-production time, because it would take every minute to secure the permits we needed, the last arriving 4 hours before our setup at one particular location. Permits required maps, diagrams, parking plans, etc. Shooting in the water required hiring approved water safety personnel. I spent months lining up all of these elements and submitted the required

information and waited. Detailed maps created using satellite imagery in Photoshop had to be re-submitted using hand drawings in Microsoft Word 2004 for some reason. Applications were reviewed, rejected and submitted again and again. Finally, some time in December, I received many of the state permits I needed. These included most of the beaches and parks. However, I was denied access to the *leina ka 'uhane* at Kaena Point because of cultural sensitivity. I think it was at this point that I had to start taking antidepressants and medication to fight anxiety attacks and insomnia. I am not joking.

This permit approval process was a critical time for the success or failure of the film. Without permission, there was no point in flying a cast and crew to Hawai'i, only to be turned away at the gates. I was a nervous wreck. On the advice of a good friend I sought help at the University Counseling Center where a physician prescribed the appropriate drugs and a therapist indulged me as I rattled on about the difficulties of pre-production. With the aid of various pills and a good dose of cognitive behavioral therapy I was able to ride out the storm. I would recommend these university services to any student trying to make a film.

Without the location that had inspired the entire story I thought I was sunk, but a similar landmark on the eastern shore of Oahu would prove equally inspirational. Known as Pele's Chair, the formation near the Makapu'u lighthouse looks a bit like a bear as it overlooks the Ka 'Iwi Channel. This dark tower of volcanic rock is even a bit more cinematic than the original squat sandstone outcropping at Kaena Point. Most importantly, because the Makapu'u location is just a rock to many locals, and not a sacred site protected by law, I was able to secure the location for the final scenes of the film.

With the most crucial locations approved it was time to go all-in with the production. I teamed up with my classmate Elizabeth Chatelain, who graciously agreed

to produce the project. She would handle scheduling the production and working with SAG and our casting directors.

Beth did a great job scheduling this project and for this I will be forever grateful. Shooting this movie was always going to be tricky. With only 12 days of equipment access from school we had very little wiggle room. Two of those days were lost to travel, so we had 10 days on the ground to shoot the 16-page script. Two days off were set aside for the sanity of all involved, but also to serve as weather days. Many of our scenes were exteriors and there is a saying in Hawai'i that all filmmakers should take to heart. "If you don't like the weather wait five minutes." In fact, this needs to be revised. "If you like the weather, just wait five minutes." In total we had 34 scenes taking place in at least seven different locations. I petitioned to have my additional pickup days rolled into principal photography to bring our total scheduled shooting days up to 10, with two days off and two days for travel. This movie could not have been shot otherwise.

Beth handled the travel arrangements for the main body of the cast and crew. We purchased a block of ten tickets on American Airlines well in advance to get the best rates possible. Six crewmembers, three cast members and one guardian would fly over for principal photography in June. I would fly over two weeks early to continue pre-production on location and our cinematographer, E. J. Enriquez, would fly over one week before shooting started. In addition I brought my sister, Megan, to cater the shoot and my friend, Sarah, to take care of the cast.

Lodging needed to be secured for the cast and crew. I took advantage of vacation rental websites to find the primary location for my pre-thesis film, so I returned to the world of vacation rentals to find accommodations and one final location for the Hawai'i shoot. A lovely little property near the North Shore of Oahu called the Wedding Cottage would serve as our primary location and house the members of the crew. Another nearby

vacation rental would house our cast. This location worked well because it was very close to Kokololio Beach, a little-used park that would feature heavily in our production. Unfortunately, our base camp was at least an hour drive to every other location in the film. Company moves would eat up a lot of time.

A few months prior to filming we began casting the family in Austin with the help of Vicky Boone. We saw over 50 boys for the role of Basil, and a few dozen men and women for Henry and Olivia. A few stars stood out for each role, but in the end the choices were obvious. Trey Bumpass had a natural talent that stood apart from the rest of the mostly mediocre child actors. I don't know who is training these kids, but they need to stop. Mylinda Royer, a new mother herself, was perfect for the role of Olivia. Casting Henry was more challenging. Over the course of making films here in Austin I have had difficulty filling male roles. I don't know why there are always more women and children available for parts, but finding strong male leads has always been a challenge. Knowing this, when it came time to cast Henry I wanted to try something different. Many of my favorite films employ comic actors in serious roles. Will Farrell in *Stranger Than Fiction*, Steve Carrell in *Dan in Real Life*, Jim Carrey in *The Truman Show*. I think comedy is fueled by a deep sadness and comics have unique perspective when accessing that realm. Vicky brought in several improv and comic actors, along with traditional dramatic actors, to audition. Out of this mix John Ratliff seemed like he was made for the part of Henry.

That left one cast member left to locate, William the ghost tour guide. I wanted to cast locally in Hawai'i in order to find someone familiar with the myths and legends of the islands. I could either try to audition someone myself in the two weeks before shooting began or I could find a casting director in Hawai'i. Despite many promising leads from the Hawaiian production directory, our initial attempts to find local help were

a dead end. Casting directors were either too busy, or simply wouldn't return our phone calls. Thank god Margaret Doversola agreed to work with us. She is something of a legend in the industry, having worked on everything from the original *Hawai'i 5-0*, to *Magnum P. I.*, to *Battleship*, to the reboot of *Hawai'i 5-0*. She was not cheap, but brought in a few dozen local men to read for the part of William. Among the contenders, comedian Tony Silva stood out, bringing his own homemade night vision goggles to the audition. By this point I had hired a local producer, one of those University of Hawai'i film students recommended by professor Anne Misawa, to help with logistics on the ground before my arrival. Jennifer Tokunaga-Taylor attended these auditions and reported back. Jennifer would serve as a great resource and last minute fixer throughout the production.

As I continued to finesse the script and Beth rearranged our schedule to accommodate last minute changes and Tony's availability, we began to rehearse in Austin. It had been over a year since I'd been in production and I was nervous to work with actors again. I was certain they would see me for the no talent hack that I am. Fortunately, they were gracious enough not to mention anything if they did recognize this.

Well-seasoned in improvisation, John's dramatic acting experience was limited. Trey had been in a few small productions, but he was relatively new to the game. He was only eleven when production began. Mylinda, however, has an impressive resume and was a great help when it came to working with actors, especially kids. This was my first experience working with a child actor. Rehearsals were a great learning experience for me. It was exciting to see the characters come to life. I relied on the actors to bring their own sensibilities to the characters, often using improvisation to arrive at solutions to problematic scenes. My previous films focused on story and style, and as a result

performances suffered. I really wanted to get great performances from my actors in this film and I pushed them to push themselves. One thing that I have learned in my time here at UT is that I am not an acting teacher. I don't know how to act. I am terrible at it. I stand in awe when I see great performances. All I can do as a director is serve as an actor's first audience and reassure them that what they are doing is working, or help find solutions if it isn't.

It was during rehearsals that I noticed something off with Trey's performance. That great natural quality he showed during auditions was gone. He seemed closed off. When I asked him what he had been up to he said that he'd been taking acting classes from some former casting person at Disney back in Dallas. That same force that had ruined so many of the child actors I saw during auditions had gotten its hands on Trey. "Cool," I said. "What do you guys do in your classes?" "Oh, it's great," Trey replied. "They show us how to stand and what faces to make!" "Awesome, let's try and forget everything you've learned in that class."

We had a really hard time returning to those natural emotions in rehearsals. Trey couldn't access his inner life. We tried an exercise that I had heard of somewhere, although I can't remember where now. I had the actors look into each other's eye for extended periods of time to try and seed emotional reactions. While this worked for Mylinda and John, Trey would break his gaze before anything happened. When I asked him what was going on he said that the exercises we were doing made him feel things and he didn't like feeling things so he tried as hard as he could to fight those feelings. I knew at that point that we had some serious problems. Like I said, I don't know much about acting, but I can tell you that it has something to do with the ability to access your emotions. Trey, Mylinda, John and I focused on the scene work and becoming

comfortable as a team while the departure date loomed. Not finding a solution to Trey's difficulties would become very problematic later on set.

As rehearsals progressed I thought about a visual approach to the film. As I mentioned earlier, I think one of the failings of my previous films was an emphasis of style over performance. With this film I wanted to take a step back from style. Equipment limitations and various location regulations meant that the bulk of the film would be hand-held. We wouldn't be able to setup a tripod on many of the beaches and city streets, not to mention laying dolly track. We also had to be able to move very fast to make our pages once in Hawai'i. The Dogme themed Advanced Directing class I took with Andrew Shea showed me the power and freedom of hand-held camera work. While I do not like Dogme films themselves, I was eager to explore this approach when filming my thesis. One thing that throws me out of many student films is overly precise camera work, especially when it feels like the camera work is driving the scene. This includes laborious dolly movements and slow jib shots that seem unmotivated. I wanted to throw these tools out and let the action drive the film. I was also heavily influenced by all of the handheld raw footage I was watching at my day job in reality television.

I did allow myself one insane bit of production value. I bought a Steadicam. At the beginning of this report I mentioned that I had lost my mind. This is evidence. My job paid well and I felt I had some extra income. I have always wanted to experiment with a Steadicam, but rental prices in Hawai'i were outrageous. It seemed cheaper to buy one, train someone to use it, and sell it once the film was over. The decision to use one during filming was not just driven by the technology, however. I wanted to explore two worlds in the film, the world of man and the world of the spirit. The world of man would be hand-held, while the spirit world would either be shot underwater or with the Steadicam, whose smooth movements mirror the underwater realm. So I purchased a

used Steadicam Flyer LE on eBay for an undisclosed amount of money and Huay Bing-Law, a talented director and cinematographer, agreed to train on this new tool.

I also began studying inspirational films as we prepared to shoot. I re-watched Luc Besson's first feature *Le Gran Bleu*. Besson, the son of scuba diving instructors, was the underwater camera operator and the results are amazing. The underwater scenes in my film were inspired by his work. I also turned to films that are predominantly hand-held. Alfonso Cuarón's *Y Tu Mama También* and *Children of Men* were great inspirations. I gorged on films with child actors like *Into the West*, *Stand by Me*, and *The Mighty*. Certain child actors stood out as models for Trey. The casting tape for *E. T.* featuring Henry Thomas was invaluable. The ensemble cast in *Goonies* is amazing. Young Christian Bale in *Empire of the Sun* shows an old soul in a child's body. Basically any time a kid steps in front of a camera while Steven Spielberg is somewhere behind it magic happens. I gave Trey a list of films to watch as homework.

Finally, it was time to secure a crew. It was difficult picking from my friends and classmates when I could afford to bring so few people over. As with any student movie, it was hard to find anyone willing to work for no pay. I had one perk going for this project, and that was a paid trip to Hawai'i. This motivated people to volunteer, but I was always aware of the hidden dangers of this trip. I tried to impress on those involved that we were traveling to Hawai'i to make a movie. This was not going to be a vacation. Yes, they were going to see new and exciting things, but everything that happened had to ultimately serve the film. I thought we were going to be in good shape.

There were two groups of people to choose from: graduate students whose films I had worked on and undergraduate students looking for experience. Many of my graduate student friends were busy with other projects shooting at the same time, but I was able to fill two key roles from my cohort. As mentioned earlier, Elizabeth Chatelain would

produce. Catherine Licata would serve as 1st AD. The remainder of the crew would be made up of recent undergraduates. I had a positive experience shooting my pre-thesis, and ultimately I chose to work with many of the same undergraduate crew, now recent graduates. E. J. Enriquez would be our cinematographer, Evan Ho was our 1st AC, Huay Bing-Law our 2nd AC and Steadicam Operator, Taylor Washington was our gaffer, and Rui Silva was our sound mixer.

With a month to go before shooting Beth arranged an Indigogo crowd-sourcing campaign to help defer the cost of shooting the film. While I worked on my reality television show she visited the cast members, included Trey in Dallas, and shot interviews with the actors for the website. Several generous individuals, including one secret mega donor, helped us raise over \$2,000 for the production. My parents also generously donated 150,000 airline miles, enough to cover two and a half tickets to Honolulu. It was finally time to head to Hawai'i.

Two weeks before the shoot started I flew to Honolulu to finish pre-production on location. With a few City and County permits still missing I decided to track down the director of the Honolulu Film Commission personally. She was no longer responding to emails and her voice mail was full. I found the address for the film office online and made the trek to the cluster of government buildings downtown. When I arrived at the location I couldn't find the film office. I eventually found a janitor and asked him directions. His response should have warned me of the difficulties that lay ahead. "Oh, yeah, they just put that address on the website. She doesn't actually have an office in this building." He didn't know where the office was. Another random government official directed me to another dead end, and yet another official directed me to a third building where I could find assistance with permits. After waiting in line for an hour I was offered help with my *building* permits. Not the right line. Eventually, behind the parks and

recreation department, I found the film office. The director with whom I had been communicating via email was not in her office. I asked her assistant about my permit applications. They did not have them on file. I basically had to resubmit everything again for a fourth or fifth time. Super. I delegated this task to our local producer, Jennifer, who finally resolved our permit issues in time for production.

With our permits more or less in order I met with local actor Tony Silva, who would be playing the role of William. I was a little apprehensive about casting someone without having met them in person, but he was charming and genuinely interested in the role and project. Working with Tony was one of the highlights of the movie.

I also met with additional local film students who would help out during the shoot. Erin Lau, Ajax Maharlika and Darrell Wells volunteered a lot of time to the project. These undergraduates were a huge help, given that we were only able to fly out a skeleton crew. Their dedication to a volunteer project helmed by a total stranger was reassuring.

One week before production was scheduled to begin our cinematographer E. J. Enriquez flew out to begin scouting locations. We were up every morning with the sun to check out lighting conditions and storyboard the film. This time to brainstorm the coverage on location was invaluable. I think we came up with creative solutions to various problems, but were perhaps a bit ambitious when it came to the number of shots needed for a given scene. On my next film, if there is one, I should probably bring along a producer or AD during these location scouts to keep these ambitions in check and to gauge the realities of production. At the end of every day E. J. would translate his notes and photos into a shot list. I felt like we were in good shape as the days passed and our plan formed. We talked with Beth a few times for updates from Austin about scheduling and the logistics of bringing out the rest of the crew.

One strange thing did happen during this pre-production week. E. J. swears that he saw a ghost in the Waikiki condo that we were renting. Given the supernatural nature of the material we were preparing to shoot I can't blame the guy for having an active imagination, but what he saw, or what he thinks he saw, later infected the crew and led to many sleepless nights and exhausted days. He claims he saw an older woman dressed in red watching him as he slept. He woke in the middle of the night, unable to breathe. The strange thing is that Hawai'i does have a long tradition of malicious choking ghosts, but as far as I know E. J. didn't know anything about this history. He got very little sleep during these nights that we spent in the condo.

My sister and Sarah arrived the day before the bulk of the crew and the four of us moved from our pre-production condo in Waikiki to the Wedding Cottage in Hau'ula, located an hour away on the northern tip of Oahu. While we setup our base camp on the north shore of Oahu the Austin crew was checking out equipment from UT. The ten-member team would be responsible for bringing their own luggage as well as one item each for the production, including the Sony F3, Zeiss Super Speed lenses, audio equipment, and one HMI owned by Taylor. I had the Steadicam shipped to Hawai'i via FedEx and the remaining equipment was either rented from LensRentals.com or Hawai'i Media Inc., a local film rental house (or competition there was the 2014 reboot of Godzilla).

On June 6, 2013 the ten-member team from Austin arrived in Honolulu after many hours of travel that started in the middle of the night back in Austin. My classmates Roshan Murthy and Monique Walton shuttled people to the airport. En route Roshan suffered a flat tire and part of the crew came very close to missing the flight. Thankfully this information only came out later, because I would have been freaking out

if I had known how close we came to disaster in the very beginning. Unfortunately, our luck would not change during production.

Chapter 4: Production

Technically, production began on the crew's flight to Hawai'i. Taylor shot a few takes of Basil and Henry sitting next to each other that were meant to serve as the final shots of the movie. The shooting script also involved a small MOS scene that would be filmed at the airport. Because getting permission to film at a secured location like the airport would have been impossible, we had planned on stealing these shots while the cast and crew waited for their luggage. Unfortunately, because of a miscommunication, the lenses made it out of the airport and couldn't regain access to the restricted area where we were to film. We had to shoot the material on Taylor's Canon 7D, which he had already used on the plane. Catherine Licata, our 1st AD, second unit directed these scenes in my absence. While they were later cut from the film, she and Taylor did a great job.

Tired from traveling for most of the night, the cast and crew piled into our caravan of vehicles and headed for lunch. We got separated right away, the cast ending up at one restaurant and the crew at another. This should have been a warning about the lack of communication that would build up over the course of the shoot. With the cast absent, we had an impromptu crew meeting over Thai food and talked about the days to come.

The cast and crew reunited in Hau'ula, our base camp, and we split up once again into our various houses. Sarah took the crew to their house and while they were unloading luggage Trey closed a car door on her hand. One of my first duties was taking my friend to the hospital to get her finger checked out, while telling Trey, who was crying, that everything would be okay. Thankfully nothing was broken, but that was one

hell of a way to begin the shoot. Meanwhile, back at the crew house, E. J. was telling the rest of the gang about his experiences with the lady in red in the condo in Waikiki. The crew traded ghost stories well into the night and they swear they saw someone or something looking at them through a second story window. They rearranged their mattresses to block the windows and doors after that. They did not get much sleep that night.

We were up at 4:15 AM on June 6th to shoot the sunrise at Kokololio beach, just a few minutes from our houses in Hau'ula. The crew was exhausted from the night of "chicken skin," as the locals call it. Thankfully the Steadicam had been prepped the night before for the shots of Olivia walking down the beach. Those shots went surprisingly well. Our first scene involved Olivia entering the water, so this meant our production lifeguard was present. It also meant transferring the F3 from the Steadicam to the waterproof housing we had acquired for our surf scenes. We had rented this rather expensive piece of kit in Hawai'i and hadn't properly trained on it. The idea was to walk with Olivia into the water as she goes for her morning swim. This was supposed to be peaceful, symbolic of the mystery of her disappearance, or something along those lines. Instead the footage we recorded is controlled chaos including water droplets in front of the lens and horribly unstable camera work. The housing provided no way to monitor the camera and the shoulder mount was less than ideal. Let this be a lesson in proper understanding of the tools required to get the job done. Always schedule time for training when it comes to a new piece of equipment. Not learning how to properly use that housing cost us over \$1,000 and many wasted hours.

After the scenes involving Olivia we shot with Henry and Basil. Those scenes went well technically speaking, but starting with something as emotional as the dialogue between Henry and Basil following Olivia's death was probably a bad idea. It was

unavoidable because of scheduling concerns, but we hadn't properly warmed up as an actor/director team. Remember, it had been a while since our last rehearsals. Ultimately I think we got close to the emotional range we needed, but I don't think we completely nailed the scene. Looking back, I also wish I had been more creative in terms of covering the conversation. The scene is there, and it functions on a basic level, but something is missing.

After the conversation between Henry and Basil we shot with Basil alone in the water. This again involved the waterproof housing and once again we had trouble. These shots of Basil treading water were to be part of his dream after Olivia's disappearance. Even using the lifeguard's rescue surfboard as a shooting platform we were not able to capture anything usable.

We returned home to an early dinner and planned the shots for the following day. Before production started I had hopes of watching dailies and even starting to cut with the material as we shot. Of course this was not possible. There is never enough time. I was barely able to watch what we had shot, let alone begin cutting anything. Needless to say our failure with the waterproof housing weighed heavy as I watched take after take of unusable footage.

The following day was supposed to be relatively simple. We shot Basil on a bus as he travels to leaping place of the soul. This was technically easy, but involved a lot of time waiting for the bus and working with an environment full of unwilling extras. We also barely had enough money to pay for our actor and crew to board the bus. We should have looked into bus fare beforehand. Sometimes it's the little things that can derail an entire day of shooting.

After the bus scene we shot Henry as he follows Basil in his car. Here we faced more technical hurdles. The equipment rental house failed to provide a crucial piece of

equipment along with the car mount. Our clever crew was able to jerry rig a partial solution, but because of the angle of the sun while we were shooting, and our inability to compensate because of the missing piece of equipment, we captured nothing but reflections in the car window for miles. Enough of Henry can be seen in this footage to use in the final cut, but frustration ate away at morale.

Finally we shot Basil at a bus stop. While technically easy, this involved more waiting on our part and time spent not shooting on set feels like time wasted. When we did finally shoot Basil as he steps onto the bus we faced the wrath of the driver when he realized that we were not actually going to be taking the bus. He cursed us as he drove away.

Day three began in Henry's room, as Basil sees his father crying over Olivia's dress. This was an emotionally challenging scene for John. Henry was written a closed-off character, distant from his son. This scene was designed as a glimpse into Henry's inner world, a chance for Basil to see a side of his father that he's never seen before. That would require John to open up, and that would prove difficult. While he is a skilled improv actor, this was one of John's first dramatic acting roles. I still think casting him was the right choice, but I don't think we ever reached the emotions required. The look on Basil's face when he sees his father crying carries the scene, but John's performance doesn't resonate with me.

After we wrapped in Henry's bedroom we had a huge company move to Waikiki, an hour south of where we were in Hau'ula. We piled into the vehicles and drove to the Honolulu Zoo, where we unloaded and walked the 5 blocks to our location near the Ala Moana Surfrider hotel in the heart of Waikiki. In retrospect we should have just unloaded the vans at our location and risked getting a ticket. All of that walking with our gear was unnecessary.

While simple on the page, this scene was extremely difficult to shoot because of the lack of control over our location. Beth, Catherine and Sarah had to block hordes of tourist from walking through our shots as we did take after take of Henry presenting Olivia with the plumeria and Basil wandering off. Needless to say, our “extras” were confused and often annoyed. Sound was a nightmare, but Rui was a trooper.

Our crew did a stellar job under these conditions and we were ready to move to the scene where Basil meets William when the annual Pan Pacific Parade walked through the middle of our location. This was another thing we probably should have known about in advance, but we never heard anything about it during pre-production. I ran around the block with E. J. and found a small area near a bus stop that would serve as our new location, far enough away to minimize the impact of the parade. Again, Beth, Catherine and Sarah had to block pedestrians as we did take after take. It’s a miracle that we were able to get the footage we did without a swarm of bogies in the background. This was our first day working with Tony Silva and he did a great job, especially considering that we had very little, maybe even zero, rehearsal. Once again, sound was a nightmare.

We wrapped the scene with Basil and William and on our way back to the cars we shot our little cast family as they watched the parade that had threatened to ruin our previous scene. This was a bit of luck, as I think this footage is some of the nicest in the movie. That’s a testament to the capabilities of our run and gun crew. We headed back to the Hau’ula house for an early evening and began planning for our next day, which would prove to be one of our most challenging.

Monday, June 10, was a hard day. E. J. and I had initially planned something like 25 shots for the day. Thankfully Catherine fought us and we ended up with something more reasonable, but still insanely ambitious. After breakfast we headed to Makapu’u, an hour and a half drive from Hau’ula, to film the final scenes of the movie. Even though

we were shooting exteriors without lights, we decided to take the grip truck so that we would have access to silks and stands for the shots that lay ahead.

Immediately upon arrival at Makapu'u we started filming with the Steadicam while the rest of the crew setup base camp near the beach. The Steadicam shots took time as we battled the wind that tore down the valley to the sea. The sweep around reveal that we had rehearsed in Austin proved very difficult to nail with the heavy wind, although Huay did a great job. We worked our way to the rock formation that was our leaping place of the soul and knocked off shots as we went.

We shot the scene where Basil confronts the rock, a challenging scene for Trey and myself. I could feel him shutting down as we did multiple takes, never quite reaching where we needed to be. Our last take got close, but watching it now leaves me unsatisfied.

John arrived on set and we grabbed a few quick shots of his approach to the rock and his arrival. He did a great job and his search for Basil has a real urgency to it. We turned our attention to the beach, where we needed a wide shot of the empty sand. To my amazement a group of locals had started a pickup football game where we were set to film, complete with a field drawn into the sand. I don't understand what happened, because half of our crew was left there to watch the area and they just let this game start. Nobody even tried to speak up about the fact that we were filming a movie. We had to wait for the game to finish before we could shoot our wide.

The original script has planned for a practical effect that would lead Henry to Basil. Rather than seeing his son walking into the water Henry would see a group of plumeria blossoms, recalling of the one he had given Olivia in Waikiki. We scattered the blossoms, which Beth had meticulously picked the day before, and shot the result from

the cliff above. It looked like garbage floating in the water and we would have to think of something else.

After lunch we worked our way to the water. We only had one shot to get Basil as he submerged because we did not have the ability to dry his hair for a second take. This had to happen in water deep enough for Basil to dive in, so this meant the camera had to go into the dreaded waterproof housing. With our lack of luck on previous days I was nervous about our chances, but we managed to get a steady shot of Basil slipping beneath the surface of the water.

Henry carrying Basil back to shore and the conversation they have on the beach were the last things we shot as the sun slipped behind the Ko'olau Mountains. Trey was freezing and later told me that the goggles were too tight around his head. That explains why he looks so miserable in every take we did. I tried everything I could to relax him, but very little changed. This became moot, as the poorly written dialogue I had envisioned was scrapped in favor of the father and son just looking at each other. But on the bright side, he does look like he almost drowned.

It was a long, difficult day, but we had made our pages and it was time to pack up and head back to Hau'ula to prepare for tomorrow's shoot at the Bishop museum. It was relatively early in the evening I was looking forward to using our down time to work on the shot list for the following day. We gathered our gear and made our way back to the vehicles in the parking lot. I arrived to find the crew milling around the grip truck with the little gear we had used piled near the lift gate. Apparently the keys to the ignition were missing. To this day I don't know what happened. I suspect a rogue hermit crab added them to his cave of wonders. Either that, or someone lost them in the bottom of their set bag, only to find them months later, too embarrassed to tell anyone. Nobody recalls having them last. Sarah, Beth, Megan and I spent the next three hours combing

the beach where we had shot, the trail, the rock formation. We searched well into the night with a very powerful portable light as the rest of the crew took off for dinner and home. Their lack of concern for the lost keys troubled me.

To say that I was freaking out is an understatement. Here we had a rented half-ton truck, filled with several tens of thousands of dollars of film equipment, sitting in a parking lot in the middle of nowhere. Signs posted all over the park warned not to leave valuables in unattended vehicles. The gates to the park were going to be locked at 8:00 PM, leaving our truck inaccessible, even if we did find the keys or were able to secure new ones. I wanted to scream.

A call to the rental company revealed that there were no extra keys. There went plan A. We needed to have the truck towed somewhere safe while new keys were cut, which would take at least 24 hours. And we still had a lot of shooting to do the next day. I went into crisis management mode. I called three different towing companies before I found one capable of towing a vehicle as big as the one we had stranded. I had to beg with the parks department to convince them not to lock the gates. Then Beth, Sarah, Megan and I waited. I lay on the roof of our minivan staring at the stars trying to figure out how to salvage the next day of shooting. We had to find another truck, transfer all of the equipment, and still make our call time at the Bishop museum, where we had a very small window of access. It was already 9:00 PM at night. Did I mention that I wanted to scream?

After several more confused phone calls a tow truck arrived and took our crippled grip truck to the home of one of our local crew members in Kaneohe. We returned to Hau'ula, an hour from Kaneohe, for a few hours of sleep. Beth, E. J. and I woke early the next morning and made our way to U-Haul where we rented another truck. We transferred the equipment from our non-working truck and went back to Hau'ula to pick

up the rest of the crew. Fortunately we were able to make our call time at the Bishop museum, but I hadn't gotten much sleep and had no time to prepare for the day. I only had a very basic shooting plan and because of those lost keys our day suffered tremendously. Not to mention the extra \$750 it cost to replace the keys and rent a new truck.

Thankfully the location seemed in order and we had the museum to ourselves. Our contact at the museum, at first aloof, warmed to our project and things began smoothly. We were two shots into our day when that changed. From nowhere a crowd of school children began filling the once empty hall. I was paying a premium for private access to the museum and was startled by the interruption. It turns out the museum had double booked the hall where we were shooting. The children were part of the Kamehameha Schools, closely involved with the charter of the museum, so we had to wait for them to finish. That took another hour and a half. Have I mentioned that time spent waiting on set feels like time wasted? Well, it does.

It was during this unexpected interruption that I had my first conflict of interest with the crew. We had to push our wrap time at the museum to get the shots we needed. That meant extending our day a few hours, because we still had to shoot an important scene later that night back at the house. When I mentioned this to the crew I got push back. There was a difference of opinion about what constituted a 12-hour day and if this delay meant going over. There seemed to be little interest in compensating for the time lost while we were waiting for the school children to finish their tour. I am grateful for the crew, which was volunteering their time on this project, but I got the sense that there was not much flexibility when it came to schedules. As the director, nothing is more important than your movie. As a crewmember, you're already giving so much of your time to this project. This is one of the drawbacks of a non-paid set. You cannot offer

overtime when things don't go as planned. Several members of the crew were regularly getting paid for the work they were now doing for free on this project, and I got the sense that this wasn't turning out to be the Hawaiian vacation of their dreams.

Once the school children cleared the hall we rushed to make our shots. Needless to say the scene suffered. On top of not having the time to plan for the day because of the lost key fiasco, what we did shoot feels hurried. We ate a silent dinner as we wrapped the museum set and returned to the Hau'ula house to shoot another scene.

Back at the house the crew lit the exterior for the scene where William returns Basil after the ghost tour. This went fairly smoothly, with only minor delays due to intermittent showers. We shot take after take of John yelling as Basil arrives home. Little did I know, the neighbors were taking notice and planning their next move in an ongoing war with the owners of the property we were renting. The day finally ended and we were all grateful for the sleep that came.

We were now moving into nights, so the crew finally had time the next day to enjoy themselves. I think they went back to Kokoilolo beach to body surf. This got me thinking about something I had learned during development. When I was in the early stages of pre-production I spoke with a woman who went to USC and shot her thesis in Hawai'i. She had a bit of advice for me when it came to crew, which she had also flown out for her shoot. She warned me of the dangers of shooting in such a beautiful place. The draw to work on an unpaid project in paradise is the opportunity to take a free trip. You have to delicately balance this reward with the demands of the film. When she was shooting, her crew would arrive on set later and later each day, eventually missing entire days. They were losing track of time while trying to fit a vacation into the shooting schedule. Thankfully our crew never even came close to this level of mutiny, but I could feel the temptation floating in the air as tourists went on about their vacations while we

tried to make a movie. This unofficial down time before our night shoot was a welcome respite from the demands of the film. I, on the other hand, got to transfer our equipment back to the first grip truck, for which we had finally gotten replacement keys.

As Beth and I were transferring equipment I did get one bit of welcome news. We were supposed to film at the bandstand in Kapiolani Park that night, but the film commissioner, who finally returned my phone call, had just told me that the location was denied. While I brainstormed about possible backup locations and schlepped gear from one truck to the other I got a call from Jennifer, our local producer and fixer. Apparently our permit had just been approved. How the Honolulu Film Office works I will never understand, but we had the bandstand. All we needed now was a generator, which Jennifer set off to secure.

We finished transferring gear and returned the second U-Haul with a little time to spare. I used this to really watch our dailies for the first time. While watching the Makapu'u footage I confirmed that the plumeria gag wasn't going to work and that we needed another solution to motivate Henry into the water after Basil. We also needed a hero shot of Basil as he put on his goggles in preparation for entering the water. We would have to get this later. We were bound for Waikiki in a few hours.

The first scene we were scheduled to shoot that night involved Basil walking the streets of Waikiki looking for William the ghost tour guide. On paper this seemed easy enough, but like everything else it had its challenges. A skeleton crew was dropped off, along with Trey, to walk the streets while the rest of the crew pre-lit the bandstand. I had hoped to capture some of the exotic nightlife of Waikiki, but the crowds near the street performers were too large and the footage we shot there didn't make sense in the final cut of the film.

We arrived at the bandstand and the crew had done an excellent job preparing for the scene, which went rather well. My aunt and uncle appear as extras in this scene, along with Jennifer's friends who were being paid for their time. Tony Silva was great to work with, as usual. The weather even held for us, providing a comfortable, dry night. The police did ask to see our permits, which thankfully we were able to provide. Everything more or less worked out the rest of the night.

Thursday, our seventh day of production, was our first official day off. I think the crew went cliff diving at Waimea. Thankfully nobody was killed and their excursion was a much needed relief valve on the pressure cooker of the production. John, Trey, Beth, E. J. and Rui sacrificed part of this day to pick up some of the material we needed at Makapu'u. We returned to the rock formation and shot Basil entering the water from Henry's POV, as well as Henry's reaction shot. These turned out nicely. While we were there we got a few more shots of John running into the water. By this point I think we had discovered that the PIX recorder we were using was malfunctioning, so we rented a replacement unit from a local camera rental house. This was yet another unexpected expense. My hard earned reality TV blood money was flying out of my bank account.

We officially returned to work on Friday, where we would spend all day shooting in the Wedding Cottage. The first few daytime scenes were relatively simple. Henry finds the note Basil has left for him in the book of mythology. We had a little hiccup in the scene where Basil rediscovers the ghost tour brochure while folding his clothes. He was initially wearing the wrong wardrobe, so after completing the scene and realizing our mistake we had to reshoot everything. My kingdom for a script supervisor and wardrobe department. We used a slider to reveal Basil's camera as it played the video he shot of his initial encounter with William. This was to connect the scene with the floating

Steadicam and underwater coverage of the spirit world. Later we shot the scene where Henry watches Basil pack and then we broke for lunch.

The second half of the day was a little more difficult. We returned to Basil's room where Olivia tries to get her son to watch the sunrise with her. We started with the wide shots, which went well. Mylinda is a trooper and has a great maternal quality in this scene. We encountered problems when we moved into close-ups, however. While hair and makeup looked great in the wides, when we changed angles and moved in closer we spotted a few problems. Trying to correct these led to more problems, which ultimately destroyed the flow of the scene. We got hung up on the details of eye lights and certain shadows falling on the talent's face and we lost the emotion of the scene. Mylinda, understandably so, became very self-conscious and thought she was doing something wrong, which she wasn't. All of the problems stemmed from our lack of a makeup department and the fact that we hadn't blocked the scene from all angles when lighting. We took something like 20 takes of Mylinda's close-up and none of them worked. This was a great learning moment for me. Actors should never be privy to the technical issues slowing down a scene. It's better to take a break and hash out the problem with the crew alone.

We moved into night to shoot the scene where Basil finds the book of mythology sitting on his bed. This was originally supposed to be three different shots. I'd like to think that the idea to combine these shots was driven entirely by artistic vision, but I think we had to make up for lost time. Instead of three relatively simple, and perhaps boring shots, we decided to go for one continuous Steadicam shot. I think I got goose bumps when the idea came to me. I remember E. J. saying something about how excited I looked. I think what followed was one of the most cinematic moments of the film.

We follow Basil as he wakes up and walks to the kitchen for a glass of water. The door opens, he looks down and sees footprints, and then follows them back to his room where he finds the book. His bed appears mysteriously made, recalling comments his mother made to him about the state of disorder in his room. It took hours to light, and as E. J. is proud of saying, we used every fixture we had available. Huay strapped on the Steadicam and we began doing takes. There were a lot of moving parts to the shot. The camera had to clear the wall just so. The door had to open at the right time and Beth had to leave footprints on the floor in syrup without being on camera. With every take we got closer and Huay and Evan nailed it on take 11. I was finally glad I had made my ridiculous purchase and I feel like that specific piece of equipment earned its keep that night.

Saturday morning involved just E. J., Mylinda and myself back at Kokololio shooting shots of her walking out of the water for Basil's dream sequence. We had abandoned the cumbersome underwater housing for the F3 in favor of a surf housing for Taylor's 7D, which we thought would be more manageable. We were wrong. It turns out there aren't a lot of films shot in the surf zone for a reason. It is just plain difficult to shoot with any equipment. Mylinda was a pro, wading back out into the waves time and again wearing her Hawaiian wedding dress. Compressed air in hand to clean the lens of the underwater housing, we shot take after take of unusable, shaky, spotty coverage.

Later that night we prepared to shoot Basil waking next to Henry. The scene could not have been simpler. One shot that required a bare minimum of lighting outside. The crew had lit the scene and we were about to get started when I was told there was someone outside that wanted to speak with me. The neighbors were ready to call the cops because of the lights.

I walked outside and found the groundskeeper standing with another woman who looked like she was going to kill someone. The groundskeeper told me that I had to take down the lights because I was in violation of the rental agreement, which said that no activity would take place outside the house after 9:00 PM. This was the first time I had heard that I couldn't do anything outside the house after dark. When I was looking for houses to rent I specifically asked the owners if I could shoot a movie and if the neighbors would mind if we worked at night. The owner, speaking to me from Arizona, assured me that everything would be fine. This exists in writing in the location agreement I had them sign, but \$5,000 later I was being told that I couldn't film at night. I tried to explain this calmly to the groundskeeper, who was busy bullshitting the neighbor about me breaking an agreement, and the neighbor, who I could tell had a long-standing beef with the Wedding Cottage. The neighbor loudly demanded to see what permits I had to shoot. I told her I would gladly show her the permits I had to film on city and state property, but since I was on private property, with the owner's permission, and no lights were pointed at neighboring houses, I didn't need a permit for what I was currently doing. She threatened to call the cops and I told her that she should, but that nothing would happen and she would just delay our wrap time. She retreated and begrudgingly let us finish our filming. My relationships with the homeowner, the groundskeeper and neighbors were permanently damaged. I later found out that our Wedding Cottage was running an illegal rental operation without the required permits and zoning. The neighbors had been complaining for years about large events taking place at the house and I was just the most recent in a long history of neighborhood disturbances.

We returned to filming and got the shot of Basil waking from his dream, which I think is some of the nicest acting in the film. Trey did a great job waking up, which seems easy enough, but is actually quite challenging. I think we wrapped relatively early

on Saturday night. The following day would be our second day off. So far the weather had cooperated and we didn't need to use our weather days.

I used the first half of the day to shoot some underwater footage of Trey and Mylinda swimming at Lanikai beach. The \$400 GoPro that I was borrowing from Huay outperformed the \$20,000 F3. Thank god for that little camera. That footage would replace the unusable footage from earlier in production.

Back at the Wedding Cottage I watch all of the footage we had shot so far. I discovered a few problems with our coverage of scene two in Waikiki. Henry's entrance at the beginning of scene two wasn't working and we needed an insert of Basil picking up the ghost tour brochure. We also needed additional shots for the end of the scene as the family walks away. We would have to grab these the following day with a skeleton crew before our cemetery shoot.

Monday, June 17 was going to be our last day of shooting, and one of the longest. E. J., Rui, the actors and I went back to Waikiki to pickup the handful of shots we needed for scene two. This took about two hours. We then drove to Oahu Cemetery to meet the rest of the crew who were already pre-lighting the night scene. Because of our previous paranormal experiences we had arranged for a Buddhist priest to bless the set. This helped calm the nerves of the crew a little, but it didn't do much for the weather.

Oahu Cemetery lies in the Nu'uuanu Valley, which is prone to afternoon showers. In fact, it's one of the rainiest spots on the island. There's a reason the funeral grounds are so lush. For this very reason I had purchased a rain jacket for the camera. Afternoon drizzle turned to light rain as the crew finished setting up the HMIs and tungsten fixtures we had. As the rain worsened I was faced with the decision of pulling the HMIs to ensure their safety. While metal mesh allows tungsten fixtures to be used in the rain, the HMIs are more fragile. I was told to pull them or the rain would cool the lenses and

cause them to break. We struck them, but the lenses broke anyway. Without the HMIs we were forced to light the scene with the few tungsten fixtures we had and the lanterns I had bought to serve as props for the ghost-hunting scene. Where were the lanterns? They had been left back at the house in Hau'ula, along with the camera's rain jacket. Fortunately craft services hadn't left our base camp yet and they were able to bring the emergency lighting. The rain jacket was MIA.

The rain also made the elaborate Steadicam shot I had planned too dangerous to shoot. There was concern that Huay would lose his footing on the wet grass, so the scene became hand-held. One by one the elements I had planned for this scene had to be scrapped. We were left with the bare minimum of material we needed to tell the story. The scene could still work; we just needed some great performances from Trey and Tony.

Tony arrived sporting bandages on his arms. He had been attacked by a dog earlier in the day. He could do the scene without bandages, but he still had stitches in his arms. I convinced myself this was okay. In the time since Basil last saw William, he could have had a run in with a dog.

Trey arrived on set and was like a zombie. Even though his call time was 6:00 PM, he was up early and had spent the entire day doing random tourist activities and was wiped out. He could barely remember his lines. Things weren't looking so good. We had made it through so many hardships thus far, but this scene looked hopeless as we ran lines. Trey was completely flat. No emotions whatsoever.

Beth stepped in and basically saved the day. She helped Trey recover his energy, and my energy, by running lines with him. He was able to keep it together for the duration of the shoot and we captured some nice moments. We could never get back to the quality he had when we auditioned him in Austin, though. Something had changed in him. We wrapped around 4:00 AM and headed back to base camp. The crew was wet,

miserable and tired. I remember texting someone that I felt like I had just lost the World Series. I thought about Joseph Campbell, who was buried in the cemetery we had just left. Would he be disappointed?

The following day, Tuesday, was our final weather day. There was no way we could return to the cemetery that night to reshoot anything with a flight early the next morning. In fact, I got the distinct impression that the crew would mutiny if we tried to pickup or reshoot anything else. E. J. returned to Kokololio Beach with Trey, Beth and I to grab the last shot that we absolutely needed, the hero shot of Basil putting on his goggles before he enters the water at Makapu'u. We walked the length of the beach, found a brownish patch of rock that looked something like Makapu'u and got the shot. With that we had unceremoniously wrapped principal photography.

Back at the house we tried to arrange a wrap party, but the crew had already taken off for parts unknown. I sat in the yard behind the wedding cottage and drank airplane size liquor bottles with my sister and Sarah. We began to pack up the house and prepare the equipment for the flight back to Austin.

The crew was up early the next morning, in spite of the late night they had enjoyed. We packed up the gear, dummy checked everything, and headed to the airport. E. J., Sarah, Megan and I dropped off the cast and crew and wished them a safe flight. We returned to the Wedding Cottage to put the house back in order before checking out. We meticulously replaced anything we had moved and cleaned the property, but the owners would still charge me for damages to the house, probably out of spite for the complaints from the neighbors.

After leaving the north shore we relocated to Waikiki, where we were supposed to be able to enjoy a few days rest before heading back to Austin. Instead, I used this time to worry about coverage and try to make up for missing pieces of the movie. My original

plan had been to pick up landscape shots during principal photography, but we barely managed to get the basic coverage we needed to make the film. We didn't even manage to get establishing shots of the house where we had been staying for ten days. I was a nervous wreck and the only thing that eased my mind was to work, so I rented a Blackmagic Cinema Camera and returned to our various locations for establishing shots. Three days later E. J. and Sarah had returned to the mainland, leaving just my sister and me to ponder the shoot. We finally flew home the following day with one bit of good fortune. Our flight had been over-sold and we were bumped to first class. I wish I could have enjoyed the luxury, but I slept the sleep of the dead the entire way home.

I arrived to more bad news. Even though we had taken every precaution with the equipment, there was damage. Camera batteries were missing, the LCD screen on the camera was broken, and the lenses were either scratched or had sand inside of them. I would have to pay for all of this as well. It was a good thing I was returning to work.

I used what little time off from work I could find to prepare for the last bit of shoot. We still needed to film the penultimate scene of the movie, where Basil sees his mother underwater and Henry comes to his rescue. This would also prove challenging.

I needed a location where our actors would be safe and where visibility would allow filming. I looked into Barton Springs, Aquarina Springs, and various pools around Austin and on UT campus. The scene that I had envisioned involved a good bit of choreography and I wanted to over crank the camera to get the most out of our limited time underwater. The final product would require visual effects work to mimic the ocean, so we needed our source image to be high quality. The RED Epic seemed like a good choice, but finding an underwater housing was going to be pricey. It was then that I was introduced to the Jamail Swimming and Diving complex on UT's campus. Both the competition pool and diving well there have viewing windows, which meant we could

film our actors underwater without a housing. After meeting with the facilities manager I booked the pool for later in July. I had a good deal of pre-production to do in the meantime.

The pool was a great location except it looked like a pool. I needed something to cover up the background. The ideal solution would be something chroma green that could be keyed out later in post. I quickly learned that nothing waterproof and large enough existed. I settled on a huge blue tarp.

Next, the depth of the viewing windows had to be addressed. They were ten feet below the surface of the pool and ten feet above the pool's bottom. That meant that we would have to get the actors down to the correct depth before we could film the action of the scene. They could just swim down, but then all of their energy would have been expelled and they wouldn't have any left for the scene. I devised a series of weights and ropes that would carry the actors down to the correct depth. A handle attached to ten feet of rope attached to 35-pound kettle weights did the trick. We would drop the weights, the actors would ride them down, let go, perform the scene, and swim to the surface. I also fashioned a series of bright green markers that would let the actors, and us, know when they had arrived at the right location and depth.

With all of these logistical concerns, safety was paramount. I hired several lifeguards from the swim center to oversee our filming. Catherine Demartino, who produced my pre-thesis, and her boyfriend also served as set scuba divers. They would help us install the backdrop and move the weights and markers around from shot to shot. They would also help in case of an emergency.

Feeling more or less comfortable with the logistics of the shoot, I story boarded the scene. Rather than moving the camera for each shot, we had to arrange the actors so that it looks like the camera is moving for coverage. This was an interesting bit of movie

magic. We also had to vary the position of the actors, rather than move the camera from wide shots to close-ups. While we shot the rest of the movie at 1080p, this underwater scene was shot at 4K so that we would have the freedom to reframe in post and the highest resolution for the final effects work.

We shot the underwater scene on August 4, which would prove to be another very long and hard day. While the crew worked on unfurling our giant blue tarp on the far wall of the pool, E. J. and Evan setup the camera in the viewing window in the basement. I warmed up the actors in the pool. Swimming ability was a crucial factor when casting, and at the time the actors assured me that they were strong swimmers. They would soon be put to the test.

We practiced holding our breaths. I was hoping for at least five seconds of usable performance once we had reached the appropriate depth of ten feet. That meant the actors had to be able to hold their breath for ten to fifteen seconds total. This didn't seem impossible and they had been practicing on their own for several weeks. Our first attempts were comically bad. We went down and they immediately came back up. "How long did we last," they asked. Usable time at depth was about half a second. We worked on this for the next hour or so and we were able to get our numbers up to something approaching useable.

With the unwieldy blue tarp finally in place and our green markers telling us where to position actors we started shooting takes. I realized that I was going to have to stay with the actors and coach them in the pool, rather than watching the scene from the monitor next to the camera in the viewing window. E. J. knew the storyboards and told me whether or not each take was working. Before moving on to the next setup I would run down to the basement below the pool and watch playback. It was a slow process, but we were getting what we needed.

It was a full ten-hour day before we had all the shots we needed for the scene. We had worked out a process for shooting, but it was time-consuming. Each actor needed a support swimmer to hold the weight that would pull them down to shooting depth. We would roll camera, drop the weights and the actors would sink down to the appropriate depth. The action would take place, the shot would end and the actors would swim to the surface. We would have to swim down, pick up the weights, and do it all over again. We had to swim the twenty feet down and retrieve the thirty-five pound weights hundreds of times. I don't know about the others, but I was sore for weeks after. It was a successful, if grueling, day. We had finally wrapped shooting the film.

Chapter 5: Post-production

The footage sat on various hard drives for over two months before I could pull myself together to look at it. I had some form of post-traumatic stress that kept me from facing what we had shot. I can't emphasize enough how difficult production was, and with no resources to return to Hawai'i to shoot pickups, I was nervous about our coverage. There was a very real possibility that what we had shot would not cut together into a film.

I finally started syncing the footage, but made terrible progress. Fortunately I found an assistant editor, David Bartner, to complete the process. He was a huge help. With all of the footage synced I started cutting in September 2013. I was open to the idea of working with an editor, but had trouble finding anyone who could put in the required time. I made slow progress, at first logging and making notes about my initial reactions. After watching and marking everything I started cutting scenes. This was also slow going. After editing for ten to twelve hours a day at work, the last thing I wanted to do when I got home was edit my film. I thought again about finding someone to work on the project, but I decided to keep going because I was learning a lot about myself as a filmmaker. This would be my last student project and it would be the last project of my own that I would edit. There is nothing like being faced with your mistakes and having to find solutions when it come to personal growth.

I think I had an assembly of the entire film by the end of November, maybe the beginning of December. The good news was that I had a film. Our approach to shooting each scene functioned on the most basic level and everything cut together. Certain aspects of the film, however, had to be eliminated because they just weren't working.

The camera gag where Basil hears his mother's voice in a recording and sees William had to go. Fortunately, losing that material made it seem like it was Basil's decision to seek William out. That was probably a stronger approach anyway.

None of the footage involving Olivia walking in the surf was useable. The same was true of Basil treading water. I was forced to get creative with GoPro footage I had captured before the shoot while snorkeling at Hanauma Bay. That material was never intended to be in the film, but I was glad to have it. I also think the solution to this problem was stronger than the original idea. It seems less heavy-handed and lets the film breathe a little more.

Basil's camera originally had a much more central role in the film, but it was almost entirely eliminated from the final cut. The orb scene in the cemetery seemed unnecessary as the film came together. That meant Basil didn't need to take photos at the leaping place of the soul, which puts the emphasis of that scene back on Basil.

I kept the rough cut of the film to myself at first because I wasn't happy with it. It functioned like a movie. It made sense on a basic level and there were some moments that made me smile and one or two performances that stood out, but as a whole the film felt unsatisfying.

I finally started showing the rough cut to a very small group of people in December. The feedback I got was in line with my own thoughts. Something was off. For one thing, the ending wasn't working. The first cut of the film ended with the poorly written dialogue, "She's not gone. I know." After the underwater scene, which resonated with audiences, these final lines fell flat. There was certainly no need to cut to Henry and Basil in the plane as they flew home after that. Basically nothing that happened after the underwater scene was working. Fortunately there was a simple solution. Cut it out. I was able to use the silence in between takes to just have Henry and Basil look at each

other, actually look at each other, for the first time in the film. The wheel had come full circle as we returned to the acting exercise we had used during rehearsals.

One big issue was revealed when I showed the movie to a friend's mother who had lost her spouse several years ago. With the ellipses in the film it seems like Henry doesn't do anything to try and find his wife. In fact, he seems like he has no reaction to her disappearance at all. He just walks up to Basil on the beach and tells his son that Olivia is gone. Henry is an unsympathetic character. He seems callous. Nobody liked Henry. I had made a huge mistake.

There were a handful of other problems with the film. Transitions weren't working, it was long, but this Henry issue seemed like a deal breaker to me. I realized I hadn't fully developed him as a character. He has a function in the film, in that he rescues Basil, but that's about all. This failure on my part is one of my greatest disappointments with the film. When I was developing the story I tried to imagine how Basil might frame his adventure. "This is the story of how my mom died, and how I brought my dad back to life." Unfortunately I didn't even come close to that sentiment in the final movie.

While we couldn't return to Hawai'i with the cast and crew to reshoot anything, I did have access to John here in Austin and I began to write an additional scene to address the Henry issue, at least in part. When Henry joins Basil on the beach after Olivia's disappearance he tells Basil about his grandmother's desire to have a service for Olivia back home. He is holding a phone, alluding to the fact that he just had this conversation before joining Basil. Perhaps we could film this conversation, or at least part of it, and address some of the notes that audiences had about Henry. Another good friend noted that the film felt like a waltz, but not in a good way. The scenes unfolded with a measured pace that felt too deliberate. She wanted something to break that tempo. When

tragedy strikes it inevitably shatters the world that came before. That note struck a chord in me. A pickup scene was a chance for Henry to break through his shell. We see him cry in the film, but that felt like it was in the same minor key as everything else. I wanted to see him do something different, something analogous to an augmented 4th in a piece of music. I wanted to see him crack and really show an inner part of himself. I wanted him to get mad at the wrong person.

I wrote a scene where Henry tells his mother-in-law that the search is over and Olivia is presumed dead. Fortunately, we hadn't shot in the bathroom in the house in Hawai'i, so mine could substitute. The color palate even matched the Wedding Cottage in Hau'ula. I was hard to find the right words and the right tone. I just kept writing more of the same drivel where Henry fails to show any emotion. This is probably because I'm a fairly closed-off person. I met with John and we talked about what was missing from the film and came up with a plan that seemed to make sense in Henry's universe. I was able to put together a second unit crew and we shot the missing scene on April 30, ten months after we had finished principal photography. Huay would DP, my classmate Anand Modi was 1st AC and Roshan would gaffe. Monique read lines with John while Rui ran audio. Once again, it had been a long time since I had worked with an actor, but the day went well. I think John was able to reach a little further inside during these pickups. It was nice to have the time to work on the scene without an overloaded schedule bearing down on us.

While we had the camera we also shot a few missing inserts featuring Basil's hands holding his camera. Instead of flying back to Hawai'i we shot at the volleyball courts at Zilker Park and in the darkened void of studio 4D. The child actor I used as a stand-in was one of the most difficult children I have ever met. He complained the entire time.

I also used this time to shoot a museum display case I had built in my kitchen featuring Hawaiian petro glyphs and a large photo of our leaping place of the soul at Makapu'u. This would be what Olivia was looking at in the Bishop Museum and transition into our title.

Two days later I flew back to Hawai'i alone to shoot replacement landscapes and establishing shots with a Magic Lantern hacked Canon 5D MKIII shooting RAW video. I spent the next week waking up at 4:30 AM to capture the sunrise at various locations on Oahu. I put the camera in an Ewa Marine bag and dunked it at least 50 times trying to get a shot that would serve as a transition as Henry follows Basil into the water. I shot the free hula show at Kuhio Beach to help establish the feel of Waikiki. I captured surfers and sunsets. I think this time was another form of therapy. It felt good to be shooting something that could, in some small way, help make the movie stronger.

I returned to Austin with three weeks left before my final committee meeting and screening of the film. I added the missing scene featuring Henry and I think this did help fill the void that existed in the movie. The replacement landscapes and establishing shots gave the movie room to breathe and helped visually establish the idea of paradise, which I always wanted to contrast with the idea of death and loss. The new transitions help keep the movie flowing and I feel the final product is much stronger for these pickups.

When it came to score I had originally intended to use ukulele and cello music, recorded by myself. When I started playing along with the film, however, nothing fit. I had been working with ideas for over a year and in the abstract they made sense, but weren't working with the edit. The tone wasn't right. I also experimented with vintage Hawaiian music. That seemed clichéd. I tried Hawaiian slack key guitar. Purely by chance, or maybe it was my subconscious at work, the handful of songs I picked were the

exact same ones that appear in *The Descendents*. Great minds think alike. I wanted the music to relate to the islands, but I also wanted to be original.

While I was shooting the hula show at Kuhio Beach I recorded the music that was playing along. The hula that I chose to use in the edit was accompanied by a traditional Hawaiian chant, not the modern ukulele driven music most people associate with hula. While the audio coming out of the PA system at the hula show was too rough to use in the film, I liked the idea of using a traditional chant to reveal the leaping place of the soul. After a lengthy search I found the version that is in the cut. As chance would have it, the piece is titled *Na Po (The Nights)*. I had been looking for a new title for the film since the movie that was emerging from the footage was definitely not *Small Medium at Large*. I had all but settled on *Pō* based on the mythology behind the story. Finding this chant that shared the name made it official. After trying several other options and styles for the scene where Basil makes his way to the leaping place of the soul, I found another chant by the same group titled *Aia La O Pele (There is Pele)*. The tempo felt right and it added a sense of urgency to Basil's mission and Henry's responsibility. As the rock formation we used in the film is called Pele's Chair, I felt like this was the right piece to accompany this scene.

I tried different styles of music in different sections of the film, but everything I added seemed to detract from the overall tone. I pulled almost all of the music out and replaced it with the sound of waves and I felt I was on to something. I liked the idea of Basil and Henry never escaping the sound of the element that had stolen Olivia. The ocean could be a character in the film, even when we couldn't see it. It could be an instrument. It could be a theme.

This left just a few places where I felt the movie needed score. With the ukulele not working, I went back to the drawing board and thought about other instruments

associated with the islands. I've been a guitar player for over twenty years and immediately thought of the Weissenborn style instrument that rose to popularity during the Hawaiian music craze of the 1920s. The sound of the slide guitar played on the lap with a metal bar instead of being fretted became synonymous with the islands. Unfortunately everything I found that was played with this instrument sounded too light, almost like a caricature of Hawai'i. Then I came across Thomas Oliver. This young Kiwi plays a Weissenborn constructed with the traditional Koa wood native to Hawai'i. The melodic and mournful quality of his work captivated me. I slipped his version of the Jurassic Park theme into the opening of the film and fell in love with the tone. It was heroic. It carried with it a little melancholy. It was beautiful. Other little fun facts made the piece of music seem appropriate. The first line of the film is from Spielberg and this movie was inspired by so many of his great films driven by children. *Jurassic Park* was shot in Hawai'i, not far from our primary location. But most importantly I liked it.

Other tracks from Thomas Oliver's album worked well throughout the film and this sound became Basil's theme. *There May Be Hope Yet* transitioned Basil back to Waikiki and *Coming Back to Life* added a nice emotional punch to the underwater scene at the end of the film. Finally, I had found music that I thought did the film justice.

The final big question that I was left with was the voice-over at the beginning and end of the film. Adapted from the Hawaiian cultural guide *Nānā I Ke Kumu*, these lines were the spine of the narrative for almost two years. For me, they added something otherworldly to the movie, something majestic, but every time I showed someone the film notes popped up about the lines. Some found them confusing. "How does Basil know this? What did he just say?" They weren't working at the end. Nothing more needed to be said after the underwater scene. This left the question of whether or not the voice-over was needed in the beginning. When I removed it and played the intro, even

without music, it felt like there was more breathing room. The audience now had time to take in what Basil was looking at without having to try and figure out what he was saying. Removing the voice-over also placed the focus of the film back on Basil and his family. The voice-over gave the project an almost educational quality. “Listen my children and you will hear...” I didn’t want the movie to be pedantic. I wanted it to feel personal. It was time to kill my darlings and lose the lines that I thought were so important to the film.

With music selected and the clock running down it was time to mix the film. Rui Silva, our production sound mixer, would also mix the final movie. Knowing the film as well as he did, he was the obvious choice. Plus he is so damned nice. Rui spent three days working. Much of that time was taken up with cleaning the audio from our challenging locations. The scene between Basil and William in Waikiki was one of the most challenging. After cleaning the audio we focused on ambiences and designing the underwater scenes. The soundscape underwater is fascinating. When I was shooting pickups in Hawai’i I paid close attention to what it sounded like beneath the waves. We arrived at a mixture of wave sounds, wind and low frequency rumble to add tension to the underwater dream sequences.

Anand Modi volunteered for the task of grading the final movie. By the time I had a final cut we had used seven different camera systems in the film. The bulk was shot on a Sony F3. A Canon 7D was used on some of the underwater material during principal photography, but most of that was shot on a GoPro Hero 3. I shot a few landscapes on a Blackmagic Cinema Camera the first go around. We shot the underwater scene in Austin on a RED Epic at 4K. The pickups with John were shot using an Arri Alexa at 2K. The final landscapes and establishing shots were captured using a hacked

Canon 5D MKIII shooting RAW video. Anand would have to blend all of these different camera systems.

My old boss Erik Horn, who now works at Arts + Labor, did the special effects work on the underwater scene at the end of the film. It was his idea to shoot static underwater plates on my pickup trip using a GoPro and that footage added a nice ethereal quality to the finished product. It was fun to watch that scene come to life. And with that final touch the movie was finished almost two years after I had first imagined someone standing at the leaping place of the soul, trying to bring back someone they loved from the great beyond.

Chapter 6: Afterward

While I am very critical of this project, I place any of the film's shortcomings squarely on my shoulders. Many people worked very hard to bring this extremely ambitious project to life and I am grateful for their trust and support. I am writing this account almost one year after the completion of principal photography, so there are bound to be some discrepancies. Some of these memories, however, are forever burned into my psyche, and try as I may, I will never forget them. Hopefully this report will serve as a post-mortem of sorts to help me figure out how to grow as a filmmaker.

The production phase of this project was very difficult and pushed everyone past the red line. When I'm being modest I tell people that this was one of the most challenging experiences of my life. If I'm being honest I tell people it was one of the worst. When I try and pinpoint what went wrong it all comes back to the ambitious nature of the project. The risk of ambition is catastrophic failure, and while this movie isn't a total loss, it doesn't really live up to my goals. I think I tried to do too much with this film and as a result it suffered. The script was long and there were too many scenes and too many locations. This required a schedule that had very little room to compensate for the unexpected, and there was a lot that was thrown at this production. Every day I felt like the train was in danger of flying off the rails because of one hiccup or another.

There were so many moving parts, and so few people to keep track of them, that there was very little room for good creative decision-making. This is my biggest challenge in filmmaking and I have encountered it with every project I have worked on. So much effort is required to put the pieces in motion to create the moment that you are capturing, but in that moment when you should be the most centered, the most calm, the

most creative, you are absolutely spent. It's like running a marathon before performing a ballet. Maybe it works for some people, but not for me. If I keep making movies I need to find a way to ensure that creative space exists in the chaos that is production.

I hated the first cut of this movie. It felt like a total failure. I still have a hard time seeing past the horrors of production and I think that negatively influences my impression of the final product. I have completely lost perspective. I am told that it is not bad. One day I hope that I can see it that way. I can say that I learned a lot about filmmaking, and myself, over the two years that it took to make this vision a reality. Another graduate of the MFA program told me that the thesis is the real film school. This is where you learn the hard lessons. I agree.

I want to be proud of this film. The fact that it even exists is a testament to all of the hard work put in by so many people. I'm reminded of the Robert Browning quote as I close this report. "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

Appendix A: Pō Shooting Script

INT. BISHOP MUSEUM - DAY

Sunlight filters through the Hawai'i State Museum of Culture and Natural History. It casts a soft, warm glow on the polished koa wood surfaces. A sperm whale, sharks and rays hang suspended from the ceiling.

BASIL (V.O.)

There is an ocean of time, so wide
we cannot see its shores, so great
we cannot know its depths. It is
into this darkness that the
spirits of men dive. The sea
merges with the sky, the sky
merges with the land. This is time
out of time. This is eternity.
This is Po.

Basil, ten years old, stares at a group of sea turtles that swim through the light of the atrium with the other sea life. He snaps a photo with a camera that hangs from his wrist.

HENRY, Basil's father, walks up behind him and nods in the direction of a shark hanging in the air.

HENRY

You're gonna need a bigger boat.
Basil looks at his father, not
getting the joke.

BASIL

What?

HENRY

Where's your mom?

In another corner of the museum OLIVIA, dressed in a flower print dress, sits on a bench. A book of Hawaiian mythology is open on her lap. Her lips move as she reads the text. The sound of the surf builds softly in the background.

BASIL (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
Mom.
(louder)
Mom!

OLIVIA
(whispering)
Basil! Shhh...

Basil approaches Olivia.

BASIL
Come on, dad says there are gonna
be fire dancers!

Basil breaks off to join his father. Olivia reads for a beat before closing the book and joining her husband and son.

EXT. WAIKIKI - EVENING

Basil and his parents walk down the streets of Waikiki, past silver-painted living statues and buskers selling photo opportunities with tropical birds. Basil takes pictures with his camera.

Henry emerges from a convenience store and places a plumeria blossom hair clip behind Olivia's left ear. She beams.

HENRY
Happy anniversary, hon.

Olivia repays him with a kiss. Basil is nonplussed by the PDA and wanders off to explore.

Basil spots a brochure on the ground and bends down to pick it up. The cover of the flyer features WILLIAM, a local man in his 40s, standing in the middle of a graveyard wearing an ancient pair of night vision

goggles. The literature promises LOST SOULS - THE UNEXPLAINED - TOUCHING THE OTHER SIDE.

Basil looks up from the piece of paper and spots William a few yards away handing out brochures to tourists. Basil follows him and records video of the curious stranger with his camera. William spots Basil offers him a brochure.

WILLIAM

How 'bout a tour, big guy?

BASIL

Are you for real?

WILLIAM

You think I do this for fun?

BASIL

I dunno.

WILLIAM

Well, let's just say that things happen a little differently when you die here in paradise.

Basil is skeptical.

BASIL

But you're just as dead as any place else.

WILLIAM

Nah. See, here our spirit makes it's way to a stone that marks the leaping place of the soul. You dive into Po, into the ocean of eternity, where you're embraced by the world of your ancestors.

BASIL

Uh-huh.

WILLIAM

Sometimes, if it's not your time,

they turn you around and send you
right back to the world of the
living.

BASIL
Like zombies?

WILLIAM
You gonna let me finish?
(William finds his place)
But if you've upset your
ancestors, or you have unfinished
earthy duties, you can wander for
eternity, a lost spirit.

Basil sizes him up, not sure whether to buy his story.

WILLIAM
And that's where we come in.

William lowers his night vision goggles. Basil looks
into the lenses and sees his own reflection.

OLIVIA
Basil! Basil, come here!

Basil turns around and spots his parents, who look a
little frantic.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What happened to the buddy system?

BASIL
I thought you and dad were
buddies.

Olivia looks a little taken aback by the comment.

William offers Olivia and Henry a brochure.

WILLIAM
We put the paranormal back in
paradise.

HENRY

I bet.

OLIVIA
Maybe next time.

Olivia and Henry herd Basil away, but he looks back and snaps one last photo of William before disappearing around a corner.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Basil is asleep in his bed. The room is a general mess of dirty clothes. The door creaks open and Olivia enters, the flower clip tucked behind her ear.

OLIVIA
This place is a wreck! You were supposed to pack last night.

Basil just groans.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Maybe next time there's a buffet you won't be such a little piglet.

Olivia pokes Basil in the side and he squirms.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Let's go watch the sunrise before we head to the airport.

BASIL
I've seen the sunrise.

OLIVIA
Not this one.

Basil rolls over and buries his face in his pillow.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
You're dad pulled the same stunt.

Basil is silent.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Alright. I'll see ya...

Olivia stands and slips out of the room.

EXT. KOKOLOLIO BEACH - DAY

Olivia walks down the deserted beach in the morning light. She takes in the rising sun. She slips off her sandals and places her phone and beach wrap beside them. She wades into the surf, dipping her head in the water and pushing back her wet hair. The morning sunlight warms her features and the plumeria blossom behind her ear.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Basil packs his bags. Henry, a cell phone to his ear, appears in the doorway. He watches as his son struggles to cram souvenirs into the already full bag. A tiki mask, leis, maps, random brochures and menus stolen from local restaurants.

HENRY
You don't have to take the whole island home.

BASIL
How else will I prove I was here?

HENRY
Did mom say how long she was gonna to be gone?

Basil shrugs, but doesn't look up and Henry exits.

EXT. KOKOLOLIO BEACH - DAY

Henry walks down the length of the beach looking for Olivia. He finds her things. He scans the horizon above the waves. Nothing but water as far as the eye can see.

EXT. WATERS OFF KOKOLOLIO BEACH - DAY

Darkness. Then water. Then light.

Basil swims through the turquoise water. He catches flashes of his mother as she swims in and out of his vision. Her hair. Her arms. He tries to find her, but she keeps disappearing. Basil surfaces, removes his goggles and scans the water.

BASIL

Mom!

FADE TO BLACK

He is alone.

OLIVIA

(whispering)

Basil...

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Basil wakes suddenly, breathing fast.

On-screen text: 3 DAYS LATER

Basil is in his parents bedroom, laying next to his father. Shadows dance on the walls as the night breeze shifts the curtains of an open window.

EXT. KOKOLOLIO BEACH - DAY

Basil sits on the sand and stares out at the ocean. He has been crying.

A crunch of sand.

HENRY (O.S.)

Basil?

The sound of another voice pulls Basil out of his trance and he tries to hide his sadness. Henry sits down in the sand next to his son and the two stare out at the waves.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Your grandmother wants to have the
service on Wednesday.

BASIL
She's a good swimmer.

HENRY
We're flying home tomorrow.

BASIL
We can't leave mom.

HENRY
Basil... She's gone.

Behind them clouds creep over the mountains.

INT. BASIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Basil is packing his bags once again. The items have a
new weight. A voice startles him.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
Basil!

Basil looks around, but he is alone in his room.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Basil, come here!

Basil tracks the voice to the camera on his bed. The
video he shot of William and his parents plays on a
loop.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Basil, come here!

Basil pauses the video on a frame of his mother. He
returns to his suitcase and finds the Paradise Ghost
Tours brochure and begins to read.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY 11

Henry, a broken man, is packing Olivia's bag. He stops when he comes to a floral print dress. He sits on the bed with the dress and smells it. He starts to cry. Basil appears in the doorway and watches for a beat before turning and heading for the front door, the ghost tour brochure and camera in his hands.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 12

Basil sits at the bus stop. The bus arrives and Basil departs.

EXT. WAIKIKI - NIGHT

Basil walks the hectic streets of Waikiki alone, referring to the ghost tour brochure from time to time.

EXT. KAPIOLANI BANDSTAND - NIGHT

Basil finally spots William on the steps of a bandstand.

William, night vision goggles propped on his head, is surrounded by a handful of tourists. Basil squirms his way into the center of the group and listens.

WILLIAM

First things first. You gotta protect your heart, protect your mind. I don't know what kind of baggage you're carrying around and we don't want anything bad to happen tonight.

Basil looks around at his fellow ghost hunters.

BASIL

Like what?

WILLIAM

Last week we had a possession. No joke.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The grave markers of the old cemetery look out of place among the rising palms swaying in the night breeze. The Paradise Ghost Tours van pulls through the cemetery gates and parks. William helps the tourists exit.

WILLIAM

Everyone keep and eye out for
orbs.

BASIL

Orbs?

WILLIAM

Lemme see that camera.

Basil hands William his camera. The guide snaps a quick photo of Basil and returns the camera, pointing at the image on the back. The photo of Basil, taken with an unsteady hand, shows trails and balls of light.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Orbs. Spirit energy.

Basil examines the photo. William turns to the tour group.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Here's the most important rule of
ghost hunting.

(beat)

Never go into the field alone.

They head out into the cemetery. Tourists begin snapping photos at random. Basil sticks close to William.

BASIL

What if they can't find you?

WILLIAM

Who can't find you?

BASIL

Your ancestors at the leaping
place... What if you're just
visiting and they don't know where
you are?

William thinks for a beat.

BASIL (CONT'D)

Can we go there?

WILLIAM

It's a little late, buddy. Why
don't you help your parents look
for orbs.

BASIL

We could find her.

WILLIAM

Find who?

BASIL

Maybe we can turn her around.

WILLIAM

Who?

Basil is quiet for a moment, navigating the photos on
his camera. He stops at one and shows William a
snapshot of his mother.

BASIL

My mom...

(he starts to cry)

She went swimming three days ago
and never came back.

William is lost for words.

WILLIAM

Oh...

William crouches down to Basil's level and removes his night vision goggles, fiddling with them, looking for the right words.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Listen...

Basil looks up at William.

BASIL

We can bring her back.

WILLIAM

(looking around at the
other tourists)

Where's your dad?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGH

The van pulls up to Basil's vacation rental house. William exits and opens the door for Basil.

WILLIAM

Remember, Basil, protect your
heart, protect your mind.

Basil exits the van. The front door to the house opens and Henry runs out.

HENRY

Basil!

Basil turns, startled.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Where were you?

Henry grabs Basil by the shoulders.

BASIL

I know where mom is!

HENRY

I called the police!

BASIL

But I know where she is!

HENRY

We missed our flight!

BASIL

We should have been there with
her!

Basil breaks free from Henry's grip and runs into the house. Henry turns to William.

HENRY

You couldn't find enough tourists?

WILLIAM

I didn't know...

Henry stares at William for a beat before turning to the house.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

He's hurting. He's just looking
for answers.

Henry turns back to William.

HENRY

So am I.

Henry enters the house and closes the door.

EXT. WATERS OFF KOKOLOLIO BEACH – DAY

Basil treads water, scanning the waves around him. He turns to the shore.

Olivia exits the water, her back to Basil. She slowly walks up the beach, wringing the water from her hair.

BASIL

Mom!

Olivia walks up the beach without turning around.
Basil continues treading water.

INT. BASIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Basil wakes, breathing heavily.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Basil turns on the tap and pours himself a glass of water. As he drinks he hears the sound of the front door opening and closing.

Basil checks the door, but there is nobody there. He looks at the floor and sees wet footsteps leading from the door, down the hall, back to his bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He follows the prints and slowly opens his door.

INT. BASIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia's book of Hawaiian mythology sits open on Basil's bed.

Basil grabs his camera and starts taking photos of the room. He examines the results. Nothing.
Basil sits in bed with the book. His lips move as he reads by the light of a lamp. The sound of crashing surf builds.

An etching of the rock formation that is the *leina ka 'uhane*, the leaping place of the soul, fills the page.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Henry wakes in his bed alone. The house is as silent as a tomb.

INT. BASIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Henry knocks on the door.

HENRY

We're leaving for the airport at
nine.

There is no answer and he opens the door slowly.

Basil is gone. Henry sees the book of mythology open
on the bed. Basil has written a message for his
father.

SHE WOULDN'T STOP LOOKING FOR US!

INT. BUS - DAY

Basil, the only passenger, sits in the back of the bus
with a pair of swim goggles in his hands. He straps
them around his head and lifts a toy sea turtle to his
eye level.

BASIL

Never go into the field alone.

EXT. MAKAPU'U ENTRANCE - DAY

Basil walks down the trail at the entrance to the
park. He looks off in the distance. The actual point
of land he is headed to seems very far away. He sets
off on foot.

INT. CAR - DAY

Henry drives his rental car along the highways of
Oahu.

EXT. MAKAPU'U TRAIL - DAY

Basil can see the large volcanic rock that is the
leaping place of the soul in the distance. He runs to
it.

EXT. MAKAPU'U LEINA - DAY

The rock, primordial, towers over Basil.

Basil stands in front of the *leina ka 'uhane*. He doesn't know what to do exactly.

BASIL

Mom?

(beat)

Are you here?

He snaps a few photos. They are just photos, nothing magical. The sound of the wind and the surf builds.

Basil scans through the photos on his camera. His trip in reverse. With his mother at the luau, at the beach. Basil begins to cry.

BASIL (CONT'D)

I'm here.

(addressing the rock)

She wasn't done with me.

(beat)

I wasn't done with her.

Just the wind and the surf. He is at the end of the world. Not another soul around for miles.

EXT. MAKAPU'U SHORE — DAY

Basil walks down a nearby trail to the water's edge. He stares into the abyss of the Pacific Ocean. It seems vast, indifferent.

EXT. MAKAPU'U ENTRANCE — DAY

Back at the trail head Henry jumps out of the van and looks for Basil.

HENRY

Basil!

Henry notices the large stone formation looming in the distance and takes off running.

EXT. MAKAPU'U SHORE — DAY

Back at the water Basil takes off his shoes and neatly rolls his socks and places them inside. He takes off his shirt. He lowers the goggles into place over his eyes and walks into the water. Up to his knees. Up to his chest.

EXT. MAKAPU'U TRAIL - DAY

Henry sprints up the trail and the stone comes into sight. He arrives at the *leina ka 'uhane*, but doesn't see his son anywhere. The small toy turtle sits on the ground next to Basil's shoes.

Nothing.

HENRY

Basil!

Henry starts to cry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Basil!

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Basil sinks beneath the water and looks around. At first he sees nothing. Then a strange light appears in the darkness.

Olivia, wearing a floral print dress, swims into view. She looks serene. For the first time Basil looks at peace, smiling.

Olivia swims closer to Basil. They are almost nose to nose.

EXT. MAKAPU'U SHORE - DAY

Henry stands at the waters edge near Basil's socks and shoes. He looks down and sees something floating in the water. He bends to pick it up.

A plumeria blossom, similar to the one he Olivia wore. He looks back out at the water, a little harder this time.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Olivia, smiling, is reflected in Basil's goggles. She wraps her son in her arms. Their embrace lasts for a long moment before she kicks for the surface, still holding Basil.

Henry enters the water in a torrent of bubbles. He swims to his son and grabs him around the chest. Just as he kicks to the surface he sees Olivia. He is stunned. She smiles at him. Henry snaps back to reality and surfaces with Basil.

Basil smiles at his mother as the distance between them grows. He snaps a photo with his camera. Flash. Olivia is gone.

EXT. MAKAPU'U SHORE — DAY

Henry walks back from the water's edge with Basil in his arms.

HENRY

What if I couldn't find you?

Basil hugs his father.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're all I have, Basil.

Henry sets his son down.

BASIL

She's not lost.

Henry looks Basil for a long moment, brushing the hair from his son's eyes.

HENRY

I know. I know.

INT. HONOLULU INT'L AIRPORT — DAY

Basil walks with Henry through the open air terminal towards their gate.

BASIL (V.O.)

The sea merges with the sky. The sky merges with the land. This is time out of time. This is eternity. This is Po.

Basil spots a plumeria tree in a garden off the concourse and stops to look at it.

BASIL

And you and I, when our time has come, shall dive from our *leina*.

INT. AIRPLANE — DAY

Through the small window the island of Oahu glitters in the impossibly blue ocean.

Basil produces his camera and looks at the screen on the back. Olivia, serene, underwater.

BASIL

And, if we are worthy, our family will be waiting for us.

Appendix B: Pō Pickup Script

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

HENRY sits on the closed toilet, talking on the phone.

SALLY (O.S.)

What do you mean, it's over?

HENRY

They called off the search last night.

SALLY (O.S.)

You sound awfully calm.

HENRY

(getting annoyed)

How am I supposed to sound?

SALLY (O.S.)

You sound like you're giving up.

Henry stands and takes a few steps.

HENRY

(angry)

I didn't give up! Half the island was looking for her. The Coast Guard had a fucking helicopter out there!

SALLY (O.S.)

They have to look again! What do they think happened?

HENRY

(about to lose it)

They said "This kind of thing happens all the time."

(beat)

She drowned.

Henry's legs begin to give out. He sits on the edge of the tub.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(breaking down)

I keep expecting her to walk through the door.

(beat)

She'd know what to do.

A sound at the door. Henry looks up. Footsteps walking away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to say to Basil?

Appendix C: Pō Concept Art









Appendix D: Pō Shooting Schedule

SMALL MEDIUM AT LARGE SCHEDULE						
Sheet #: 5 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 4	EXT Mornii	KOKOLOLIO BEACH Olivia gets in the water.	3		Est. Time 2:00
Sheet #: 7 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 6	EXT Day	KOKOLOLIO BEACH Henry finds Olivia's things on the beach.	2		Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 10 5/8 pgs	Scenes: 9	EXT Day	KOKOLOLIO BEACH Henry tells Basil that Olivia is gone and they have	1, 2		Est. Time 3:00
LUNCH 1:00						
Sheet #: 21 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 16	EXT Day	WATERS OFF KOKOLOLIO BEACH Basil dreams again of Olivia, now getting out of w	1, 3		Est. Time 3:00
End of Shooting Day 1 -- Friday, June 7, 2013 -- 1 2/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 10:00						
Sheet #: 28 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 23	INT Mornii	BUS - MOVING Basil travels to Kaena Point.	1		Est. Time 2:00
Sheet #: 30 6/8 pgs	Scenes: 25	INT Day	RENTAL CAR Henry drives to find Basil.	2		Est. Time 3:00
LUNCH/COMPANY MOVE 1:00						
Sheet #: 13 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 12	EXT Day	BUS STOP Basil sits at the bus stop.	1		Est. Time 2:00
End of Shooting Day 2 -- Saturday, June 8, 2013 -- 1 Pages -- Time Estimate: 8:00						
Sheet #: 12 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 11	INT Day	HENRY'S ROOM Henry packs Olivia's bag, Basil steals Henry's wal	1, 2		Est. Time 3:00
LUNCH/COMPANY MOVE 2:00						
Sheet #: 3 1 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 2	EXT Day	OPEN AIR MALL, WAIKIKI Henry buys plumeria for Olivia, the family meets V	1, 2, 3, 4		Est. Time 5:00
End of Shooting Day 3 -- Sunday, June 9, 2013 -- 1 6/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 10:00						
Sheet #: 29 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 24	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U STATE WAYSIDE Basil enters park.	1		Est. Time 1:30
Sheet #: 31 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 26	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U STATE WAYSIDE Basil runs to the leaping place, sees the ti leaves.	1		Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 33 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 28	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U STATE WAYSIDE Basil tries desperately to reach his mom.	1		Est. Time 1:30
LUNCH 1:00						
Sheet #: 32 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 27	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U STATE WAYSIDE Henry jumps out of the van looking for Basil.	2		Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 35 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 30	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U STATE WAYSIDE Henry continues to look for Basil and finds his toy	2		Est. Time 1:00

Sheet #: 37 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 32	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U WATER'S EDGE Henry sees plumeria blossom in water, then many	2	Est. Time 2:00
Sheet #: 40 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 34	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U WATER'S EDGE Henry carries Basil to shore and sets him down.	1, 2	Est. Time 2:00
Sheet #: 34 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 29	EXT Day	MAKAPU'U STATE WAYSIDE Basil wades into the water.	1	Est. Time 1:00
End of Shooting Day 4 -- Monday, June 10, 2013 -- 2 4/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 12:00					
Sheet #: 1 1 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 1	INT Day	BISHOP MUSEUM Basil checks out the turtles with Henry while Olivia	1, 2, 3	Est. Time 5:00
LUNCH/COMPANY MOVE 1:30					
Sheet #: 20 7/8 pgs	Scenes: 15	EXT Night	VACATION HOUSE Basil returns home to angry Henry.	1, 2, 4	Est. Time 3:00
End of Shooting Day 5 -- Tuesday, June 11, 2013 -- 2 Pages -- Time Estimate: 9:30					
Sheet #: 14 1 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 13	EXT Night	OPEN AIR MALL, WAIKIKI Basil walks the streets alone.	1	Est. Time 2:00
LUNCH (AFTER LIGHT PREP) 1:00					
Sheet #: 45 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 13A	EXT Night	KAPIOLANI BANDSTAND Basil finds William's ghost tour.	1, 4	Est. Time 5:00
End of Shooting Day 6 -- Wednesday, June 12, 2013 -- 1 7/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 8:00					
THURSDAY, JUNE 13 - COMPANY DAY OFF					
Sheet #: 27 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 22	INT Mornin'	BASIL'S ROOM Henry finds Basil gone and brochure and note on	2	Est. Time 1:30
Sheet #: 11 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 10	INT Day	BASIL'S ROOM Basil reads the Paradise Ghost Tours brochure.	1	Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 6 4/8 pgs	Scenes: 5	INT Day	BASIL'S ROOM Henry watches Basil pack his bag.	1, 2	Est. Time 2:00
LUNCH 1:00					
Sheet #: 4 6/8 pgs	Scenes: 3	INT Mornin'	BASIL'S ROOM Olivia tries to convince Basil to watch sunrise.	1, 3	Est. Time 4:00
Sheet #: 25 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 20	INT Night	BASIL'S ROOM Basil finds Kaena point in Olivia's book.	1	Est. Time 1:30
Sheet #: 22 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 17	INT Night	BASIL'S ROOM Basil wakes up a second time.	1	Est. Time 1:00
End of Shooting Day 7 -- Friday, June 14, 2013 -- 2 2/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 12:00					
SECOND UNIT - UNDERWATER					

Sheet #: 8 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 7	EXT Day	WATERS OFF KOKOLOLIO BEACH Basil dreams of mother underwater.	1, 3	Est. Time 2:00
LUNCH/MOVE - SECOND UNIT 1:30					
FIRST UNIT BEGIN - 5:30PM					
Sheet #: 26 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 21	INT Mornin	HENRY'S ROOM Henry wakes up alone.	2	Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 9 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 8	INT Night	HENRY'S ROOM Basil wakes up from nightmare, next to Henry sleep	1, 2	Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 23 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 18	INT Night	KITCHEN Basil pours a glass of water and hears door closing	1	Est. Time 1:00
Sheet #: 24 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 19	INT Night	ENTRYWAY/HALLWAY Basil looks at the door but no one there, sees wet	1	Est. Time 1:00
End of Shooting Day 8 -- Saturday, June 15, 2013 -- 7/8 Pages -- Time Estimate: 7:30					
SUNDAY, JUNE 16- COMPANY DAY OFF					
Sheet #: 19 2 pgs	Scenes: 14	EXT Night	CEMETERY William and Basil go ghost hunting and William talks	1, 4	Est. Time 10:00
End of Shooting Day 9 -- Monday, June 17, 2013 -- 2 Pages -- Time Estimate: 10:00					
TUESDAY, JUNE 18 -- COMPANY DAY OFF					
AIRPORT/AIRPLANE THIRD UNIT					
Sheet #: 44 3/8 pgs	Scenes: 35	INT Day	HONOLULU AIRPORT Henry and Basil walk to gate and see Plumeria tree	1, 2	Est. Time 3:00
Sheet #: 43 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 36	INT Day	AIRPLANE Basil looks out the window onto Oahu.	1, 2	Est. Time 2:00
AUSTIN 2ND UNIT					
Sheet #: 39 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 33	EXT Day	UNDERWATER Henry grabs Basil, sees Olivia, then swims to surface	1, 2, 3	Est. Time 3:00
Sheet #: 38 1/8 pgs	Scenes: 32	EXT Day	UNDERWATER Olivia holds Basil in her arms, then kicks toward surface	1, 3	Est. Time 2:00
Sheet #: 36 2/8 pgs	Scenes: 31	EXT Day	UNDERWATER Basil sinks under the water and sees Olivia.	1, 3	Est. Time 4:00

Bibliography

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Vita

Timothy Edwards spent his childhood in Indonesia and Houston, Texas. He graduated from Rice University in 2002 with a Bachelors of Science in Spanish Literature and Art & Art History. He began making films in Austin in 2006 and spent the next three years working as a freelance film and video editor. He entered the MFA in Film and Media Production program at the University of Texas at Austin in 2009. He has been the recipient of the Sol Taishoff Memorial Endowed Scholarship in Broadcasting, the Warren Skaaren Endowed Presidential Scholarship, the John E. Mankin, Sr. Texas Cable & Telecommunications Association Endowed Scholarship, and the Jesse H. Jones Endowed Centennial Fellowship while a graduate student at UT. His films *Sound Asleep*, *Instrumental*, *Paperless Office*, *Cinnamon*, and *Test Drive* have been rejected by every major international and national film festival.

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