BACK BURNER: A NARRATIVE SHORT FILM

by

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“Back Burner” Thesis Reflection

For the past two years, I have worked with a team to produce a narrative short film each semester. In the fall of my junior year, I wrote and served as producer for a three-minute short film. In the spring, I teamed up with my classmates to form the “Beasley Dream Team” to participate in the 40 Hour Film Festival at App State. Last semester I wrote and directed a film in a second-level video production course. And this semester, I compiled a team to help me as I wrote, directed, and produced my thesis narrative short film.

With each production, I became more confident in my work, the process became smoother, and the decision-making became more about creative choices and less about production basics. With each semester, I became more invested in video production, filmmaking, and visual storytelling. Writing, directing, and producing a narrative short film seemed to be the perfect culmination of my experiences in the program.

When creating “Back Burner,” I was able to use my experiences with past productions to decide what I wanted to do differently, and what worked well that I wanted to do the same. For example, “Love Cubed,” the film I worked on for my second-level video production course, consisted of a series of scenes depicting two characters talking to each other. This structure worked fine, but it meant that we ended up shooting each scene in almost the same way. With “Back Burner,” I wanted to emphasize visual storytelling and allow parts of the film to move forward without leaning so heavily on dialogue.

This goal is part of what motivated me to develop and explore the surreal “Limbo” world that the story of the film revolves around. The main character, Finley, exists in this other world, which parallels the real world. Finley can observe people in Limbo behaving as they do in real life.
life, and she has the ability to “tap in,” to temporarily take the place of people in the real world. This framework allowed for the creative visual freedom to develop the way Limbo looks and the conventions of this surreal world.

Making a film is a holistic process, and there are a lot of moving parts. Early on, I was able to work individually. I wrote the script, received feedback, revised the script, and so on. I also completed the pre-production paperwork individually, which is the organized method of preparation to ensure that everything regarding the film is ready for production.

Some aspects of the production book deal with logistics — lists of the cast and crew along with signed forms to indicate their agreement to the project; scout reports for the shooting locations including factors such as access to outlets and bathrooms; and schedules outlining all the different parts of the process. Other aspects of the production book deal with story and executing the script on camera — a rehearsal script, in which I identified character objectives and broke down the script into changes in objective; a shooting script, which I marked up to indicate what type of coverage we needed to get for each scene and named the shots; and shot lists which organized the scenes we needed to shoot by day and the order we needed to get shots.

Completing the production book individually was the most overwhelming part of the process for me. Typically in the program, we work in groups of four. We divide up the production roles, so there is still a designated producer, but we divide up the pre-production paperwork as well. A workload that I was used to sharing with three other people suddenly became my own. Parts of the pre-production process are engaging and enjoyable, as I get to take the script and visualize it. However, making sure all the release forms are filled out and signed,
organizing the documents, and adding page numbers are examples of time-consuming parts of the process, and they are less creatively fulfilling.

Though I was able to complete these parts of the process individually, the actual production process, shooting the film, required a team of people. Emulating the groups of four that I worked with for my video production courses, I knew that I wanted to find three other people who were dedicated to working with me on the project as a core crew — a sound mixer, a director of photography, and an assistant director.

Overall, my thesis project went very smoothly. One of the more stressful parts was handling changes in crew members. I began looking for a crew as soon as I developed the plan to do a narrative film for my thesis project, in November 2019. I found three people who I worked well with, and had worked on projects with me before. Over the course of December and the beginning of January, I operated as if these three people were my core crew. However, my director of photography had to back out in the beginning of January due to other commitments, and my assistant director and sound mixer were also working on a movie project for AppTV, so they were not nearly as available as we had initially anticipated. Even so, after a stressful week or so, I was able to find additional people to fill in the gaps, and I ended up with a terrific and hardworking team.

As opposed to having a small, core crew, I had a larger crew, and each person had fewer commitments or was present on fewer production days. Logistically, this system was slightly more complicated, but it ended up working because everyone on the project was prepared and skilled enough to come in and out seamlessly. If this system affected the final product at all, it was regarding inconsistencies in recording dialogue in-field. Four different people adopted this
role, with various levels of experience. Even so, in the overall scheme of the film, these production inconsistencies serve as part of the learning experience.

After finding my crew, I also found my actors, many of whom acted in past projects of mine as well. Between the cast and the crew, twenty seven people worked on this project in some capacity. This number emphasizes the level of collaboration necessary for film work. Even actors playing parts that do not speak must be committed to attending all the necessary production days for their scenes, because were they to show up the first day, but not the second, then the scenes would have inconsistencies that would make the story confusing and hurt the production value of the piece.

I planned for five production days to shoot “Back Burner.” The sets for the first three days consisted of my house, an outdoor park, and a coffee shop. Crossroads Coffee in the student union ended up being a perfect place to shoot, because there are no windows, it does not open until late on Sundays, and my contact was flexible and extremely generous about letting us into the student union and Crossroads before they opened. Access to these spaces helped the first set of production days go smoothly.

The last two days of production were to take place over the course of a weekend. We had shot all of the “real world” scenes, and only needed to shoot the “Limbo” scenes. In the scope of the film, “Limbo” is a surreal, void location. I needed to find a large, empty space with no natural light. I wanted to be able to set up imitations of all three real-world scenes in “Limbo” at the same time, so that Finley could travel seamlessly from one scene to the next.

I was able to reserve Legends, the music venue on campus, for this final production weekend. Legends fit the criteria of being large with no natural lighting, and the stage lighting
already installed in the space would be an additional perk. Also, the stage, the floor, and the bar in Legends would nicely segment the three different sets to represent the real-world scenes.

Before this production weekend, the COVID-19 pandemic caused the university to convert to remote education. Using Legends was no longer an option, and I did not have access to the audio and video production equipment from the Beasley Cage. Additionally, my actors and crew were scattered around the state. Regardless, meeting for our final production weekend would have been irresponsible considering the pandemic.

After so much time and effort invested in the film, I wanted to be able to produce a finished product. I was lucky to have all the footage from the real-world scenes, and the unique position of Limbo, this other world, allowed for creativity in coming up with solutions. I had the idea to animate the Limbo scenes. This seemed like the most effective way to still create a full limbo world while not being able to complete production.

I briefly considered learning how to create claymation, but I was lucky to find someone willing to digitally animate for me. We had to significantly reduce the content and scope of the remaining scenes in order to make animating feasible, but this compromise was worth the ability to still complete the film.

I am certainly proud of “Back Burner.” It is a complete, finalized short film, and my editor and I were able to spend the time to polish and make edits until I was happy with the product and ready to submit it and publish it. I am excited about the production value my team and I achieved, and though the story shifted some during production and due to COVID-19 changes, I love the way it turned out.
“Back Burner” is a time capsule for me, representing the slice that is my final semester in Boone. I called on all of my resources: friends, peers, professors, family, and locations. Whenever I watch “Back Burner,” I will feel grateful for all of the people that respected me and the film enough to contribute their time, energy, and creativity to create a film we can all be proud of.
Back Burner
Production Book

A film by
Sadie Maddock

Spring 2020, Appalachian State University
Back Burner

Production Book

04/22/2020
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Section 1 — Script

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1c. Lined Script
1d. Shooting Script
1e. Story Notes
1f. Visual Walkthrough
1g. Sound Design
1h. Script Release
1i. Edited Script for Animation
1j. Additional Sound Design Dialogue Scripts
Back Burner

Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK - DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they’re too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, “No Exit.” His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman – too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie’s clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

MARK
Man, that’s wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

FINLEY
Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

MARK
You can’t just leave me hanging like that.

FINLEY
I’ll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

MARK (CONTINUED)
What’s up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this…

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

ELLIE
(echoing Finley’s words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

ELLIE
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans into Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again.

A series of potted plants lines the wall. They are in progressively more intense states of decay. On one end, the plant thrives, on the other, it’s completely dead. Finley plucks a few dead leaves from the plant in the middle. She uses an empty tin can to water the ones that still thrive.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.
She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from – out of the “park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

    HUNTER
    I’m not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

    FINLEY
    Huh?

    HUNTER
    I mean, you can’t even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

FINLEY
Ummm... I’d say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It’s pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

HUNTER
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

HUNTER
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY
You know what, I think I’ll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he’s holding.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Do you have another?

HUNTER
I actually don’t. Sorry ‘bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

LIAM
(to Finley)
I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

FINLEY
Than-
But he’s already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

HUNTER
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do.
That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist. She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and "taps in" to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

    JESSIE
    It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

    FINLEY
    Ahh, me?

    LISA
    Yeah, man. Come on.

    FINLEY
    I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

    JESSIE
    What?

    LISA
    Come on.

    TONY
    We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

    FINLEY
    I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

    TONY
    Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

    LIAM
    (to Finley)
    It’s all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

FINLEY
Mhm.

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM
Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

    LIAM (CONT)
    Have we met?

    FINLEY
    Not that I know of.

    ROSE
    Ready? I’ve gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

    FINLEY
    (to Rose)
    Weren’t we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

    ROSE
    Really? We’ve talked about this.

    FINLEY
    Head on without me, I don’t mind.

    ROSE
    You drove.

    FINLEY
    Please.

The echo starts.

    JENN (V/O)
    (faint)
    ...please...

Rose crosses her arms.

    FINLEY
    I’d like to stay...

    JENN (V/O)
    ...like to stay...

    ROSE
    Look, I’ve just got so much shit to do, and I’m already stressed out.

    FINLEY
    Just give me...
INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

    FINLEY (CONT.)
    a few minutes.

    JENN
    ...a few minutes...

    FINLEY
    I just need to...

    JENN
    ...need to...

    FINLEY
    ...calm down.

    JENN
    ...calm down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

    FINLEY
    Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

    JENN (V/O)
    Where do you know me from?

    LIAM
    Ah I don’t know. I could be mistaken.

Finley lurches back to Rose.

    FINLEY
    I need to...

INT. LIMBO - DAY

    JENN
    ...need to...

    FINLEY
    ...be here. I need...
JENN
...here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP – DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What’ll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam’s eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she’s still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.
LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There’s a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummmm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

FINLEY
I’ll have—

Cut to black.
Back Burner
Sadie Maddock

Overall Objectives

Finley: To connect with someone
        To establish herself as an individual

Liam: To be a good person

Mark: To have a successful relationship

Hunter: To be cool and well-liked

Rose: To be right
EXT. PARK - DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She's unassuming and doesn't put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they're too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, "No Exit." His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman - too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie's temple.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Finley sits in Ellie's place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie's mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie's clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn't realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

MARK

Man, that's wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

FINLEY

Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

MARK

You can't just leave me hanging like that.

FINLEY

I'll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

MARK (CONTINUED)

What's up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it's all for, but it's nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y'know, to have a picnic together like this.

ELLIE
(choosing Finley's words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can't focus. Mark doesn't notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE
is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley's voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn't know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

 Didn’t...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

ELLIE

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans into Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again.

A series of potted plants lines the wall. They are in progressively more intense states of decay. On one end, the plant thrives, on the other, it’s completely dead. Finley plucks a few dead leaves from the plant in the middle. She uses an empty tin can to water the ones that still thrive.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.
She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from - out of the "park area" in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn't aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa's temple.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

HUNTER
I'm not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

FINLEY
Huh?

HUNTER
I mean, you can't even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

FINLEY

Ummm... I'd say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It's pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

HUNTER

Don't get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it's kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I'm under water you know, then I know I've had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY

Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

HUNTER

Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY

You know what, I think I'll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he's holding.

FINLEY (CONT.)

Do you have another?

HUNTER

I actually don't. Sorry 'bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

LIAM

(to Finley)

I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

FINLEY

Than-
But he's already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

\[ \text{HUNTER} \]
\[ \text{So what brings you?} \]

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

\[ \text{FINLEY} \]
\[ \text{It seemed like a fun thing to do.} \]
\[ \text{That's a good enough reason, isn't it? Plus, I wanted to meet people.} \]

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

\[ \text{HUNTER} \]
\[ \text{Hey man, you don't have to convince me.} \]

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

\[ \text{FINLEY} \]
\[ \text{I'm always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don't know why people can't just play regular old ping pong.} \]

\[ \text{HUNTER} \]
\[ \text{I'm shit at ping pong though.} \]

\[ \text{FINLEY} \]
\[ \text{(laughing)} \]
\[ \text{Well I'm actually pretty good.} \]

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter's waist. She kisses his neck.

\[ \text{HUNTER} \]
\[ \text{Well, hello there.} \]

Finley, holding onto Hunter's hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

\[ \text{FINLEY} \]
\[ \text{How 'bout we... find an empty room?} \]

\[ \text{HUNTER} \]
\[ \text{(flirting)} \]
\[ \text{Yeah, let's do that.} \]
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and "taps in" to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

JESSIE
It's your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We've nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now's our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We've almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It's all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That's what I'm talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it's empty. She goes down the hallway, hanging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter's shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We're looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn't know anyone here.

MELISSA
I've never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she'd embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the "party" area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

FINLEY
Mhm.

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM
Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

LIAM (CONT)
Have we met?

FINLEY
Not that I know of.

ROSE
Ready? I’ve gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

FINLEY
(to Rose)
Weren’t we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

ROSE
Really? We’ve talked about this.

FINLEY
Head on without me, I don’t mind.

ROSE
You drove.

FINLEY
Please.

The echo starts.

JENN (V/O)
(faint)
...please...

Rose crosses her arms.

FINLEY
I’d like to stay...

JENN (V/O)
...like to stay...

ROSE
Look, I’ve just got so much shit to do, and I’m already stressed out.

FINLEY
Just give me...
INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

    FINLEY (CONT.)
    a few minutes.

    JENN
    ...a few minutes...

    FINLEY
    I just need to...

    JENN
    ...need to...

    FINLEY
    ...calm down.

    JENN
    ...calm down.

---

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

    FINLEY
    Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

    JENN (V/O)
    Where do you know me from?

---

Finley’s objective: To get Liam to help

Liam’s objective: To add a conflict/confrontation

    LIAM
    Ah I don’t know. I could be mistaken.

Finley lurches back to Rose.

    FINLEY
    I need to...

---

INT. LIMBO - DAY

    JENN
    ...need to...

    FINLEY
    ...be here. I need...
JENN
... here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What'll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam's eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she's still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.
LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There’s a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

FINLEY
Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

I’ll have—

Cut to black.
Back Burner

Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK - DAY Scene 1

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She's unassuming and doesn't put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they're too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY Scene 2

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, "No Exit." His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman—too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

EXT. PARK — DAY

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

MARK
Man, that’s wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

FINLEY
Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

MARK
You can’t just leave me hanging like that.

FINLEY
I’ll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

MARK (CONTINUED)
What’s up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY Scene 4

MARK and the WOMAN are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind the woman.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

WOMAN
(choosing Finley’s words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY Scene 3 (cont

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
When you disappeared for a while...

The woman is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

WOMAN
...disappeared for a while...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY Scene 4 (cont

WOMAN
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY (cont)

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

WOMAN
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

WOMAN
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

WOMAN
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans in to Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again. She sits in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.

She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from - out of the “park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.
Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

    HUNTER
    I’m not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

    FINLEY
    Huh?

    HUNTER
    I mean, you can’t even keep up a conversation.

Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

    FINLEY
    Umm... I’d say that has much to do with the music as anything. It’s pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.
HUNTER
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

MARK
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY
You know what, I think I’ll stay a little longer.

Hunter gestures at her with his hand that’s holding the beer.

HUNTER
Want one?

FINLEY
Sure.

Hunter saunters to the fridge and grabs another beer, returns to Finley, and hands it to her. She cracks it open and slurps, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

MARK
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer can for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.
Beat.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong
is the game of choice. I don’t
know why people can’t just play
regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist.
She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a
twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.

Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the
doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and
she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She
squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads
her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY. Scene 7

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong
crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is
still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (Scene 6) (continued)

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.
CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY  Scene 7 (continued)

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn't anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  Scene 8

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That's all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY  Scene 7 (continued)

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.

She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and "taps in" to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT  Scene 9

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are four other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY, and one on the sidelines.

JESSIE
It's your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.
FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

Finley gestures to the person on the sideline.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.
FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?

MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

He looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What’ll you have?
Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. She looks back at the barista, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching the barista’s eyes follow her. She approaches Liam closely and winks, much like she did with Hunter.

Liam gets flustered.

    LIAM (CONT)
    Excuse me. Can I get you something?

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY  

Finley is standing in a coffee shop. Liam is still looking at her.

    LIAM (CONT)
    Hello?

Finley closes her eyes deliberately. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. The barista laughs nervously.

    LIAM (CONT)
    Are you alright?

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.

    LIAM (CONT)
    Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. Finley smiles.

    FINLEY
    I’ll have-

Cut to black.
Back Burner

Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK - DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She's unassuming and doesn't put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they're too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, "No Exit." His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman - too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie's temple.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Finley sits in Ellie's place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie's mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie's clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn't realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

    MARK
    Man, that's wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

    FINLEY
    Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

    MARK
    You can't just leave me hanging like that.

    FINLEY
    I'll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

What's up?

MARK (CONTINUED)
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don't get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That's absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don't move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you're coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let's stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it's
all for, but it's nice to be able
to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were
on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly
behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y'know, to have a picnic together
like this.

ELLIE
(echoing Finley's words
less than a second after
she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like
this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can't focus. Mark doesn't
notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The
echo causes Finley's voice to slur. She tries to talk more
loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn't know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

Didn’t...

FINLEY

ELLIE

Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans into Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again.

A series of potted plants lines the wall. They are in progressively more intense states of decay. On one end, the plant thrives, on the other, it’s completely dead. Finley plucks a few dead leaves from the plant in the middle. She uses an empty tin can to water the ones that still thrive.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.
She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from — out of the "park area" in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn't aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa's temple.

INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

HUNTER
I'm not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

FINLEY
Huh?

HUNTER
I mean, you can't even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

FINLEY
Ummm... I'd say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It's pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

HUNTER
Don't get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it's kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I'm under water you know, then I know I've had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

HUNTER
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY
You know what, I think I'll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he's holding.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Do you have another?

HUNTER
I actually don't. Sorry 'bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

LIAM (to Finley)
I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

FINLEY
But he’s already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

HUNTER
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus, I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist. She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the
doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and
she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She
squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads
her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong
crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is
still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands
nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there
isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open
space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom
lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down,
closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her
finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people
talking and music. That’s all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy
on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man
in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over
the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the
couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and "taps in" to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

JESSIE
It's your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We've nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now's our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We've almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It's all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she'd embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plods down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the "party" area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE

What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

FINLEY

Mhm.

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM

Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

LIAM (CONT)
Have we met?

FINLEY
Not that I know of.

ROSE
Ready? I’ve gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

FINLEY
(to Rose)
Weren’t we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

ROSE
Really? We’ve talked about this.

FINLEY
Head on without me, I don’t mind.

ROSE
You drove.

FINLEY
Please.

The echo starts.

JENN (V/O)
(faint)
...please...

Rose crosses her arms.

FINLEY
I’d like to stay...

JENN (V/O)
...like to stay...

ROSE
Look, I’ve just got so much shit to do, and I’m already stressed out.

FINLEY
Just give me...
INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

FINLEY (CONT.)
a few minutes.

JENN
...a few minutes...

FINLEY
I just need to...

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...calm down.

JENN
...calm down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

FINLEY
Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

JENN (V/O)
Where do you know me from?

LIAM
Ah I don't know. I could be mistaken.

Finley lurches back to Rose.

FINLEY
I need to...

INT. LIMBO - DAY

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...be here. I need...
...here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What'll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam's eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she's still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.
LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There’s a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

FINLEY Profile slider
I’ll have—
Cut to black.
Story Notes

Treatment

The mood of this piece has a certain whimsicality to it, but also an off-putting or unsettling nature at times. Finley is certainly the protagonist, though her way of interacting with the world is of a selfish nature.

The piece should have suspense. This can be accomplished by having moments where the characters and audience sit with what’s happening, and other moments where the action carries us through quickly. The contrast between these moments and the contrast between Limbo and the real world, will be important elements to keep us on our toes and uncertain about precisely how we feel about the situation.

In particular, the party scene becomes about Finley’s attempts to rescue Melissa, and then when Melissa halts these attempts, Finley is at a loss. The mood switches from anxious and urgent to awkward and underwhelming.

The ending to the piece is hopeful – it’s a promise, but not yet a fulfilment. It’s somewhat jarring. Finley has escaped the backburner, but is in unfamiliar territory. She is staking her hopefulness on Liam.
Character Backgrounds

**Finley**
Finley is a young woman, trapped in “Limbo,” the backstage, the back burner. She doesn’t know precisely why she’s there, but she’s been there for years, since she lost touch with herself and what she means to other people. One day, she woke up there, and has been there ever since.

She seeks connection, and she does this by “taking the place” or “embodifying” different people to steal their moments and interactions with others. She’s become resigned to this, feeding off the glimpses into others’ lives. She entertains herself by being playful in a mischievous manner.

Finley’s approach is both optimistic and cynical – she’s removed, and so she knows that what she does won’t affect her directly, but she also cares deeply about other people.

When she begins to push the envelope between embodying other people and inserting herself into their lives, she must deal with the consequences.

**Liam**
Liam is a relaxed, charming, and go-with-the-flow sort of guy. He works as a barista at a coffee shop. He’s been in this position for a few years, and plans on staying with it for the foreseeable future. He enjoys it because he likes the atmosphere and the people and even just the idea of being a barista.

Though he spends a lot of time by himself, he has many acquaintances and is well-liked by everyone he knows. He doesn’t really have close friends, because he doesn’t feel like expending the effort to become close with people. So, when he does hang out with people, it’s usually in a group, and it’s usually something that someone else planned.

He enjoys to read and write. He’s an observer, and tends to be aware of everything that’s happening and everyone around him.

**Mark/Ellie**
Mark has been in a relationship with Ellie for several years. Though they haven’t talked about marriage, they are serious and plan on being with each other. They’ve enjoyed the mountains, but are ready to move to a city to begin careers for real. They’ve been planning the move for several months.

**Hunter**
Hunter thinks he’s hot stuff. He’s charming, and definitely a bit of a player. He’s big in the house show scene and heads up his own band. He’s very comfortable with
where he is in life – though he’s not meeting big life moments, he has a lot of friends, has a job, likes where he’s staying, and has found a good balance between his music, his job, and his social life. Women like him, too.

Melissa
Melissa moved to town recently, and has been putting in efforts to become more connected and involved with what’s happening. She moved here on a job promotion, and left behind a solid network of friends. So far, she’s been moderately successful, but still doesn’t quite feel like she’s put down roots. She enjoys the party-atmosphere as much as the next person – enough that she doesn’t feel out of place. Parties aren’t her main form of social interaction, though.

Rose/Jenn
Rose and Jenn are roommates, and they were friends before they started living together. They’re in college, finishing up their last year. They have a bickering dynamic, but not in a malicious way. If anything, it indicates that they’re comfortable enough around each other to express what they feel and want. They frequent this particular coffee shop.
Back Burner
Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK - DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She's unassuming and doesn't put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they're too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up. We of sandwich bit

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, "No Exit." His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book...
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman - too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie’s clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn't realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

**MARK**

Man, that's wild. So what did she do?

**MCU Finley**

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

**FINLEY**

Ummm... It was wild for sure.

**MCU of them both**

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

**MARK**

You can't just leave me hanging like that.

**FINLEY**

I'll tell you all about it later.

**Mcu Finley**

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

**MARK (CONTINUED)**

What's up?
FINLEY  
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK  
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY  
I feel like I don't get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK  
That's absurd.

FINLEY  
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK  
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY  
Please don't move away.

MARK  
What?

FINLEY  
I want you to stay.

MARK  
(hostile)  
But... you're coming with me.

FINLEY  
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let's stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it's all for, but it's nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y'know, to have a picnic together like this.

ELLIE
(choosing Finley's words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can't focus. Mark doesn't notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley's voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn't know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

ELLIE
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

Transition to

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans into Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again.

A series of potted plants lines the wall. They are in progressively more intense states of decay. On one end, the plant thrives, on the other, it’s completely dead. Finley plucks a few dead leaves from the plant in the middle. She uses an empty tin can to water the ones that still thrive.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.
She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from - out of the "park area" in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn't aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa's temple.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

HUNTER
I'm not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

FINLEY
Huh?

HUNTER
I mean, you can't even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

**FINLEY**

Ummm... I'd say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It's pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

**HUNTER**

Don't get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it's kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I'm under water you know, then I know I've had a good time.

Finley laughs.

**FINLEY**

Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

**HUNTER**

Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

**FINLEY**

You know what, I think I'll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he's holding.

**FINLEY (CONT.)**

Do you have another?

**HUNTER**

I actually don't. Sorry 'bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. **LIAM** walks by holding a six-pack.

**LIAM**

(to Finley)

I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

**FINLEY**
But he’s already walked past.
She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

**MCU**
**Finley**

HUNTER
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

**MWS**
**Both**

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do.
That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

**MWS**
**Both**

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

**CU Finley**

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

**DS Hunter**

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist. She kisses his neck.

**MCU**
**Both**

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

**MWS**
**Both**

FINLEY
How ’bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO – DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple. CU Finley

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and "taps in" to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

JESSIE
It's your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We've nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now's our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We've almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It's all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That's what I'm talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it's empty. She goes down the hallway, hanging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter's shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We're looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn't know anyone here.

MELISSA
I've never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
MCU Melissa

MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY

CU Finley

Right.

ECU

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

ECU Finley

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

WS whole scene

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

Overhead 3/4 or closeup
on ground-level

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

MCU both

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

MCU all four people
from behind

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

CU Finley to temple

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

DS Rose

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

CU Finley

FINLEY
Mhm.

DS Liam

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

DS Liam

LIAM
Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

Liam (CONT)
Have we met?

Finley
Not that I know of.

Rose
Ready? I've gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

Finley (to Rose)
Weren't we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

Rose
Really? We've talked about this.

Finley
Head on without me, I don't mind.

Rose
You drove.

Finley
Please.

The echo starts.

Jenn (V/O)
(faint)
...please...

Rose
Rose crosses her arms.

Finley
I'd like to stay...

Jenn (V/O)
...like to stay...

Rose
Look, I've just got so much shit to do, and I'm already stressed out.

Finley
Just give me...
INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

FINLEY (CONT.)
a few minutes.

JENN
...a few minutes...

FINLEY
I just need to...

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...calm down.

JENN
...calm down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

FINLEY
Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

JENN (V/O)
Where do you know me from?

LIAM
Ah I don’t know. I could be mistaken.

DS Rose
Finley lurches back to Rose.

FINLEY
I need to...

INT. LIMBO - DAY

DS Rose
...need to...

JENN
...be here. I need...
JENN
...here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What'll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam's eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she's still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.
LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There's a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummm... Just let me know when you're ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they're doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

FINLEY
I'll have-

Cut to black.
Visual Conventions

- Extreme close up on eyes for transitions when blinking.
- When Finley first enters someone in the real world, the 1st shot is a dirty shot from her perspective before moving out to show the full scene.
Back Burner
Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK - DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

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Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

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from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

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EXT. PARK - DAY

Finley sits in Ellie's place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie's mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie's clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn't realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

    MARK
    Man, that's wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

    FINLEY
    Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

    MARK
    You can't just leave me hanging like that.

    FINLEY
    I'll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

    MARK (CONTINUED)
    What's up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY
MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

ELLIE
(vox off)
...to have a picnic together like this.

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY
Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

ELLIE
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans into Mark.

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FINLEY
Huh?

HUNTER
I mean, you can't even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder. 

**FINLEY**

Ummm... I'd say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It's pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

**HUNTER**

Don't get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it's kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I'm under water you know, then I know I've had a good time.

Finley laughs.

**FINLEY**

Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

**HUNTER**

Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

**FINLEY**

You know what, I think I'll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he's holding.

**FINLEY (CONT.)**

Do you have another?

**HUNTER**

I actually don't. Sorry 'bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

**LIAM**

(to Finley)

I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

**FINLEY**

Than-
But he’s already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

HUNTER
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do.
That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist. She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley's eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn't anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That's all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and "taps in" to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

JESSIE
It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It’s all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she'd embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the "party" area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

FINLEY
Mhm.

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM
Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

LIAM (CONT)
Have we met?

FINLEY
Not that I know of.

ROSE
Ready? I’ve gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

FINLEY
(to Rose)
Weren’t we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

ROSE
Really? We’ve talked about this.

FINLEY
Head on without me, I don’t mind.

ROSE
You drove.

FINLEY
Please.

FINLEY
The echo starts.

JENN (V/O)
(faint)
...please...

Rose crosses her arms.

FINLEY
I’d like to stay...

JENN (V/O)
...like to stay...

ROSE
Look, I’ve just got so much shit to do, and I’m already stressed out.

FINLEY
Just give me...
INT. LIMBO - DAY
Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

FINLEY (CONT.)
a few minutes.

JENN
...a few minutes...

FINLEY
I just need to...

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...calm down.

JENN
...calm down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY
Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

FINLEY
Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

JENN (V/O)
Where do you know me from?

LIAM
Ah I don’t know. I could be mistaken.

Finley lurches back to Rose.

FINLEY
I need to...

INT. LIMBO - DAY

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...be here. I need...
JENN
...here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What'll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam's eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she's still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.
LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There's a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Umm... Just let me know when you're ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they're doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

FINLEY
I'll have-

Cut to black.
# Third Party Non-Exclusive Script Release

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program (working title):</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Producer:</td>
<td>Sadie Maddox</td>
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<tr>
<td>Licenser:</td>
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| Licensor’s Preferred Credit Name: | Sadie Maddox |
| Script Title:           | Back Burner |
| Date of Agreement:      | 02/02/2020 |

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2. You hereby authorise us to produce a Program based on the Script (which we intend but do not undertake to do so), and in addition you hereby grant to us and persons authorised by us the non-exclusive right in perpetuity to record, copy, reproduce, broadcast, transmit and perform all or part of the Script for and/or in connection with the production, exploitation, promotion and/or advertising of the Program throughout the universe by all means and in all media whether now known or hereafter discovered or developed (including without limitation broadcasting by television, inclusion in cable Programs, and internet distribution).

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4. You hereby authorise us to alter the Script as we see fit, with or without your participation or consent. We intend to involve you in the process of further Script revisions, but neither you nor the Producers are required to do so, and the relationship for the purpose of writing Script revisions may be terminated by either party at any time for any reason.

5. We agree to credit you by your preferred name in the end credit roll of the Program as well as in all promotional materials that refer to the story and/or writing credits. Writing credits will be determined by the Producers, and will follow the Writer’s Guild of America Screen Credits Manual definitions and rules for screen credits as closely as the Producers can determine.

6. We shall be entitled to assign the benefit of this Agreement to any third party but we shall remain liable to you for all of our obligations under this agreement.
Yours faithfully

Agreed and accepted

For and on behalf of PRODUCERS

For and on behalf of LICENSOR
Edited for Animation

Back Burner

Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK – DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they’re too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, “No Exit.” His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book.
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman – too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

EXT. PARK – DAY

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie’s clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

MARK

Man, that’s wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

FINLEY

Ummm… It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

MARK

You can’t just leave me hanging like that.

FINLEY

I’ll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

MARK (CONTINUED)

What’s up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this…

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

ELLIE
( echoing Finley’s words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

ELLIE
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists (whichever is easier).

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark puts a hand on Ellie’s shoulder. Finley sighs deeply.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.

She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from - out of the “park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves. In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a chair.

Nearby, a man and a woman stand, chatting.

Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa’s temple.
INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

HUNTER
I’m not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

FINLEY
Huh?

HUNTER
I mean, you can’t even keep up a conversation.

Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

FINLEY
Ummm… I’d say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It’s pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

HUNTER
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.
HUNTER
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY
You know what, I think I’ll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he’s holding.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Do you have another?

HUNTER
I actually don’t. Sorry ‘bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

LIAM
(to Finley)
I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

FINLEY
Than-

But he’s already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

HUNTER
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.
FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong
is the game of choice. I don’t
know why people can’t just play
regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist.
She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a
twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.

Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the
doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and
she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She
squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads
her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong
crew is still going at it, and the person on the chair is
still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

She tenses up. She looks around again, but there isn’t
anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space.
Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the chair, crouches down,
closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her
finger.
CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

    LIAM
    (muffled)
    Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Finley stands next to him. The guy on the chair groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.

She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and “taps in” to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table – two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

    JESSIE
    It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

    FINLEY
    Ahh, me?

    LISA
    Yeah, man. Come on.

    FINLEY
    I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

    JESSIE
    What?

    LISA
    Come on.

    TONY
    We’ve nearly won.
Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It’s all you.

Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.
HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?

MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to exit the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, makes a coffee drink at a counter.

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley walks up to them, closes her eyes, and touches Jenn on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.
Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM
Here you are.

When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

LIAM (CONT)
Have we met?

FINLEY
Not that I know of.

ROSE
Ready? I’ve gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

FINLEY
(to Rose)
Weren’t we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

ROSE
Really? We’ve talked about this.

FINLEY
Head on without me, I don’t mind.

ROSE
You drove.

FINLEY
Please.

The echo starts.

JENN (V/O)
(faint)
...please...

Rose crosses her arms.

FINLEY
I’d like to stay...

JENN (V/O)
...like to stay...
ROSE
Look, I’ve just got so much shit to do, and I’m already stressed out.

FINLEY
Just give me...

INT. LIMBO - DAY
Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

FINLEY (CONT.)
a few minutes.

JENN
...a few minutes...

FINLEY
I just need to...

...need to...

JENN
...calm down.

FINLEY
...calm down.

JENN
...calm down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY
Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

FINLEY
Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

JENN (V/O)
Where do you know me from?

LIAM
Ah I don’t know. I could be mistaken.

Finley lurches back to Rose.

FINLEY
I need to...
INT. LIMBO - DAY

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...be here. I need...

JENN
...here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What’ll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam’s eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she’s still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.
LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.

LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There’s a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

FINLEY
I’ll have–

Cut to black.
Mark and Ellie Additional Dialogue

This is a piece of dialogue that will be muted and indistinct, but will fill 49 seconds of space in the park as well as the “Limbo park.”

MARK
We’ll have to go grocery shopping after this. I can’t do oatmeal for even one more morning.

ELLIE
Don’t be silly. Here we are having a decadent picnic, and all you can talk about is going to the store.

MARK
Decadent, huh? Don’t get me wrong, I love me some grapes and it’s hard to go wrong with bread and cheese. But cheddar cheese and one dollar bread isn’t precisely what I’d call decadent.

ELLIE
Well, when you start pushing the cart and stop waiting in the car, you can have more of a say.

... Have you heard back from the subleaser?

MARK
He’s still being flaky.

ELLIE
I guess we should look for a backup, then.

MARK
Sure. I can head that up since you’re doing so much of the work for the new place.

ELLIE
Thanks.

MARK
I suppose it’s the least I can do.

ELLIE
What a martyr.
MARK
I don’t know what I was talking about. This shit’s actually pretty tasty.
ELLIE
See?

Oh! I meant to tell you. I shouldn’t… but anyway. Lucy was sitting next to me in class the other day, we were right in the front row. She literally shat her pants, right in class. I could smell it for sure, but I just pretended not to. Man, it was smelly.

MARK
(Laughs)
MELISSA
I like the coat. The jean jacket with pins is a classic.

HUNTER
Ahh, thank you, thank you.

MELISSA
It’s chillier than I thought it would be. I guess I should have brought more of a coat. Sometimes it’s easier not to keep up with one at stuff like this though.

HUNTER
Oh, for sure. Plus, it’s kinda a nice, brisk, chill.

MELISSA
Hmm?

HUNTER
Oh, I just said it’s kind of nice.

MELISSA
Ahh, yes. Yes, I suppose it is.

HUNTER
Have you been to this place before?

MELISSA
I’m sorry, what?
Rose and Jenn Additional Dialogue, Coffee Shop Background

ROSE
What did you get?

JENN
Just a coffee.

ROSE
Wow, so fancy.

JENN
Are you sure you don’t want anything?

ROSE
I’m sure.

JENN
Suit yourself.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

JENN
I’d even watch it again. I don’t say that very often.

ROSE
Ahh, you just think the main dude was cute.

JENN
It was a good movie, I swear. You were the first to say it!

ROSE
Hey, I think he was cute, too.

JENN
Alright, maybe a little.

ROSE
I’ve got some pour over I can make at home. Not quite as delicious, but it’ll do the trick for a second cup.

JENN
Sounds great! I’ve gotta stick my laundry in as well. I don’t wanna admit how long it’s been.

ROSE
Hey, I’m not judging.

JENN
I just never have any quarters to spare.
Section 2 — Locations

2a. Scout Reports
2b. Location Releases
2c. Maps
# Location Scout Report

**Project Title:** Back Burner  
**Location:** Strawberry Hill (Park)  
New Horn in the West Parking Lot

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location Layout and orientation</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Please mark doors, windows, furniture, available power outlets and important equipment.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INTERIOR or EXTERIOR</th>
<th>RESIDENCE or BUSINESS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Type of heating/cooling:** N/A  
Switch to turn off heat/air? Y/N  
Noisy machinery always on? Y/N  
Road noise: 1 2 3 4 5  
Other sound issues: Airplanes, People talking  | Safe neighborhood? Y/N  
Parking available? Y/N  
Restrooms available? Y/N  
Wireless internet? Y/N  
Cell reception: GOOD BAD NONE  
Power available? No Y/N  
Number of circuits in location: NA |

---

132
Location Scout Report

Project Title: Backpack  
Location: Living Room, Hall, Bedroom
217A Winky Drive, Boone NC 28607

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INTERIOR</th>
<th>EXTERIOR</th>
<th>RESIDENCE</th>
<th>BUSINESS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Location Layout and orientation

Please mark doors, windows, furniture, available power outlets and important equipment.

- Kitchen
- Living Room
- Bathroom
- Bedroom
- Futon Bed
- Closets
- Bookshelves

### Type of heating/cooling:
- Propane
- Y/N

### Switch to turn off heat/air:
- Y/N

### Noisy machinery always on:
- Y/N

### Road noise:
1. 2. 3. 4. 5

### Other sound issues:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Y/N</td>
<td>Y/N</td>
<td>Y/N</td>
<td>Y/N</td>
<td>GOOD</td>
<td>Y/N</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

133
# Location Scout Report

Project Title: Back Burner  
Location: Kitchen  

217 A Winky Drive, Boone 28607

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INTERIOR</th>
<th>EXTERIOR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RESIDENCE</td>
<td>BUSINESS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Location Layout and orientation**

Please mark doors, windows, furniture, available power outlets and important equipment.

![Diagram of a house with marked areas like Outside, Living Room, Hallway, Fridge, etc.]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of heating/cooling:</th>
<th>Safe neighborhood?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No AC</td>
<td>Y/N</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No propane heating</td>
<td>Y/N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Noise machinery always on?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Road noise:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Other sound issues:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Unplug refrigerator</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Parking available?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Y/N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Restrooms available?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Y/N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wireless internet?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Y/N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cell reception:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GOOD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Power available?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Y/N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of circuits in location:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
Location Scout Report
Project Title: Back Yards
Location: Front Yard

217A Winding Drive, Boone NC 28607

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INTERIOR or EXTERIOR</th>
<th>RESIDENCE or BUSINESS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Location Layout and orientation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Please mark doors, windows, furniture, available power outlets and important equipment.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E</th>
<th>N</th>
<th>W</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Gravel Parking Lot
Yard
House

Type of heating/cooling: N/A
Switch to turn off heat/air? Y/N
Noisy machinery always on? Y/N
Road noise: 1 2 3 4 5
Other sound issues: People walking or driving by occasionally

|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|

Number of circuits in location: None 0.5kWh
Location Release

Program(s) (working title):
Back Burner

Property Owner's Name: Mike Bowman

Property Owner's Mailing Address:
1413 6th Street Circle NW
Hickory, NC 28601

Property Owner's Telephone Number:
(828)244-0575

Property Address
(if different from Owner's Mailing Add):
217A Windy Drive, Boone, NC 28607

Period of recording:
February, March 2020
Date of Agreement: 2/11/2020

Thanks for agreeing to participate in the production of the Program.

Please read this letter and, if you understand and accept the following points, sign where indicated below.

1. In consideration for our agreement to make arrangements to record the Program (or part(s) thereof) at the Property you hereby grant to us and persons authorised by us (and warrant that you are entitled to grant to us) the non-exclusive right during the Period to enter upon the Property and to film, photograph and record and/or include in a live relay all or any part of the interior, the exterior and the contents of the Property in connection with our production of the Program and for such purpose to bring onto and into the Property such persons and equipment as we may deem appropriate.

2. The "Period" shall mean that period of recording specified above together with further days (if any) or parts thereof as may be agreed between us for the purposes of additional photography for the Programs.

3. All rights in the films, photographs and recordings made and/or taken by us at the Property and in the transmissions made by us from the Property shall vest in us and we shall be entitled to assign, license and/or exploit the same by all means and in all media as we may at our absolute discretion elect. We may (or may not - at our election) include any or all of such films, photographs, recordings or transmissions in any films or Program or to exploit the same or any film or Program in which the same are included. You hereby warrant to us that you are entitled to grant to us the rights referred to in this letter agreement.

4. We shall indemnify you against any damage which may be caused to the Property by the negligent act or omission of ourselves or our agents, employees or invitees.

5. This agreement shall be freely assignable by us.

Yours faithfully

For and on behalf of the production team.

Agreed and accepted

For and on behalf of
OWNER:
Location Release

Program(s) (working title): Back Burner
Property Owner's Name: Charlie Wallin
Property Owner's Mailing Address:
Roess Dining Hall 480 Rivers St. Boone, NC
Property Owner's Telephone Number:
(828)773-1382
Property Address (if different from Owner's Mailing Add):
263 Locust St, Boone, NC 28608
Period of recording: March 2020
Date of Agreement: 4/21/2020

Thanks for agreeing to participate in the production of the Program.

Please read this letter and, if you understand and accept the following points, sign where indicated below.

1. In consideration for our agreement to make arrangements to record the Program (or part(s) thereof) at the Property you hereby grant to us and persons authorised by us (and warrant that you are entitled to grant to us) the non-exclusive right during the Period to enter upon the Property and to film, photograph and record and/or include in a live relay all or any part of the interior, the exterior and the contents of the Property in connection with our production of the Program and for such purpose to bring onto and into the Property such persons and equipment as we may deem appropriate.

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Yours faithfully

[Signature]

Agreed and accepted

[Signature]

For and on behalf of the production team.

For and on behalf of

OWNER: Charles Wallin
Section 3 — Personnel

3a. Cast List
3b. Crew List
3c. Appearance Releases
3d. Cew Agreements
Section 4 — Schedule

4a. Breakdown Sheets
4b. Production Calendar
4c. Post-production Calendar
4d. Call Sheets
4e. Shot Lists
4f. Prop Lists
4g. Gear Lists
# Breakdown Sheet

**Show:** Back Burner  
**Production #:** 1  
**Episode:** N/A  
**Date:** 2/15/2020  
**Location:** Park

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene #'s</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>No. of Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>(INT) EXT Finley watches picnicng couple</td>
<td>3/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>EXT Finley, in Ellie's plan, talks to Mark</td>
<td>20/8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Cast</th>
<th>Bits/Double</th>
<th>Atmosphere</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Finley</td>
<td>Napping Man, Reading Book</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Two People Walking</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mark</td>
<td></td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Ellie</td>
<td></td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Wardrobe**
- Neutral, Baggy clothes for Finley
- Weather-appropriate, casual clothes for Mark, Ellie, and the rest
- A hat, for Ellie at least

**Props/Set Dressing**
- Picnic Blanket
- "No-Fail" Book
- Sandwich
- Picnic Basket
- Baguette
- Plastic Bag

**Spec. Effects**
- Transitioning from Park to Limbo
- Echo

**Stunts**
- N/A

**Music/Sound/Camera**
- Echo (Ellie echoes Finley)
- Dog Barking

**Hair/Make-up**
- N/A

**Special Requirements**
- N/A
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCENE #/S</th>
<th>DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>NO. OF PAGES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>(INT)(EXT) The fake scene, but in Limbo</td>
<td>6/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Mark and Finley looking. Elle censoring</td>
<td>4/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Finley Moves From fake Limbo to Party Limbo</td>
<td>8/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Party limbo</td>
<td>6/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Coffee Shop Limbo</td>
<td>10/6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>CAST</th>
<th>BITS/DOUBLES</th>
<th>ATMOSPHERE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Finley</td>
<td>Napping Man Reading Book</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mark</td>
<td>Two People Walking</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Ellie</td>
<td>Neutral, Baggy clothes for Finley</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Melissa</td>
<td>Weather-appropriate, casual clothes for Mark, Ellie, and the rest</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Hunter</td>
<td>A hat for Ellie</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Kyle</td>
<td>Beige Blanket</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Tony</td>
<td>Green Blanket</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Lisa</td>
<td>Brown Basket</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Jesse</td>
<td>Bread Basket</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Liam</td>
<td>Tan Basket</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Rose</td>
<td>Tan Basket, Food, Prop Bags</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Jan</td>
<td>Tan Basket, Food, Prop Bags</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SPEC. EFFECTS</th>
<th>TRANS/PIC VEHICLES</th>
<th>STUNTS</th>
<th>MUSIC/SOUND/CAMERA</th>
<th>WRANGLERS/LIVESTOCK</th>
<th>HAIR/MAKE-UP</th>
<th>SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Transition from Limbo to park</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Exhale</td>
<td></td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dog barking</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Underwater</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| © | 98 |
### Breakdown Sheet

**Show**: Back burner  
**Episode**: N/A  
**Production**: 2 - 4  
**Date**: 2/29/2020 - 3/1/2020  
**Location**: 217A Windy Drive

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene #/s</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>No. of Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>(INT)(EXT) Talking to Hunter in kitchen</td>
<td>1/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>In person passed out on couch</td>
<td>1/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Beer pong player to rescue Melissa</td>
<td>15/8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TOTAL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Cast</th>
<th>Bits/Doubles</th>
<th>Atmosphere</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1, 2</td>
<td>Finley, Hunter</td>
<td>Drunk passed out on couch</td>
<td>N/A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Liam</td>
<td>Ping pong player on sidelines</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4, 5</td>
<td>Lisa, Jesse</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Tony</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Wardrobe**
- Finley wears whatever the person she's embarrassing did.
- Finley clothes

**Props/Set Dressing**
- Oversized recycling bin
- Beer pong table
- Pizza box
- Red solo cups
- Ice, lemons, Ectoplasm, glass, water

**Spec. Effects**
- Transition from party to timber
- Stage lights
- Music, delicious sounds for scene &

**Trans/Pic Vehicles**
- N/A

**Stunts**

**Music/Sound/Camera**
- Sounds of music and voices

**Hair/Make-Up**

**Special Requirements**

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## BREAKDOWN SHEET

**SHOW**  | Back Burner  
**EPISODE**  | N/A  
**LOCATION**  | Crossroads coffee shop, PSU  
**DATE**  | 3/1/2020  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCENE #</th>
<th>DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>NO. OF PAGES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 11 | (INT) (EXT) Coffee shop - Finley & Jenn  
Finley breaks free  | (DAY) (NIGHT) 26/8  |

**TOTAL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>CAST</th>
<th>BITS/DOUBLES</th>
<th>ATMOSPHERE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Finley</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>Extro in coffee shop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Rose</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Liam</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Jenn</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**WARDROBE**

- Finley - Jenn's clothes  
- Her very own outfit  
- Apron for Liam

**PROPS/SET DRESSING**

- Mirror  
- Rug/Towel  
- Coffee cup

**SPEC. EFFECTS**

- Transitions between scenes

**TRANS/PIC VEHICLES**

- N/A

**STUNTS**

- N/A

**MUSIC/SOUND/CAMERA**

- Echo

**WRANGLERS/LIVESTOCK**

- N/A

**HAIR/MAKE-UP**

-  

**SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS**

-  
# Back Burner Production Calendar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>TIME FRAME</th>
<th>SCENES</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
<th>ACTORS NEEDED</th>
<th>AVAILABLE CREW</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, February 15th</td>
<td>Before 3pm</td>
<td>Park: Scenes 1 and 3</td>
<td>Strawberry Hill</td>
<td>Ella Crookshanks, Logan Frazier, Hannah Hagler, Erin Lashley, Dominic Gardella, Will Osborne</td>
<td>Sadie Maddock, Kim Ramirez, Ciera Thompson, Jay Trull, Uyen Nguyen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, March 1st</td>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>Coffee Shop: Scene 11</td>
<td>Crossroads, Plemmoms Student Union</td>
<td>Will Osborne, Hannah Hagler, Bianca Bortoluzzi, Charlotte Fonda</td>
<td>Sadie Maddock, Gabby, Kim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Evening</td>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>217A Windy Drive</td>
<td>Hunter, Hannah Hagler, Will Osborne</td>
<td>Marz (Evening?), John Park (Evening Shoot), Ciera (Evening Shoot)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Activity</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td>Names</td>
<td></td>
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<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, March 21st</td>
<td>All Day</td>
<td>Limbo:</td>
<td>TBD</td>
<td>Will need every single person at some point this weekend.</td>
<td>Sadie Maddock, Jay Trull, Gabby, Marz, Kim, Ciera</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday, March 22nd</td>
<td>All Day</td>
<td>Limbo:</td>
<td>TBD</td>
<td>Will need every single person at some point this weekend.</td>
<td>Sadie Maddock, Gabby, Marz (after 1pm), Kim, Ciera</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rough Cut of Park Scenes (1 + 3)</td>
<td>February 23rd</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rough Cut of Coffee Shop (11)</td>
<td>Friday, March 6th</td>
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<td>Rough Cut Party Scenes (6, 8, + 9)</td>
<td>Wednesday, March 18th</td>
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<td>Rough Cut Limbo Scenes</td>
<td>Wednesday, March 25th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Full Rough Cut</td>
<td>Saturday, March 28th</td>
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<td>Picture Lock</td>
<td>Thursday, April 2nd</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>(Send to Gavin so he can begin recording music)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dialogue Lock</td>
<td>Tuesday, April 7th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sound effect Lock</td>
<td>Sunday, April 12th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Music Lock</td>
<td>Tuesday, April 14th</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Updated Post-Production Calendar (As of Monday, April 13th)
Remaining time: Monday, April 13th - Wednesday April 22nd

Monday, April 13th - Wednesday, April 15th:
- Add in all animations we currently have access to
- Have the live-action video “picture-locked” in our opinion, so if there is anything Dr. McCreery still thinks is off, he can mention it.
- Add in the test recordings of the music
- Start to pick out sound design elements so we can begin to add them in right after picture-lock.
  - transition between limbo and real life
  - Party music
  - Park sounds - dog barking, ambient (maybe there is room tone from the park that we can use to cover the whole scene to make the ambiance consistent)
  - Which bits of the echoes to use

Wednesday, April 15th:
- Meet with Dr. McCreery for last bits of advice on picture-lock and any additional feedback on added elements.
- Get advice on editing dialogue

Thursday, April 16th - Sunday, April 19th:
- First, make any adjustments that still need to be made to live-action video.
- Edit the dialogue and begin to add in sound design elements
  - this will probably have to be done with each scene in a separate sequence. This way, even if we don’t have the precise timing of the animation, we can still send a sequence to Audition to do all the nice audio compression and levels matching and adding sound design without any timing adjustments messing up the work.
- Add in animations as they come our way
- Title and Credits
- Color correction

Sunday, April 19th:
- Gavin records music. (I’ll talk to Cat about the possibility of having animations done by this point so the timing is precise. If this is not possible, I’ll try to record a few takes of the music with slightly different timing each time, so that we have some flexibility with the animations. Regardless, the timing for the live-action music sequences can be precise)

Monday, April 20th
- Meet with Dr. McCreery at noon to show progress and hear his thoughts.

Monday, April 20th - Wednesday, April 22nd
- Add in music
- Finalize sound design
- Make sure title and credits are how we want them

Wednesday, April 22nd
- show Dr. McCreery

Thursday, April 23rd
- make any necessary last-minute adjustments
Call Sheet for February 15th

Tomorrow's shoot

Sadie Maddock <maddocks@appstate.edu> Fri, Feb 14, 10:57 PM  to logan.frazier, Ella, Hannah, Ciera, Jay, Anderson, Uyen, Marilena, Kimberly

Hello, hello!

I look forward to seeing you all tomorrow. Just a reminder that crew call is 8:30, and cast call is 9:00 at Horn in the West Parking lot, which is the site of the summer farmers' market.

I will have some snacks, but if you'd like any larger sort of meal, packing some extra food would be a good idea. (Ella, Logan, and Hannah, you'll have a lil extra food that I'll provide for your on-screen picnic).

It'll be chilly, so be sure to bundle up and bring extra layers and hats and gloves and such!

I've printed shot lists, so they'll be good to go for tomorrow.

Please let me know if you have any questions or comments.

Best,
Sadie
Back Burner
Call Sheet
February 29, 2020
Sunrise 06:58 a.m., Sunset 06:21 p.m.
Forecast (High 30, Low 20, Partly Cloudy)

Schedule

4:00 PM  Crew call (ON LOCATION)
5:00 PM  Talent call -- Liam, Hunter, Finley
6:30 PM  Scene 6
10:30 PM Wrap

Crew Contacts

Sadie Maddock
Producer
maddocks@appstate.edu

Marz Barberio
DP
barberiomn@appstate.edu

Ciera Thompson
AD
thompsoncd@appstate.edu

Kim Ramirez
Camera/Post-Production
ramirezkl@appstate.edu

Talent Contact

Hannah Hagler
Finley
haglerhm@appstate.edu

Izzy Martin
Melissa
martinig@appstate.edu

Will Osborne
Liam
osbornewr@appstate.edu

(910)722-9922
(984)833-9922
(919)475-9564
(704)219-6845
(980)505-3195
(336)264-3139
Location information

Location 1: Sadie’s House

217A Windy Drive
Boone, NC 28607

Sadie Maddock
Tenant
maddocks@appstate.edu

Sadie Maddock
Tenant
(910)722-9922

Secondary Contact: Mike Bowman
Property Owner
1413 6th Street Circle NW
Hickory, NC 28601

(828) 244-0675

Google url:
https://goo.gl/maps/DGn6rgxt3LyrCBQw9
Visitor parking is located:
Across from:147 Hillside Dr.
Boone, NC 28607
Head east on Windy Dr
Turn left on Hillside Dr
Gravel lot across the road
The hourly rate for parking is:
FREE

Contingency information

Mike Bowman
Property Owner
1413 6th Street Circle NW
Hickory, NC 28601

c 828 244-0675

Boone Police
Emergency: 911
Non-emergency: 828 268-6900

Nearest Hospital:

Watauga Medical Center
336 Deerfield Rd.
Boone, NC
828 262-4100
Located south of downtown
On the east side of 221/321
Past Lowe’s Home Improvement

1. Head east on Windy Dr
2. Turn left onto Hillside Dr
3. Turn right onto E King ST
4. Turn right onto US-221 S
5. Turn left after Zaxby’s (at the light)
6. Turn right onto Deerfield Rd
7. Arrive at destination

Nearest Convenience Store:

PENNYWISE
450 E King St
Boone, NC 28607
828 264-3098
ATM, Convenience store, Gas
Back Burner
Call Sheet
March 1, 2020
Sunrise 06:56 a.m., Sunset 06:22 p.m.
Forecast (High 50, Low 26, Sunny)

Schedule

8:30 AM   Crew call (ON LOCATION - PSU)
9:00 AM   Talent call – Will, Hannah, Bianca
9:30 AM   Scene 11
11:00 AM  Talent Call -- Charlotte
11:30 AM  Talent Call -- Coffee Shop Extras
1:30 PM   Wrap

4:30 PM   Crew Call (ON LOCATION – 217A WINDY)
5:30 PM   Talent Call – Hananh, Amelia, Wyatt, Jenna, Will, Sophia
6:30 PM   Scene 9
8:30 PM   Talent Call -- Anderson, Izzy
8:50 PM   Scene 9.5
11:00PM   Wrap

Crew Contacts

Sadie Maddock
Producer
maddocks@appstate.edu

Marz Barberio
DP
barberiomn@appstate.edu

Ciera Thompson
AD
thompsoncd@appstate.edu

Kim Ramirez
Camera/Post-Production
ramirezkl@appstate.edu

Talent Contact

Hannah Hagler
Finley

(910)722-9922
(984)833-9922
(919)475-9564
(704)219-6845
haglerhm@appstate.edu

Will Osborne (336)264-3139
Liam
osbornewr@appstate.edu

Bianca Bortoluzzi
Rose
bortoluzzibs@appstate.edu

Charlotte Fonda (336) 608-9407
Jenn
fondacg@appstate.edu

Location information

Location 1: Crossroads in Plemmons Student Union

263 Locust Street
Boone, NC 28608

Charlie Wallin (828)262-8309
Assistant Director of Campus Dining
wallincr@appstate.edu

Location 1 is located:
263 Locust Street
Boone, NC 28608
Visitor Parking is located:
Off of Howard Street, behind student union. Or, in Library Parking Deck.
Free on Weekends

Location 2: Sadie’s House

217A Windy Drive
Boone, NC 28607

Sadie Maddock
Tenant
maddocks@appstate.edu

Secondary Contact: Mike Bowman
Property Owner
1413 6th Street Circle NW
Hickory, NC 28601

(910)722-9922
(828) 244-0675

Location 2 is located:
217A Windy Drive
Boone, NC 28607

Google url:
https://goo.gl/maps/DGn6rgxt3LyrCBQw9
Visitor parking is located:
Across from: 147 Hillside Dr.
Boone, NC 28607
Head east on Windy Dr
Turn left on Hillside Dr
Gravel lot across the road
The hourly rate for parking is:
FREE

Contingency information

Mike Bowman  
Property Owner  
1413 6th Street Circle NW  
Hickory, NC 28601

c 828 244-0675

Boone Police  
Emergency: 911
Non-emergency: 828 268-6900

Nearest Hospital:

Watauga Medical Center
336 Deerfield Rd.
Boone, NC
828 262-4100
Located south of downtown
On the east side of 221/321
Past Lowe’s Home Improvement

1. Head east on Windy Dr
2. Turn left onto Hillside Dr
3. Turn right onto E King ST
4. Turn right onto US-221 S
5. Turn left after Zaxby’s (at the light)
6. Turn right onto Deerfield Rd
7. Arrive at destination

Nearest Convenience Store:

PENNYWISE
450 E King St
Boone, NC 28607
828 264-3098
ATM, Convenience store, Gas
# Shot List

**Back Burner**

15/02/2020

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Order</th>
<th>Setup</th>
<th>Shot</th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Lens</th>
<th>Equipment</th>
<th>Move</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Prep Time</th>
<th>Shoot time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1G</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>Reg</td>
<td>Gimbal/Tripod</td>
<td>Follow head turn</td>
<td>Finley watching Park</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>20 mins</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1J</td>
<td>MWS</td>
<td>Reg</td>
<td>Gimb</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Will on Blanket</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1K</td>
<td>MWS</td>
<td>Reg</td>
<td>Stati</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Two people walking</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>1H</td>
<td>MWS</td>
<td>Reg</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Picnic Couple</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>1A</td>
<td>Changing</td>
<td>Reg</td>
<td>Gimb</td>
<td>Moving</td>
<td>Establishing</td>
<td>15 mins</td>
<td>15 mins</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>1B</td>
<td>EXU</td>
<td>maybe lens kit?</td>
<td>Gimb</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>ECU Finley</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>1C</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>&quot;&quot;</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>CU Finley</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>2 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>1D</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>MS Finley</td>
<td>2 mins</td>
<td>2 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>1E</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>WS Finley</td>
<td>2 mins</td>
<td>2 mins</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Master</td>
<td>20 mins</td>
<td>20 mins</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1B</td>
<td></td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>CU Finley</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1H</td>
<td></td>
<td>ECU</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>ECU Finley</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>2 mins</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1C</td>
<td></td>
<td>CU</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>CU Mark</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>1E</td>
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<td>MCU</td>
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<td>1D</td>
<td></td>
<td>MCU</td>
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<td>5 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>3F</td>
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<td>3G</td>
<td></td>
<td>MWS</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>MWS angled Mark</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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**Back Burner**

**Shot List**

**15/02/2020**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>LOCATION 1</th>
<th>Strawbery Hill</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Order 1</td>
<td>Setup</td>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
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<td>1K</td>
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<td>1H</td>
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<td>1B</td>
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<td>1C</td>
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## Shot List

### 29/02/2020

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<th>Lens</th>
<th>Equipment</th>
<th>Move</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Prep Time</th>
<th>Shoot time</th>
<th>Take</th>
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<td>6A</td>
<td>WS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Master</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>30 mins</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>6B</td>
<td>CU</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Fluid Head</td>
<td>CU Finley</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
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<td>CU</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Fluid Head</td>
<td>CU Hunter</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>6D</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Fluid Head</td>
<td>DS on Hunter</td>
<td></td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>6F</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Fluid Head</td>
<td>Two-Shot Angled towards Hunter</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>6E</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Fluid Head</td>
<td>Two-Shot Angled towards Finley</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 mins</td>
<td>10 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>6H</td>
<td>CU</td>
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<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>CU on Earplugs, profile of Finley</td>
<td>Rack focus?</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
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<td>CU</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
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<td>Cut away on Cheers</td>
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<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>6K</td>
<td>MCU</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Liam Walking Away Rack Focus to Hunter</td>
<td></td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>6G</td>
<td>MS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tripod</td>
<td>Static</td>
<td>Hunter leading Finley away</td>
<td></td>
<td>5 mins</td>
<td>5 mins</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>6G</td>
<td>MWS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Slider</td>
<td>Movement</td>
<td>Establishing Shot of Kitchen</td>
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# Shot List

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**2/29/20**

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### Back Burner

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# Equipment Requisition and Checklist

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# Equipment Requisition and Checklist

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Section 5 — Reports

5a. Camera Reports
5b. Sound Reports
5c. Shot Logs
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# Production Title

**Camera Report**

**Date:** 02-29-20

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*DP: Marc*
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DP: Kim
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TS (Tail Slate); MOS (w/out sound); NG (no good); PRINT (printed take); NGS (not good for sound); BIF (boom in frame); WT (wild track); RT (room tone); MN (mic noise); Other

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TS (Tail Slate); MOS (w/out sound); NG (no good); PRINT (printed take); NGS (not good for sound); BIF (boom in frame); WT (wild track); RT (room tone); MN (mic noise); Other _______
# SOUND REPORT

**DATE:** 3/1/2020  
**LOCATION:** Crossroads  
**PRODUCTION TITLE:** Back Burner

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**TS (Tail Slate); MOS (w/out sound); NG (no good); PRINT (printed take); NGS (not good for sound); BIF (boom in frame); WT (wild track); RT (room tone); MN (mic noise); Other__________________________**
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Section 6 — Music

6a. Music Cue Sheet
6b. Non-exclusive Music Release
**Back Burner Soundtrack**

**Park Theme**  
Start - 00:00  
End - 00:37  
Classical Guitar, Electric Bass, Electric Guitar

**Party Theme**  
Start - 05:53  
End - 06:16  
Classical Guitar, Electric Bass, Electric Guitar

**Coffee Shop Theme Part 1**  
Start - 08:36  
End - 08:54  
Classical Guitar

**Coffee Shop Theme Part 2**  
Start - 08:54  
End - 09:23  
Classical Guitar
**Third Party Non-Exclusive Music Release**

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<th>Program (working title):</th>
<th>Back Burner</th>
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<tr>
<td>Producer:</td>
<td>Sadie Maddock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Licensor:</td>
<td>Gavin Maddock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Licensor's Mailing Address:</td>
<td>132 Marlowe Court, Carrboro, NC, 27510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone Number:</td>
<td>(919)519-0622</td>
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<td>Licensor’s Preferred Credit Name:</td>
<td>Gavin Maddock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Music Title:</td>
<td>Back Burner Soundtrack</td>
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<td>Music Publisher:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Date of Agreement:</td>
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Thank you for agreeing to grant the Producers the non-exclusive rights to use your Music in a video Program. We write to confirm our agreement as follows:

1. We have explained the nature of the Program to you and you agree that you are happy and willing to participate and to grant production, distribution, and derivative rights of the Music to the Producers.

2. You hereby authorise us to include your Music in our Program (which we intend but do not undertake to so do), and in addition you hereby grant to us and persons authorised by us the non-exclusive right in perpetuity to record, copy, reproduce, broadcast, transmit and perform all or part of the Music for and/or in connection with the production, exploitation, promotion and/or advertising of the Program throughout the universe by all means and in all media whether now known or hereafter discovered or developed (including without limitation broadcasting by television and inclusion in cable Programs).

3. You warrant that you are the sole owner of the Music with full title guarantee and that you are entitled to grant to us the rights referred to in this Agreement and that the exercise of such rights will not infringe the copyright or any other personal or property rights of any person or entitle any person to claim any payment from us or from any of our licensees.

4. You hereby authorise us to alter the Music as we see fit, with or without your participation or consent.

5. We agree to credit you by your preferred name and your music by title and (if applicable) publisher in the end credit roll of the Program as well as in all promotional materials that refer to the music credits.

6. We shall be entitled to assign the benefit of this Agreement to any third party but we shall remain liable to you for all of our obligations under this agreement.

Kindly indicate your acceptance of the foregoing by signing and returning to us the enclosed duplicate of this letter.
Yours faithfully

Agreed and accepted

..............................................................

For and on behalf of

PRODUCERS

For and on behalf of

LICENSOR
Section 7 — Budget

7a. Expense List
# Expense List

| Date       | Item(s)                                      | Expenses |  | Total Daily Expense |
|------------|----------------------------------------------|----------|  |--------------------|
| Feb. 15th  | Snacks for Cast and Crew                     | $6.00    |  | $11.00             |
|            | Prop Picnic Food                             | $5.00    |  |                    |
| Feb. 29th  | Snacks                                      | $10.00   |  | $10.00             |
|            | Student Insurance (for Sadie)                |          |  | $70.00             |
|            | The time and energy of so many talented and  | priceless |  | Lots of hours      |
|            | hardworking people.                          |          |  |                    |
|            | Gear from the Beasley Cage                   | Valuable |  | Grateful to have access to gear at no additional cost |
|            |                                              |          |  |                    |
|            |                                              |          |  | **Grand Total:**   |
|            |                                              |          |  | $91.00             |
Section 8 — Additional Documents

8a. Costuming
8b. Credits
8c. Crew Availability
8d. Talent Interest Form
Back Burner Costuming

**Finley:**
Base outfit:
- Neutral clothes that are not form fitting.
- Greys would be ideal.
- No jewelry
Other outfits:
- The same as the people she’s embodying
  - Woman with sandwich, Ellie, Melissa, Kyle

**Ellie: (one outfit)**
- Cute, feminine, casual
- Perhaps a winter dress
- Winter hat and coat
- Earrings/necklace

**Mark: (one outfit)**
- Well-dressed, simple
- Winter coat and hat (pea or duffel coat)
- Solid color pants (red, tan, corduroy) and more casual button-up shirt

**Hunter: (one outfit)**
- Edgy, DIY Music scene vibes

**Melissa: (one outfit)**
- dressed up for party
- not too fancy, but slightly edgy “going out” outfit
- Jewelry + makeup

**Liam: (two outfits - party + coffee shop)**
- vintage vibes
- Bold and colorful combined with neutral accents.
- Apron with towel tucked into it

**Beer Pong Players:**
- Party clothes + coats for being outside

**People in Park + Coffee shop:**
- Casual, weather appropriate clothes
Back Burner Credits

Produced, Written, and Directed by Sadie Maddock

Director of Photography  Marz Barberio
Editor and Camera Operator  Kim Ramirez

Assistant Director  Ciera Thompson
Lighting Technician  Gabby Drum

Hannah Hagler as Finley

William Osborne as Liam

Animations by Cat Bernardy
Music by Gavin Maddock

Mark  Logan Frazier
Ellie  Ella Crookshanks
Hunter  Anderson Turner
Melissa  Izzy Martin
Toni  Amelia Shore
Jessie  Jenna Lipa
Lisa  Sophia Yang
Rose  Bianca Bortoluzzi
Jenn  Charlotte Fonda

and

Erin Lashely
Dominic Gardella

Sound Mixers
Uyen Nguyen
John Park
Ciera Thompson

Production Assistant  Jay Trull
CREW AVAILABILITY

Please put your name and availability under each day. You can specify what time of the day you are available. Fridays will only be evening shoots. We will not use all of these days -- once I know everyone’s availability, I will be able to officially schedule shoots.

Examples:
Sadie, All Day
Sadie, No Availability
Sadie, After 3pm

February

Friday the 14th
Jay, After 3pm
Gabby, No Availability
Marz, No Availability
Kim, Free after 5PM (most likely earlier, will update!)
Ciera, After 1PM
Uyen, After 3PM

Saturday the 15th
Jay, All Day
Gabby, After 6:30 pm
Marz, all day
Kim, All Day
Ciera, All day
Uyen, All day

Sunday the 16th
Jay, All Day
Gabby, All day until 7:30pm
Marz, anytime before 1:30pm
Kim, All Day
Ciera, All day
Uyen, No availability

**Friday the 21st**
Jay, After 5
Gabby, No Availability
Marz, no availability
Kim, All Day
Ciera, aft 1PM
After 3 PM
Uyen, No Availability

**Saturday the 22nd**
Jay, All day
Gabby, All day until 7:30pm
Marz, all day
Kim, All Day
Ciera, all day until 3PM (tentative)
Uyen, No availability

**Sunday the 23rd**
Jay, All Day
Gabby, All Day
Marz, anytime after 1pm
Kim, All Day
Ciera, all day
Uyen, No Availability
**Friday the 28th**
Jay, No Availability
Gabby, No Availability
Marz, no availability
Kim, All Day

**Saturday the 29th**
Jay, No Availability
Gabby, All Day
Marz, all day
Kim, All Day
Ciera, All Day

**March**

**Sunday the 1st**
Jay, No Availability
Gabby, Available until 3pm
Marz, anytime before 1:30pm (possibly none)
Kim, All Day
Ciera, No availability
Uyen, No Availability

**Friday the 20th**
Jay, After 3
Marz, no availability
Kim, All Day
Ciera, after 1
Uyen, after 3PM
**Saturday the 21st**
Jay, All day
Gabby, All Day
Marz, all day
Kim, All Day
Ciera, All Day
Uyen, No Availability

**Sunday the 22nd**
Jay, All day
Gabby, All day
Marz, anytime after 1pm (possibly)
Kim, All Day
Ciera, All day
Uyen, No Availability

**Extra Info (write your name, then any lil notes you have)**
Marz: if we really need a friday to shoot then i can probably request off of work!
For the all day shoots in Feb on the weekends (depending on the time I MAY still solidifying some things be gone for 30-40 min during production to set up the movie shoots or check in) - Ciera.

Park Scene: 1 day
Party Scene: 2 nights
Coffee Shop: 1 day
Limbo: 2 days
We will be shooting over the course of several weekends in February and potentially a weekend in March. In the “availability” slot, indicate your general weekend availability during this time frame.

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<th>Availability (High, medium, low)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Jason Bellamy</td>
<td>7047872706</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Bellamyjd@appstate.edu">Bellamyjd@appstate.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bianca Bortoluzzi</td>
<td>9197103395</td>
<td><a href="mailto:bortoluzzibs@appstate.edu">bortoluzzibs@appstate.edu</a></td>
<td>medium or large!! i gotchu sadie</td>
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<td>Hannah Hagler</td>
<td>7042196843</td>
<td><a href="mailto:haglerhm@appstate.edu">haglerhm@appstate.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Izzy Martin</td>
<td>9805053195</td>
<td><a href="mailto:martinig@appstate.edu">martinig@appstate.edu</a></td>
<td>Large!</td>
<td>High!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ella Crookshanks</td>
<td>7044548979</td>
<td><a href="mailto:crookshanksee@appstate.edu">crookshanksee@appstate.edu</a></td>
<td>Medium role</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charlotte Fonda</td>
<td>3366089407</td>
<td><a href="mailto:fondacg@appstate.edu">fondacg@appstate.edu</a></td>
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Logan Frazier
Will Osborne
Dominic Gardella
Erin Lashley
Jamie Patel
Section 9 — Script Drafts

9a. First Draft
9b. Second Draft
9c. Third Draft
9d. Fourth Draft
9e. Final Script
EXT. PARK, DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, is standing, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park.

Additionally, scattered around the park, a MAN lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

TWO FRIENDS talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

FINLEY is still standing, and she is still eating the sandwich. Now, she is in a big, empty room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. The couple is still having their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. In addition to the picnicking couple, the other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A MAN lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

TWO FRIENDS talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley is aware of everyone, but acts like she is alone. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth, gets up with a heave, and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading. His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the friends that are walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward
several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of a conversation, are muted, as if underwater.

She returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman — too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to the woman’s temple.

EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley is sitting in the place of the woman. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on the mannerisms of the woman, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not the person he was on a date with. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

    MARK
    So what do you say?

Finley chews her bottom lip.

    FINLEY
    Hmm. I’m just not quite certain yet.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

    MARK
    Can’t you make a damn decision for once in your life?

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

    MARK (CONTINUED)
    What’s up?

    FINLEY
    Can we... talk about something else?

    MARK
    And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.
FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally… but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation.

FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this, y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

Finley begins to hear an echo of her words less than a second after she speaks them. Mark doesn’t notice. The echo trips her up, and she can’t focus. We are still in the park, but the scene keeps flashing quickly to Limbo for just a moment. In Limbo, the woman who Finley has replaced is positioned directly behind her. The woman echoes everything Finley is saying. Back in the park, Finley’s voice begins to slow down and slur, as the echo jammers her speech. Mark looks at her strangely. She gives up in the middle of a sentence and closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she is back in limbo.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley watches the couple as the woman comes out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow is furrowed, and he puts a hand on the woman’s shoulder.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again. She sits in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.
Getting on her hands and knees, she slinks across the floor in a crawl, out of the "park area" in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to the woman’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen, set up for a house party. The recycling bin is overflowing, a pizza box is on the counter, and the sink is littered with red Solo cups. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of the woman. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

HUNTER
So, you wear earplugs... what?
Because it hurts your ears or
because you don’t want to go deaf
by the time you’re thirty-seven?

Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.
FINLEY
Ummm. Hmmm. A little bit of both I suppose.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

HUNTER
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

Hunter gestures at her with his hand that’s holding the beer.

HUNTER
Want one?

FINLEY
Sure.

Hunter saunters to the fridge and grabs another beer, returns to Finley, and hands it to her. She cracks it open and takes a sip, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

HUNTER
So, do you know anyone here?

FINLEY
I can’t say that I do.

HUNTER
What brings you then?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it?

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.
HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Hunter steps close and offers his beer can for a cheers, and Finley reciprocates.

HUNTER
Doesn’t seem like there’s much interesting happening right now.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(Laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Hunter steps closer and puts a hand on Finley’s waist.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Uh, how about some fresh air? It’s actually quite nice tonight.

HUNTER
I was even thinking we could find an empty room. I’m friends with guys who live here, they won’t mind.

Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut.

INT. LIMBO, DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and the woman are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple. She sees a quick flash of Hunter leading the woman down a hallway. She opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room while she’s at it just to be sure, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding.
in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes.

She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and “taps in.”

EXT. HOUSE, NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of one of the beer pong players. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from outside. There are four other people at the table - two across from Finley, one beside her, and one on the sidelines.

    JESSIE
    It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

    FINLEY
    Ahh, me?

    LISA
    Yeah, man. Come on.

    FINLEY
    I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

    JESSIE
    What?

    LISA
    Come on.

    TONY
    We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside.

    FINLEY
    I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.
Finley gestures to the person on the sideline.

**TONY**
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

**TONY**
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

**FINLEY**
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Finley enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, opening doors as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and the woman dancing and laughing together. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses the woman.

**FINLEY**
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

**HUNTER**
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

**FINLEY**
We just met earlier.

She looks back at the woman.

**FINLEY (CONT.)**
Care to join?

**MELISSA**
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.
FINLEY

Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley is back in Limbo. She watches the beer pong player re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

Hoisting herself up, Finley exits the "party" area to enter another final area of Limbo, where a barista wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

The barista looks directly at Finley.

BARISTA

What'll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. She looks back at the barista, who still seems to be looking right at her.

BARISTA (CONT)

Can I get you something?

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

Finley is standing in a coffee shop. The barista is still looking at her.

BARISTA (CONT)

Hello?

Finley closes her eyes deliberately. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. The barista laughs nervously.

BARISTA (CONT)

Just let me know when you're ready.

The barista goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. (Maybe everyone so far from the film?) Everyone looks directly at her. Finley smiles.
FINLEY
I’ll have-

Cut to black.
Back Burner

Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK – DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, is standing, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a COUPLE having a picnic in the park.

Additionally, scattered around the park, a MAN lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

TWO FRIENDS talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

FINLEY is still standing, and she is still eating the sandwich. Now, she is in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. The couple is still having their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. In addition to the picnicking couple, the other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two friends talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley is aware of everyone, but acts like she is alone. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading. His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the friends that are walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of a conversation, are muted, as if underwater.

She returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman - too close for
comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to the woman’s temple.

**EXT. PARK, DAY**

Finley is sitting in the place of the woman. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on the mannerisms of the woman, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not the person he was on a date with. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

**MARK**

So what do you say?

Finley chews her bottom lip.

**FINLEY**

Hmmm. I’m just not quite certain yet.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

**MARK**

Can’t you make a damn decision for once in your life?

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

**MARK (CONTINUED)**

What’s up?

**FINLEY**

Can we... talk about something else?

**MARK**

And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

**FINLEY**

I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.
MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation.

FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and the WOMAN are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind the woman.

FINLEY (CONT.)
y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

WOMAN
(echoing Finley’s words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
When you disappeared for a while...

The woman is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.
WOMAN
...disappeared for a while...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

WOMAN
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

CUT TO: EXT. PARK – DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

WOMAN
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

WOMAN
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

WOMAN
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, the woman coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow is furrowed, and he puts a hand on the woman’s shoulder. The woman leans in to Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again. She sits in the middle of the room,
everyone going about their individual businesses in the
“park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of
Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face
close to look at it.

She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the
direction that the ping pong ball came from – out of the
“park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo
cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among
themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a
couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and
rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the
table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but
scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way
instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he
isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman,
MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger
to Melissa’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen, set up
for a house party. The recycling bin is overflowing, a pizza
box is on the counter, and the sink is littered with red Solo
cups. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored
strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and
talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across
from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures
as he talks.

HUNTER
So, you wear earplugs... what?
Because it hurts your ears or
because you don’t want to go deaf
by the time you’re thirty-seven?
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

**FINLEY**

Ummm. Hmmm. A little bit of both I suppose.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

**HUNTER**

Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

**FINLEY**

Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

Hunter gestures at her with his hand that’s holding the beer.

**HUNTER**

Want one?

**FINLEY**

Sure.

Hunter saunters to the fridge and grabs another beer, returns to Finley, and hands it to her. She cracks it open and takes a sip, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

**HUNTER**

So, do you know anyone here?

**FINLEY**

I can’t say that I do.

**HUNTER**

What brings you then?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.
FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do.
That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it?

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Hunter steps close and offers his beer can for a cheers, and Finley reciprocates.

Beat.

HUNTER
Nothing much happening now.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(Laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Hunter steps closer and puts a hand on Finley’s waist.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Uh, how about some fresh air? It’s actually quite nice tonight.

HUNTER
I was even thinking we could find an empty room. I’m friends with guys who live here, they won’t mind.

Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut.
INT. LIMBO, DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes.

She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and “taps in.”

EXT. HOUSE, NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of one of the beer pong players. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are four other people at the table - two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY, and one on the sidelines.

JESSIE

It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.
FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

Finley gestures to the person on the sideline.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Finley enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, opening doors as she passes
them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY (CONT.)
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?

MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, at a loss. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where a BARISTA wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

The barista looks directly at Finley.
BARISTA
What’ll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. She looks back at the barista, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching the barista’s eyes follow her. She approaches the barista closely and winks, much like she did with Hunter.

The barista gets flustered.

BARISTA (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

Finley is standing in a coffee shop. The barista is still looking at her.

BARISTA (CONT)
Hello?

Finley closes her eyes deliberately. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. The barista laughs nervously.

BARISTA (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.

BARISTA (CONT)
Ummm… Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

The barista goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. Everyone looks directly at her.

Finley takes several deep breaths. Finley smiles.

FINLEY
I’ll have-

Cut to black.
Back Burner
Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK - DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they’re too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, “No Exit.” His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book.
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman – too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

EXT. PARK – DAY

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

MARK
Man, that’s wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

FINLEY
Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

MARK
You can’t just leave me hanging like that.

FINLEY
I’ll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

MARK (CONTINUED)
What’s up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don't get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That's absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and the WOMAN are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind the woman.

FINLEY (CONT.)
y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

WOMAN
(echoing Finley’s words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
When you disappeared for a while...

The woman is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

WOMAN
...disappeared for a while...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

WOMAN
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK - DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

WOMAN
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

WOMAN
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

WOMAN
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans in to Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again. She sits in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.

She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from - out of the “park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.
Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

    HUNTER
    I’m not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

    FINLEY
    Huh?

    HUNTER
    I mean, you can’t even keep up a conversation.

Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

    FINLEY
    Ummm... I’d say that has much to do with the music as anything. It’s pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.
HUNTER
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

MARK
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY
You know what, I think I’ll stay a little longer.

Hunter gestures at her with his hand that’s holding the beer.

HUNTER
Want one?

FINLEY
Sure.

Hunter saunters to the fridge and grabs another beer, returns to Finley, and hands it to her. She cracks it open and slurps, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

MARK
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer can for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.
FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong
is the game of choice. I don’t
know why people can’t just play
regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist.
She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a
twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.

Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the
doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and
she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She
squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads
her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO – DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong
crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is
still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.
CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.

She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and “taps in” to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are four other people at the table – two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY, and one on the sidelines.

JESSIE
It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.
FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

Finley gestures to the person on the sideline.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.
FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?

MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

He looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What’ll you have?
Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. She looks back at the barista, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching the barista’s eyes follow her. She approaches Liam closely and winks, much like she did with Hunter.

Liam gets flustered.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

Finley is standing in a coffee shop. Liam is still looking at her.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley closes her eyes deliberately. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. The barista laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. Finley smiles.

FINLEY
I’ll have–

Cut to black.
Back Burner
Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK – DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they’re too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, “No Exit.” His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his
fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking.
When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces
while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an
animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One
appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad
hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches
down, and puts her face very close to the woman — too close
for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and
presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect
that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s
mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly
adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie’s clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that
Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark
takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from
a thermos, and hands it back to her.

MARK
Man, that’s wild. So what did she
do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

FINLEY
Ummm… It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out
across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle
her and she giggles, recoiling.

MARK
You can’t just leave me hanging
like that.

FINLEY
I’ll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

MARK (CONTINUED)
What’s up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don't get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That's absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s all for, but it’s nice to be able to do things like this...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y’know, to have a picnic together like this.

ELLIE
(echoing Finley’s words less than a second after she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

ELLIE
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK – DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

ELLIE
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

ELLIE
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

ELLIE
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans into Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again.

A series of potted plants lines the wall. They are in progressively more intense states of decay. On one end, the plant thrives, on the other, it’s completely dead. Finley plucks a few dead leaves from the plant in the middle. She uses an empty tin can to water the ones that still thrive.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.
She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from – out of the “park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

    HUNTER
    I’m not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

    FINLEY
    Huh?

    HUNTER
    I mean, you can’t even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

FINLEY
Ummm... I’d say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It’s pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

HUNTER
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

FINLEY
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

HUNTER
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

FINLEY
You know what, I think I’ll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he’s holding.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Do you have another?

HUNTER
I actually don’t. Sorry ‘bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

LIAM
(to Finley)
I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

FINLEY
Than-
But he’s already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

    HUNTER
    So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

    FINLEY
    It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

    HUNTER
    Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

    FINLEY
    I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

    HUNTER
    I’m shit at ping pong though.

    FINLEY
    (laughing)
    Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist. She kisses his neck.

    HUNTER
    Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

    FINLEY
    How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

    HUNTER
    (flirting)
    Yeah, let’s do that.
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO – DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

   LIAM
   (muffled)
   Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and “taps in” to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table – two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

JESSIE
It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It’s all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

There are two people, ROSE and JENN, in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

FINLEY
Mhm.

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM
Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

LIAM (CONT)
Have we met?

FINLEY
Not that I know of.

ROSE
Ready? I’ve gotta get my clothes out of the washer.

Finley looks at Liam.

FINLEY
(to Rose)
Weren’t we going to sit a bit? It might be a two cupper sort of day for me.

ROSE
Really? We’ve talked about this.

FINLEY
Head on without me, I don’t mind.

ROSE
You drove.

FINLEY
Please.

The echo starts.

JENN (V/O)
(faint)
...please...

Rose crosses her arms.

FINLEY
I’d like to stay...

JENN (V/O)
...like to stay...

ROSE
Look, I’ve just got so much shit to do, and I’m already stressed out.

FINLEY
Just give me...
INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands poised directly behind Jenn.

FINLEY (CONT.)
a few minutes.

JENN
...a few minutes...

FINLEY
I just need to...

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...calm down.

JENN
...calm down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Finley leans on the counter and addresses Liam.

FINLEY
Where do you know me from?

The echo gets more intense.

JENN (V/O)
Where do you know me from?

LIAM
Ah I don’t know. I could be mistaken.

Finley lurches back to Rose.

FINLEY
I need to...

INT. LIMBO - DAY

JENN
...need to...

FINLEY
...be here. I need...
JENN
...here. I need...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FINLEY
I need to stay.

JENN
I need to stay.

Finley crouches and holds her head in her hands. She lets out a frustrated wail. She closes her eyes deliberately.

Black.

Finley opens her eyes. She is in the coffee shop. She stands up slowly. Liam looks directly at Finley.

LIAM
What’ll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. Rose and Jenn are beside her, arguing.

She looks back at Liam, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching Liam’s eyes follow her.

She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately. When she opens them, she’s still in the cafe.

LIAM (CONT)
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

Liam still looks at her. Rosie and Jenn argue their way out the door.

LIAM (CONT)
Hello?

Finley squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Liam laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)
I swear I know you from somewhere.

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.
LIAM (CONT)
Are you alright?

Finley looks at her hands. There’s a mirror on the wall. She approaches it and looks at herself. Slowly, her breathing calms.

LIAM (CONT)
Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. She walks back to Liam. A smile breaks out across her face.

FINLEY
I’ll have-

Cut to black.
Back Burner

Sadie Maddock
EXT. PARK – DAY

A young woman, FINLEY, wearing neutral, baggy clothes, stands, staring blankly ahead and eating a sandwich with large bites. She’s unassuming and doesn’t put on airs.

Finley watches a couple having a picnic in the park. MARK and ELLIE are both in their twenties. They flirt with each other. Ellie feeds Mark grapes. He leans over to kiss her on the cheek, then pulls her hat down over her eyes.

Nearby, a man lounges on a blanket, napping. A book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley watches the couple intensely. They talk, but they’re too far away to hear clearly. The wind blows a plastic bag off the blanket. Ellie snatches it, returns to her spot, and sits on it.

Finley blinks deliberately.

INT. LIMBO – DAY

Finley stands in a big room. The walls are blank, and no furniture adorns the room. Directly next to her, a woman stands, eating a sandwich. The woman looks at the sandwich, frowns, then drops it on the ground. She walks away. Finley picks it up.

Mark and Ellie still laugh and chat on their picnic, unaware that their environment has changed. The other individuals and groups of people from the park are scattered about the room, unaware of the strange environment or Finley.

A man lounges on a blanket, napping. The book he was reading droops in his hand by his side.

Two people talk while walking by.

In the distance, the sound of a dog barking.

Finley notices everyone, but they do not notice her. Her demeanor is relaxed. She stuffs the rest of the sandwich in her mouth and begins to explore the room. She hums. She skips around. She stretches.

She approaches the napping man and leans over to glance at the book he was reading, “No Exit.” His fingers are wedged in the book to hold his place. Finley gently removes the book
from his hand, flips forward many pages, and replaces his fingers in the new spot.

She moves on to stand in front of the two people walking. When they catch up to her, she walks backward several paces while they walk forward. Their voices, in the middle of an animated conversation, are muted, as if underwater. One appears to be telling a story, and she emphasizes with broad hand gestures.

Finley returns to the initial picnicking couple, crouches down, and puts her face very close to the woman – too close for comfort, watching. Finley eases her eyes closed and presses her finger to Ellie’s temple.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Finley sits in Ellie’s place. She loses the nonchalant affect that she displayed in Limbo, instead taking on Ellie’s mannerisms, who is more staccato in movement and constantly adjusting her hair. Finley wears Ellie’s clothes.

The other half of the couple, MARK, doesn’t realize that Finley is not Ellie. He smiles at her. She smiles back. Mark takes a mug from her hands, refills it with steaming tea from a thermos, and hands it back to her.

    MARK
        Man, that’s wild. So what did she do?

Finley chews her bottom lip. She hesitates.

    FINLEY
        Ummm... It was wild for sure.

Mark looks at her for a moment, then leans back and looks out across the park. Finley watches him. He reaches out to tickle her and she giggles, recoiling.

    MARK
        You can’t just leave me hanging like that.

    FINLEY
        I’ll tell you all about it later.

Finley chews on her bottom lip and wiggles nervously.

    MARK (CONTINUED)
        What’s up?
FINLEY
Can we... just talk about something else?

MARK
And what might that be?

Beat. Finley looks at Mark, then past him.

FINLEY
I feel like I don’t get to see you much anymore.

Mark laughs.

MARK
That’s absurd.

FINLEY
Ahh, alright. Not literally... but I know I can be in my head sometimes, and I just want you to know that I appreciate the time we spend together.

MARK
Should I be scared?

Finley pushes him in mock irritation. Beat.

FINLEY
Please don’t move away.

MARK
What?

Finley reaches out to grab his hand.

FINLEY
I want you to stay.

MARK
(hostile)
But... you’re coming with me.

FINLEY
I know, I know. I want us both to stay. Please let’s stay, alright?

Finley scooches closer and kisses his cheek. He puts his hands on her shoulders and moves her away so he can look at her face.
FINLEY
Sometimes I do wonder what it’s
all for, but it’s nice to be able
to do things like this…

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO, DAY

MARK and ELLIE are seated across from each other as they were
on the picnic blanket initially. Finley is seated directly
behind ELLIE.

FINLEY (CONT.)
...y’know, to have a picnic together
like this.

WOMAN
( echoing Finley’s words
less than a second after
she speaks them)
...to have a picnic together like
this

The echo trips Finley up, and she can’t focus. Mark doesn’t
notice the echo.

CUT TO: EXT. PARK, DAY

Finley speaks more loudly. Mark wrinkles his forehead.

FINLEY
You used to come every week...

ELLIE is not in the park, but her voice still echoes. The
echo causes Finley’s voice to slur. She tries to talk more
loudly to cover it up, but it affects her nonetheless.

ELLIE
...come every week...

FINLEY
You stopped coming to the park...

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO – DAY

WOMAN
...coming to the park...

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...
CUT TO: EXT. PARK – DAY

FINLEY
And I didn’t know...

WOMAN
And I didn’t know...

FINLEY
I didn’t know...

WOMAN
I didn’t know...

FINLEY
Didn’t...

WOMAN
Didn’t...

Finley sighs in exasperation. She closes her eyes forcefully.

INT. LIMBO, DAY

Finley jumps up. She huffs and sighs, pulling at her hair and clenching her fists.

Her breathing slows and she calms down as she watches the couple, Ellie coming out of the daze, blinking and shaking her head. Mark’s brow furrows, and he puts a hand on the Ellie’s shoulder. She leans in to Mark.

Finley sighs deeply, then shakes it out a bit. She dashes across the room and braces against the wall. She turns a different direction, dashes across the room, and braces against the wall again.

A series of potted plants lines the wall. They are in progressively more intense states of decay. On one end, the plant thrives, on the other, it’s completely dead. Finley plucks a few dead leaves from the plant in the middle. She uses an empty tin can to water the ones that still thrive.

Finley moves to sit in the middle of the room, everyone going about their individual businesses in the “park” around her. She blows a raspberry.

A ping pong ball bounces and rolls to a stop in front of Finley. Getting on her hands and knees, she puts her face close to look at it.
She slinks across the floor in a crawl, traveling in the direction that the ping pong ball came from – out of the “park area” in the empty building, into a new area.

Several people are crowded around a beer pong table, red Solo cups in hand. They play the game, laughing and chatting among themselves.

In another area of the room, someone is passed out on a couch.

Nearby, a man and a woman lean against a wall, chatting.

Finley crawls under the beer pong table, turns around, and rises on her knees just enough to peer over the edge of the table to watch the ball bounce past.

She stands up to look more closely at the people playing, but scrunches up her face in distaste.

Leaving the beer pong players behind, Finley makes her way instead to the man and woman chatting against the wall.

She looks at the man and smiles and winks at him, though he isn’t aware that she exists. Finley approaches the woman, MELISSA, closes her eyes deliberately, and presses a finger to Melissa’s temple.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finley opens her eyes, finding herself in a kitchen set up for a house party. The recycling bin overflows, a pizza box rests on the counter, and red Solo cups litter the sink. Through the doorway to the rest of the house, colored strobe lights play patterns on the floor and loud music and talking voices travel.

Finley has taken the place of Melissa. HUNTER, the man across from her, holds a beer and waves his arms in broad gestures as he talks.

    HUNTER
    I’m not really sure I get the whole ear plug thing. I mean, why even come?

    FINLEY
    Huh?

    HUNTER
    I mean, you can’t even keep up a conversation.
Finley reaches to her ear and pulls out a bright orange earplug. The music and voices become louder.

**FINLEY**
Ummm... I’d say that has more to do with the music than the earplugs. It’s pretty loud.

She removes the other earplug. The music gets the tiniest bit louder.

**HUNTER**
Don’t get me wrong, I know that people blast the shit out of their music, but I tend to think it’s kind of fun. If I walk outside and it feels like I have cotton balls in my ears, sounds like I’m under water you know, then I know I’ve had a good time.

Finley laughs.

**FINLEY**
Hey, fair enough. Whatever works.

**MARK**
Anyway, I can walk you out. I gotta say hi to the guys anyway.

**FINLEY**
You know what, I think I’ll stay a little longer.

Finley gestures at the beer he’s holding.

**FINLEY (CONT.)**
Do you have another?

**HUNTER**
I actually don’t. Sorry ’bout that. Want a sip?

He offers her his can. LIAM walks by holding a six-pack.

**LIAM**
I gotchu.

Liam cracks open a beer from his pack and hands it to Finley.

**FINLEY**
Than-
But he’s already walked past.

She takes a slurp, raising her nose a bit at the taste.

HUNTER
So what brings you?

Finley fiddles with the can in her hands.

FINLEY
It seemed like a fun thing to do. That’s a good enough reason, isn’t it? Plus. I wanted to meet people.

Finley jostles him playfully on the arm.

HUNTER
Hey man, you don’t have to convince me.

Finley steps close and offers her beer can for a cheers, and Hunter reciprocates.

Beat.

FINLEY
I’m always bummed that beer pong is the game of choice. I don’t know why people can’t just play regular old ping pong.

HUNTER
I’m shit at ping pong though.

FINLEY
(laughing)
Well I’m actually pretty good.

Beat. Finley steps closer and puts a hand on Hunter’s waist. She kisses his neck.

HUNTER
Well, hello there.

Finley, holding onto Hunter’s hand, spins herself out in a twirl, then pulls him towards her. He dances up to her.

FINLEY
How ‘bout we... find an empty room?

HUNTER
(flirting)
Yeah, let’s do that.
Hunter takes her hand in his and starts to walk towards the doorway to the rest of the house. Finley’s eyes get wide and she starts breathing more quickly with nervousness. She squeezes her eyes shut. She opens them. Hunter still leads her to the hall. She squeezes them shut again.

INT. LIMBO - DAY.

Finley opens her eyes. She is back in Limbo. The beer pong crew is still going at it, and the person on the couch is still passed out. Hunter and Melissa are nowhere to be seen.

Finley closes her eyes and rubs her temple.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hunter leads Melissa down a hallway.

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley opens her eyes. She tenses up and shakes her hands nervously. She looks around again, pacing the room, but there isn’t anywhere the couple could be hiding in this big open space. Finley begins to hyperventilate and chew her bottom lip.

She dashes to the guy passed out on the couch, crouches down, closes her eyes deliberately, and touches his temple with her finger.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene is blank black. Muted, delirious sounds of people talking and music. That’s all.

LIAM
(muffled)
Are you alright?

CUT TO: INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley, back in Limbo, huffs and bends over to shake the guy on the couch. He groans and lifts an arm over his eyes. A man in his twenties, LIAM, holds a glass of water and stands over the guy on the couch. Liam shrugs, sets the glass next to the couch, then walks away, disappearing from Limbo.
She dashes to the beer pong crew, picks the closest one, and “taps in” to a man in his twenties, dressed in athletic clothes and a snap-back hat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Finley has taken the place of Kyle. The table is set up in a small yard. The sound of music and voices leaks from inside. There are three other people at the table – two across from Finley, LISA and JESSIE, one beside her, TONY.

JESSIE
It’s your shot.

Everyone looks at Finley.

FINLEY
Ahh, me?

LISA
Yeah, man. Come on.

FINLEY
I gotta go. I gotta go pee.

JESSIE
What?

LISA
Come on.

TONY
We’ve nearly won.

Finley looks towards the house, trying to see inside. Liam approaches the table. Finley gestures to him.

FINLEY
I really gotta pee. You can sub in for me.

TONY
Nah nah nah. The stakes are too high. Now’s our chance to earn honor and glory. Take your shot. We’ve almost got them conquered.

Liam shrugs.

LIAM
(to Finley)
It’s all you.
Finley sighs. She takes the ball from Tony, tosses it across the table, and makes it in.

TONY
That’s what I’m talking about!

There is only one cup remaining on the opposite side of the table. Finley tosses the ball again, but misses. Before anyone can protest, she leaves the table to make her way inside.

FINLEY
(to Liam)
Play for me if it makes it back to my turn.

Liam pats her on the back as she leaves the table.

Finley, flustered, enters the house through the front door. She glances through a doorway to her left and sees the guy passed out on the couch. Music and colored strobe lights enter the hallway from the room.

She makes her way to the kitchen, peers inside, but it’s empty. She goes down the hallway, banging doors open as she passes them. The first one is a bathroom. The second two are empty. She opens the third door to find Hunter and Melissa dancing and laughing together. Melissa is unbuttoning Hunter’s shirt. When Finley enters, they both look at her in surprise. She addresses Melissa.

FINLEY
Ahh, hey. We’re looking for a fourth for pong.

HUNTER
(to Melissa)
I thought you said you didn’t know anyone here.

MELISSA
I’ve never-

FINLEY
(to Hunter)
We just met earlier.

She looks back at Melissa.

FINLEY (CONT.)
Care to join?
MELISSA
No, no thanks. Maybe in a bit.

FINLEY
Right.

Finley stands there for a moment, at a loss. She starts breathing more heavily. She closes her eyes deliberately.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

Finley stands still for several moments, not sure what to do. She watches the beer pong player she’d embodied, Kyle, re-enter the Limbo space and make his way back to the beer pong table.

Finley sighs, then plops down on the floor and lies on her back. She rolls over onto her stomach and traces the wood grains of the floor with a finger. She rolls back onto her back and looks at the ceiling.

The sound of a coffee grinder prompts Finley to hoist herself up. She exits the “party” area to enter another final area of Limbo, where Liam, the barista, wipes down a counter and makes a coffee drink.

Finley hops up onto the counter, swinging her legs as she sits, watching Liam.

There are two people in line at the counter. They stand together, talking, hats and scarves in hand. Finley hops down from the counter, closes her eyes, and touches the nearest one on the temple.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soft, happy music fills the space, and the murmur of people too. Beside Finley is a young woman, ROSE.

ROSE
What a good movie, though. I mean, for real.

FINLEY
Mhm.

Liam finishes making the drink. He hands it to Finley, and smiles.

LIAM
Here you are.
When he sees her, he wrinkles his forehead, confused.

He looks directly at Finley.

LIAM  
What’ll you have?

Finley looks behind her and to her right and left. She looks back at the barista, who still seems to be looking right at her. Finley moves back and forth, watching the barista’s eyes follow her. She approaches Liam closely and winks, much like she did with Hunter.

Liam gets flustered.

LIAM (CONT)  
Excuse me. Can I get you something?

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

Finley is standing in a coffee shop. Liam is still looking at her.

LIAM (CONT)  
Hello?

Finley closes her eyes deliberately. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. The barista laughs nervously.

LIAM (CONT)  
Are you alright?

Finley scrunches her eyes closed and leaves them closed, scrunching them even harder. She opens them. She is still in the coffee shop. She begins to hyperventilate.

LIAM (CONT)  
Ummm... Just let me know when you’re ready. I guess.

Liam goes back to wiping the counter. Finley looks around her once more. There are a few people at tables in the cafe. A few of them glance nervously at her, then back to whatever they’re doing.

Finley takes several deep breaths. Finley smiles.

FINLEY  
I’ll have-

Cut to black.