

a
STEKKI

DAIYO!
production
text by ted mills

nowhereland

a film by ted mills

The knowledge that nowhereland would be a **silent picture**, without any real dialog, suggested that a traditional script would not work. I wasn't going to write chunks of text for each scene, I thought, I'd rather **draw**. And since I was drawing an (unpublished) comic at the time, it made sense.

I had a few ideas in my head: **radio control towers**, which always look so mysterious and other-worldly from afar, have obsessed me for years. I even wrote some bad undergrad poetry about them in 1992. I wanted something **dreamlike**, something that was run by an inherent logic, but a logic that had to be divvied out.

Embarrassingly enough, I was hanging out in a coffee shop at that time and writing. A **cliché**, I know, but I was actually getting work done. I wrote nowhereland **whacked out on espresso** over a three-day period in the spring of 1997. The story was put down on 3x5 index cards, with two frames a card. That way I could shuffle scenes, throw some out.

I was pleased with the first draft. I imagined the completed film would be 15 minutes in length. The main components were there: the three workers, Armitage

Cake, **The Big Cheese**, **The Woman in the Room**, the Pod Room. There was an air of nostalgic, childish melancholy, though, that didn't survive to the final draft. When Number One originally found the telescope, it was in a cardboard box full of his childhood toys. It was sentimental as all get out, but the past does share a mood with those far-off hills.

There was originally no **Chastity Box** scene, and **The Big Cheese** only complained of lost profits. There was going to be a big switch in the control room that Number Three would pull down to increase production. And Number Two was going to be beaten in the hall **like a dog** (I bet Brian's glad I got rid of that!). The scenes worked by themselves, but didn't hold together.

I showed the first draft to my friend Scott Easley up in San Luis Obispo. At that time, he must have thought I was nuts, carrying around little cards, with some **nutjob** notion that I would film it. But he suggested ways of fixing it, and I made a second draft a month later. This was the draft we used in auditions, and the one I showed to my writing mentor, Richard Corum. It was three frames a page.

WRITING OF





When we started filming, I revised as we went. I added the chastity box scene before we built the set, so out went the **huge lever**. I added shots to scenes when the inspiration struck.

I took a very, very rough cut to Michigan when I stayed with my friend Jon over Christmas and New Year's break (1997/1998). We hadn't shot everything, so many scenes were represented by shots of the storyboard. The biggest problem was pacing. Yes, my first cut was about 15 to 20 minutes, but things went too fast. I didn't give enough time to establish the **daily grind** of the character's lives. Over a couple of days we rewrote the entire opening, changing the geography of the exterior, so instead of Number One going way out of his way to discover the telescope (which originally he had seen from the bunker entrance), it now was on his usual journey, and suddenly appeared one day. I introduced the characters one by one, showed Number One in the Deep Room at the end of his journey, gave Number One nightmares and plenty of other **little tweaks**. It was a breakthrough moment.

All these changes were scribbled down in pages containing twenty little frames each. The final control room scene was **sketched out** from an initial three shots to something like ten or fifteen. Ideas kept coming as we shot, and we amassed a lot of film.

The next stage of writing, as filmmakers know, was in the editing, where once again I got to change the story, through deleting or adding shots. The **penultimate** cut, created on Adobe Premiere at Kyle Ruddick's house, contained Brian's journey outside and a **(gulp)** happy ending.

Scott got a look at it and hated the ending, confirming what I knew anyway. I rewrote the end and called in Kary. I didn't know it at the time, but I would have **almost a year to live** with this version of the film, brood over it, and begin rethinking the story yet again. When finally I sat down for on-line editing at IHP Productions, we threw out our ending, the shots with Brian outside, switched some scenes around, repeated shots (my biggest lesson learned in editing), and added the **wild freakout** of a new ending. It took us a month, on and off.

From there on, it was sound design and foley, by which emotion was **injected** into scenes where it wasn't before. But the story was complete.

As you can see, something that I thought initially was a solitary activity, writing, soon became collaborative and sometimes **dependent** on the opinions of (trusted) others, not to mention the actors, whose characters gave me new ideas for scenes as I saw them grow before me. So, in essence, nowhereland is everybody's film.

nowhereland

KARY CAWLEY (Number One) hails from Wichita, Kansas. After graduating from Wichita State with a degree in advertising, Kary moved to New York to pursue acting. After working on the very first independent film he ever auditioned for, *Straight to the Heart*, Kary realized he wanted to work in film, and so moved to Los Angeles. *nowhereland* is his first starring role. In his spare time, he enjoys a good game of darts down at the local tavern.



BRIAN J. SINGER (Number Two) is originally from Utica, New York. He started acting in 1992 at the Palm Beach Studio Theater in Florida, where he was noted for his role as Ellard Simms in *The Foreigner*. He moved to Los Angeles in 1996, and in between roles, works as a freelance news editor and photographer. *nowhereland* is his first big film project in California. In his spare time he enjoys hiking, traveling, and running.

ABOUT THE ACTORS



MASAKO TAKAGI (*Woman from Another World*) was born in Tokyo, Japan, and raised in different countries such as South Africa and Thailand. She has a BA in English Literature and studied acting in Tokyo, New York, and Los Angeles. She featured in several plays in Tokyo. After moving to Los Angeles, she appeared in various modeling ads, most recently in the L.A. Times. In her spare time, she studies English and plays tennis.

PAUL GERSOWITZ (*Number Three*) began his acting career at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He then moved west and received a BA in Theater from UC Irvine. He was a member of the South Coast Repertory Theater in Newport Beach, as well as working at the CPA for a year. In Santa Barbara, he has appeared at the Ensemble Theatre, and had roles in such plays as Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Kentucky Cycle, The Dresser, and Arsenic and Old Lace. Paul also was a stand-up comic for three years, and has since been in fifteen productions at the Circle Bar B Ranch, the latest of which is Speed the Plow.





MATTHEW LANFORD (The Big Cheese)

is a self-employed businessman, born and raised in California. In his spare time he enjoys spending time with his girlfriend of four years and smoking fine cigars. Most of the time you can find him hard at work helping customers at his busy local store, Santa Barbara Cigar and Tobacco. nowhereland is his first film appearance.

DANIEL JAMES (Lackey Two) *is a native Santa Barbaran and the younger brother of Mac James. He is currently attending Santa Barbara High School, participating in their A Cappella choir and Madrigals. In his spare time he reaps the benefits of working out every day.*

MAC JAMES (Lackey One) *was born in Huntington Beach and moved to Santa Barbara at the spry old age of one. He is currently working on several music projects and plans to study abroad. Since acting in nowhereland, he is considering returning to acting, which he studied in high school. In his spare time he studies the martial art of Shaolin, and likes a nice pint of Guinness, if you're buying.*

TED MILLS (Director, Writer, Editor, Co-Producer) returned to America in 1996 from two-and-a-half years in Japan teaching English, having decided he wasn't getting any younger and had to return to filmmaking, his first love. After a year of working on other people's independent films, he decided to film his own. At first, he worked with Gary Tseng and Dave LaDelfa on a short experimental video, Universal Leader, then began pre-production on this film. Before Japan, Ted was a cast member and writer for the radio show Off the Air along with Dave LaDelfa and Scott Easley. He is currently writing arts reviews and articles for the Santa Barbara Independent

DRU STURDIVAN (Producer, Casting) studied television and film at Pasadena City College. He then went on to work on several independent features in Los Angeles, including Guyver II: Dark Hero and The Sandcastle. After moving to Santa Barbara, he started casting several local independent shorts. Because of his energy, his organization, and his connections, Dru soon became the ideal candidate for the producer of nowhereland.

WILLIAM ROLAND (Director of Photography) (not pictured) was born in Minnesota, but grew up in San Diego. After a stint in television, William enrolled in Brooks Institute in 1996 to devote himself to film photography. Now an upper division student, he has shot around six shorts for various directors. nowhereland is his first non-realist film. He spends his spare time, when he has it, with his wife.

ABOUT THE CREW

photograph by Djamel E. Ramouf



(left to right) Art, Dan, Ted, Dru, Nat.

JEFF KAISER (Music and Sound Design)

is a Ventura-based trumpet player and composer. He holds a Bachelor's Degree in Music Composition from Westmont College and a Master of Music in Choral and Orchestral Conducting from Azusa Pacific University. He has performed with Eugene Chadbourne, The Michael Vlatkovich Brass Trio, Brad Dutz, The Motor Totemist Guild, Headless Household, The Vinny Golia Large Ensemble, Dan Plonsey and the Human Behavior Orchestra, and others. He has five solo CDs out, a majority of them on his pfMentum label (www.pfmentum.com). The title work of his CD Ganz Andere was included in the opening concert of the 1999 National Conference of the Society for Electro-Acoustic Music in the U.S., held at San Jose State University. "Templum-Tempus," also on Ganz Andere, was a runner-up in the PALMARES du 26e Concours International de Musique Electroacoustique, Bourges, France -1999. nowhereland is his first film score in many a year.

ART SRITHONGKUL (2nd Director of Photography)

comes to us from Bangkok, Thailand, where he was once the International Junior Champion tennis player when he won the 1990 Australian Open. From tennis he turned to photography and film, working on a few shoots as assistant. He enrolled in Brooks Institute in 1996, and has completed three projects so far. Art was A.C. on nowhereland on the first day of the shoot, then disappeared for a while, only to return as William Roland's replacement when commitments clashed. Art's style matches William's seamlessly while still retaining a look that is all his.

SCOTT EASLEY (Titles)

met Ted Mills and David LaDelfa at UCSB when they all worked on the defunct radio surreal-comedy Off The Air and school paper The Daily Nexus, where Easley created a weekly comic strip, Fresh-Man. Although he graduated in English with the presumption of having no future in art, he promptly went into computer graphics. He is now the Senior Computer Animator for Oddworld Inhabitants, a San Luis Obispo-based video game company.





*This once beautiful Santa Barbara hotel was a **decaying** retirement home when Dru started working there in 1997, but it was through that job that we secured the hotel as our base of operations for nowhere. In better times the basement level “Garden Room” had been a **swinging dance floor**; now it would become our studio of sorts, allowing ample room for sets and lighting.*

*The middle of the ballroom floor became the central control room set, which, when wrapped for the day, resembled a large eight-foot-cube. A wall over by the **shuffleboard** became the backdrop for the bunk room, while the various hallways adjacent to the room became the hallways of our underground bunker (which it was, funnily enough).*

*You can see a wide shot of our working area in the scenes of the Woman in the room. They were shot before we built anything on that **space** and if you look you can see the circular fans that we used in the control room lighting.*

*One day a few of us went exploring and we discovered the attic level elevator shaft control room. It was musty, dusty, covered in **pigeon dung**, but I knew we had to use it. I wrote the “Deep Room” scenes soon after.*

*Our little studio was dangerous, subject to wandering visitors, smelt of decaying, **putrefying rats** during the hot days, and was probably haunted, but for four months it was home and a fertile environment to create in.*

*A week or so after we finished shots there, a hotel-developer tore the place down, evicting a lot of poor, elderly, and mostly **mentally ill** senior citizens. They were hoping to build a huge luxury hotel and charge from \$200/night, adding to the increasing **yuppification** of our town. But the money fell through and two years later, it’s still a big hole in the ground. While lost in post-production limbo, I made a silent pact with that pit of **gentrification**: I’m going to finish nowhere before you rebuild your elitist hotel. We won.*

CARRILLO HOTEL

Q: When you turned up for the audition, what did you think of us? Of the script? Of your performance?

A: I thought it might be a dirty movie, and I was a bit disappointed when I realized that nobody was interested in my body, just my acting. Shaky ground for low-to mid-level self-esteem.

The script was laid out like a cartoon or like a shot list. It was easy to follow and very comprehensible. Very professional and no nudity.

As far as my performance, I just ingratiated myself with the director and the rest is history. He would say "jump" and I would say "how high?" Just kidding. The audition, as well as the film, did not use dialogue, so everything was conveyed with our movements and our eyes, of course. So I jumped in and tried to believe the scenario used at the audition. Which happened to be Number One's discovery of the telescope on the top of a mountain.

Q: What was it like working on nowhereland? What did you think of your part/your character?

A: I had a great time working on nowhereland, despite the fact that I kept my clothes on for most of the film. It was a very complicated and long process, but I learned a hell of a lot. Ted knew what he wanted, but at the same time heard my ideas, thought them over and then told me to keep my clothes on. Just kidding, he was very open to my perspective, but thank God he knew what he wanted, because it forced or helped me keep my focus on Ted's story.

Q: What was it like working with the other actors?

A: Unfortunately, I did not get to work with the other actors as much as I would have liked. My role was to mope around the asteroid and the command base by myself most of the time. However, I did carve out a pretty good friendship with fellow actor Brian Singer. He was Number Two and when we did act together, we tried to get the other one in trouble with Number Three. Otherwise, we played darts and drank beer at the King's Tavern. Our dart games were knock down drag outs! But all I remember are the victories.

Q: What was your favorite part of filming nowhereland? Your favorite scene?

A: Shooting in Santa Barbara, of course. It is a beautiful area and much of the shoot took place up on the mountains that surround the city. They say you can still see Daniel Boone walking around the town. Sometimes it's Davy Crockett.

KARY CAWLEY

(Number One)

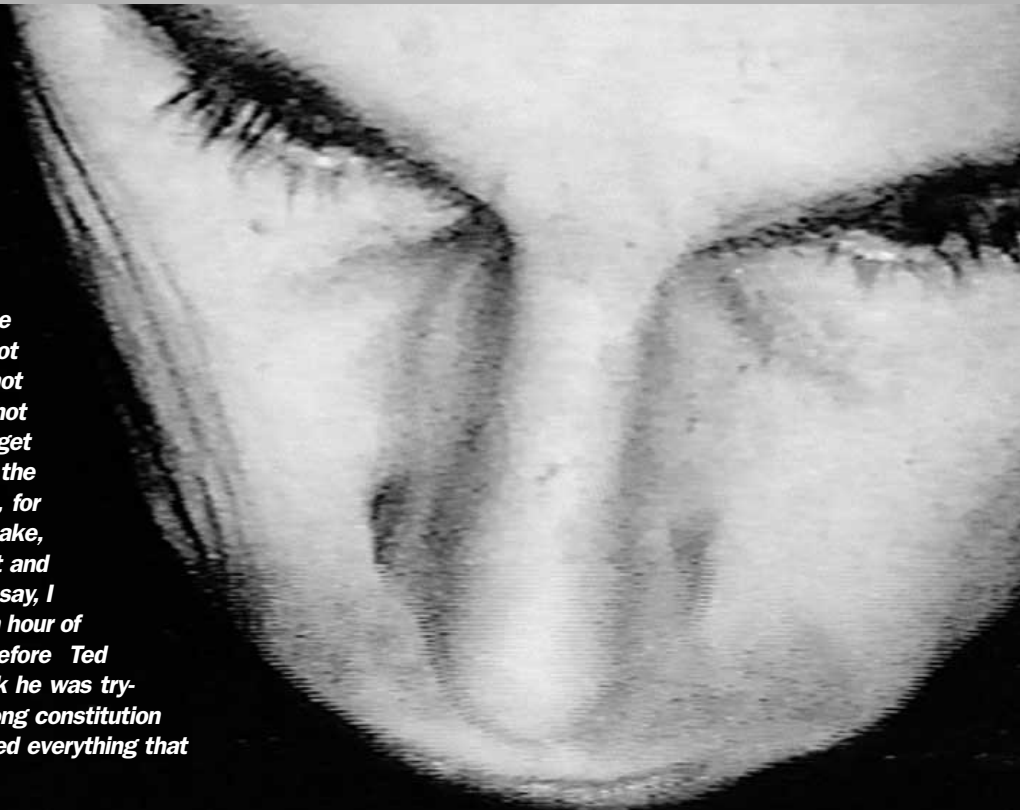
My favorite scene might be the discovery of the telescope on the mountain. I like shots that use a dolly move or a unique perspective. I am also happy with the control room scenes with Number Two and Number Three, especially how well some of the edits came together. Smooth, I tell you.

Q: *What was your least favorite?*

A: *My least favorite scene would be the escape pod scene. Granted, I got to take my clothes off, but it was not a glamorous shot. It was a special shot where it took about two minutes to get twenty seconds of film. I believe the film was slowed way down, and so, for two minutes at a time I had to shake, move, contort, and convulse as fast and as furiously as I could. Needless to say, I almost puked. It took more than an hour of this kind of jerky movement before Ted thought he had enough film. I think he was trying to see if I would vomit. My strong constitution rose to the occasion and I swallowed everything that came up.*

Q: *Any other special memories or impressions of working on the film?*

A: *It was spooky at the Carrillo Hotel. It smelled too. I found an old Falstaff Beer Can in one of the attics where we shot a short scene. It is in perfect condition. nowhereland was a great experience with good people all the way around. Working with Ted was an Odyssey. He is a very eccentric man. I mean this in the best possible way. He has good ideas, original ideas and he actually gets them down on film. But Ted is the kind of guy who might forget to put the film, or a special filter, in his truck before a forty-five minute trip up to the mountains. But I have been very lucky meeting and working with Ted, and I feel honored, that he has put me in his later films (Walk Cycle, Quiet Please!).*



Q: *What have you been doing since nowhereland?*

A: *I have auditioned for a lot of commercials, booked a few things that are not worthy of discussion, and performed in a play called StoryPeople with the MYE Theatre Company. This group has made me a member based on my work in StoryPeople. It was a great and rewarding theater experience. One that, I am afraid, I have not had for a long time before it.*

Q: *From what you know, what do you think nowhereland is about?*

A: *Discovering Somewhere! (Waking up from nowhereland.)*



Q: When you turned up for the audition, what did you think of us? Of the script? Of your performance?

A: I thought Ted and his crew were very young, energetic, but heart-warming people. Of the script, I thought it was a very creative story.

Q: What was it like working on *nowhereland*? What did you think of your part/your character?

A: Although it was a bit hard for me to commute to Santa Barbara from Irvine (it took more than 3 hours one-way), I enjoyed working on the film. I thought my part was romantic.

Q: What was your favorite part of filming *nowhereland*? Your favorite scene?

A: My favorite scene was when we finally met.

Q: What was your least favorite?

A: It's hard to find my least favorite scene, but to pick one, it would be the scene when I went through a door. (It smelled bad!)

Q: What have you been doing since *nowhereland*?

A: I've been a house-mother. I'm 24 hours a mom. There's no time to do entertaining things for myself. No restaurants, no movies, no magazines, no newspaper!

Q: From what you know, what do you think *nowhereland* is about?

A: A place where everyone escapes from daily life and stress.

MASAKO TAKAGI

(The Woman from Another World)

*There weren't too many costumes for nowhere-land, but they do stand out as particular to character: **polka-dot** dress, drab utility uniform, and suits.*

*Though no fashion designer, I designed the polka dot dress as a sort of '50s homage, something maybe Kim Novak would have worn in **Vertigo**, if Hitchcock had been into Op Art. I sketched this out and sent it to Dru's sister Zanne, who volunteered to make the dress if I could find the material.*

*Black and white polka dot material is hard to find, I found out, and the stuff we did get was very thin. Zanne had to create a white underslip for Masako or she would have been in the film in bra and **panties** (which would have been a different film entirely). In the end, Masako liked the dress enough that she kept it after the shoot (did she ever wear it after, I wonder?).*

The uniforms for Numbers One through Three were from the maintenance shop at the City of Santa Barbara. They

*were nicely **beaten up**, but smelled of tar or something similarly **toxic**.*

*We weren't prepared for the size of Paul—he's a huge guy and our uniforms were for people like Kary. We were in a panic on the first day of Paul's shoot, until my Mom jumped in with a **carpet needle**, cut up a spare uniform, and made some dramatic alterations to Paul's outfit (you can see the slight two-tone effect when Paul's back is to the camera.)*

Number One's white uniform, which glows so well in the last sequences of the film, was brand new from the City's paint shop.

*Lastly, I relied on the excellent sartorial taste of Matt, Daniel, and Mac to provide their own suits and ties for the **Big Cheese** scene. They didn't let me down.*

COSTUMES



Q: When you turned up for the audition, what did you think of us? Of the script? Of your performance?

A: I have clearer memories of the womb! What year was that audition? Honestly it seemed a little bizarre because of the location. I felt like I was in a strange apartment doing an audition for a couple odd characters (Ted and Dru) while a group of even stranger individuals watched me from the kitchen table as they ate lunch. Wait a minute, that actually happened! I was excited about creating a reaction based solely on facial expression, and I remember after finishing my monologue from *Those the River Keeps Ted* just saying "Wow, where is that from?"

Q: What was it like working on *nowhereland*? What did you think of your part/your character?

A: I loved playing *Number Two*. He was a sneaky, nasty, perverted guy who seemed to require minimal acting integrity. I loved the freedom Ted gave me to experiment with such a freak of life. I thought for the most part the set was always laid back. (Probably because we were literally laying back and sleeping by the time Ted was ready to shoot!)

Q: What was it like working with the other actors?

A: I have to say my scenes with Masako were always amazing. They were emotionally trying and compelling. She has a certain way with.... wait a minute, I didn't have any scenes with Masako. In fact I never even met her! I question the fact that she even exists! Eighteen trips to Santa Barbara and *NO MASAKO!* Seriously, working with Paul was an experience... he was always fun and had a great story to tell. Kary is a true professional. I enjoyed his company, frequent car pools to S.B., beer and darts, and patience and demeanor on the set. We had some great times and I'm going to miss him being around town and telling me, "Brian, you're out of your head!"

Q: What was your favorite part of filming *nowhereland*? Your favorite scene?

A: I have to say my favorite scene was typing. I like to type. I could type for hours and hours and hours.... and hours.... I do my best work while typing. And getting strangled by Paul while being drowned by computer paper comes in as a close second.

BRIAN J. SINGER

(Number Two)

Q: *What was your least favorite?*

A: *My least favorite scene was getting smacked in the face with my own girlie magazine. By the 45th time Paul had hit me, my face was red and I was like I shaved with an orbital sander. The spontaneity was gone. I was for some reason anticipating the hit. Here's a hint, Paul: When given the okay to actually hit your scene partner for authenticity's sake, it's probably not wise to go for a grand slam during rehearsal!*

Q: *Any other special memories or impressions of working on the film?*

A: *Ted's mom cooked the best food. Screw the film: if it wasn't for the grub... I wouldn't have lasted two days! Oh, and sleeping on the couch at Ted's dad's house... I think I dreamt I was in the real nowhereland!*

Q: *What have you been doing since nowhereland?*

A: *There have been numerous productions from The Beggar's Opera with the Pasadena Shakespeare Company to Frankie and Mia Tie the Knot with Dial M Productions. I have been developing a theater company which debuted September 1 in Hollywood. I recently shot an AT&T commercial for their DSL campaign (look for me in the "Trade Agreement" spot). I was just nominated for three Los Angeles Emmys for my editing work at KCAL... awards night was June 17... details at www.emmys.org. I am training for the Dublin Ireland Marathon in October... my friend Drew and I are raising \$10,200 for the Leukemia Society. (Any donations are appreciated and checks can be made out to Leukemia Society of America—tax deductible! For my address, contact me at brianjsing@aol.com).*

Q: *From what you know, what do you think nowhereland is about?*

A: *From what I know, nowhereland is about to be finished. Thank God.*





Q: *What was it like working on nowhereland? What did you think of your part/your character?*

A: *It did seem to go on forever. Number Three was a jerk, nothing, of course, like the lovable person I am.*

Q: *What was it like working with the other actors?*

A: *It was fun working with Kary and Brian. We were always playing practical jokes.*

Q: *What was your least favorite?*

A: *God, it's been so long, almost three years. We sat around a lot.*

Q: *Any other special memories or impressions of working on the film?*

A: *The air down in the basement was stale and smelled of urine.*

Q: *What have you been doing since nowhereland?*

A: *I appeared in The Fantasticks at Center Stage Theater, and in several commercials.*

PAUL GERSOWITZ

(Number Three)

**A MONTH-BY-MONTH CHRONOLOGY
OF THE MAKING OF NOWHERELAND
or
WHERE DID ALL THE TIME GO?**

1997

July: Write first draft.

Aug: Early attempts at set building.

Sep: Dru joins project, auditions in L.A. and S.B.

Oct: Shooting begins in Carrillo Hotel.

Nov: Heaviest shooting month of the project, early rolls back means reshoots.

Dec: Several reshoots, script rewrites over New Year in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

1998

Jan: New sequences shot at hotel and on Camino Cielo, Independent article.

Feb: Transfer film. Billy leaves as DP. Art joins.

Mar: Shooting: Big Cheese, Camino Cielo, time-lapse shots.

Apr: Transfer film. Shooting: Pod Scene, Ending.

May: Shooting: Inserts. Begin logging in shots for editing.

Jun: Shooting: Inserts. Editing begins on Adobe Premiere.

Jul: Editing: Rough cut finished.

Aug: Shooting: Ultra-secret ending. Editing: Discussions with XXXXXX.

Sep: Post: manipulating film for ending scene.

Oct: Silence from XXXXXX on Beta editing.

Nov: Fire XXXXXX and get tapes back.

Dec: Free AVID use offered for Feb. from XXXXX.

CHRONOLOGY

1999

Jan: Post: Finish manipulating film. Shooting: Static inserts.

Feb: Editing pushed to March. Final transfers.

Mar: Editing pushed to April.

Apr: Editing pushed to May.

May: Editing falls through.

June: Editing at IHP begins.

July: Editing continues. Titles finished.

Aug: Editing finished.

Sep: Vocal tracks recorded.

Oct: Delays from XXXX.

Nov: Delays from XXXX.

Dec: Fire XXXX.

2000

Jan: Look for new composer.

Feb: Jeff Kaiser becomes new composer.

Mar: Arranging composing contract.

Apr: Jeff Kaiser begins soundtrack.

May: Soundtrack finished, film moves to UK.

Jun: Vocals redone, soundtrack sent to UK.

Jul: Premiere arranged for Center Stage Theater, waiting for soundtrack.

Aug: More waiting, prep, and panicking.

Sept: Premiere!

*In August of 1997 I placed an ad in Backstage West and Dramalogue (they were separate papers then) for the roles of Number One, Number Two, Number Three, The Woman from **Another World**, and The Big Cheese, with auditions to be held that long hot month in **hellish L.A.***

*I was unprepared for the response. Stacks of **manila** envelopes began landing on my doorstep, up to forty a day. With Number One described as our hero, I got every aspiring, **ruggedly handsome**, soap opera type applying for the role—this was the majority of the applicants. For the female role, we liked Masako's head shot*

right out of the envelope. We made our selection and Dru scheduled the auditions across two days. New to this, we scheduled the auditions too far apart, which we were to find out soon enough.

*In September, we set up our camera, a table, and some water in a friend's sweltering apartment off **Melrose Avenue** and waited for the people to arrive. I had scenes prepared from the script for the actors to read: Number One had the telescope scene, Number Two had his **Armitage Cake** scene, Number Three the Chastity Box scene, and the Woman the telescope scene.*

*Many actors, we found, couldn't grasp the idea of a silent film, that they'd have to act without words (or that they could act without words). Some froze. Some questioned my sanity. Some went so over the top into pantomime, **clowns would weep**. However, Kary Cawley turned up, *rarin' to go*. As he tells it, he was nervous and full of trepidation. As we saw it, he knew exactly what we were getting at. We gave all actors a chance to bring their own scene before they tackled ours. When Kary launched into his monologue, I thought he was still talking to me, and I talked back. He was that good.*

AUDITIONS

When we gave him his backstory for the telescope scene, he thought about it for half a minute, then gave a first performance of understanding and depth. You could see his character thinking.

Brian's audition was late in the proceedings, and I think he scored the role because he made us **laugh** and took direction well. If he couldn't make me laugh, why would he make anyone else?

Dru and I were **amused and disturbed** by most of our female applicants. Despite the casting notice outlining the innocence of the female role, we got a majority of women arriving in tight, **sexy dresses** and **push-up bras**, performing their singing-to-Number-

One scene like Monroe singing "Happy Birthday" to JFK. Masako came to her audition in a flowing white dress, which was otherworldly in itself. Like Kary, she didn't question her scene and got it right the first time.

After the initial auditions, we still didn't have our Number Three or Big Cheese. Lots of **big, heavy men** turned up, but believe it or not, couldn't

act domineering or threatening enough. Back in Santa Barbara, Dru started calling the people he knew. With shooting fast approaching, we were a bit stressed. Paul Gersowitz had auditioned for a film Dru worked on, and Dru assured me that Paul had the goods, that he could do **anger and outrage** the way I wanted. So we cast Paul blind, no audition. We were very, very lucky.

Matthew, as you may have read, is the owner of Santa Barbara Cigar and Tobacco, but the main reason he caught Dru's eye was because his store was right next to Mrs. Weinstein's Toffee, where Dru was working all the time. We had a very brief audition to see if Matt could work himself up into a lather and **babble incoherently**. Though having no acting experience, Matt babbled like a madman and was cast.

And that's how we assembled our ensemble!





nowhereland was shot in and around Santa Barbara, making it ideal for the **local filmmakers**, and a nice weekend break for the actors, usually stuck in the heat and grime of L.A. I make no bones about Santa Barbara being a lovely location in which to live. Of course, most of the cast's experience of the town was based on the bottom of the **Carrillo Hotel**.

All the control room, **Woman from Another World**, hallway, pod, and "NO" room shots were located in the basement of the Carrillo Hotel in beautiful downtown Santa Barbara, next to a Gold's Gym and across from a Shell station where we'd go and buy Brisk and **Coke** when we ran out.

Our exteriors were mostly located around East Camino Cielo, in between La Cumbre Peak (where we found all our satellite dishes and communication towers) and the Gibraltar Road turnoff. Here to the west you will find the water tower that doubled as **OUR bunker** entrance, and to the east about a mile, you

might find, if you're driving slow enough, the **strange bald hilltop** where we shot our telescope scenes.

As the filming of nowhereland fragmented, we started filming in all sorts of locations. Fortunately, they all seamlessly integrated into the film.

A number of shots were done at **my house**, including all the polka dot scenes, the bullhorn alarm shot (screwed to a 2x4 and propped up against the laundry room), Number One's final **freakout**, all the animation and still photography, and the rolling clouds shot (shot from my doorstep, with an umbrella over the camera in case it rained).

Dru also provided his house for some pick-up shots: the doorknob (of his front door), some paper close-ups, and the shot of Number One falling over after turning to paper (actually Dru with paper wrapped around his head).

Through Art, we secured Brooks Institute for a weekend, where we covered the entire studio with black felt and shot the nowhereland scenes, and then later shot the "**Number One in Pod**" scene.

I like to think that the Santa Barbara glimpsed in nowhereland looks like another place, **another time**.

LOCATIONS

September and October of 1997 were hot, **Indian summer** days, and it was then that we began constructing sets for nowhereland and readying ourselves for the task ahead. Having the entire ballroom/basement of the Carrillo Hotel was a plus and gave us plenty of space to assemble and paint sets. Innumerable trips to County Lumber and Orchard Hardware Supply followed.

By the night of the first shoot, we had assembled our main crew: Dan Horn, a friend of Dru's from another shoot, was our grip; Billy Roland, from Brooks Institute was our easy-going cinematographer; Art Srithongkul was our Assistant Cameraman; and various others from Brooks stepped in to help out. One thing we never had was a First Assistant Director, known on most shoots as the **Guy Who Yells at Everybody**, and usually Walks Around with a Walkie-Talkie. One guy tried out for this, saw that most things didn't really need wrangling, and left from boredom! He just disappeared one evening. Oh well, we didn't miss him, and I guess he realized this.

First thing shot were the various alarms and close-up of

loudspeakers. This didn't feel like movie-making to me at the time, but it was a nice, calm introduction to the shoot.

The day after, we set up our shots of the Woman's room, using the entire basement. We built a facade to look like we were coming in from outside the hotel. To match a photo that I was to take later, we actually went up to the room (which just happened to be our prop room) and took the long French-door windows off their hinges and hung them on our set! We never told anyone at the front desk that we were doing this, but for two days there was a **gaping hole** in the side of the hotel's third floor. We spent these days shooting most of Masako's scenes, including the scene where she first kisses Kary. With these shots out of the way, the ballroom was cleared to construct the control room where 90 percent of the action takes place.

Darren LaDelfa built most of the control room; my **dad stepped in** and fixed the desks when they proved too large. Props came from the city's Public Works,

PRODUCTION





which still keeps chairs and other office supplies from the 1950s laying around in storage, and from Justin Blaise, a ham radio enthusiast in Carpinteria. Dave LaDelfa dressed the set, and we all got to put in private jokes among the stacks of equipment. (Absolutely impossible to see, but there is a copy of the Beach Boys' PetSounds). Dave also designed all the posters, logos, and cans of Power Bost that were scattered around.

We shot our set based on walls: we would fly away the wall facing Kary, shoot all shots from that angle (maybe a day's work), then take away Brian's wall, etc., etc. The electronics seen in the room actually work, due to Dave LaDelfa, who soldered a few wires together, then

plugged most everything in. The printers (never seen) are actually production assistants sending down paper from behind the set. The strobe lighting effect was made by placing a light behind the overhead fan that just happened to be over our set. It was all very magical.

*At the same time, we went up to Camino Cielo with Kary one day to shoot the telescope scene and several exterior shots. Mom met us up there with a fully catered lunch around noon. We all returned **very sunburnt**.*

*The various hallways and rooms around the ballroom basement were used in the film, some shot from one end or the other to count as two hallways (an old filmmaker's trick). As the shooting wore on, the smell of **dead rats and sewage** became quite overbearing. Worst was the shot where the Woman and then Kary enter the room with the large "NO" sign on the door. This was the boiler room, and it was nothing but dead rats. **Atrocious**. And I had Masako walk in there several times and close the door! Plus, I reshot that scene three separate times due to not being satisfied with the lighting, so the poor thing had to suffer thrice!*

NOTES

*November was our busiest month—looking back, I had foolhardily thought we could shoot everything in one month. I hadn't foreseen the worst day of November: when I drove to Burbank to transfer the film and found a majority of our footage was underexposed and unusable. The only thing salvaged from those early rolls were Masako's large room shots, the kiss, and the telescope on the hill shot. Billy and I learned two things—that the film we were shooting didn't like low light conditions, even though the light meter said it did; and that the camera's in-lens focus was not to be trusted. That drive back home, with a **pile of crappy film** on my hands, days of reshoots ahead of me, was the lowest point of nowhere land.*

*Fortunately, I had a great team, and everyone agreed to stick it out into December. We reshot and sent a test roll down to Burbank and back that confirmed we were finally getting good light readings and focus. We went ahead and sailed through reshoots, putting in 18-hour days (for some of us). Good thing **I didn't have a real job** at the time!*

As Christmas drew near, it was plain I wasn't going to get everything shot. I assembled a rough cut, wrapped up the set like a giant gift box, and scheduled everyone to reconvene in January.

I took a winter break in Michigan, and over the holiday, rewrote several scenes, adding many. (See the Writing Of section in this book).

*January turned out to be just as busy as November, with everyone returning for another round in the control room, in the bunks, in the hallways. By now, it seemed like we would never finish shooting—there was always another shot, another sequence. Most people probably remember shooting the end of the control room scene the best: **four hours of pure chaos** as up to five people (my mom included) threw paper down onto Paul and Brian as they throttled each other. Paul, really getting “into” choking Brian, nearly brought the set down when he and Brian fell against the wall several times.*

*We struck the set on January 28, nearly three months after starting. It was a sad day, but I felt relief knowing I had everything. A day or two later, the **sewer system blew up**, and a week later, demolition crews started tearing down the hotel.*

It seemed like we had all been in that basement a year, toiling away with no end in sight, much like the workers

in the film. But all the while, our main crew and cast stuck with us, and I was so proud of that. I guess they knew somewhere inside that this was a film that would be finished.

*Filming continued over the course of four months. In March, we spent a pleasant morning at UCSB shooting the Big Cheese scene, involving three non-actors in a scene that gave **no clue** as to the context of the rest of the film. I hope they're pleasantly surprised when they watch the movie. By this time, the mantle had been passed from Billy to Art for the cinematography. Judging from the subsequent films we've shot since then (Walk Cycle and Quiet Please!), we got along fine. After the Big Cheese, Art and I returned to Camino Cielo with Kary and Brian to film some shots that explained more about Number One's daily routine. Also in March, we had some very stormy weather, while gave me a great opportunity to grab some time-lapse shots.*

*In April, we descended on Brooks Institute for a week-end where we shot our Pod Scene, featuring a camera-spinning device I had made from a **lazy susan**, and our final nowhere-land reunion scene. This was the final visit to the set by Masako, who has since had a child.*

*This is a nice place to mention our most valuable player in nowhere-land—a roll of black felt that we bought at Scavenge, a local junk store, for \$20. Yards and yards of the stuff, we used it in nearly every scene to provide an inky blackness. It forms the walls of the Woman's room, the Pod room, and created the black nothing of the finale. **Thank you, black felt**, for solving so many of our problems!*

In May, we shot inserts, including many close-ups. The doorknob, for instance, was shot at Dru's apartment, while the shot of the underside of Number One's bunk was done over at the Banana Bungalow Youth Hostel—the only place in town with bunks with those cheap wire undersides. Dru and I made one final trip to Camino Cielo to shoot satellite dishes and to shoot a time-lapse sequence of the bunker.



*In June, I shot what I thought to be the last of the inserts over at my house. (Funny how the film became more and more personal, ending up with me shooting animation on my wall.) In fact, I even lit and shot shots of loudspeakers, polka dots, **paper splitting apart**, etc.*

*By this time I was underway with the rough cut editing and realizing that I needed something special for the end. What I had after a month of slaving away at a PC was thematically, artistically, aesthetically, and psychologically **bullshit**.*

*So, much as I hated to admit it, the shoot wasn't over. In August, Kary came up for some secret filming at my place, and months later, I began scratching the film with bleach to attain the ending freakout that you will have seen by now. Maybe it was psychological, because I took so long to do the scratching (January 1999!). Maybe I didn't really want to **finish the damn thing**, somewhere, way in the back of my mind. Maybe I didn't want to think that we'd never shoot another scene of nowhereland.*

*(I haven't even begun to describe the fun we all had on the set, the running gags, the **romances**, the food, the arguments, and all the helpful P.A.'s and technicians who made every shoot something to look forward to, even if it was a third try to get a scene right. Cheers to you all!)*

There were a few scenes that were filmed for nowhere-land, mostly relating to the first draft, that got cut for some reason. Usually they didn't work, or our attempt to be arty turned out crappy. But for all you trainspotters, here's what was left on the cutting room floor.

Swaying Badges walking down hall

We were going to introduce each member of the bunker crew with a shot of their badge (one square to three squares, showing rank), to be cut in with their first walks down the hall. We even shot the arm badges. It was either me or someone else wearing the uniforms, trailed in front by Art, being pulled back in a wheelchair. The shots never worked out and didn't match the speed of the walking.

Glint (East of Bunker)

In the initial version, Number One returns to the bunker, but before he walks up the ladder, something catches his eye. It's the sun glinting off a metallic object high

on a nearby hill, and he goes to investigate. This of course turns out to be the telescope. We got Kary to walk up a far hill with a silver reflector and crouch down behind it, communicating during filming with a bullhorn. It was ridiculous, and after the rough cut revision, we didn't need it.

The Telescope Vanishes

On reading the first draft, my former creative writing teacher, Richard Corum, noted that we should know what happens to the telescope after Number One hides it. My idea was that it would vanish into thin air. We tried many ways of doing this, from shooting one scene with Kary laying down the telescope, then the same shot without, or shots with Brian nearly finding it (see below). Nothing worked, and we left it out.

Lots of Running Around, No Good Reason

Camino Cielo, the top of the mountain range that runs alongside Santa Barbara, has so many weird locations I could have shot many many more exteriors than I did. At least I tried. At first I didn't know what Number One's daily journey would be (this was solved after the first rough cut) so Kary and I wound up shooting a lot of climbing and running around. I love the shot taken at the makeshift dirtbike track—the ground is black and

DELETED SCENES





sparkles from all the ground-in beer bottles—but we never found a place to use it. The actors got a good workout though.

Number Two's trip outside

I invited Brian Singer up to Santa Barbara (twice!) to shoot some exteriors with him of when his character is demoted and sent out to do what was Number One's job. We were going to show that Number Two was useless at this task, and that Number One was hardier than we thought. Number Two stumbles along the path, gets caught up in his utility belt, etc., all so we could show that he passes by the telescope hill and sees nothing. The first stuff we shot came out underexposed due to me, so Brian had to come back another day. We never used any of it.

The Fickle Hand of Fate

In the original draft, the Woman died at the end. I can't remember why, but it seemed like a good idea at the time. Certain death-like shots even made their way to the second rough cut. We shot a "dramatic dolly back from window to reveal the Woman's prone body" shot, and a nicely arranged "Woman in assorted debris" shot

where the spotlights illuminating the scene went out one by one, but in the end this wasn't used. If you've seen the end, you know why.

Again with the Running Around

I called Kary in for some extra shots sometime in May 1998, which consisted of him running around an empty landscape. We were going to shoot at sunrise, on the bluffs at City College, to get some silhouettes, but I forgot about the summertime blahs, where every morning means dense marine layer. We still shot, but I never even transferred any of it to telecine. Maybe I'll use it in the music video. (The shots taken the night before did make it to the end, though.)

Super 8 Sound

*When I first decided to shoot nowhereland in Super 8 black and white, but finish on Beta, I set about researching labs for the best transfer. A friend had recently experienced a terrible transfer at a certain Los Angeles lab which **I won't mention**. The film was blurry and flickered. He might as well have projected the film on a wall and videotaped it. In fact, this is probably what the lab did!*

Anyway, I discovered Super 8 Sound through the Internet and Super 8 filmmakers groups. As its name suggests, this Burbank-based company specializes in transferring Super 8 film, and only that. They had done work for Oliver Stone (Natural Born Killers) and Jim Jarmusch (Year of the Horse, his Neil Young documentary, which was all shot on Super 8).

Our first transfer happened in the middle of shooting, and thank goodness we did, because Billy and I discovered how unstable Tri-X film was in the low light we were using. Something like 14 rolls of film were underexposed and useless, three days of filming a waste. I remember that day as very gloomy too, driving home from Burbank in the rain. How cinematic!

We soon figured out how to correct the problem, shot a test roll around the set (never transferred, but fun to watch), rushed it off to Super 8 Sound for immediate developing, and watched the result a day later. The lighting was perfect, and we were saved.

I think I made about five more trips to Burbank, bringing batches at a time. It also cost the most out of our budget, but I think the final quality justifies the price.

Brooks Institute Film Dept.

After the first round of filming in late '97, a Brooks student called XXXXXX, whom Dru and I both knew from an

POST-PRODUCTION



*ill-fated local film we worked on, helped me out assembling a very rough cut of the film (I was under the delusion that we'd have the film ready for the '98 Santa Barbara Film Festival in March!). We edited together what I had transferred, including the **bad, underlit footage**, and shots of the storyboard where we hadn't yet filmed. This is the rough cut I took with me on my winter break to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and what got me rewriting the whole thing.*

Kyle's house

By the time 90 percent of the film was shot, I had gotten to know Kyle Ruddick, whom we first knew as a student tenant of the Carrillo Hotel who would wander down and check out our filming. Eventually he got roped into doing some stand-in work, and I found out that he was a filmmaker too, just starting out in multimedia.

*He agreed to let me use his PC to edit a second rough cut over at his house. This took about two months on and off, working in his bedroom while Kyle was out at his night job at a film lab. It was summer '98, it was humid, and I played a lot of acid jazz while editing. The **damn Windows machine** crashed at least twice a night, so things took time. But I learned non-linear editing, and realized that the job of editor was mine all along.*

Scratching film

Some parts of nowhere land are intentionally scratched in the style of Kenneth Anger's Fireworks. Usually, such artists work on larger film, such as 16mm (half and inch

*across) or 35mm (an inch across), but I worked on teeny-weeny Super 8. I borrowed a light table from Scott Easley and set up in my room. I used a nib pen dipped in bleach to make the scratches, and a photographer's magnifying glass. It wasn't pleasant work: my eyes were strained and **I felt nauseated** from the bleach fumes. The process took a month or two, on and off, because, basically, I didn't like doing it.*

A kingdom for an editor

Much time was wasted in late '98 and early '99 trying to find someone to put together nowhere land on a professional nonlinear system, using the cuts I had already made on Kyle's PC. I didn't like the idea of spending a lot of money to pay somebody to do it, and besides, I had people offering me free editing time, from a Brooks student editing linear video down in L.A. to a local guy who usually made surf documentaries. So I held out for breaks in their schedule, and guess what? Nothing came through. I learned my lesson, but Christ, I wasted time.

IHP Productions

I finally found an affordable local editor and the financial backing of Scott Easley, who not only believed in the

film, but was getting sick of hearing how the film wasn't finished, a year and a half after shooting it.

IHP Productions is Wayne Cole, who works on AVID out of his Goleta house. I had used him once before to make a Beta transfer of Universal Leader, and finally called him up. Although I thought the process would run smoothly because all the cuts were written down already, **technical difficulties** meant Wayne had to go in and redo the whole thing a shot at a time. I took nearly two months, but I did get to tweak some shots at the final minute. I've now watched this cut a hundred times, and can't really think of how I'd improve it.

Jeff Kaiser

Similar to the **editor shenanigans**, getting a soundtrack was arduous. My original composer fell through at the last minute, and I was set adrift at the end of '99 without a musician. I knew I needed someone avant-garde and out there. By this time, I was already working with Joe Woodard and Dick Dunlap on Walk Cycle, and I had recently met Jeff Kaiser, whom they often worked with. His main instrument is the trumpet, but his second is the Mac and all its sound-mangling software, and he's a composer to boot. It took one phone call and Jeff was on the project.

It took a month of hard work from Jeff, but when I first heard those opening notes over my initial shots of the planet, I felt the hairs raise on the back of my neck. That's a good sign. Surely the most pleasant section of post-production, though it took a long time to get to the starting line.

BBC Bristol and Ventura

*With music and sound completed, I was once again adrift without a final piece of the puzzle: foley, i.e. sound effects and dialog. Scott Easley, apart from being our executive producer and title designer, also does voices. He's been entertaining me with them since we worked together ten years ago on Off the Air, and knows **how to take direction**.*

We recorded all the vocals one afternoon at Roy Jones's studio over in Ventura, the same studio where Jeff Kaiser laid down parts for the soundtrack. In four hours (including lunch) we were done.

Meanwhile, a friend of mine at work was trying to get a date out of this English girl he knew called Caroline. On her first visit to the office we got to talking and heard she did foley for the BBC, Discovery Channel, and beyond. It didn't take too long (about two seconds) for me to invite her onto nowhereland. And it took her about one second to accept. She took the film with her back to Bristol, and though my friend never did get that date, I got my foley and final mix.

Q: What was your job on nowhereland? How did you get roped into doing it?

A: Lies of big pay, free crack, and prostitutes; dreaming of the possibility of an entrée into the big time. Actually, it was more of a diseased nightmare. Not working with Ted, that is, the vision I had before joining. I got roped in by Ted using my ego to manipulate me, you know, typical cult stuff.

Q: What did you think when you first became involved in the project? Did that impression change?

A: I thought it would be a fun and easy thing. Well, it wasn't necessarily fun (had its moments) and it wasn't easy BUT there was a nice sense of fulfillment and the gaining of two new friends in Ted and Kary. (I think: Do you guys still like me? Ted? Kary? Hello....?)

Q: What was your favorite part of working on the film?

A: Putting the sine wave (audio) over the BOST TV logo and the noisy improvisation at the end.

Q: What was your least favorite?

A: Mixing the scenes and then having to un-mix them a month later.

Q: Any other special memories or impressions of working on the film?

A: Me and Ted finessing the contract in my hot, sweaty living room like we knew what we were doing.

Q: What have you been up to since?

A: Performed at the Big Sur Experimental Music Festival, released another CD, working on two other projects for my record label.

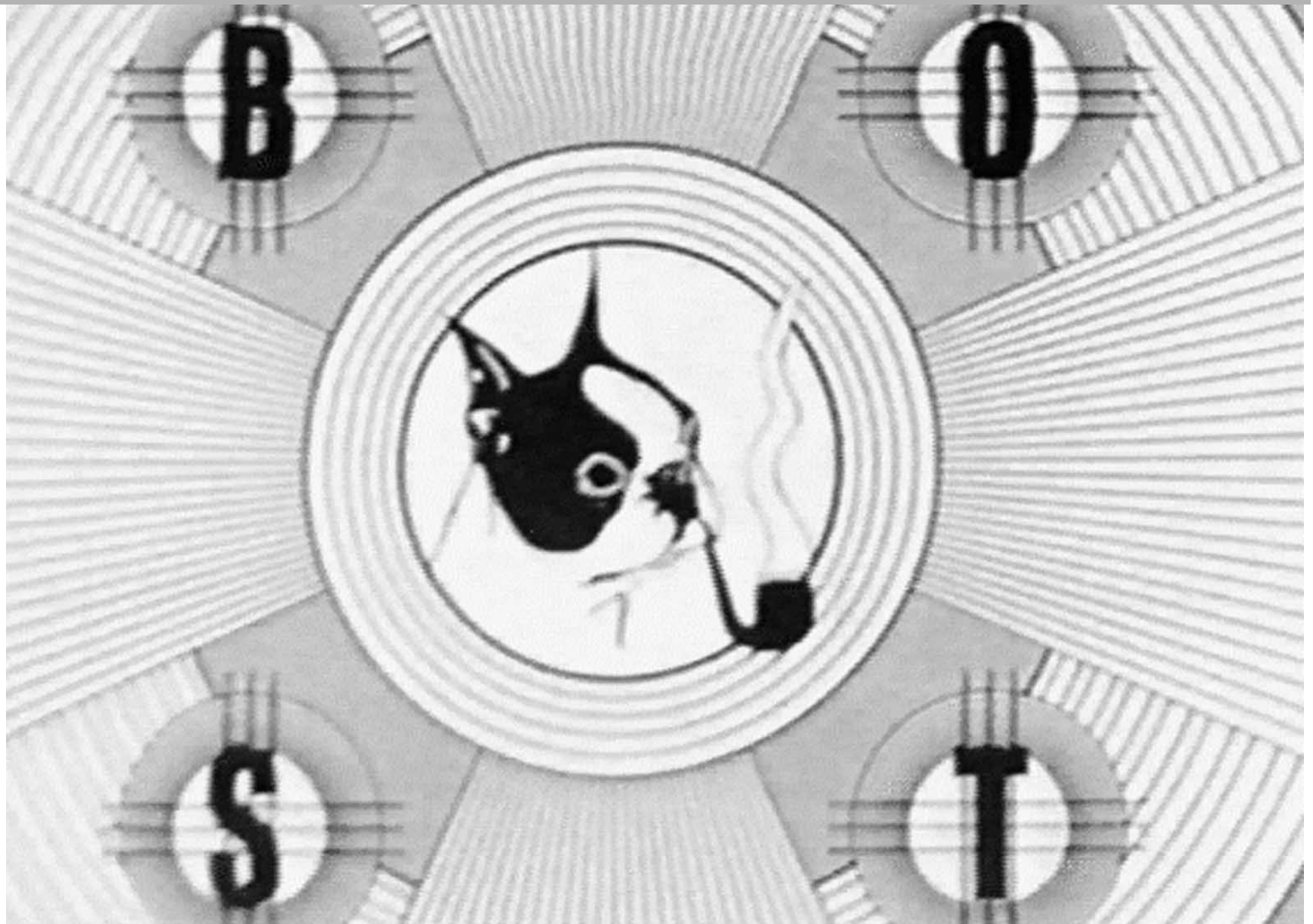
Q: From what you know, what is nowhereland about?

A: Guys in work clothes alone on a planet drinking odd beverages punctuated occasionally by love and death scenes.

JEFF KAISER

(Music and Sound Design)





Universal Leader (1998) 5 min. 28 sec.
Dir. Ted Mills and Gary Tseng. A video cut-up piece featuring Taiwanese and Japanese TV, early educational films, and both straight and gay porn. Made on a shoestring budget with an excellent soundtrack by Dave LaDelfa. Beta-SP and VHS.

Festivals:

Transmissions 002, Raleigh, North Carolina
Euro Underground Film Festival, Chicago, Ukraine, Sophia, etc.
Seattle Underground Film Fest
Excursus, San Francisco, CA

Walk Cycle (2000) 3 min. 22 sec. Dir. Ted Mills. Starring Kary Cawley. A short comedy about an Everyman's journey from his house to... Lots of walking, lots of buried social commentary. 16mm, finished on BETA-SP.

Festivals:

Zeitgeist Film Festival, San Francisco, CA
Mercey Hot Springs Film Festival,
Mercey Hot Springs, CA
Mill Valley Film Festival, Mill Valley, CA
Represent the Reel Festival, South Bronx, NY
Oceanside Film Festival, Oceanside, CA
La Boca Del Lobo Short Film Festival, Madrid, Spain
Euroshorts2 Film Fest, Warsaw, Poland
Altern 8 International Short Film Festival,
Tg.-Mures, Romania

Quiet Please! (2001) 10 minutes approx.
Dir. Ted Mills. Starring Kary Cawley and Theresa Punsalan. Short comedy about a writer and his endless distractions. 16mm, finished on BETA-SP. Coming soon.

Web site: www.stekki.com

FILMOGRAPHY

Thank you very much!

The thank-you list in film credits is usually long and, if you're not on the list, tedious (if you haven't left the theater by then anyway). Here's a brief explanation of who's on the list and how they helped out in the making of nowhereand...

The Carrillo Hotel and its staff

Alice Parsons

Ms. Parsons was the one to strike the deal for us to shoot at the Carrillo Hotel, allowing us several extensions, pretty much allowing us to film up until the wrecking ball came crashing in. She rarely came down to see how we were doing, which was exactly how we liked it.

Brooks Institute Motion Picture School

There would be no film if not for the students and equipment of Brooks. They even let us film some scenes in their State Street studio for an afternoon, including the pod scene and the final embrace. Thanks to their instructors for helping their students pump up their reels.

UCSB Film Studies Department

Joe Palladino helped in so many ways, from finding us P.A.s to securing Ellison Hall for shooting.

Scavenge

This funky junk store on State Street provided the huge roll of black felt that was used in many scenes, from the final embrace to the bunk room. Voted our Most Valuable Inanimate Object, and Scavenge let us have it for cheap.

Dwayne & Dolores Sturdivan

Dru's parents helped out with some props and, because his dad worked for Otis Elevators all his life, some electronics.

Teresa Steppe

Our go-between when dealing with Brooks. As Dru's friend, she introduced us to Billy when we were looking for an interested DP.

Justin Blaise

A friend of a friend of my mom, Justin collects old radio and radar equipment, and was an invaluable resource for making the control room come to life.

Shirley Wilson

The telescope that's so central to the first act of nowhereand comes from her drawing room.

City of Santa Barbara Public Works Dept.

Because my mom works for them, we had so much help, from the guys in the electrical shop setting up the flashing alarm lights, to the paint shop providing the uniforms, to all the chairs and printout paper. Again, there would have been no movie without these people

Channel City Lumber

Local store where we bought the wood (mostly).

Banana Bungalow Youth Hostel

This converted hangar full of backpackers provided us with the shots under the bunk.

Richard Corum

My mentor and one-time Creative Writing prof. at UCSB read the first draft of nowhereand and helped point out all the crap points. I immediately fixed them. One of the few people I trust to give me honest feedback on my writing.

Jon Crow

The other person I trust. My friend watched the December 1997 rough cut of nowhereand, told me it sucked, and, after I sulked for a day, helped me script pages and pages or new scenes (much to the delight of Billy, my actors, and my pocketbook).

THANK YOU



