



# TRANSIENT

Script, Blocking, and Shots



**1. Ronin 50 mm**

**i) ESTABLISHING SHOT ON CIGARETTE, MCDONALDS HAPPY MEAL, CUP, AND TRASH CAN. SILHOUETTE OF MARTIN IN THE BACK OF IT ALL**

*A disheveled man in a ragged black duster, baggy dirty pants, and gloves with the fingers cut out walks in, dragging a leash behind him with nothing attached to it. An ankle band shows that he has been in a healthcare facility recently. He wears a large backpack with a tent strapped to it. He carries a sign that just says: "Please."*

*a*

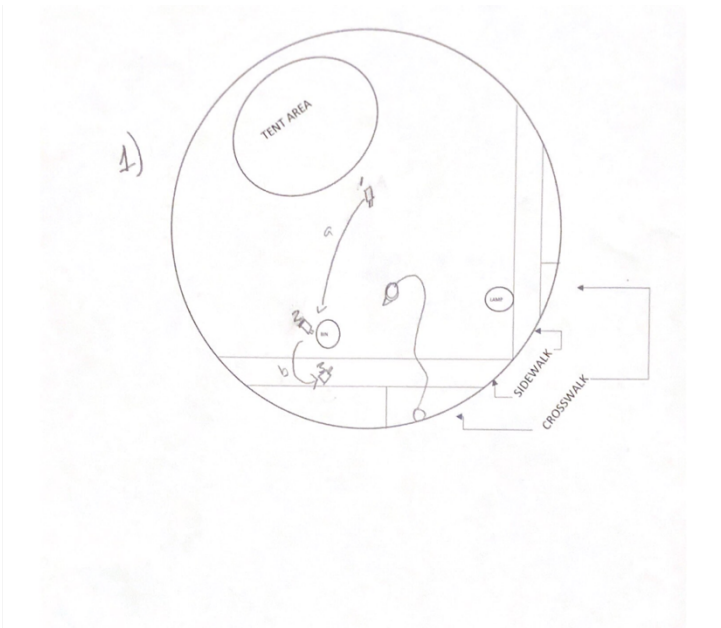
*MOVE TO ii) BEHIND STAGE RIGHT OF TRASH CAN, STAY ON MARTIN*

*The man enters a crosswalk and narrowly avoids being hit by a car, yanking the leash behind him.*

*b*

*MOVE TO TRACK MARTIN AROUND TRASH CAN, ENDING IN iii) FULL SHOT OF STAGE DOWNSTAGE OF TRASH CAN*

*He stumbles out of the way and make a gesture to let the car pass. The man sees an abandoned Happy Meal on the ground. He turns and bends towards the food and immediately begins eating it, slowly sinking to the ground. By the time he is seated he is finished with the left-over food. He picks up the box and hugs it to his chest, then throws the box.*



i)



ii)



iii)



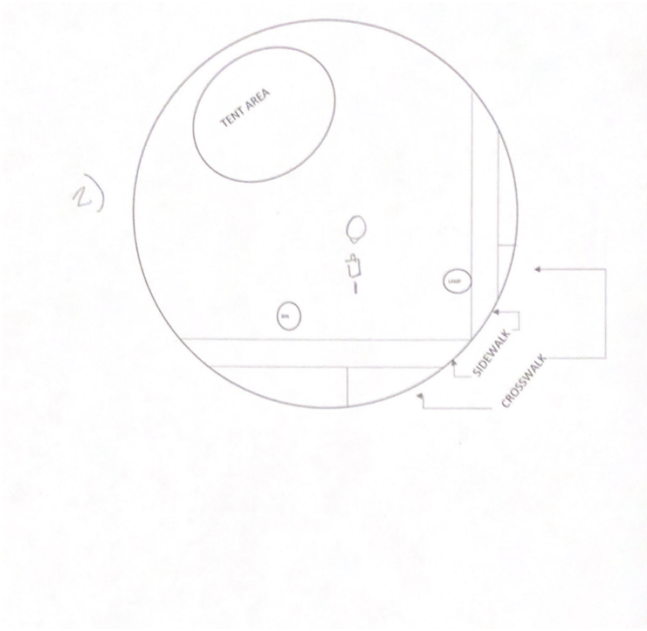
**2. Canon 24 mm**

**CUT TO i) MEDIUM SHOT WITH FULL BODY SITTING DOWN SLIGHTLY DOWNSTAGE RIGHT OF MARTIN**

Careful, Oatmeal, smells fun and wonderful, poisoning you from the inside. Don't say I didn't warn you, dog.

Hey, don't look at me like that. I got you out of the way, didn't I? 'Sides, the light was red. That was *not* my fault. None of this is my fault. None--

*The man sees a cigarette butt on the floor.*



i)



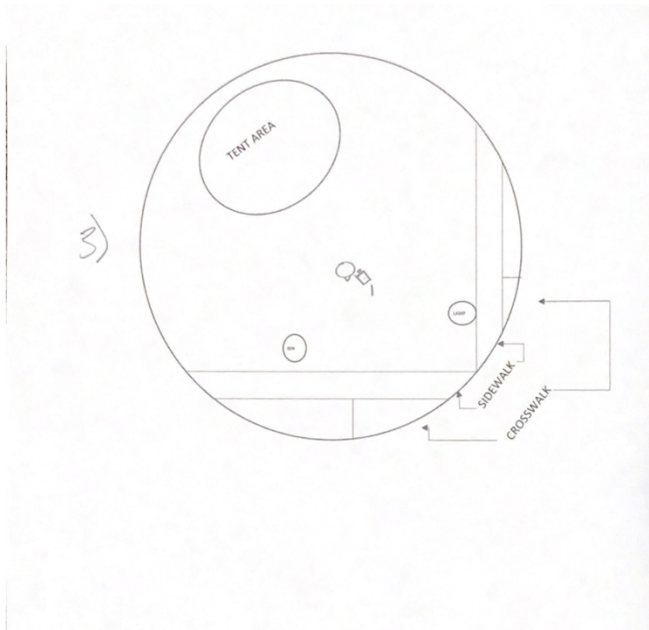
**3. Canon 70 mm**

**CUT ON REACH TO i) EXTREME CLOSE UP ON CIGARETTE.**

*a*

*FOLLOW CIGARETTE AS:*

*ii)) He picks it up and iii) examines it with all of his senses. He thinks better of it and puts its back on the floor,*



i)



iii)



ii)



#### 4. Ronin 50 mm

**CUT TO i) MEDIUM FULL SHOT OF MARTIN PUTTING CIGARETTE DOWN STAGE LEFT OF TRASHCAN**  
*in the same place he found it. Someone approaches.*

Greco, what're you doing back here, what'd I tell you about comin around me, man, get your greasy head away from me. I'm not playin your games today, no sir. What do I look like buying something from you? Do I look like I've got money for that?!

*a*

*MOVE TO ii) MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT*

Happy Meal? The fuck I know about a Happy Meal? Let me stop you there, cuz you're the last person I'm doin any favors for, man. Get away from me. I said get!

*The man holds up a hiking stick and thrashes it. Greco retreats.*

*b*

*MOVE TO STAGE LEFT iii) CLOSE UP OF MARTIN, STAY STATIONARY AS MARTIN MOVES AWAY TO SET UP HIS TENT*

Showed him, didn't we, pup?

*He begins setting up the tent and sings:*

*c*

*SLOWLY ZOOM IN ON MARTIN AS HE IS SETTING UP HIS TENT FOR iv) MEDIUM SHOT*

"If you missed the train I'm on You will know that I am gone You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles/Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four, Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home"

*Someone walks by.*

Spare some change? Feel free to look at the art!

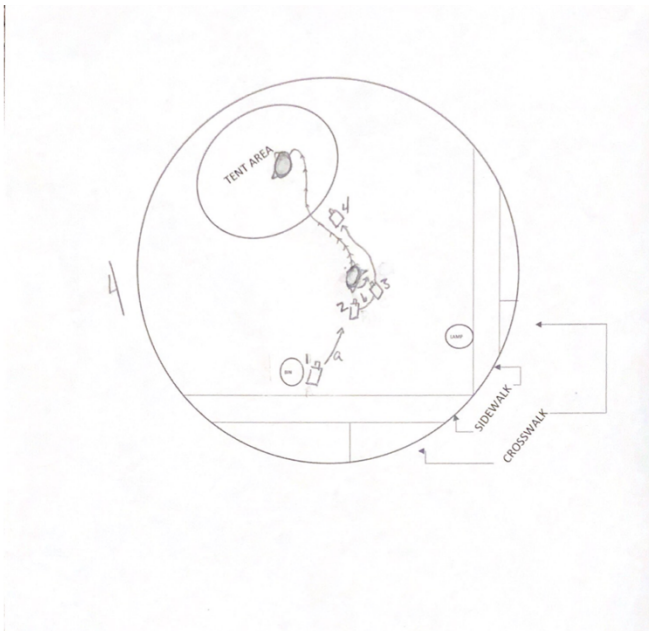
*He goes to his bag and rifles through, looking for canvases. By the time he looks up, they are gone. He pulls out a selection of cardboard paintings and sets them up.*

Have a good day then! A good, free day.

That's okay, we're gonna make a big sale today, girl, I can feel it in my bones. Feel it in my fingas. Feel it in my... toes.

Are you begging? You want a treat, too, dog? Well, better a beggar than a thief. Or is it the other way around? Okay, okay, fine, but this is your last one, all that beggin, you better eat it, here, last toothbrush treat, Oats--

*He turns to give the dog a treat, but she is gone. He gets up to look for oatmeal and heads stage left and then stage right.*



i)



iii) \*Stay stationary as Martin Moves back to tent



ii)



iv)



**5.1. Ronin Low Push in**

**CUT TO i) DOWNSTAGE OF TRASH CAN AND TRACK MARTIN AS HE SEARCHES FOR OATMEAL.**

Oatmeal? Oatmeal, where'd you go?

*He kisses for her, panicked. He tries to whistle but cannot. He frantically looks for her.*

Oatmeal, come back girl! Wanna treat? Go for a walk? Oatmeal? Toothbrush Oatmeal? Toothbrush???  
Oat--

*The man sees a diamond on the ground.*

What—You've gotta be kidding me.

*a*

*MOVE AROUND TRASHCAN TO ii) GET PULP FICTION CLOSE UP*

*He admires it, inspects it.*

What do you think, dog? This has gotta be what? 3, 4 carats? What'd'ya reckon that would sell for, Oatmeal? A lot of money, I'll tell you that. I'm gonna sell it. I can sell it. I used to work at a jewelry shop, you know, I could get someone to buy this, this is prime time right here, baby, better believe it. Where you stumble, there lies your treasure. We sell this.... We'll be sitting in AC in no time, two steaks right in front of us, girl. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

*A mother and a child walk by, talking and laughing.*

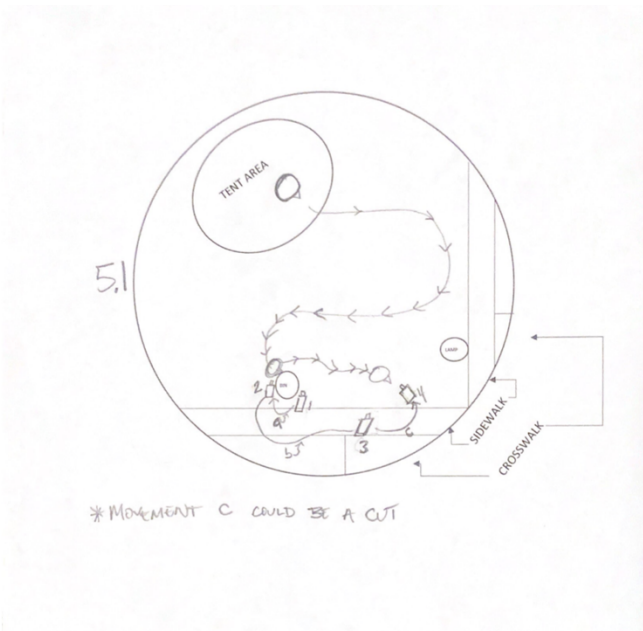
Watch and learn.

*b*

*PULL BACK AND TRACK MARTIN IN A iii) MEDIUM FULL SHOT, ENDING DOWNSTAGE OF MARTIN*

S'cuse me, ma'am. Ma'am, I'm sorry to bother you ma'am--hey, there buddy, that's a nice cone there--ma'am if I could take a second of your time, I happen to be in the preposterously privileged position to offer you a deal on a diamond today, ma'am, here just look at this, will you just look at it, I'm practically giving it away, just 250 ma'am, I mean, you're practically getting away with robbery, its 2 carats, at least. will you just look at it? 200!

*He stares off after them.*



i) \*Track Martin as he searches



ii)



iii)



5.2

*c (could be a cut, start of 5.2)*

*MOVE IN CIRCLE AROUND TO iv) MEDIUM SHOT OF DOWNSTAGE LEFT OF MARTIN*

What are you whining for, huh? Look, it's not my fault that woman was a sucker. Someone'll wise up, okay. She looked like she was just tryin to be a good mama, anyways.

You ever miss something you've never had? You got snatched up from your old lady too, huh? What was she like? Yeah, me neither. Me neither.

*Another man approaches. The man brightens up.*

Gilliam! Gill, Gilly, Gill, Gillio.

*d*

*MOVE IN CIRCLE TO v) MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT UPSTAGE OF MARTIN*

Good to see you, too. So good. What's this?

*Gill hands the man a bag full of groceries.*

Well, thank, this is... thanks. Really nice of you. But hey, listen. I ever talk to you about that jewelry shop I used to work at?

Well, I did, long time ago, but before I left, I invested in a really nice rock, really good, okay? Look I really wanna get a place of my own, you know that, maybe get some help, like you said. And... and maybe I could give you this diamond and you could give me some cash and..

Well, okay, you can just take me to the places to get the things I need. That's better actually. I swear to you it's a genuine good diamond. How about that girlfriend, man?

Aren't you gonna pop the question, or what? Use this diamond. Its 2 carats, at least, on my word. I said I used to work in a jewelry shop, didn't I? Just look at it for me.

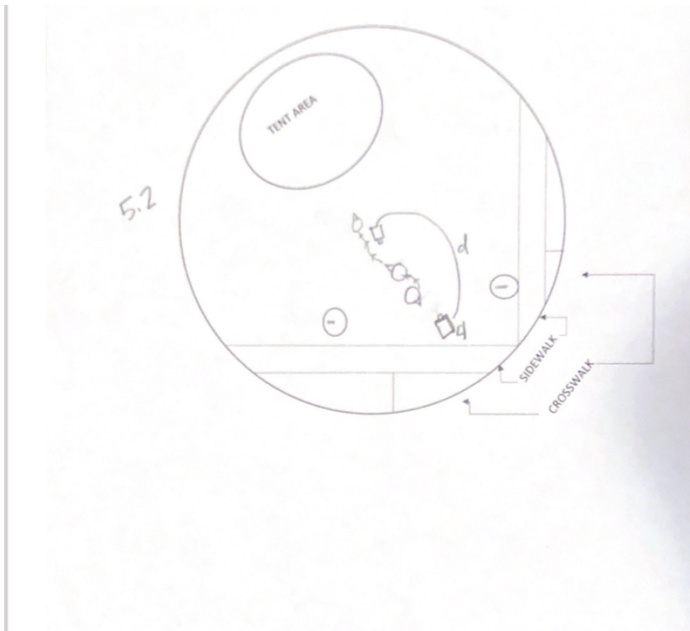
Appraised, yeah, I'll go get it appraised with you, hell yeah, let's go right now.

Okay, no problem, boss, it's getting late and places are gonna close soon. Why don't Oatmeal and I just come—

Alright, okay, no, I understand, yeah. 15 minutes. See you in 15, you're changing a life today, Gilliam, saving a life!

*Gilliam leaves. The man watches him leave, then, turning to Oatmeal, mouths "yes" and jumps up and down.*

WHAT DID I TELL YOU GIRL!!!



iv)



v) \*framing and position will depend on where the “gill light” is, push in as conversation goes



**6. Both, Canon 24 mm, Ronin 50 mm**

**CUT TO i) WIDE SHOT IN STAGE LEFT POSITION. PAN TO TRACK IF NECESSARY.**

*The man begins riffling through the bag of groceries.*

To think we are important is fooly and follish... To think we are not is worse. Can I get an amen?! Never doubt me again, hear me you scruffy little—

*There are bananas, a bag of apples, and a head of lettuce.*

The fuck am I gonna do with some lettuce?

*The man pulls out some scissors to cut through the mesh bag of apples begins to eat an apple. He finds a great big bag of chips and begins to eat those, too. He continues searching until he finds a bottle of wine.*

Gilliam...

*He hugs the bottle to his chest. Kisses it. Regards it once more.*

Well, I try not to drink anything younger than 3 years old, but hey beggars can't be choosers ha ha.

*He pulls out a pen out his bag and finds a rock on the ground. He places the pen on the cork and hammers it with the rock. The cork falls in the bottle with a splash.*

Guess I'll have to finish the bottle.

*The man works through the bottle for the rest of the show.*

*The man looks into the bottle to see his own reflection. He tries to smile, but it's not right. He tries again and again, searching for just the right look. A car drive by.*

Where's the music at though?

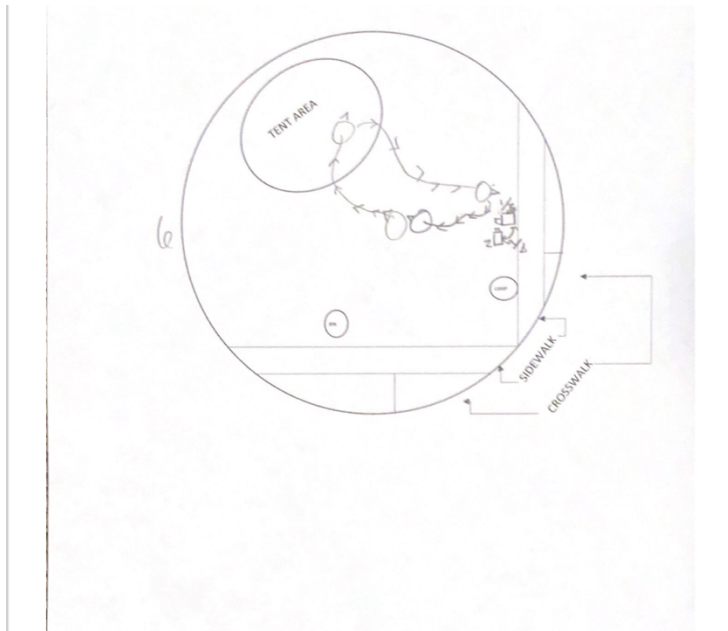
*The man plays **Hot Stuff** by Donna Summers.*

Ayyy, come on Donna Summers! Yes!!! I LOVE THIS SONG!

*The man's Walkman stops working.*

No, don't go!

*The man tries to get his Walkman to work, but it will not. He takes his headphones out, closes his eyes, and pulls sounds from his environment to build a song in his own head. He dances exuberantly until he cannot go anymore.*



i)



iii)



ii)



**7. Ronin 50 mm**

**CUT TO i) CLOSE UP OF MARTIN'S PROFILE LOOKING UP TOWARDS CEILING**

Life is more than pain. Yes, yes, wars and famine, and prejudice persist, yet does the flow'r cease its pressing through the broken pavement? What am I here for?

*a*

*PULL BACK AND TRACK MARTIN IN ii) MEDIUM SHOT AS HE SITS UP and sees scissors*

What were these out for? You want a haircut, girl? Come here, give me that scruffy face.

*He begins to cut the imaginary dog's hair, gingerly.*

*b*

*PUSH BACK IN TO iii) MEDIUM CLOSE UP*

What does the sky teach us, girl? That we are small. And what does our heart teach us? That we are big. Which is true? Both. Please come back to me dog. I can't do this without you, girl.

*He puts the scissors next to his bag. Someone passes.*

Good evening, sir, Spare some change? Diamond for sell! 6 carats! Well, have a good night anyways! Good thing Gill's coming back.

*He pauses and picks up the cigarette butt again, considering once more. He puts it back. He lets out frustrated grumbles. He returns to the tent.*

This damn--Honey, can you come help me with this? And some water? Honey?

*The man pauses. He takes in his surroundings and pinches his eyes. Slaps his face. He digs in his bag for some pills. He swallows them down.*

*One big joke:*

I miss you. I miss you so much. I miss you so much I wanna cry all night long. I miss you so much I wanna cry all night long every night for the rest of my life. I miss you so much I wanna cry all night long for the rest of my life until I die and then I wanna cry some more. I wanna flood my grave until my coffin spews back up and floods the whole wide world. I miss you so much.

*BEGIN iv) SHAKY CAMERA*

Wait. Wait. Wait. No no no no no. Please no, please come back, honey, HONEY?! Please, no, what is, why, not again, not again, Oatmeal? HONEY? HONEY WILL YOU COME HERE PLEASE? FUCK.WHAT? What is this? Get away from me! GET OUT OF HERE!

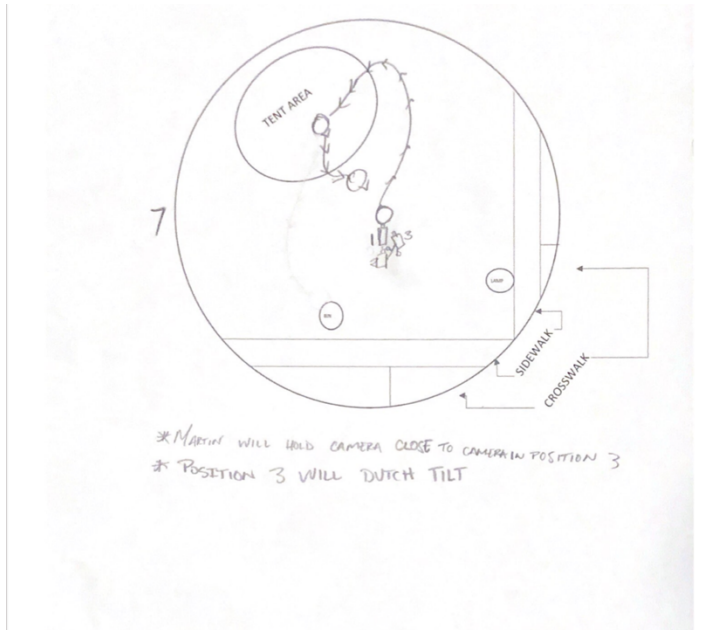
*Jumping in front of his bag of food.*

THIS IS MINE!

*The man goes to his bag and pulls out a band, which he ties around his arm, tight. As he begins to slap his arm, a police siren chirps in the distance.*

*FIX shaky camera*

*The man immediately freezes and quickly moves to gather his paintings and clean up his mess. He throws a hat over the tin can and hides the diamond cup in the grocery bag. He is suddenly stone cold sober and hyper-articulate.*



i)



ii)



iii) \* track Martin as he moves to bag



iv)



## 8. Ronin 50 mm

**CUT TO i) WIDE FULL SHOT TO SLIGHTLY UPSTAGE LEFT OF TRASH CAN.**

Hello, officer. No, sir, no problem. Well, I am sorry about the noise, I just learned that my wife left me. No, no she left me three years ago, but I just learned it again. Please have a sense of humor. Selling? Who's selling? You don't see any price tags on these, do you? Come on, officer, who wants a cardboard painting. There for free, actually, just a bit of giving back to the world. That's what art is all about, right? Would you like one? They make great gifts. Okay, well then consider it a mobile gallery whose aim is public enrichment and cultural advancement. The sign? No, no sir, I didn't see the sign. Yeah. I can read. I'm sure you know what it says. It says, "No Loitering Allowed, Beware Transients." Okay, okay, yes sir, I'll head out. Tents not mine. Mmmhmmm. Alright, yep, I'll be gone. God bless you, too.

*Shouting towards the police siren:*

Want me to "vacate," pig, remember my fucking face next time.

*a*

*MOVE IN STAGE LEFT ARC SLOWLY ENDING IN ii) MEDIUM FULL SHOT*

Transient. Can can can you believe that, girl? What a word. I know what transient means, it means "between places." BETWEEN PLACES. You go to one place or another, you are a transient. Where are we going, girl? Where are we going? I know the truth and I am so alone.

*Someone walks by.*

Spare anything? Feel free to look at the art. Diamond!

*They keep walking and do not even acknowledge the man.*

Or me, you could at least fucking look at me, man! Don't, that's so addictive. Where's Gill?

*The man checks his wrist for a watch that isn't there. He continues drinking from the bottle and returns to his tent. He is drunk, but he's also just bad at this.*

Fuck "Transient," "it's okay to look the other way." No. Call me instead by what I am, a man with no home. Homeless. Hear it. A homeless man.

*The man cannot figure the tent out.*

Whatever, what do I need you for? Soon as Gill gets back.

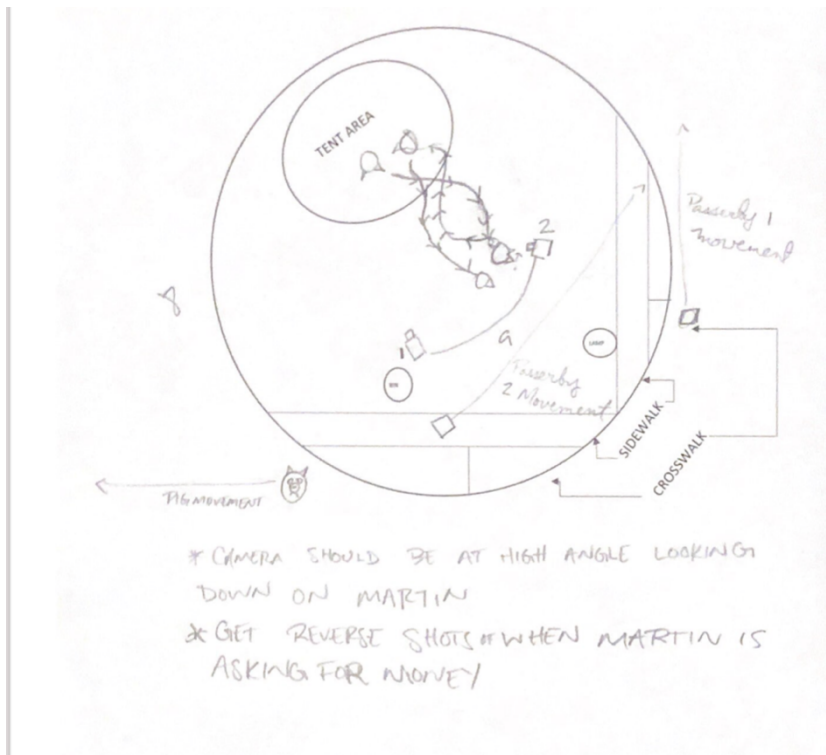
*The man crosses downstage. Someone approaches. His demeanor changes drastically.*

*TRACK MARTIN AS HE APPROACHES CAMERA UNTIL HE IS IN iii) MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT*

Please, ma'am, I just need a bite to eat. Just something for me and my dog, ma'am, I split it between the two of us. I'm just looking for help, to get some help. Thank you so much. If you'd like to look at some art to trade, feel free...

*FOLLOW TO iv)*

*But they are gone. He checks his tin can and pulls out 1 quarter and 3 pennies. He sees the cigarette butt and picks it up*



i)



ii)



iii)



iv)



9. Canon 24 mm

CUT TO EXTREME i) CLOSE UP OF CIGARETTE AND FOLLOW IT to ii).

Free.

*and picks it up and puts it in his mouth. He pulls out a lighter to try to light it, but it won't work. He swallows the cigarette butt.*

*a*

*MOVE UP TO iii) EXTREME CLOSE UP OF EYES.*

Free like a stock-still sparrow staring at the open door of its cage. Fly away, bird, fly away. There are chains on me.

*b*

*PULL BACK TO v) MEDIUM CLOSE UP, HIGH OVERHEAD ANGLE.*

Hey, don't judge me, dog. You know, first time I ever smoked, a nurse handed it to me. Fuckin mental crisis facility, I mean, honestly, what kind of place? The nurses call for an outdoor break and before we go, they offer all of us cigarettes. I "Why would they give us cigarettes" I ask the guy ahead of me. "Isn't that addictive?" Not as addictive as heroin, baby girl. Do enough salt and they'll beg you to cut back to nicotine. I say no to the cigarette, until the third day. I accept it on the third day. Yes, we all make choices. But there is a system that makes us. And now I am shouting at nothing. Like they shouted at me. Begging me, pleading with me to hear and see them, to look them in the eyes, to throw them a dollar, while I sipped on my fucking kombucha with my air pods in and ray bans on, now now now now now now that I am what?

I don't know if Gill is coming back, girl, I don't think so.

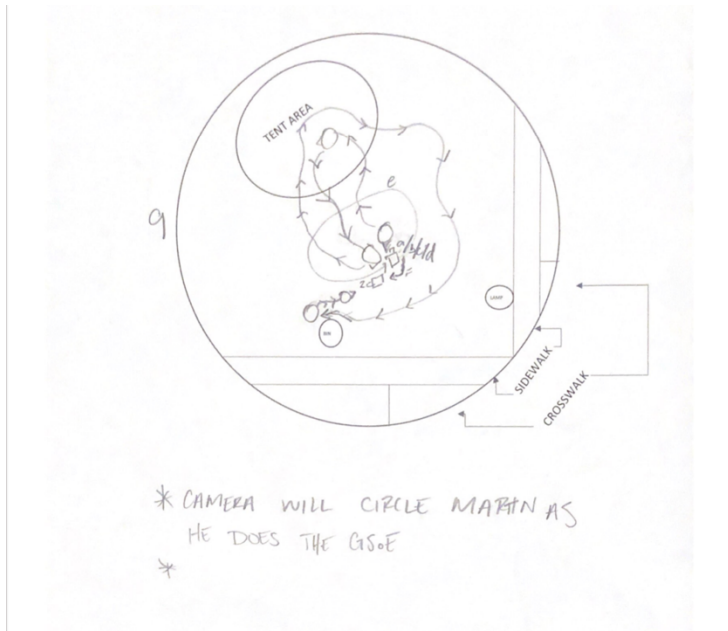
*The man moves back to the grocery bag.*

*d*

*TILT UP TO TRACK MARTIN AS HE MOVES TO TENT TO v) FULL SHOT. FOLLOW BY PANNING FROM CENTERSTAGE*

*He pulls out an apple and starts to chomp on it, then throws it in the air out of boredom.*

Hehe, you like that girl?



i)



ii)



iii) \*blurring was unintentional



iv)



v)



## 9.2 Ronin and GoPro

*e (could be a cut)*

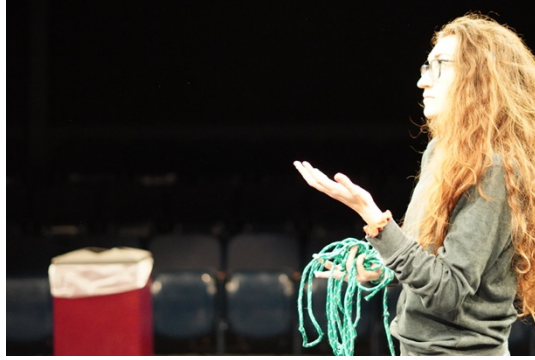
*BEGIN vii) CIRCLING AROUND MARTIN, **GET SOME CLOSE-UP FOOTAGE***

*He pulls out another apple and tosses them back and forth, then adds a third with a flourish and begins to juggle, exuberantly.*

Everybody gather round, come one, come all, for the show of a lifetime!

*He drops one, and playfully kicks it. He brings out another apple and rips it in half. This elates him. He goes through the bag of fruit and destroys it all like a madman. He finishes with the head of lettuce by throwing it in the air and punching it into a confetti like explosion. He drops to the floor and begins a ritual with Oatmeal, chasing her, jumping around like a madman. His laughter escalates and he rips his paintings in half and throws down the trash can. He holds the diamond cup in his hands and raises the scissors to stab himself in the chest. Greco approaches again, interrupting him. The man stands and hides the diamond behind him.*

vii)



**10. Ronin 50 mm**  
**CUT ON STANDING MOVE TO i) MEDIUM FULL SHOT DOWNSTAGE LEFT**

Greco, I swear to God, if you don't get out of my face, I'm going to chop your greasy hair off and shove it up your—

Don't play with me, man, I am literally walking on an apple right now, I am not in the mood for you.

Who told you? Who told you that?

Man, get out of here with that, you don't have 300—

*He stops, a little dumbfounded.*

Look, this is at least a 2 carat diamond, man, I used to work at a jewelry shop. I did! I was sweeping floors, but I was surrounded by diamonds. 300 aint gonna cut it. Yeah, whatever, see ya.

*a*  
*PUSH IN TO ii) MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT*

Wait wait wait wait, Greco, okay, yeah let's talk. What about 350, can you do 35- No yeah no okay yeah whatever you say, 300 will do, man, 300 is good. Let me see it.

This is for real? Why--

Dondo's diamond, what's Dondo's diamond doing on this corner?

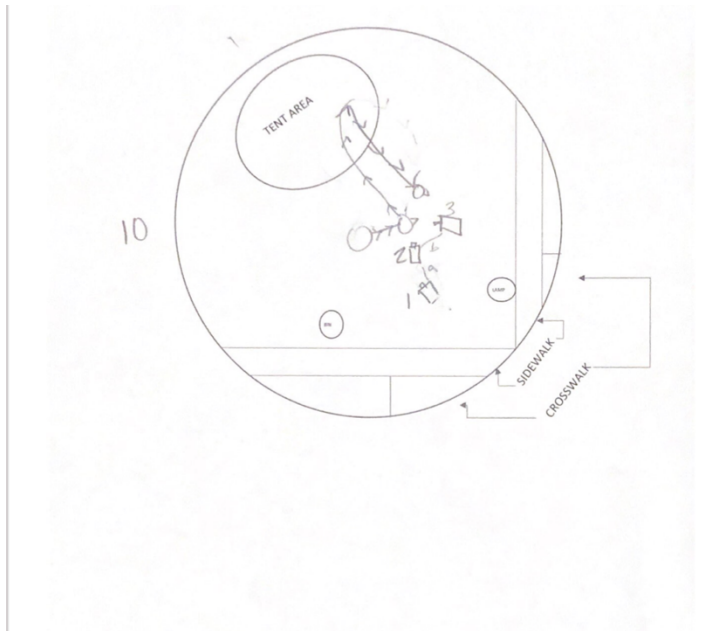
He gave you this money? Oh... well, tell him I said he's welcome. Of course I took care of it.

*b*  
*PUSH IN TO iii) WIDE MEDIUM CLOSE UP PUTTING MARTIN IN CENTER OF FRAME, CIRCLING TO STAGE LEFT OF MARTIN*

A game? I mean, yeah, sure, what's ten bucks when you just became a hundred-aire, right Oatmeal? Huh, oh oh it's nothing, sorry, yeah, let's play.

Yeah, yeah, I'll play for a little salt. But we're playing with my cards this time.

*The man rubs his arm. He runs back to the tent and grabs his cards from his bag. He downs the rest of the wine and watches him deal the cards. He picks up his hand and can't hide his excitement. They play out the hand. What the audience sees as a flash is a full game, so perhaps some lighting shifts or bounces or shifts in position or all of the above.*



i)



ii)



iii) \*meant to be only center frame shot, stay stationary and track martin as he gets cards



**11. Ronin 50mm, Canon 70 mm**  
**THIS IS A CHOPPY SECTION**  
**GET FOOTAGE OF:**  
**i) CARDS SHUFFLING HERE**  
**ii) CLOSE UPS OF MY EYES OVER CARDS**  
**iii) SLAMMING WINNING CARDS DOWN**

Yes, eat it greaseball! YES!

**iv) SHOW FULL CLOSE UP OF WINNING/MAN RECEIVING HEROINE**

*The man takes a small bag.*

You bet your ass I'll play again.

*They play again. This time the man is a little surer.*

**CARD FOOTAGE, AGAIN**

BOO-YAH. OOOWEEE we are eating tonight, girl, Yes!

**CUT TO FULL CLOSE UP.**

Hey, hey, pause. Where you going? Come on, Greco, Greco, Grecco, hold on a hot minute. Let's play again.

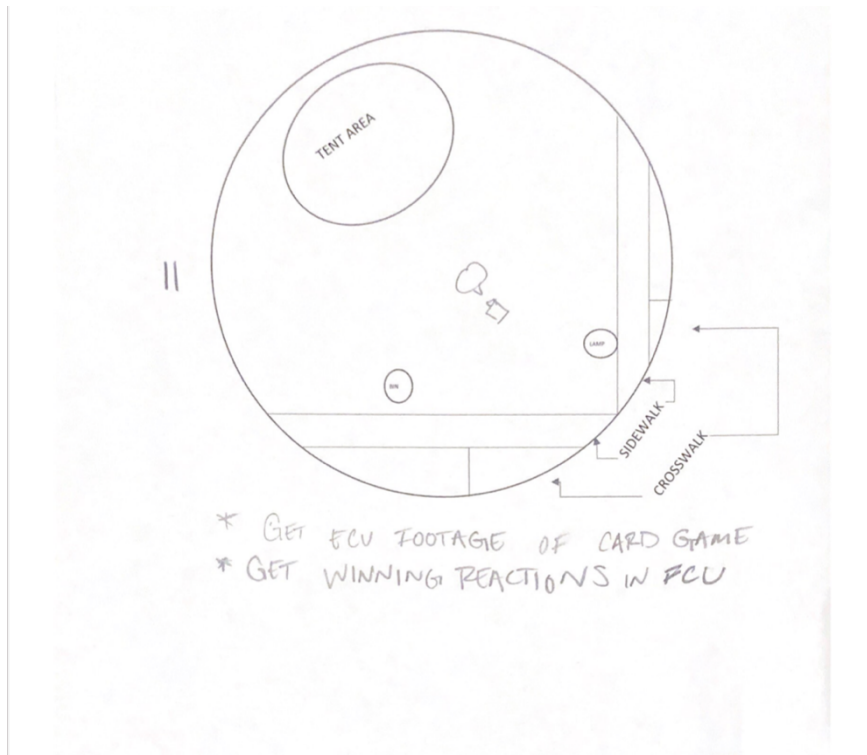
Well, can't you break it up?

Fine, fine, yes, all in, whatever, I'll bet the 3, fine. I'm on a streak.

*(To Oatmeal)* Like takin candy from a baby.

*They play again. The man knows he's about to win.*

**CARD FOOTAGE AGAIN**



i)



ii)



iii)



iv)



**12. Ronin, Profile 3 for Dutch Tilt**  
**CUT TO i) MEDIUM CLOSE UP. SLOWLY ii) DUCTH TILT**

Wait, hey, come on, wait. Come on, you played me again, these cards are rigged. Come on, Greco, don't do this to me, man, I messed up, look at me, I'm drunk. Hey, I've got kids, man, don't take that money from me, please. You played me into playin that way and you know it.

*The man picks up the same stick he brandished earlier.*

Greco, get your ass back over here, man, don't make me—

WOAH. Woah, okay, put that away, man, I don't want any trouble with that, you're good.

Yeah, thank you. Thanks for letting me keep what I won. Thank you. Yes. Yes. Yes.

*Greco leaves.*

Gilliam? Hey, Gill. Oh... Oh no, that diamond was fake, man, I did you a favor and just went and got it appraised, wasn't worth the steps I took to get there, that shop must have scammed me or something, I don't know.

I said that's what happened, you don't trust me?

You know what Gill, why don't you go--

Look, I lost the diamond, man. I let it slip away. I'm sorry.

Yeah... yeah, I got carried away with the food. That was me, too. It's my fault. It's all my fault.

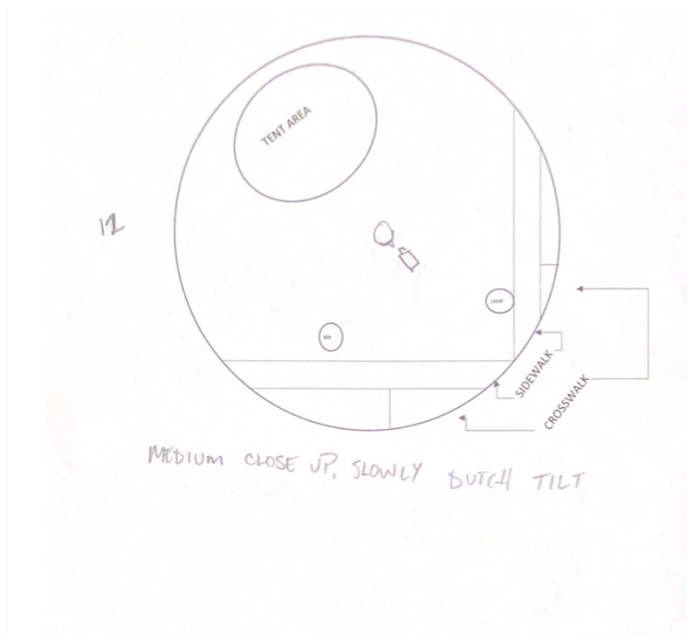
*iii) FIX DUTCH TILT.*

Have a good night.

*Gill leaves. The man looks at his heroin. He hugs it to his chest. The man looks at the leash. He pulls it towards him and wraps it up around his hand.*

I miss you. I miss you so much.

*He looks at the Heroine. End of Show.*



i)



ii)



iii)

