

Quisquam vellet  
scire quid sit  
veritas, seipsum  
debet perdere.

"The best people Possess a feeling for **BEAUTY**, the courage to take **RISKS**, the **DISCIPLINE** to tell the **TRUTH**, the capacity for **SACRIFICE**.

IRONICALLY, THEIR VIRTUES MAKE THEM **VULNERABLE**. THEY ARE OFTEN **WOUNDED**... SOMETIMES **DESTROYED**"

- Ernest Hemingway -

### IDEAS for CASTING + COSTUME / MAKE-UP...

- Our lead character - the ARTIST.. should be a combination of Jaco + Kurt..
- Like the hair length + headband for artist in his "glory days"...
- Needs to be a bit scrawny... a bit manic (see videos of Jaco performing)...
- Amy tattoo on bicep?
- If our actor is also a musician... GREAT! If not, Nick will direct his movements/ bass playing performance...

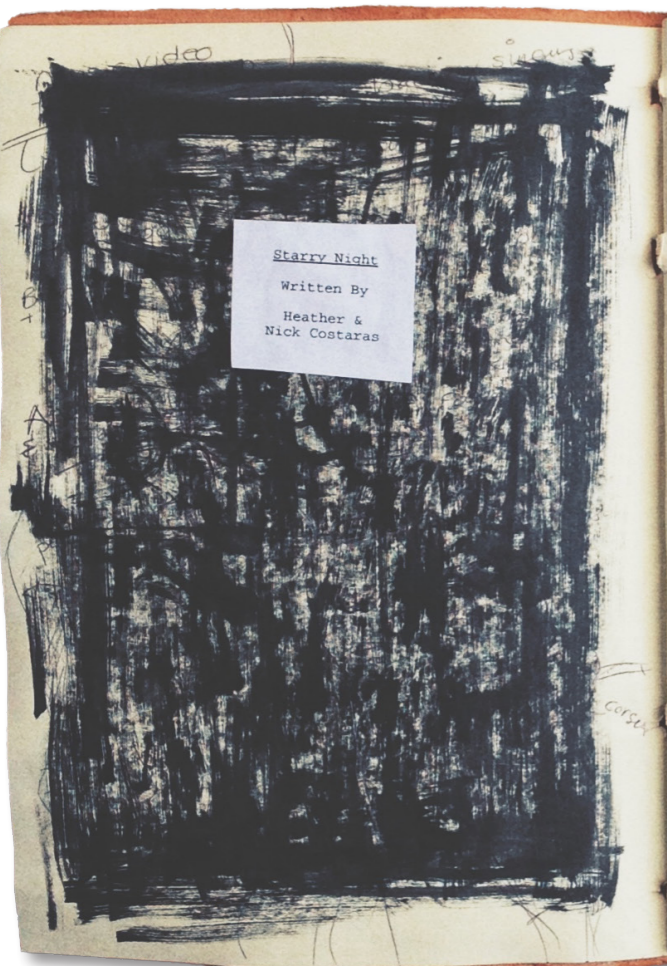
# JACO PASTORIUS

- He was known in some circles as "the greatest electric bass player in the world".
- Hailed as a **GENIUS**... dismissed as a **MADMAN**.
- Totally revolutionised his instrument and left behind an incredibly rich body of work that will stand the test of time.
- Rose to the top in the 70s with "Weather Report" (premier fusion band)...
- Fell from grace in mid-80s... left him spiritually broken, physically beaten, penniless, homeless and totally out of touch with reality.
- Suffered from mental illness.
- Death wish.



"It was as if he were searching for his own executioner"...

and eventually he found him in the person of a 25 year old bouncer, trained in martial arts, a brute who had no idea who Jaco was, what he had created in his lifetime, or what his music meant to thousands.



Starry Night  
Written By  
Heather &  
Nick Costaras

## "The ARTIST" is a combination of

- \* JACO PASTORIUS\*
- VINCENT VAN GOGH
- KURT COBAIN
- JIMI HENDRIX
- AMY WINEHOUSE
- ROBIN WILLIAMS...
- VIRGINIA WOOLF
- JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT
- CHARLES DICKENS...
- HEATH LEDGER
- PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN...

...and many others. Artists who couldn't COPE with this life... and were gone too soon.

"You," he said, "are a terribly real thing in a terribly false world, and that, I believe, is why you are in so much pain" - (Emilie Autumn)

4 JACO

In the end, "The World's Greatest Bass Player" began to express a macabre death wish. He'd drink himself into a stupor and fall asleep on the railroad tracks. He'd walk into a bar and pick a fight with the largest, meanest-looking dude in the joint, and then stand at attention with his arms at his side and let the guy wall on him. It was as if he were searching for his own executioner. And eventually he found him in the person of a 25-year-old nightclub bouncer trained in the martial arts, a brute who had no idea who Jaco was, what he had created in his lifetime, or what his music meant to thousands of fans all over the world.

By the summer of 1986, Jaco had burned nearly all of his bridges. Plagued by wild mood swings and the emotional difficulties brought on by manic depression, a condition only exacerbated by alcohol, he drove fellow musicians from his inner circle. They simply found it too exhausting and heartbreaking to hang with him. Word of Jaco's erratic and unpredictable behavior on the streets reached the industry's movers and shakers, who came to regard him as poison. And nothing, it seemed, could slow Jaco's downward spiral. As drummer Peter Erskine so harshly but accurately put it, "It's tough when a guy sets out to join the ranks of the jazz legends who completely fucked up their lives."

Once a glant in the industry and the talk of the jazz world, Jaco had been reduced to *persona non grata*, a bum panhandling on the streets of New York City for beer money. Banned from most of the nightclubs around town—just as Charlie Parker and Bud Powell had been in the twilight of their careers—he often pawned his bass. His closest companions were the hustlers and street types who congregated at the West Fourth Street basketball courts and in Washington Square Park. He seemed to have what Graham Greene once called a "Cophetua complex": an emotional need for low-class people.

For every old friend who offered Jaco a helping hand to lift him out of his doldrums, there was one who turned his back on him. Some would sidestep him when they spied him disheveled and red-

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eyed, begging for money on the street. Others would simply avoid eye contact in the cold-blooded manner that has become second nature to New Yorkers. As one colleague admitted, "It was just too painful to have to stare that shit in the face. And besides, I'd done my share of baby-sitting."

What caused this deterioration? How could a brilliant artist, a loving father, a loyal friend, a spiritual person, turn into such a deranged denizen of the streets? The long answer is as complex as the human brain itself. The short answer is simple: drugs, alcohol, and fast living—the same catalysts that hastened the deaths of such other geniuses as Charlie Parker, Charlie Christian, Jimi Hendrix, and Billie Holiday.

But dig beneath the surface, get beyond the stereotypes, and you'll discover a myriad of reasons for Jaco's downfall: unresolved anger about his parents' early breakup, guilt about his own failed marriages, and the sadness of being estranged from his children—all coupled with an innate need to pay penance for those "sins."

He also felt the constant pressure of maintaining his self-declared status as "The World's Greatest Bassist" and had a deep-seated fear of running out of new ideas. He harbored a lot of inner rage toward the hordes of "Jaco clones" who latched onto his technique, copied his personal voice, and got gigs at a time when record-company executives and clubowners were turning their backs on him. (But as Jaco would say, with a tone of righteous indignation, "I know what I invented.") He had problems with alcohol and cocaine, but the heaviest cross to bear was his illness, a manic-depressive condition coupled with a chemical imbalance in his brain that caused him to involuntarily flare up and lose control.

It was probably inevitable that Jaco would meet a violent end. Those close to him had seen the signs for years. They had witnessed his gradual decline from the glory days with Weather Report to a sad state of homelessness on the streets of New York. They had seen him panhandling, sleeping on park benches, stalking around the streets

"The more famous you are, the more FEARFUL you get of falling off the pedestal, letting 'people down'"  
- Marilyn Monroe



©1984 Norman Scott

of Greenwich Village dazed and confused, muttering incoherently and confronting pedestrians with bizarre, provocative behavior. Those who didn't witness it first-hand heard all the unsettling gossip through the grapevine. Every week there was some new horror story, some tale of Jaco showing up drunk for a gig with warpaint on his face or mud splattered across his body, falling off a balcony in Italy, riding naked through Tokyo on a motorcycle, hurling his bass into the sea, trashing a stage, getting his teeth knocked out in some ugly barroom brawl. And the whispering spread like wildfire from one musical community to the next, helping to fuel the Jaco myth. "Unfortunately, whenever you heard about Jaco, it was always in connection to some bizarre thing he had done," says Victor Bailey, the bassist who replaced Pastorius in the Weather Report lineup in

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1982. "And it seemed like people just delighted in telling these Jaco stories. They would come up to you with big smiles on their faces and say, 'Did you hear what Jaco did?' But I think those people were ignoring the fact that he was sick and needed help." Drummer Brian Melvin lived with Jaco for four months at the end of 1986, a particularly dark period in Jaco's life. "Everyone was saying that Jaco was crazy," remembers Melvin. "They would talk about how he shaved his eyebrows and walked naked down the street, how he did this and that. His reputation was that he was capable of doing anything at any time. That became the norm for Jaco. The people around him helped to create this reputation through all their gossip, but I think he perpetuated it himself. After a while, he had this 'bad boy of jazz' image that he had to live up to."

Guitarist Pat Metheny believes that Jaco ultimately got caught up in his own myth. At one point during my 1984 interview with Metheny, we found ourselves trading Jaco gossip. Suddenly, Pat stopped the conversation and said, "See, this is exactly what Jaco loves. He gets off on the idea that people are sitting around talking about him all the time. And that's part of his problem."

Many fans outside of New York were naively unaware of Jaco's painful final years. And when the sad details finally became known, they could only shake their heads in disbelief and wonder: "How could this terrible thing have happened to someone so gifted, so famous?"

How indeed. In 1978, at the age of 27, Jaco was sitting on top of the world, riding the crest of his international notoriety. As Peter Dinklage put it, "At one point, he was like the biggest thing in the music business, like the Michael Jackson of jazz or something. He made such an incredible impression. For a creative instrumental musician to have that kind of impact is really unheard of. Here was someone who had what seemed to be the most unbelievable potential. He really had the world by the tail."

With his large hands, long fingers, and double-jointed thumbs,

had gone from complete obscurity as a self-described Florida beach bum to worldwide renown, winning critics' polls in Italy, Germany, France, Japan, and the United States. Full of a gunslinger's swagger, he was always quick to point out that "It ain't braggin' if you can back it up." And he could.

The brash, cocky manner in which he strutted around onstage, the way his energetic presence filled a room, the way he played his instrument with such force and invention—all of this fed the Jaco myth. As one fan said, "I always thought of Jaco as being invincible, as someone who could bounce back from anything. That's why, when I heard he was in a coma, I just figured he would pull out of it and go back to being Jaco again."

But what did it mean to be Jaco? Was it merely a persona he created, a role he assumed like some theatrical professional wrestler stepping into the ring? Where did John Francis Pastorius III end and Jaco begin? And, one could ask, would he still be alive today if he had been content to be simply John Francis Pastorius III rather than Jaco?

"Maybe he couldn't deal with the pressure of having to be Jaco every day, of having to take the next step musically," speculates Peter Erskine. "There was always the question of 'What's Jaco going to do next?' and all the pressure that went along with that. To me, that's what destroyed him."

Drummer Ricky Sebastian offers another take on that theory. "One day I saw him lying on the sidewalk and said, 'What are you doing, man? Get up from there.' And he said, 'No, it's all over, man. I'm never gonna top what I've done already. I'm just living on my past.' In hindsight, I really understand what he was saying. I mean, can you imagine the pressure? Fame is something you dream of for so long and work so hard to attain, and then all of a sudden—boom!—you get it, and everybody is talking about you and you're winning all the polls and stuff. For that not to go to your head takes a really strong personality, and Jaco had a big ego to begin with. So you can imagine the effect all the sudden fame had on him."

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In his glory years, Jaco had tribes of followers in cities all over the world. All he had to do was step off the plane—they were always waiting for him, like disciples waiting to touch the hem of His garment.

But what lay beneath the myth was a complex, tormented individual. Jaco was an utter enigma, easily misunderstood and often maligned by those who observed his unpredictable behavior from a safe distance. As one friend sadly commented, "I wish people would have had more sympathy and compassion for him. I mean, the cat suffered toward the end. They called him crazy, but they didn't have to walk in his shoes. Some people never got a chance to see the real

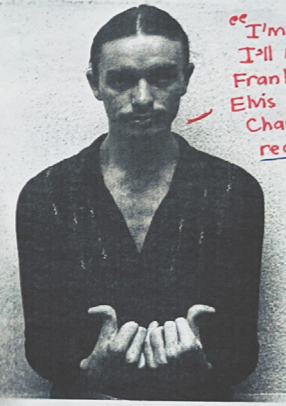
Jaco seemed to be born to play the bass guitar. In his prime, he had the speed and dexterity to create solos that matched the explosive genius of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. His revolutionary approach to the instrument—playing melodies, chords, harmonics, and percussive effects all at once—was wholly unprecedented. And his theatrical stage presence—doing flips off his amplifier, throwing his bass up in the air and then whipping it savagely with his strap—was a direct nod to the rock performance ethic.

For me and for thousands of other fans around the world, Jaco was a beacon, an educator, a great unifier who single-handedly bridged the gaps between R&B, rock, jazz, classical, and Caribbean music. He was the personification of fusion music, turning on rock crowds to new music by providing the links between Bird's blazing bebop ("Donna Lee"), Duke Ellington's classic jazz elegance ("Sophisticated Lady"), John Coltrane's explorations ("Giant Steps"), and Johann Sebastian Bach's contrapuntal brilliance ("Chromatic Fantasy"), while blending in Jimi Hendrix's cathartic feedback squalls ("Purple Haze," "Third Stone from the Sun"), James Brown's infectious good-foot grooves ("The Chicken"), Bob Marley's reggae lilt ("I Shot the Sheriff"), and the Beatles' harmonically sophisticated pop ("Blackbird," "Dear Prudence").

No one before Jaco had transcended so many idioms. No one had so expertly woven together the essence of those disparate worlds into such a seamless package. And he presented it with a demeanor that was decidedly punk—an unprecedented stance in the jazz world. He even named one of his songs "Punk Jazz," an apt description of his music. As he told Damon Roerich in a 1980 *Musician* interview: "I'm a punk from Florida, a street kid. In the streets where I come from, a punk is someone who's a wiseguy. And I'm sort of a wiseguy, inasmuch as I don't give a shit!"

In that interview, Jaco went on to say: "Punk is not a bad word. It's sort of someone you respect because he's got enough balls to stick up for himself. It has nothing to do with the punk music movement

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"I'm not a star. I'll never be a Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley or Ray Charles. I'm really not even Jaco..."

that's coming out of England now, where people are sticking needles through their noses. I've been calling my music Punk Jazz for ten years, since long before this English music came along." (Ironically, fellow bass innovator Stanley Clarke once referred to Jaco as the "Sid Vicious of jazz," a reference to the doomed bassist of the Sex Pistols, the band that spearheaded the punk movement in the U.K.)

As Jaco rocketed into the consciousness of the international music community, he quickly attained a larger-than-life status. Stories of him walking up to the likes of Ron Carter and Rufus Reid and introducing himself as "The World's Greatest Bass Player" are the stuff that legends are made of. In a relatively short period of time, Jaco

person, before he became the sideshow that was 'Jaco.' A lot of people saw only the asshole—the rude, obnoxious person they'd rather forget. It's a shame, because he really was a good guy and a loyal friend."

Like a lot of people, I still harbor mixed feelings about Jaco's passing. Sadness for the torment he endured. Anger for leaving us. I grieve over the talented wasted, the promise unfulfilled, if he were alive and healthy and living a productive life right now, what kind of music would Jaco be creating? Would Jaco, who was acutely attuned to the concept of groove, be turned on by the current fusion of jazz and hip-hop? Jaco loved funky James Brown tunes, often pointing to saxophonist Maceo Parker's early work on *All the King's Men* as "the real deal." Those same grooving bass lines and funk rhythms are the basis (via sampling) for much of contemporary hip-hop music. Might Jaco be collaborating with Public Enemy or A Tribe Called Quest today? Or would he have gotten into some new conceptual cross-fertilization of hip-hop and jazz on his own, something like the direction that such young jazz composers as Steve Coleman and Greg Osby have taken? Or would he have put his bass aside to concentrate on orchestral works?

We'll never know. We've lost our chance to discover what he might have achieved as an artist. And those of us who knew Jaco also feel the loss on a more personal level. We miss the wise-cracking prankster who seemed to embrace life with such a passion, enriching our lives in the process.

Jaco once confided, "I'm not a star. I'll never be a Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley or Ray Charles." Then—in a rare, revealing moment—he added, "I'm really not even Jaco." Peter Erskine seemed to pick up on that sentiment when he said to me in a 1986 interview, while Jaco was confined to the psychiatric ward of Bellevue Hospital, "I just hope he does whatever it takes for him to come back and be happy and use that beautiful mind of his to make music again. And he doesn't even have to be Jaco again, as far as I'm concerned. He

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doesn't need to be anything but himself, which is John Francis Pastorius III, a pretty remarkable human being and a great guy." When word of Jaco's demise came down, those in the know back in New York sighed a deep sigh for the inevitable. Perhaps guitarist Hiram Bullock expressed it for everyone when he said, "I'm shocked, but I'm not surprised." "The World's Greatest Bass Player" slipped off to that big jam session in the sky on September 21, 1987—ten weeks short of his 36th birthday. John Francis Pastorius III is gone, but his spirit prevails. It's in the music. Just listen.

In our film... we are telling our story Mostly through the character of Jaco... however, his story shares so MANY similarities with other creative geniuses. We want THEIR stories to be told too... using Jaco as a conduit of sorts...

"The show must go on. Inside my heart is breaking, my make-up may be flaking but my smile still stays on" - (Freddie Mercury)





CORE THEME !!

THE USERS...  
THE FEEDERS...  
THE ZOMBIES...  
THE "MOB"...

We want to use this kind of imagery to depict the fickle nature of "THE MOB"... the NEEDS of the hungry crowd...

One minute... cheering, screaming praises... worshipping...

BUT... If you don't keep them SATISFIED and SATIATED... they can turn on you... like "a pack of hungry dogs"... or zombies.

We witnessed this on the AMY documentary. So fickle was the crowd... the MOB... that it mattered NOT that Amy was spiralling and was days away from death...

"HERE WE ARE! NOW, ENTERTAIN US!!!"

Lyrics on this page...

CORE THEMES:

the ARTIST

Is represented by FLOWERS... because...

- It's beautiful...
- It's FRAGILE... they can wither + die...
- It's a gift... (for all to enjoy) \* they can flourish... but if you cut them... and try to own or keep them... they DIE...
- It brings joy...
- It can NOT be manufactured artificially!! ~ AND it can not be "OWNED"... although people do try to own regardless!!

IDEAS...

- Van Gogh's sunflowers...
- Flowers on bass guitar (aka: Jimi Hendrix)
- Flower tattoo?
- Artist uses flower cutters during his meltdown

"NORMALITY IS A PAVED ROAD. IT'S COMFORTABLE TO WALK BUT NO FLOWERS GROW ON IT" (van Gogh)  
i.e. the artist cannot flourish in the Realm of the "NORMAL"...

ANOTHER CORE THEME:  
RESSURRECTION...

Even if the flower dies... the seed lives on...

The art lives on...  
The music lives on...  
The stories live on...  
The poetry lives on...  
The ideas live on...

\* IF the flower represents the ARTIST... the seed represents the ART...

ARTISTS ARE PEOPLE DRIVEN BY THE TENSION BETWEEN THE DESIRE TO COMMUNICATE AND THE DESIRE TO HIDE...



JEAN-MICHEL BASQUAIT

\* We Love the work of Jean-Michel... who also, tragically - burned out and died young (drug overdose)...

Production design

We would love to use a lot of his art in the production... possibly as graffiti / street art... he also had some prolific quotes...

Moses Molekwa

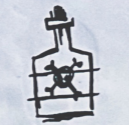
(PIANIST)  
Moses Khumalo (sax)  
South African musicians... exceptionally gifted... who died at a young age... suicide / drugs... (the usual suspects)

Signature

Tattoo Ideas

Signatures

Jean + "antidote" (on other page)



ANTIDOTE  
horse, shoe tattoo...



Ryan Adams → Sylvia Plath →

This place is inconvenient for my name

Dead men walking in a desert,  
blind, we numbly acquiesce...  
to our fate, our Lords, our Leaders  
In their grasp, we convalesce.

Kings of men take desperate measures:-  
Noise to block the ~~king's~~ screams...  
Building cages for our treasures,  
Tombs to house our children's dreams.

"Mute the calls for peace and freedom"  
"Hide the Living from the dead..."  
"Mask the stench of rotting purpose..."  
"Careful, traitor, where you tread..."

"I'm past hopes...  
past illusions...  
past high thoughts and lofty conceptions.  
My son is almost always far away from me.  
I am alone. My contempt for the folly and  
baseness of mankind, my hatred of atrocious  
Cruelty, have never been so intense. And I say hourly  
to Death: "When you will, why does he delay?"

↑ French classical composer Berlioz...  
listen to Berlioz - Symphonie Fantastique  
Program of a Witches Sabbath  
ECHOING KURT COBAIN - and many others...

Classical Musicians - Strong  
who battled long hours of  
DEPRESSION...

- Beethoven
- Robert Schumann
- Pyotr Tchaikovsky
- Sergei Rachmaninoff

Attempted suicides:

- Hector Berlioz
- Robert Schumann
- Hugo Wolf
- Pyotr Tchaikovsky

Suicides:

- Teresian Clark (sister of Ernest)
- Peter Warlock (gassed himself)

William Blake 1757-1827

English visionary, painter + poet

\* Condemned as "mad"... "an unfortunate lunatic"  
\* Called by his friends: "a man without a mask".

Successful painters would visit him in the poor  
rooms where he and his wife lived off Fleet Street.

"They pity me. But 'tis they are the just  
objects of pity. I possess my visions and  
my peace. They have bartered their birthright  
for a mess of pottage".

Blake was not for sale.

Cruelty has a Human Heart  
And Jealousy a Human Face  
Terror the Human Form Divine  
And Secrecy the Human Dress.

The Human Dress is forged Iron  
The Human Form a fiery Forge  
The Human Face a Furnace seal'd  
The Human Heart its hungry Gorge.

"man is all imagination. God is man and exists  
in us as we in him".



WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827). Pencil drawing by John Linnell.

Emily Brontë - 1818-1848

English poet + novelist

- \* Introvert
- \* Despised orthodox religion
- \* "strange, wild woman" "too young"
- \* wrote "Wuthering Heights"



Madonna  
- Edward Munch -



I CAN'T FIGHT ANY LONGER  
MARCH 1947  
By the age of just 22, the brilliant, beautiful  
brakebones - brought on, it's believed, by the  
death of her mother and half-sister in quick  
succession, and then the loss of her father  
for Virginia and she fought off numerous bouts  
of depression throughout her lifetime, until the  
very end.

One evening in March 1941, Virginia attempted to  
end her life by jumping into a river; however, she  
failed and simply returned home. On March 28th,  
1941, she tried again and this time succeeded in  
escaping a lifetime of mental illness.

On the day of her death, unaware of her  
overbooked, Virginia's husband, Leonard,  
discovered this heartbreaking letter on her  
mantelpiece. Her body was found in the bath  
the floor. Some of the words of her last filled with  
bitter words.

Master of light and violence

CARAVAGGIO, (1565-1609) - Michaelangelo  
Merisi da Caravaggio - may be called the first 'popu-  
lar' artist, who made the exact imitation of nature one  
of his aims.

Caravaggio was violent in art and life. In Rome he  
prowled around after dark, uninvitingly armed. He  
was quarrelsome and unbalanced, committed murder  
in a gambling quarrel in 1606, and had to go into hid-  
ing. Wounds, wanderings, prison shock tactics and  
sickness led him to an early death, but not before he  
had upset the art of painting. The story is told that  
Caravaggio, taken by friends to look at antique sculp-  
tures, so long regarded as the peak of human gran-  
deur and achievement, pointed to the crowd nearby  
and exclaimed, "See how many masters nature has  
provided for me, and for other artists, without your  
statues." And he took a gipsy girl off to his lodgings  
and painted her telling fortunes.

In 1597, in Rome, he finished paintings of St  
Matthew for the church of San Luigi de' Francesi -  
his first public commission; and the new manner sent  
a shock through everyone who saw them. In the first,  
rejected version of one of these paintings, in which  
Caravaggio was said to have brought the common  
people 'on to the altar', St Matthew was presented as  
a wrinkled old peasant, with 'neither the attitude nor  
the aspect of a saint, since he sat cross-legged with his  
feet shamelessly exposed to view'.

Painting things as they are, Caravaggio directed on  
them the clearest, sharpest and most startling light -  
a flood-lighting out of his own personality. If Carav-  
aggio paints a bunch of grapes, they can almost be  
eaten; if he paints a corpse, it can almost be smelt.  
And the objects are not always so innocent. He liked  
(and his public liked) the element of electric horror,  
as in the *Head of Medusa* in the Uffizi at Florence,  
and in paintings of holy execution and flagellation.

A difficult painter to assess. He was sincere, but he  
had a mad desire for self-assertion. He loathed the  
hypocrisy of his times, he had vitality and imagin-  
ation, but no refinement of spirit to keep them in order.  
He had the greatest technical accomplishment, but his  
feelings were flashy. Like a publicity agent, he sensa-  
tionalized everything he touched; and so - the fore-  
runner by centuries of colour and 3-D in the movies -  
he appealed to the easy feelings of the common man.  
His temperature was always above normal.



CARAVAGGIO (1565-1609). Self-portrait, detail from *David and Goliath*.

Like a flower, they'll cut you  
and keep you confined...  
As a decorative jewel  
for the crowns of  
the blind...

You're a temporary fragrance  
to mask their decay  
and they'll drink from your beauty,  
and throw you away...

cause that's what they do,  
and that's how it's done...  
They'll tell you to "take it"...  
they'll fuck you for fun...  
and they'll throw you some coin  
so you stay in their debt...  
and numb you with poison  
to help you forget...

Baby, go to sleep...  
put aside your heavy load...  
you've given us your <sup>story</sup> treasure  
and your song... <sup>talent</sup> <sup>gift</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>because</sup> <sup>treasure</sup>

Baby, rest in peace...  
you have walked a tiring road...  
now you're free to fly... in where you  
where you belong

But your story will go on...  
you haven't gone...

'Cause now the cage prison  
Now the

But now the cage  
But now the prison doors are open...  
and you're free...

You're free to fly

fly away

THIS IS NOT A SCRIPT.



NGT!

MEANT

AND

AIN THEMES!!!

Go to sleep  
put aside your heavy load  
Sparrow, you have sung <sup>and you have cried...</sup>  
all you could sing...  
~~you have~~ and kept our spirit's light

Rest in peace,  
~~you've been hunted~~ many  
you have walked a tiring road...

Tiger, you have run...

You've been on the run...

~~But Tiger, you are free...~~

~~you gave your~~

But now you're

~~you're free to~~



Faan Films  
4th Avenue Linden

29 April 2016

To Whom it may Concern,

NOTICE OF FILMING

We are a Production Company: Faan Films.

We are currently shooting a short film called "Starry Night".

We will be shooting at 18 Consuelo Drive, Blairgowrie Friday 6 May from 08:00 to 21:00.

Should you have any queries please contact:

Ntutu Mneno  
Unit Manager  
Faan Films  
083 950 1151

Marlaine Tosoni  
Production Manager  
Faan Films  
083 579 8462



living thing