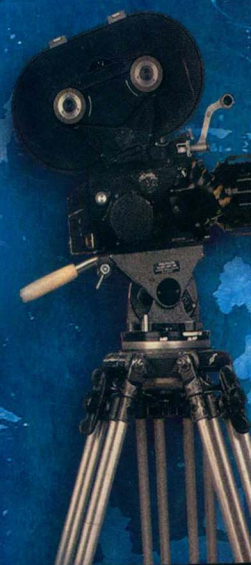
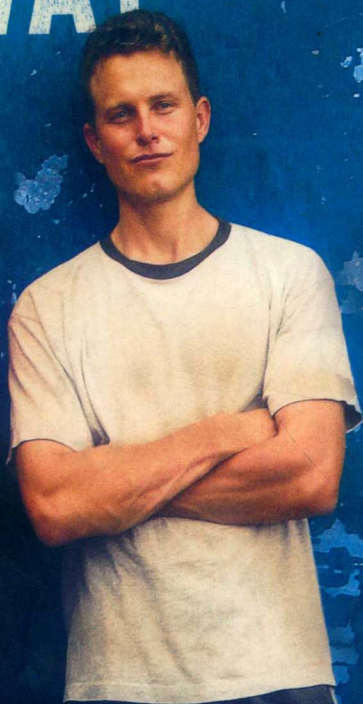
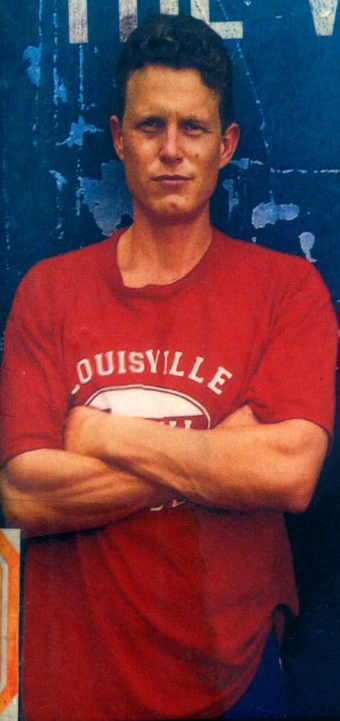


"What the Miller Brothers have accomplished is nothing short of miraculous. You've got to read it to believe it." — **ED HARRIS**

LOGAN AND NOAH MILLER

EITHER YOU'RE IN OR YOU'RE IN THE WAY



**TWO BROTHERS, TWELVE MONTHS,
AND ONE FILMMAKING HELL-RIDE
TO KEEP A PROMISE TO THEIR FATHER**

**EITHER YOU'RE IN OR
YOU'RE IN THE WAY**

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FOR DAD

he always wanted the best for us

CONTENTS

Seven thoughts on our first hell-ride through filmmaking . . .

1. *Every day is the Cuban Missile Crisis: Your world could blow up.*
2. *Surround yourself with gray hair and listen.*
3. *Never wait for a phone call.*
4. *Stay relentless. Rely on no one.*
5. *There are only solutions.*
6. *Spend the financier's money as if it were your own: Don't be a scumbag.*
7. *Either you're in or you're in the way.*

What follows was written from the IGNORANCE of having only produced and directed ONE film, and the ARROGANCE of having only produced and directed ONE film.

TWO GUYS WHO LOVE EACH OTHER

IT'S BEEN SAID we have an unusual relationship.

Bro is me and I am Bro. We're identical twins. We share everything; it's been like that since the womb. Before that it was an egg, and before that it's hard to say. We have one cell phone, one computer, and one car between us. Not saying that it would be a bad thing to have two of each, but right now money is tight. So for now, we share. And are blessed to have someone to share with.

We've always been best friends and have always helped each other, except when we tried to resolve our conflicts by punching one another. We stopped doing that once we started breaking noses and knocking out permanent teeth. It got expensive. So now our arguments never escalate beyond "intellectual frustration," if we may boldly say so.

Each of us would rather the other guy succeed. If there's only one trophy, we want the other to have it. If there's only one princess, then Bro can have her. We cook for each other and serve more food to the other guy.

Thought experiment: Let's just say that *we*—the Bros— had only 51 percent of a brain apiece. Unfortunate, yes, but paralyzing, no, because if we work together we have 102 percent, which is

2 percent more than any human on the planet, beat Einstein if he were still around.

People often ask us, do you *really* share everything? Yeah, just about. Then they'll usually say something stupid like, "Even underwear?" Chuckle, chuckle. Yes, even underwear, smart-ass. But it's not like one of us wears a pair Monday and then flips it to the other guy on Tuesday. We wash them first. Then we flip them.

Then the most common question: "So what's it like being twins?" And we usually reply with, "What's it like being you?" It's our reality. It's what we know. What do you know? Tough question, isn't it, it's rather broad. Hopefully by the end of this adventure you'll have a better understanding of what it is, and perhaps, so shall we. Bro is me and I am Bro.

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THE TIME BEFORE PART I

HOLLY-WAR (1999-2006)

THE TIME BEFORE NOW

THE MANAGER OF the building dropped dead in our apartment the day after we moved in. He was an ex-marine, wounded by a grenade in Korea, played baseball for the San Francisco Seals in the late 1940s. We had terrible credit then. He rented to us when no one else would.

The apartment was made of bricks. During the day it became a kiln. You could bake clay pots in the freezer. At night we sweated and killed cockroaches.

Pigeons roosted above our stove. Their shit and feathers fell through the air vent. We patched it with a square of sheet metal and duct tape. Occasionally the tape would lose its stickiness and drop a trapdoor of crusty pigeon shit and feathers onto our stove. The shit-cloud resembled a mushroom. It reeked of dried piss.

Our neighbor was an old man. His TV exploded through the walls. He never turned it off. It was so loud you could see what he was watching.

We spent the first few months in Hollywood on our friend Pietro's floor, warming up for the roach and pigeon palace. Pietro was renting a room in a two-bedroom apartment. There were three of us living in a room slightly larger than a shower stall. A rocker named Dave lived in the other room with his Japanese girlfriend, Roki or Soki, something like that. She didn't speak any English. They were happy. It was a happy apartment. We ate a lot of peanut butter sandwiches in those days.

We'd been on the road playing baseball for the better part of five years, lived in Iowa, Texas, Arkansas, Florida, Arizona, and hung out in every state in between. But baseball didn't work out. It had been our dream since we had dreams. We had no backup plan, limited education, no résumé for any job above manual labor. We'd never thought of the future in terms other than baseball. Now we were forced to think about it.

We didn't want to go back home to Northern California and pound nails. We'd done plenty of that growing up. We wanted to make a living at something we loved. We needed a new dream. But what could we do?

Not much in the professional world.

So we decided to write a movie.

But we'd never written a movie before. Hell, we'd never even *seen* a written movie before. We walked down to Larry Edmunds' Bookshop on Hollywood Boulevard and were informed that a written movie is called a "screenplay." We pulled the screenplay for *Casino* off the dusty shelf. It looked like some form of alien communication.

Discouraged, we put the screenplay back on the shelf, cursed our ignorance, and walked out.

A week later, our buddy Nicky Hart introduced us to a guy named Erik, who recommended the tool that could decipher the code: "*Lew Hunter's Screenwriting 434* is the book you need."

So we walked back down to Larry Edmunds and bought 434. The book was plainly written and easy to understand. It demystified the process, cracked the screenwriting enigma.

If we ever make any money in this business, Lew Hunter should receive a percentage of our tax receipts.

We finished 434 and started writing *Touching Home*, a story about us and our father. We had a lot of pain. And writing helped get it out. *Touching Home* was written on college-ruled notepads on a park bench in the Valley. We didn't own a computer at the

time, and the park had grass and flowers and other living things that didn't try to steal our food.

Half this book was handwritten. Noah still doesn't type, says it "doesn't work right with his mind," which is probably all right, 'cause last time we checked, Shakespeare couldn't type either.

It took us twenty-five days to complete the first draft of *Touching Home*. It was the most difficult thing either of us had ever done. We swore we'd never write another one . . .

Then we saw the road ahead. We tried to deny it, swore it was a hallucination. But it wouldn't go away. It was there. It was our future.

We wrote twelve screenplays and a seven-hundred-page manuscript during that first Hollywood tour. Each time we completed a screenplay, we'd grab a couple bottles of cheap wine at the corner liquor store and climb the fire escape to the rooftop of our apartment and celebrate the victory. Passing the bottle back and forth, we'd stare at the shimmering city where movies are made, envisioning the day we'd be making *our* movies.

Sometimes we drank so much we were flammable. Coming down was tricky.

Back then, we had the worst car in Los Angeles. It looked like a crushed sardine can. The passenger side had been T-boned at 45 mph by some lady that didn't see the red light. When she was done, the car had one working door. You had to climb over the stick shift to get to the passenger's seat. The passenger couldn't roll down the window because it was made of Visqueen and duct tape. There was no air-conditioning. In the summer, it became a sweat lodge; you could lose five pounds driving to the grocery store. In the winter, it became a rain forest. One night we drove in a storm from San Francisco to L.A. with a shin-deep puddle in the passenger foot bucket. It was so ridiculous we surrendered to the water and took off our shoes. Our car was so ugly people were ashamed to look at it.

Our buddy gave us the car after our other car blew up, and we abandoned it on the highway north of Santa Barbara. A salvage company sued us for \$800 after they cubed it.

In those days, we worked at a bingo hall in the Valley. Our job was to walk the gymnasium floor, selling blotters, raffle tickets, fresh sheets of bingo paper, and other senile paraphernalia. One night the number caller had to use the bathroom. It couldn't wait. So Logan replaced him onstage and started pulling the balls from the basket and calling out the numbers. Logan had never performed this task, wasn't trained to, didn't know the rules of the spinning balls.

Someone yelled bingo. Logan thought the game was over and released the balls from the basket. But it wasn't over, far from it. This was a blackout game. Elderly rage exploded. Dentures shot from mouths. Words that spark riots were hurled. Our employment ended there that night.

We were fired from a bingo hall. Not many people can claim that.

Then we got suckered into the world of high fashion—modeling. It wasn't our scene. But they said that we *could* make \$1,000 a day . . . *could*. But never *would*.

Noah got hired by Dave LaChapelle. (He's a famous photographer in his world.) Dave wanted to paint Noah gold and dress him up in a G-string for some MTV Awards photo. "Noah, you'll be one of my golden pillars . . . You've got a few minutes before we paint you. Are you hungry?"

"I was . . ."

"Good. Go downstairs and eat."

So we walked downstairs to the royal buffet and stuffed our backpacks with chocolate chip cookies, a pecan pie, turkey, smoked salmon, bagels, and about three pounds of ham. It was Thanksgiving in a backpack. Then we walked out the back door and drove straight to Northern California without the gold body-paint and