
Below the Line

Episode 101

"Day one, day fun"

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COLD OPEN

INT. SHAMUS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

SHAMUS MANNING (Mid to late 40s, clear frame glasses, asymmetrical haircut, manicured goatee - the D.P.) sits on a black vegan leather couch while watching *The 400 Blows*.

We see framed movie posters on the wall, a broken light meter on a polished coffee table, books on filmmaking.

His iPhone vibrates, he picks it up without looking.

SHAMUS

Hello?

His face wrenches like he's heard the impossible.

SHAMUS (cont'd)

Wait, wait, wait are you--

He pauses the film.

SHAMUS (cont'd)

What about the money thing? Uh huh...

He shakes his head - *This is insane*.

SHAMUS (cont'd)

But after what was said? *They did?!*
Okay but after what he did? *They did?*
Uh huh... Sure. Well who can say no
to that much money...

Suddenly Shamus' eyes go wide.

SHAMUS (cont'd)

(Near incredulity)

Am I available?

Shamus leans his head back. We watch a series of emotions flash across his face - Annoyance, Disgust, Intrigue, Fury, Depression then finally Acceptance.

SHAMUS (cont'd)

Uh. Yeah, sure, I guess... Okay.
Right, see you then.

He ends the call then stares into the distance, completely taken aback, after a prolonged beat he calls out.

SHAMUS (cont'd)
Lynn?

LYNN (O.S.)
Yeah?

SHAMUS
They're doing a second season.

Lynn leans in from the room adjacent.

LYNN
No they're not!

SHAMUS
Just got off with them.

LYNN
What about the money thing?

SHAMUS
They fixed it.

LYNN
Didn't the lead throw red wine into
that producer's face, what's his
name?

SHAMUS
Vincent. Said they made up.

LYNN
What about that Deadline thing?
Didn't it go viral?

SHAMUS
Water under the bridge apparently.

LYNN
Wow... Well at least you won't have
to deal with that this year, I know
how miserable you were, one less
thing on your plate right?

SHAMUS
Well...

Shamus looks to her guiltily.

LYNN
Oh no, Shamus. No... The crew walked
out last year!

SHAMUS
They all signed.

LYNN
Your gaffer too?

SHAMUS
Yep. I was the last call.

LYNN
So let me get this straight, you'll
be be working eighty hours a week for
the next six months--

SHAMUS
Uh huh.

LYNN
Not counting pre-calls, L.A. traffic,
hour lunches, second meal, pre-
lights, location scouts, after hour
meetings-

SHAMUS
Mhm.

LYNN
Then there's the splits, the over
nights, the "Fraturdays", the six day
weeks with ten hour turnarounds,
reverse splits, company moves,
splinter units, double up days,
production meetings, conference
calls, workflow calls, crew calls,
not to mention the thousands of
emails before, during, and after
work...

SHAMUS
Yeah. Isn't it great?

LYNN
I'll never understand you movie
people.

SHAMUS
Me either. So here we go, season two.

END OF COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN.

That eerily quiet time of morning before Los Angeles wakes.

SUPER: Day 1 of 118

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN.

LIZ (20s, a determined, hard working, mid-western transplant, and extremely green Production Assistant) her Android phone rings waking her.

LIZ
Mm. H-hello?

SUPER: 3:45 A.M.

Intercut

INT. CHERIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME.

CHERIE (32, a blunt and battle hardened 2nd A.D.) works diligently on her laptop, her iPhone, and an iPad simultaneously. A printer behind her spews out page after page.

CHERIE
Are you at that 24 hour Starbucks already? I need to add a couple things to your list.

LIZ
Uhhhm...

Liz fumbles for her glasses. Checks her phone.

CHERIE
Liz, are you there or not? I have five other calls to make before I get in the car.

She opens her phone and finds the callsheet.

LIZ
M-my call's not until five I thought?

CHERIE

I texted you a list last night, I said I needed you at basecamp at four thirty with coffee for the actors.

Liz mouths "shit" to herself. She opens her text messages and sees the long list of coffee orders.

LIZ

Oh my god, I'm so sorry, I-I didn't see it, I was already asleep...

Cherie takes a calm but stressed breath - *It's day one, don't freak out.*

CHERIE

It's my fault, I didn't confirm. You know what, I'll just take care of it.

LIZ

No-no, I can handle it, I'm leaving right now.

CHERIE

You sure?

LIZ

Yes Cherie. I'm on it, you can count on me.

CHERIE

Feel free to get yourself something.

LIZ

Of course, y-yes ma'am.

CHERIE

Ugh, don't call me ma'am, I'm thirty two.

LIZ

Sorry, force of habit, guess it was a thing when I was a kid. You know, yes sir and no ma'am, *hold the door for your elders!* Oh! So how should we deal with money? I mean I can't afford all of them, like I can barely afford gas... Hello?

Liz realizes Cherie's already hung up.

LIZ (cont'd)

Ah dang-it!