

Work In Progress

Written By

Solstice Antonio

Logline: In the midst of a collapsing student production, a disjointed crew must choose between succumbing to the chaos or compromising their vision in order to finish the film.

Email: maantonio@chapman.edu

Assignment: AP Script

Date: 01/28/26

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

We are mid-take. Dead silence.

An ACTOR (30s) sits rigidly on the couch, holding a HOMEMADE SCI-FI DEVICE composed of metal casing with exposed wires and blinking LED lights. The device HUMS faintly.

Hovering clearly in frame... the BOOM MIC.

RON THORTON (20), hyper aware, highly organized, grips his clipboard like its his life line.

Ron notices the boom. He looks at BOOM OPERATOR, TYLER ZADE (18, oblivious) and makes increasingly frantic UP gestures that Tyler doesn't see.

RON
(severely annoyed)
Tyler. Boom's in frame. Move it UP.

At the monitor, DIRECTOR AUGUST WOOD (20), delusional, over-prepared, sleep deprived, is locked in.

AUGUST
CUT! Let's go again.

The silence SHATTERS. The crew scrambles.

RON
We could've just reset.

AUGUST
No. The device hears the thought before the thought happens. Timing is literally the movie.

The DOC CAMERA creeps closer to August and Ron.

DOC OP (O.S)
August, what does the device do?

AUGUST
It lets you hear your thoughts one second before you think them.

Ron sticks his head in front of the DOC CAMERA, interrupting.

RON
(checks his watch)
Can we do this later? We're behind.

TALKING HEAD - RON

Ron sits with perfect posture, still clasping his clipboard.

RON (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Ron. First AD for this- how
do I say this- "ambitious" film.

DOC OP (O.S)
How is it going so far?

RON
I don't want to answer that.

TALKING HEAD - AUGUST

August sits too close to the camera.

AUGUST
Hi, I'm August. I'm directing.
Ron's my first AD and best friend.
(beat)
Everything's good. We are making a
MOVIE! That's the important part.

BACK TO SCENE:

Another take is already happening.

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Don't react yet. Wait for it-

Suddenly, you hear crows CAWING from outside.

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Ignore it, we can fix it in post.

The SCRIPTY RACHEL GONZALEZ (18, wears glasses, observant)
taking notes at the monitor, dreadfully looks at the DOC OP.

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Don't react yet. Listen-

RON
The boom is in frame again.

The Boom JERKS UP, HITS the ceiling chandelier light. CRASH.

AUGUST
CUT. CUT. CUT.

Chaos erupts instantly. The ART DEPARTMENT clean up the mess.

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Guys- it's okay. This is
filmmaking.

RON
(speaking out loud)
For my mental sanity- can we PLEASE
have get ONE uninterrupted shot
with clean sound, no boom and just
one take? We have a company move to
the other location soon, so we need
this done.

JULES (19), Producer, calm-looking but spiraling internally-
rushes in towards August and Ron, still on the phone.

JULES
We lost the other location.

RON
What the f-

CUT TO:

TALKING HEAD - AUGUST

AUGUST
There's something so
beautiful about being
surrounded by chaos.

TALKING HEAD - JULES

JULES
(into phone, angry)
Sir, you signed a location
agreement. You can't just cancel
day-of. We have a contractual
agreement.

The phone disconnects.

JULES (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello? ARE YOU SERIOUS?

BACK TO SCENE:

August claps his hands like that solves things.

AUGUST
Another take. Can Art Department
finish up? Also, fly in the actor.

RON
 (into walkie)
 Art Department to set.

Rushing in across the room, TESS (19), emotionally bonded to objects, carefully adjusts the DEVICE on a pedestal.

Ron speed walks past-

CRASH. The DEVICE hits the floor. The blinking STOPS and the hum dies.

Silence. Everyone frozen in shock.

Tess drops to her knees, cradling it.

TESS
 It took me ten hours...

RON
 Please tell me it still works.

She shakes her head.

AUGUST
 Okay- Ron adjust the schedule.
 Tess, can you fix it?

TESS
 How? I can't just simply "fix it".

AUGUST
 You have forty minutes. Make it
 look exactly the same.

Tess stares at him in disbelief.

CUT TO:

TALKING HEAD - TESS

Tess holds the broken device with panic in her eyes.

TESS
 This is my forty minute report.
 Minute one: it's broken. Minute
 forty: it's still broken.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jules comes rushing back in towards August and Ron.

JULES

Lunch went to the other location.

A collective STOMACH GRUMBLE from the crew.

Ron holds his hand to his mouth, shocked from the news.

TALKING HEAD - RON

RON

This is a fucking shit show. And
I'm supposed to keep this moving.

TALKING HEAD - AUGUST

AUGUST

Honestly? This is going well. This
is the filmmaking process for ya!
Isn't invigorating!?

BACK TO SCENE:

Ron flips through his schedule. It's wrecked.

RON

Three hours behind. We lost lunch.
We lost the location. The device is
broken.

(beat, he stops walking)

August- we need to change the shot
list.

AUGUST

We can't. It won't work.

RON

It's already not working.

Ron gestures to the exhausted crew, August doesn't look.

RON (CONT'D)

They're tired. I'm tired. You're
tired. Just trust me.

August smiles, and does little jumps in the air, unfazed.

AUGUST

Guys, we are making a movie.

RON

No. We are not. We are lying to
ourselves!

Ron takes a deep breath.

RON (CONT'D)

We won't finish this version of the movie.

AUGUST

Can't you just trust the process?

Ron feels defeated, he grabs his walkie to speak to the second AD MAYA L'HERT (18, unorganized).

RON

(into walkie)

Maya, did the actress arrive?

MAYA (O.S)

No. Let me check her call time.

(beat)

I forgot to call her in. Sorry...

Ron rubs his temples.

RON

August. She was never called today.

AUGUST

Just call her now, and get her here.

RON

We don't have time.

AUGUST

It will work, just trust me.

Ron snaps, furious. The whole crew watches now.

RON

(points around)

This is a complete shit show. There is NO movie. We barely filmed anything! We are done.

AUGUST

We prepared though-

August finally looks around. Everyone is exhausted, a sense of regret hits him.

DP MIKE FLAN (19, clumsy, observant) steps in.

MIKE

We have thirty minutes of good light.

A beat.

AUGUST

Okay.

(beat)

Make the device a small speaker.
One scene. Simple. Ron help the DP
Mike.

Ron lets out a breath he's been holding all day.

Mike signals to his army of grips to get things going.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MAGIC HOUR - A WHILE LATER

The crew in silence. Pizza boxes sit unopened in the corner.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Cut. That's a wrap everyone! Jules
got pizza for us all, so dig in!

Everyone cheers with relief, and attack the pizza.

TALKING HEAD - JULES

JULES

Honestly, I fully had zero hope for
this at a certain point.

BACK TO SCENE:

RON

We actually did it.

August looks at Ron.

AUGUST

Thanks for not letting me ruin
this.

RON

You're welcome. You would've
figured it out. Eventually

Ron rests a hand on August's shoulder sharing a tired smile.

DP MIKE FLAN (19, clumsy, observant) suddenly scurries in.

MIKE

I think I forgot to record...

Both August and Ron look directly at the DOC OP Camera.

FADE OUT.