

Kinématographie

by Billy Hamilton

Open up the barn doors,
clean up the spill.
Get those apples in their boxes,
put some lettuce on the fill.

Bring on the egg crate,
pick up the sticks.
Patch in the cross key,
get ready to mix.

Get some pegs for the gel,
find a coin for the plate.
Try the six-fifty there,
give the rig some more weight.

Let's hang up a pipe here
to light up the set.
Put a high-hat on the dolly,
get that polecat to a vet.

We've got gaffers with maffers,
and flags in a bag,
we've got stands in our hands,
and a slate with no rag.

After nine hours of setup,
the picture's composed.
We're ready to shoot,
but our film's all exposed.

Our cables are arcing,
our scrim's on fire,
our money's exhausted,
we're down to the wire.

We'll shoot with a Canon,
we'll shoot from the hip.
We'll shoot the director,
and fire the grip.

We'll blow all the circuits,
we'll quit in a rage.
We'll hold up the depot,
and blow up the stage.

I'm done with this business,
the picture's a wrap!
If you want to make movies,
find some other sap!

But the DOP pleads,
we can still get the shot.
We were overambitious,
but we'll cut back a lot.

So we break up the fighting,
choose not to be vandals.
Use a flashlight for lighting,
at seven foot-candles.

If we go to f/2,
there's a bit of a glow.
You can make out their heads
with enough ISO.

The AD calls the roll,
someone claps for the mark.
Two people in makeup
say lines in the dark.

Three takes in three minutes,
plus one more for sound.
Then we heave a big sigh
and collapse on the ground.

We're aching and tired,
but we've all made it through.
Take ten minutes, you've earned it;
then we'll start on scene two.