

Hey Team,

Before delving into the meat of the treatment, I wanted to address one pertinent logistical matter first and foremost: Regardless of the outcome of this bidding process, do you think you'll be able to secure me a couple tickets to the Finals? Just asking more for a friend really.

When I saw these boards, the first thing I became aware of was an almost overwhelming feeling of boyish excitement at the prospect of being able to capture the sights, sounds and emotions of World Cup Cricket on film. The notion that "greatness is contagious" really spoke to me. We all have our personal bests, records of individual achievement. What pushes us to do even better? Witnessing our hero outdo himself or the underdog defying the naysayers.

Whether our fans are achieving *their* greatness by emulating their source of inspiration, or by besting their rival opponent or nation, each one will be encouraged to reach their own personal greatness. This contagious greatness is cyclical. As a cricketer sees his fans in the stands beating their drums, screaming at the top of their lungs as if taken over by a fever, he is pushed to run that much faster, bat that much harder. The fans, jolted by the returned energy current, stamp, shout and play all the more fervently. The joules intensify as their electrical excitement returns to the field, eventually setting off emotional fireworks. We in the stands taste the sweetness of victory just as much as the players on the field.

I intend for this film to be a full tilt, all out assault on the viscera. Its execution will fully mirror the impassioned frenzy and fanaticism the one has come to expect from the World Cup and its "ride or die" fans. Imagine a visual rollercoaster set amidst the athletic Carnivale that will be World Cup Cricket 2015.

This film is certainly one for the fans. It will inspire and delight the cross-section of global society for whom cricket is everything from their first love to their greatest heartache. Imagine fourteen-year old Tariq in Peshawar, Pakistan. His heart is set on watching the Pakistan-India game in Islamabad. In Christchurch, an eight-year old Sam has turned his Christmas advent calendar into a countdown to the New Zealand-South Africa showdown. Tariq and Sam will never meet. But their excited hearts beat to the exact same drummer. It's that of Winston, an eighteen-year old steel drummer from Jamaica who is practicing the national anthem.

Here in this film, the fan is every much a hero as the players. It is they, the fans, who will go on the narrative journey to witness contagious greatness. While at first the film may appear to be a series of eclectic, erratic images, they are all headed in the direction of the game, the game, the game. Whether our fans are watching from home, getting ready to go to the game, travelling to the game, or taking their seats in the stadium, the actual game itself will be the jewel in our crown. We will see our raucous fans in shots that we set up in the stadium as well as archive footage of some of the greatest World Cup rivalries of all time.

I also look forward to honoring the multi-generational transmission of a love of cricket that is so familiar to us. It is not uncommon to find three or perhaps four generations gathered round an old television set silently engrossed in a game. Some of this trans-generational celebration will also be seen in treated archive footage of fans in the stadiums

RAW, VISCERAL, BOMBASTIC LENSING

This will be a frenetically paced piece of film that encapsulates the passion, excitement and love for the game of cricket. It will barely draw breath. Tone and energy are paramount here. Every bit of this film will feel alive with a racing pulse.

The camera work will be raw and dynamic. Its purpose is to capture 'true' moments of fans inspired by greatness that will feel real at all times. This camera has an insatiable hunger, it is constantly searching, discovering, plunging into the heart of the story. It's soaking up all the sights and sounds within its focal range. Nothing here will appear overly considered or manipulated. Sometimes it's messy, semi-documentary style, our camera might get bumped from time to time, but that's ok... in fact... we want that, too. It's a steroid-fuelled pace that immediately (whether we've got 30 or 60 secs to play with) will smash the audience, giving them no option but to pay attention.

The two following films are great reference points for this approach. The first is the Nike 'Fuel Band' and the second is Adidas 'All in'.

Nike – Fuel Band

<https://vimeo.com/84858610>

Adidas – All in

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DCRihtlZZdM>

AN EMPASSIONED KALEIDOSCOPE

On these next pages, you will find my rendition of the spot in greater detail. The fact of the matter, is that the World Cup only comes round ever so often. Very few fans will ever get to attend a live World Cup Cricket match. I intend to fully tap into this once in a lifetime feeling.

I mean to capture the vibrant color and flavors of this rarely seen human panorama. I have presented these splashes of color, which we would combine with spontaneous flashes of enthusiasm from our fans, the whole of which is meant to be greater than the sum of its parts. There's a lot here, let's chat further as to what we whittle it down to.

Mumbai, India

A mid-sixties barber seems to be grinning to himself as he shaves a young man's head. Satisfied with his handiwork, he hands the customer a mirror and spins the chair dramatically for the whole shop to see the word "INDIA" shaved into the customer's head. Or it could be the shape of India. A TV in the corner is playing an Indian World Cup game.

Glasgow, Scotland

An epic wide shot of two buildings next to each other in a textural, low socio-economic area. One kid is on the rooftop of one building holding a cricket bat. Another kid is on the roof of the building next door. He bowls from his rooftop to the other. His mate smashes the ball into the city below.

Melbourne, Australia

In a suburban bathroom a young boy has a picture of Mitchell Johnson sticky-taped on the bathroom mirror. He has a black marker in his hand, attempting to draw Mitch's tattoos onto his own arm.

Harare, Zimbabwe

A grandfather sits next to his grandson at a kitchen table. The grandson's eyes light up as Granddad flips through a picture book. As we cut over their shoulders we see that the stick figure images are of a cricketer running and bowling. A batsman then smashes the ball for six.

Colombo, Sri Lanka

A painted group of drummers stuff themselves onto a bus already filled with chanting fans. Several dozen older men who aren't able to make the crowded journey, wave them off. Their faces tell us that they remember when they too were able to go to the ends of the earth for cricket. The bus takes off and suddenly an older man grabs the Sri Lankan flag and runs waving it behind the bus.

Delhi, India

A washing machine that sits on the balcony of an apartment is being emptied by a grandma. All the whites are stained blue. In the living room a young boy is painting 'India' on his newly made India World Cup cricket top. The orange paint is painted on using his fingers with a mixture of turmeric and water.

Liverpool, England

What if instead of a pub, it's a fish n chip shop? It's full of chavs (think Wayne Rooney wearing a tracksuit and a Burberry cap) who are on their way home from a piss session. The owner of the fish n chip shop is a larger than life personality (maybe he looks into camera at some point?). He has English cricket memorabilia all over his walls. All the boys are watching England playing on a TV above the fridge full of crabsticks.

Cape Town, South Africa

A uniformed player sits on a bus with earphones in. He is in deep concentration, preparing... we've seen this shot before in World Cup ads... however... his concentration is broken by a tennis ball that smashes into the bus window, he looks out and a group of kids have been playing nearby, they are all fighting for

Napier, New Zealand

A Granddad and grandson are 'knocking in their bats' in front of the TV, watching Brendon McCullum. Grandma is behind them putting earplugs in.

Bridgetown, Barbados

West Indies scores a tie-breaker and a spontaneous street festival erupts into a mini Carnivale. Team t-shirts are thrown up in the air. One scantily clad samba-type dancer wears her team jersey like a modified brassiere as she dances with increasing fervor to a steel drum.

Kalmunai, Sri Lanka

A bunch of night shift taxi drivers are hanging out in a fluoro lit depot. They are sneaking in a quick game, as the radio blasts the match that is currently in play.

Kabul, Afghanistan

An Afghani boy is hitting a ball in his bedroom. It's connected to a piece of string that hangs from the roof, the ball repeatedly whacks into the wall, as his parents are trying to watch TV in the room next door.

Dublin, Ireland

A mechanic working late into the night, rubs an apple on his crotch, like he's shining a cricket ball. He's watching Steyne on a small TV.

This is just a start guys...

FRENZIED FLASHES FROM ACROSS THE GLOBE

What follows are a few more random thoughts/ideas (more than a few actually). These are simple one-liners that can easily be expanded upon. Obviously we can't fit everything in. However, moving forward, it would be great to make a shortlist of more than what we need and then speak to our friends in South Africa as to which ones are going to work for us.

The boarded Scottish and Irish rivalry. Love the idea of the location here. They should play each other... the Scot has to be wearing a kilt as he runs in to bowl.

Trick shots. Let's find as many kids, teenagers, adults as we can that can preform cricket trick shots.

Let's break some stuff. We've got to break a window with a cricket ball somewhere.

Fans cram themselves into a packed train. Flags and hand-drawn banners are

A kid sits in the bathtub with a cricket helmet on.

A construction worker wears a cricket helmet instead of work safe helmet, shot from inside a taxi looking out.

A ten year old is wearing cricket pads on his arms. They are actually his Mum's throw pillows. As well as armour, a couch cushion, against a bigger bowler kid.

A Zimbabwean taxi driver is screaming at the radio in celebration. Patrons in the back are also screaming. The taxi is stopped in the middle of the road, holding up traffic. Alternatively – our taxi driver is driving along spinning a ball (like a leg spinner does) in one hand, driving with the other.

A kid is wearing a small laundry basket as a make-shift helmet, getting ready for his sister to run in and bowl in the backyard.

Three or four elderly men reading the same paper outside a small café, one of the men tears out the page, keeping it for later, the other men gesture and shout loudly at him.

A child jumps up and down with excitement on his parents' bed as they try to sleep. The child has his country's flag draped around his shoulders.

A teenager lies in bed looking up at the ceiling, a poster of his favourite player Blu-tacked overhead.

A kid is sitting on the bonnet of an old car, he has a plaster cast on his broken arm. His bigger brother is drawing his favourite players' names on the cast for him.

A quick series of macro close ups of people with their country's colours painted on their faces.

A young boy and his little sister are sitting in a tree house. He is drawing a moustache on his little sister's face, a poster of Mitchell Johnson is stuck to the wall.

CASTING

Here a love of cricket will be the common denominator. I envision an authentic cross-section of cricket lovers. No matter their background, culture, socio-economic standing they will be an integral part of this story. They are the fans that inspire the players, who then in turn return the gesture by playing their hearts out. In one frame we might find ourselves jostling for position amongst our suited colleagues who are watching the game from a Melbourne high-rise window. One moment later, we might be a little boy scrambling between adults' legs to get a better view of the pitch.

A great reference for the type of 'real world/people' textural aesthetic I'm thinking is the following San Miguel film directed by Daniel Wolfe.

It's important to note that for this approach I see us not shooting any players. We of course have restrictions as to where we can shoot these guys, and considering the scale of story (both tonally and nation wise) and resources at hand, we aim to shoot everything in South Africa. All references to the players in these ideas are either seen on a TV within the scene, full frame footage. These images would potentially be treated in a stylistic way to ensure that they marry with the quality of the images we are capturing.

SOUND DESIGN

MUSIC

Music will be an integral part of this film. The piece should embody the visceral, bombastic feeling that the visuals are delivering. It's obviously early days, but I'm seeing it as something with a dense, contemporary sound. It's a 'full' sound. It would be interesting to look at a piece of music that has a tempo that marries to cuts on beat from time to time. The piece should naturally build to a crescendo and an overall tone of positivity and celebration.

Here's a reference, it's a BIG sound.

SebastiAn – Kindercut

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=12t4Ot75S3E&feature=kp>

ANTHEM

An alternative approach to the music could be using anthems and instruments that are part of a World Cup Cricket game.

We could use it to differentiate one nation from another, whilst also delivering a 'unified' sound that embodies the notion that World Cup Cricket brings a lot of nations together. I envision intense drumming for the Sri Lankans, steel drum for the West Indies, bagpipes for Scotland etc. The overall sound design will be reminiscent of the last night of Carnivale.

Mixed in with this would be the national anthems from all over the world. Let's choreograph this so that individual national anthems flow into the next as though they were one unified song.

Let's take this for example:

UK: A bunch of geezers in a pub sing:

God save The Queen!

Send her victorious,

Happy and glorious,

INDIA: An Indian family at home seems to pick up where the Brits left off:

....the waves of the Indian Sea.

They pray for the blessings and sing thy praise.

The saving of all people waits in the hand,

thou dispenser of India's destiny,

Victory, victory....

NEW ZEALAND: Supporters on a bus fuse seamlessly in with:

From the shafts of strife and war,

Make her praises heard afar,

God Defend New Zealand.

This sound scape builds and builds to a crescendo, a big finale! The insistent chanting, drumming and human buzz that we've grown accustomed to, silences. We cut to a multi-generational family in Cape Town. Though their faces are painted, their expressions are full of reverence for the sacrament of cricket that they are about to receive.

Game on.

IN CONCLUSION

As I said, these are just random thoughts/ideas at this stage. I think you get the sense of where my head is at with it. We are focusing on South Africa, as it is a true cricket nation with ethnic diversity that allows us to cover a range of nations. We can get some great results if we stay flexible and open to concepts and then mine our local facilitation company for real cricket fans and interesting local people (street casting) which we would film in their own authentic environment. In other words, let the people and the place inspire our concepts. If you guys are into it, let's sit down and nut it out.

I hope you get the sense of just how excited I am about this project. The potential is staggering.

As a huge cricket fan... this is the World Cup commercial I want to see.

Hope this finds you well.

All the best,