

Approach

A series of three beautifully filmed vignettes show our hero's journey of lifelong frustration—the objects of his desire have always remained just out of reach. The single narrative of this unrequited desire runs through each story and we witness it visually—in each setting his world beckons with a classic, timeless aesthetic—some material, some not.

Each vignette unveils the very heart of who our hero is. And the storytelling reveals how each significant event influences him emotionally. Until this process of denial, acceptance and resolve molds his passion in to guarded desire that wanes a bit more with each successive disappointment. Until finally, whether by persistence, luck or maybe just fate, a final encounter with beauty transforms him—and one singular object proves to be worth its wait in gold.

“Don't Touch”

Each vignette should have an evocative look on film—we want to capture the mood and emotion of our hero at each stage of his life as he experiences these untouchable moments of beauty. We see his early memories of home influenced by a classic sense of style. Perhaps an Eames chair sits just out of frame. We can use other visual clues like his mother's dress and hairstyle to confirm for us we're in the 1970's.

Each frame should work to communicate his sense of wonder and appreciation for timeless design, for the sheer art of unadulterated beauty. Editorially the pace is measured and the composition is almost photographic. The signature moments in his life become beautiful stills that show us how each of these encounters influence his desires, for better or for worse.

We open on him as a toddler, perhaps a two year old. He holds on to a dark wood coffee table, supporting himself as he walks. As the camera moves with him, we notice a single, delicate vase—just an arm's reach away. The camera dolly's in slowly and traps time for a second as the inevitability of the moment becomes apparent.

For a moment we're appreciating this innocent moment of curiosity—then cringing just a bit as the toddler reaches out. But his tiny hand never completes the journey. His mother fills the frame as she scoops him up and carries him away.

We pull back and move with them as she lightly admonishes the child “don't touch that..”. We want to maintain the emotion of each event and carry that forward in to the next frame. So we fade out softly, then fade in to a darkened movie theater. Our boy's now fifteen or sixteen and sits unmoving, eyes fixed on the screen. The palette is fairly monochromatic—colors are muted and flat as the projector's light washes over everyone. Including the girl next to him. Except in a world of subdued hues, she can't be overlooked. Her complexion's faultless, and even at this age she's truly a classic, American beauty.

Her wardrobe, make-up and styling burst with life and color, compared to everything and everyone. Including our teen-hero, whose darting eyes betray him. She's watching the movie, he's sneaking peeks at her. Finally, it's too much. With one last, quick look he nervously shifts his arm over the back of her seat. His hand nearing her shoulder...

...as the projector's light illuminates them for a second. All the time she needs to hit him with a look that's loud and clear, “Don't even think about it”. Wordlessly, he pulls back his arm. His eyes never leave the screen and we can feel the weight of his disappointment.

Now we fade up on an underground parking garage. Our teenager's a well-dressed young man, late twenties. His blazer, shirt and tie show us his childhood appreciation for beautiful things wasn't random obsession. His attire's nothing show-y, but conveys a solid grasp of tasteful design.

In this flatly lit garage, just about every car looks the same. Especially his--an average twentysomething's first car. Suddenly he stops—keys in hand. Ten feet away is an Aston Martin DV7, bathed in gorgeous

lighting. Sculpted poetry to his eyes. His gaze follows every graceful, deliberate, heavenly-crafted line. Almost unconsciously his hand moves to the car and inches closer...

...just as the alarm goes off and blares a strident warning. Startled, he instinctively looks around, and sees an older couple who've witnessed his well-meaning, but otherwise disastrous little encounter. They fix him with cold, disapproving stares. Defeated again, he turns to get in his own car. His face is a mask of shame, another confirmation that he's never to touch a thing of beauty.

In each vignette there's just a touch of playful "tragic-comedy". We can clearly see what a good guy our hero is. He's gentle, unassuming and wouldn't hurt a fly. But as he grows up, we can see him adopt a kind of "learned humility". Every time his reach has exceeded his grasp, he's learned a disappointing lesson.

When we fade up again, it's a decade later. Our hero's in his early thirties. He has the tasteful sense of style you see in architects or, designers. He's in a cell-phone store, staring through the display case. On the other side of the glass and a world away is the LG Touch.

A salesperson reaches in, picks it up and hands it to our surprised hero. The LG's screen lights up. Our guy slowly touches the screen with his finger. And in that moment a lifetime of being denied is undone. With a touch of the finger, beauty's locked gates fly open and welcome him in. That which has evaded him his entire life, is now literally in the palm of his hand.

Our score shifts moods to further define and elevate this moment. Light from the LG's screen softly plays over his face—and he looks different. He's been allowed in to the realm of interacting with beauty and it's transformed him. It's as if every crushing disappointment has led to this one singular moment. After a lifetime of waiting, finally—he's allowed to "touch".

We cut to our product sequence—an LG Touch in the center of the screen moves towards us, then turns slowly and leaves frame to reveal the second model. It moves towards us, then slowly turns and exits frame to reveal the third model. It moves towards us, then slowly turns 180° to reveal the LG logo.

Casting+Performance

In each vignette our hero is an entirely relatable, decent guy. And with each disappointment, we understand his need more personally—he's loved well-designed things since he could crawl. At every age, he's interesting to look at—he's not classically handsome and you wouldn't look twice if you passed him on the street, but if you take a minute to notice, he's got a bit of intangible interest to his him.

And he's learned to not assume he'll ever have that one moment where he gets what he truly wants. In each story, there's always a deep undercurrent of how true and honest his desire is—there's nothing desperate about how he wants, just a real sense of how much these aesthetic moments mean to him. So when he's standing in the cell-phone store, it's like he's learned his lesson. He's humble. He knows he'll probably never touch the LG. Right up until the moment it's handed to him.

Camera+Technique

Each vignette should capture these moments with real filmic beauty. Our stories have to be as aesthetically admirable as our hero's aspiration is real. Films like *The Ice Storm* take very simple set ups, and shoot them in 35mm so there's nothing between the viewer and the experience. We want to create that same kind of connection between our images, the emotion behind them and the story we're telling.

I think our technique should be deliberate, but not obvious. When the baby sees the vase, we slowly dolly in to concentrate time and emotion; we're literally capturing his perspective and viewing the world through his eyes in these moments. So when he sees the Aston Martin, the camera pushing in slowly connects us intimately to the very object of his desire. And at the end, when he sees the LG Touch, we move in slowly—seeing in real time but experiencing his emotion. And each time we look through the lens with him, to see what he does and feel how he does we're telling the linear story while capturing and conveying the very palpable desire for the objects he appreciates.

Sound Design

I know we haven't found it yet, but we know what we're looking for. The music's instrumental—we don't need to create an additional narrative with lyrics. It's beautiful, perhaps a bit mysterious in places and like our final vignette moves towards a resolution. The sound doesn't have to be too big; we need a track that underscores our visuals without overpowering them.

Overall

Our film needs to capture the longing that drives our hero and the very textural emotions he experiences with each encounter he has, at every stage of his life. That's the story we need to visually create. Because we should feel how important and, with a touch of humor, how meaningful our guy's journey towards beauty really is. And if we allow these vignettes to unfold over filmic time naturally, our story will feel honest and real. Then our technique can support the beauty we reveal, instead of trying to create it.