

Walid Labri

VISA



Love Song

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INTRO

I read your deck from start to finish only to
find myself back at the start line.

I read all the way down to the last page and
found myself at the very top.

It's more than a visual device.

It's how we think.

How we **become**.

Guided up mountains of emotion.

A contemplative and self-reflective climb.

Their Olympic journey is yet to begin, but their
real trophy is already won.

The triumph of the person they have become
along the way.

With a little help from Visa.

CLIMB

NARRATIVE

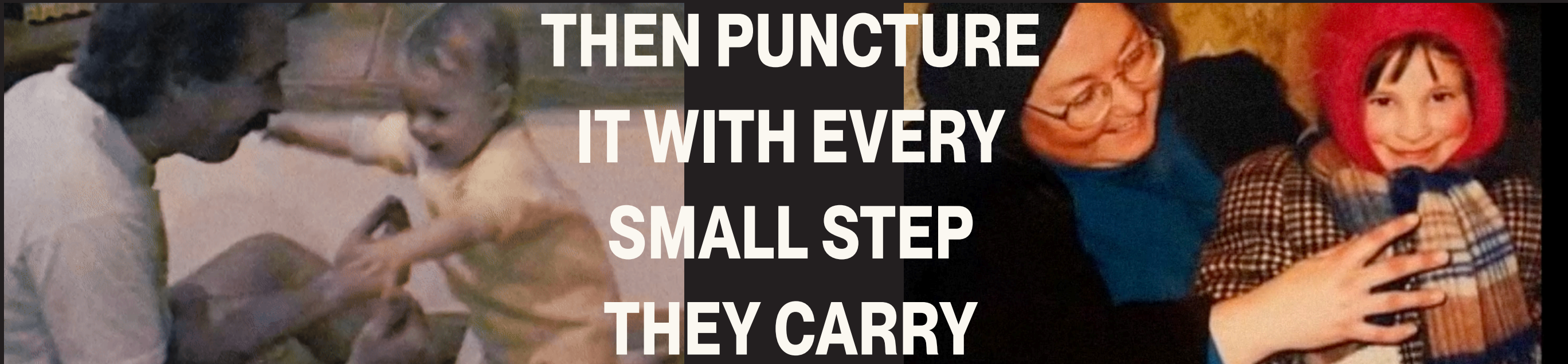
THIS CAMPAIGN IS A REVELATION.

A simple, elegant narrative elevation at first glance.
Moving forward in those small steps. Inviting us to look back on those small steps in the distance, catching up to us.
Everywhere they’ve been.
Obscure starting points and incremental gains. Moments that add up to make a mountain.
Everywhere they want to be.
These opposing narratives find self-reflection at the intersection.
Because...

Yes, Visa is a Team USA sponsor.
And yes, it takes every bit of help from family, friends, coaches and teammates.
But when it comes time to compete...
...Mikaela and Oksana are on that uphill climb all alone.

Mikela is on her way up to the summit.
Accompanied by memories, and mirages of her younger selves. Punctured by the silence of the chair lift. A dialogue of the soul.
Whereas Oksana’s journey is a descent into a fever dream before the race.
Soundtracked by the rising clamour of a start line we haven’t reached yet.
An unreal, impossible descent that lands her on top of the mountain.
A B&W tumble down the rabbit hole.

SO WE PRIME THE
ISOLATION AND
THEN PUNCTURE
IT WITH EVERY
SMALL STEP
THEY CARRY
WITH THEM.



It's **everywhere** you've been
contrasted with **everywhere** you want to be.

TATION

FRAGMEN

**SELF-REFLECTION
NEVER STARTS AT THE
BEGINNING.**



**IT'S NEVER LITERAL
AND DIDACTIC.**

Like the first childhood step on the snow.
Or that first medal placement.
It's the gut-punch of emotion we remember.
The excitement, the adrenaline, the pain, the
isolation, the love, the help.

SO WE START ON SOME DEFINING MOMENTS FOR OUR ATHLETES.



A present in a foreign airport.
What those first boots mean to a kid.
An existential reckoning that spirals outwards
in all directions.
A **Magnolia** tapestry weave
Tangential synapses firing through a network
of EMOTION.

Unexpected depths soaring to new heights in
their celebrated careers.
It's moving, gruelling, insurmountable odds.
Enabled by a Visa card purchase.



We find a **mid-point** in a fall they'll never forget. Injuries powering them back to the very top. Like Mikaela's infamous crash at the Killington World Cup.

A puncture wound and muscle trauma that explodes into a thousand more fractals.



IT'S A CREATIVE ADVENTURE THAT
CONJURES A LIFETIME IN PIECES...

...BUT WE FEEL THE WHOLE
PICTURE.

*Connections.
Links.
Chain.
Wheels.
Skid.
Fall.
Pain.
Scars.
Ice.
Cold.
Breathe.
Race.
Start.*

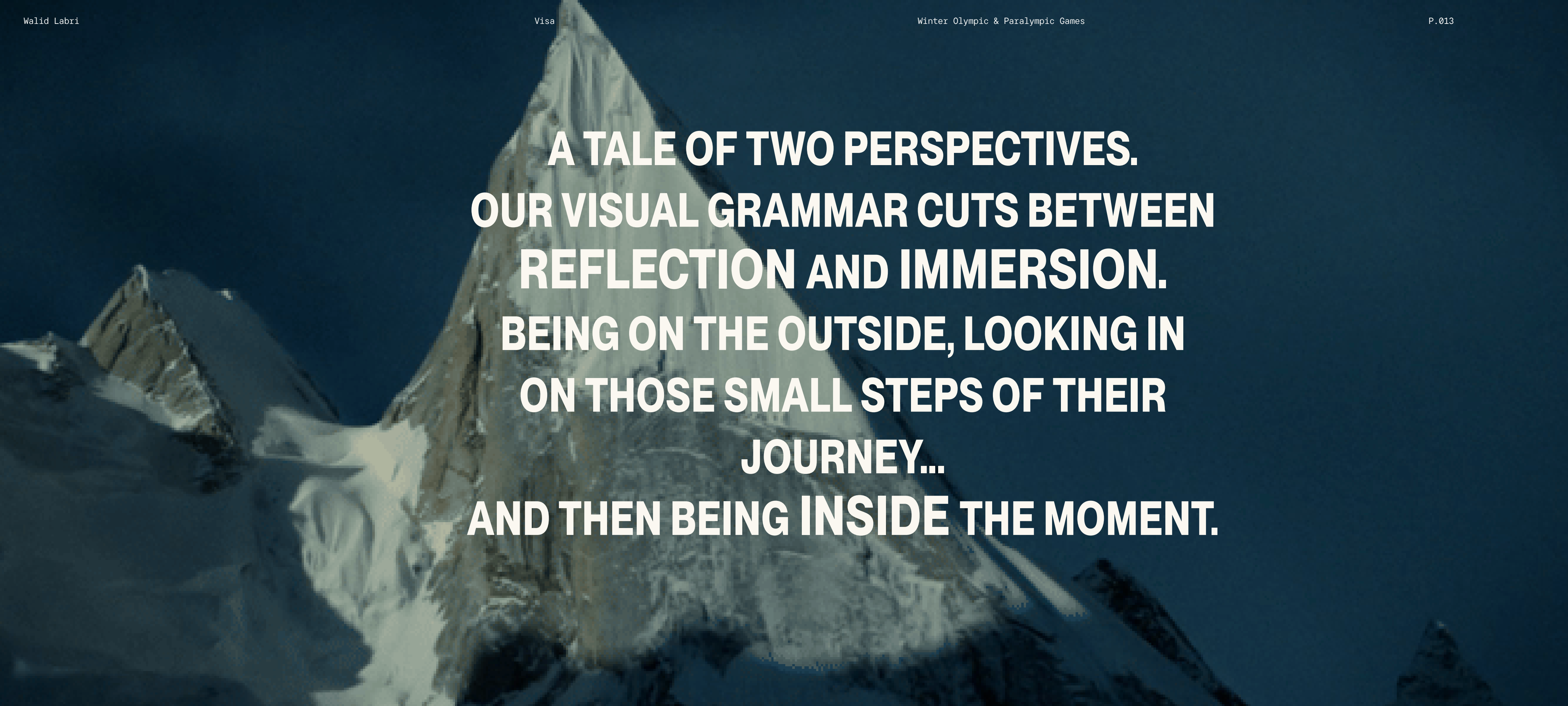




Our film builds into a more free-flowing stream of thought.
A structural Russian Doll that we unpack.
Retrospective connections loop backwards rather than predicting images moving forward.

GRAMMAR

VISUAL



**A TALE OF TWO PERSPECTIVES.
OUR VISUAL GRAMMAR CUTS BETWEEN
REFLECTION AND IMMERSION.
BEING ON THE OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN
ON THOSE SMALL STEPS OF THEIR
JOURNEY...
AND THEN BEING INSIDE THE MOMENT.**

The narrative spine of our films is the mountain.
It's our spiritual center. We shoot it with
composure.

Crisp, clean cinematography that captures a
landscape waiting to be impressed.

The soft, silence of fresh snow that gives us pause.

A jagged crevice in a mountain that invites
fissures of thought.

I see these moments masterfully composed
like Ozu.

A rich frame weighted with the emotional center
of our athletes.

A subtle shift of lighting grades a short journey
up the mountain into an interminable forever.

For Oksana its an over-the-shoulder glance at
memories in her mind. B&W. Unreal. Inside the
storm of a textural tumble that extends back into
her childhood.

These shots are our way in.

It's the gateway to an eternal sunshine of the
spotless mind.

BUT ONCE INSIDE...

It turns on its head.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC TO RAW. COMPOSED VERSUS DECONSTRUCTED.

Fragments that speak of lifetimes.

OUR ARC PROPELS US FROM



wonder



discipline



obsession



loss



reflection



rebirth.

IT'S MORE THAN JUST IMAGES WE'RE CONJURING BUT A FEELING.

From a tunnel vision of a restricted lens. A carousel through different aspect ratios because memories have different sizes.

We lean into fractal filmmaking of memories.

Like a recurring 6 frame shutter cut of a fall

Shots blurred at the edges to help us focus on the center of the action.

Like Oksana's first steps on US soil.

Highlights and colour saturation pop with emotion.

Macros on scar tissue that becomes a tattoo.

While a B&W grain mainlines endurance and pain without clarity.

The **REALITY** however is ever present in the **MEMORY**.

A younger version of Mikaela sat alongside her adult self on the chairlift. Sharing the ride.

An imagined cascade that recedes through the interiors of Oksana's childhood.

As both our athletes emerge from their journeys to discover they are exactly where they want to be.

TRANSITIONS



A pair of red skis lies on a snowy surface. The skis are positioned diagonally, with one ski in the foreground and another slightly behind it. The background is a soft-focus view of a snowy mountain slope. Overlaid on the center of the image is a quote in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters.

**THE
TRANSITIONS
ARE PART OF THE
STORYTELLING.
NOT A CONDUIT
THROUGH IT.**

SOMETIMES THE CUTS ARE BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE:

Based on volume, rhythm, motion, speed.

Other times the visceral editing is more cognitive.

AT FIRST, WE'RE TETHERED TO OUR MOUNTAIN CLIMB WITH A POV MATCH CUT:

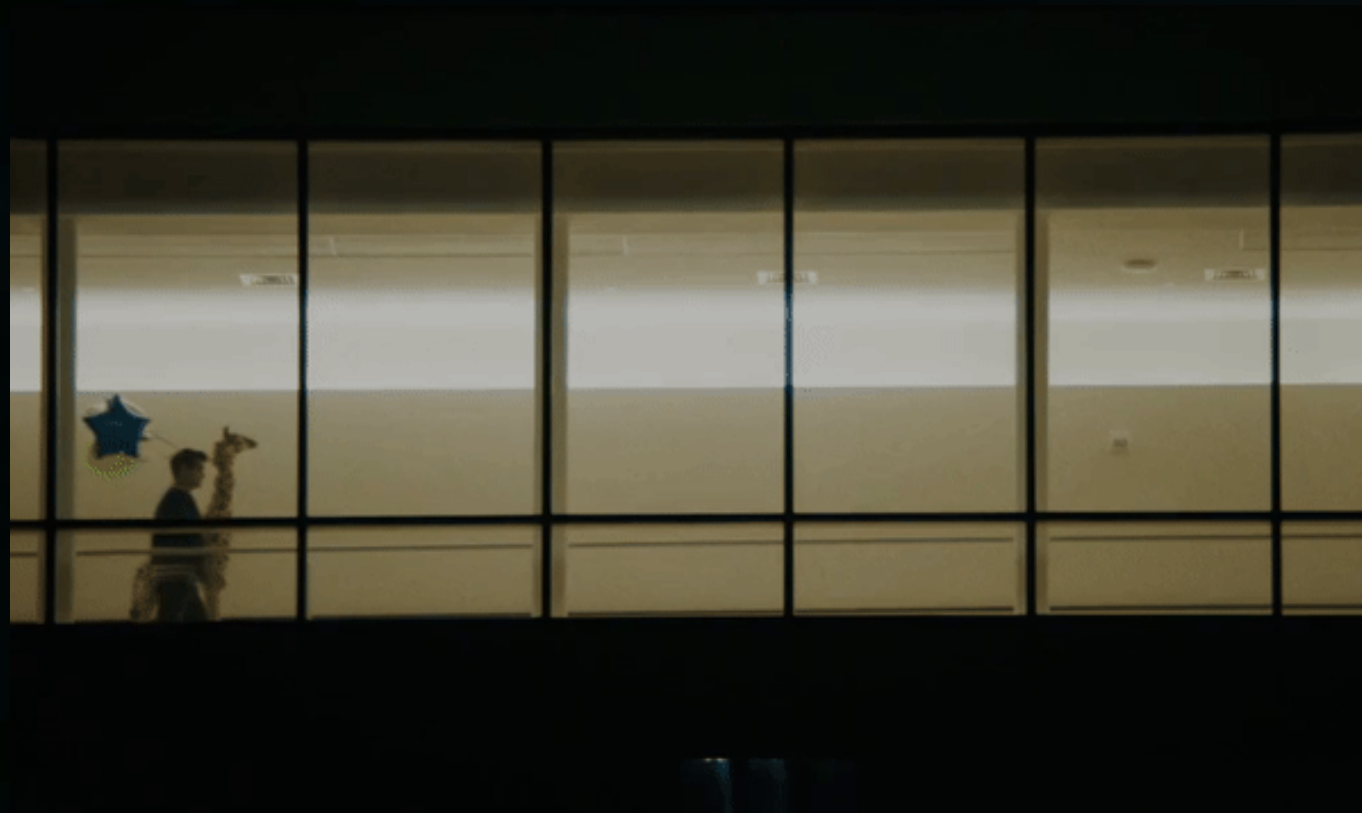
Before the transitions become more expressive. Memories don't have a start line so we cut into the middle of moments.

Tightly knit.

Each textural moment weaved into a greater narrative.



Mikaela's kid self, sat next to her adult self on the chair lift. A motif evolving through her memories. Or for Oksana, we blend scenes with **FOUND FOOTAGE** and **REAL PHOTOGRAPHS**.



For both films, images bleed into each other like thought.
From that poster to that helmet.
And sometimes the associations between images are irrational.
Frost on a window becomes a crack in a visor.
A recurring 6 frame shutter cut that eventually plays out in that devastating fall.
The circuitry is buried deep.
You just see it and feel it.

AS MUCH AS WE CAN, WE EXECUTE IN-CAMERA.



A textural and organic approach that balances
our edit and our frame.

Transitioning on emotion.

Cold breath on the lift becomes a fog Mikaela
must conquer.

A crushing fall becomes an explosion of
powder applied to Oksana's amputated limbs.

Our transitions should feel like two charges
coming together to create a spark.

Without relying on the same trick twice.

COUNT

MAKE VISA

When I was a kid, I went to trials at Arsenal football club.
Every 9 year old's boyhood dream.
I'd be nothing else but a Gunner in a number 7 shirt and Labri typeface.
In my mind, all I needed were the latest official Arsenal football boots.
But they were pricey and we couldn't afford them.
And it was the longest wait I'd ever known until the day my mum stumped up for it all on a credit card.

I don't even remember what the boots looked like now.
But, to this day, I can describe every moment of anticipation of seeing that clerk hand over the bag in the store as my mum paid for them.

Each time we see Visa has to count.
I don't mean a count of card swipes and authorised payments.
But an emotional debt.
Tight shots organically woven into the camera movement.
Sailing past as if on the chairlift.
Or a hard cut that jars the way a memory can.
It's twinned with the emotion of the moment.
A zip zap scan over an old card in a terminal.
Evolving into a frantic rush of a contactless payment that means you made your flight.
And won the race.



**IT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE BUYING BUT
WHAT IT MEANS THAT MATTERS.**

And we feel that in the traces of V shaped
shadows throughout.

V as the visual metaphor to our arc.
Velocity. Veracity. Void. Vulnerability.
Victory. All latent in our imagery and
compositions.

vo

I hear this delivered in a nurturing tone.

OBSERVATIONAL. STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. BUT WITH AN UNDERLYING WARMTH.

Our facts are rooted in history.

But in the knowledge that it **matters**.

A VO that's not omniscient just for the sake of it.

We hear the history in words but we feel the present in the imagery.

The VO is a document of our athletes journey without signposting too much.

The narration doesn't take up any more emotional space like in **Magnolia**.

But it cares.

So much so that it crosses over into our athlete's lives from time to time.

The VO states the facts.

Always Be Faster Than The Boys.

While Mikaela repeats it as an affirmation.

Our visuals carry the emotional weight.

But our narrator simply reminds us to pay attention to the details gone unchecked until now.

A personal history recorded in fewer words allows our imagery to breathe.

Affirming a warm, visual tapestry of memory.

PRODUCTION APPROACH

I've treated a :60s and the :30s with all my ideas.

I didn't want to leave anything off the page in case it chimed.

Have everything ready for us when we get to the start line.

But it's the start of a conversation.

If the scripts read long, we will prioritise pre-production to streamline our shoots.

First, we capture everything we need with our athletes within schedule.

Storyboarded to a T.

Mikaela's schedule means we have to shoot her in Colorado. While we aim to shoot all other scenes in the Alps with her younger selves

Ideally, shooting on an indoor ski slope with plates would be a solve without compromising our narrative. Or shooting on a small stage for the chair lift.

Focusing our time with Mikaela's on her emotive performance.

Shooting plates on the lift and leaving room to comp in her younger selves. To maximise her time on the chair lift, I'd also look to cast another skier as her younger self on the slopes.

For Oksana, we use that pre-production for research. Tattoos that serve as inspiration. Her bedroom, her family home, her adopted parents.

All the memories and photos that shield her. But we blurred them at the edges. Saturated in B&W. We draw on competitive performances to mirror her fall and recovery. Selecting framing and movement that we can weave seamlessly into our narrative. Incorporated into the the unreal emotional torrent consuming her. Until we emerge in color at the start line.

For our macro and landscape shots, we lock down a shot list for our B unit.

Ensuring I have all my time on set to work with the athletes.

To draw out the best of the action.

And the most emotive performances in our close ups.

SCRIPTS



WHERE’S MIKAELA GONE :60S

Cold open on the panoramic Alps,. We see mountain peaks. Our minds read an invisible “V”.
An undulating wind breathes in and out, swallowing us whole. Below it, stands a speck of a little girl consumed by the blank canvas of snow.
The epitome of isolation as we –

Cut tight on Mikaela Shiffin falling back into an empty chairlift. Crisp blue skies. Olympic bib. Team USA racing suit. Visa branding on her arm. Searching the peaks as she –lifts off – the ground left behind. *Into a deeper silence.*

VO: She didn’t see the top when she started. Most people don’t.

Cut to a top down frame of the chair lift sailing up the slope. *Falling into rhythm with a metronome of clicks and whirrs winds her back.*
Mikaela’s skis dangling. Another coded V.

Cut tight on her serene face. Recycling the air through her lungs. Her eyes close. Then open looking down on –

Mikaela’s POV: Mikaela as a toddler on a ski shop floor – a vision of the past. Stomping around in new ski boots.

Our camera sails over her, in sync with Mom at the counter, as an old Visa card gets steamrolled by an old zip zap machine.

VO: She just got on the lift. And it carried her.

Cut back to Mikaela on the chairlift looking down – blinks – as we ***flash cut to – 4:3 aspect ratio. A shutterstop POV of netting flying towards us*** –

Mikaela’s POV: The little girl replaced with a wisp of a young Mikaela skiing past in training.
The wind intensifying as we dive below, inside the memory –

VO: Through snow, medals, crashes...

Cut back to the chairlift solitude **except** –
– Mikaela is now sat next to her younger self. The little girl on the mountainside staring back at her present day self.
An exhalation of cold breath that...

...swells into fog at the start of a a junior race.
Dollying across a line of boys as we finish on a teen Mikeala last.

VO: ...and some lukewarm fries.

Another flash cut of 6 frames – crossed skis, twisted clean off –

VO: Through her father’s gentle advice and her mother’s gifts.

Cut close on a basket of French Fries piled like skis. A Visa tap on a contactless terminal. Inside a warm lodge.
Her Dad carving two fries like skis as she nods.
Quiet reminders of her idol’s mantra as he mouths...

VO: In her hard “always be faster than the boys”.

Macro close on the heat of the fries –

– to the condensation of frost on a handlebar. Sun coursing across it into high noon. Two pairs of hands hold onto the handlebars. Mikaela and her teen self.
As we see a winning streak unfold between flashes of trophies –

VO: She tried.

– archive footage of Mikaela overshooting, and spinning out on a slalom.



WHERE’S MIKAELA GONE:60S

– **Dolly**ing fast into a poster from her idol, Heidi Voelker in her bedroom. Her whispered mantra signed.
Always Be Faster Than The Boys.
– a blurred depth of field of Mikaela, a streak of red suit in a flash.
– flash cut to the red digital millisecond morphing into the next number in super-slo mo.
And we **freeze frame** on a leaderboard with Mikaela topping a list of male names. +0.002s

VO: People talked about talent. Resilience. Discipline.

– landing into the silence of an anonymous hotel room mirror. Mikaela, now an older teen staring in the mirror. Goggles marked by tan lines around her face, the journey to taking its toll –

– **one more flash cut** of 6 frames of a barrel roll –

Flash cut to Mikaela flinching on the lift at the subliminal cut. Now sat next to her adult self. Two Mikaelas, side by side. Repeating the mantra.
Always Be Faster Than The Boys. Carried into...

Cut to another race. Locked in on her helmet, mid-race, emblazoned with **ABFTTB**. Killing the competition at the finish line as we whip pan into -

- home video footage. Shot by her dad. Zooming in on her. And cheering fans, waving signs that read **ABFTTB**.

Another **supercut** of macro adulation –
– the bloom of a flash resonating with a retinal burn.
– the bloom of a bouquet in her hands.
– the bloom of an iris and a dilating pupil.

VO: But no one mentioned gravity.

Close on her hand tapping her phone to pay on a terminal in a cab. A body rushing past. A Visa – **ping** –

VO: Or how hard it fights back.

Cutting to the blistering pace of a neckbreaking run – Mikaela filing our frame.
The world, slaloming around her. A pendulum swing, losing control as we see –

A **supercut** of all those 6 frame subliminal cuts compounded into –

– a spray of cascading snow,
– hurtling past nets.
– a tangle of crossed skis.
– a violent barrel roll.

Culminating in her infamous 2024 crash played out in seconds.

Cut to a silent abstract shot of a fissure in the mountain. A “V” severing the ice and rock.

Cut to a forensic shot of the aftermath. Her torn bib, shredded in the fall.
Fluttering in the wind, animating the Visa branding.

Cut back to the opening image of a tiny girl against the vastness of the mountain.
A deafening silence –

VO: And when the climbing stopped, she wasn’t at the top.

– released into a – **gasp** – back on Mikaela’s face on the chairlift. The memory of the crash invites an extra breath of courage as she –
– realises she’s reached the summit. And dismounts.

VO: She was somewhere else. Somewhere colder.

Cut close on her eyes. Brimming with determination as she pulls her goggles down.



WHERE’S MIKAELA GONE:60S

Ready. Every moment has led to this...

VO: At the start of something new.

Cut to the final top down shot: of Mikaela, from behind.
On the precipice of the possible. On the cusp of glory.
A “V” shadow is cast behind her, a symbol of all that’s
passed. And all that’s to come.

VO: That’s how these things tend to go.

The wind, supplanted by cheers, crowds, excitement – and
a buzzer.

Before she disappears from our frame.

***SUPER: EVERYWHERE YOU’VE GONE GETS YOU
EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO BE***

SUPER: VISA



WHERE’S MIKAELA GONE :30S

Cold open on the panoramic Alps.
Below it, stands a speck of a little girl against a blank canvas.
The epitome of isolation as we –

Cut tight on Mikaela Shiffin falling back into an empty chairlift.
Olympic bib. Team USA racing suit. Visa branding on her arm.
Eyes searching as she – lifts off – the ground left behind. Into
a deeper silence.

Cut tight on her face. Recycling the air through her lungs.
The metronome of the lift winding her back. Her eyes look
down on –

Mikaela’s POV: Mikaela as a toddler on a ski shop floor – a
vision of the past. Stomping around in new ski boots.

Our camera sails over her, in sync with Mom at the counter,
her old Visa card wiped over by an old zip zap machine.

Cut back to Mikaela on the chiarlift looking down – blinks – as
we *flash cut to a 4:3 aspect ratio – a shutterstop POV of
netting flying towards us –*

The wind intensifying as we dive inside the memory.

***Another flash cut of** 6 frames – crossed skis, twisted clean off –*

Cut close and intimate on that memory. A Visa swipe over a
basket of French Fries.
With her Dad. Quiet advice.
Always Be Faster Than The Boys.
Holding two fries like skis, carving them back and forth as
she nods –

As we see a winning streak unfold between flashes of
trophies –

- Mikaela spinning out of control on a slalom.
- **Dollying fast** into a poster from her idol, Heidi Voelker.
Her whispered mantra signed.
Always Be Faster Than The Boys.
- a blurred depth of field, Mikaela streaking past in a red suit.
- flash cut to the red digital millisecond morphing into the
next number in super-slo mo.

And we ***freeze frame*** on a leaderboard with Mikaela topping
a list of male names. +0.002s

- landing in the sudden silence of an anonymous hotel room.
Tired. Tearful. Mikaela, now a young woman staring in the mirror.
Goggle marked tan lines around her face, long after the race

has been lost –

Cutting to the blistering pace of a neckbreaking run – Mikaela
filing our frame. The world, slaloming around her. A pendulum
swing, losing control as we see –

A **supercut** of all those 6 frame subliminal cuts
compounded into –

- a spray of cascading snow,
- hurtling past nets.
- a tangle of crossed skis.
- a violent barrel roll.

Culminating into her infamous 2024 crash played out in seconds.

– released into a – **gasp** – back on Mikaela’s face on the chairlift.
The memory of the crash invites an extra breath of courage
as she –
– realises she’s reached the summit. And dismounts.

Cut close on her eyes. Brimming with determination.
As she pulls the goggles over her eyes. Ready.
Every moment has led to this...

Cut to the final top down shot: of Mikaela, from behind.



WHERE’S MIKAELA GONE :30S

On the precipice of the possible.
On the cusp of glory.
A “V” shadow is cast behind her, a symbol of all that’s passed.
And all that’s to come.

The wind supplanted by cheers, crowds, excitement – and
a buzzer.

Before she disappears from our frame.

***SUPER: EVERYWHERE YOU’VE GONE GETS YOU
EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO BE***

SUPER: VISA

WHERE'S OKSANA GONE :30S

Here's an idea that came to me that puts Oksana's journey in the centre of a storm of memories. This plays out like a dream of the night before the race. This is what it feels like to become Oksana. Belongings, photos and treasured items. Defining moments that slowly dissipates throughout the film, reaffirming her resilience throughout her life. Before she emerges at the end at the start line in color.

Oksana's story is powerful in its authenticity. I'd love to use stock footage and archive where possible to be truthful to her story while being attentive and sensitive in casting her young self. More importantly, is involving Oksana herself in hand selecting the memories and scenes we want to revisit. Only she knows which small steps got her to the summit.

Each disability is its own journey and not something to just be interchanged and recast.



WHERE’S OKSANA GONE :30S

Cold open wide on the panoramic vista of the Alps. B&W saturation. Deep skies. Snow gleaming like silver. Two perfect peaks leaving an inverted “V” as our opening image from a dream.

The distant rising murmur, a crowd forming, of a start line from another dimension.
Below it, a small figure carves her own path off piste. Before-

Cut closer on Oksana Masters in her Team USA racing suit. Visa branding on her arm.

Oksana’s POV: The world, slaloms around her. A negative exposure of B&W. A pendulum swing, blurred edges, the distant murmur of a tannoy announcer...

Cut inside a POV memory: We’re stood perfectly still in an airport shop. **16mm grain.**
The murmur of people coming and going in a blur of transience as we –

– **pan over to** Oksana’s Mom, her old Visa card raked over by an old zip zap machine. A toy emerging –

Cut to young Oksana’s face, full frame. Positively beaming

Her first toy.

Cut back to a **tracking shot** across an untouched bed at night.

- a small figure curled up on the floor next to it. Sheltered under a blanket.

Before we cut to another POV – Our sound mix is carried on the wind. Commentary over the speakers straddling the memory and a future race.

A 1, 2, 3 stroke through it in a power finish as we **cut to** –
– Oksana racing to the finish line.
Celebrating her first win, but she’s no longer rowing, she’s cycling.

Cut inside an explosion of powder –
– as we **cut to** a plume of talc on her amputated leg. Fitted with a prosthetic leg.

Hard cut back into the silence of a 16:9 aspect ratio. No snow. No wind. Just peace. And her first toy, poised perfectly amidst a shelf of trophies. Real photos of Oksana in competition. In color - As an older Oksana sleeps safely in her bed. Home.

Hard cut on a terminal, being tapped with a Visa card.

Flash cut to the needling of a tattoo pen – juddering into the epidermis. A macro flood of coloured ink under the B&W pores.

...only to rise back up in the surreal spotlight in an abstract space.

Her latest tattoo of a map is exposed in full.
Her journey.

WHERE’S OKSANA GONE :30S

– as we **match cut** to Oksana - suddenly revealed in full color. Blistering sunshine. At the start line for her biathlon event. Her mind laid at rest. Zoned in, everything that it took her to get here is behind her, fueling her.

The sound mix of the film has finally delivered us to the present. The race that we’ve been promised.

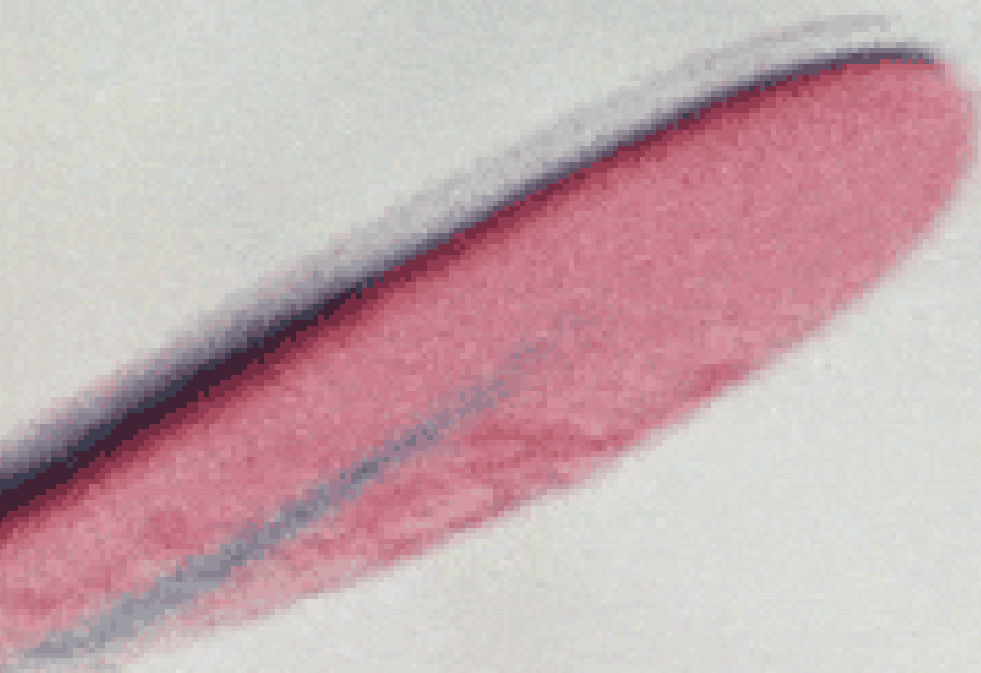
Cut to our final shot: of Oksana, from behind. A “V” shadow is cast behind her, a symbol of all that’s passed. And all that’s to come.

***SUPER: EVERYWHERE YOU’VE GONE GETS YOU
EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO BE***

SUPER: VISA

AS ACTORS

ATHLETES



**CELEBRITY TALENT IS
NOT THE FINISH LINE,
BUT THE START OF OUR
CASTING PROCESS.**

We are guaranteed their persona and gravitas off-screen, but we want to instill their performance with PERSONALITY too. The one behind the veil of celebrity. So we start with their passions hidden beyond our scripts. For Oksana it's even more important that she is part of the collaborative process. Trusting us with her honesty. Writing her own testimony.

We hone their winning focus to block out all the filmmaking noise. Real athletes are always a bonus to work with in that sense. Primed with a muscle memory you can't cheat. Idiosyncrasies you can't script. We know about the performance and the televised wins. But we want to cast the moments in between too.
If it's not French Fries, then what is it?
Her quick fix to cracked lips.
The goggle marks that remain long after the race in a hotel lobby.
The things we are able to capitalise on and amplify with our camera.



But equally it's important to remember that athletes are **NOT** seasoned actors. So it's best to embrace them for who they are. To focus on what they **CAN** do rather than forcing what they can't.

WE PRIORITISE THE RITUALS OF LIFE RATHER THAN THE CLICHES OF TRAINING RITUALS.

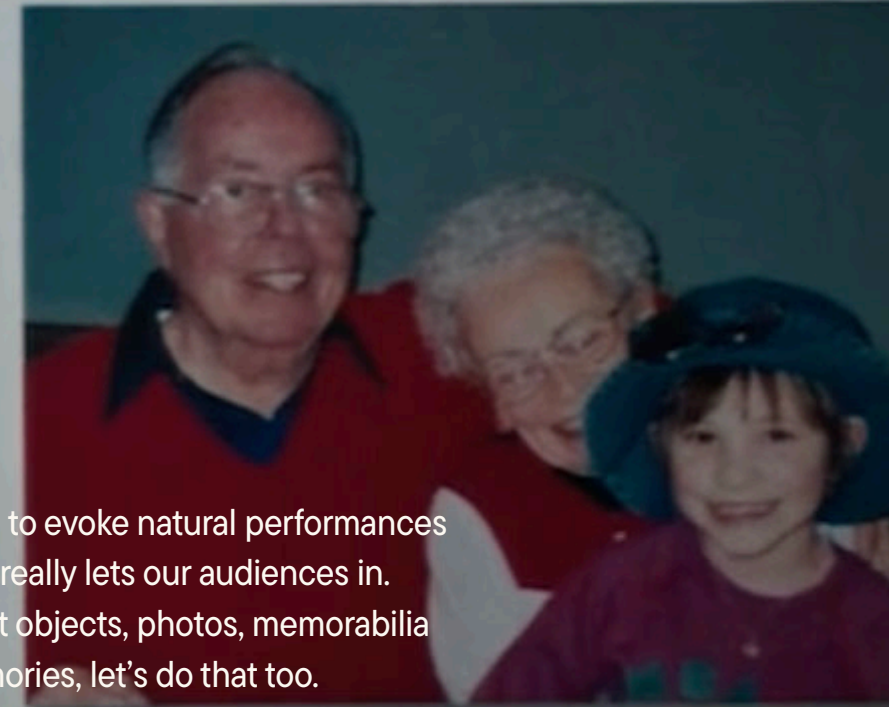
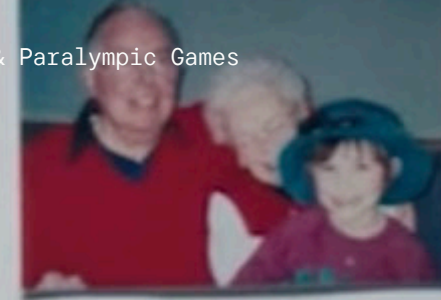
We break down the falsity of the scene. We don't force our actors and athletes into playing a role. Instead we capture the **REACTION** to them actually having it.

CHILDHOOD

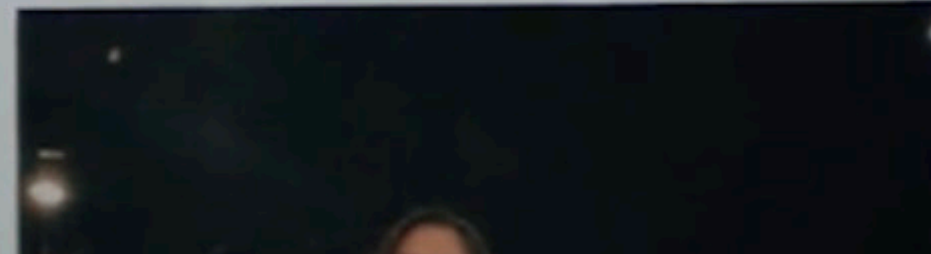
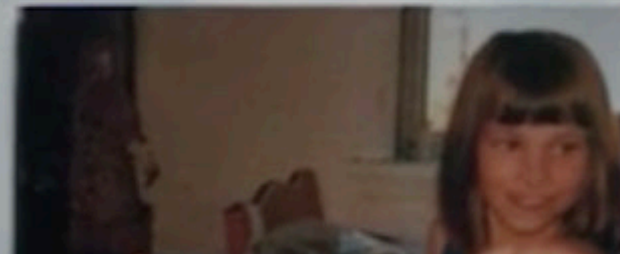
CASTING

**AND IF WE CAN
CAST ANYONE
IN THEIR INNER
CIRCLE WE DO.
CAPITALISING
ON THAT
AUTHENTICITY.
THAT AND
BUILT-IN
CAMARADERIE.**





Finding ways to evoke natural performances in a way that really lets our audiences in. If we can cast objects, photos, memorabilia into the memories, let's do that too. There is always a disconnect between athletes as we know them and representing them at a young age played by actors.





SO FOR YOUR YOUNGER CAST,

let's focus on drawing out who they are now. Rather than who they're pretending to be. Casting personality first, rather than who we expect to see.

As for a younger Oksana, I'd rather capture her spirit than casting for a disability.

Each experience is unique.

So I don't want to rely on a disability to replicate the journey but focus on the performance instead. So inventive production design sourced from our cast can help bridge the gap.

Using a mix of stock and archive to balance out the full picture..

Streamlining the transition between reality and reconstruction.



DESIGN

SOUND

The sound design is arguably just as important as our camerawork.
An immersive, contemporary landscape that elevates the movement.

INTO SOMETHING WE SEE AND FEEL.

A diegetic playground that inspires with an emotional resonance.

**THE SILENCE OF
THE MOUNTAIN
CONDUCTS
A TEMPO OF
CONTEMPLATION.**

Before we're immersed in the stereo surround
of memory.
Of emotion.
Slow inhales on the chair lift.
Countered with the sharp exhales of adrenaline.
A record breaking cry. A crunching fall.
The clamour of a foreign airport in a foreign land...
...comforted by voices that become familiar.
A coach calling on the sidelines.
Shared laughter off it.
The electric hum of a lonely hotel room
intensifying with expectation.
The shutterstop frames of the fall that won't
stop playing in her head.
Through races, competitions, Olympics.
The rising mantra of *Always Be Faster Than
The Boys*.
The skin bursting clamour of a tattoo pen.



BEFORE WE'RE BACK ON THE MOUNTAIN. STILL CLIMBING.

Moments of Zen in the mountain amongst the rising swell of Visa swipes and taps.



But we mustn't underestimate a soundtrack that can also signal change.

The sound of our mountain wind, fine-tuning the action.

A baseline that can drop out in a moment of doubt or reflection.

The sound of a race resurging with a climactic encouragement.

We'll aim for a sound mix, brimming with vitality. Stripped back and elevated.

A symbiosis of music and sound design that merge into a race towards the very start.



YOU

Thank you for this deck.
These scripts are gems that I just want to
polish and make shine a little brighter.
Projecting your words through my mind's eye.
I love them because they are inherent with intent.
Laden with a reflective lens.
They're an opportunity to craft imagery
recalled with instinctive reactions.
Buried deep inside all our collective
memories.
A symbiosis of where semiotics and
filmmaking come alive with **FEELING.**

All our journeys constantly lead us towards a
new start line everyday.
I'm ready to begin this one together.

Walid

THANK