

M C L A R E N P 1 4



P 1 4 O V E R V I E W

If there is one word that characterises this film, it is menace. It hangs in the air in every frame. Each detail, each sound is dripping with it. The invisible but unmistakable threat of it lurks around every corner and behind every shadow.

To create such an atmosphere, we need to play to the theatre of the mind. Implying rather than revealing the source and the nature of the threat. Intense, almost claustrophobic sound design accompanies a Massive Attack music track to enhance the unsettling ambiance.

By moving the camera with slow, deliberate intent through a series of unresolved scenes we ignite a sense of eerie dread in the viewer.

Initially our camera prowls slowly through the streets at night. The red, cyan and orange lights of the city are reflected on the wet tarmac as the lens takes in every detail. Lingering. Observing. Waiting.

Each person and each location the camera passes has an air of foreboding, as if every atom of this town is feeling twitchy and on edge.

As the camera drifts slowly past a long, dark alley, we see some movement. The dark and uncertain lighting make it impossible to work out exactly what we're looking at. It is in fact the doors of the P14 opening but the combination of the lighting and the framing almost give the impression these are the arms of a giant mantis or some otherworldly creature. Cutting back to the main street, we see the lights of the city reflected on the window of a barber's shop. Inside, we can just make out a man being lathered for a shave.

Cutting to the interior, we get a closer look at the process but the sense of unresolved threat is everywhere as shoot through foreground objects and mirrors, always forcing the viewer to see a frame within a frame.

We cut the distinctive headlights of the P14 flicking into life and then, just as unexpectedly, we cut to an ECU of the flame of a Zippo lighter being ignited in super slow-motion. Cutting out to a wider frame, we see the silhouetted figure of a man on the main street. His face is briefly illuminated from the lighter's flame as he tries to light a cigarette, but is stopped from doing so by the roar of the P14's engine.





The camera is in the centre of a junction as it does a whip-pan, almost as if it too is startled by the noise and is searching to see where it came from. But the streets are empty. There is nothing but the sound rattling off the walls of the city.

We cut to the interior of the P14 to see our mysterious driver flick the paddle shift and ease forward. We briefly see the silhouette of the car's roofline as it passes through frame but in the darkness it is hard to make it out. The tantalising sense of it adds to the tension.

The camera keeps moving through the streets and we alternate between faintly sinister, unresolved scenarios involving the occupants of this Gotham-like city and

half-seen glimpses of the P14 but they are only ever hinted at and never a full reveal.

Each time however, we go back to the barber's shop and each time our man is a little further through his shave. As the tension mounts, our shots of his neck and the approaching razor get closer and closer, raising the intensity of the scene.

The quiet malevolence of the atmosphere within the barber's shop is intensified by the constant buzzing of the faulty fluorescent tube lights, which gets louder in the mix. Similarly, as the P14 gets closer, the howl of its exhaust becomes more prominent. More threatening and urgent.

As the pressure builds we alternate between the approach of the cut-throat razor and details of the approaching P14. The sharpness of the razor is juxtaposed with the enormous McLaren callipers and the lines of our man's neck and jaw are contrasted with the swoops and swells of the P14's bodywork.

The frequency increases between the images of the razor approaching the man's throat and the car moving into the one brightly-lit part of the city until the razor starts to push into the mans neck so hard it is forcing the skin down and is certain to cut him at any moment.

The music rises to a menacing crescendo and then finally we cut to see the P14 hurtling towards camera. As it roars along the reflective surface of the wet city streets the image switches to super slow motion, allowing the viewer to study every detail of this ultra high performance work of art.

As the sound design and music reach their maximum crescendo, we see the glittering droplets of water thrown up the P14's enormous wheels, each one frozen in time as the car scythes through the air around it.

The drama of this moment is kept going for a full a full five seconds before we lurch back into true-speed and the McLaren whooshes out of frame. Finally, we are left with nothing but a wide shot of the empty streets of the city and the unique sound of P14's engine as it tears off into the night somewhere far off in the distance.



