

Renault Laguna

'SINCERITY'

This script says that everyone enjoys the good life, a taste of luxury and comfort.

But it goes further.

It says that everyone can have it. The possible, not impossible, dream. And that's what makes this script so special and exciting.

We need to paint this dream and bring this script to life. We need to seduce the audience with images that are aspirational and beautiful and – most importantly – feel within reach through the new Laguna, which fits effortlessly into a luxurious setting that the audience can feel part of. We will show our guy's lifestyle - a beautiful home, a luxurious spa, a upmarket restaurant – and make them feel this lifestyle is waiting for them too.

Nothing over the top or vulgar. Nothing that tries too hard. This is all effortless and natural. We can feel the warm sun by the pool, the delicious bite of the store's air con. This is a world the audience can be part of , and *deserves* to be part of.

To do this, we would focus on fewer scenarios, allowing them room to breathe, taking the time to look beneath the cliché of luxury living. We would give each setting its own distinct vibe, reflecting different aspects of our guy's character, making the pace of the film less frantic, more laid back, reflecting the understated luxury the Laguna can give you.

The Laguna would link these different locations, woven into the guy's day, an essential part of his lifestyle. Inside, it's a hushed cocoon of comfort. Soft music and muted sounds. The guy's movements easy and relaxed, effortlessly in control. Man and machine as one. But he doesn't take it for granted. He relishes every move and moment.

Outside, the camera echoes the same easy rhythm - graceful, flowing movements, gliding over the Laguna's sleek lines. Catching sunlight and reflections. Sweeping us into the next scenario. The momentum of the car pushing our story forward. Beautiful, but much more than beauty shots. This is the part of the good life that we can all enjoy. It's crucial we take the audience with him on this ride. If the Renault Laguna is the heart of our film, its driver is the soul.

The reveal at the end must be surprising, but it must be believable too. We have to buy into his good life in order to buy the Laguna, so the setup and the ending must pull together.

This makes the casting of our guy crucial.

He cannot come across as a sad aging rocker or indolent playboy. Our guy is smart. He's survived and prospered where most crash and burn. He's taken control of his own destiny. He reads the financial pages and goes to power meetings but he's not

a box-ticker. A rebel with a brain. He's an independent thinker who's learned to pace himself and enjoy life without toxic fallout.

His look must project all of this: ruggedly handsome, eye-catching but not eye-candy. He fits in everywhere he goes, without ever becoming part of the scenery. Unusual but fascinating, a hint of Jagger, Iggy Pop, Nick Cave... successful on his own terms. His body language is calm and in control, in contrast with the explosive finale, his movements relaxed and effortless, mirroring the comfort and ease of the Laguna and its IT system.

We need to develop a fascination with this character, intriguing the audience, telling them the film is about much more than just a rich guy with a nice lifestyle and a great car.

We can do this with unexpected touches, like making Ines a big, striking-looking masseuse rather than the anticipated beauty. We can weave in odd details that only make sense afterwards, when we discover who the guy really is. A fleeting glimpse of a tattoo as he is being massaged. A strange (star-struck) look on the face of a shop assistant as he signs a credit card receipt (autograph). The simplest actions taking on a double meaning when we know the context. Our guy discarding a coffee cup on his way out of the house, because he has staff who clean the house, faintly echoing his younger life as a hell-raiser with a history of trashed hotel rooms. These details will help pull the story together and draw it to its climax.

We'd scale this down a little, giving it a mysterious edge to heighten the surprise. And we'd use the gig audience as part of the reveal. Cross-cutting between them and our guy as he's prepared backstage. Their styling reflecting his rebellious persona, their excitement suggesting his passion. As we realise the music that has played over the whole film (a classic crooner, or maybe something classical), is the band's intro, our guy bounds on stage and whips the crowd into a frenzy, shouting rather than singing. It's an infectious eruption of bottled energy. But as the end shot suggests, we may all have a rebellious side, but now we're a little more mature we're drawn to the quiet comfort of the new Renault Laguna.

[Please note: script sections in italics are intended for the 45-second cut]

Scenes

Open in the garden of a beautiful-looking house. Sunlight dappling through the carefully landscaped trees. Water gurgling softly in the background. Music wafting gently from the house.

On the patio, a middle-aged man sits at a breakfast table, elegantly dressed. He takes a bite from a triangle of toast, sips espresso from a tastefully small cup, scanning the financial section of a newspaper. He checks his watch, closes the paper, plops his reading glasses on top. Rises and heads to the gleaming patio doors, grabbing the coffee cup but leaving the saucer, his napkin wafting to the floor behind him.

Cut to the front of the house, where two workmen are delivering an exquisite antique chair. We see into the hallway as the man approaches. He discards the coffee cup

on a French-polished table and signs for the chair. A staff member moves discreetly to tidy away the cup.

The man emerges into the front yard and approaches a beautiful new Renault Laguna. Its sleek lines gleam seductively in the soft morning sun. The jewel in the crown of this beautiful place.

Cut to the bottom of the leafy drive. The electric gate hums open as the Laguna sweeps down the drive, sunlight glancing off polished glass and chrome. A gardener stops trimming the shrubbery, watching the Laguna accelerate away effortlessly.

Cut inside the car, the same music playing on the stereo. The driver lowers the volume using the IT system. We can still barely hear the purr of the car's engine. He makes a hands-free call.

Man: Ines, I'm arriving...

We see the Laguna head up the driveway of an exclusive spa, past golfers on immaculately manicured greens. They give the passing car an appreciative glance.

Cut to a big-built Germanic woman wearing a clinical white smock and a badge that says 'Ines'. She is pummeling the back of our man, who is lying on a massage table beside a glistening pool, the hypnotic sound of people playing tennis in the distance. We glimpse a tattoo on the man's shoulder, as Ines' powerful fingers knead deep into his muscles. This is no normal businessman. No pen-pusher. He's something more independent than that. The man's face is impassive, the torture part of his daily routine.

We cut to Ines' face as she adjusts a joint, smiling thinly at the satisfying 'click'.

Cut to the man driving down a street lined with fashionable stores and well-to-do shoppers. Reflections scudding over the windshield of the Laguna, the car in perfect harmony with its elegant surroundings. It pulls up at a kerbside and a uniformed valet steps forward to park it.

Cut inside a chic designer store. The store clerk watches as the Laguna owner signs a slip of paper with a big, bold signature.

In the background, we see a girl arranging items on a minimal shelf display. She glances round at our guy. The clerk smiles a little awkwardly and hands him his purchase in a small, tasteful bag, watching him as he leaves the store.

Cut to the Laguna driving through another part of town. The sun dipping low, glinting off the body work as the car hugs a corner and accelerates gracefully into a straight. Shadows ripple through the interior, playing over a small gift box, resting beside the designer bag on the passenger seat. The driver checks his watch.

Cut to an elegant restaurant, the maitre d' beaming as he leads our man to a table. A few heads turn discreetly as he passes, and we assume he's a regular visitor.

Time cut to the man sharing an intimate candlelit booth with a beautiful woman. He slides the gift box across the table to her. She reacts with a lingering, enigmatic smile.

Cut to the Laguna driving through the business district at night. Sparkling glass and steel towers guarding empty streets. Lamplight reflects glossily in the car's paint work.

Cut to the man entering the revolving doors of an imposing office block. Inside, the large polished lobby is deserted, puddles of light punctuating inky blackness.

Time cut to a security guard watching as the guy exits an elevator and heads back across the lobby to leave, checking his Palm Pilot. The Laguna pulls away from the building, lights glowing in a high-up executive suite.

Cut to the man driving the Laguna later at night, dials glowing on the dash. He uses the IT system to set the sat-nav, and raises the volume of the music on the stereo. The car scythes through the city, as the rhythm of the music grows more urgent. We see the Laguna turn down a dark alleyway, a security guy speaking into a walkie-talkie as it passes. It pulls up outside the rear doors of a building. A female assistant meets the driver as he gets out, pulling off his jacket and draping it over her arm.

We follow them inside, moving briskly down a narrow passageway, the guy tearing off his shirt and tie as he goes. We glimpse a piercing, its design echoing his tattoo.

Cross-cut with a darkened auditorium. An edge-lit audience waiting restlessly in the shadows as the music swells. We can't quite make them out, but feel their anticipation.

Cut to our man taking a swig of water from a plastic bottle, as the music stops. The expectant hush is shattered by deafening power chords and he strides out onto a stage, framed in stark silhouette, his back to camera, strobe lighting playing wildly over the eager faces of his youthful audience. He hurls the water bottle into the crowd and yells:

Man: Damned middle class! Damned society! I hate money! I hate comfort!

Cut outside as he launches into his number, the muffled beat wafting out into the night. The precious Renault Laguna parked outside, watched over by the security guard.

Caption: Let's be honest: everybody likes the good life. New Renault Laguna. Enjoy the experience