

A photograph of several horse legs standing on a dark, textured surface, likely a stable floor, at night. The background is dark with some blurred lights, suggesting an indoor setting. A large red rectangular box is overlaid on the center of the image, containing the text 'Ladbrokes'.

Ladbrokes

**SAATCHI & SAATCHI
+
NOAH CONOPASK**


thesweetshop

A LADBROKES LOVE LETTER TO SPORT

Guys, I love this campaign! I feel like you wrote it for me. Scripts like this are pretty much exactly what I live for, so when it comes to what you're looking for... this is what I do.

The ripomatics are insanely good and I've got to say I haven't seen a pitch this smart for a long long time. The whole thing feels totally epic and unapologetic. It's exactly the kind of heart pounding, hair-on-the-back-of-your-neck ad-work that really feels alive.

Thematically I couldn't think of a better world to work with. We're thinking beyond the usual high energy athleticism you'd expect from a sports ad in search of something deeper, more emotive, intense and spiritual.

As you'll see throughout this treatment, I want to create something genuinely really special, a campaign that not only looks the part but captures that primal excitement of exactly what it means to place a bet.

I'm electrified... lets do this



A CHALLENGE?

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Without hammering home the point too hard this really is exactly what I do. I love the intellectual intensity of sports, deconstructing a game, match or stand-off into it's most minute details then finding the underlying narrative implicit in those moments.

Competition is universal, a kind of innate desire to challenge, risk and win. I want to get right into the mindset of our punters, dissecting an experience as opposed to just a process and looking for the soul and essence of what makes this world so tactile and enticing.

These are monumental, visceral, human films that speak directly to that something deep inside us all. Films like these are about stirring the senses and finding just the right feeling, build and flow. We're looking for that emotional quality to the experience that's inherently narrative without being too overt or literal in terms of the imagery used.

For me there is no detail too small. I'm obsessive. Unrelenting. I seek well observed textural details that allude to something larger. The look of anticipation or fire in the eyes, fingers nervously fiddling with a betting slip or tapping on a chair. I also love some of the ideas we mentioned on the call, the minutiae of this world that you'd only really know, 'because you know'.

It's about tapping into the psychological aspects of 'the bet': heritage, tradition, superstition and routine - and ultimately the challenge of it. Studying the form, feeling the turf, reading the papers, walking the course. I love the visual groundwork from the pitch - but that's just a taster for where I want to take this.

I want to push this further, taking that imagery to the next level - more specific, cinematic, textural, emotive and (I repeat it again because it really is the essence of what should set these spots apart) alive.

We live, we breathe, we bet, we win.





A WINNING MANIFESTO

HSBC

A WINNING MANIFESTO

We are going beyond simply manufacturing a montage of sport. I want to create a universal symphony of connectivity through as many different types of sport as possible - fusing the nail biting energy from the fields, pitches and tracks and pools to the tense excitement of 'the bet'. A 'Swarm Theory' style connection between different Ladbrokes sports worlds.

For me that means finding just the right visual language - the subtle poetry in our moments that elevate the everyday experience of the living room, terrace or stand into something much more noble, epic and intense.

And it's not just the break neck thrill of the action, it's those in-between moments too - the mental and emotional side of the process - the focussed dedication of the athletes and the tension in the fans.

A picture's worth a thousand words and I want to find the rich, evocative textural imagery that tells us all we need to know - the mud covered faces, the dirt under the fingernails, the sods flying at the pounding of hooves, rubber burned on a raceway.

And let's cast the net wide, looking beyond the obvious to include a broader range of sports - F1, motocross, MotoGP, athletics, rally, boxing, dogs - peppering in some really unexpected surprising moments to truly make this Ladbrokes.

Let's shake things up, get hearts pounding, adrenaline rushing through the veins. Forge imagery that sticks in the mind long after the ad-break, an anthem that's explosive, iconic and as strikingly awesome as it gets.

As with everything I do I want to craft an identity for this campaign that feels totally inline with the underlying ethos of the brand. While I love the powerful emotive style we get from the likes of Under Armour or Nike, this is ours - ours only - and we're totally going to own it.









NAILING THE VIBE

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Crafting the right tone for the films is key. We all know exactly what we're looking for and that's epic, anthemic and bold. I want there to be a real bad-ass attitude underlining everything we see, feel and do - as fearless, edgy and intensive as the sports.

These are heroic, triumphant odes to 'the challenge', a celebration of everything Ladbroke's customers love about sport and in a broader textural sense, life in general too. They're powerful but at the same time really accessible in terms of the way we really understand the sports in the same way that the fans do.

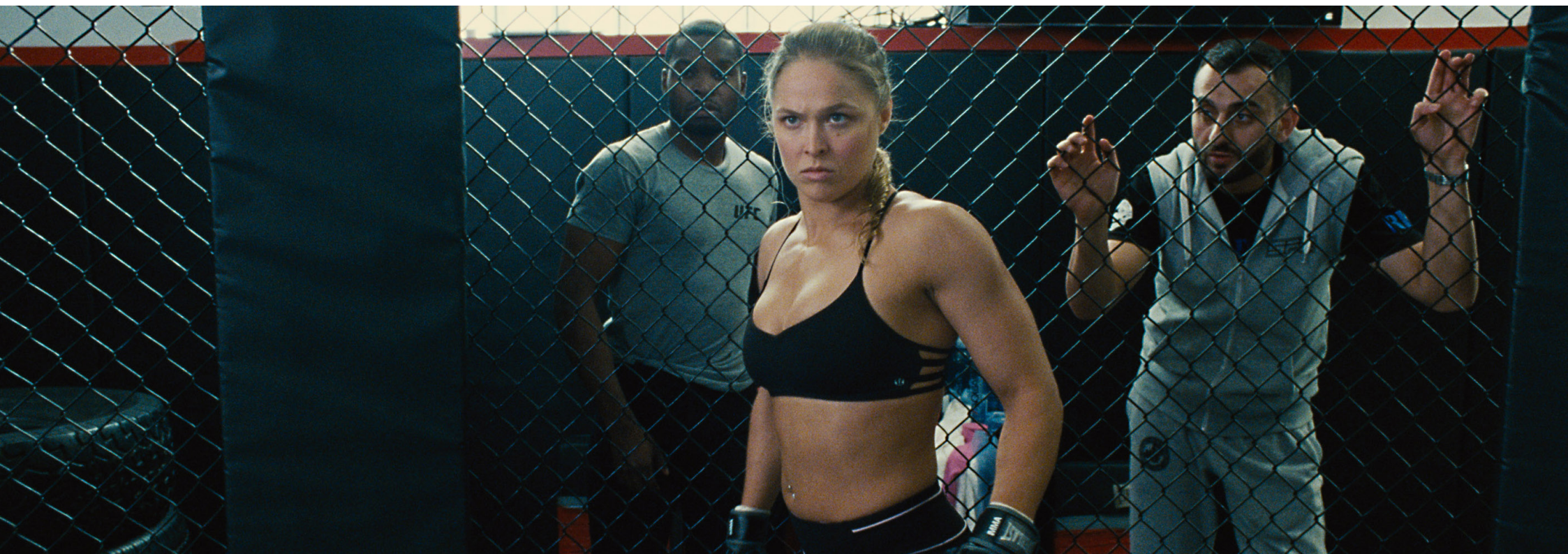
While it's undoubtedly going to look and feel incredible, at the end of the day this is a film for the punters so let's leave plenty of room in there for all the in-jokes, folklore and grit that could really make this fun. We're casting Ladbrokes as the experts, leading the field with as much passion and enthusiasm for this world as we have.

















VISCERAL CINEMATOGRAPHY

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The whole thing should feel purposeful and kinetic, lots of considered movement alongside frenetic bursts of energy inherent in the sports.

We'll dissect our moments from big epic wides through to the macro world of textures, reflections and detail. Imagine the reflection of a TV screen in the curved translucence of a focussed eyeball, the shifting of a programme from one hand to the next, the tightening of a buckle, the shaking of a hand (noting the rough gritty texture of those muddy ball-worn fingers).

I see an arc in our considered camera movement from the beginning of our films to the end. Some sweeping drone footage. Macro textural close ups. Stoic and concrete in the beginning to unhinged and dynamic in-the-action at the finale.

Anamorphic lenses are our preference. The bokeh of these are inherently cinematic and unique and fit perfectly with the refined rawness of our subject matter. I want the imagery to feel very tactile from the sleekness of rain covered hair to the bristly coarseness of Black Caviar's coat as seen in closeup. It's primal, elemental and engaging in a way that's mesmerisingly powerful to watch.

Let's think about the details that might otherwise seem mundane yet actually wind up being the most emotive and intense. It might be hyper slow motion at the impact of a scrum, eyes wincing, mud flying past the lens. Elsewhere it's as simple as a look, a smile, a hand closing on a shoulder, the strapping bandage coming off a muscle or the wringing of a hand.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

When it comes to the archive I want to take an uncompromising approach to finding just the right footage for exactly what we need. These aren't generic clips but specific moments that perfectly crystallise precisely the feelings that we're after. I'm envisaging a mixture of modern stock shots (to match our own) - and found footage of classic games, races and so on.

I also love the idea of some really evocative portraiture which could be something as simple as cutting from a classic game to a graphic portrait of a (now ageing) player looking straight down the lens - the lines on the faces, the rough skin, the scrapes and scars. It really helps capture the idea that the players - like the moments - live forever - everything's at stake.





FRIDAY NOV. 5 1976

GORDON LARSON PROMOTIONS PRESENTS

☆☆ BOXING ☆☆

AT THE BAYOU

***** THE MAIN EVENT *****

12 ROUNDS

☆ TITO ☆ TORRES VS. ☆ JASON ☆ ORTEGA

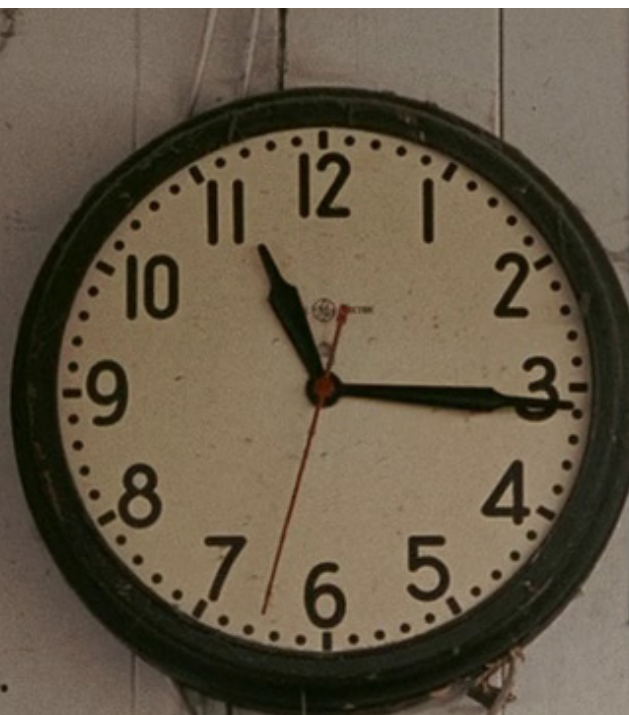
FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

8 ROUNDS HEAVYWEIGHT PEDRO LIMA VS. ARMANDO FELIPE	6 ROUNDS FEATHERWEIGHT TIMMY NUNEZ VS. CALVIN LOPEZ
5 ROUNDS BANTAMWEIGHT PETER SALAS VS. ETHAN REYES	6 ROUNDS LIGHTWEIGHT HUMBERTO MAURICIO VS. MARTY RAMOS

COUGHLIN GARDEN

DOORS OPEN AT 6:00 P.M.
FIRST BOUT 7:30 P.M.

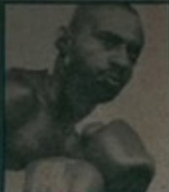

TICKETS ON SALE
Ringside Reserved \$10
General Admission \$6



DIVID CENTER - HARTFORD, CT - DEC 4-8, 1976





15 ROUNDS

FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP
EXCITEMENT! ACTION! DRAMA! THRILLS!

 THE CHALLENGER!	HARD PUNCHING RYAN CORTEZ VS. ROMMEL SUAREZ THE FIGHTING SPIRIT	 THE DEFENDER!
STEVE O'HAND	VS.	JONATHAN JACKSON
BILL POWERS	6 ROUNDS VS.	KEITH BRISTAL
MIKE THADREZ	4 ROUNDS VS.	MANNY SWANDERS

\$6, \$8 GENERAL ADMISSION **\$12.00** FIRST ROW SEATS

PURCHASE TICKETS AT
Sports Authority of America
Ballinger Office Equipment, Room 26, Level 2
Coulter Park Arena, St. Louis

	BA
	ERNE BE
	BOSTON
	BO
RESERVED PINGSIDE \$1	
***** ALL BOUT *****	



A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman wearing a black hooded garment, possibly a raincoat or a heavy jacket. She is looking downwards and to the left with a serious expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her face and the white fur collar of the garment. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some geometric patterns. The text "THE CUT" is overlaid in the center of the image in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

THE CUT

THE CUT

There's already an arc to these scripts that works. I love the pensive style, the ticking of the soundscape, the rise and the reprise. We want to sweep our audience up, off and away. From the very first words of our voiceover they're hooked, sat there and wondering what they're watching.

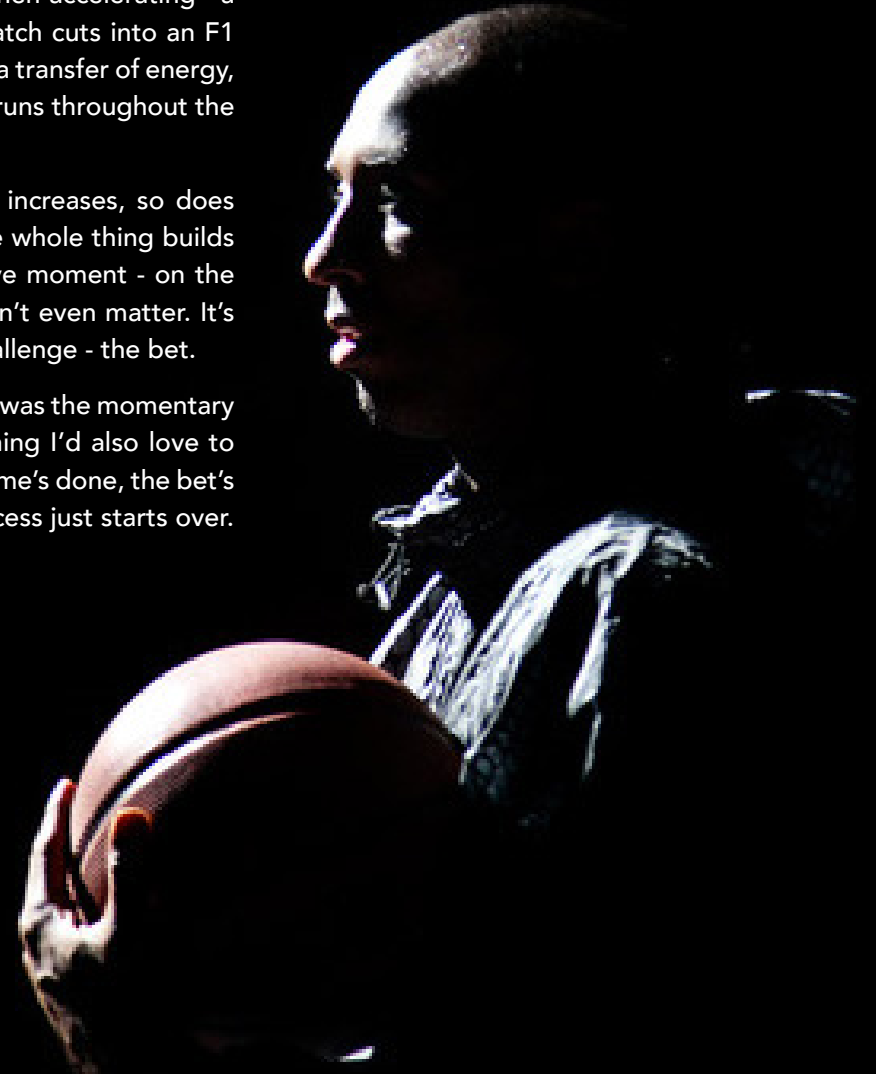
Every aspect of the filmmaking should work together to create a single overall ambience, feeling or mood. As discussed on the call I want to avoid anything that feels in anyway 'montagy', instead looking for smart ways to intelligently fuse the different ideas, images and archive.

Each snapshot moment has it's place in the overall tapestry of that build. We see preparation, anticipation, dedication and control - building a relationship between the athletic imagery of the sports and their parallels from the world of the spectator.

We'll pick up the mood, tone and movement from shot to shot, starting static with this big opening wides (as seen in the ripomatic) then accelerating - a turn cuts into a run cuts into a catch cuts into an F1 car sweeping through a bend. It's a transfer of energy, an evolution of a single idea that runs throughout the films.

As the energy in the athleticism increases, so does the excitement in the stands. The whole thing builds to a feverish climax - that decisive moment - on the field and off. Win or lose, it doesn't even matter. It's the thrilling excitement of the challenge - the bet.

One thing I loved in the pitch vids was the momentary heartbeat at the end. It's something I'd also love to end on, the idea that yeah, the game's done, the bet's settled... but then the whole process just starts over.



A man with dark hair, seen from the back, is wearing a red t-shirt and holding a mobile phone to his ear. The background is dark and out of focus, with some light spots. The text "THE VOICE OF LADBROKES" is overlaid in white, bold, sans-serif font across the middle of the image.

THE VOICE OF LADBROKES

THE VOICE OF LADBROKES

A huge part of the power in these spots will come in the voiceover. I want this to be the emotional backbone to the films, worlds that from the very first instant have us hooked. The words themselves should feel evocative, poetic and alive.

The voice itself needs great timber. Dipping in between light and shade and maintaining that call to arms for blokes. We're looking for volume, confidence and swagger: 'the everyman who's risen to be king'. He's direct and authoritative and clear but with a grassroots flair so he never feels aloof. A few glasses of Scotch and half a pack of cigs in Russell Crowe at his raspiest.

The read should feel calm but electric in the sense of a latent passion that's just waiting to explode. Lava under a thin crust. It's the excited tension of a bet, this guy knows it, he's been there and he loves it.

A close-up portrait of a middle-aged man with a flat cap, a goatee, and a blue shirt. The background is blurred. The text "MR. PETER MOODY" is overlaid in white, bold, sans-serif font across the center of his face.

MR. PETER MOODY



MR. PETER MOODY

Peter Moody in particular will be awesome. We'll tease out an incredible performance on the day that blends the very best of the above with the unmistakable character that comes from who he is.

I have a lot of experience working with guys just like Peter, playing coach as well as director to bring just the right level of intensity to get us what we want. With enough time and plenty of patience, we can really make this fly. In addition to nailing the script I suggest letting him read it a few times in his own words. There is often some great serendipity that can come of it.



THE SOUND OF SPORT



THE SOUND OF SPORT

Sound will play an enormous role in these films, electrifying the imagery in a way that feels intense, evocative and rousing. I want to create a sophisticated soundscape of both background atmospherics and more specific (intense) moments of sound that punctuate the cut. Let's let ourselves to be un-literal at times while crafting a signature soundscape. To be unexpected, intriguing and surprising.

We're looking for those visceral, primal sounds, the thundering of hooves just inches from the camera, the blaring of telly, the chanting of the crowd. It's the unintelligible chatter of the tannoy, the near miss, the epic try, the glory of that league winning field goal erupting in the stands. Then put it through the Ladbrokes filter. I'd also suggest creating a signature mnemonic sound for the ending. Something akin to the Intel chime but in our Ladbrokes style.

While it's there, and it's powerful, the sound design itself should feel subconscious. We never notice these sounds directly because they are so perfectly woven into the tapestry of our film making. They're as much a part of the fabric of the experience as the sports physicality. All we're doing is simply augmenting that experience, choosing what to heighten/what to hide.

Simon Lister from Nylon would be amazing to work with on this campaign. The Sweet Shop have done some of our most amazing sound with him. I can't recommend him highly enough.



THE SCORE

THE SCORE

Sound can often be an afterthought - but in this campaign it needs to be at the forefront. We are creating a sensory experience here - an iconic piece of emotional engagement that grabs our audience and draws them in on every instinctive level.

Music should build to a crescendo of epic proportions, something totally unexpected and unique to the campaign that knocks us off kilter. We want to our audience to be able to recognise these spots purely by the way they sound.

I want to experiment, playing with different ideas from the symphonic right through to something more chemical and adrenaline fuelled - snippets of sounds smash-cut together, the apex of motion, a fever-pitch build towards a big visceral climax that we feel as well as hear, watch and see.

The primary component ought to be that clock-like ticking with perhaps a slowly building heartbeat rising through the soundscape. Depending on the shot it could sound like its on the horizon or inside your head pounding in your mind. It's anxious, present and exciting - something that's going to immediately stand out against anything we're next to in the ad-break - the mnemonic that instantly tells us it's Ladbrokes.



THE FILMS

While I think it's important all of the films share the same style each should feel totally unique in terms of character. The big brand spot for me should really nail the tone. While we don't have a physical script yet this is where we'll have the most freedom to step that little bit further from the common tropes of the sports themselves and play more on that wider, textural world I've talked about above.

Everything below is at this stage naturally just a starting point for discussion. As the scripts develop, so will the detail in our stories.



BRAND ANTHEM

The rally cry. This is still an evolving piece and I'm pumped on it. I've gone through and described the kind of progression and build I want and how that might work visually. Of course exactly what we would see depends entirely on the actual script but lets keep the conversation fluid and moving as we develop this together...

Attitude. Swagger. Are we up for The Challenge? This is our manifesto, this is who we are and likewise everything we see in this film needs to land that. The athleticism's important but we need to find those visceral moments that link with the underlying psychology of 'the bet'.

I want to introduce the broadest possible spectrum of sports here looking beyond those covered in the scripts. The more unexpected and textural the moments the better. The palette here should be just as diverse as the action. The crystal clear blues and clinical whites of the swimming pool next to the crunchy earthy green-browns of the field, the colourful silks of our jockeys, the tense darkness of a changing room, the flood-lit glory of the track...

Open on emphatic dawn shots of empty sports grounds, pools, racetracks, dirt courses in the forest, gyms, changing rooms, arenas, ovals and rings.

Are you up for the challenge?

As the sun rises we'll see our first glimpses of the athletes - making their way to training, the 'lads' meeting at the NRL training ground. It's the grind. Breath hanging in the cold air, macro shots of hands being rubbed together, stretches. Dirty boots being banged together, the clean flexible rubber of a running shoe, a horses eye filled with a glimmer in the darkness or being led from it's stable in a coat.

To challenge the players, the hallowed grounds, the system

The action builds. Moments from different times and sports are connecting kinetically. Action builds upon action. The athletes training, starting to intercut moments of our punters - looking for parallels that work - the man watching the horse running a training lap through binoculars, the groundsman at the oval cutting down for a macro examining the turf. The grit

of mud under fingernails. Black grease soaked hands. We see the tread on the tires of a car, an F1 racer being tended by what might as well be surgeons (maybe reflected in the helmet of the driver).

The voices in your head, us, yourself.

It's the total look of focus on the face of our boxer, the sweat trickling down over the furrows of his brow. The twitch of a shoulder muscle. The biting of a mouth guard. He's skipping in a gym which cuts nicely with macro work of engine components or the chain of a bike.

Beat the odds, beat the bet, beat the brain

We cut from the focused silence of a team bus to the chaos of the fans. A flickering fluorescent tube on a concrete brick wall. The sacred silence of the locker room and the bright flashes of the championship arena - pre fight. We see odds changing on a screen, the eyes of punters searching, programs passed in hands, a punter swiping through his Ladbrokes app.

Beat yourself

BRAND ANTHEM

Then the team huddle, focussing in on the faces, the wrapped knees of the hulking rugby players, buckles being fastened, pulling on socks. We see the pregame rituals of both players and fans - the charms, totems and mascots.

It's more than a fair go, a stroke of luck, a throw of the dice, the toss of a coin

The contrasts between the elegance and class of the grandstand at the races and raw, gritty, tribalism of sheds at Belmore.

And how the cookie crumbles

The tension feels unbearable - electric - the pace grows, there's a whistle, bell klaxon and gun simultaneous in sonic collage - and then we're off. The pace explodes into the action.

ADRENALIN. Hooves pounding, fists flying, arms splashing, the impact of a scrummage, cars racing round corners, bikes all simultaneously skidding racing round a bend. And as always we're dissecting those moments down to their most emotive elements - the textural closeups, the human experience, the

weather, the passion the FEVER...

This is self belief. Predicting the unpredictable, and backing yourself, right or wrong.

We'll intercut those emphatic moments from the anxious spectators, both the unique nature of the different fans and those actions, expressions and emotions that are common to them all - the rising in the stands, the grimace, the 'GET IN THERE!' air-punch of a win. On television in pubs. Homes. A shared screen on the street. Everywhere. Anywhere. The RAWNESS of fandom.

The whistle blows, the lights go green, the gates snap open

The action builds to reach a climax - the final furlong, the last half mile of a lap, the knockout swing, the final push, the winning kick, the highest dive. We hit the highest intensity moments from the sports - the final breath-held moments of the fans - and then a sudden cut to black (before an outcome).

A hush... we breathe. There's nothing but our heartbeat.

Are you up for the challenge? Good.

Endframe: Ladbrokes. Up for the challenge. Since 1886.

AFL - THE PLAYERS

As the script says let's make this a celebration of anyone who's ever strapped on a boot, building from the small town origins of the game upwards to big, epic moments from the finals. It's Ladbrokes AFL rally cry.

I want to introduce elements of fan culture, the experience of being a supporter - going to the games, the experience of something you share with both a close-knit bunch of mates and at the same time - thousands of absolute strangers.

I love the idea that we might open on some really intense textural macro closeups of the universal prep you'd get whether amateur player or a 300th game dual premiership winning hero.

Lacing up the boot, pulling on the socks, eyes in the mirror as the team link arms and pull in for the huddle in the background. Cracking knuckles. Stretching necks. All done with matter of fact swagger. Toughness. Realness.

I am a Brownlow medallist And a fringe first-grader.

Out on a fog drenched field at dusk, training. Grunting. Looks right into the camera. Unflinching. Right in the midst of the action, the drama/speed of handballs and marks. Close up behind the player, cutting quickly to grizzled faces, focussed effort but also fun - a smile - mates. The imperfect texture and character of skin.

I'm the best and fairest,

A state of the art training facility, a player on a treadmill with an oxygen mask on. Looking down at another player as he pushes through his list and pumps out a final rep on the bench press (aided by his mate). More handpass drills, a fall, a fail, a wince.

And unluckiest with injuries. A one-club hero

A bloke on the sidelines in a cast, as totally absorbed in the action as his mates on the field. There's obvious frustration in his eyes. Another lifted off the field by two team runners.

I am a seat in a hyperbaric chamber

The hyperbaric chamber - a quiet moment peering through the mirror seeing a herculean pro in his undies quietly reading a book.

And a place in a team photo.

Our team photo's perhaps a fan photo, a group of mates gathering to have their photo taken with a legendary player - they are so pumped.

A series of archive moments, from super-8 footage of early years to folklore moments from the finals. Snapshots of classic players - the Barassis, the Bartletts the Jesaulenkos - to the Locketts and the Careys, maybe the biggest old timer we can find sat there in portrait smiling down the lens.

A name on a wall, in a locker, on a jersey

Legacy. Texture. A famous number on a locker door.

AFL - THE PLAYERS

The pace picks up, the imagery gets more intense. The training shots become a local amateur game. The atmosphere's more focussed. We cut right in on the action.

I am high school footy; park footy; rep footy; finals footy. I am a first round draft pick,

From wides of the school field, to bigger lads playing in a park, to the amateurs and pros smashing into each other, flying into a speccie, boots in the mud, sods flying in the background. We focus on the elementariness of it all, the dirt on the ball, the muddied grass of the oval, the utter exhaustion of the players at three quarter time.

Rookie of the year

We see normally rough and ready players suited and booted, clean shaven (the cleanness of the interior, texture of the skin), at an award ceremony dinner. Again, maybe we see some cameo's around the table - old players who once held the title.

A beaten favourite.

The same faces now at work on the field - muddy, straining and intense. Maybe our beaten favourite is a guy pacing in the far goal square having clearly just botched a kick or missed a goal.

A big hit.

A silent roar.

The first emphatic slow motion shots ramping into fast action cuts - passes, kicks, runs and dives. We see the fans in the stands - anticipating, focused, tension and release.

I throw up in the sheds

Running back wiping away the puke. Laughing it off.

I bleed for my mates

A newly broken nose. Bleeding and bruised.

And I cry.

On knees in defeat. Picking himself up and carrying on.

Once again we cut in to dissect the moments - the facial expressions, the elemental nature of the field, the war faces, battle cries and focus.

I leave it all out on the field

We see an overwhelmingly grand shot of the oval at a Grand Final. It's floodlit and full. The lights spike the lens. It's electric. The stands burst with flashes in the darkness. The players mill around on the field below.

Because I never stop trying.

We see one player doubled over hands on knees breathing heavily, sweat pouring off of his face.

He's so exhausted it's impossible to tell if he's beaten or triumphant - such is the game.

A hard final cut to black and just our heartbeat.

So, who will you bet against?

Endframe: Ladbrokes. Up for the challenge. Since 1886.

NRL

I grew up in a rugby family with dad playing old-boys games at the weekend. I was tiny but I loved the local feel of the game, the beaten grizzled faces of my dads teammates and the community as a whole. Heading down to the pitch. The drama of the matches when you're watching from the touch line.

There's a tangible and epic sense of battle. Not just the physicality of the sport but the psychological aspect - the preparation. The dedication and sacrifice of the training, that lonely moment in the locker where you're entering the zone, injuries, conflict, mud, bruises and blood.

There's incredibly evocative imagery suggested by the script but while at times there's certainly room to be literal, let's also look for more emotive, human and intense ways to bring those lines to life.

Open on a time-lapse of an empty stadium at dawn, shadows sweeping across the seats.

We hear the characteristic urgency of that tick, tick, ticking from the start.

Cut in to a textural closeup of the grass. Suddenly a boot comes in from nowhere - fast then ramping down to slow motion as it splashes through the mud. Cut back wide and stadium lights flicker frantically through the slow motion.

I am Mal's broken arm.

Cut to a line of players, then a pair, staring, focussed, psyched. Cutting in further to a macro we see the sheer intensity of the stare - they're almost frozen in slow motion - we see flashes of the crowd moving in the bokeh in the background.

And Queensland's broken record.

Back at full speed - a jarring roar as three men run head long towards a scum machine in training. At the moment of impact we cut...

The cold in Canberra.

Back in the midst of a game we smash cut real time then slow motion impact of a scrum in close-up. We're right in there, amongst the soaking wet shirts, muddy arms. Cut in to see the dirt under the finger

nails gripping at the ball, the wincing of an eye. A drizzle of rain, rolling down a forehead. A furrowed grime ridden brow. Grinding teeth. Muscles pushed to their limit looking like they will blast off the bone.

Cut back momentarily to the practice at night, in the cold, under floodlights. Cold breath. The coach calls it. We see close up of whistle as it blows.

I am the sheds at Belmore.

A wide of fans chanting in unison, rhythmically raising their hands in sync.

Cut to an archive shot of a wide from a classic game. Just after the ball's being passed back and into play.

We hear a jarring burst of sound from the stadium. Chanting, cheering, cries. It's a controlled chaotic rumble.

I am the blood bin, the sin bin, and the concussion test. A torn ACL, a popped shoulder.

Quick cut textural shots of impacts, tackles, epic slides and tries. An archive shot of particularly nasty tackle. Blood. Spit. Drool.

NRL

We see that concussion test - the eyes of the player - defiant. We see another player in rehab, then maybe a lone fan watching at the sidelines of training as he stumbles back into training, welcomed by the rest.

Portrait shot of the same old legend today, battle scared and bruised even now but smiling defiantly - maybe someone who had a reputation as a bit of a lad.

A cameo from an old legend cheering in the stands. Another cameo now coaching from the sidelines.

I am Lang Park in extra time

We run with the line, the run becomes a pass, becomes a quick cut to archive and a dive under the posts into a try.

Pre match at The Caxton Hotel

The team in formal dress, team blazers. A conspicuously clean (but rough) hand pressing down the jacket. Smiles, kisses from ladies in hats.

Celebration in the changing room - players in the background while we focus on one sat lonely in the foreground - totally psyched and in the zone. The fluorescents fluttering overhead.

Ripped back from the silence to the chaos of the game. An incredible pass, a catch, a kick... all cut to maintain the velocity of the running. Closeups - the water trailing the ball as it flies, the sods kicked up around it, the mud, the teeth, the eyes.

The action and the cuts get faster till we hold on a moment - a kick - then a moment of uncertainty, focussed eyes in closeup.

And the Great Wall of Bondi holding firm.

We see the stadium, for a second again - it's empty but floodlit and at night (symbolic of the psychological focus of our athlete).

I am the people's team.

We hold a moment on a macro - that same pair of muddy eyes. It's make or break time. Cutting wide (and low) we see the same player running up to take a penalty.

The whole stadium's watching, it's a critical shot.

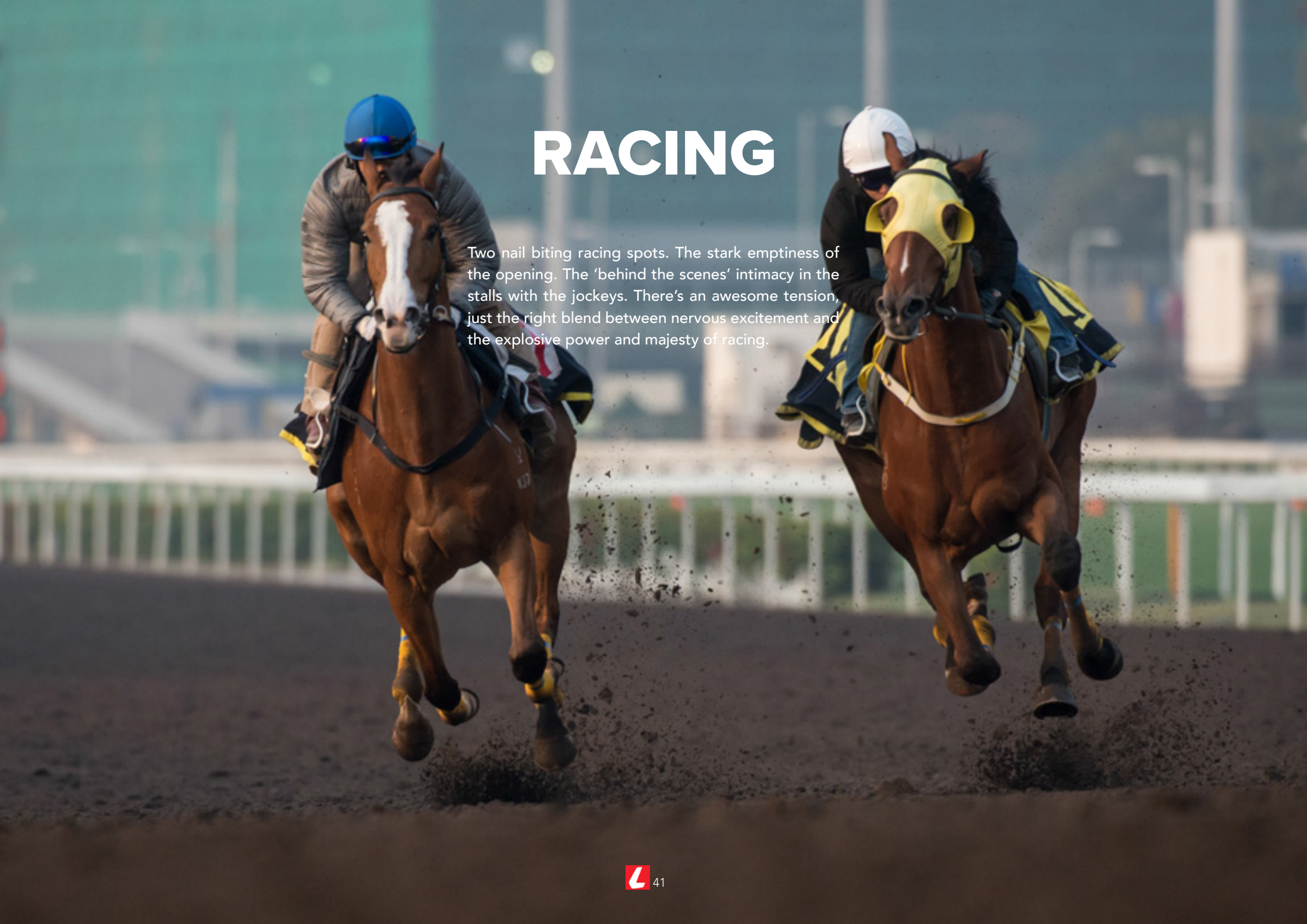
The last moment just before the impact as the foot comes in and connects with the texture skin of the ball. Sound warps. Energy is released.

The Pride of the League.

We cut to black and just our heartbeat, left with the final thrill of never knowing if he made it.

So, who will you bet against?

Endframe: Ladbrokes. Up for the challenge. Since 1886.



RACING

Two nail biting racing spots. The stark emptiness of the opening. The 'behind the scenes' intimacy in the stalls with the jockeys. There's an awesome tension, just the right blend between nervous excitement and the explosive power and majesty of racing.

BLACK CAVIAR

Overall I want the feeling here to be similar to the more general film only making the most of both Peter's V/O and Black Caviar herself to make things feel a lot more personal - a personal experience of the sport as opposed to the broader approach I'll describe momentarily with the other.

We open with that same ticking. Big emphatic shots of the racetrack at dawn. A lone horse training in the coolness of the morning. A lone fan (a potential punter) watching from the wings.

I'm Peter Moody...

Introduce Peter at work as per the ripomatic, a caught moment from the folklore of the racing. Authoritative, triumphant but not boasting - focussed eyes. A professional. The press conference is a brilliant place to start.

Trainer of Black Caviar

The legend herself. But just eyes in the darkness of a stable... tempestuous, moody and strong. We see her eye in macro, the bristly sleek texture of her coat.

World Champion, winner of 25 out of 25...

We jump to see some of those triumphs in archive. Ending on the Bronze statue of Black Caviar the legend.

And trainer of 5 of the last 6 Australian racehorse of the year titles

We see Black Caviar wider now, revealing her latest foal in the background... she's a mother now, retired and here's the next generation, the future of racing.

This is spring

We see that carnival atmosphere, the costumes, the fans excited, facial expressions, smiles.

This is Melbourne and Sydney

And they're off. The stalls open - the horses explode out then we ramp down into slow mo.

The pounding hooves and beating hearts

We see the pounding hooves - the bud, the sods, the rippling muscles of the horses, the motion of the legs. Fast motion. Slow motion Fast motion...

This is front runners and closers

Early in the race, we're riding with the jockeys, slow motion intensity of two horses passing one another, one horse almost turning a little to look the other in the eye. Snarling mouths.

We focus own their eyes, the faces bobbin in frame, as focussed as any human athlete on the race. The breath condensing in the coldness of the air.

This is the difference between fame and being forgotten.

The majesty and institutional aspects of horse racing, the well dressed crowd, polishing the trophy.

A quick snapshot of two jockeys in portrait - one of the most famous and of the moment, along with an old legend (once famous but in his own way a non-negative expression of 'being forgotten'). The old timer with his arm around the younger.

This is of course racing at it's best.



BLACK CAVIAR

The whole thing takes on the feel of an epic cavalry charge, rising, calling and rhythmic - moving with the horses, that increased, accelerating energy you get in the final furlong when they race towards the post.

We cut quickly as you might in race coverage, but closer in - the eyeballs behind the goggles of the jockeys - the speed of the passing fences reflected in the perspex - the jockeying heads of the horses - primal, animalistic and HYPER intense.

We see the tense hand movements of the crowd. Personal reactions from real races - details like focussed eyes, wringing hands, watching, holding their breath.

I challenge you to take on the Valley with Ladbrokes.

We cut wide - almost a flash cut of the post - then abruptly cut to black. We never see the win.

So, who will you bet against?

Endframe: Ladbrokes. Up for the challenge. Since 1886.

The heartbeat continues in the dark.

SPRING CARNIVAL

The main difference here lies in the opening of the film in which we'll focus our attention specifically on imagery relating directly to Spring Carnival as opposed to Peter Moody.

I remember being in college and the general craziness that was the Preakness Stakes in the summer - chaos in it's own way but always fun as hell. I want to capture a sense that occasion. Not just the sport, but the circus that surrounds it.

A calm still racecourse, only this time focussed more on the quiet preparation for the carnival atmosphere to come. The night before the big meet, groundsmen preparing the turf, the judges walking the course.

This is Spring Carnival

The punters filling into the ground. Bookies charting up odds. A man we assume might be a savvy punter watching a training run from the sidelines.

This is Melbourne

People mingling in the grandstand pre-match, the atmosphere's electric, excited talking lips and emphatically gesturing hands.

This is pounding hooves and beating hearts.

Flash cut the pounding hooves accompanied by that thunder. Then focussed eyes (our beating hearts) carefully watching at the paddock. The sleek texture of the horses coat, the wobble in the muscle as it's slapped.

This is Caulfield and Geelong, Moonee Valley

Building from emphatic portraiture of the places to archive footage of folklore moments from the classic meets.

Flemington and Sandown Carnival.

The stalls open. The horses explode forward as above.

This is where a wet track, a spooked horse or getting caught in a pocket changes fame and fortune.

Spooked horses. That caught moment of shifting in the stalls, the macro shot of the horses face, the smooth hands of rider against the worn leather of the reigns, a foot jostling for control in a stirrup.

Contrast that with the clean interior of the grandstand, the gloved hand polishing the pristine metal of the trophy.

At this point we cut back to the same emotive race sequences described above, ending on the same abrupt cut to black as the racers hit the post.

So, who will you bet against?

Endframe: Ladbrokes. Up for the challenge. Since 1886.

HEARTS BANG ON...

This is such a powerful campaign and amazing opportunity to create something truly epic and beautiful for Ladbrokes. I'm so excited that you approached me for this, and can't wait to talk about everything I've outlined here with you. This is just the start of the conversation. Let's dig into this further and make it happen!

- Noah


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