

UNDER ARMOUR  
Never Invited  
Treatment



This spot's not for everyone, is it? It's not for the privileged. Or those who've had an easy road to success. It's not for anyone that's avoided the burden of hard work. Or scathing criticism. This isn't for anyone that's had opportunity handed to them.

This is stern rebuff to anyone seeking comfort from the immunity of inclusion. Or slick advertising coated shiny with hype and false promise.

Which simply leaves, the truth. Which is, regardless of where you come from or who you are, you belong here. With UA.

And any prestige, entitlement or favoritism you lack ... is all the invitation you need.

#### IN A CORNER

In terms of actual build, there's a bit more to get our heads around. But the idea is to shoot these athletes in a corner. A 90° area that's literally a corner and figuratively a confining space. This is the backdrop and canvas against which we'll see and hear them. Most importantly, The Corner is meant to act as emotional metaphor for the confinement they've had to escape. It represents challenges they've faced, taunts they've endured, the naysayers they've drowned out in order to keep moving forward.

As a metaphor I think the corner is complete. We don't need to dress it up with marks or scratches that suggest difficulty or hardship. What's important is how we present say, Jordan Spieth - who as a golfer, is already saddled with the misleading narrative of being a privileged person playing a rich man's pampered game.

The corner will knock the patina off that false image. The athletes will be hemmed into an uncomfortable space. Shadows and unflattering light will create a bit of visual disruption. It won't be easy to gauge the depth or dimension of the space. I like the idea of having more than one athlete in the corner at a time. It adds visceral, emotional urgency - a further sense of confinement, claustrophobia and the need to break free from criticism, doubt and hate.

The result will be a clinical, forensic style examination of the athletes. An invasive exploration far from the glossy, fabricated portrayal superstar athletes deserve. But a true case study of what an outsider looks like. The appearance of our athletes and kids is a form of visual defiance. And exactly what defying the haters, looks like.

#### LIGHT + DARK

Lighting will play a crucial role here - the point is to absolutely eschew any kind of look that speaks to the tropes of athlete pampering and advertising artifice. Lighting coming from different directions as well as simultaneous light sources will create a more disruptive, abrasive feel. As well as cutting from say a hard front light, to light that's a bit softer coming from the top-down. Sometimes the light will blatantly, unexpectedly, illuminate a portion of the dark space, search like a spotlight until it illuminates the face of Misty Copeland. Who blinks to ward it off, a hand up to shield the harsh intrusion. We're never framing or treating these athletes like the marketed Gods they're presumed to be. They are revealed, unwantingly discovered as outsiders and the uninvited.

#### THE UNINVITED

We're using the world's most recognizable athletes. And a handful of completely anonymous children. The combination creates both irony and a very real juxtaposition. On the one hand we have athletes at the apex of their prime and achievement. On the other, children full of nascent hope and dream. How we bring them together emotionally is through commonality - we treat them the same. In that way we see the stars in the child and the childlike innocence in these perennial stars. I'd rather we cast children who make us feel their sense of being outsiders. It's not as important to me what a child's athletic skills are as much as they possess a vulnerability, toughness and determined will to stay, we can feel. It could be fun to play off the looks of kids, too. Find a young, light skinned black kid who bears semblance to Steph Curry. Or a ten year old, blond Lindsay Vonn already in possession of a burning, competitive edge she's ready to test.

#### OWNING THE NEGATIVE

My feeling is the voice we hear should be a single, anonymous source. Its ordinary, someone off the street. But its sharp with an edge of criticism. First name recognition athletes mouthing the words of an unknown person will give this a real outsider's vibe. The dialogue is from the athletes - but it's not their feelings or choice of words. It's about them. It's the collective voices of trolls, doubters and naysayers unified into a single diatribe. The voice (and its content) are further emblematic of the hurdles and barriers they have had to overcome.

We can overlap, cut away, drop and rise the volume of the voice. Have Lindsay Vonn mouth, 'Too beautiful... ', cut to the Rock, saying '...too immigrant'. We're using the voice with the visuals to create tension - but also as a way to appropriate and own the negative. Again, it's a forensic examination - objective. A bit cold. And it's altogether an interesting, frictive relationship between their appearance, who they are - and what's being said about them.

The emotional result of the dialogue should be abrasive. We're hearing them being dissed: disenfranchised, disrespected, disinvited. And in the midst of all that, we're watching them not move an inch.

#### WARDROBE

I think it's paramount the athletes not be styled. They're not appearing here as sports / marketing icons. There is a definite absence of their look being contrived, managed or styled. The more they look like us, the louder we will hear them. I like the idea of their UA gear being dark, black or at least monochromatic. We want to make a statement, we just don't want it to feel branded or marketed. It's a statement from the guts. I'd love to shoot Andy Murray stripped to the waist. Drenched in sweat and out of breath. Or Misty Copeland with her feet wrapped in dirty straps, torn from endless workouts. We want everyone to look totally honest, completely deconstructed. The fewer layers whether it's clothing dialogue or technique, the better. The athletes should be vulnerable but defiant. Perhaps partially unclothed, but definitely emotionally naked. And dirt. Steaked on a face. Caked on a thigh, dried and forgotten.

This will be a thing of raw, unflinching honesty. Distinct. Intense. Emotional. Unforgettable. The only possible anthem for anyone who now or ever, felt disinvited.

Thank you for (un)inviting me.