

OLD
NAVY

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TREATMENT BY ANDRÉ STRINGER



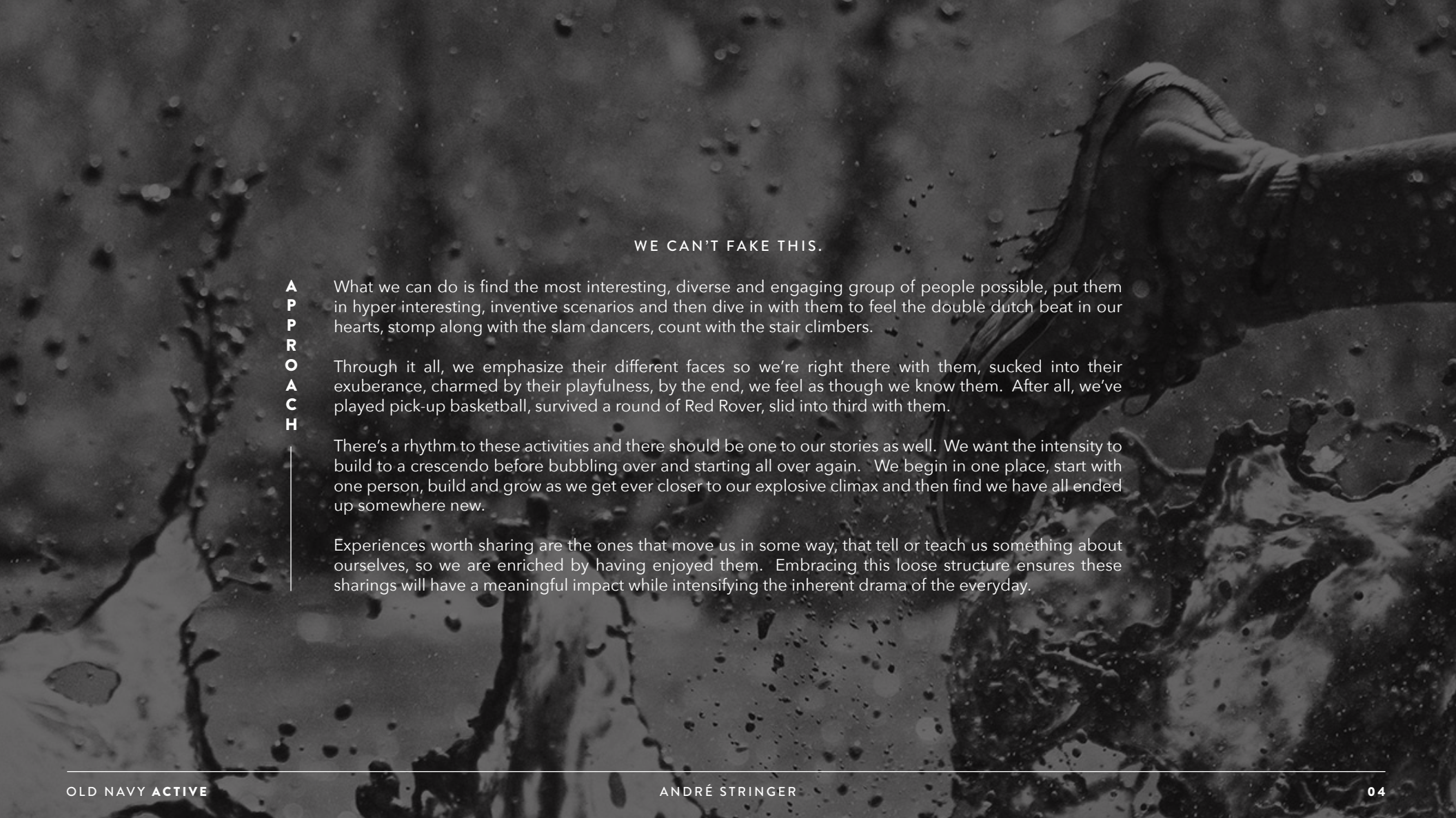


Sweating, running, jumping, laughing, twirling, stomping, swooping, hooping, giggling, water fighting, color dusting, mud, mud, mudder, all of it swirls around us as we dive, dodge and dance our way into the middle of these moments to feel what it is to be a part of this exploding movement of everyday athletes united in their quest to fully experience life. Completely engaged on all levels. Not worrying about anything other than who's going to score the next basket.

BE IN IT.

Each and every one of these groups of totally diverse people is the same when it comes to their unbridled joy and exuberance. We focus on their different faces, soaking up their varied expressions – delighted, incredulous, hysterical, determined. It may be all in good fun, but they're still in it to win it.

At the end of the day, though, win, lose or draw, there are going to be some epic stories, tall tales that will be told over drinks and around campfires. "Remember that time when we..." The audience will feel so connected to these experiences that they will find themselves going out and making some memories of their own.



WE CAN'T FAKE THIS.

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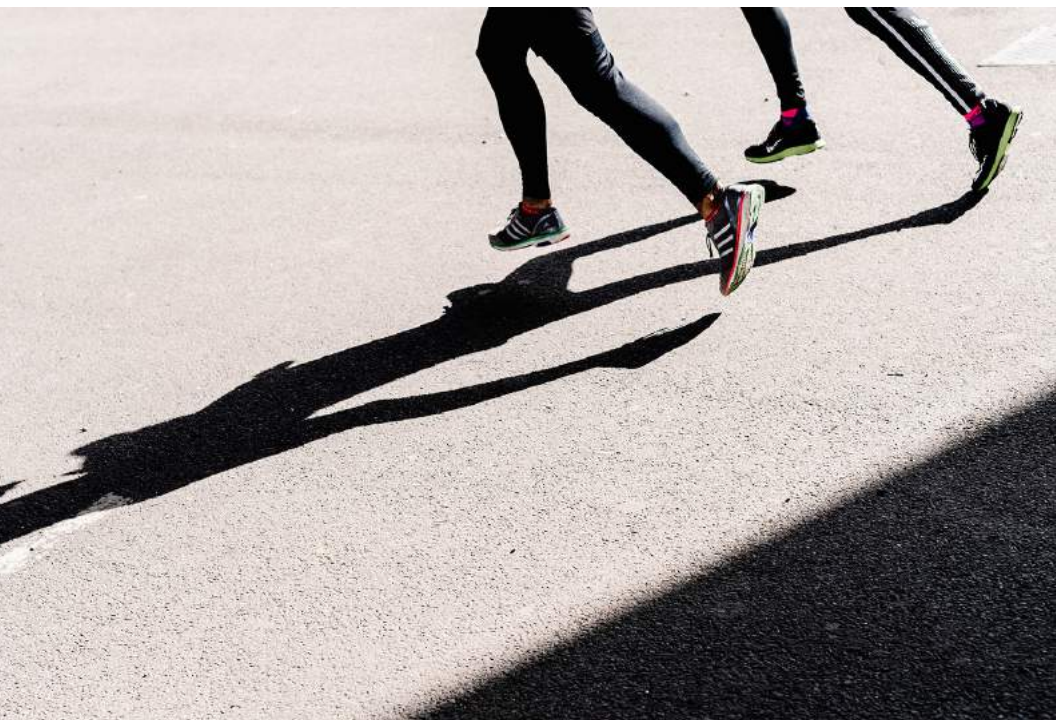
What we can do is find the most interesting, diverse and engaging group of people possible, put them in hyper interesting, inventive scenarios and then dive in with them to feel the double dutch beat in our hearts, stomp along with the slam dancers, count with the stair climbers.

Through it all, we emphasize their different faces so we're right there with them, sucked into their exuberance, charmed by their playfulness, by the end, we feel as though we know them. After all, we've played pick-up basketball, survived a round of Red Rover, slid into third with them.

There's a rhythm to these activities and there should be one to our stories as well. We want the intensity to build to a crescendo before bubbling over and starting all over again. We begin in one place, start with one person, build and grow as we get ever closer to our explosive climax and then find we have all ended up somewhere new.

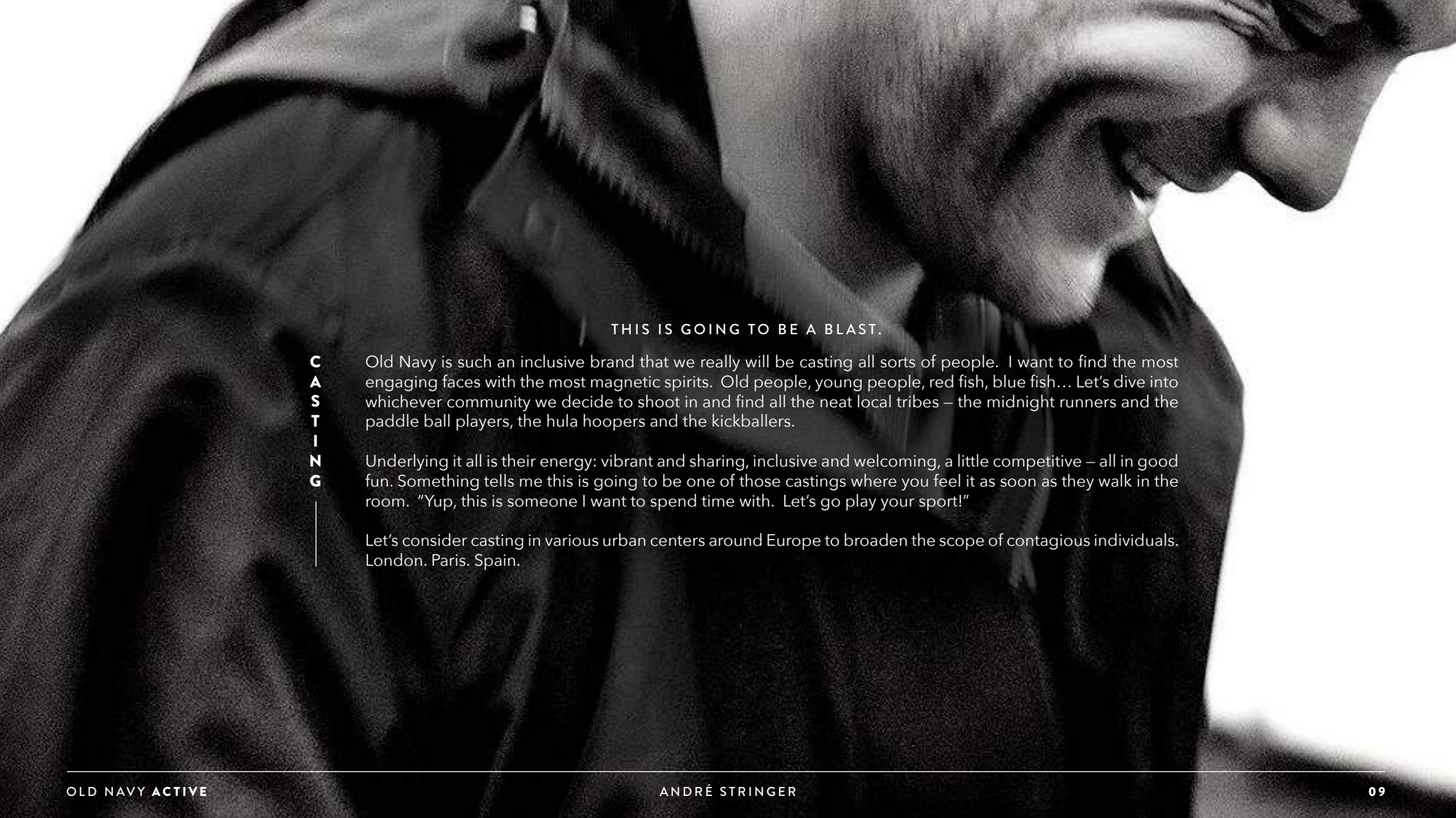
Experiences worth sharing are the ones that move us in some way, that tell or teach us something about ourselves, so we are enriched by having enjoyed them. Embracing this loose structure ensures these sharings will have a meaningful impact while intensifying the inherent drama of the everyday.











THIS IS GOING TO BE A BLAST.

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Old Navy is such an inclusive brand that we really will be casting all sorts of people. I want to find the most engaging faces with the most magnetic spirits. Old people, young people, red fish, blue fish... Let's dive into whichever community we decide to shoot in and find all the neat local tribes – the midnight runners and the paddle ball players, the hula hoopers and the kickballers.

Underlying it all is their energy: vibrant and sharing, inclusive and welcoming, a little competitive – all in good fun. Something tells me this is going to be one of those castings where you feel it as soon as they walk in the room. "Yup, this is someone I want to spend time with. Let's go play your sport!"

Let's consider casting in various urban centers around Europe to broaden the scope of contagious individuals. London. Paris. Spain.









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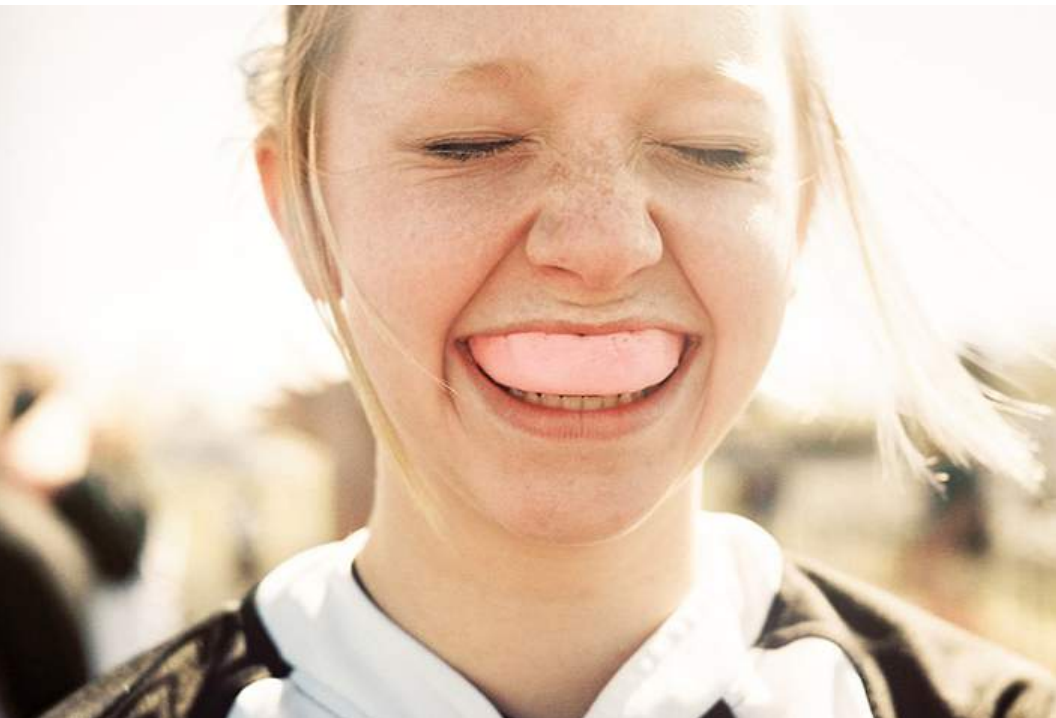
We want to see our visually fascinating cast. Active portraiture is the way to do that. Always about their faces, their expressions, their surprise and grit and teamwork and playfulness. Visceral. Human. Emotive.

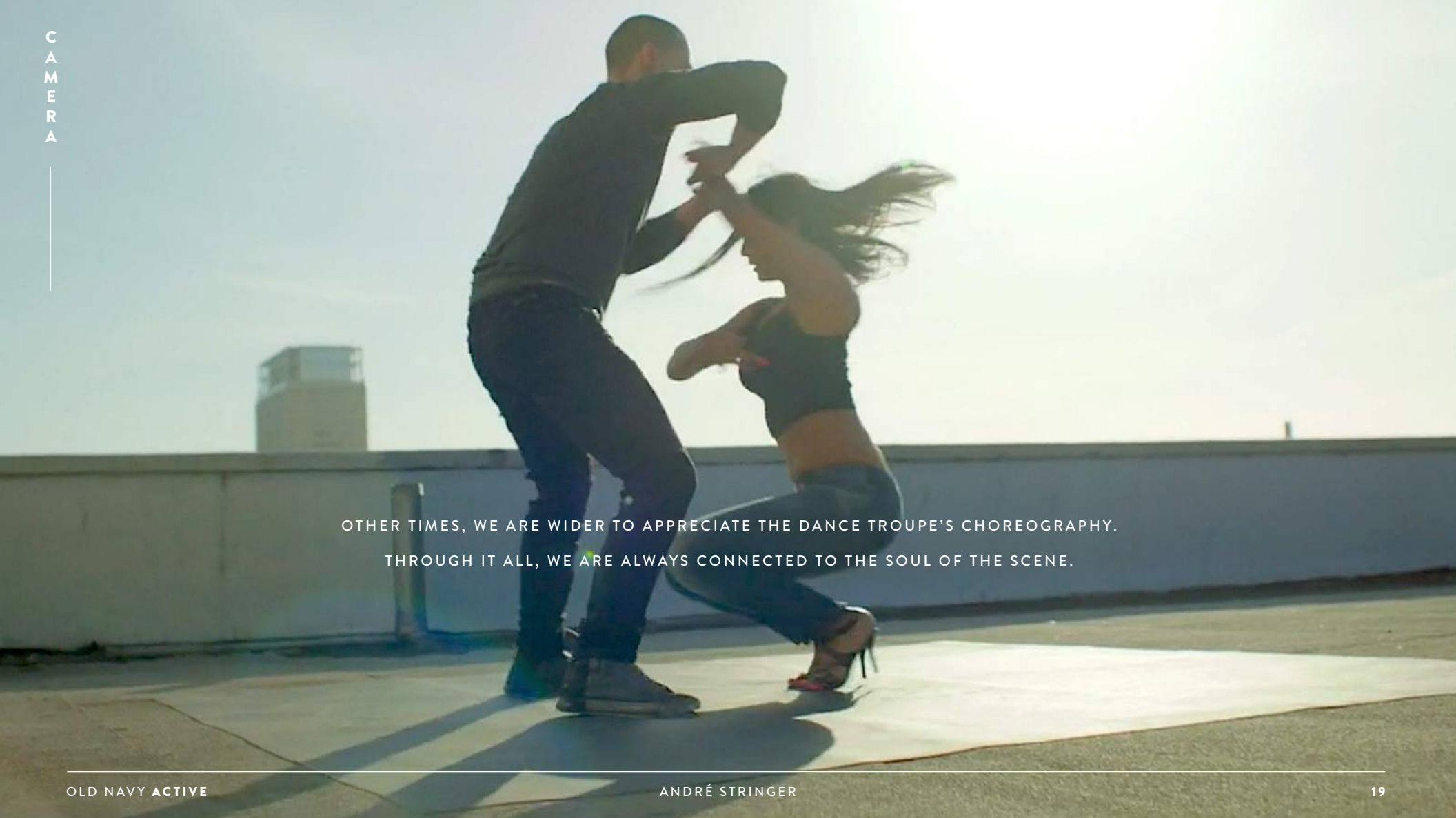
I also want to layer their unique ways of seeing the world in with the portraiture. Cameras rigged to our cast - POV, over the shoulder, back at the face. I'd love to use a variety of cameras to get a multiplicity of angles - all sorts of viewpoints so we're in the action, surrounded, enveloped by it, wrapped up in it every which way.





SOMETIMES WE'RE CLOSE-UP IN THERE, STARING DIRECTLY INTO OUR FREE-THROWER'S DETERMINED EYES.





OTHER TIMES, WE ARE WIDER TO APPRECIATE THE DANCE TROUPE'S CHOREOGRAPHY.
THROUGH IT ALL, WE ARE ALWAYS CONNECTED TO THE SOUL OF THE SCENE.





I ALSO WANT THIS FILM TO BE RADICALLY VIBRANT - RICH WITH COLOR AND LIGHT.
MODERN. SOFT AT TIMES, LUSH WITH CONTRAST AT OTHERS. SUNRISE. SUNSET.
MAGIC HOUR. GORGEOUS AND VAST. DIMENSIONAL. DYNAMIC.







RUNNING

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The last light of the sun bathes us in its warm embrace. Vibrant colors streak the sky, matched by the bright colors of a woman's running gear. She's watching the sun sink away as she stretches her legs. She bobs and weaves on her toes, all coiled energy asking to be released.

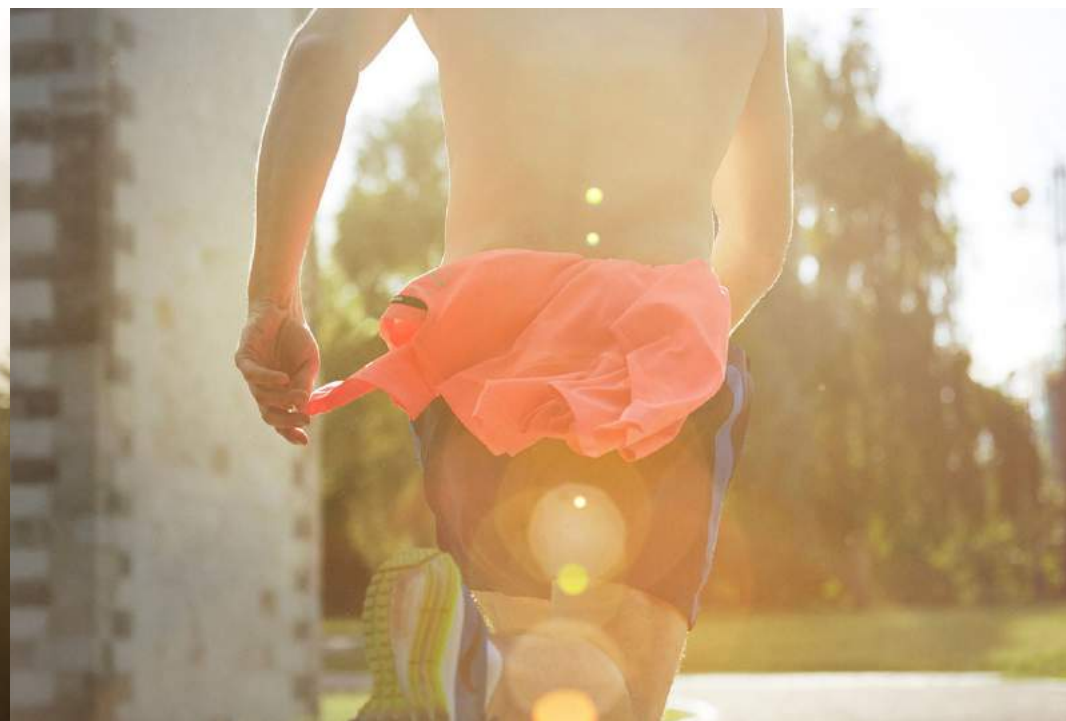
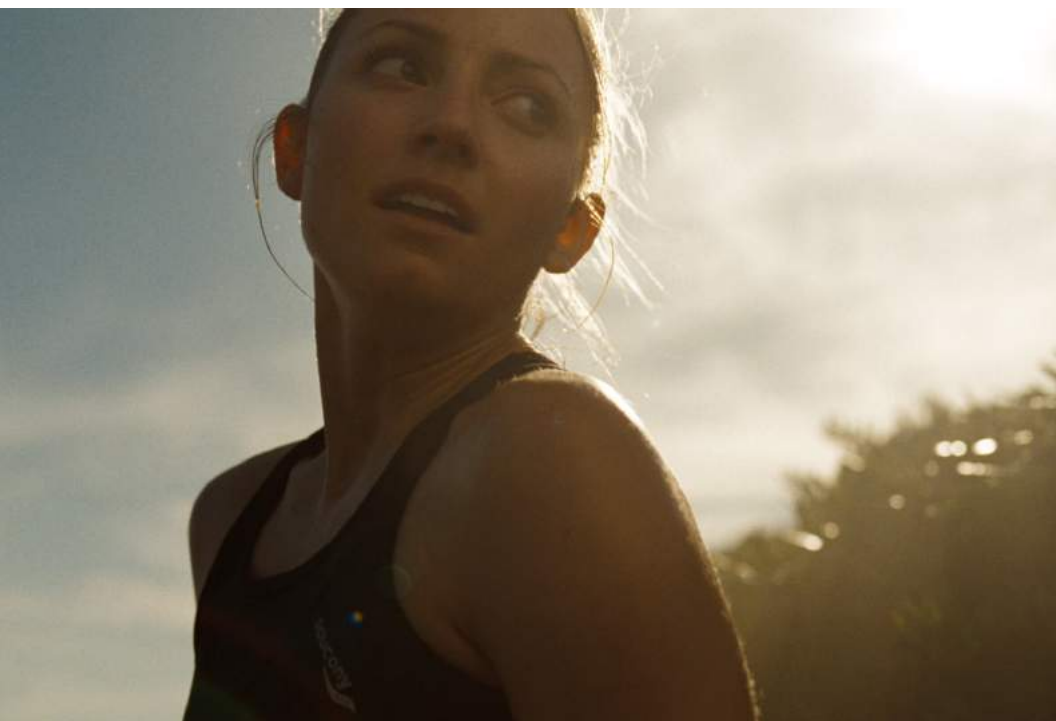
The light dips below the horizon—her starter gun. She's off! The day flies behind her as she lets it all go in single minded focus. Run.

She zigs and zags through the streets—lights, fruit stands, little kids with balloons and old men with dominos, the hum of the city, the steam of the manholes, the lights of the cabs.

As she jogs she is joined by fellow travelers, maybe they're the Orchard Street Runners or the Black Roses. They smile and wave, playful shoves and coy glances—there's always that one unrequited couple in any group... One of the faster runners turns, running backwards, poking fun and spurring the others to go faster... must go faster.

The flock grows and they quicken their pace. Their humor bubbles up and they gossip and chat while all around them life flows by. When they make a bridge, we pull out to see just how many of them there are—a tribe open to anyone willing to go the distance, the intersection of life, health and community.

By this point, our girl is running her heart out, in the middle of a sprint throw down, the only thing slowing her down is her laughter as she rushes towards the city lights.









SOCCER

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A ball rhythmically floats in and out of frame... a soccer ball... juggled by a young man... in the middle of an urban soccer field... an oasis of green in a concrete world. He's focused, intent—until a friend's fancier footwork intervenes, tipping, trapping and taking off with the ball.

Challenge accepted. Let the pick-up game begin. Our hero leaps into action, his eyes laughing but determined, his friend dribbles like a boss—another kid jumps into the fray only to be nutmegged. See ya.

Surprise slide tackle! Boom. Grass flies, jokes are cracked, a hand extended to help him up, a quick bro hug and they're right back in it.

Passing, laughing, diving, leaping, jumping, heading the ball, trapping the ball, dribbling around cones and each other, showing off for friends and then shooting, shooting, shooting. Sometimes the goalie miraculously grabs it—denied. Other times he soars through the air... and comes up empty handed. Cheers, groans, high fives, victory dances.

AND RIGHT BACK IN IT.





A full-page photograph of a muscular Black man, André Stringer, in a dynamic pose. He is shirtless, wearing a thin gold chain and dark athletic pants. He is dribbling a dark blue basketball with an orange swoosh logo. The background is a dark, textured stone wall. The word "BASKETBALL" is centered over his chest in a white, bold, sans-serif font.

BASKETBALL

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Intense focus as a man simultaneously dribbles two basketballs. Suddenly, someone steals one of them. The man looks up, breaks into a grin. Tosses the other ball at his friend. His friend is not so coordinated. He loses control of one of the balls; it rolls away and is picked up by a third friend.

The first guy rushes the third, the second drops the extra ball, and now it's on. Dribble, dodge, fake, pass, alley oop!

A pass goes wide... picked up by another player... joined by another, the footwork gets fancier, the sweat starts to pour, intensity burning bright, hearts racing, panting.

More and more friends join in. More even than on a proper team, but that's the fun of it, it's the neighborhood here, the more the better, this is our tribe, no one left out... as long as you can spin, crossover, weave, slam dunk that ball. What's up now!

Banter accompanies the dribbles. Jokes fly with the ball—three-pointer! Victory dance, I'd like to thank my---no time for that, son. Let's go, go, go get in it.





A low-angle, close-up shot of a person's torso and arms. The person is wearing a white, sleeveless crop top and dark-colored shorts. Their arms are extended horizontally to the left and right, creating a wide silhouette against a bright, clear sky. The lighting is very bright, causing some areas of the sky to appear washed out. The word "DANCE" is centered over the person's midsection.

DANCE

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A foot slams down into frame. Followed by its partner. Again. Once more. In time to a beat... we come up and see this girl's entire body is infused with the rhythm.

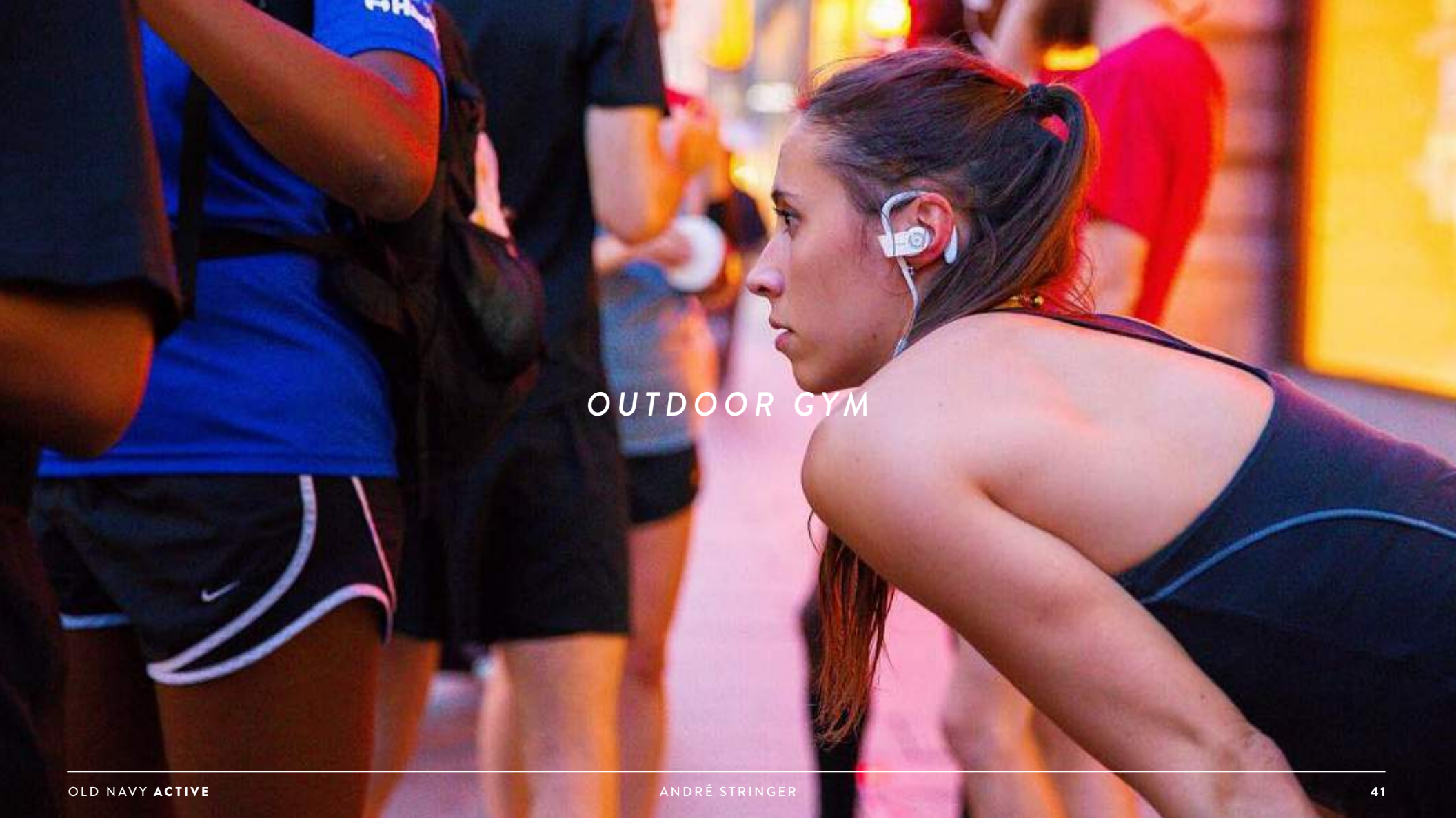
Her feet move faster, her hands clap more complex patterns. Another girl steps up and it becomes an elaborate call and response. Each challenge more intricate, each echo more impressive. Their movement timed perfectly to the music—updated tap dancing.

Another girl jumps up and they take it to the next level. They're all doing different moves, but not one of them misses a single beat. We're in the middle of all this, right there with them. To live this dance, you have to have it in you, feel the beat running, coursing, pulsing through you—it becomes your heartbeat, your breathing pattern, it consumes you... and links you on a visceral, primal level with your fellow dancers.

As we move out, we see more and more girls joining the dance until there is an entire troop, in formation, stomping and pounding the pavement. Finally the lead girl gives a sign and they all stop on a dime... and dissolve into congratulatory laughter and high fives.





A woman with long brown hair tied in a ponytail is shown in profile, leaning forward in a starting position. She is wearing a black tank top and white earbuds. The background is a blurred outdoor gym at night, with other people and warm lights visible.

OUTDOOR GYM

A woman's face comes directly towards us as she dips into a push up. She does one more, lets her legs fall and transitions into an upward dog, exhaling into downward dog. As she rolls herself up she comes face to face with her workout buddy.

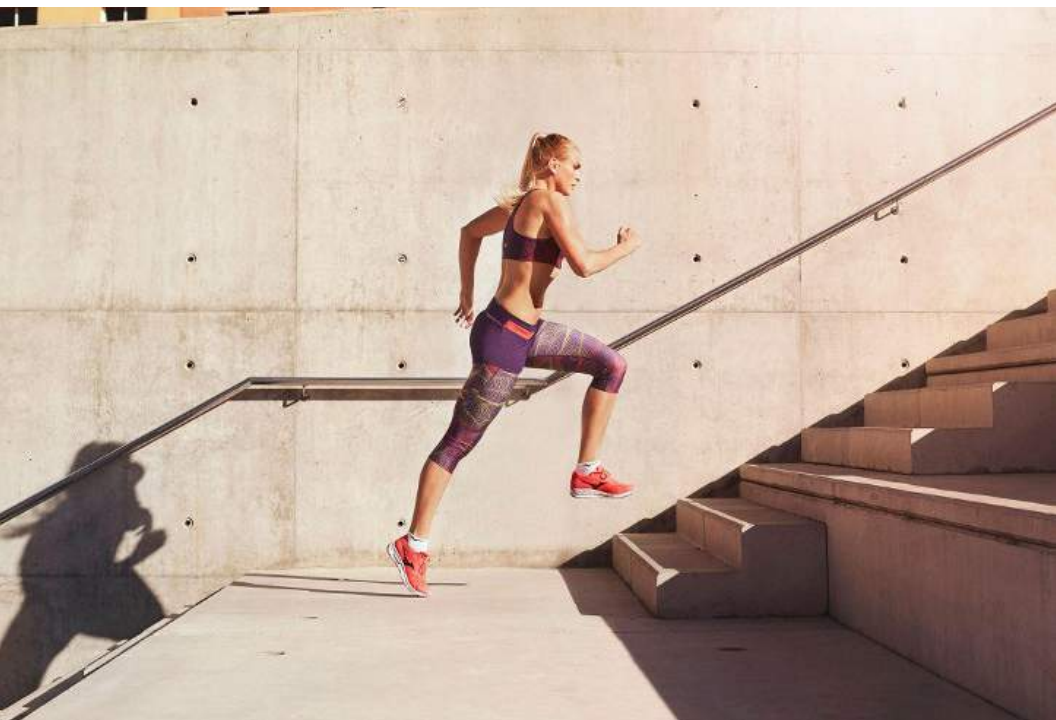
We see we're in a park with a big group of diverse people working out together. All-levels, all sizes and ages, all united in their quest for fitness and the enjoyment of this perfect day.

Crunches, side lunges, yoga stretches, push-ups, one handed push-ups, everyone together, but doing their own thing. Our girl and her friend shadow box, sidestep, jab, hook, duck, then together they turn, still in ready position, on the balls of their feet, warmed up, ready now to face the final challenge: the 200 outdoor steps up the hill.

The two of them bound forward and onto the stairs. Our woman's ponytail sways back and forth, arms pumping, sweat dripping, eyes shining, she reaches the top and her face breaks into a huge smile of accomplishment.

A light-up hula-hoop rolls out in front of her flashing, beckoning—a beacon of fun. She grabs it and playfully spins it around her arm a few times before rolling it back to the young owner.

She breaks into a light jog and comes across some girls skipping double-dutch. They wave her over, her friend dares her to go, the jump rope slices the air, the beat calls to her, the rhythm gets in you; it's infectious. Her turn now, she takes a deep breath and hops in the middle of the dance. Up, down, up, down, skip, spin-out! Breathless laughter.







A wide-angle landscape photograph of a mountain range at sunset. In the lower-left foreground, a man and a woman are hiking away from the camera along a rocky ridge. The man is wearing a bright yellow-green jacket and dark shorts, while the woman is wearing a teal jacket and dark shorts. The background features steep, rugged mountains with patches of snow and dense evergreen forests. The sky is a warm, hazy orange from the setting sun, with a prominent, dark mountain peak silhouetted against the light on the right side.

HIKING

H Clear blue sky, warm sun, cool breeze, fluffy clouds, an energetic young man hikes confidently up a mountain trail. His eyes shine with anticipation, his brow with sweat, all around him is nature at her most comely.

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I He pauses to soak in the moment and a friend comes up next to him. They look at each other and press on. His
N friend starts walking faster... our man goes faster to keep up... the other guy picks up the pace... our man catches
G up—finally they break into an all out race. Scrambling up rocks and leaping over roots, kicking up dust---

Ahead is a couple. The two men screech to a halt. The couple turns around and their faces melt into smiles. Parents are always happy to see their sons having fun together... no matter how old they are.

The boys look at each other... at their parents... the parents look at each other... all four of them race off for the top.



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I'd love for us to use ambient noises as our soundtrack. We'll leave the record on all day - all the noises, the clapping of our dancers' hands, the squeaking of the ball on the court, the pounding of foot on pavement - using micro recorders on our talent, letting them run all day so we also get their talking and laughing, breathing and sighing, giggling and whispering.

Then we blend all that together, with a little help from a sound designer, to create an atmosphere and get something that tickles and delights our ears: the sound of people playing hard and enjoying life. It's a simple and beautiful reality.



Our mission on this one is to create, share and bottle up excitement and joy.

I ride by the Santa Monica stairs everyday. Yesterday I ran the 168 steps with my bike. There was this one guy that does it three times insanely fast. He's so into it. This is the sort of stuff that gets me fired up!

Fascinating casting, innovative camerawork, discovering new worlds and experimenting with the most interesting ways to share them with everyone.

THIS IS WHY I LOVE MAKING FILM.

- ANDRÉ

