Music Video

CALMATIC | PRETTYBIRD





Our music video for Kendrick Lamar's **"Rich Spirit"** taps into the ecstasy found inside solitude. A **candid** window into the artist's UNWATCHED WORLD. The freedom to be who you are when you're by yourself. We'll show the world a new side of Kendrick, one free of restrictive expectations. Dancing and singing inside the various rooms of a large modern home that reminds us of a Case Study House. Somewhere with baked-in character, and lovingly decorated with items collected across a long and fully lived life.

Each new scene will show Kendrick's wardrobe evolving. Going from comfortable and charming to striking high-fashion looks too blinding for the public eye. Outward expressions of the inner self that feel raw, real, and wild.

Vignettes will come together to depict the portrait of a man liberated from the pressures of the outside world.

Reconnecting with himself, and motivating others to do the same.

The HONGEPT



We open on **Kendrick** praying at his bedside.

His room is wood paneled and decorated with furniture from the dawn of postmodernism. There's a mystery to this space, a safe sedated energy that's at odds with the current erratic era.



Treatment by Calmatic





Over a series of *sporadic vignettes*, we explore **the dimensionality** of Kendrick's rich interior life.

Each scene heightens dramatic tension and builds to a spectacular climax of light and sound.

We're with Kendrick in the living room. He's relaxed and untroubled. Eating cereal in a bathrobe on a couch in front of a glass wall. Sometimes he's dancing with an unconscious lyrical movement. Letting himself unfold and loosen up.



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Treatment by Calmatic

He picks up a rotary phone and dials a number.

He smiles, sweet talking, running his hands through his hair. He flips through a contact book. Writes something down. Laughs.

There's an uncanny realness to his expressions. Exposed and fascinating.



We capture *quiet* moments of him exploring the rich texture of the house.

He runs his hands over lace drapes. Looks over old photographs. Stands in the shower as the water washes away some unspoken sin.







We see him in a new fit. HIGH fashion.

Something pulled from the pages of a magazine. He walks through the house like he owns the place.

Kendrick sits at the head of the kitchen table.

Eyes looking far out into the distance. Deep in thought. Suddenly he hears the doorbell ring. He gets up, and nervously walks toward the door, he wasn't expecting visitors.





He whips open the door.

Sprinklers chop jets of water across the lawn, but nobody's there.

He looks around and closes it cautiously.





We see him on the phone again.

This time he's tense & vindictive.

Speaking with righteous rage to the imagined person beyond the receiver. We follow the wire back to the wall and see it's unplugged.

Slamming down the receiver, he reclines in satisfaction, releasing some dark deep-seated demon.

reatment by Calmatic

In quick cuts, he rides a FlowRider bike through the hall lined with family photos. Turns out a closet for new clothes. Grooms himself in a blue-tiled bathroom.

Our pacing gets quicker as we build to a climax.



He's in the living room wearing a glimmering robe studded with multicolored rhinestones.



Light from the sun strikes the stones, casting gleaming colorful light around the room. Kendrick's performance is wild and spectacular. Moving with energy entirely his own.

As the song comes to an end, our attention comes back to the rotary phone.

It starts to ring and Kendrick looks at it with wide incredulous eyes.

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Cinematography



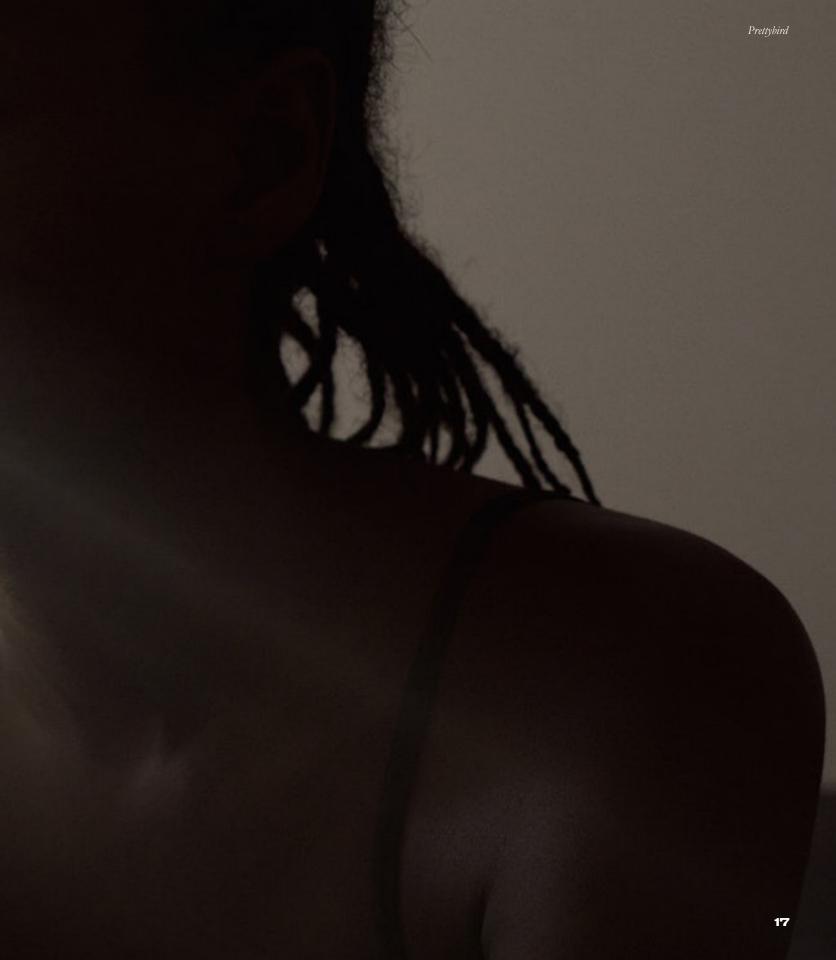
Camera is candid & curious.

We begin on wides of Kendrick, establishing a sense of distance between himself and the viewer. Over the course of the video, we gradually grow closer, feeling more comfortable with him in this sacred space, joining him in moments of isolated joy and expression.

Action is intercut with composed conceptual frames that drip with symbolic detail. Taking cues from impressionist paintings, we curate this space so that everything from lighting to wardrobe feels entirely considered.

Textural moments of Kendrick interacting with the home are done in extreme close–ups. His eyes and hands direct our attention. We want to feel what he's feeling.

Subtext is layered strategically in frame. We don't overload shots with exposition, only offering hints to whose house this might be so that the viewer has the freedom to come to their own conclusions. We want to cultivate a sense of closeness to Kendrick. Watch him without judgment, and learn more about the man he is behind closed doors.





Our edit works to gradually build up dramatic momentum. We contrast scenes of Kendrick reconnecting with himself, and tense moments of him avoiding another world that seems to want him back.

Our ordering is loose and free-flowing. We linger on moments of contemplation and reflection, but also make space for joy and scenes of invigorating rebellion.

Viewers will come away with a sense of Kendrick's emotional multidimensionality. Empathizing as we show that his emotions, like ours, can be whimsical, ephemeral, but also barbed, deep-rooted, and dense.

The HOUSE

I see this as a massive version of the Goldstein house with a Japanese flare. A timeless space that reflects where Kendrick's at in his life. It's not over the top fancy. There's an age to it that gives it character. Mid century modern furniture, lace curtains sway with ethereal energy. Tchotchkes, art, artifacts and picture frames are tastefully placed but still have a subtle patina that speaks to the rich lives of the home's inhabitants.

We feel comfortable here. Secure in the lasting history of this space. Free to reengage with the child inside us and act out actions with as much erraticism as we please.

The rotary phone is a well-loved institutional antique that still sees daily service. Black with gold accents, a fraying book of contacts is beside it with a sun-bleached floral design. It reminds us of a time where living slow gave us the time to collect our thoughts and act with intention.







'If when my wife is sleeping, and the baby and Kathleen, are sleeping, and the sun is a flame-white disc, in silken mists, above shining trees, if I in my north room dance naked, grotesquely, before my mirror... Who shall say I am not the happy genius of my household?"

– Danse Russe



Putting polish before people rob us of the opportunity to connect and go deeper. Our naked selves are rarely shown to others, and that's what makes them precious.

Let's reconnect our audience to that idea. Show Kendrick as his unguarded self, and allow others to let their walls down, and escape into a place deep inside.

Thank you, Calmatic



