

PREFACE

1. This video started with exploring the track in depth, including studying the sample and detecting its language, which appears to be Yoruba, a West African language widely spoken in several regions, primarily Nigeria. This was the main defining element.
2. This track was created for the dancefloors, which creates a great opportunity to work with contrast. It's one of the reasons the video takes place at a detention center - a place of restriction and entrapment, where dancing becomes almost an act of defiance. Moreover, it amplifies the feeling for anyone who's watched the video - and had a chance to dance to it freely.
3. Unlike most dance videos that simply depict the "good times", this video has a social and political charge, which contributes to a much more sophisticated artist's profile.
4. While staying close to the initial reference (e.g. brutalist interiors/architecture), we go beyond the over-used concepts and, more importantly, avoid AI (re: backlash on Dixon's IG and other artists using AI-generated visuals).

PRINCIPLEASURE_video concept

Detention center, late hours.

The male block is dark and mostly silent: inmates are asleep. One of the men is muttering a prayer in Farsi; his whispers are entangled with muffled porn moans coming from a smuggled phone nearby. A young Black man is lying on his bunk bed staring into one spot; tears quietly stream down his face. He shifts his gaze as he hears footsteps -

An inmate, Nigerian man in his late 30s, tall and muscular but somehow docile, is walking down the hall. He reaches a security gate. A guard gets up from his chair and waves at the inmate, loudly telling him to start with the common areas tonight. Our protagonist is deaf.

He nods, gets his cleaning supplies and passes the checkpoint. The track starts.



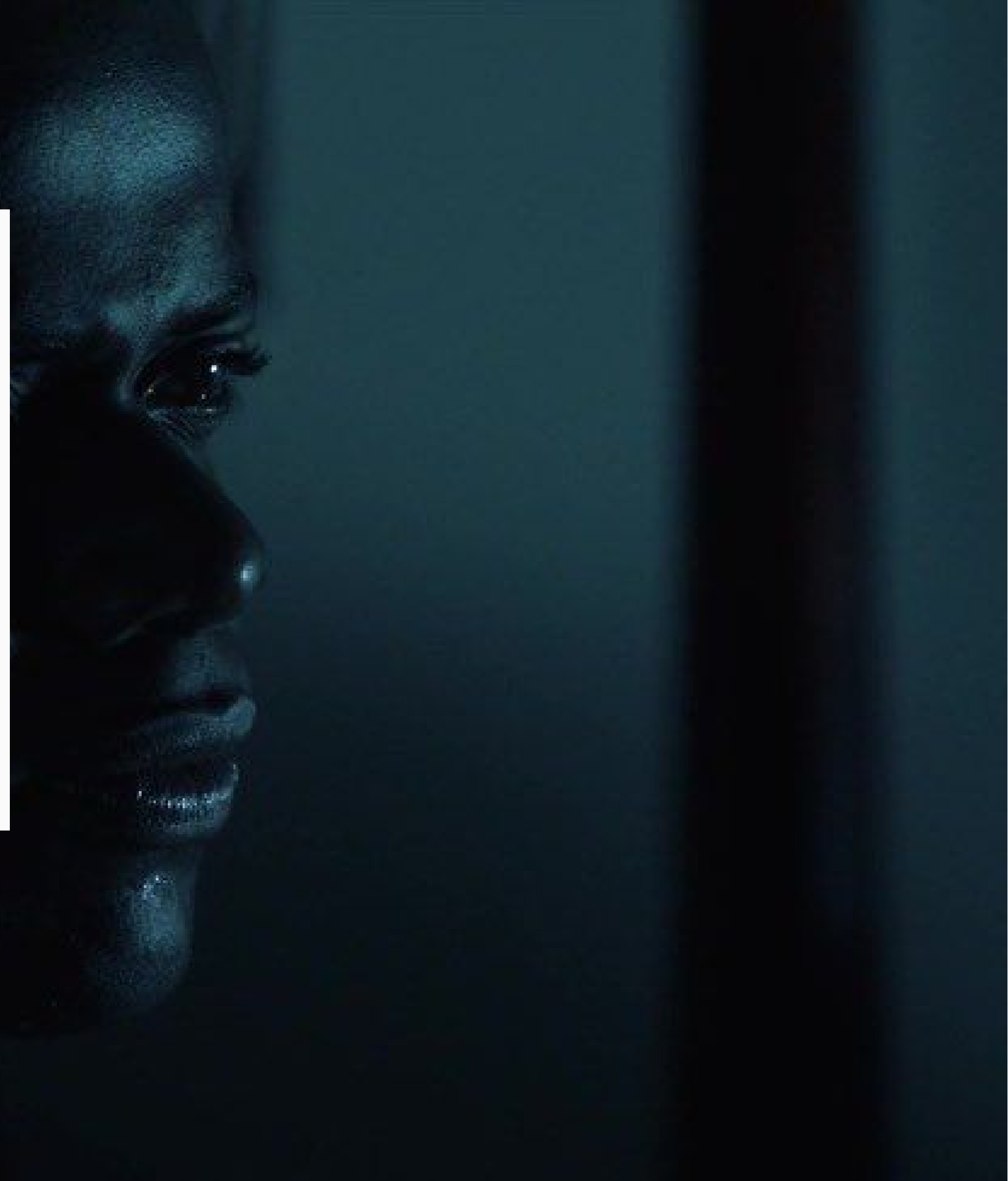


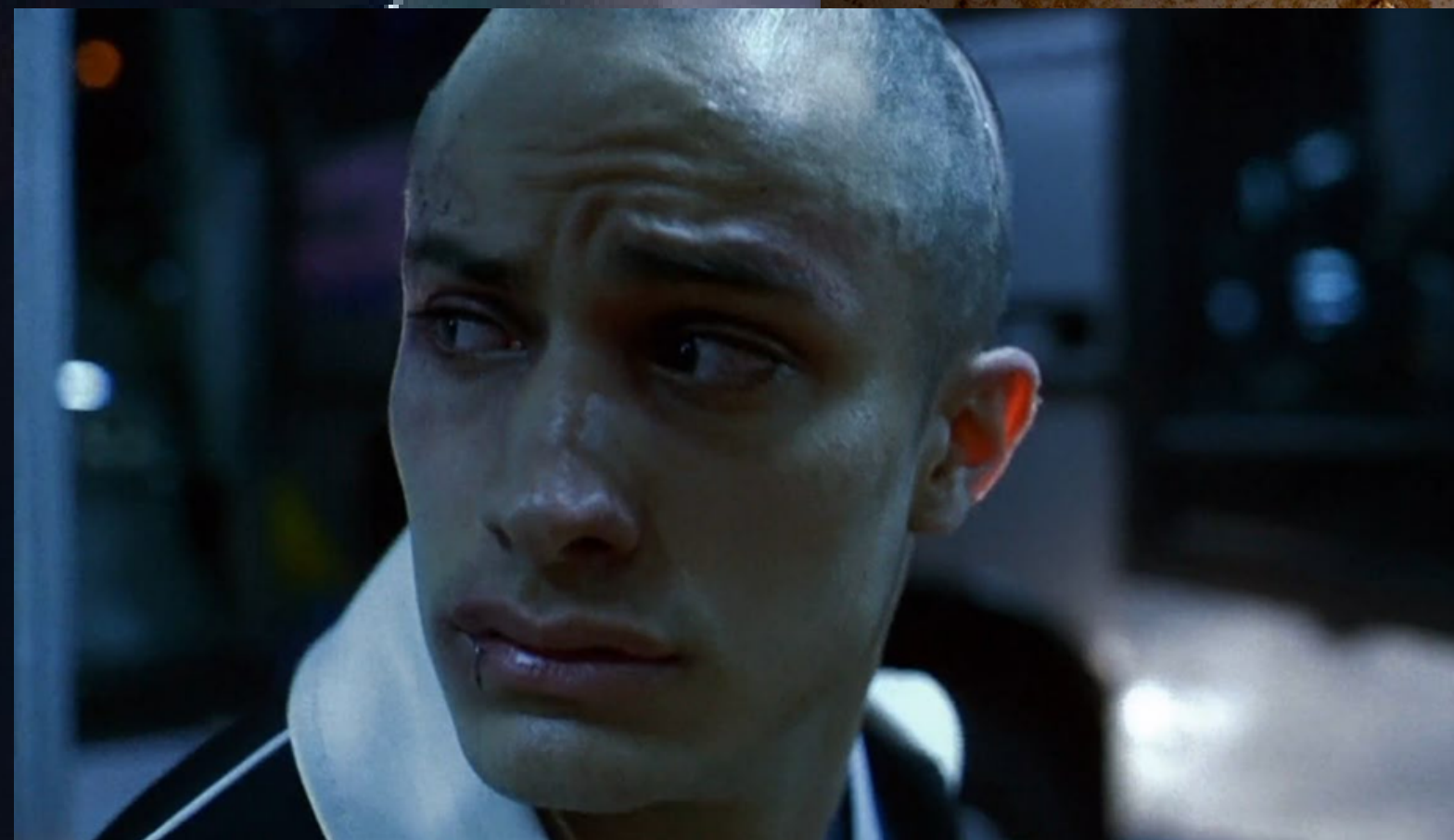
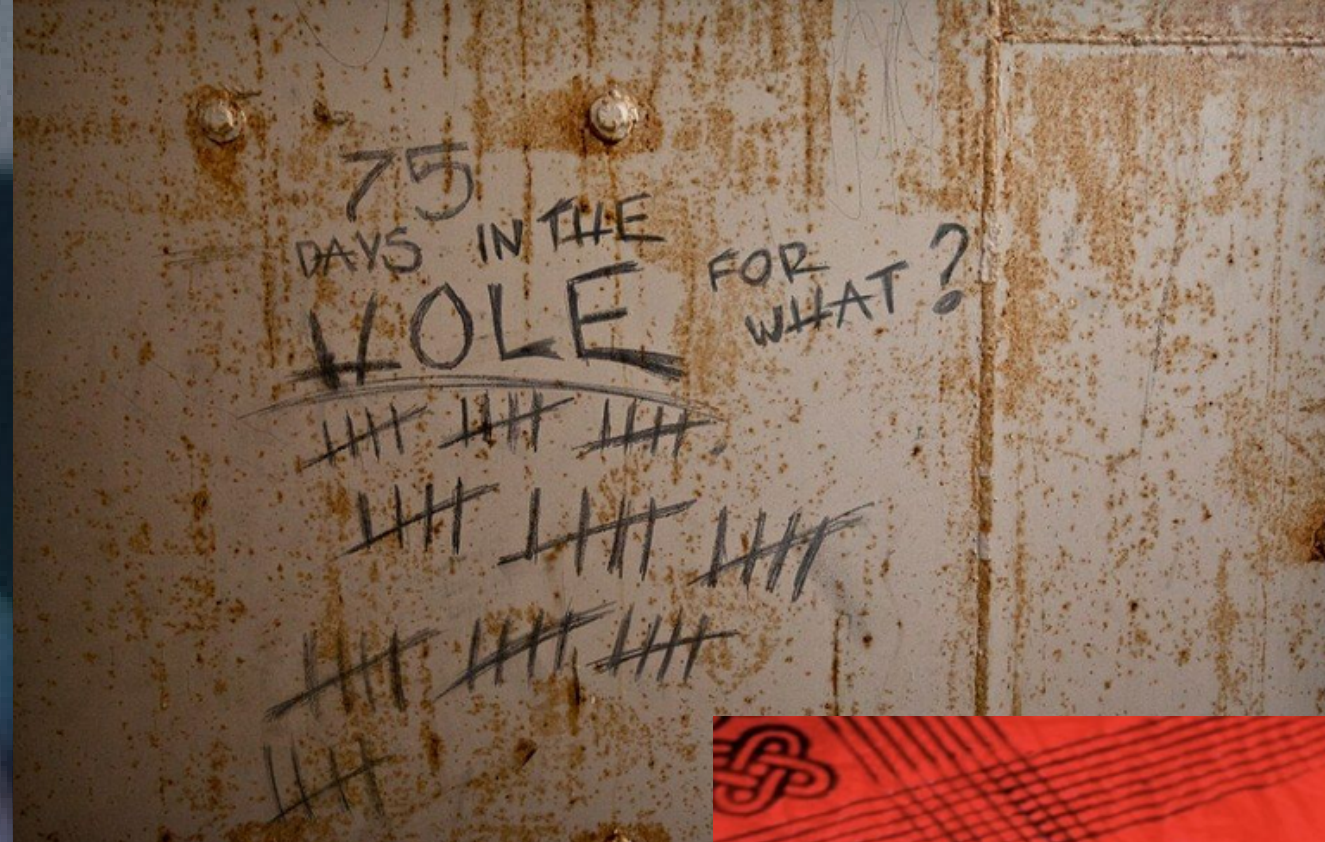
He enters the dimly lit common area. It's sparse and rigid, with a few scattered chess pieces on the tables, and gum wrappers on the floor.

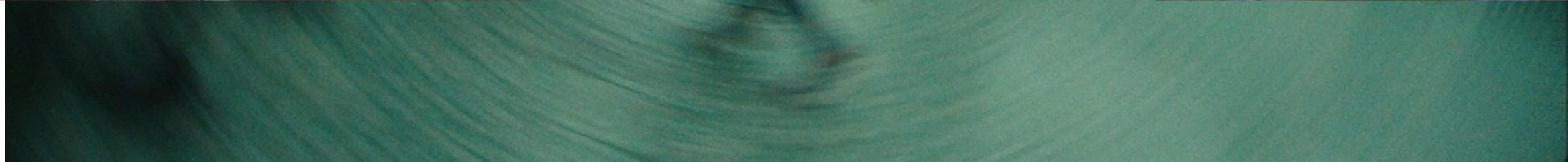
Someone drew tally ticks on a wall with a black marker. The inmate kneels in front of it and starts buffing it out with a sponge: as he traces the marks, he sees they slowly "progress" into Nigerian patterns, neatly drawn on the wall.

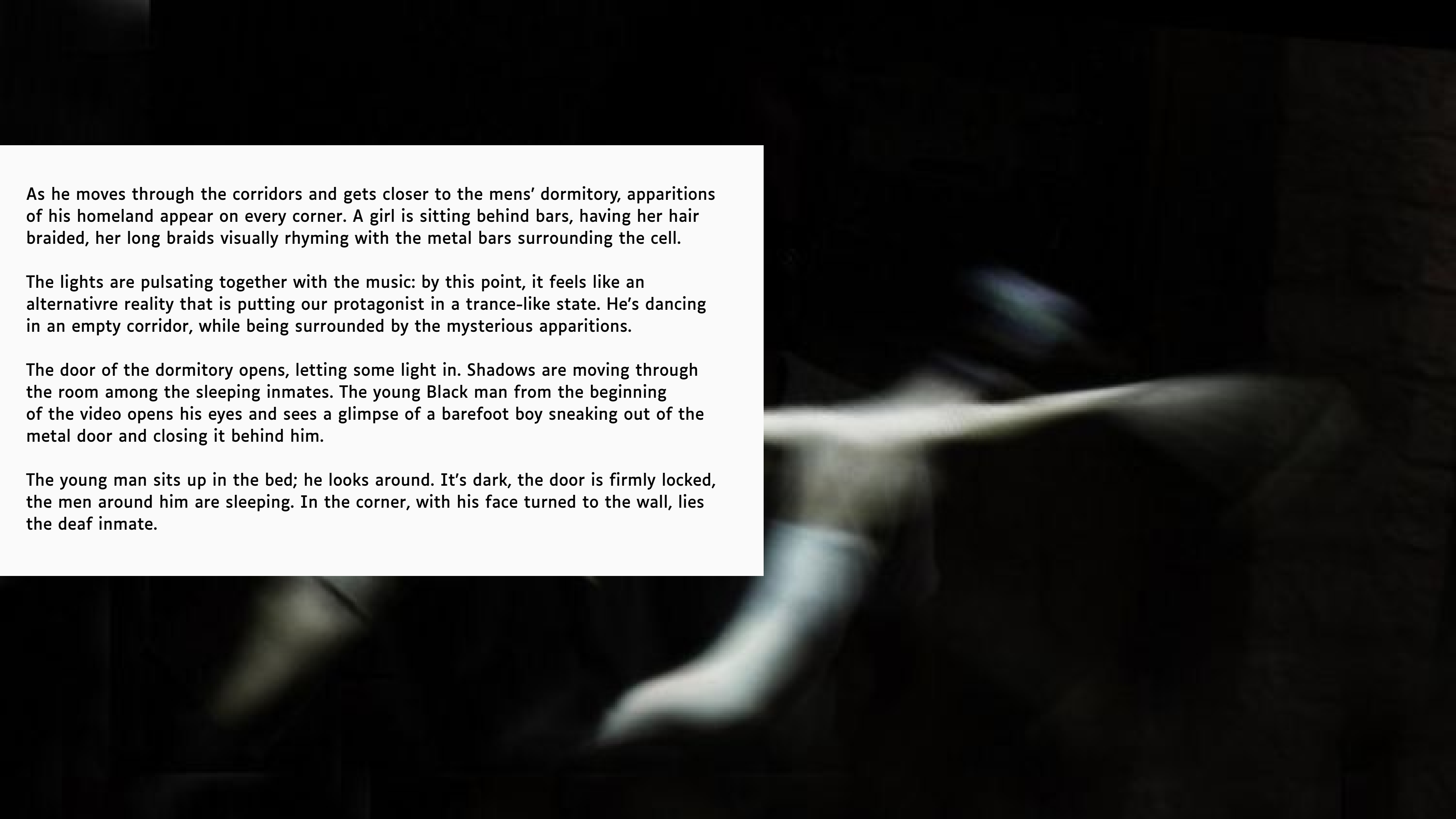
As the track gains momentum, objects around him start slowly transforming and appearing in front of him as metaphoric shadows of his home country. He picks up a foil gum wrapper from the floor - and sees a Nigerian boy standing in front of him, wrapped in a foil emergency blanket.

The pain and danger of his immigrant journey is shown through these mystical, ghost-like characters who watch our character as he starts slowly swaying to the music.









As he moves through the corridors and gets closer to the mens' dormitory, apparitions of his homeland appear on every corner. A girl is sitting behind bars, having her hair braided, her long braids visually rhyming with the metal bars surrounding the cell.

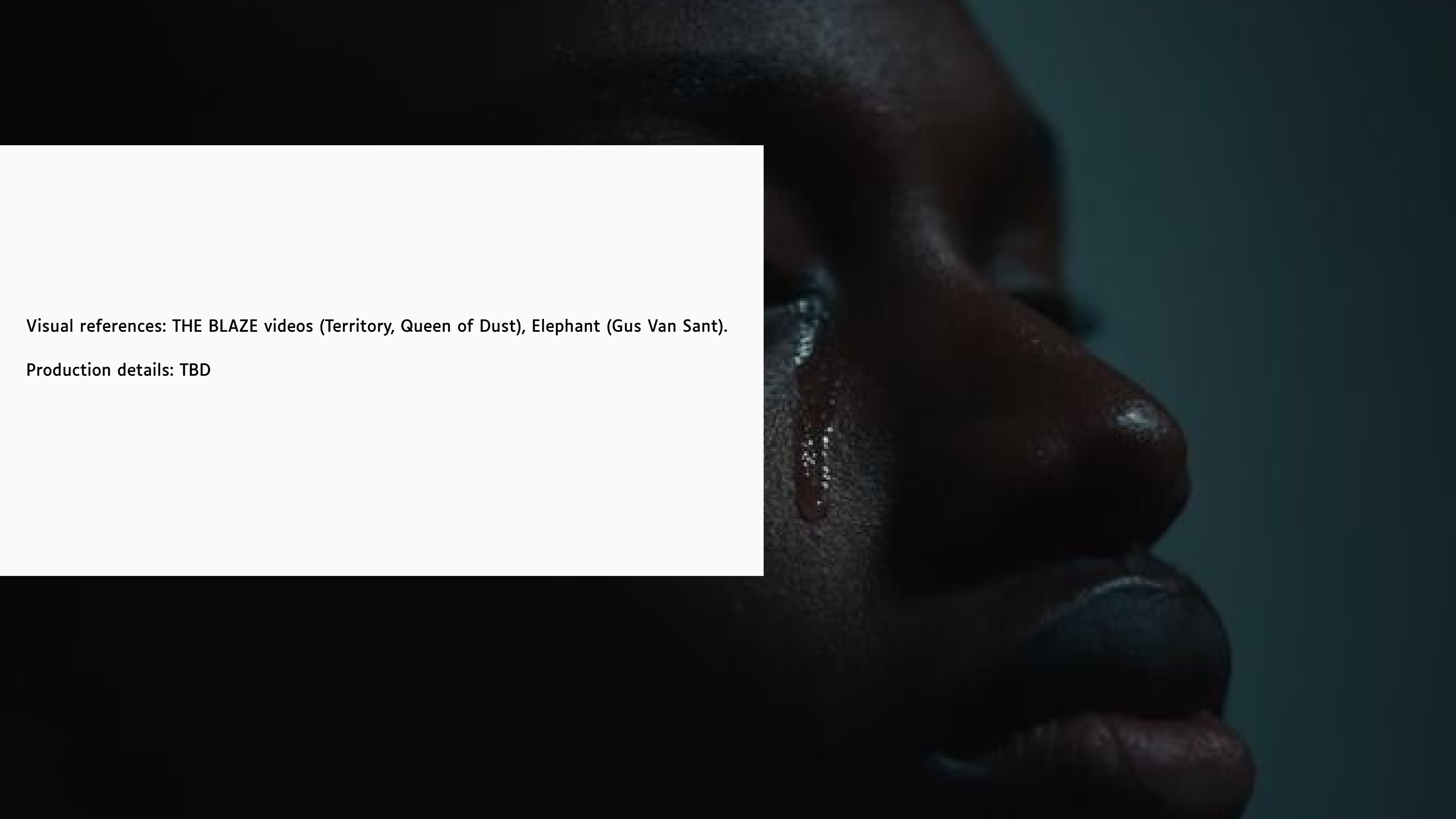
The lights are pulsating together with the music: by this point, it feels like an alternative reality that is putting our protagonist in a trance-like state. He's dancing in an empty corridor, while being surrounded by the mysterious apparitions.

The door of the dormitory opens, letting some light in. Shadows are moving through the room among the sleeping inmates. The young Black man from the beginning of the video opens his eyes and sees a glimpse of a barefoot boy sneaking out of the metal door and closing it behind him.

The young man sits up in the bed; he looks around. It's dark, the door is firmly locked, the men around him are sleeping. In the corner, with his face turned to the wall, lies the deaf inmate.







Visual references: THE BLAZE videos (Territory, Queen of Dust), Elephant (Gus Van Sant).

Production details: TBD