

Feral

Treatment by
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1 - 28 secs

A small, dimly-lit BEDROOM.

It's an eerie, claustrophobic space; a self-contained VOID away from the world.

We glimpse a BED, PEDESTAL and large paned WINDOW. Small objects in the room SHIMMER with subtle, near-subliminal movements.

A YOUNG WOMAN writhes violently amongst the bedsheets, held tight in the grip of a nightmare.

We track slowly past her towards a small CHARACTER ORNAMENT on the side table.

The Ornament is an arcane object of uncertain origin. It has DEAD EYES and an outstretched ARM that **rotates continuously in a 180-degree pendulum swing**. The rotation is in perfect sync with the cyclical, looping rhythm of the song.

Our camera track becomes increasingly staggered, broken, until we--

--ATTACH to the end of the Ornament's arm and are **FLUNG into a 180-degree pendulum swing around the character**.

The effect is like a miniature, rotating camera BODY RIG.

This establishes the central visual conceit of the video - **us oscillating back and forth around an object, in perfect sync with the rhythm of the song**.

28 - 33 secs

We DETACH from the arm of the ornament. We CRAWL along the floor to the foot of the bed.

We begin our 180-degree arc around the young Woman on the bed.

This movement continues for the duration of the video, creating an hypnotic, mesmerising effect.

34 secs - "You..."

The Woman rises to a seated position. She is dishevelled and partly clothed. Her hair SWIRLS unnaturally around her sallow face.

41 secs - (Seven-note synth cue)

On the synth cue, a shadowy CREATURE appears behind the Woman.

The Creature is part Nosferatu, part sinister, bastard version of a "Where the Wild Things Are" beast. It forms a dark, angular shape behind her, replete with white, luminescent eyes.

The Creature circles around the Woman ominously for seven staggered frames, timed with the seven-note melodic cue.

The Woman is frozen with terror. She faces forward, but her gaze SEARCHES for the Creature behind her. It skulks around her menacingly.

Our 180-degree rotation is punctuated with close-up FLICKERS - we HURTLE towards the Woman in extreme close-up, then quickly move wide again.

49 - 55 secs

On the syncopated DRUM ROLL and broken vocals, the Woman and the Creature rapidly ALTERNATE positions. We flicker between them for a few frames at a near-subliminal rate.

Our horizontal arc is becoming unsettled, uneven.

The mood grows DARKER.

A change is underway.

55 - 1:25 mins

On the synth cue reprise, we are FLUNG high above the bed, looking down. Our pendulum swing continues from this position - from side to side, OVER the bed.

The Woman and the Creature wrestle VIOLENTLY.

They rapidly SWAP places, flickering back and forth.

Their arms PUSH through each other.

They are TRANSFORMING.

1:25 - 1:30 mins

Their bodies press together tightly. They grip each other in a bear hug for one protracted moment, until--

--they are SUCKED into the middle of the bed.

The music settles.

Our rotation ceases.

Stillness.

We track towards a dark MUDDY STAIN that has formed in the centre of the bed.

1:31 - 1:38 mins

Without warning, a FIGURE is SPAT OUT from the centre of the bed. The song settles into a seductive rhythm.

The Figure HOVERS in mid-air. We SPIN around it in a dizzying full 360-degree movement.

The Woman and the Creature have forged a NEW FORM - dark, lithe, feline, naked, with fiery eyes.

This is the FERAL.

It undulates dramatically - a visceral, primal expression of NEW LIFE.

1:38 - 2:10 mins

This flowing motion lasts only as long as the fluidity in the track itself - at 1:38 we JOLT back to the original staccato rhythm, and LOCK to our original pendulum swing at the foot of the bed.

The Feral continues its passionate dance.

OBJECTS in the room begin to GYRATE and PULSE under its influence.

The PANES of the WINDOW behind the bed form a moving image mosaic, like crude, pixelated animation behind the Feral.

We recognise the images as the Woman and the original Creature locked in their original tussle.

The Feral continues its wild, captivating performance in the foreground.

2:10 - 2:52 mins

The song becomes increasingly erratic. It begins to COLLAPSE, deconstructing into a shattered sonic palette.

The bed SPINS on its own axis.

Objects CRASH to the floor.

All hell breaks out in the room.

The Feral's dance becomes increasingly UNCERTAIN.

It FLICKERS between its new form, the Woman and the Creature that it originated from.

The Feral is becoming unstuck.

2:53 - 3:12 mins

The Feral's form begins to SHRINK rapidly.

It COLLAPSES in a foetal position on the bed.

It SHAKES violently, like a addict suffering through withdrawals.

Finally, the Feral DEFLATES into a small lump of dark FLESH on the bed.

The lump THROBS gently, pulsing with the final rhythm of the song.

We're back to our slow camera track towards the bed.

The lump melts into a dark liquid.

The liquid sinks into the bed. Fades. GONE.

We PUSH PAST the bed, back towards the character Ornament on the side table.

Its outstretched arm is now STILL.

The Ornament looks on with dead eyes; cold and impassive.

END