

A **mock-serious** documentary that unravels a curious pattern among high achievers, their unconscious tics, golf movements bleeding into everyday life. The humour comes alive by the dignified look of our characters with an absurd behavioural identity. Elite, subtle, observational. Power doesn't celebrate itself. Wealth looks slightly bored by its own existence. Our characters sit there.

Through spatial ownership. Our Affluent characters should occupy the centre of frame without trying, be comfortable with the empty space around them, not fill silences, let the architecture do the talking. They simply exist within it. That's power. The world Must be slightly over-lit. Emotionally flat, indifferent to the characters. No seduction. No romance. Restraint is the key. Our characters waiting calmly while others fidget. Someone mildly inconvenienced, not irritated. Someone pausing before acting, because time is theirs. Stillness is status.

Directors Intent

performance

Tone.

A man in a white polo shirt and cap is lying on a green lawn, looking down at a small blue ball. He appears to be in a state of deep concentration or exhaustion. In the background, another person is blurred, suggesting a social gathering. The overall atmosphere is one of quiet observation and performance.

Everything's underplayed.
No broad expressions.
Facial neutrality is
mandatory. Their body
should betray them, not
their face, their faces are
simply on the verge of
betrayal. The comedy
comes from precise timing,
not speed. The characters
can't resist this happening.
This gives them the correct
internal tension. The
dialogues, Flatten delivery.
No emphasis. No awareness
of humour. Slow realization.
Micro expressions. Stillness.
The laugh comes from "oh
shit, I do that".