

# PROJECT MIDNIGHT

AFTER HOURS. NO WITNESSES.



## FIELD NOTES

After hours, the city exhales.  
Concrete cools. Engines tick as they settle.

Two silhouettes remain there low, composed, deliberate. One shaped by precision, the other by restraint. Different lineages, same intent. Nothing here is rushed. Nothing is explained.

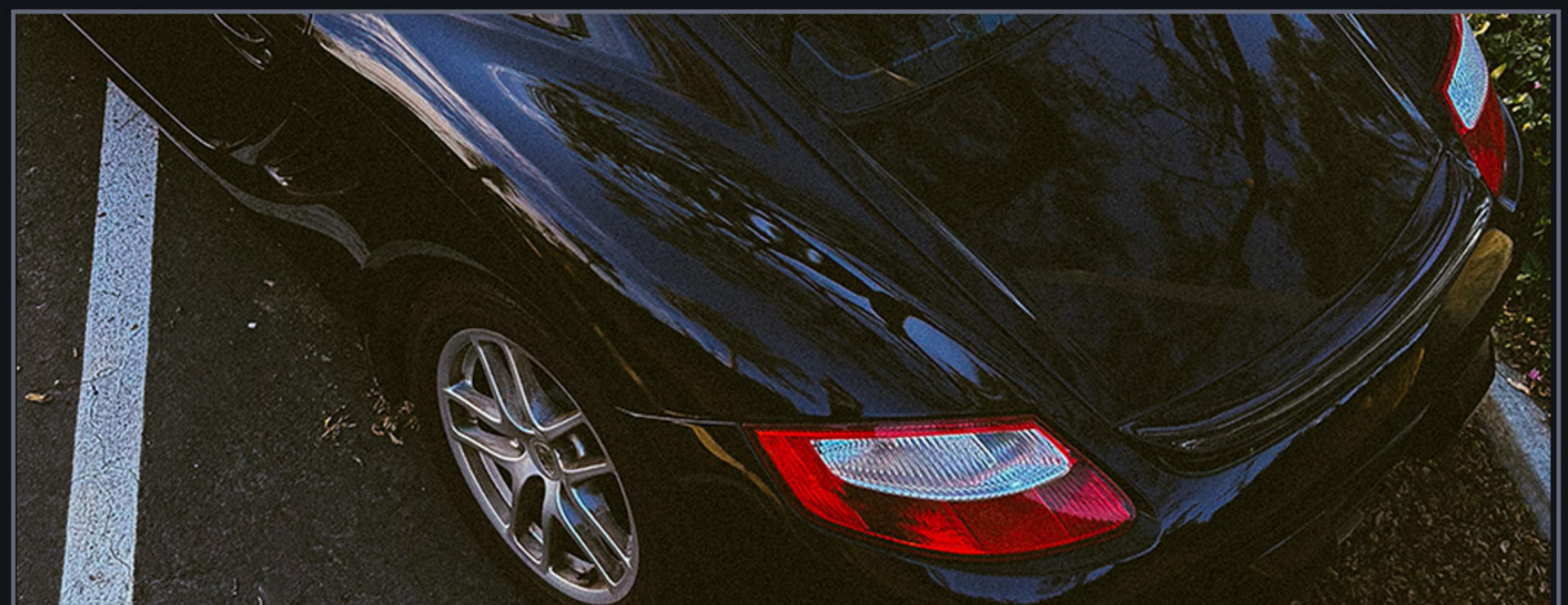
A figure stands between them, face turned away, posture unreadable. The moment isn't staged but instead it's observed. This isn't about speed or sound. It's about presence. About ownership of the quiet spaces most people never notice.

Project Midnight exists in those spaces.  
Between motion and stillness.  
Between arrival and departure.

No timestamps. No names.  
Just machines, light, and intent.

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**This project exists after hours.  
When attention fades.  
When engines cool.  
When wheels touch concrete without witnesses.  
Nothing here is staged.  
Nothing needs context.**



## 987 CAYMAN - OBSERVED

No proving.  
No spectacle.  
Just a form designed for motion,  
left alone long enough to settle.



## INFINITI G37 - BAGGED

Lowered without announcement.

Height adjusted, not to be seen,  
but to sit correctly.

A system designed to move  
used here to find stillness.

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INTERLUDE - NO CONTEXT

**Nothing for sale.  
Nothing to prove.**



## ROLLING - AFTER HOURS

The street doesn't reset.  
It remembers every push.

Movement without markers.  
Time measured in sound,  
then lost entirely.

# **PROJECT MIDNIGHT**

NO AUDIENCE- REQUIRED