METHYL ETHEL

L'HEURE DES SORCIÈRES

TREATMENT

CONCEPT BY
AARON SILVERSTEIN

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L'HEURE DES SORCIÈRES - A MUSIC VIDEO

Concept by **Aaron Silverstein**

Vibe: One seamless shot for the entire duration of the video. An elegant and cinematic look and feel which counterbalances the external and internal chaos. Strong shadows, a sharp focus, and a strict color palate to enhance the style; creating a universe were we can watch our subject struggle to maintain sanity

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Intro (0:00 - 0:06)

The camera dollies in on an attractive woman looking at herself in the mirror. She's staring at herself as if she's never seen the woman in the mirror before this moment.

(0:07)

- She snaps her head to the side robotically to look at something out of frame.

(0:08-0:30)

- Suddenly her expression changes to a natural smile; welcoming and warm.
- Smoothly, her husband walks into frame and kisses her on the cheek, beckoning her to follow him. She agrees, turns and follows him out of the master bedroom
- We follow him and her as they make their way into the hallway, down the stairs, into the living room and toward the kitchen

(0:31- 0:33) *"Several times I died"*

- Robotically, she stops right before she gets into the kitchen
- She cocks her head to the side as if she has a nervous tick

(0:34)

- Suddenly she snaps back into the character of "the wife" and gracefully steps into the kitchen where her husband and two children sit patiently at the dinner table

(0:35 - 1:01)

- She whirls around the kitchen serving the family as they sit around the table; pouring water, scooping out mashed potatoes, and laying out napkins
- Suddenly, she gets the urge again. Something inside her is welling-up and she politly excuses herself to the next room

"I'm an actor baby, fully formed,

- She sits on the couch for a second to compose herself but it does no good

(1:02 - 1:39) ***I can't start again"***

- She loses control - flailing her arms and legs, twisting her body all over the couch and floor, contorting her face in silent scream that her family is unaware of
- She unleashes all the feelings inside her for a split moment, desperate to save herself

(1:30 - 1:35)

- Suddenly, she reverts back to her calm self. She fixes her hair, straightens her dress, and wipes her face

(1:35 - 1:55)

"Back then, consider it all remains"

- She returns to the kitchen as if nothing happened
- With a gentle smile that's slightly unsettling she begins to wait on the family at the dinner table once more - pouring water and bringing over bread

(1:55 - 2:00) ***"Together and forever is the way to remain"***

- She sets some food down in front of her youngest child, leans in close and kisses the baby on the head

(2:01-2:12)

- She opens her eyes slowly, a look of dread across her face. Something is terribly wrong
- She begins to back out of the kitchen with horror written across her face

"I'm actor baby, fully formed, I can't start again"

- She turns and runs out of the kitchen and into the living room, knocking over a vase of flowers and bumping various things.
- She has to get to safety before something takes over
- She sprints up the stairs, stumbling as she goes
- She leans against the wall for a split second, trying to catch her breath, but she can't spare a moment
- She runs into the dark master bedroom, slamming the door behind her

- Everything goes black

(2:41 - 3:35)

- Red and blue lights break through the dark, flashing on and off. She dances with reckless abandon
- Dark figures surround her, faceless and moving all around her but never interacting with her; manifestations of all the things haunting her
- She moves and shakes doused in blue and red light, then all black, then blue and red again
- She moves in front of the lights, turning her into a twisting, writhing silhouette as the lyrics repeat like a chant
- Her moves become more violent as the song reaches it's crescendo and her legs give out beneath her

(3:36)

- Everything goes black once more

- A door opens in the darkness, letting in some light from the hallway, silhouetting her once again
- Someone flips a switch and the master bedroom is illuminated once more as she stands right in the center of the room, breathing heavily; a disconnected look on her face
- She reaches up, fixes her hair, straightens her dress, and adorns the disturbing smile of the loving wife and mother once again
- She turns to face her husband, lovingly ushers him out of the room and gently closes the door behind her leaving the camera waiting in the room alone

- Cut to black