



kelpie

JEANS X MYTHOLOGY
SHORT FILM



ORIGINAL CONCEPT BY LAMU



THE INTRO

HOOVES STRIKE THE EARTH. EACH RHYTHMIC BLOW KICKING UP DUST, EACH LANDING A DEFIANCE OF GRAVITY. THE JEANS, SOFT YET TAUT, ABSORB IT ALL: **HEAT, FRICTION, TERRAIN.** THEY YIELD, NEVER COLLAPSE.

GROWING UP IN NOMADIC LANDSCAPES, THIS WAS MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF DENIM: ITS PLIABILITY, ITS STRENGTH.

IT BENDS, RARELY BREAKS.



OFTEN, WE SEE MEN RESCUING **MERMAIDS**, THEY ARE EXOTIC, GORGEOUS, PASSIVE SYMBOLS OF DESIRE.

HERE, WE REVERSE THE CARD: **A JEANS-WEARING COWGIRL WHO RIDES LIKE SHE BREATHES, RESCUES A MERMAN**
— A SHAPESHIFTING, SILENT CREATURE WHO STIRS SOMETHING DEEPER IN HER.



The idea

A REVERSE KNIGHT'S TALE

THE STORY

KELPIE IS A POETIC, VISCERAL DENIM FILM

WHERE BREATH, FLESH, AND MYTHOLOGY MERGE INTO SOMETHING RAW AND HOLY.

INSPIRED BY THE SCOTTISH LEGEND OF THE WATER HORSE "A **SHAPESHIFTING CREATURE DRAWN FROM THE DEPTHS**".

A BODY THAT CHANGES FORM, YET STAYS LOYAL TO ITS CALLING —

JUST LIKE A PAIR OF JEANS.





I

THE STORY TAKES PLACE AT THE EDGE OF LAND WHERE SEAFOAM MERGES INDUSTRIAL WASTE.

WHILE SWIMMING AND HANGING OUT WITH FRIENDS, **TULUN**, A YOUNG RIDER, FINDS SOMETHING TRAPPED IN THE RUINS OF A FACTORY POOL —

A FIGURE WITH SCALES FOR SKIN, ENTANGLED IN NETS AND WASTE.

WE SEE **ENKI**. FLUID, WORDLESS, NOT FULLY HUMAN.

SHE FREES HIM. HE DISAPPEARS.

THAT NIGHT, HOOFBEATS ECHO ACROSS THE SHORELINE.



II

DRAWN BACK TO THE SEA ALONE, **TULUN** MEETS **ENKI** AGAIN. HE RISES FROM THE WATER, TRANSFORMS INTO A WILD HORSE BENEATH THE SUNSET.

SHE CLIMBS ON.

THEY RUN, ALMOST FLYING. ACROSS WATER, LAND, WOOD, AND STREET.

THEIR BOND IS UNSPOKEN. NO DECLARATIONS. NO KISS.

ONLY THE PULSE OF MOVEMENT, HEARTBEATS BENEATH ICE-BLUE WATER, THE TENSION OF DENIM BRUSHING AGAINST SADDLE AND SKIN, BREATH SYNCING TO HOOFBEATS.

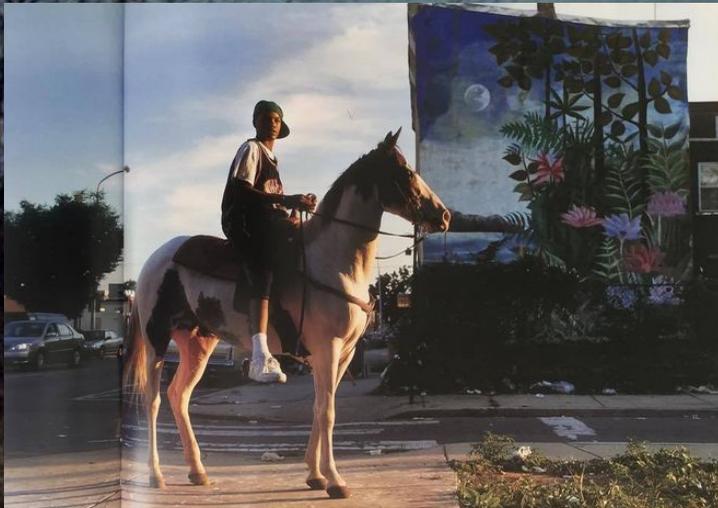
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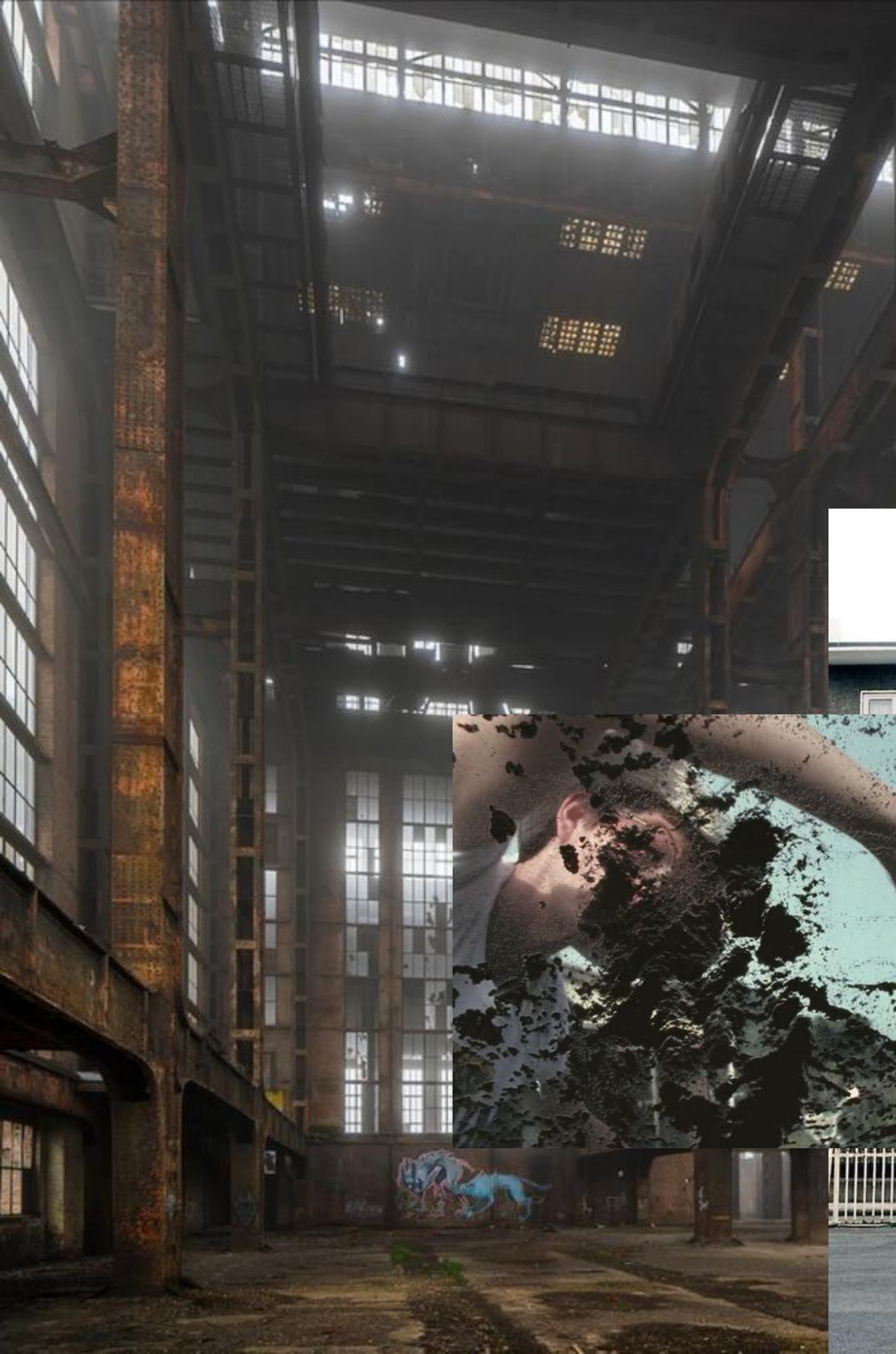
AND THEN, **OTHERS FOLLOW.**

THE BARBER. THE FISHERMAN. THE JUDGE IN UNIFORM.
STREET KIDS. GANGS. THE KINDERGARTEN TEACHER.
MONGOLIAN RIDERS. VIKINGS. INDIGENOUS HORSEMEN.

THEY RIDE TOO — IN JEANS OF EVERY KIND: DIRTY,
RIPPED, INHERITED, OR NEW.

DRAWN TO THE DERELICT FACTORY LIKE MOTHS TO
SMOKE, THEY MOVE IN A SLOW, CINEMATIC PROCESSION
— NOT REBELS, BUT GODS — **RECLAIMING SHAPE,
MEMORY, AND LAND** WITH EACH STRIDE.





A person in traditional Native American attire, including a feathered headdress and a tan tunic, is riding a dark brown horse. They are positioned on a rocky, elevated ridge. The background is a vast, open landscape under a bright blue sky filled with large, white, fluffy clouds. The overall scene conveys a sense of freedom and connection to nature.

The CHARACTERS



TULUN

17 - 25

INDIGENOUS \ MIXED

THE NEW COWGIRL: SOVEREIGN, SOFT,
AND UNSTOPPABLE.

TULUN IS A MODERN HORSE RIDER,
LEAN AND GROUNDED. SHE RIDES LIKE
SHE WAS BORN ON THE BACK OF
HORSE.

TULUN'S LOOK SHOULD BLENDS
MONGOLIAN HORSEWOMEN
HERITAGE WITH **'90S STREETWEAR**
AND CLASSIC WESTERN DENIM WHICH
IS UTILITARIAN, SUN-WORN, AND
UNBOTHERED.

HE LIVES IN HER GAZE — ELUSIVE, MAGNETIC, AND FERAL.
THEIR BOND IS INSTINCT, HEAT, EARTH, AND TIDE. NO LOGICAL AND VERBAL NEEDED.
ENKI IS A RUPTURE. A RETURN. A QUESTION.

ENKI IS NOT HUMAN BUT A PRESENCE.

IN WATER, HE APPEARS AS A SOFT, AQUATIC BOY: FLUID
MUSCLES, DREAMLIKE AND GENDERLESS. HIS SKIN FEELS
LIKE SCALED SILK, LIKE FISHBONE WOVEN FROM BREATH.

ON LAND, HE BECOMES A HORSE: CHOCOLATE-COATED,
WILD, UNBROKEN. A FORCE OF NATURE, NOT TO BE
TAMED BUT TO BE WITNESSED.

HE NEVER SPEAKS.

HE EXISTS IN PULSES, THE FOG ON YOUR NECK, THE
TWITCH IN TULUN'S FINGERS.

ENKI



TOWN people



A MOSAIC OF FACES.

BARBERS, JUDGES, STREET KIDS, GANGS, FISHERMEN,
TEACHERS. MONGOLIAN RIDERS. VIKINGS. QUEER COWBOYS.

NO ONE MATCHES. NO ONE PERFORMS.

THEY RIDE FOR SOMETHING OLDER THAN LANGUAGE.





TENDER, RAW, TIDAL.

I WANT IT TO BE **VISCERAL AND SENSUOUS**.
DENIM CLINGS TO WET SKIN. SWEAT MIXES WITH
SEA SALT. TENSION BUILDS BETWEEN FABRIC AND
MUSCLE, HOOF AND MUD.

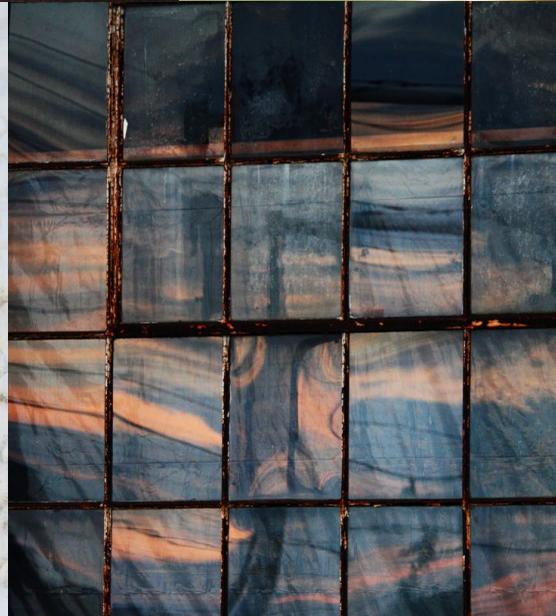
INTIMACY ISN'T WHISPERED — IT'S FELT THROUGH
FRICTION: BREATH, WEIGHT, PRESSURE, HEAT.

THE SLICKNESS OF OIL ON SKIN — HORSEHIDE,
MERMAN SCALES, HUMAN FLESH.
THE STRAIN AND SCRATCH OF WORN-OUT DENIM.
LEATHER REINS, WIND-CHAPPED LIPS, SALT IN HAIR.

IT'S BOTH **HOLY AND ANIMAL**, SEDUCTIVE BUT
NOT STYLISED.

THIS IS DENIM — ALIVE, FERAL, ELEMENTAL.

tone
n
texture



CAMERA

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH INSTINCT.

WE STAY LOW, CLOSE, BREATHING BESIDE BODIES IN MOTION.

SHOTS SHIFT BETWEEN PRESSURE AND PAUSE: TRACKING LEGS IN FLIGHT, THEN RESTING ON A GLANCE, A BREATH.

THE IMAGE FEELS WORN-IN. GRAINY. FOG-LACED. LIGHT FLICKERS ACROSS BODIES LIKE MEMORY — REFRACTED, PARTIAL, INTIMATE.

EDITS FOLLOW MUSCLE AND TERRAIN, NOT PLOT. STILLNESS HOLDS WEIGHT. MOVEMENT FEELS EARNED.

WHEN THE RIDERS GATHER, THE CAMERA RISES. THE WORLD OPENS INTO **MYTHIC WIDES**, A CHOREOGRAPHY OF ORDINARY PEOPLE MADE MONUMENTAL.



MUSIC

REF: HEY NOW - LONDON GRAMMAR



SENSUAL, RAW, BREATHY & MAGNATIC



THIS IS A PASSION CONCEPT IMAGINING HOW DENIM CAN HOLD MYTH,
MOVEMENT, AND MEANING— GIVING LEVI'S A VISCERAL WAY TO SPEAK
TO A GENERATION SHAPED BY IDENTITY, FLUIDITY, AND MOTION.

The OUTRO

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