



JAMES SMITH

VR PROJECT
MARK TWO

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

On seeing "Collisions" by Lynette Wallworth I was amazed by what 360 VR story telling could do and how an audience member can become completely immersed into the VR environment.

The emerging field of VR offers both innovative and powerful ways of taking the audience into the center of the narrative, creating a stunning experience.

A man in a WWI trench, looking thoughtful, with a dark, textured background.

P R O J E C T B E G I N N I N G S

The key goal of this project is to supply a 360 VR experience of life in the trenches suitable for museums around the world.

At present we are in the middle of the centenary of World War One, this provides the perfect opportunity to both commemorate the millions of lives lost in the 'War to end all Wars' and explore some of the realities of life in the trenches.

I have been in contact with the New Zealand Army Museum and they responded very positively to the idea of a VR experience set in the trenches of WWI.

Sir Peter Jackson has one of the finest collections of WW1 memorabilia in the world.

He has recently worked with a French museum on facilitating, costumes, armaments, tanks and planes for their project.

We too have made contact and look forward to utilizing the very special resource of Peter's collection.

Our aim is for the initial build in Jan/Feb 2017 in Masterton, New Zealand. Having filmed extensively in New Zealand previously, I have both production support and crew networks available.

T H E S T O R Y

We are going to tell a story about a man caught up in the events that shaped an entire world.

We start with James Smith and his new wife as he breaks the news that he has enlisted and is going to go off to France to do his bit for king and country.



That he chooses to do so in the idyllic setting of the English countryside makes the news an even more bitter pill for his pregnant spouse to swallow.



From here we show the frenetic action of a country mobilising. A train station shows the human side of the massive effort that is needed when a country goes to war.

Here James says goodbye to his now heavily pregnant wife in an emotionally charged mobilisation.





Then we find ourselves in a world almost beyond imagining, the trenches of WWI. Here we see James in an environment that is as close to hell as we will ever want to get.

The mud, the blood and the bravery of the troops in this world is explored through a series of short scenes highlighting some of the different areas of a WWI trench system.

We first see James in a trench back from the front lines where he chats to friends and greets some new recruits.

Moving from here to a command HQ Dugout James and his team get some expected but bad news.

They go onto the mess hall where they explain to the men that they need to report to their units for new orders, something they have all been waiting for is about to happen.





Finally we are in the nightmare of the front line trench, hundreds of men are gathered there, waiting to see if this is the day and the hour that they are to die.

The artillery stops, the whistle sounds, the men go over the top and we are left alone, a ghostly observer, as just over our heads the sounds of mass death carry down into the trench.



We fade through to a classic field of poppies as a VO gives us some stark statistics of WWI and tells us what actually happened to the real Lieutenant Smith and we see photos of him, his family.

Finally we fade through to an interview with one of his great grandchildren finishing off the story of James Smith and the trenches of WWI.



DESIGN
&
BUILD



Bruce Everard, New Zealand Production Designer, recently designed three trench systems for ***** through Wild Bear Films.

This is not the first time he has visited WW1 as he designed the World War One trench used for Sky History Channel.

I've been lucky to have worked with Bruce before. He brings a wealth of experience and also the contacts and resources necessary to bring everything together.



Trench section designed by Bruce Everard.



Trench section designed by Bruce Everard.

We have two scenes with planes in, both period WW1.
By making our production base next to Hoob Aerodrome, we hope to use
a couple of their planes.



Plane - Sir Peter Jackson Collection.

One of the Great British tanks from the collection.

Tank - Sir Peter Jackson Collection.



James Smith
by
Roger Gray

Based on a true story

PARTS ONE & TWO

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Screen fades up from Black. We are sitting in a beautiful field on a summers day in 1914. There is a quiet peacefulness in the air and wildflowers move in the breeze. Birds sing in the trees. It is beautiful.

In the distance we see a couple coming closer, James and Elizabeth, their clothes put them in the early part of the 20th century. They are in love, he holds her hand and carries a picnic blanket.

They sit down beside us.

JAMES

But darling you promised you wouldn't be like this.

The woman, not much more than a girl really, looks at James with anguish in her face.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry my love but what's going to happen when the baby comes and you're not here?

James looks crestfallen but busies himself taking food from the hamper.

JAMES

You have your mother, my mother, your sisters, you won't be alone and I'll be back before you know it.

ELIZABETH

But it won't be the same.

JAMES

Liz, Liz we've talked about this. I have to do this, I have to do the right thing.

ELIZABETH

Oh I know I know, I'm just being silly really. But what if something happens, it's not like a golfing weekend with the chaps.

JAMES (laughing)

I'm probably in more danger at the latter, have you seen Edward tee off?

ELIZABETH

Now you're teasing me.

James takes her hands and looks lovingly at her face.

JAMES

Never my love. I promise you I'll
be back safe and sound and we can go for
walks with little Peter..

He moves her hands toward her stomach.

ELIZABETH (interrupting)

Lilly.

They both laugh

JAMES

We can go for walks with Lilly...
or Peter... and the other mothers can be
jealous of how pretty you are.

There is a low drone from over head and James and Edward look up to see a group of first world war planes flying in formation overhead.

ELIZABETH

Oh look James, are they headed to
France?

We look up at the plane flying over head and everything changes. If we look up there is a subtle shift in the tone of the sky, if we are looking down the field dissolves from an idyll to hell. The plane flies on!

EXT. TRENCH - DAY

We are in a trench, we move slowly forward heading toward a group of men standing and hunkering in a small recess in the trench wall some distance before us.

Suddenly there is a huge explosion and a burst of light. The sights and sounds are overwhelming, the colour palette has one tone, grey. We are in a world of mud.

The duckboard under our feet is thick with sticky grey mud. To our right the trench continues away into the distance, men huddled against the wall.

Mud is raining down from the artillery shell in this new and dreadful world.

James is standing a few feet from us with a few other men. They hunker down as the mud lands amongst them.

All are haggard, their uniforms caked with mud, their faces drawn, their eyes hollow.

One of the men, EDWARD, pulls a cigarette packet from a uniform pocket and tries to light a cig, his hands are trembling and his companion, STUART steadies his hand for him.

EDWARD

Thanks old chap, appear to have a bit of the jitters. No-one says anything for a moment.

JAMES

The Bosch are quite busy today.

EDWARD

They say there's going to be a major offensive within the week.

STUART

They say that every week and we just sit here getting shelled.

EDWARD

If you want a bit of a change you could always volunteer for patrol.

The men all pause then snort. In the distance another shell detonates. A small group of men move quickly down the trench behind us vanishing into one of the dugouts. Peter, one of James' group that has said nothing until this moment, nods toward the dugout the men entered.

PETER

Dispatches, the lines must be out again.

EDWARD

Maybe there's some truth to the rumours this time. James looks thoughtful.

JAMES

That was a lot of men to bring us news of another tea party in Whitehall.

From further down the trench a group of about 5 men are approaching. The contrast to James and his group is startling.

They are well shaven, their uniforms clean and in good order, but it's their faces that tell us the true tale. Their expression is a mixture of innocence and bewilderment, excitement and confusion. They are very obviously new recruits.

EDWARD

Hey up chaps, more poor sods for
the meat grinder.

JAMES

Ed, be quiet.

He gives Edward a look and Edward nods and stays still. The men reach us and stopping, salute!

Edward salutes back.

1ST MAN

Sir, I was wondering if you knew
where I could find Lieutenant Smith?

JAMES

And who might you be?

1ST MAN

Private Jones sir.

EDWARD

Smith and Jones eh?

James shoots Edward another glance who smiles to show it's all in fun. The new men look slightly taken aback at this informality. James turns his attention back to the new men.

JAMES

Well private Jones you found him.

PRIVATE JONES

Ah... good...sir. Well me and the
lad... I mean myself and Private Kennedy,
Terrance, Stevens and Wiggy... I mean
private Ward have been ordered to report
to you sir. They said you'd tell us what to
do.

James shoots a look at Edward who says nothing but raises his eyebrows in a 'who me' look.

JAMES

Where are you from lads?

PRIVATE JONES

Barnsley sir.

PRIVATE TERRANCE

We all joined up together sir.

PRIVATE WARD

Our boss gi us day off so we could
enlist sir.

At that point a shell lands nearby showering the group with fresh mud, the new recruits flinch badly, the more experienced men barely notice.

JAMES

OK come on then let's get you lot sorted out.

He turns to Stuart.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Stu, go and find corporal Jude, he can show them where the mess is and get them settled in. Ed, come with me we'll go and find captain Elliott, see if there's any truth in these rumours about a big push.

The new recruits look a little alarmed at this last. Stuart gestures for them to lead the way down the trench they head off.

STUART

Don't worry men, it's not as bad as it looks.

EDWARD

(shouting after them)
Yes it's worse.

They vanish into a side trench and James turns to his companions.

JAMES

Reenforcements straight from home, looks like they had what, 3 months training?

EDWARD

If that.

JAMES (sighing)

Ah well let's see what the generals at the rear have cooked up for us this time.

They gather their things together and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

PART THREE

EXT. TRENCH - DAY

We start with a long slow tracking shot down a rear area trench. This is where soldiers wait and hang out before they have to move to the front line trenches. There are dug outs on either side of us, duckboard beneath our feet.

The trench is quite wide and as we move down the trench we pass Tommys going about their duties and day to day life in the trench.

A group are sitting on ammunition cases playing cards and smoking. There are tin cups of tea on the box they are using as a card table. The soldiers uniforms are streaked with the ever present grey mud. They are chatting quietly amongst themselves as we pass.

TOMMY 1

I can't believe this crap, can't
you ever deal me a good hand?

TOMMY 2

Stop moaning ya big girls blouse.

TOMMY 1

I swear if I didn't have bad luck
I'd have no bloody luck at all

A third Tommy snorts.

TOMMY 3

If you had any good luck you
wouldn't be in this crap hole!

TOMMY 1

True true...

Their conversation fades as we pass by. Suddenly there is a burst of activity, Tommys rush from behind us toward the dugouts, jumping in and pushing themselves into the spaces between the trench supports.

Our movement stops. To our right 2 Tommys are flattened against the wall of the trench where a small indentation has been carved into the mud. It is really only large enough for one but they are doing the best they can.

TOMMY 4

What the bloody hell is the
panic...

Then he hears it, the drone of an early aeroplane engine. He listens for a few seconds then laughs.

TOMMY 4 (CONT'D)

Bloody idiots, it's one of ours.

He wanders out into the middle of the trench craning his head skyward. Others are sheepishly crawling out of whatever cover they had found. The engine noise is getting louder and from behind us and above a plane flies overhead.

The squadies cheer and wave and the plane does a quick wave of it's wings. Then suddenly it makes a hard turn in the air, the engine whining at the strain. The plane vanishes from sight and the trench falls silent apart from the sound of the engine.

Slowly the sound changes and we realise we are listening to two plane engines, somewhere out of sight of those on the trench floor.

A squaddie runs into a nearby dug out and emerges with a sniper periscope. He pops it over the edge of the trench and tilts it upwards. He is immediately surrounded by a group of soldiers all clamoring for their turn.

From down the trench we see a familiar figure approaching, James Smith. He moves to the group of excited soldiers.

LIEUTENANT SMITH

Come on men, calm down.

The soldiers show a little restraint.

LIEUTENANT SMITH (CONT'D)

You there, the man with the scope
what can you see?

The soldier with the periscope takes a quick glance to see who is speaking, then turns back to his scope.

SOLDIER WITH SCOPE

Not much sir, the field of vision
on these is more for snipers than... wait...
it's one.. No two of ours they are chasing
one... here they come...

He looks down from the scope to the skies above. Everyone looks up as diagonally across the trench first a plane with German markings then two planes with British insignia fly overhead.

We hear the sound of a machine gun from one of the British planes. An excited voice shouts out.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

They got a Lewis with em.

The rest of the soldiers cheer as the German plane shudders and black smoke starts to pour from the engine. The German plane makes a desperate maneuver, looping back on itself, trying to make it back to it's own lines.

The engine coughs and stalls and the plane starts to fall from the sky, heading toward where the soldiers are still cheering.

That stops as everyone realises the danger and scatters. The plane screams over head and smashes into no-man's-land sending a shower of debris and smoke and flames high into the air.

The soldiers pick themselves up and start chattering excitedly amongst themselves.

Smoke is billowing from the crash site adding a thick haze to the already dirty air. Lieutenant Smith stands up from the slightly more dignified crouch he assumed when the men threw themselves to the floor and looks around.

A distant voice says.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Bloody hell, smells like the goods
yards at York.

Smith pauses and suddenly looks down the trench, there in the distance is the impossible. In stark contrast to the ubiquitous grey of the battle field is a woman in a white summer dress. A heavily pregnant woman, Elizabeth.

James stares at the impossible vision and the background of the trench and death and war fade... fade slowly out until we are...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

... on a platform in a train station. All around are men in uniform. The sounds of steam engines, the chatter of hundreds of voices and the hurly-burly of a busy station are all around us.

Standing by an open carriage door is James, he is in a clean, pressed officers uniform and has a kit bag at his feet. With him is Elizabeth, now very obviously pregnant in her white summer dress.

There is movement and action all around us, soldiers saying good bye to loved ones, porters rushing by with trolleys of goods and some where in the distance a few men are singing a WWI song.

ELIZABETH

I shall write to you every day.

There is a tremor in her voice, she is trying not to cry.

JAMES

I may not be able to do the same, I
shall have one or two other things to do
some days I'm sure.

James is trying to keep the mood light, but he too is fragile, we can see it in his eyes. Elizabeth tries gamefully to change the subject.

ELIZABETH

Did you manage to see Bertie whilst you were in Surrey?

JAMES

Yes, he was quite excited and kept asking to see my side arm.

ELIZABETH

Oh James you didn't...

JAMES

Of course not my love, I didn't take it with me to visit my sister, though thinking about it, it could have come in damn useful around Stuart and Johny.

Elizabeth gives James a small smile.

ELIZABETH

Yes the twins are quite a handful aren't they.

JAMES

Well we'll soon have a little handful all our own.

He reaches out and lays his hand on her swollen stomach.

JAMES (CONT'D)

So you better get used to dealing with the little blighters.

He looks up into his wife's eyes and sees that she is close to tears.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Darling I...

He fades out, not knowing what to say.

ELIZABETH

Oh James don't... just don't I can't bear this.

James takes his wife in his arms and holds her tight.

JAMES

I will come back to you my love.

ELIZABETH

Promise.

JAMES

I promise.

Slowly they part, but still standing close and their fingers entwined.

There is a whistle and men start pushing past us, past them, onto the train. James looks down the platform to where a guard is standing with a flag.

He lets go of Elizabeth's hands.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Elizabeth I...

But Elizabeth turns away, tears running down her cheeks. James stands there stricken. Then Elizabeth turns back and in a public display that has a few men whistle, kisses her husband passionately.

ELIZABETH

I love you James Smith.

James is now close to tears himself but this is 1915 and men do not cry. He grabs his bag and with a look over his shoulder gets aboard the train and closes the carriage door. We stand there with Elizabeth as the world continues to turn around us, a whistle sounds and the train pulls out of the station.

As it pulls away the station and the train fade leaving Elizabeth once again standing impossibly in the trench, James standing there, no longer in the clean pressed uniform of many months ago but the stained and worn uniform of combat. He stares at this wife as she too slowly fades out into memory.

TOMMY 5

Are you OK sir?

James whips around and sees a private looking at him with a worried expression on his face.

JAMES

What?

The soldier looks a little more relieved when he sees that the officer is now focused on him.

TOMMY 5

Ah nothing sir, it's just you...
seemed to go away for a while sir.

James says nothing and we leave them there, standing facing each other in a trench.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. COMPANY HQ DUG OUT - DAY

Here we see what conditions were really like for those on the front line.

The dug out is cramped, there are shelves attached to the walls covered with personal items. Niches are cut into the walls with bedding rolls on them. The floor next to the walls are occupied with wounded men. Some laying silently staring at the ceiling others moaning in pain.

Several men are crowded around a small table covered with maps and documents. A few leave and James and Edward enter.

JAMES (saluting)

Sir

One of the men CAPTAIN ELLIOTT turns and gives a perfunctory salute in return.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT

So you've heard the rumours then?

JAMES

Yes sir. Any truth to them.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT

Depends which ones you've been listening too.

Edward and James crowd round the table. Behind us rats scurry beneath the floor and at the back of the wall boards.

The constant rumble of artillery is in the background with an occasional nearby hit shaking the walls and showering the men with loose dirt.

When this happens one of the wounded men whimpers and cries. The others carry on, ignoring the men they can do nothing more to help.

After a minute looking at the documents James stands up.

JAMES

So there is going to be a push then.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT

Appears so, the powers that be have decided this stalemate has gone on too long.

EDWARD

Looks like this is going to be a full assault along most of the front. If we start shelling the whole front, the Bosch will definitely know we are coming.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT

If we don't shell them they'll still be dug in and waiting for us.

The men pause.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Well at least we have reenforcements.

JAMES

They're green sir, very green.

The Captain looks up irritated.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT

They're men aren't they?

EDWARD

Barely.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT

Well put a rifle in their hands and bloody well make them men. We go over the top on Wednesday. Dismissed.

Edward and James snap to attention and salute. Obviously a silent reprimand has been passed out! They turn and leave and Captain Elliott bends back over his charts.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MESS - DAY

Though it is day outside you cannot tell here in the underground world of the trenches. The mess hall is large for a underground space but the ceiling is low and every available inch is filled with men.

They sit at long tables with bench seats running down both sides. They are crammed in and when they stand their heads almost touch the wooden plank ceiling.

Each man has a mug of tea and a metal mess tin before him. Some are digging in enthusiastically some less so.

We are sitting at a bench appearing to be between Privates Jones and Kennedy. Opposite are Terrance, Stevens and Ward.

Wiggy is digging into the food in his mess with gusto.

PRIVATE JONES
Watch out Tell, Wiggy'll have ye
fingers if thas not careful

The lads laugh.

PRIVATE KENNEDY
Don't know why he's so keen on this
muck.

He pushes his bully beef around his plate with his fork.

PRIVATE STEVENS
It's not that bad, you should try
eating what me dad cooks when me mam's
off looking after me nan.

WIGGY
How is ye nan anyway, you heard
much from home?

PRIVATE STEVENS
Yeah, got a letter last week. She's
doin a lot better. She'll see us all out
that one.

There is a moment of silence as the potential truth of what has just been said slices through the air.

PRIVATE JONES
(breaking the mood)
How about you Bob, you heard from Grace?

The lads grin and Private Kennedy looks a little sheepish.

PRIVATE KENNEDY
She's still writing everyday. I've
got a stack of letters so thick I could use
it as a pilla.

PRIVATE JONES
She's a good lass that un.

PRIVATE WARD
Too go for the like's o thee
anyroad.

PRIVATE KENNEDY
Says the bloke who'll try to shag
an hole in a tree if it'd let him.

PRIVATE WARD

I'll have tha know there's some
dead pretty trees round our way.

Everybody laughs when suddenly from the front of the mess there's the sound of someone banging 2 plates together. The men next to you turn around as and look to the front of the hall, which is behind you.

Standing there is Edward. He stops banging the metal plates and looks out over the gathered men.

EDWARD

Sorry to interrupt your food men...

Someone shouts out.

UNKOWN SQUADDIE

That's OK sir, saved us from a fate
worse than death.

Everyone laughs, letting off some nervous tension.

EDWARD

Quite, however I do have something
to say, as soon as you've finished up here
you all have to report to your immediate
superior and get back to your squads.
They have new orders. That is all.

For Edward this has been quite a sombre performance and he walks out of the mess before any questions can be asked.

There is a muted murmur as men begin to discuss this new development.

PRIVATE STEVENS

What's tha think that's all about
then?

WIGGY

Probably a big push coming.

PRIVATE TERRANCE

They always say that.

PRIVATE JONES

I know... but one of these times
it's gonna be true.

WIGGY

So what if it is. About time we got
to stick to the bloody Hun.

PRIVATE TERRANCE

I don't know mate. Don't think it's going to be that easy. You've seen the blokes lying in the dugouts. You've seen the... bodies.

PRIVATE JONES

Aye, tha don't think they were there when they dug trenches does tha?

WIGGY

I imagine it's same at their side too. Otherwise what the bloody hell are we doing here?

PRIVATE TERRANCE

I don't give a monkeys about what it's like on their side as long as I get back home when this shit's all ore and done wi.

PRIVATE JONES

Ye can say that again.

PRIVATE TERRANCE

I don't give a monkeys about what it's like on their side as long as I get back home when this shit's all ore and done wi.

They all snort at the bad joke. Behind you, you hear men chatting indistinctly and the sounds of movement, food being finished and men making their way out of the mess hall.

WIGGY

Is that going to finish that.

He points at Jones' last bit of bread. Jones just grunts and pushes it over to Wiggy who snaps it up and uses it to wipe his plate clean.

PRIVATE TERRANCE

I swear he'd eat whilst he's bloody sleeping that one.

WIGGY

I'm a growing lad me. I need me grub.

PRIVATE STEVENS

Ay and everybody bloody else's an all.

Jones stands and looks at his pals.

PRIVATE JONES

Come on lads, time we earned our wages!

They all stand and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

PART FIVE

INT. TRENCH - DAY

We are now in the front line trenches, these are a little different form the trenches we have been in previously

Whereas the trenches at the rear have been well built with shoring and duckboard the front line trench is much narrower.

The walls are less well defined and the ever present mud is thick and grey, covering everything.

Lining the walls every few feet are rough ladders, next to some of these are men looking through trench periscopes.

Occasionally a shell will fall a little short and a shower of mud will fall into the trench drenching the already covered soldiers.

There are hundreds of men lining the trench, some smoking many staring into middle space, the 'thousand yard stare'.

Some are writing last minute letters and many are praying.

We are with James and his pals, nearby are private Jones and his friends.

Just past them a man tuns and we can hear him vomit even over the sound of the heavy shelling that is a continuous roar.

Next to us Edward puts out a half smoked cig, he is drawn and pale.

EDWARD

This is quite the bombardment, with a bit of luck there won't be any of the sods left for us to shoot.

STUART

More importantly bloody well shoot at us.

There is a snort of laughter, somewhere in the distance a man is sobbing. The sound of the artillery barrage continues.

A column of men, packs on back and rifles in hand squeeze past James and co.

A murmur runs through the waiting men as many of them stop what they are doing and look at their watches.

James get a beautiful silver pocket watch from a button down pocket. It gleams, the only clean thing in this world of mud.

JAMES

Well men, looks like it's almost time,
they said the bombardment will cease at...

As he is speaking the artillery noise stops and for a few seconds all is quite. Then men start to chat rapidly, the noise can be heard up and down the line.

James replaces his watch in his pocket and pulls out a whistle. In the distance we hear a whistle, then another nearer, then more and more and James puts his to his mouth and blows hard.

All around us men start to climb up the ladders, the Lieutenants usually first.

James starts to climb up the ladder before him but Edward puts his hand on his arm.

EDWARD

Let me, you have a little one.

Before James can say anything Edward is up and over the top, James and the rest of the men follow. At first all is quite, in the distance we hear the sound of the pipes then the stutter of machine guns. We are now alone in the trench, it is strange being down here as above we hear the sound of rifles being answered by the terrible noise of concentrated machine gun fire.

Now we can also hear the screams of men as they lay wounded and dying.

Suddenly the eerie tranquillity of the trench is shattered as just to our right a figure crawls back over the tip of the trench to fall almost at our feet. It is Stuart, he lies at our feet, shot in the chest. He gasps for breath as blood flows from his mouth.

The sounds of the battle fade away, all we hear is the slowing wheezing fight for breath as we fade to black. In the darkness the wheezing continues for a moment, then it falters, slows then stops... Now all is darkness and silence.

FADE IN:

EXT. POPPY FIELD - DAY

We first hear the soft buzz of a sleepy summer field, as the light grows stronger we hear bird song and see a field of poppies stretching away before us. The contrast to the devastation and death we have just moments before been embroiled in is breathtaking.

VO

The First World War was famously supposed to be 'over by Christmas' though there is no record of this ever having been said by anyone in a position of power it was the popular opinion, an opinion that was to be proved so terribly, tragically wrong.

VO

In the years 1914 to 1918 more than 38 million casualties would be recorded with over 17 million fatalities. An entire generation of young men sacrificed in the name of political alliance and empire!

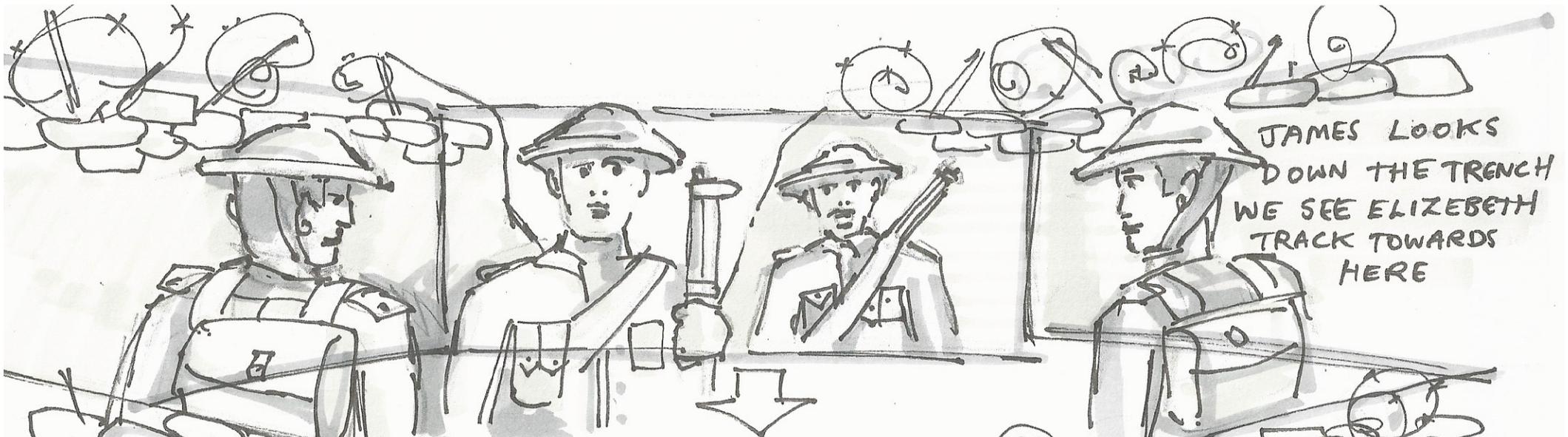
With the huge monolithic forces at work and the staggering number of dead and wounded, when we look back at the shattering events at the turn of the previous century it can be quite easy to lose sight of the very human scale of the tragedy. We can easily forget that everyone of the 17 million dead was a brother, a son, a husband, a wife, a daughter, a parent, a child.

Here the Poppy field fades out to be replaced by a ordinary living room.

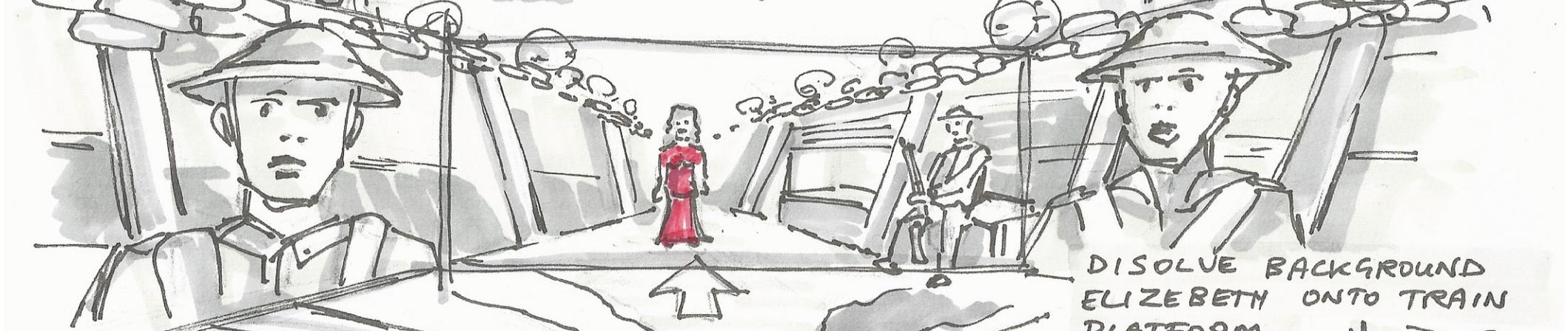
Sitting before us is??? They introduce themselves as the great grandson/daughter of James Smith, they speak for a few minutes about their relative, giving us the information that in spite of all the odds James Smith was one of the very lucky few that survived the meat grinder.

They also tell us we still haven't learned the lessons we should have learned after peace broke out at the end of The War to end all Wars.

THE END.



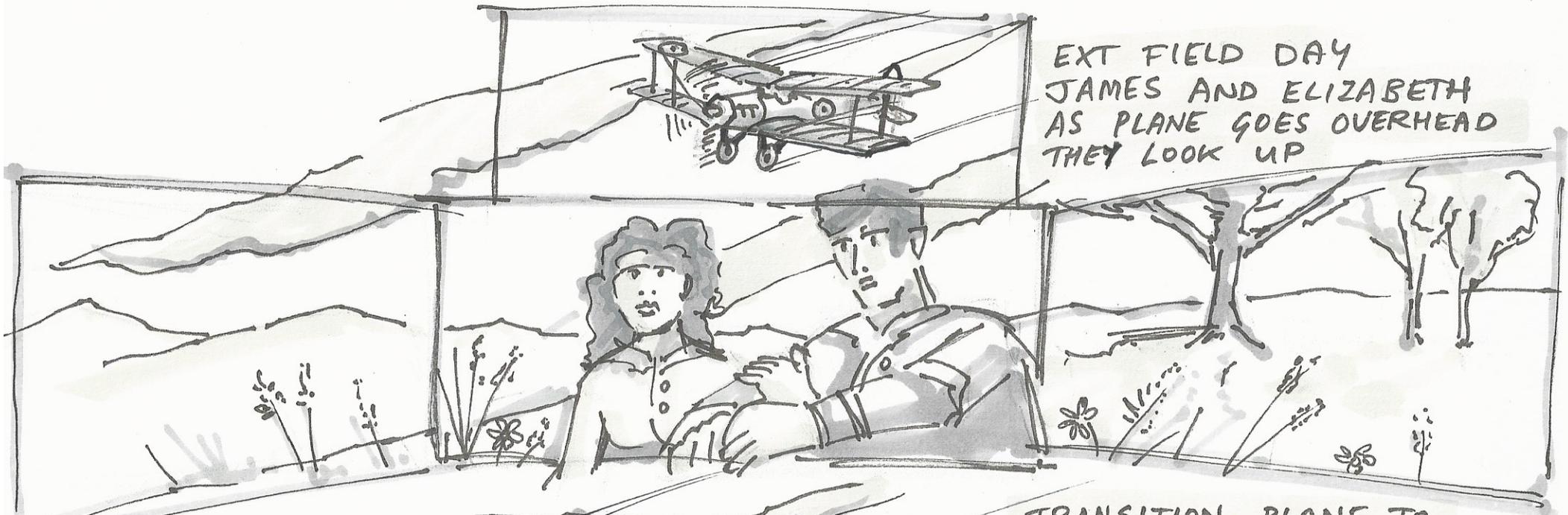
JAMES LOOKS
DOWN THE TRENCH
WE SEE ELIZABETH
TRACK TOWARDS
HERE



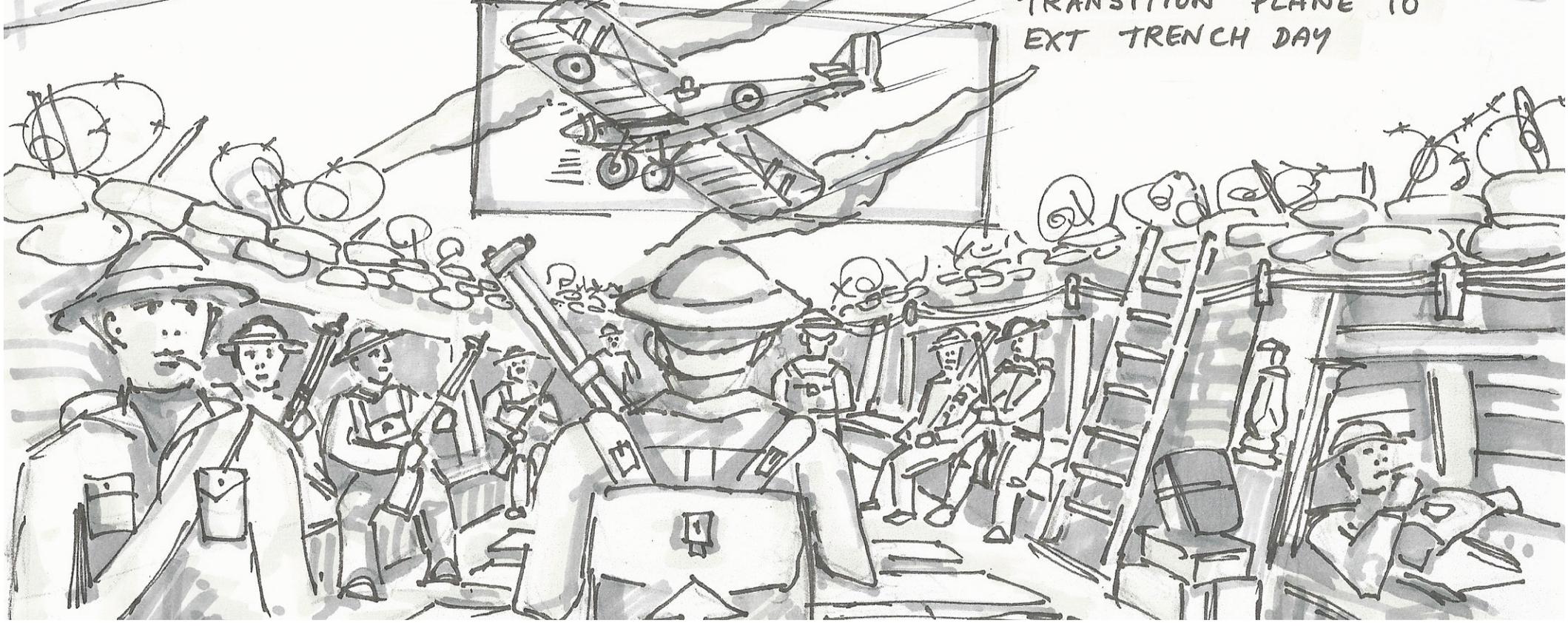
DISOLVE BACKGROUND
ELIZABETH ONTO TRAIN
PLATFORM



EXT FIELD DAY
JAMES AND ELIZABETH
AS PLANE GOES OVERHEAD
THEY LOOK UP

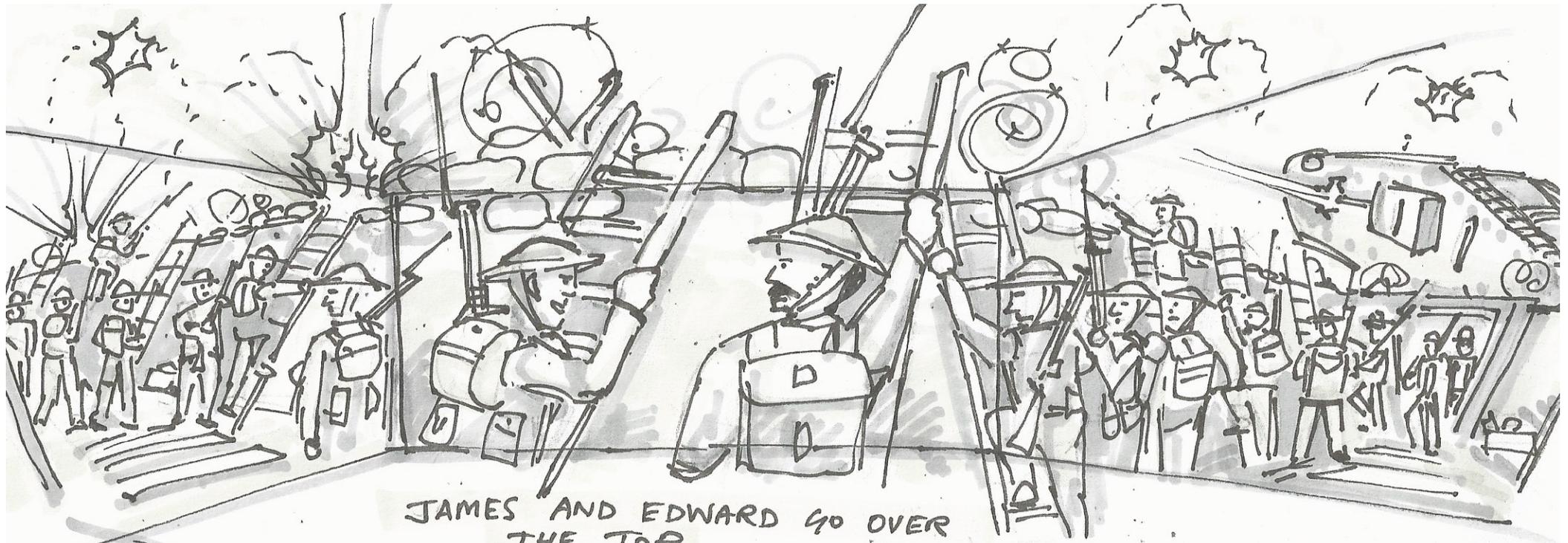


TRANSITION PLANE TO
EXT TRENCH DAY



EXT TRENCH
PART THREE

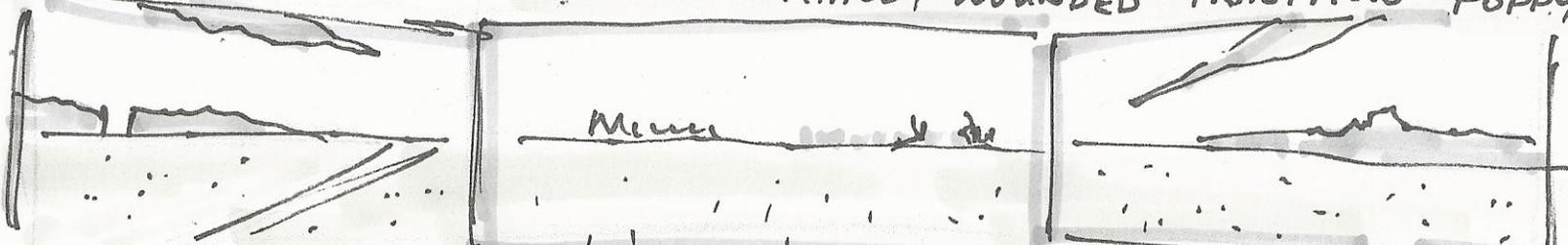


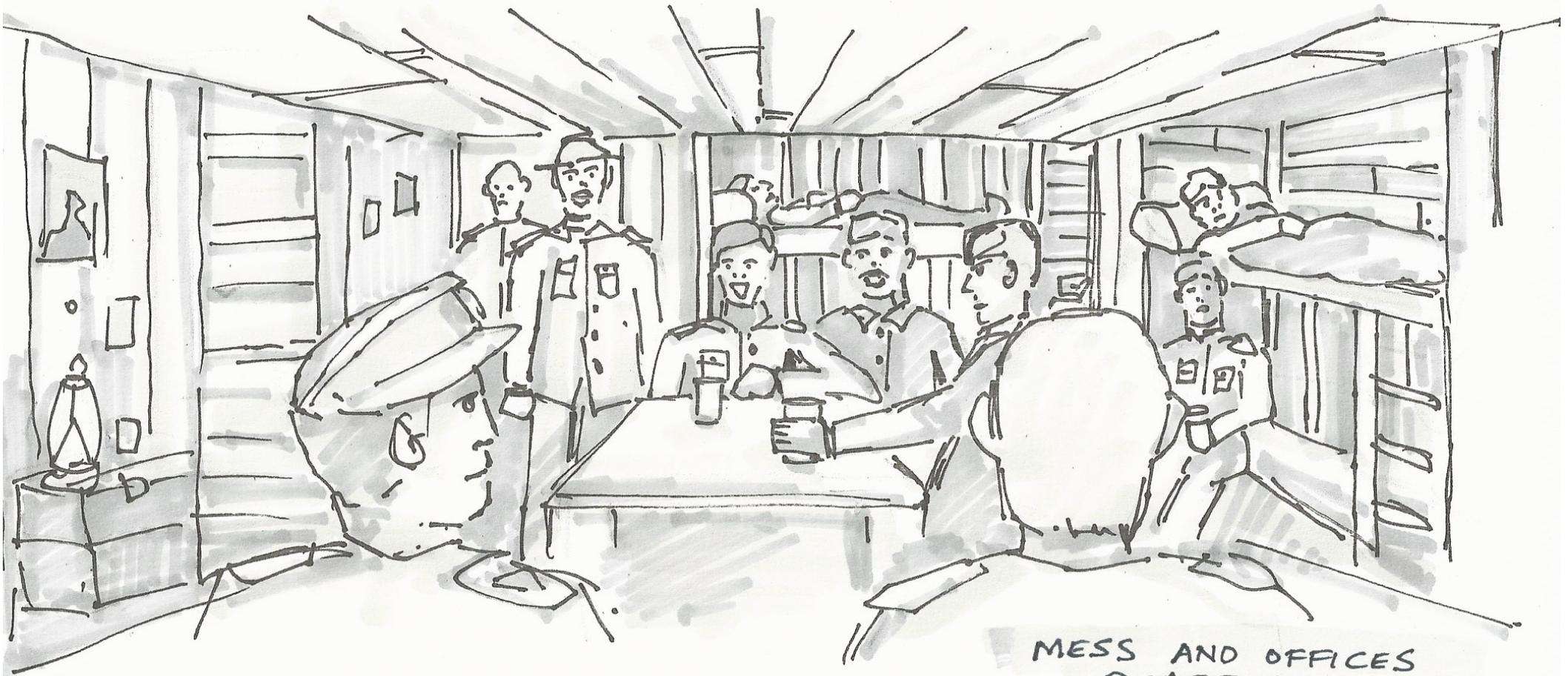


JAMES AND EDWARD GO OVER THE TOP



EDWARD MORTALLY WOUNDED TRASNITION POPPY FIELDS





MESS AND OFFICERS
QUARTERS

BOARDS - DIRECTOR SIMON PATTISON

JAMES SMITH ACTING & SCRIPT WORKSHOPS





JAMES SMITH MUSEUM VR EXPERIENCE

THE PROJECT

Beyond the stereo 360 film - audiences will be able to explore further than ever before, with a fully immersive Location Based VR Experience set entirely within a photo-realistic WW1 frontline trench. The experience will be installed at key museum sites as a marquee ticketed exhibit, and launch worldwide on Armistice Day in November 2018.

This ground breaking experience will allow visitors to viscerally experience life in the trenches, and as well as demonstrating the hardships that the soldiers endures - evoke a greater sense of pride and respect for the scores who sacrificed their lives on the battlefield.

Visitors will witness intimate and moving first hand accounts from soldiers portrayed by actors at key stages of a along the path, they'll have to navigate past real physical objects en route - toward reaching the end of the trench, where they muster the courage to climb up a ladder as part of a virtual charge into No Man's Land.

At the conclusion of the experience, the battlefield fantastically gives way to a solemn moment amongst a virtual Poppy Field - and the visitors will be encouraged to plant a virtual Poppy in the field as remembrance.



THE VENUES

In its launching run - we'd look to key Historical War Museums in the UK, France (Somme), US, Turkey (Gallipoli), Australia, New Zealand and potentially Germany to base the experience. It would be a semi-permanent structure that would serve as a key promotional feature of the Centenary Events each respective Museum will be engaging with next year, and we'd intend to localise the graphics and actors to reflect the location / audience.

The core engagement could run from November 2018 for six months - with the potential to extend if the demand exists.

THE REVENUE

We see this as a premium ticketed experience, pricing set in line with each territories expectations accordingly.

As a guide - in the UK, we would expect cost to be in the region of £10 adult, £5 kids / students.





2016 VISITOR FIGURES

LONDON

Imperial War Museum - 1,011,000

WASHINGTON

Smithsonian National Air And Space
Museum - 7,100,000

KANSAS

National World War 1 Museum -
300,000

CANBERRA

Australian War Museum - 1,140,000

Estimated audience at engagement rate
of 15% will be used as a guide

THE TECHNOLOGY

This experience could not be achieved to the ideal standard on current VR technology.

Instead - it acts as a perfect demonstration of the capabilities in the emerging 'inside out tracking VR' headsets due to be released in 2018.

VIVE FOCUS

<https://www.vive.com/cn/product/vive-focus-en/>



HP MR

Dive into the world of mixed reality and blur the line between real and digital.

<http://www8.hp.com/us/en/campaigns/mixedrealityheadset/overview.html>





HP Z VR Backpack PC

VR this powerful is no toy

Unlock the full potential of VR with the most powerful wearable VR PC ever created.^{1,2}

HP Z VR

And will be powered by the HP Z VR Backpacks - the new standard in high end portable computing.

<http://www8.hp.com/us/en/campaigns/vrbackpack/overview.html>

PARTNERS

Vision3 maintains a strong relationship with HP and HTC - and would look to involve potentially both on a project of this scale.



htc