



## **‘Impossible is Nothing’ TVC Script :30/Director’s Cut**

### **ACT I. INTRODUCING**

Our film opens up in a classic seventies-style northern English pub. Walls are covered in memorabilia from the golden age of football. A framed picture of Argentina lifting the World Cup sits on a shelf next to a Telstar football signed by the legendary Liverpool 1984 team. A knitted red scarf with the slogan ‘*We knew then, we know now*’ hangs under a signed portrait of Franz Beckenbauer adjusting his red Gazelles.

We hear the sound of clinking glasses and loud laughter.

The pub is full and crawling with an eclectic and passionate crowd. Excitement builds. Predictions are made. One of the fans, our hero, lifts his sleeve and shows with conviction the tattooed portrait of his favorite player.

On the other side of the pub, a guy with a paunch stuffed into his tracksuit holds a baby girl wearing an oversized jersey while giving the best tip he’s heard in years.

Back to our hero now standing on the bar. Chanting at the top of his lungs. Waving the flag of his team. A moment of communion. A temple to the terrace culture.

We cut to a second eclectic squad. A crew of teenagers and young adults are scattered all over a barbershop. A positive and lively energy. One kid dribbles around a barber who can’t get through to his hairdryer. Waiting in a chair, his friend smiles with satisfaction as he looks in the mirror at his in-progress haircut, then glances up at the photo of Dennis Rodman in a Chicago Bulls jersey that inspired it.

Another kid has fun with a barber, blowing his mind by making a ball spin on his finger. Getting too excited, the ball falls and crushes a real-size Lego model of the Superstar shoe.

Watching the distress on the barber’s face, another member of the ballers’ gang bursts into laughter behind the magazine he was reading. His Forum shoes hanging around his neck. In the background, other members of the crew are captivated by our hero talent who produces a neon graphic mural covering the wall of the shop.

A pause, as we're held in this moment, mesmerised. Boom. Out of nowhere, a basketball bounces on the wall, leaving an iconic imprint on the painting. Surprised but amused, our hero replies and starts a paint war by throwing colors on her friend's *Forum* shoes.

We cut to...our third and last clique. Lost in a jungle of cables and flight cases, we discover several musicians setting up their sound system. Massive towers of speakers cover the walls of this former industrial estate, now the trendiest club in town.

Lit by the purple and orange hue of the setting sun, the place is bathed in a bustling and futuristic atmosphere.

Huddled in a circle, some of the guys are rehearsing their tracks. Beatboxing and tapping their Superstar shoes to the beat. Turntables are set. Controller buttons are pushed. Excitement peaks. Seated amongst his instruments and computers, our hero writes his track list on the shell of his Superstars.

Cables are connected.

The party is getting started.

Cut.

## **ACT II. MOVING OUR WAY**

Our impatient, energetic Terrace gang bustles along an urban street. The crowd is wild.

Our hero talent leads the charge on a colorful electric cross bike, holding up his flag which ripples in the wind.

Behind him, a long, bearded man puts his blue Gazelles on the safe spot of his wheelchair. Speed rising. A rocking smile lights up his craggy face. The embodiment of the club's legacy.

A teenager with a Gallagher brothers' haircut pushes him faster than ever.

The rest of the gang follow.

A vintage-looking car emerges from the colored smoke in the tunnel.

A young woman at the wheel looks up at us, daring and charismatic. Her hands wrapped around the leather wheel, contrasting the small colored trefoils on her painted nails. A playful and unrestrained collective.

Cut to our Basketball squad leaving the barber shop.

A storm of energy.

Jokes are heard. Challenges are set.

Our Dennis Rodman impersonator suddenly jumps high in the air with his Adidas Forums lifting off the ground.

BAM.

He touches the hanging sign of the shop. NBA style.

A girl from the group dribbles around one of her friends and passes the ball under the legs of another. What a move.

The squad goes wild.

A youthful abandonment in the way they move. Behind them, inside the shop, we see a barber still trying to figure out how to spin a ball on his finger.

Cut to our hero talent leading the musicians as they get their funk on and move to the beat.

All our musicians wear black hats and multicolored tracksuits.

The three iconic white stripes move along to the beat.

Dozens of neon lights flicker, illuminating the space as the crowd grows. Surrounding our musicians. Circling them.

Our hero puts on thick-framed, orange-tinted sunglasses. Darryl McDaniels style. Excitement grows, all eyes on him.

A heavy beat drops and the crowd lose their shit. Jumping up and down. Banging their head to the beat.

Some Adidas Superstars are held in the air. A nod to their illustrious past.

### **ACT III. UNITE ALL ORIGINALS**

The first light of dawn bathing a pier that juts out into the sea. The terrace, basketball, and musician gangs spread out across the pier.

The Adidas Gazelles, Forums, and Superstars united at last.

Our hero talents gather together front and center. Their energy is electric. Smoke bombs shoot into the air and colored flares reflect on the ocean.

Cheering, clapping, and laughter resonate.

A magical moment. A giant collective.

Close-up on a colored trefoil embroidered on the back of a sweater.

The hectic vibes give way to an intimate moment as we zoom out to discover the three communities united - looking towards the horizon.

Our three squads are seated at the front of the Pier. Their feet, bedecked in Adidas Originals, hang over the water.

The last clouds of colored smoke disperse over the sea.

The aftermath of a legendary night.

**WE ARE WHY.  
ADIDAS**