



*F*ilthy Rich ... NO ...Disgustingly Rich !

The Cattons have it all and our intention was to throw away any rules for this family - nothing succeeds like excess. Wherever we had a choice we went rude, we went bold, we turned up the volume; even the smallest details had a thought and an intention behind them but it needed to feel effortless, sumptuous and decadent. They have an innate sense of style and their reams of house staff know how to dress a room!

Obviously lovely ideas and ambitions during the early stages of prep when all bets are off and anything is possible is such an exciting phase of collaboration. Tapping into Emerald's enigmatic aesthetic was fascinating; she clearly had a desire to up the visual style as much as possible and we soon found our groove. And having Linus Sandgren as our DOP, it really felt like we could achieve anything.

So Bigger, Bolder, Louder. We ended up finding that using a mixture of inspiration from Caravaggio and the Pre-Raphaelites to Martin Parr and Annie Leibovitz all with a dusting of kitsch pop and tech from the early naughties. Almost vulgar, almost sleazy. Smell and the essence of the film was something we considered - although the student bedrooms were truly noxious! We wanted the rest of the film to almost imbibe an aroma of the oil from an old painting hanging in the grand hall, starting to melt and drip down the canvas amidst the heat and sweat of the story becoming distorted and perverted as we get further into the slightly unhinged elements.

Building an Art Department team was as important - it's great having all these ideas but you need an army to do it. The A-team came together very quickly and our office suddenly had an energy and a realisation that we could do this. Textures and fabrics were billowing in the windows as we tested colours and patterns. Construction teams were prepping samples of wall treatments and a posse of art directors started to bring together the detailed drawings and models. Every wall in the office covered in references whether a style of fried egg to numerous graphic shields and typefaces to choose from.

Towards the end of the film Oliver recalls his sick story , a dark almost dry blood red on the ceiling helped create the heavier mood. Flamboyant, bohemian curtains with a chinoiserie quality made these disturbing end scenes feel airless: nothing left in that oxygen tank, nothing but cigarette smoke wafted through the room as Oliver dragged the life force out of the family.

Is it wrong to say how much we enjoyed creating this world ?!

SUZIE DAVIES PRODUCTION DESIGNER OCT 2023















