A FILM BY **BEN WHEATLEY**

HIGH-RISE

FROM THE ACCLAIMED NOVEL BY **J.G. BALLARD**

A SCORE BY **CLINT MANSELL**

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING

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JEREMY THOMAS AND HANWAY FILMS, FILM4 AND BFI PRESENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH NORTHERN IRELAND SCREEN, INGENIOUS MEDIA, SCOPE PICTURES AND S FILMS
A RECORDED PICTURE COMPANY PRODUCTION A FILM BY BEN WHEATLEY STARRING TOM HIDDLESTON JEREMY IRONS SIENNA MILLER LUKE EVANS ELISABETH MOSS JAMES PUREFOY KEELEY HAWES "HIGH-RISE"
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LAURIE ROSE PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARK TILDESLEY EDITED BY AMY JUMP AND BEN WHEATLEY MUSIC BY CLINT MANSELL COSTUME DESIGNER ODILE DICKS-MIREAUX HAIR AND MAKE-UP DESIGNER WAKANA YOSHIHARA SOUND DESIGN MARTIN PAVEY
CASTING BY NINA GOLD AND THEO PARK EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS PETER WATSON THORSTEN SCHUMACHER LIZZIE FRANCKE SAM LAVENDER ANNA HIGGS GABRIELLA MARTINELLI CHRISTOPHER SIMON GENEVIÉVE LEMAL
CO-PRODUCER ALAINÉE KENT CO-PRODUCED BY NICK O'HAGAN BASED ON THE NOVEL BY J.G. BALLARD SCREENPLAY BY AMY JUMP PRODUCED BY JEREMY THOMAS DIRECTED BY BEN WHEATLEY

FILM4 HanWay FILMS Northern Ireland Screen BFI Film Forever The National Lottery STUDIOCANAL Silva Screen Silva Screen Records

THE ELEVATORS PUMPING UP
AND DOWN THE LONG SHAFTS
RESEMBLED PISTONS IN THE
CHAMBER OF A HEART

THE RESIDENTS MOVING
ALONG THE CORRIDORS WERE
THE CELLS IN A NETWORK OF
ARTERIES, THE LIGHTS IN THEIR
APARTMENTS THE NEURONES
OF A BRAIN

THE HIGH-RISE WAS A HUGE MACHINE DESIGNED TO SERVE, NOT THE COLLECTIVE BODY OF TENANTS, BUT THE INDIVIDUAL RESIDENT IN ISOLATION

BEN WHEATLEY
Brighton, December 2015
It was a treat working with Clint on *High-Rise*, from the first chat via Skype. In which I forgot the name of... fuck I've forgotten it now... I need to see a neurologist... the famous one... fuck... Aronofsky... it's a nightmare, it's lost from my head, I spent an hour trying to remember Kate Winslet's name a few months ago... agonising... I was on a bus and I just thought... who is the star of *Titanic*... I bet I can't remember (and I fucking couldn't)... it's called *Requiem for a Dream*. Thank God, there we go. I remember talking to Clint and could feel it looming... that film is a scratched track on my memory... I thought... the conversation is moving towards that film I can't ever remember the name of... I saw Clint's pixeley face in LA pause as I stammered. I thought, I've totally fucked it. Can't remember his most famous film... insane... but... it's not like I didn't have all the soundtracks. "Do you mean *Requiem for a Dream*?" he said, putting me out of my misery. Yeah... he must have really loved the book to want to work with me after that.

I'm such a fan of Mr. Mansell (brain damaged memory lapses notwithstanding). I grew up listening to PWEI and was intrigued when I saw his name on *Pi* as the composer. I remember seeing it at the Duke of York's in Brighton when it came out and it was astounding. From there he went from strength to strength; in my opinion the soundtrack for *Moon* is as perfect a score as you can get. Twitter played a big part in the soundtrack for *High-Rise*. I chatted to both Clint and Geoff Barrow of Portishead through Twitter in the months running up to making the film. I don't think I would have dared to try and contact them through their management. They seemed like untouchable parts of the culture operating in another sphere from me entirely. And yet through Twitter there they were! Clint was following me and so when he said he liked *A Field in England* and I could email him directly... I did. My email: Hey Clint glad you liked the film. I've got a fat Spotify list with all your scores :) been listening since PWEI. And that was the first step on the road that led us to working together! Incredible. To clarify... I also own all the soundtracks :)

We worked on the film from January 2015, demos bouncing back and forth, and I went to his studio in LA and sat in a jet-lagged inter-zone as we worked on the cues. It was a great experience. I guess the way to describe it in terms of collaboration is one between director and actor... I direct... I don't DO, so when I work with the actors I prod and suggest and support, and they give. Clint was really open and ready to get to the bottom of the project. I was surprised by how open he was, and I should have known better. But hey, before I hadn't sat gimlet-eyed in his studio. He was CLINT MANSELL! Soundtrack colossus.

It was really exciting as each of the tracks started to appear over the following weeks. *High-Rise* was a film that due to schedule had ended up with a lot of the dreaded 'temp' music. Film editors and directors like to lard their movies up with soundtracks from other films while they work to make them more palatable for financiers and execs to watch. I'd managed to avoid this on my other films pretty much, but on *High-Rise* there it was. Demos have a hard job usurping polished temp that has been sitting in the cut for months. It's like a narcotic that you have to wean yourself off. When the REAL and original music turns up you have to slam it in and go cold turkey. The new soundtrack however quickly overwhelmed the old. The next stage was recording with the orchestra. We decamped to Mol in Belgium to record and mix. I met Clint's long time collaborators Matt Dunkley and Geoff Foster. I settled into for what is for me one of the most pleasurable parts of the filmmaking process: SOUND! It was great to watch Clint, Geoff and

Matt work. To be in the middle of quite a stressful machine (always a lot of music to record and not a lot of time... imagine the world's most expensive cab ride for levels of anxiety). Watching skilled creative people do their job is a great pleasure, and when you are largely pointless in the process (what can I do at this point... grab a triangle and say I've got an idea!?), it just feels like a massive privilege. Being around that many classically trained musicians is a buzz in itself, especially when you are as devoid of musical talent as I am. The evenings were spent in quiet monkish contemplation of what had just happened. This was a surprise also, I had imagined it would be a bit more rock and roll. But no. Early beds and lots of rehydrating water ready for the next day's labour. A few months after Mol and the soundtrack was married to the film in the final mix, but the process really ended with the premiere at Toronto Film Festival. The soundtrack sounded incredible in the cinema. I was very fucking happy indeed.

So here you have in your hand a lovely heavy vinyal... fuck... the word I can never remember how to spell... vinyl, or one of those anachronistic silver discs. The soundtrack in its raw form, away from the film. You can use it to imagine you are Robert Laing as you walk around your apartment. Feel the Mansellian unease ooze from your speakers. Revel in the sound of a bombastic and hubristic 70s that was doomed to failure. Enjoy.

CLINT MANSELL
Los Angeles, December 2015

I grew up in the West Midlands of England in the 1970s, where buildings like Birmingham's Rotunda captured both a dystopian future and a bleak present. Add the collage cut ups of Linder Sterling, a soundtrack supplied by Bowie's '*Low*', Siouxsie & The Banshees' '*The Scream*', Joy Division's '*Unknown Pleasures*', and it was nigh on impossible not to feel we were the children of JG Ballard & RD Laing, or, indeed, Dr Robert Laing. Taking English Literature in the early 80s, I'd read the course books of William Golding, John Keats, and, my personal favorite, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. My English tutor, Mr Ryan, pushed a progressive reading list on us, so I'd been introduced to Ballard's work - I don't think it was on the syllabus at that time, or if it is now, or has ever been? At that time, I couldn't have known how prescient his work was/is. I just loved the bleak psychology of Ballard. I lived in my own head, I still do, and it was easy to put myself in Ballard's world. His dystopian portrayals of urban alienation, and the draining effect of the *Modern World*, of modern relationships, were like he was writing my world.

I'd heard of an English filmmaker named Ben Wheatley, who did it 'his' way and I was intrigued. I would have loved *Sightseers* based on the accents alone, *Kill List* gave me some of the most vivid nightmares I've ever had, and by the time Reece Shearsmith came out of that tent in *A Field In England* I was a True Believer! The idea of a Ballard-Wheatley-Mansell alliance was more than I could have ever imagined back in those dusty corridors back in the 70s/80s - not to mention the wonderful script adaptation by Amy Jump, Laurie Rose's stunning cinematography, and Martin Pavey's sublime sound design. It was a dream come true. When the opportunity arrived, sadly, it came at a time of personal trauma, and I had to pass on the project. The universe, however, had other plans. Ben gave me the space, the time, and the understanding to find my way into the film. He's exactly what one looks for in a collaborator. The music becomes a true joint adventure where you end up in a place you could never have imagined at the beginning of the journey. It has taken many years to bring *High-Rise* to the screen. Producer Jeremy Thomas never gave up on the project. I couldn't be more proud to have been part of the team that he put together to make it happen.

PART OF ITS APPEAL LAY ALL TOO CLEARLY IN THE FACT THAT THIS WAS AN ENVIRONMENT BUILT, NOT FOR MAN, BUT FOR MAN'S ABSENCE

LAING WAS CONSTANTLY AWARE OF THE IMMENSE WEIGHT OF CONCRETE STACKED ABOVE HIM, AND THE SENSE THAT HIS BODY WAS THE FOCUS OF THE LINES OF FORCE RUNNING THROUGH THE BUILDING

LIVING IN HIGH-RISES REQUIRED A SPECIAL TYPE OF BEHAVIOUR, ONE THAT WAS ACQUIESCENT, RESTRAINED, EVEN PERHAPS SLIGHTLY MAD

Written by Clint Mansell for Precision Engineering Music (BMI)
Recorded & Mixed by Geoff Foster for Air Management (Lyndhurst)
at Galaxy Studios, Mol, Belgium. April 2015
Produced by Clint Mansell & Geoff Foster
Orchestrated, Arranged and Conducted by Matt Dunkley
Technical Assistance by Nigel Wiesehan

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Dedicated to my Factory Girl, Heather Joy Mottola (1985-2014)

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