

TREATMENT

# FLYING DUO

We open on two girls, Lady and Zoe, who sit in their beat up retro Beetle eating from two different fast food franchises. They are all dressed up in funky costumes; Laurel and Hardy, a classic duo. The oversized suits create an androgynous and old-fashioned look that compliment the car. Throughout this short film we get to know them through an intimate conversation. The dialogue is witty and follows a good pace, but has a dream like quality. The type of conversation you can only have with someone who knows you as well as they know themselves. They don't look at each other. We don't know why. It's not important. But do you know what is? Pigeons. Pigeons stick together. Big crowds. They don't really need to, because all they want is food. They don't socialise. They don't talk. They occasionally shit and fuck and fight. But they are fundamentally alone. Alone within a crowd. Sat in their car, talking about everything and nothing, Zoe and Lady feel like pigeons. Whether they know it or not. Zoe and Lady love London. It's so full. Full of noise, people. Full. So why does it feel empty? It's where dreams come true. And their dream was London itself, but now they're here, is the dream achieved? Of course not. Now the dream has details, conditions. The dream job, the dream apartment in Notting Hill and fabulous friends, THAT'S what London is about, right?

Zoe Frantically dances and moves and spins around Notting hill, up and down all the colourful houses. Embodying the dream. Pigeons fly. Lady's eyes are glazed over, reminiscing. Remembering.

They are still in the car. Still talking. Still nibbling. They still haven't looked at each other. Probably to respect their own intimacy. If dreams become projects, can you still call it a dream? Now this is a serious question. When is a dream really finished? It's the details that keep Zoe and Lady dreaming. They wish. They want. They need. They need to fight for more. When does more become enough? Another serious question. Maybe Zoe and Lady are doing too much thinking. At least pigeons don't think. They follow the crowd without knowing, which is sad. But then Zoe and Lady follow the crowd and hate it.

Pigeons. Humans. Humans and Pigeons. Both lonely.

3000 sorts of chocolate. Divorces. Countless TV Channels. Wishing wells. Blowing candles, shooting Stars. Lash on the cheek. Fingers crossed. Pigeons. Here they are, so many thoughts. But the thoughts need to settle. They bite into their different brands of cheeseburgers, completely in-sync. Seeking comfort in the unison. And they realise, at the same time, that maybe they are both just lonely. And with this, they are able to look at each other. Together maybe they are not alone. But there is no time to dwell, they need to shoot. They are unfashionably late. They leave the car and head to the doorstep of a house, ringing the doorbell. Their costumes are still fantastic. The door finally opens by their host. The host is dressed as a pigeon.