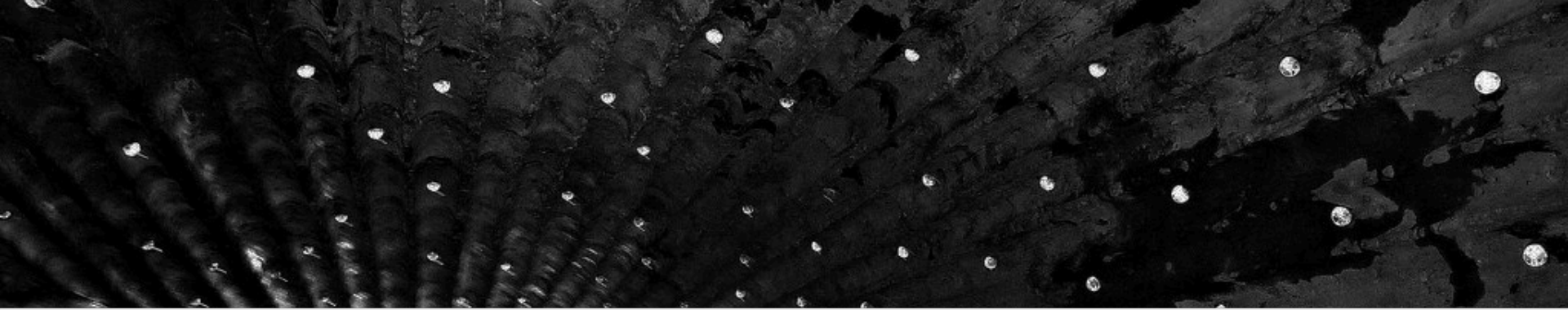

A DARKER BRIGHT
BYGONES



Our visual concept echoes the lyrics and the beautiful clash of nostalgia and exhaustion, desire to let go and to solve, by mixing the unmixable: raw, expressive imagery of the 90s rock scene (think The Cranberries, Deerhunter, PJ Harvey) and sentimental, naively expressive visuals of the 20s. **Radiohead meets Buster Keaton, Nirvana meets the travelling circus. At the heart of it, there's a simple metaphor that we slowly unveil at the very end.**





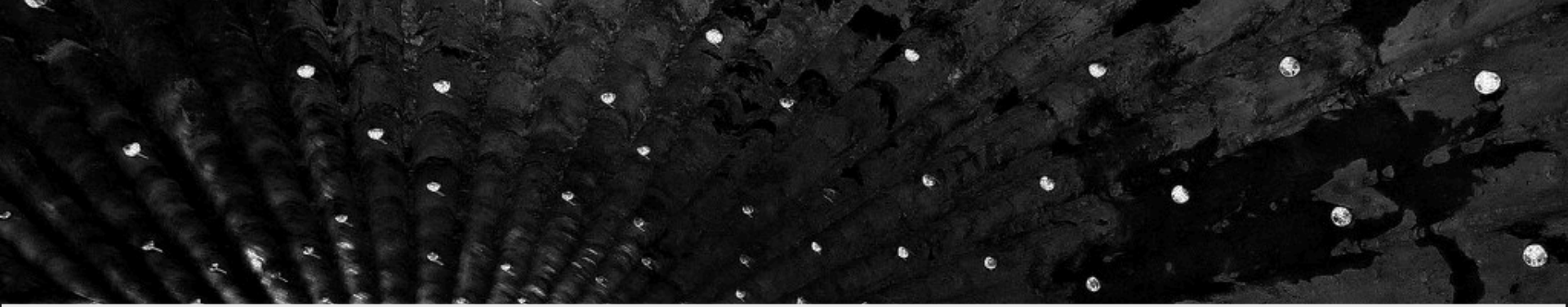






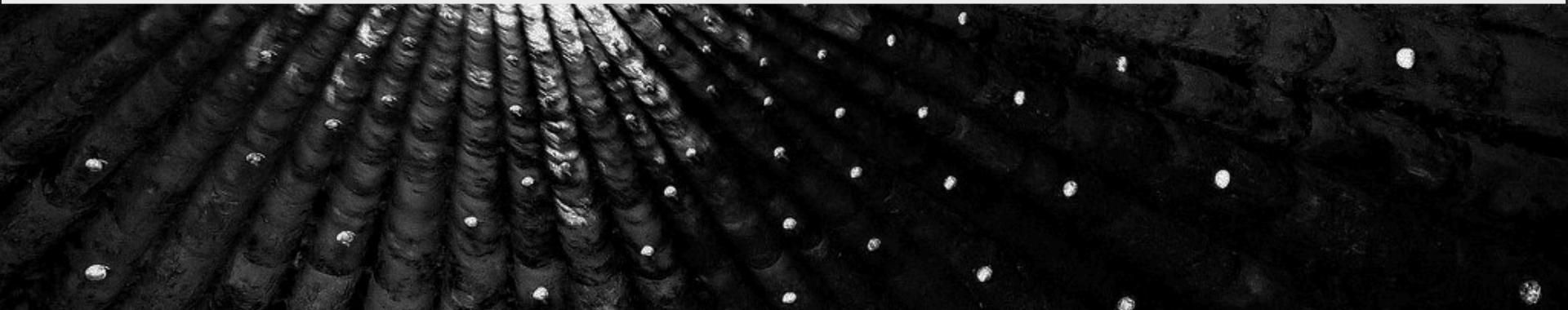






Dark arena with a single circle of stage light in the center. It highlights a tall construction of stacked chairs, musical instruments, photo frames, antique relics, etc. It feels like someone's lifetime of accumulated stuff was used to build it.

On top of the pile, Geoff is sitting on a flimsy chair with a small cage in his hands - there's a white dove inside it. The band is positioned right below this monstrosity, waiting for their cue. A circus assistant is waiting behind the curtain: moments later, she emerges on stage with a well-rehearsed smile on her face. The track begins.







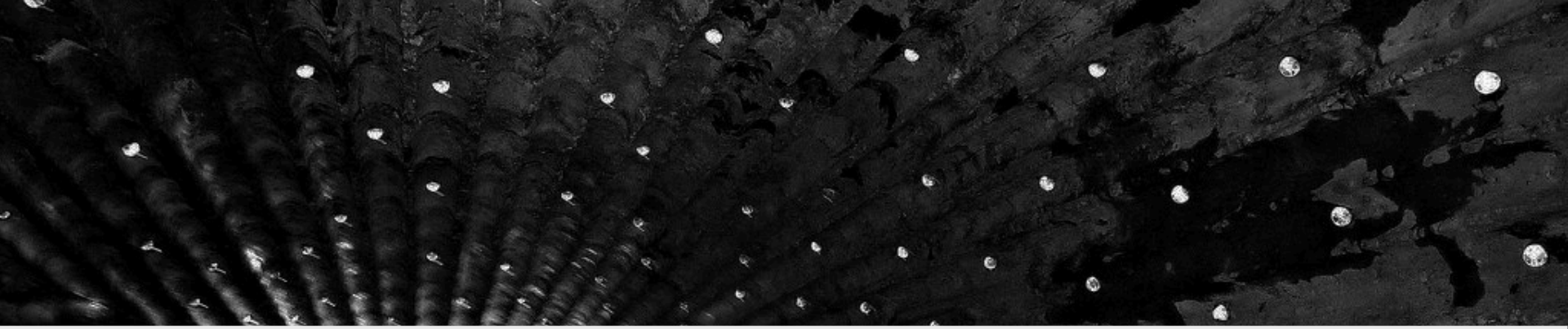










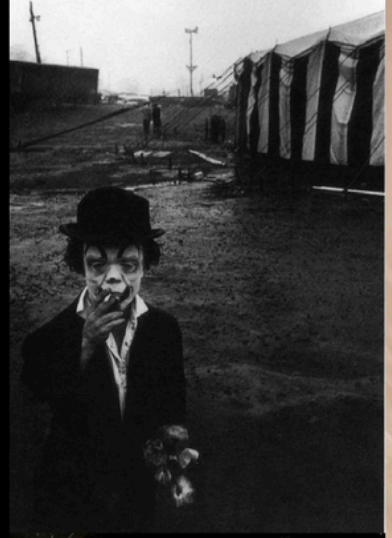
As the band performs, the assistant starts pulling objects from the pile, one by one. Geoff remains unfazed.

The shots of Geoff and the band are intercut with faces and characters within the show: aging actors in wrinkled Shakespearean costumes, clowns grimly sharing a cigarette, an oriental dancer practicing with a motionless boa.
It all feels like the inside of someone's head, messy memory of years and years lived, turned into a colorful cacophony.
In the meantime, the assistant keep dismantling the mountain of things, still managing to keep it intact.



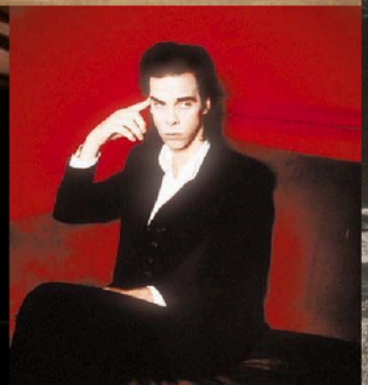












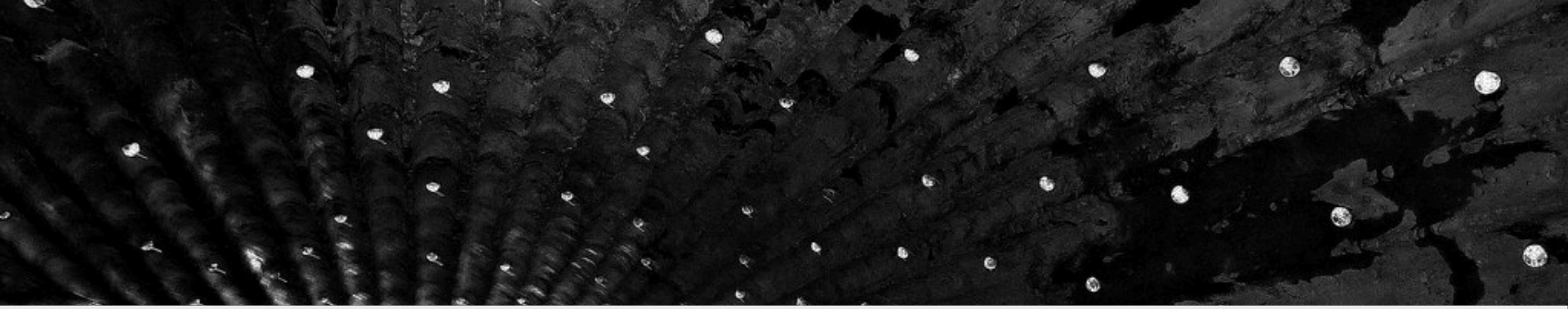

Randall









The clowns are getting rowdy, the magician is showing the same tired trick again and again. In a desperate move, the assistant reaches out for a chair at the very bottom of the pile - she pulls it out with one jerky move, and the entire construction comes crashing down in slow motion. Chairs, photo frames, manuscripts, Geoff's guitar - everything comes smashing down on the floor - except for Geoff himself. Instead, the white dove is flying up to the ceiling, miraculously liberated from her cage.

Fade to black.









