

Brainstorming

1.

New York at night. Busy streets, lighted everywhere. Early 1940's. A flock of pigeons somewhere. We follow a white pigeon through the sky until it lands at Tesla's window ledge at the Hotel New Yorker.

A tall, thin old man comes and pets the pigeon. I imagine he should say some line that is classic, and extremely memorable.

Everything – every shot, every scene, every moment, every word – should be classic, memorable, magical.

Where have you been, my love?

There you are, my love.

Maybe something like that.

Or maybe no words.

Or maybe he talks to it so much that it seems partially insane. Who is this crazy man?

Tesla – cat, static electricity. Geese, friends, carved swords, imagery, mother, home with father and brother, with three sisters,