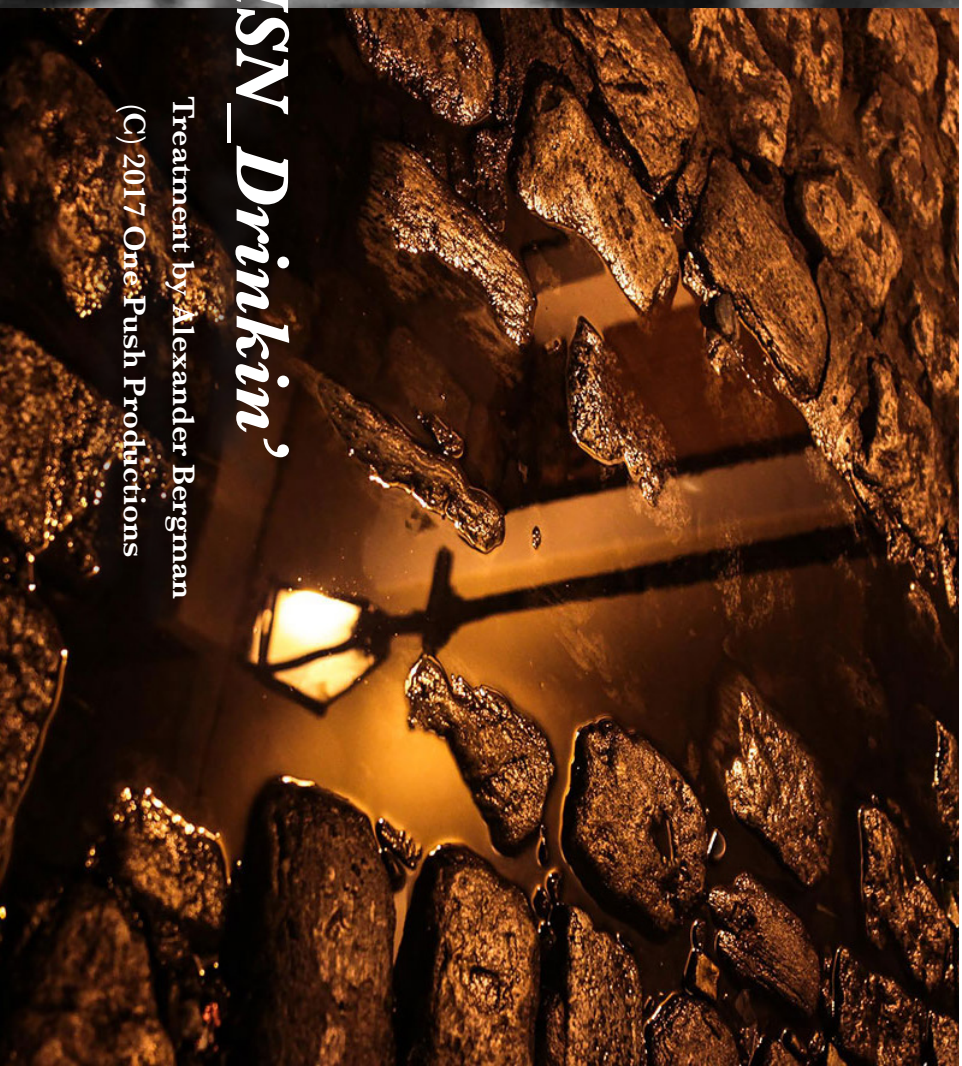


JMSN_ Drinkin'



Treatment by Alexander Bergman
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INTRO

***You've been drinking.
I've been drinking.
We've all been drinking, moreso since Novemeber.***

*I was born in New Orleans.
Grew up there until I was seven.
New Orleans has a magic about it.*

*It's a town of drunken celebration
unlike any other in America.
Look no further than the Jazz Funeral,
where they play music and dance*

*in the streets as they celebrate
the deceased.*

*This song, it's got a drawl to it.
Time is slowed, repeated, and dulled
according to the logic of the drink.
It reminded me of the sauntering
march of a Jazz Funeral.*

STORY

It's the middle of the night
in the French Quarter.
On a quiet street.

KLANK!

A bar door opens,
JMSN stumbles out.

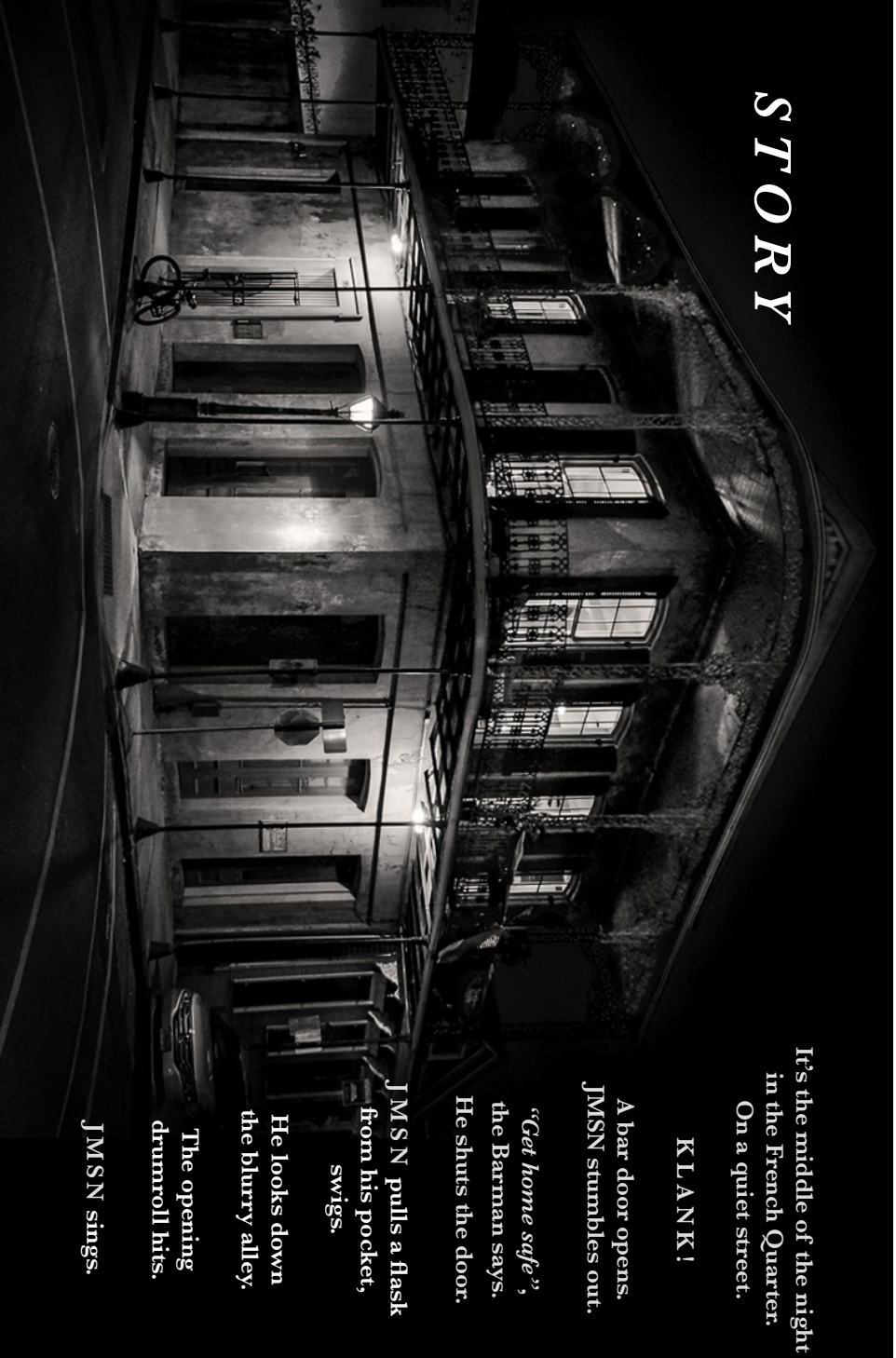
"*Get home safe*",
the Barman says.
He shuts the door.

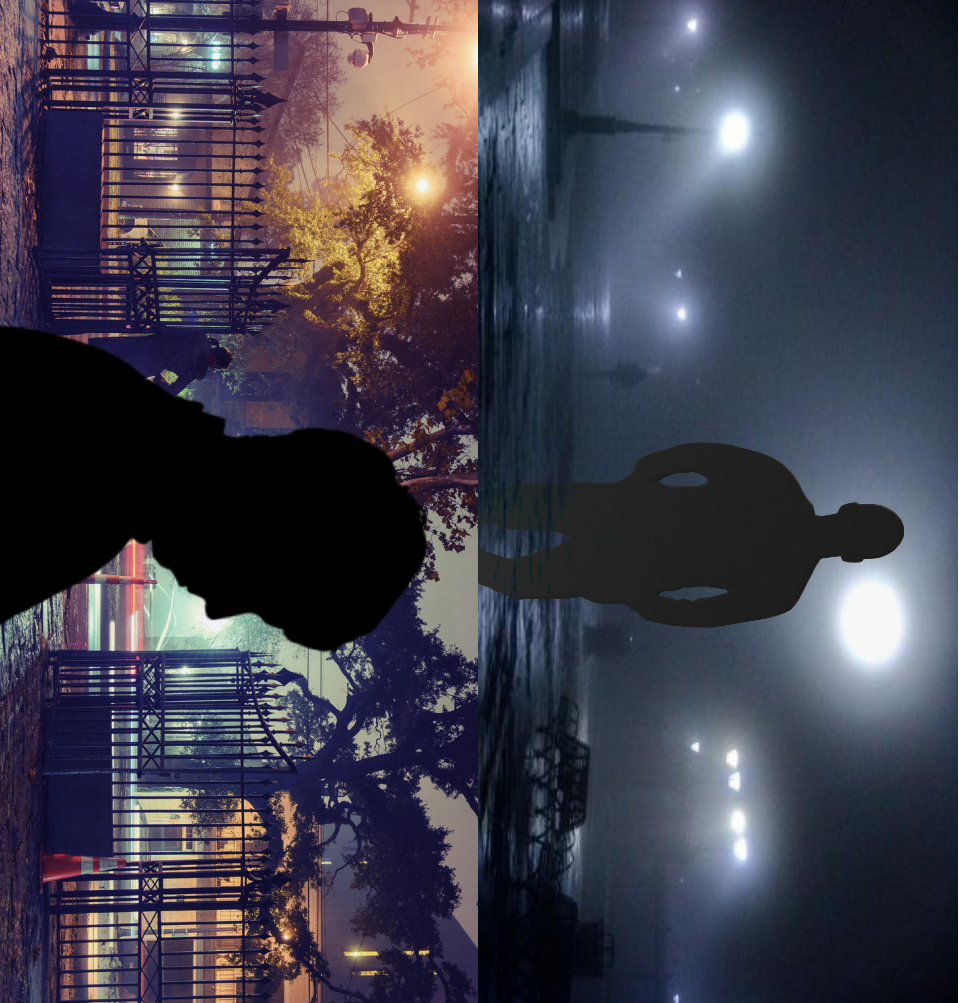
JMSN pulls a flask
from his pocket,
swigs.

He looks down
the blurry alley.

The opening
drumroll hits.

JMSN sings.





He walks through the ghost town,
drunkenly singing the track.

He stops singing.
The song stops.

He hears something.
A brass band.

From the mist emerges a Man
with a top hat, marching.

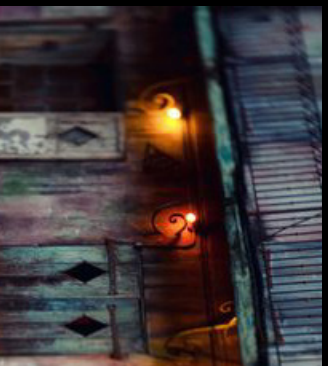
Behind him a Brass Band emerges.

Then, four Pallbearers carrying a
casket, painted with the stars and
stripes of the American Flag.

The procession arrives,
passing JMSN.

JMSN follows along.





He continues singing, "I been drinkin'."

"Oh, you better slow down," The Pallbearers chime along.

The sun rises as they continue.

JMSN floats along them, performing.

He's now wearing the top hat and uniform, leading the procession drunkenly.

The Pallbearers join in as the chorus again, but now they're all JMSN.



They march down the city streets.

The band plays on.

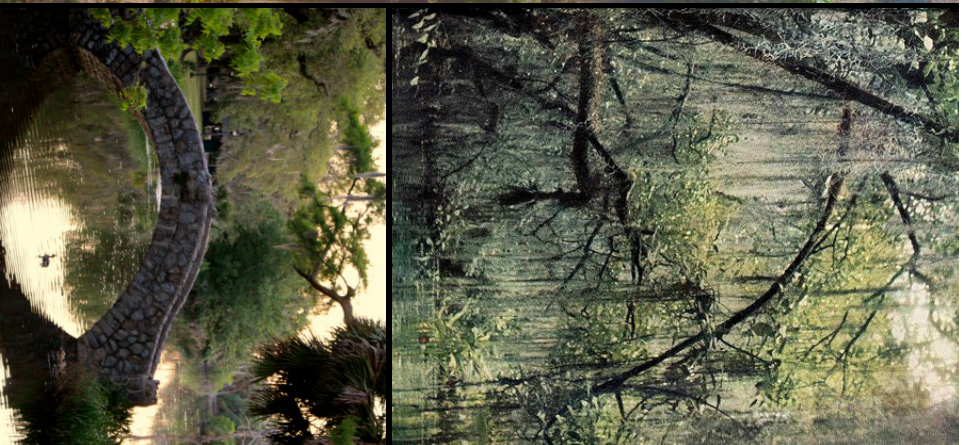
JMSN performs, now floating above everyone.

He's sitting in the casket.

Dancers in colorful outfits fan out behind him.

The procession arrives at City Park.





They carry the casket
past the pussywillows,
To the placid water
of the bayou.
They lower the casket
into the water.
JMSN takes one more swig,
tosses his empty flask
into the water.
He closes the casket,
shuts his eyes
and falls asleep.
The casket floats away.



THE FILM

A night scene of a park with a stone path, a fountain, and a building in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with warm lights from the building and street lamps illuminating the path and the fountain. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

The tone of the piece is important, and while the concept may seem morbid for a song about enjoying yourself, this film is a celebration of life and the time you get to spend in it. The overwhelming sense I want to impart is of wonderment, and the joy of life.

It's a bittersweet dance, and you enjoy it while you can, and then you go to sleep.

A few years ago I did this same walk for a funeral, all the way up to the pond where we scattered the ashes. It was gorgeous, begging to be filmed. Afterwards we got drunk and celebrated.

In order to bring this iconographic imagery to life, it needs the element of the fantastical. That's where the cinematography comes in. Through a combination of chiaroscuro night exteriors with a cold blue haze, the arrival of the Jazz funeral will be heightened to mythic proportions.

The sunrise sequence will have a warm tone with heightened contrast and punchy glows of edge light, like halos. The park sequence will be rich in greens and browns, the return to earth.

Camera movement will be austere, with each shot guiding us calmly through the story.