

A pigeon rests in the centre of the alleyway. The bird's wing is distorted, clearly broken.



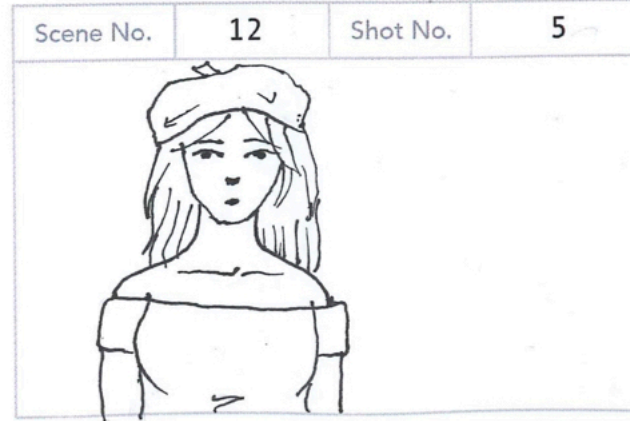
It squirms in distress.



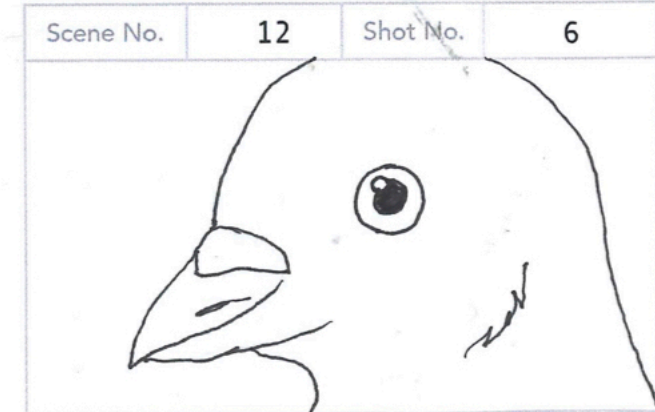
NANCY hasn't noticed the bird as she fumbles with the lock of her front door.



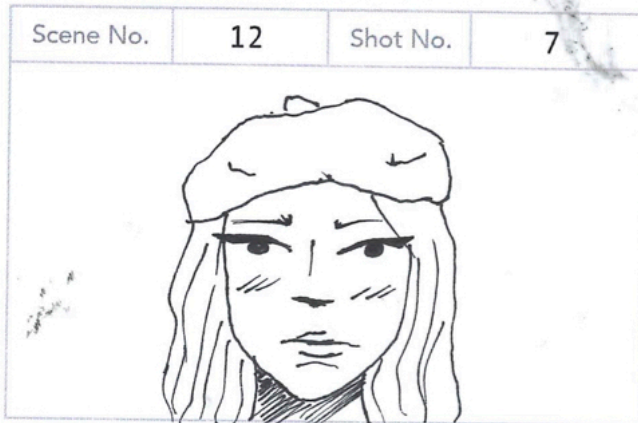
She steps forward in the pigeon's direction, it's shrill caw finally catches her attention.



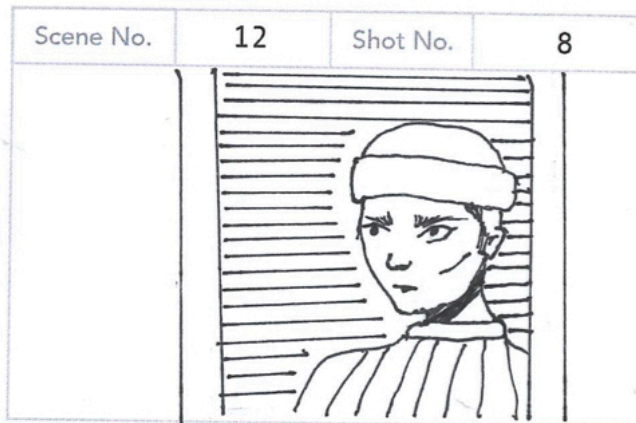
she halts, the air is still.



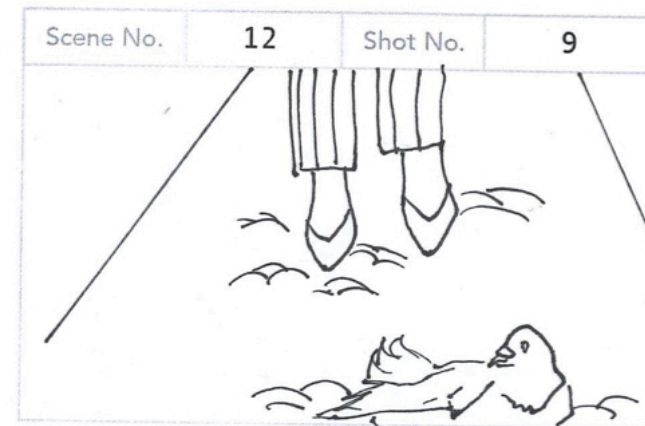
The pigeon's eyes are beady but wide. The bird stares at NANCY.



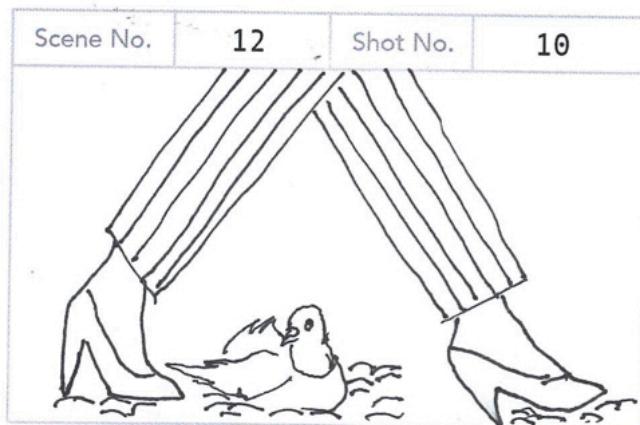
She stares back.



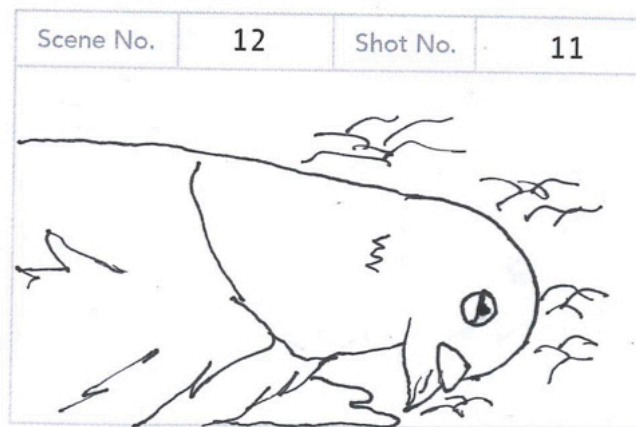
In the vacant office building across from NANCY'S apartment, THE MAN stares too.



It feels like a lifetime before NANCY makes a step forward. The bird's squeal is nauseating.



THE MAN watches as NANCY steps over the pigeon and towards the bus stop.



The pigeons shrill falters, blood seeps into the rest of its' feathers.



THE MAN closes the blinds.