

FLIGHT DECK

Critique Analysis

Company

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Watching *Company* feels like being gently reminded of something we all know but rarely slow down enough to admit: loneliness isn't always loud, and belonging doesn't always arrive in the shape we expect. The film presents itself as a warm-hearted comedy, and it absolutely earns that description, but what surprised me most is how quietly profound it becomes once you let it sit with you. Beneath the humor, the charm, and the sheer delight of its practical craftsmanship, *Company* is deeply concerned with identity, migration, emotional survival, and the way the human mind adapts when connection feels out of reach.

At the center of the film is Candela, beautifully brought to life by Georgette Castro with a performance that feels lived-in rather than performed. Candela's isolation isn't exaggerated or melodramatic. It's subtle, almost mundane. She's working, she's functioning, she's technically "fine." But the film understands that isolation often hides in routine, especially for someone building a life far from home. Candela's experience as a young Colombian woman navigating a new environment is never reduced to exposition; instead, it's embedded in her posture, her silences, and the way she occupies space. You can feel how her world has narrowed without her fully realizing it.

Larry, the puppet living in her desk drawer, could easily have become a gimmick in lesser hands. Instead, he emerges as something far more emotionally complex. He's quick-witted, funny, and undeniably charming, but he's

also deeply symbolic. Larry feels like an externalized inner voice — the part of Candela that refuses to disappear, the part that still plays, questions, jokes, and pushes back against numbness. Whether you read him as a coping mechanism, an imagined companion, or a manifestation of suppressed creativity, the film never forces a single interpretation. That openness is one of its greatest strengths. Larry doesn't need to be explained away. He simply exists, much like the emotional needs that brought him into being.

The choice to rely entirely on practical effects, without CGI or digital intervention, is not just technically impressive — it's thematically resonant. There is something deeply human about seeing Larry physically occupy the same space as Candela. His tangibility reinforces the film's core argument: connection has weight. It's not

abstract. It lives in shared space, in eye lines, in timing, in presence. The realism of the effects grounds the relationship, allowing the audience to emotionally invest without irony or distance. You stop thinking about how Larry works and start thinking about why he matters.

What I found especially compelling is how *Company* interrogates the idea of “company” itself. The film gently contrasts the corporate, professional meaning of the word with its emotional counterpart. Candela works for a company, but she is sustained by companionship. The director’s question — whether we are defined by the company we work for or the company we keep — echoes through every interaction. The desk drawer becomes a kind of liminal space, a private refuge within a public, structured world. It’s

where Candela can be fully herself without performance or expectation.

The humor in the film never undermines its emotional stakes. Instead, it acts as a survival mechanism. Laughter becomes a way to stay afloat, a way to keep despair from settling in too deeply. There's a psychological honesty here about how people cope with loneliness — not always through tears, but often through imagination, humor, and small acts of self-connection. The film treats this not as weakness, but as resilience.

Family, too, is redefined in a way that feels both modern and deeply personal. *Company* doesn't dismiss biological family, but it refuses to treat it as the sole source of meaning. Instead, it suggests that family is something we actively construct, often in unexpected ways. The bond between Candela and Larry is not played for absurdity; it's

played for truth. It asks the audience to consider how many of us survive by forming unconventional attachments, especially when traditional support systems are absent or distant.

Brian Mortensen's direction is confident without being showy. There's a clear respect for character, for pacing, and for emotional breathing room. You can feel his commitment to compassionate storytelling, and to filmmaking as a communal act rather than a hierarchical one. That ethos seems baked into the film itself. *Company* feels made by people who believe in togetherness — not just as a theme, but as a practice.

By the time the film ends, what lingers isn't just the cleverness of its concept or the impressiveness of its craft, but a quiet emotional warmth. *Company* leaves you smiling, yes, but also reflecting. It invites you

to think about who keeps you company when no one is watching, who helps you remember yourself when the world feels indifferent, and how courage sometimes begins in the smallest, most unexpected places.

Ultimately, *Company* is a celebration of imagination as emotional lifeline, of connection as an act of defiance against isolation, and of the idea that meaning doesn't always come from grand relationships — sometimes it comes from opening a drawer and choosing to engage with what's waiting there. It's tender, funny, and deeply humane, the kind of film that doesn't shout its message but trusts you to feel it.
