

PITCH BLACK.

There is only complete darkness. Nothing can be seen and the only sounds to be heard are of RUSTLING and CLUNKING with an occasional strenuous BREATH. Heavy objects are being moved.

Infrequently, an electronic BEEP can be heard.

MILO

Crowbars?

TOM

Check.

MILO

Grappling hook?

PAMELA

Check.

MILO

Nitroglycerin?

There is a loud CRASH. Glass shatters and a metal lid rolls on concrete. It echoes throughout the room.

SETH

Check.

MILO

Flashlight?

The rustling slows down considerably. It eventually stops altogether.

MILO

We forgot the flashlight.

SETH

We didn't forget the flashlight.  
We forgot the batteries.

MILO

No batteries? Shit. Shit.  
Well, as long as we have  
everything else that's totally  
essentia... What's that sound?  
Seth, is that your Gameboy?

SETH

Uh, yeah.

MILO

Any chance we can use the  
batteries for the flashlight  
instead?

There is more rustling and the snap of plastic. The  
electronic beeping continues.

A dull, small light flicks on. It dodges around the  
room jerkily.

The movement of the light slows down and creeps  
sluggishly up the wall.

SETH

That's where it is!

The roof light clicks on, revealing:

INT. GARAGE

The bright light from the overhead lamp reveals four men and a woman inside a cluttered garage.

MILO is a good looking young man in his late 20s. He wears all black, has a black backpack on and is a couple of days overdue for a shave. SETH is also in his late 20s and sports a shaggy haircut. He is dressed in camouflage gear and is laden with jars and overstuffed gym bags.

Milo and Seth stand at the centre of the room.

Alongside the walls stand the remaining members of the group. TOM, muscular, mid-30s, wears black from top to bottom. PAMELA is in her early 20s, dressed in bright colours, the gentle, mother earth type.

STAN stands on an opposite side of the room. He is a slim, balding man in his mid-thirties. He wears dark jeans that are too small for him and a black button up shirt done up to the top button.

Tom, Barbara and Stan are all playing Gameboys.

MILO

You all brought your Gameboys?

Stan is leaning against a shelf, and slowly puts his Gameboy down.

He stands beside six giant bags of horse fertilizer in a wheelbarrow, wears a heavy-duty harness over his shoulder, carries a grappling hook, and has a gas mask on top of his head. He is carrying enough gear for seven people and does not look comfortable doing so.

STAN

It's just such a long bus ride.  
And then we have to transfer...

Milo glances at his watch.

MILO

Fine. Fine. What else? Fuses?

TRINA

Check.

MILO

Ointment? For Seth's thing.  
Nobody ask.

Seth glances around the room, smiling broadly.

SETH

I picked it up at the World Bank  
protest in Berlin.

MILO

Right. Ski masks?

SETH

Check. But I have a question  
about those. They're actually  
toques.

MILO

Oh yeah. My mom was running out  
of wool.

SETH grabs a toque and puts it on. It is black with  
yellow stitching on the rim. He points to the  
stitching.

SETH

She stitched our names into them.

MILO

I know. I told her about the mix-up we had last time we wore ski masks.

TOM

So instead of making us anonymous ski masks, we are supposed to break into the Sears Centre wearing toques that show our faces and have our names on them?

SETH

Your mom spelled my name wrong.

Bright yellow stitching on the toque reads SETTH.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Milo and Seth sit side-by-side on a couch. The apartment décor is spartan, very much a student apartment. The men are fidgety and giddy as they stare directly into the camera.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Why don't you guys introduce yourselves?

MILO