

BANK ROBBERS

Mattfilms Ltd, Ontario, Canada
Producer: Ashley Matt
Ashley@mattfilmsltd.ca

EXT. BLACK FOREST, GERMANY - DAY

A shadow that appears to belong to a large creature with spindly legs moves swiftly through the forest, through the trees and along the mossy ground. A wind picks up.

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY

Clothes hang on a line in the backyard of a quaint homestead. A giant gust of wind comes along and blows the clothes.

A shadow passes followed by a series of shimmering lights. Sprightly giggles are heard.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, CITY - DAY

A shipping container stands open and on a eighteen-wheeler/lorry. A gust of wind comes along and the shadow and the shimmering lights fly into the container.

A WORKER unaware of the shadow approaches and shuts the container door. She checks off something on a piece of paper on a clipboard.

CLOSE UP of tariff paper:

IMPORT/EXPORT: ALCOHOL, BEER AND SPIRITS FROM GERMANY TO

CANADA

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The eighteen-wheeler/lorry drives along the road.

EXT. PORT - DAY

Shipping containers are stacked on a mega container ship. The container the shadow went into is loaded on to the ship.

EXT. STREET, TOWN, CANADA - DAY

AGGIE, male late 30s, dressed in unflattering cargo shorts and a black gamer hoodie, rocking long unwashed and uncared for hair, walks swiftly and anxiously.

INT. BANK - DAY

Aggie opens a glass door, moving past an exiting customer, side stepping them.

AGGIE

Excuse me.

Aggie scurries along and locates a GREETER. Timidly and with embarrassment he approaches the greeter, woman 50s.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Hi. Can I use your washroom?

GREETER

I'm sorry. Our washroom is for staff only.

AGGIE

Please, please. It's urgent. It's my stomach.

Aggie does a little dance with his feet to indicate the severity of the situation.

GREETER

It's nearing five. We're closing up in five minutes.

The greeter's words are passive aggressive which turns to forced sympathy.

The greeter waits long enough to reply to show that she wasn't lying before, but will make the exception.

GREETER (CONT'D)

Okay. But only because it's urgent. We have to go downstairs.

The greeter walks briskly ahead and Aggie follows like a child, keeping pace with a little shuffle. They pass a row of tellers.

The greeter arrives at a door and with a rattle of keys she unlocks the door and pushes it open for Aggie.

AGGIE

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Aggie passes by the woman who holds the door open with her body.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Aggie looks down the stairs that he's meant to go down. He looks back at the greeter. The greeter suggests he get going.

She shuts the door. Aggie hesitantly starts to go down the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A toilet and sink stand open and bare oddly out of place in the basement.

Behind a divider MILA, woman, 40s/50s in a posh gown and bolero jacket, looks in a full length mirror while applying mascara to an already made up face.

Aggie opens comes in to the room.

Mila turns when she hears someone, she attempts to step out and announce herself.

But before she can Aggie has already rushed the toilet while pulling his pants down, stopping Mila from saying anything.

Aggie sits on the toilet and lets it all out, pooping away his insides, irritable bowel syndrome taking effect on his body.

Mila pulls a face of embarrassment, recoiling farther behind the divider hoping the man won't find out that she's just heard him evacuate himself.

Aggie is relieved, his anxiety pushed back for a brief moment, he breathes deeply.

He reaches for toilet paper. He wipes himself, pulls up and buttons his shorts. Exits the stall.

From upstairs screams and yelling is heard. A gun is fired. Aggie is startled and freezes.

Mila is startled and steps back in to a pile of boxes, disrupting the divider.

Aggie is shocked by the second commotion and backs away from the divider, putting a hand to his chest.

AGGIE
Who's there?

Mila grinds her teeth. Upset at herself for making the noise, now knowing she'll have to reveal herself. She sheepishly comes out from behind the divider.

Aggie takes a moment to let his heart find its natural pace again after being startled. He looks from Mila to the toilet and back to Mila.

He is reminded of the shit in the toilet. He rushes to it, puts the lid down and flushes.

Indeterminate shouting is heard from upstairs.

A man screams an agonizing scream. Aggie and Mila hurry to the door.

Mila reaches for the handle. Aggie puts his hand out to stop her.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Wait.

MILA

What?

AGGIE

You can't go out there.

MILA

Why not?

AGGIE

What was that noise, the screaming?

MILA

I don't know.

AGGIE

I know what a gun sounds like.
That's what we just heard.

MILA

We can't just stay in here.

Something gets hurled by the door on the opposite side.

Aggie and Mila back away from the door. Mila gets a sense that she should lock it.

She hustles back to the door and locks it. She backs away and stands beside Aggie.

The knob of the door handle is jiggled from the other side, someone testing to see if they can get in.

The knob stops being jiggled and Mila and Aggie let out a collective shallow breath.

AGGIE
(whispering)
What the hell is going on?

MILA
I think the bank is being robbed.

Aggie moves towards the toilet and sits down on the seat.

Mila walks over and sits down beside him, her back against the wall. She maneuvers the gown to make it sit more comfortably on her body.

MILA (CONT'D)
I guess we're going to be in here
for a while.

AGGIE
Has this happened before?

MILA
Not since I've worked here.

AGGIE
And before that.

MILA
I don't know. Desperate times
though I guess.

AGGIE
Of all the places I decide to come
in to.

MILA
You weren't to have known.

AGGIE
Sure.

Sirens are heard from outside. Aggie goes to a high up side window that's near the divider Mila was behind earlier.

Mila gets up and goes over to the window.

MILA
What is it?

AGGIE
Sounds like police. Here, get me
something to stand on.

Mila looks about and pushes over some boxes and Aggie gets up on one.

He uses Mila as a balance, holding her shoulder while on tip toes to see out the window.

MILA

What do you see?

AGGIE

Nothing. This looks out to the alley.

Another gun shot from inside the bank.

Mila and Aggie duck and crouch in on themselves instinctively. Aggie gets off the box.

They both move towards the wall beside the door and press themselves up against it.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

What are we suppose to do? Could it be a robbery?

MILA

I thought we already established that.

AGGIE

Sure. Ya. You're right. We should be quiet.

MILA

Don't you think we should go out there and help?

AGGIE

How can we help!?

MILA

I'm suppose to be in there.

AGGIE

Do you think someone will mention you?

MILA

I don't know.

AGGIE

Do you have a phone?

MILA
Left it at my desk. You?

Aggie shakes his head.

AGGIE
In my dad's car.

Aggie convulses and grabs at his chest. He makes a sharp sound.

MILA
Are you alright?

Aggie breathes short tight breaths through a clenched mouth.

Aggie paces and Mila approaches.

MILA (CONT'D)
Breathe. Breathe.

AGGIE
I can't breathe.

MILA
Bend over. Rest your arms on your knees.

Aggie follows Mila's instructions.

MILA (CONT'D)
Breathe. In through your nose, out through your mouth.

Aggie breathes sloppily.

AGGIE
What if they hear us?

MILA
We'll deal with that if it comes. Right now breathe.

Aggie's breathing becomes more regulated. His legs wobble.

AGGIE
I have to lay down. I have to lay down.

MILA
Okay. Over here.

AGGIE
No. Here.

Aggie gets down on all fours.

He slowly eases his belly down on to the floor too weak to do anything else.

Aggie lets his cheek rest on the floor, reveling in the coolness it brings.

He breathes in and out in long controlled puffs.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
This is good. This is good.

Mila kneels down beside Aggie. Aggie rolls over on to his back.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
I have panic attacks.

MILA
I noticed.

Aggie looks over to Mila then at the ceiling. He rests the back of his hand on his forehead.

Mila sits her bum on the floor and puts her legs out in front of her.

Aggie notices and shifts his head on to Mila's legs using her as a pillow.

AGGIE
Do you mind?

MILA
I guess not.

AGGIE
Why aren't you freaked out?

MILA
I've seen a lot over the years.

Takes a lot to rattle me I guess.

Aggie looks up at Mila.

AGGIE
You have beautiful eyelashes.

MILA
Thank you.

Aggie nods his head slowly, as if it all makes sense, laying

there on the floor with his head on a stranger's legs
complimenting her on her body hair.

AGGIE

Well, you've seen me shit and
talked me down from panic mode.
Tell me something about yourself.

MILA

What to say?

AGGIE

You could start with your name.

MILA

Mila Hallstrom. You?

AGGIE

Aggie.

MILA

No last name.

AGGIE

No.

MILA

Been manager at this bank for ten
years.

AGGIE

Manager? They are definitely going
to be looking for you.

MILA

True.

AGGIE

And.

MILA

I'm pretty average I'd. Day and
night routines are steady. Meals,
work, exercise.

Aggie makes eyes at Mila's dress. Aggie sits up and rests
himself against the wall beside Mila.

AGGIE

Pretty boring for a someone who says she's seen a lot. What's with the dress?

MILA

The last ten years have been a different kind of life than my first few. The dress. Suppose to be celebrating with my wife tonight.

AGGIE

Wait. Hallstrom. You said Hallstrom?

MILA

Yes.

AGGIE

Mila Hallstrom?

MILA

Yes.

Aggie looks at Mila in disbelief.

AGGIE

I read your book.

MILA

A lot of people did.

Mila gets up from the floor and dusts her bum off. She gracefully takes off her jacket and hangs it on a wall hook.

Aggie watches her.

She moves to the sink and turns on the tap. She cups her hands under the water and drinks from them. She turns off the tap.

She pulls some paper towel from a dispenser and dabs her hands and face. She looks at Aggie.

Aggie averts his gaze automatically and fixes his eyes on a spot on the wall in front of him.

AGGIE

You're right, you have seen a lot.

Muffled voices in the bank become clearer as the talking people seem to come near the basement door.

Keys jangle and what seems like a person is shoved in to the basement door making it shake.

Aggie recoils at the commotion. The shuffling and muffled voices retreat.

A stone chips at the window. Mila and Aggie both look in the direction of the window. Another stone chips at the window. Mila moves to it.

Aggie cautiously gets up and follows Mila. Another stone. Mila stands on the box Aggie was on earlier and peers as best she can out of the tiny opening.

Another stone. Mila instinctively ducks her head but realizes she can't be hit. She questioningly looks at Aggie.

Aggie shrugs his shoulders.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Maybe open the window?

Aggie motions with his hand. Mila opens the window. She strains her head to speak out of it.

MILA
Hello?

Crackling of a walkie-talkie is heard from outside.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey chief, we've got someone inside. Wanna send another officer over.

MILA
Hello? Who's that?

At the window a pair of black boots of the POLICE WOMAN are seen and a thin cane that she must be holding.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
Miss are you injured?

Aggie winces.

AGGIE
(whispering)
Shhhhh! Tell her to keep it down!

MILA
(loud whisper)
Can you keep it down? We don't want to get in trouble in here.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
 (loud whisper)
 Are you hurt? Are you with any
 other hostages?

AGGIE
 Hostages?

MILA
 I'm in here with a man.

More walkie-talkie crackles.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
 We've got two in the back ma'am.
 (to Mila)
 Miss, please hang tight. We're
 getting a handle on this situation.

MILA
 Hang tight?

Mila steps off the box flabbergasted.

MILA (CONT'D)
 She told us to hang tight.

AGGIE
 Good advice. Hostages?

Aggie sits on the toilet seat, he sweeps his hands through
 his hair, pushes it to one side. Nervously he flips it back.

Mila sits on the box he was standing on.

MILA
 How about that.

AGGIE
 What was it like?

MILA
 What was what like?

AGGIE
 Being with her?

MILA
 Oh.

Mila shifts her gown, preparing herself for reverie.

MILA (CONT'D)
 It was exciting. I felt special.

AGGIE

You know what got me about it?

Aggie interrupts, Mila's nostalgia abruptly cut short mid clothes shift.

Mila looks at Aggie.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Shouldn't she have gone to jail.

You were a minor.

Aggie flips her hair from one side to the other, compulsively running his fingers through it and pulling out loose strands.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

I mean you claimed that you were the predator but I don't believe it. She was still an adult. She still had authority and power over you.

MILA

Stop combing your hair with your fingers. It's not becoming.

Mila shoots up from her seat stock straight as if this will reclaim a dignity she feels she's lost through Aggie's remarks. She smooths out her gown.

MILA (CONT'D)

I stand by my claim. I didn't report her. That's why she didn't go to jail. I owned that part of my life. Can you say the same about anything in yours?

Mila eyes Aggie critically as she strides past him on route to the mirror above the sink where she watches her reflection as she adjusts her dress.

Mila leans in to the sink and studies her eyes, wiping away any smudges from the corners.

Mila turns and leans casually against the sink and folds her arms.

MILA (CONT'D)

So. Can you?

Aggie takes a hair band from his pocket and ties his hair back.

AGGIE
It doesn't matter what I've done.

MILA
An easy answer.

AGGIE
It's not about easy.

MILA
Then what is it about?

AGGIE
I was talking about you. Not me.

MILA
I don't owe anyone an explanation.

AGGIE
Then why did you write the book.

MILA
People were curious. I felt like sharing. I'm not ashamed.

AGGIE
You should be.

MILA
Excuse me.

AGGIE
It was unnatural. Morally wrong.

MILA
How so?

AGGIE
Pedophilia.

MILA
I was thirteen not three.

AGGIE
Close enough.

MILA
I lured her. Intentionally. I knew what I was doing. And it would be statutory rape if anything.

AGGIE

I'm not sure that's a strong argument.

MILA

And what would you argue?

AGGIE

Sure, we're all attracted to young pretty things. But to act on it.

MILA

So you are attracted to 13 year old girls too?

AGGIE

That's not what I meant.

MILA

It seems like that's what you meant.

AGGIE

Oh come on. You're stretching.

MILA

You are.

Aggie shoots up from the toilet, fuming, pent up rage boiling over unexpectedly and triggered from such a small disagreement.

He gets in Mila's face and points a stiff angry finger at her.

AGGIE

You shut the fuck up. You don't know what you're talking about.

Mila has seen attitude like this before. She doesn't flinch. She puffs out her chest.

MILA

Back the fuck off little boy.

Aggie sees he has lost. He backs off walks away a bit.

Takes a moment to think. He sits on the toilet again.

AGGIE

I got drunk once.

MILA

Once?

AGGIE

This one time I got drunk.
Better? I saw a man trying to
abduct a woman. He had her by the
arm. Held her tight. There wasn't
much yelling or screaming. More
hushed tones. She looked
petrified.

MILA

And.

AGGIE

I stepped in. I guess I was bold
because I was drunk. I didn't
think about it, I just did it. I
wish I could be like that all the
time. But I'm not. Sober me isn't
very noble.

MILA

Oh spare me. At least you did
something.

Frustrated by the tedium and self reflection of this stranger
Mila strides briskly across the room towards the window.

MILA (CONT'D)

Where the hell is that officer?

Mila abruptly stops mid stride and lifts a pained foot.

MILA (CONT'D)

Owe, ah, shit.

AGGIE

You okay?

Mila hobbles to the toilet, being gentle and not putting too
much weight on one foot.

MILA

Can you move?

Aggie obliges and gets up. Mila sits down and crosses her
pained foot on to her opposite knee.

MILA (CONT'D)

There's something in my shoe.

Mila unzips her fashionable boot and slips it off.

Se shakes it out, feels around inside. Nothing. She puts the boot down and removes her sock. She feels around in it, pulls it inside out.

Nothing. She feels along the bottom of her foot. Nothing.

Mila turns her sock right side and puts it on.

MILA (CONT'D)
Fucking thing has been haunting me
all day. Can't find what's
stabbing me.

AGGIE
A sliver?

Mila looks at Aggie sardonically as she picks up her boot and puts it back on.

Aggie takes the tie out of his hair, puts it on his wrist and fiddle with it. He walks back and forth.

He puts his hair back in to a pony tail. He walks to the sink and rinses his face. He takes up a paper towel and dabs at his face.

A piece of paper is slipped under the door. Aggie and Mila look at it. Aggie absentmindedly continues to dab at his face with the towel.

Mila goes to the paper and waits a moment. Looks at Aggie for an answer. Aggie nudges his head suggesting she pick it up.

She does. She reads it. She folds it and puts it in her pocket.

Aggie moves towards Mila, expectant.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
What does it say?

MILA
Just a disgruntled lover.

Mila waves her hand brushing away any thought that the letter holds any importance.

AGGIE
Seriously. What. Tell me.

MILA
Why? It's got nothing to do with
you.

AGGIE
Of course it has something to do
with me.

MILA
How?

AGGIE
I'm stuck in here with you.

MILA
And?

AGGIE
We're in this together.

MILA
And?

AGGIE
What happens to you happens to me
while we're in here.

MILA
Pshaw! Bull. It's no different in
here than if we were out there.

Mila points to the basement door.

AGGIE
You're right. It would be more
important out there. At least
we're somewhat safe in here. How am
I suppose to trust you if you won't
share that simple thing with me?

MILA
Who says we have to trust each
other?

Aggie eyes Mila suspiciously.

Aggie rushes Mila and claws at the pocket that Mila slipped
the note in to.

AGGIE
Talk about trust. This is what
happens when we can't trust each
other. You like it like this?

Mila bats Aggie off.

MILA
What's your issue?

AGGIE

My issue is that I'm getting a little tired of being in here with you. I don't like you.

MILA

Not many people do sweetheart.

AGGIE

Don't you call me sweetheart.

MILA

I have to use the toilet.

Mila eyes Aggie.

MILA (CONT'D)

Can you?

Mila looks towards the divider she was behind earlier.

MILA (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Aggie moves to the divider and stands behind it. He looks around at the boxes of toilet paper, cleaners.

Mila's stream begins.

Aggie notices a duffel bag that has a tiny lock through the holes of its main zippers poking out from under a box of receipt paper.

He sneaks a look around the divider then goes in deeper to see the bag.

Mila's stream ends.

Aggie pops away from the bag, not wanting to be caught having noticed something possibly out of place.

MILA (CONT'D)

I'm done. Thank you.

Aggie emerges from behind the divider.

Mila washes her hands at the sink. She looks at Aggie through the mirror.

MILA (CONT'D)

What's wrong? You look strange.

AGGIE

Any stranger than before?

Aggie pulls his hair out of the ponytail and massages his scalp, working at the bruised follicles.

He looks around. He spots a stool and with his foot nudges it bit by bit across the room. Each shove the stool scrapes on the gritty floor.

Nudge. Nudge. Nudge.

Mila watches Aggie's strange behaviour. She leans against the wall.

With a final shove the stool is butted up against the wall beside the sink.

Aggie rejoices in sitting down on it.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm not about to sit my ass on this cold floor.

Mila puts both hands up, suggesting that she has no qualms with Aggie's choice.

MILA

And why should you.

AGGIE

How long have you worked here again?

MILA

Going on a good ten years I'd say.

AGGIE

Lucky woman.

MILA

How's that?

AGGIE

I would have killed for a steady job like this.

MILA

What stopped you?

AGGIE

Life being what it is and all.

MILA

Bullshit. So what have you been doing?

AGGIE

Got my parents to take care of
haven't I? Part time work when I
could.

Mila doesn't buy it.

MILA

I see. Anything else.

Aggie looks at Mila with disdain.

AGGIE

The world is just one pile of
assholes. Every place I've ever
been someone had it in for me. One
time at the game shop this new girl
was working the till with me, she
knew she didn't know shit about the
register but kept thinking she was
hot shit and hogging all the sales.

MILA

Ever consider that maybe you were
the problem?

AGGIE

Not for a hot second.

Mila nods. She isn't about to pick a fight. Yet.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Could do with some dinner I'll tell
you that.

MILA

Guess you lost everything in that
last evac.

Mila looks at the toilet. Aggie remembers the graceless
introduction. His face shows a hint of embarrassment. His
defenses go up.

AGGIE

You've never had the go so bad I
guess?

MILA

Sure. Wasn't making fun.

AGGIE

Sounds like it.

Mila shakes her head sincerely.

MILA

Trust me. I wouldn't be cruel intentionally. Someone's got to have a stash in here somewhere.

Mila pushes herself off from the wall and heads to the divider.

Aggie eyes her as she goes. Mila rummages around. Boxes and items shuffle.

Mila speaks to herself.

MILA (CONT'D)

Come on Sandy. I know you have a load of candy in here. That fat ass of yours didn't get that way by hiding apples. Ah ha.

Mila emerges with some chocolate candy bars. She tosses one to Aggie. He catches it.

MILA (CONT'D)

Found this too.

Mila rolls a tennis ball across the floor. Aggie stops it with his foot.

AGGIE

Awe. How quaint. A little camp in. Games and candy. Aren't we lucky.

Mila walks over to Aggie and sits down beside him. Legs out in front of her. She settles in.

MILA

Could be worse. Could be out there with them.

Mila gestures towards the door.

Aggie nods.

Mila tears open her chocolate bar.

MILA (CONT'D)

Why are you so interested in me anyway?

She takes a bite of the chocolate.

AGGIE

It's not often you get to hang out with an author of a book you've read.

Aggie opens his chocolate bar and takes a bite.

MILA

It was nothing really. A flash in the pan. People got over the sensationalism of it pretty fast. That kind of reality shit is common place now anyway. Can you imagine if it came out now. I don't think anyone would bat an eye.

Mila eats another piece of her chocolate.

AGGIE

Who's to say.

Aggie eats some more of his.

Mila tilts her head to the side and agreeably considers the idea.

She appears to be caught in a bit of a day dream. She snaps herself out of it.

MILA

What would you do with the money if you got away with a robbery?

AGGIE

How much did I get away with?

MILA

Not much. Maybe 500 thousand.

AGGIE

That's not much?

MILA

In the grand scheme no. Not really.

Aggie considers the question.

AGGIE

Rent my own place I suppose.

MILA

Really? That uninspired huh?

AGGIE

I'd like to live on my own.

MILA

Don't you have any passions? Any hobbies that you would want to do?

AGGIE

I guess I'd pay for someone to take care of my parents.

MILA

I'd set myself up in some Caribbean villa and get myself a nice young pool girl. All svelte and tanned. She'd wear those brazilian bikini bottoms, bright red ones.

AGGIE

I thought this was my fantasy.

MILA

Give me a better fantasy than renting a place in this fucking town and paying for your parents to have their asses wiped and I promise I won't butt in.

AGGIE

Does it have to be a sex fantasy in order to get your approval?

MILA

It'd be better is all.

AGGIE

Pervert.

MILA

Prude.

AGGIE

It's pointless.

MILA

What?

AGGIE

Fantasies. It's not going to happen. I'm alone and that's it.

Mila senses she could do something fun here.

MILA

Do you want me to dominate you?

Aggie is taken aback. Nervous, unsure how to answer. Mila waits. Aggie slowly nods, curious.

Mila gets right up close to Aggie. Aggie allows it but looks very uncomfortable having never been this close to a person before.

He's gets worked up, aroused but isn't sure how to handle the feeling.

MILA (CONT'D)

Have you ever been this close to a woman?

Mila touches Aggie's shoulder, she moves her hand down his chest.

MILA (CONT'D)

Wash and shave your face.

Mila whispers in his ear.

MILA (CONT'D)

Wash and brush your hair.

Mila moves her hand down Aggie's leg.

Aggie cums in his pants.

MILA (CONT'D)

Shower, wash your clothes and your bed sheets.

Walkie-talkie static can be heard from outside the tiny window. Mila looks towards the window.

Mila leaves Aggie to sit in his dirty shorts as she goes to investigate.

Aggie takes a moment to compose himself. He gets up and goes to the window, he tugs at his crotch as he moves.

He pushes past Mila and gets up on the box.

AGGIE

(loud whisper)

Hey. Hey.

(to Mila)

It was all she could do before to talk to us and now nothing.

MILA

Give her a minute. We're lucky
they're here.

AGGIE

It's their damn job, they better be
here.

MILA

Oh why, why don't they come for us?

AGGIE

Don't make fun.

MILA

No I'm serious. We're important
too, are we not?

AGGIE

Maybe they don't want the robbers
to know we're here.

MILA

I'm getting sick of this.

Mila rushes to the door.

Aggie jumps off the box and charges Mila.

AGGIE

No. No.

Aggie jumps on Mila's back. The two tear around the room.

Mila swatting Aggie off of her.

She eventually manages to throw him off.

MILA

Insanity.

AGGIE

What you're about to do is
insanity.

MILA

What do you know.

AGGIE

I'm a realist Mila. I don't live
in fantasy. I don't flaunt myself
and carry myself with so much
pomp. You're a real fool.

Mila gets up close to Aggie.

MILA

And you?

Mila flips at Aggie's dirty, messy hair.

MILA (CONT'D)

With you shabby hair and your shitty clothes. With your parents and your dead end jobs. What is it now, probably bitching about co-workers at the local shit town factory. Worn out dirty sneakers, stained jeans and a holey hoodie that stinks of your dirty matted hair that is too tight because the biscuits keeping you dosile are starting to pack on your belly and back.

Tears form in Aggie's eyes. Mila has hit home and she knows it.

MILA (CONT'D)

I'm leaving.

Mila reaches for the knob. Her hand hovers over the handle. She stops herself.

Mila looks at Aggie. She's lost her nerve. She slowly brushes her hands on her gown, lost in thought.

She wanders to the toilet and sits. Aggie moves to Mila and stands beside her. He cradles her head in his chest and pets her head.

Mila accepts the kindness and seems to breathe him in.

A drill is heard outside the door. Mila and Aggie's moment has passed. They part when they hear the drill that seems to be working around the basement door.

The pair, frightened move behind the divider and crouch down. The drill stops.

Aggie rests his head in to Mila's chest. While Mila comforts Aggie by holding him gently she looks around.

Her eyes stop at the duffel bag. She gets up slowly and moves to the bag, unearthing it.

Aggie watches with intense curiosity and suspicion. Is Mila acting, or did she really have no knowledge of the bag until now?

MILA (CONT'D)
What is this?

AGGIE
It looks like a bag. I thought it was yours.

MILA
You knew about it?

AGGIE
Not for long.

MILA
(accusing, paranoid)
Did you put this here?

AGGIE
Of course not.

Mila comes in fast and strong on Aggie.

MILA
I said did you put this here?

Aggie on the defensive.

AGGIE
No! How could have I? I've never been here before!

Mila rips the bag from its location and tosses it in the centre of the floor.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Shhhhhhsh, quite. They're hear you.

MILA
I think someone is messing with me. It's my bag but I didn't bring it here. That's not my lock.

Mila puts a hand to her head and winces.

AGGIE
But why?

MILA
I don't know.

AGGIE

Do you think someone is trying to
frame you?

MILA

Does that actually happen?

Mila paces and starts to breathe erratically.

AGGIE

Who would want to hurt you like
that?

MILA

I don't make many friends. Is that
the same as making enemies?

Aggie shakes his head, indicating that he's not sure.

MILA (CONT'D)

I'm getting dizzy.

Mila's legs wobble under her. She stumbles.

MILA (CONT'D)

I'm going to be sick.

Mila's strong nature drops and she becomes jelly. Aggie moves
to her.

AGGIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Aggie tries to catch Mila as she falls. She is too heavy for
him so he mostly just lessens the impact than actually
stabilizing her.

Aggie guides her to the floor and sits on his heels. He
rests Mila's head on his thighs. He touches her forehead.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

You're on fire.

MILA

It's the moon.

AGGIE

What? You're not making sense.

MILA

The night it gets me every time.

The sun has started to set.

AGGIE

If the light is on in here when it gets dark they may start to think someone is in here.

Mila rolls her head back and forth slowly.

MILA

There is someone in here.

AGGIE

We don't want them to know that.

MILA

Maybe they already do. Maybe they want us to think they don't know we're here. Maybe that's the trick.

AGGIE

Don't be silly. We're safe. We're safe in here.

Tears form in Mila's eyes.

MILA

Are we?

A tear wells up and out of one of her eyes and rolls down her cheek. Aggie takes his hoodie off and rolls it up as a pillow for

Mila. He moves and places it under her head so he can get up.

Mila rings her hands and moves her feet, she rocks her head and hums. The movements seeming to calm her. Aggie goes to the sink and dampens a paper towel.

He brings the towel to Mila and kneels down.

AGGIE

Open your mouth.

Mila doesn't respond.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Open your mouth, you need some water.

Mila opens her mouth slightly.

Aggie rings the towel out in to Mila's mouth. A few drops hit Mila's mouth and she laps it up gently. Aggie folds the towel and places it on Mila's head.

Mila calms more and her movements start to fade.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

We have to turn the light off.

MILA

No please don't.

AGGIE

Don't be ridiculous.

MILA

Just listen to me. Please don't turn off the light.

AGGIE

I have to.

Aggie goes for the switch, flicks it off. The last of the daylight through the tiny window leaves little light to see by.

Aggie returns to Mila and sits beside her.

MILA

I liked the attention.

AGGIE

What?

MILA

That she gave me. I liked it. I felt special. I wanted to see how far I could push my power. I had power over her. That felt good.

AGGIE

I've never felt powerful.

MILA

You should try it. You may like it.

The sunset fades. Aggie and Mila are left with only the moonlight as comfort and a way to see.

Mila turns on her side and curls up. She falls asleep.

CUT TO

Mila standing staring straight. An older woman's hand gently touches Mila's cheek.

Mila leans her head in to the hand, accepting the warmth, craving the touch, wanting to absorb it.

Tears come to Mila's eyes. Mila looks away. Her face is calm and accepting. The hand moves away. She looks back. Camera flashes flash, bulbs popping, her accepting face turns to terror.

CUT TO

Aggie watches Mila as she sleeps. He sees her face scrunched up and sees her hands balled in to fists.

Aggie gets up and puts on Mila's jacket, he pulls it tight around himself more as a comfort than to keep warm.

Aggie sits on his stool and contemplates the duffel. Aggie goes to the bag and kneels down in front of it. He fiddles with the lock. He looks at Mila to make sure she's still sleeping.

Aggie begins to pick the lock. He holds the shackle taught and spins the combination wheels one at a time.

He puts his ear to the lock as he does this to make sure he hears the click and feels the resistance of the wheel when he hits on the right number.

He does this to all three wheels. He pulls hard on the shackle. It pops open.

Aggie looks again at Mila. She is still asleep. Aggie slowly removes the lock from the zipper holes. He places it beside him on the ground.

He slowly unzips the bag. Ziiiiiiip.

Mila stirs but does not wake.

Aggie watches her. Goes back to unzipping. Ziiiiiiip. Aggie parts the bag openings. He gazes inside. He is lost in thought as he looks in. A kaleidoscope of colourful light shines and spins on his face.

AGGIE

Can I just crawl up inside of you
now? Please.

Aggie nods his head slowly as if he is answering his own question.

Aggie closes the bag tenderly. He gently zips it shut and gingerly places the lock back in the holes of the double zippers.

He clicks the lock shut and randomizes the combination wheels.

Aggie hugs the duffel bag like it's a long lost friend come back from the dead. Mila stirs again. Aggie releases the bag. Mila opens her eyes and looks around, remembering where she is.

Aggie watches as Mila rights herself from the floor.

Stiff. She rolls her neck.

She spots Aggie by the bag and is reminded of their predicament.

MILA

What are you doing?

AGGIE

Trying to open the bag.

Aggie gets out of his kneeling position and sits on his bum. He takes off his sneakers and puts them tidily beside him.

Mila follows Aggie's cue and takes off her boots.

She goes to put them neatly beside herself but then in a moment of frustration hurls each boot at the wall.

MILA

That bag is mine. But I didn't bring it here. And I've never seen that lock before.

AGGIE

You've mentioned that.

MILA

We should open it.

AGGIE

I'm so glad you said that.

Mila gains resolve and with determination moves to the bag.

MILA

I don't have the code.

Aggie gives Mila a desperate look. He reaches out and fiddles with the lock longingly. Pretending that he hasn't already seen inside.

Unsatisfied Mila huffs and turns around to lay down again, this time using the bag as pillow.

Aggie does the same on the opposite side facing away from Mila, slumping down.

Mila turns on her side and tries to look at Aggie.

MILA (CONT'D)

Why did you read my book?

Aggie shrugs his shoulders.

AGGIE

Everyone was reading it when it came out. My mom is in to all that true crime, psychology, stranger than fiction non-fiction stuff. She had it. You were a hot topic at our place during commercial breaks.

MILA

What did they have to say about me.

AGGIE

Mom thought you were a victim. Dad thought you were the devil.

Mila's face twitches. She is suppressing something.

MILA

What's the deal with your hair?

Aggie touches his head and runs his fingers through his hair.

AGGIE

What? What's wrong with it, tell me what else is wrong with me.

MILA

When's the last time you washed and brushed it?

AGGIE

Oh screw you. I don't have to win your approval. You know vanity is the enemy.

MILA

That's what ugly people say.

Aggie sits up and turns on his bum, he crosses his legs.

AGGIE

While we're nitpicking I might as well ask what's with your dress?

MILA

You can wear it if you'd like.

Aggie pretends he isn't interested. He gets up and takes off Mila's jacket. He hangs it on the wall hook he took it from.

AGGIE

No one taught me how to do all the shit you keep making fun of me for.

MILA

Does that bother you?

AGGIE

Sometimes.

A small beam of light, as if from a flash light, starts to make a sweep of the ceiling, coming from the window.

Aggie notices it. He walks around to Mila who hasn't seen it yet.

He lightly taps Mila with his forefinger to get her attention. She looks at Aggie. He points the light out to Mila.

They watch it as it moves about. It starts to make jagged short zigzags.

Aggie gets up and moves to the window. He stands on the box.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Mila)

I can't see anything.

(out the window)

Hello?

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)

(hushed)

We need your help. What's your name?

AGGIE

Aggie.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)

Aggie. I'm happy to meet you. Sorry not under better

(MORE)

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
circumstances. Do you think you
can do something for us?

Aggie looks at Mila then back to the window.

AGGIE
I guess so.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
We need you to take something from
us and follow instruction.

AGGIE
Okay.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
Hang tight. We'll send a message
down.

AGGIE
Okay.

It begins to rain.

Aggie hops down from the box and rubs his arms. He shrugs his shoulders at Mila.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Guess we're colluding with the
cops.

Aggie strolls by the duffel bag and eyes it as he goes. He hunkers down on the floor, gets comfy, crosses his arms and closes his eyes.

He rests his head against the wall and a few moments pass. Mila watches him with interest. She sits herself down on the duffel bag and twiddles her thumbs.

Aggie slowly starts to sway his head, he bobs and does some shoulder dancing. He is playing a song in his head.

A clatter of a ladder at the window. Mila looks at the window.

A manila envelope wrapped in a clear plastic bag speckled with rain is slipped through the crack of the window.

It falls to the ground. Mila looks at the envelope and at Aggie.

Mila retrieves the package and crosses the room to stand in front of Aggie.

MILA
Aggie. Aggie.

Aggie is brought back to the basement from his daydreaming. He stares expectantly at Mila, a bit perturbed for having his song interrupted.

MILA (CONT'D)
Time to start colluding.

Mila holds the bag up.

AGGIE
What should we do?

MILA
Open it.

Mila takes the envelope out of the bag, tosses the plastic aside, slips her fingers under the flap of the envelope and tears it open.

Mila pulls out a set of keys. She holds them in the palm of her hand.

She looks in the envelope to see if there is anything else. Nothing. She tips the envelope over and shakes it to make sure.

MILA (CONT'D)
What, no instructions?

She tosses the envelope aside.

MILA (CONT'D)
Well that's just great.

AGGIE
Maybe it's a test?

MILA
For what? To see if we're telepathic?

AGGIE
To see if we'll do the right thing.

MILA
That's bullshit. The right thing is follow the rules.

AGGIE
There are no rules. Look what happens when you follow rules.

Aggie gestures towards himself, sweeping his hands up and down the length of his body.

MILA
Give it a rest will you.

Mila paces around the room.

AGGIE
It's pointless then.

Aggie rolls on his side and curls in to a ball. His cheek on the cool floor again.

He breathes deeply, liking the feel of the tile on his face.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Maybe they want us to give the keys to the robbers? Maybe they are going to get what they want. I wish I thought of robbing this bank.

Aggie sits up fast, over his self-loathing diatribe.

Curious and excited now at the idea of helping the robbers.

He gets up.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Come on then. Slide them under the door.

Aggie encouragingly shoos Mila towards the door. Mila hesitantly shuffles along and allows to be taken by Aggie's wave of energy.

MILA
What if they are for something else?

AGGIE
What if they're not? Do it.

Mila hesitates. Looks at the keys in the palm of her hand that is now clammy and sweaty.

Aggie gets in close and whispers in Mila's ear

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Do it.

Mila bends and slips the keys under the door. They don't go all the way. But enough that someone on the other side can see them.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
I feel better already. Don't you.

Aggie wisps away and spins around the room.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Come dance with me.

Mila looks at Aggie with curiosity. Unsure of where the mood change came from. Mila walks close to Aggie. Again she is swept in by the wave of his energy. Mila circles Aggie as he spins.

The two circle each other.

They come closer and closer together like they have entered each others gravitational pull, drawn to each other like magnets.

Eventually they are sucked in to each other and they begin a tango. But now the two are in fresh, wild outfits. A dream.

They hold each other tightly and move sharply and precisely. They move coolly about the room.

They come to a stop after a while, they look at each other.

Both are in their old outfits again.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm tired.

Aggie wilts away from Mila and goes back to the jacket on the wall. He takes it up in his hand.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I use this as a
pillow?

Before Mila can answer Aggie rolls the jacket up and lays himself on the ground. He curls up on his side and tucks the jacket under his head.

Mila's body has residual energy after the dance, she sways a bit and twists, she shuffles her feet and snaps them together.

With a smile she sits on one of the boxes. Her eyes find the duffel bag and her smile drops.

She looks at the bag with apprehension. She looks at Aggie, he is so peaceful. Why can't she be as peaceful?

Mila reaches in to her pocket and pulls out the slip of paper that came from the door earlier.

She studies it. She stands and puts the paper back in her pocket. She moves to the bag, kneels in front of it, giving herself to it.

She works the combination wheels. Without difficulty the lock pops open. She hesitates before swiftly unzipping the bag. She pulls it apart and looks in.

The moonlight is shadowed by a cloud and darkness comes in to the room. Mila looks longingly in the bag.

She closes the bag, the moonlight returns. With fury she zips the bag shut. Angrily she fumbles with the lock attempting to put it back in the zipper holes.

She struggles. It takes a few tries to do it property. She clicks the lock shut and hits the bag.

She hits it and hits it.

Aggie wakes and sees Mila beating the bag.

Aggie scrambles up.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Stop. Stop it.

Aggie tries to rescue the bag as if it's a little defenseless animal. He puts his body in front of the bag, arms out.

Mila cools down. She looks at Aggie.

MILA
How can you defend that?

AGGIE
It's everything.

MILA
It's nothing.

AGGIE
What do you know? How can you know?

Mila moves away from the bag, she puts her hand in her pocket and pulls out the scrap of paper.

She scrunches it up and tosses it on the ground. Aggie picks it up. Uncrumples it. Scrutinizes it.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Disgruntled lover?

Mila moves back to the bag and nudges it with her foot. Aggie puts the scrap of paper in the toilet. He puts his hand on the flush handle.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Can I?

Mila looks at him, she takes a moment to understand what he means and nods. He flushes.

MILA
I'm empty.

Aggie looks sad for Mila. He picks up Mila's jacket off the floor.

He gives it a good shake and swipes it down attempting to get the wrinkles out. He drapes it over Mila's shoulders and hugs her, trying to comfort her.

AGGIE
You're not empty.

MILA
Yes I am.

Mila steps away from Aggie and puts her arms in to the jacket.

Mila goes to where her boots lay sprawled on the floor and picks them up.

MILA (CONT'D)
You know that agriculture was the worst mistake in human history.

Aggie leans in to the wall, crosses his arms.

MILA (CONT'D)
It made us settle, made us make cities. Turned us from nomads to sitting ducks. Lousy house dwellers.

Mila jumps around trying to maintain balance as she puts one boot on. She leans in to the wall to put on the other.

MILA (CONT'D)
We're obsessed by routine and
become petrified to step out of the
mental walls we build around
ourselves.

Mila finishes putting on the second boot.

AGGIE
Who's petrified?

Mila stands straight, angry and frustrated she pounds her chest.

MILA
I am! I am!

AGGIE
I thought you were in control of
yourself?

She heads to the door ready to face her empty world.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

MILA
No.

Aggie slowly nods and purses his lips, he understands Mila's hesitation.

Aggie goes over to his sweater that Mila was using earlier in the night. He shakes it off and puts it on.

Aggie spins slowly, absentmindedly, like a child waiting for their parent.

He lets his eyes wander around the room and tilts his head back to view the ceiling.

There is something dark and small in the corner. Aggie stops his wandering thoughts and looks at the object.

Aggie squints as he tries to focus on what he's seeing.

AGGIE
There's something up there.

Mila walks over.

MILA
And?

AGGIE
I want to know what it is.

MILA
And?

Aggie looks at Mila and makes a tuh sound.

AGGIE
Let me get on your back.

Mila looks at Aggie unconvinced.

Aggie gestures impatiently to Mila to come closer.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Come on.

Mila approaches cautiously as if she's afraid of what might be in the corner. She eyes the ceiling suspiciously.

Aggie goes around to Mila's back and hops on. Mila clasps Aggie's legs.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Let go of my legs.

Aggie shimmyes up Mila's back and up on to her shoulders.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Give me your hands.

Mila complies. The two fumble around for a moment as Aggie gets stable on

Mila's shoulders.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Now hold my legs.

Mila complies. She awkwardly holds Aggie's thighs that are now around her neck.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Move closer to the wall.

Mila moves closer to the wall and Aggie reaches up to the ceiling.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
It's a caterpillar. Oh, hello
little fella.

Aggie looks down at Mila excitedly. Happy to have a new friend in their lock down.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Closer, closer.

Mila moves closer so Aggie can reach the bug. Aggie puts out both hands and flicks the caterpillar with one finger in to his other waiting cupped palm.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Hello little guy.

Aggie strokes its back lightly with his finger tip.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Hello.

Mila waits patiently, looking up at Aggie as he greets their new friend.

MILA
Uh, are you done?

AGGIE
Oh, ya. Sure. Put me down.

MILA
Sure.

Aggie awkwardly slides down off of Mila's neck on to her back holding his one hand out to protect the caterpillar.

He slides off of Mila's back. He shimmies a bit to put his clothes back in to place. He opens his palm out to Mila

AGGIE
Look. Look at him.

MILA
How do you know if it's a him.

Aggie waves his free hand in the air, disregarding Mila's comment.

AGGIE
Whatever. Look at him.

MILA
I see him. Wonderful.

Aggie is agitated by Mila's disinterest.

AGGIE

It's so hot in here. Isn't it hot.

Aggie struggles to take his sweater off with the caterpillar in his hand.

He stops with the sweater and places the caterpillar down on the water tank of the toilet.

He takes the sweater off and hangs it on the hook where Mila's jacket was. He picks the caterpillar back up.

MILA

I'm getting a headache.

AGGIE

You should probably lie down.

Mila circles the room a bit.

MILA

Can I use your sweater?

Mila goes to pick up Aggie's sweater from the hook.

AGGIE

No.

Mila has the sweater in hand.

MILA

You can use my jacket as a pillow
but I can't use your sweater.

Aggie continues to pet the caterpillar with one finger.

AGGIE

That's right.

MILA

What kind of double standard is
that?

AGGIE

You're the banker, why don't you
tell me.

MILA

That doesn't make any sense.

Aggie tuts and rolls his eyes.

AGGIE

Typical.

MILA
Can I use the sweater or not?

AGGIE
Not.

MILA
Bullshit artist.

Mila resentfully throws the sweater on to the floor.

AGGIE
Hey.

Aggie moves to the sweater and picks it up.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Why can't you just be happy for us
that we found a new friend?

MILA
You can hear yourself right?

AGGIE
What do you think. Is it cold in
here?

MILA
It's alright I guess.

Mila folds up her jacket, lays down on her back and puts the jacket under her head.

She breathes deeply.

AGGIE
I'm cold.

Aggie looks at his sweater, looks at his caterpillar, looks back to the sweater deciding how to move forward.

He puts his caterpillar on the sink and pulls on his sweater. Aggie paces.

AGGIE (CONT'D)
Do you know that in Venezuela
bakers got raided for making
brownies and cakes.

Mila takes a deep breathe, rubs her temples with both hands. She strains to look at Aggie from her position.

MILA
And?

Aggie continues to pace.

AGGIE

Their flour was, probably still is, so precious, so low in supply the bread makers aren't allowed to sell at market price. They lose money by making bread. They make pizza instead to sell at regular price.

MILA

What the hell does that have to do with anything?

AGGIE

Nothing I guess. Just making conversation. It's so hot again.

Aggie pulls off his sweater and holds it in his hand.

MILA

Maybe you've got the wrong sweater on.

Aggie looks at the sweater.

AGGIE

I've had this since high school.

MILA

Case in point.

Aggie folds the sweater neatly and as if he's putting a good old friend to rest, places it on the toilet water tank.

MILA (CONT'D)

You don't happen to have any pills stashed away in the deep pockets of those atrocious cargo shorts do you?

Aggie picks up his caterpillar and sits on the toilet seat.

Mila rests her arm on her head and breathes deeply.

AGGIE

You know I went to college.

MILA

Umm.

Mila isn't interested in Aggie, she is more concerned with her head.

AGGIE

Two months. Then I was out.

More disinterest from Mila.

MILA

Umm.

AGGIE

Unconditional love. You hear that
all the time. Have you thought
about those words?

Mila starts to listen.

MILA

No.

AGGIE

Not limited by conditions.
Absolute. A love not limited by
conditions.

Mila squeezes her eyes tight and nods her head. Tearing up.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Can you imagine what it would feel
like to have that?

Mila shakes her head privately. Aggie is in the midst of a
thousand-yard stare.

There is a rustling by the door. The keys that were pushed
and stuck under it are being pulled at.

There is mischievous giggling of young pixie voices on the
other side of the door, as if that's who is tugging and
struggling with the keys.

Mila rolls her head to the side to see what's happening.
Aggie slowly stands up. Mila rolls to her side and gets up.

Aggie and Mila go lightly to the door. They both crouch down
on their knees and peer through the crack between the floor
and the door.

Sparkly dust lines the ground just on the other side of the
door. They peer through while the keys are shook about in an
attempt to free them.

A final tug of the keys from the other side set them free and
the sprite voices cheer.

Mila and Aggie look perplexedly at each other. Aggie smiles at the madness of it.

They continue to look, craning their necks and smooshing their faces on the floor to see as much as they can. The sparkly dust is blown through the crack and wooshed in to Aggie and Mila's faces.

The pair are startled, they lift their faces from the floor. They cough and sneeze. They have the sparkle dust all over their faces.

Mila and Aggie stand and dust themselves off, they look at each other. Aggie wobbles a bit. Mila reaches out to stabilize him, but her arm is like a dead weight.

Mila looks at her arm and with great effort tries to lift it again.

Aggie puts his hands out in front of him and looks at them like he's never seen them before.

He looks up at the ceiling. He slowly opens his arms wide like wings and falls back. His head hits the floor hard.

He lay unconscious. Mila reacts very slowly to Aggie having fallen. She turns slowly, moves her body slowly to him.

MILA

Oh no. Aggie.

Mila kneels down. She slowly pets Aggie on the head. She touches his body gently. She pets his arm.

She collapses forwards on to Aggie's stomach and passes out.

The pair lay like this for a moment. A glow comes from the window. Rhythmically, slowly pulsing like a beating heart.

The door lock pops open. The handle turns and the door opens. Shadows of sprite feet tiptoe in. Undecipherable pixie giggles, murmuring and chatter.

The shadows mingle around Mila and Aggie. The chatter dies down. A cane, the same the police woman had by the window earlier, tentatively pokes Aggie in the cheek.

It then pokes Mila's bum. The chatter comes up again and the duffel bag is dragged slowly out of the room.

The glow from the window fades and is replaced by the coming sun of dawn.

Aggie wakes. It takes a moment for him to remember where he is.

He touches his head and winces at the pain of it. He looks down and sees Mila sprawled over his stomach. He struggles for a bit, trying to shake her off. He struggles to breathe, her weight challenging him.

He taps her on the shoulder. No response. He shakes her hard.

Mila stirs.

AGGIE

Mila.

Mila rouses more.

Aggie shakes her harder.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Mila. Wake up.

Mila lifts her head, looks around confused. She looks sideways and back towards Aggie.

Aggie makes eyes that say, 'get the hell off of me!' Mila gets what Aggie is trying to say and awkwardly shifts herself off of him.

She rolls on to the floor. Tired and out of breath.

Aggie gets up on his elbows. He notices that the door is open.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

The door is open.

MILA

Huh?

Aggie swats at Mila's shoulder with the back of his hand. Mila looks at him hazily.

He points to the door. Mila strains to get up on her elbows to look. She sees that the door is open and sits up fast, as if scared.

She looks around worriedly. She looks around for the bag.

MILA (CONT'D)

The bag is gone.

Mila looks relieved. She smiles. Happy that the nothingness bag has disappeared.

Aggie rolls on to his side and sits up.

AGGIE

What?

He looks around himself. He gets up fast, saddened, distraught.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

What? No. Oh no.

Desperately saddened to have lost the bag Aggie tears around the room.

He stops and sits on the toilet. Defeated. He puts his head in his hands.

Mila stands up and dusts herself off. She looks relieved. She goes to Aggie and pets his head.

MILA

It's okay.

AGGIE

It's not okay. What am I suppose to do now?

Mila puts her arm out straight towards the door.

MILA

Go forth. Live your life. To thine own self be true.

AGGIE

Says you. The most false of all.

Aggie takes a deep breath and breaths out, psyching himself up.

He stands with conviction and heads to the door. He holds his hand out to Mila, encouraging her to come to him.

Mila goes to her jacket and picks it up off the floor. She shakes it out and with silent dignity puts it on.

She settles in to it and walks to Aggie. She takes his hand and the two walk out of the basement. The caterpillar inches along the floor, unaware and unconcerned the it's alone.

END