I'm late, again, and lost, so I frantically search for a cab. But there aren't many around, nor is there much traffic for the holidays. This is the edge of Downtown, Charles, the tough working-class section of Montreal where the anglo-Irish and Franco-Quebecois have been battling for years. My panic mounts; it's now 7:55 and I'm expected to be at my job by 8:30. Finally a cab appears, and I leap onto the street waving my arms madly. Surprisingly, the driver knows exactly where 45 rue des Seigneurs is. No need for me to explain that if it gets too cold when they're shooting a movie, the same warehouse where Pouvoir intimé was made.

A young man with a walkie-talkie meets the cab. He asks me who I am through the window while I scramble for money, then speaks into his walkie-talkie. I pay the driver, climb out and take a look around. Barriers block the road that runs beside the large, deserted and partly burned-out warehouse.

There's nothing else here to indicate I've arrived at the set of François Labonté's latest film, Esprit de famille. A voice over the walkie-talkie says "dix-quatre" (10-4) and the young man indicates that I should follow him.

It's dark. So dark that one has no sense of the encroaching inner city. On my left are a lot of large, looming trees, just looking black against the darkness of a country-like night sky. Through them seems to be a body of water - I suspect it's the Lachine Canal. To my right is the warehouse with its walls burned out and part of the roof caved in. Huge lights have been set up inside the part where only half the walls are left standing, on ground where Gaspard and Claude have gone looking for money, then speaks into his walkie-talkie. He asks me who I am met by Jocelyne, the film's publicist, who explains that they're shooting a movie, the same warehouse where Gaspard and Claude have gone looking for money, then speaks into his walkie-talkie. He asks me who I am.

The scene being filmed, and the set itself, are somewhat out of context with the description of the film - a wild, charming and thoroughly delightful tale of the relationship between a cantankerous old man, Gaspard (Jacques Godin) and his uptight, prematurely middle-aged son, Claude (Gaston LePage). It's a comedy, about Gaspard and Claude's search for a winning lottery ticket that has been lost. The search leads them from Montreal to Venezuela, with many strange stop-overs between.

But the set looks like something from an underground sci-fi movie or a rock and roll concert. The network at night is painted blue last night. Tonight the warehouse seems to be a body of water - I suspect it's the Lachine Canal. To my right is the warehouse with its walls burned out and part of the roof caved in. Huge lights have been set up inside the part where only half the walls are left standing, on ground where Gaspard and Claude have gone looking for money, then speaks into his walkie-talkie. He asks me who I am.

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