

As they make their way up to the print shop, time is devoted to the minutiae of this often overlooked link in the chain.

Then, just when you thought you knew where this movie was headed (if anywhere) — tragedy strikes. Death brings a new lens with which to view life. And the subsequent absence of one of the film's central subjects leaves a hole in its heart — not only due to his physical presence, which is no longer, but to his art, which (and here, Baillargeon deserves credit for not milking the moment) lingers in his wake.

[tdunlevy@montrealgazette.com](mailto:tdunlevy@montrealgazette.com)

(<mailto:tdunlevy@montrealgazette.com>)

[twitter.com/tchadunlevy](https://twitter.com/TChaDunlevy) (<https://twitter.com/TChaDunlevy>)

## Montreal Flyers



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