

EQUILIBRIUM -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

written and directed by Kurt Wimmer
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[Transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]



EQUILIBRIUM

In the first years of the 21st century

[Dupont] In the first years of the 21st century ...



a third world war broke out. Those of us who survived knew ...



mankind could never survive ...



a fourth, that our own volatile natures ...



could simply no longer be risked.



So we have created a new arm of the law ...



[Gun cocks]

[Dupont] The Grammaton Cleric ...



whose sole task it is to seek out and eradicate the true source of man's inhumanity to man:



his ability ...



to feel.

[Thud]



[Sense Offender] Police!



[Tires screech]



[Men shouting indistinctly]



[Guns cocking]



[Sense Offender] You know what to do.



[Indistinct shouting]



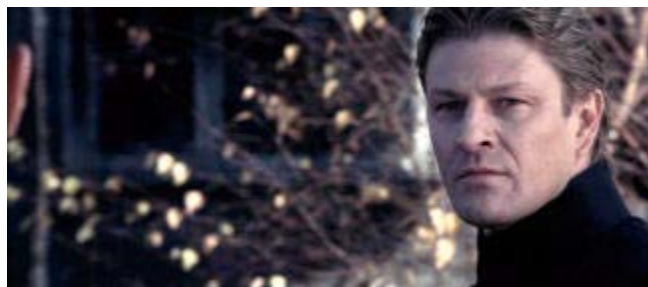
[Glass shattering]



[Sense Offender] Get down! Get down!



[Gunfire and shouting fade]



[Gunfire in distance]



[Tetragrammaton 1] We have an unknown number barricaded in the southeast end of the compound.



[Tetragrammaton 2] Read that. Tetragrammaton team en route. Cleric, lights out. Maybe more than a dozen inside.



[Preston] When the door's down, blow the bulbs.

[Tetragrammaton 2] Yes sir.

[Guns cocking]

[Preston] Go.

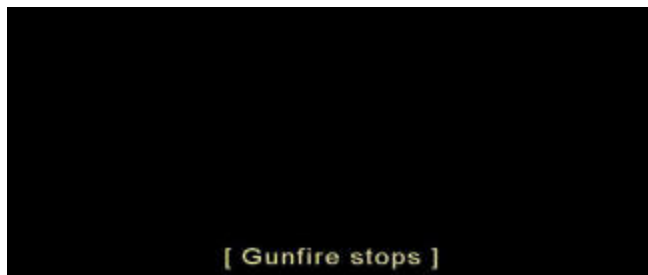


[Suspenseful clock-like rhythm]





[Thud, gunfire]



[Gunfire stops]

[Sense Offender 1] Where is he?

[Sense Offender 2] Shut up.

[Sense Offender 3] Anybody get him? Did anybody hit him?

[Sense Offender 2] Shut up! Listen.



[Gunfire, men screaming]



[Gunfire stops, casings rattle]

[Clicking]



[Footsteps]



[Casings jingling]



[Squealing]



[Clicking]

[Preston] This is it.

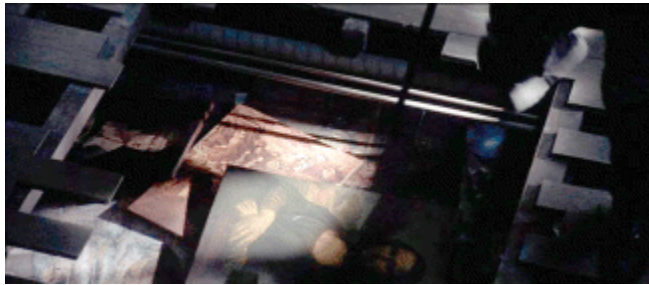


[Partridge] Where?

[Preston] There.



[Wood splintering]





[Mona Lisa]



[Clicks, whines, beeps]



[Technician] It's real.



[VERIFIED]





[Preston] Burn it.







[Preston] Why didn't you just leave it ...



for the evidentiary team to collect and log?

[Partridge] [Pulling Yeats out of his boot]



They miss things sometimes.
[exhales deeply]



And I thought I'd take it down myself, get it done properly.



How long, Preston. till all this is gone?



Till we've burned every last bit of it?



[Preston] Resources are tight. We'll get it all eventually.



[Dupont] LIBRIA, I congratulate you.



At last, peace reigns in the heart of man. At last, war is but a word whose meaning fades from our understanding.



At last we are whole.



[Moters humming]



[Dupont] Librians -- There is a disease in the heart of man.



Its symptom is hate.



Its symptom is anger.



Its symptom is rage.



Its symptom is war.



The disease is human emotion.



But, Libria, I congratulate you ...



for there is a cure for this disease. At the cost of the dizzying highs of human emotion ...



we have suppressed its abysmal lows.



And you as a society have embraced this cure.



[Clicking]



[Dupont] Prozium.

pro·sa·ic Pronunciation [proh-zey-ik]

- adjective 1. commonplace or dull; matter-of-fact or unimaginative: a prosaic mind.
- 2. of or having the character or form of prose rather than poetry.

pro·zac Pronunciation [pro-zak]

–noun 1. Registered trademark of Eli Lilly for marketing fluoxetine hydrochloride as an antidepressant since January 28, 1985, registration renewed July 14, 2006. The linguistic structure of this word is entirely the product of a sustained effort to create a word that would bond with the public mind, communicating its intended meaning on subliminal levels in perpetuity. Like many brain drugs, Prozac is a two-syllable construction, the first half, "pro," an abbreviation of "professional," which has an upper-class ring to it, and also suggests a positive spin, as in "making progress," which all depressed people long to do. When we inhabit this word, we dwell in the "Pro" half. The next half of the word is active, coming down like an ax -- "zak." The "z," being the last letter of the alphabet, symbolizes ending, the last, beyond that which is either nothing or "a." And the next letter is in fact, "a." The final letter is "k," the eleventh letter of the alphabet. So we have end, beginning, and the double. The net effect is to make the speaker of the word feel like they are wearing a suit of armor, living like a Pro, while Eli Lilly zaks all the negativity into normalcy.

pro·zi·um Pronunciation [proh-zee-um]

–noun 1. In the future nation of Libria depicted in the film "Equilibrium," all citizens are required to "take Proziium," a drug that has ended war and violence, at the cost of persecuting those who won't take their Proziium. The first half of the word is "Pro," of latinate origin, which is used in Father's speeches to emphasize every good Librian's duty to take the battle to the source of all human problems -- feelings -- and eradicate them before they spawn their noxious fruit of sense offense. The second and third syllable, pronounced together, hold the means to eradicate feelings. "Z," the last letter in the alphabet, symbolizes ending, which explicitly becomes death, lethality, in the form of the "zium" ending, when joined to the "ium" suffix. "Ium" ends the names of all nuclear isotopes, such as radium, uranium, plutonium, polonium, etc., and all such isotopes are lethal. Proziium does not destroy the body, however. Proziium destroys the mind. Proziium is an atomic bomb that goes off inside the mind, flattening the complex and enticing city of feelings, reducing it to a manageable wasteland of sensationless existence.

[Whirs]



[Dupont] Now we are at peace with ourselves ...



and humankind is one. War is gone ...



hate, a memory.



We are our own conscience now.



And it is this conscience that guides us to rate EC-10 ...



for emotional content ...



all those things that might tempt us to feel again ...





and destroy them.



Librians, you have won.



Against all odds and your own natures ...



you have survived.



[Crowd] [Clapping]



Of the many excellences which I perceive in the order of our State, there is none which upon reflection pleases me better than the rule about poetry.

To what do you refer?

To the rejection of imitative poetry, which certainly ought not to be received; as I see far more clearly now that the parts of the soul have been distinguished.

What do you mean?

Speaking in confidence, for I should not like to have my words repeated to the tragedians and the rest of the imitative tribe — but I do not mind saying to you, that all poetical imitations are ruinous to the understanding of the hearers, and that the knowledge of their true nature is the only antidote to them.

Explain the purport of your remark.

Well, I will tell you, although I have always from my earliest youth had an awe and love of Homer, which even now makes the words falter on my lips, for he is the great captain and teacher of the whole of that charming tragic company; but a man is not to be revered more than the truth, and therefore I will speak out.

We may state the question thus: — Imitation imitates the actions of men, whether voluntary or involuntary, on which, as they imagine, a good or bad result has ensued, and they rejoice or sorrow accordingly. Is there anything more?

No, there is nothing else.

But we have not yet brought forward the heaviest count in our accusation: — the power which poetry has of harming even the good (and there are very few who are not harmed), is surely an awful thing?

Yes, certainly, if the effect is what you say.

Hear and judge: The best of us, as I conceive, when we listen to a passage of Homer, or one of the tragedians, in which he represents some pitiful hero who is drawling out his sorrows in a long

oration, or weeping, and smiting his breast — the best of us, you know, delight in giving way to sympathy, and are in raptures at the excellence of the poet who stirs our feelings most.

Yes, of course I know.

But when any sorrow of our own happens to us, then you may observe that we pride ourselves on the opposite quality — we would fain be quiet and patient; this is the manly part, and the other which delighted us in the recitation is now deemed to be the part of a woman.

Very true, he said.

Now can we be right in praising and admiring another who is doing that which any one of us would abominate and be ashamed of in his own person?

No, he said, that is certainly not reasonable.

And the same may be said of lust and anger and all the other affections, of desire and pain and pleasure, which are held to be inseparable from every action — in all of them poetry feeds and waters the passions instead of drying them up; she lets them rule, although they ought to be controlled, if mankind are ever to increase in happiness and virtue.

I cannot deny it.

Therefore, Glaucon, I said, whenever you meet with any of the eulogists of Homer declaring that he has been the educator of Hellas, and that he is profitable for education and for the ordering of human things, and that you should take him up again and again and get to know him and regulate your whole life according to him, we may love and honour those who say these things — they are excellent people, as far as their lights extend; and we are ready to acknowledge that Homer is the greatest of poets and first of tragedy writers; but we must remain firm in our conviction that hymns to the gods and praises of famous men are the only poetry which ought to be admitted into our State. For if you go beyond this and allow the honeyed muse to enter, either in epic or lyric verse, not law and the reason of mankind, which by common consent have ever been deemed best, but pleasure and pain will be the rulers in our State.

That is most true, he said.

-- The Republic, Book X, by Plato



[Beeping]



[Beep]



[Beep]



[Preston] Every time we come from the nethers to the city ...



it reminds me why we do what we do.



[Partridge] It does?



[Preston] I beg your pardon.



[Clicks, whirs]



[Partridge] [Doses himself]



It does.



[Whirs]

[Whirs]



[Clicks, whirs]

[Clicks, whirs]



WOMAN: The following items
have been rated EC-10 --

[Woman] The following items have been rated EC-10 --



condemned --



seven works of two-dimensional illustrated material ...



seven discs of musical content, 20 interactive strategy computer programs.

[Man] Seven works of two-dimensional ...



[Voice fades]

[Bell chiming]



[Dupont] Thank you for coming, Cleric. I assume you know who I am.

[Preston] Yes, sir, of course. You are Vice-Council Dupont of the third conciliarly of the Tetragrammaton -- Father's voice.

It was decided that whoever was the head of Opus Dei, would be called "the Father."

-- Matt's Opus Dei FAQ, by Matthew G. Collins



[Dupont] Quite frankly, Cleric, I am told that you are very nearly a prodigal student, knowing almost instantly if someone is feeling.



[Preston] I have a good record, sir.



[Dupont] Why do you imagine that is, Cleric?



[Preston] I'm not sure, Vice-Council. Somehow, I'm able, on some level, to sense how an offender thinks, to put myself in their position.



[Dupont] If you had ceased your interval, If you were a sense offender ...

[Preston] I suppose you could say that, sir.



[Dupont] You're a family man, Cleric?



[Preston] Yes, sir -- a boy and a girl. The boy's in the monastery himself, on path to becoming a Cleric.



[Dupont] Good. And the mother?



[Preston] My spouse was arrested and incinerated for sense offense four years ago, sir.

[Dupont] By yourself?

[Preston] No, sir -- by another.



[Dupont] How did you feel about that?



[Preston] I'm sorry. I don't fully understand, sir.



[Dupont] How did you feel?



[Preston] I didn't feel anything.



[Dupont] Really? How is it that you came to miss it?



[Preston] I -- I've asked myself that same question, sir. I don't know.



[Dupont] A nearly unforgivable lapse, Cleric. I trust you'll be more vigilant in the future.



[Preston] Yes, sir.





[Preston] [Remembering: "Every time we come from the nethers to the city, it reminds me why we do what we do."
Partridge: "It does?"



"Every time we come from the nethers to the city ...



it reminds me why we do what we do."



Partridge: "It does?"

[Click, tape rewinds]



[Partridge: "It does."]





[Preston] Prosecutorial evidence for A.N.R. 136890. I need it. It was late this afternoon. It may not have showed up in the records yet.

[Doors whir, click]



[Clerk] I'm very sorry, Cleric. Nothing has been logged, and nothing is pending under that entry.



[Preston] It was an item of evidence brought in personally by Grammaton Errol Partridge. Check again.



[Clerk] Sir, Cleric Partridge has not entered anything in for weeks.



[Preston] You're mistaken. It was a book of some kind.

[Clerk] Cleric ...

[stand scrapes]



[Clerk] there's nothing.



[Preston] Thank you.



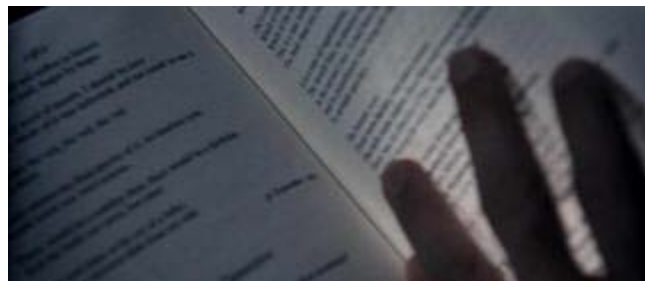
[Guard] He's been passing through the gate into the nether every night for the last two weeks.



We assumed it was enforcement-related.

[Motor whirs]





[Wind blowing]

[Footsteps]



[Partridge] You always knew.



[Reading Yeats] "But I, being poor, have only my dreams.



I have spread my dreams under your feet. Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams."



I assume you dream, Preston.



[Preston] I'll do what I can to see they go easy on you.



[Partridge] We both know they never go easy.



[Preston] Then I'm sorry.



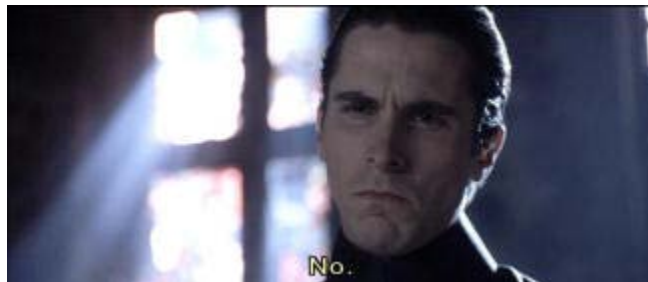
[Partridge] No, you're not. You don't even know the meaning. It's just a vestigial word for a feeling you've never felt. Don't you see, Preston? It's gone. Everything that makes us what we are -- traded away.



[Preston] There's no war. No murder.



[Partridge] What is it you think we do?



[Preston] No. You've been with me. You've seen how it can be -- the jealousy, the rage.



[Partridge] A heavy cost. I'd pay it gladly.

Were there no will but the One Will, no sin could ever be committed.

-- Theologica Germanica, by Anonymous (Meister Eckhart)



[Preston] [Gun cocks]



[Partridge] [Reaches slowly for his gun]



[Preston] Don't.



[Partridge] [Clicks his gun]



[Gun cocks]



[Preston] [Shoots him]



[Casing rattles]



[Wind blowing]



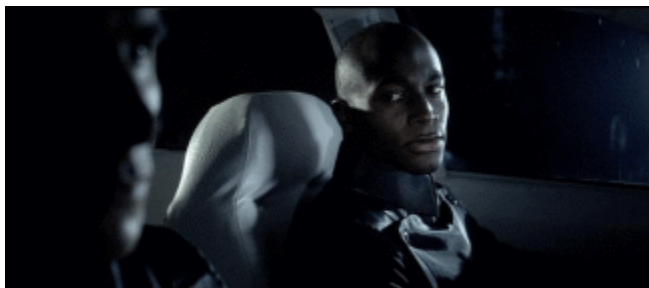
[Footsteps]







[Brandt] You and your partner were close?



I hope you're as pleased to be assigned to me as I am the placement. I was told this would be a career-making advancement.



I'm like you, Cleric -- intuitive. Sometimes I know when a person's feeling before they know it themselves.



Cleric ...



I can only hope one day to be as uncompromising as you.



Good night.

A man should so stand free, being quit of himself, that is, of his I, and Me, and Self, and Mine, and the like, that in all things, he should no more seek or regard himself, than if he did not exist, and should take as little account of himself as if he were not, and another had done all his works. Likewise he should count all the creatures for nothing... Man is created for true obedience, and is bound of right to render it to God.

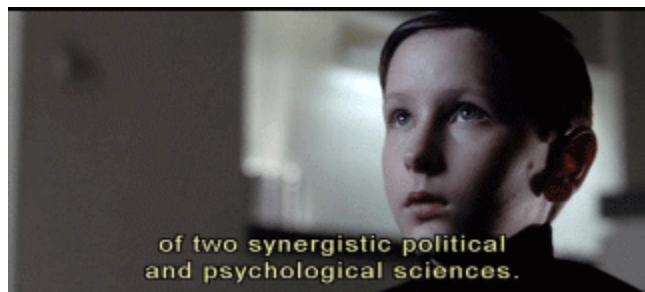
-- Theologica Germanica, by Anonymous (Meister Eckhart)



[Father] The later 20th century ...



saw the fortuitous and simultaneous rise ...



of two synergistic political and psychological sciences.



The first, the revolutionary precept of the hate crime.

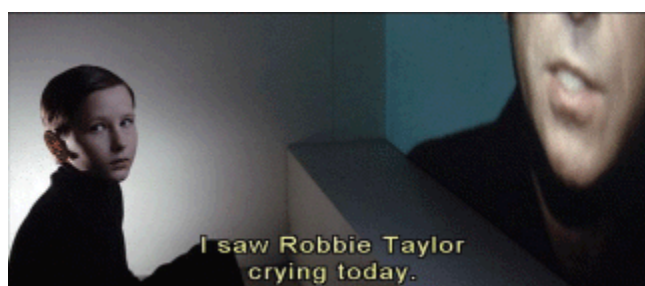


[Robbie] [Clicks the remote]

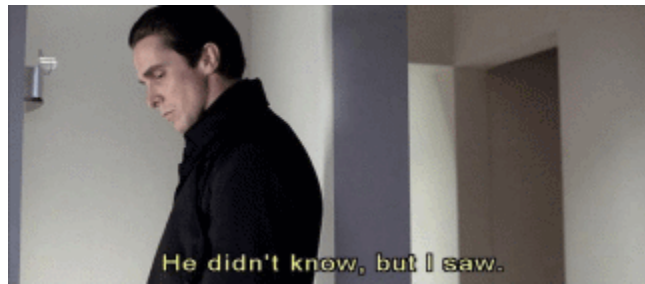


John?

[Preston] Yes?



[Robbie] I saw Robbie Taylor crying today.



He didn't know, but I saw.



Do you think I should report him?



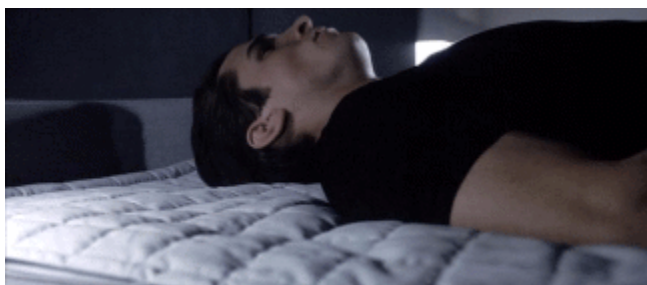
[Preston] Unquestionably.



[Robbie] [Clicks the remote on]



[Father] a single inescapable fact -- that mankind united with infinitely greater purpose in pursuit of war than he ever did in pursuit of peace.



[Preston] [Remembering Partridge: "But I, being poor, have only my dreams. I have spread my dreams under your feet.



Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."



[Remembering his wife]





Don't move! Don't move!

[Tetragrammaton] Don't move! Don't move!



Comply! Comply!

Comply! Comply!



[Tetragrammaton 1] Stop! Stop where you are!

[Tetragrammaton 2] Get down! Get down!

[Crackling]



[Preston] [Grunts]



[Tetragrammaton] Don't shoot. This is a lawful entry.



We have a warrant for your wife's arrest. She's charged with sense offense.



[Preston] [Gasps]



[Viviana Preston] [Runs to John Preston and kisses him]

[Tetragrammaton] Hey! Get her! Ger her off him now!



[Viviana Preston] Remember me.





[Dupont] LIBRIA ...

[Thunder rumbling]



[Dupont] Awake. Awaken to triumph again in the face of yet another day ...



another step in our unified march ...



into the unwavering purpose ...

God and man should be wholly united, so that it can be said of a truth, that God and man are one. This cometh to Pass on this wise. Where the Truth always reigneth, so that true perfect God and true perfect man are at one, and man so giveth place to God, that God Himself is there and yet the man too, and this same unity worketh continually, and doeth and leaveth undone without any I, and Me, and Mine, and the like; behold, there is Christ, and nowhere else.

-- Theologica Germanica, by Anonymous (Meister Eckhart)

[Thunder rumbles]



[Voice fades]

[Voice fades]



...move ahead together

[Father] move ahead together ...



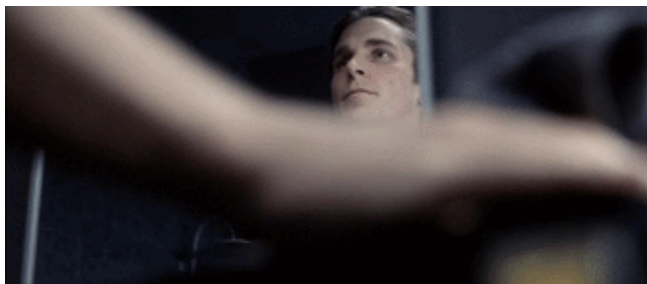
into the certainty
of our collective destiny.

into the certainty of our collective destiny.





[Faucet squeaks]



[Glass shatters]



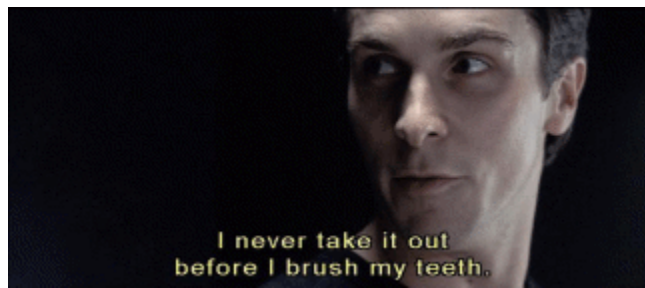
[Robbie] What are you doing?



I said, what are you doing?



[Preston] I accidentally dropped my morning interval. I took it out before I brushed my teeth.



I never take it out
before I brush my teeth.

I never take it out before I brush my teeth.



Then you'll go by Equilibrium,
log the loss,

[Robbie] Then you'll go by Equilibrium, log the loss, and get a replacement.

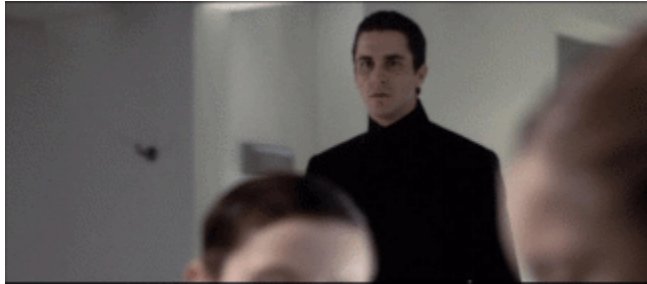


Yes.

[Preston] Yes. Of course.







[Robbie] Your new partner called.



He says he'll pick you up at 10:00 for the A.N.R. I hope you don't mind ...



I took the liberty of telling him you would be at Equilibrium, replacing your dose.



[Preston] No, of course not. That was the right thing to do.



[Lisa Preston] [Rattling her spoon]



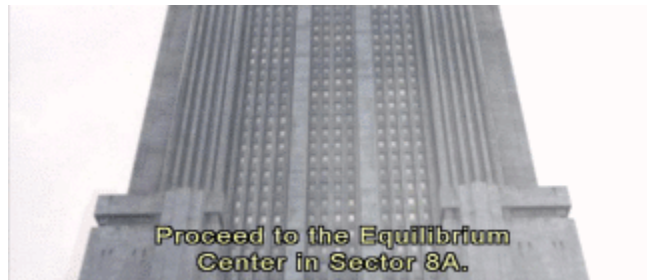
[Robbie] Stop that.







[Man and woman alternating] Due to terrorist activity, this site is temporarily closed.



Proceed to the Equilibrium center in Sector 8A.



Due to terrorist activity ...



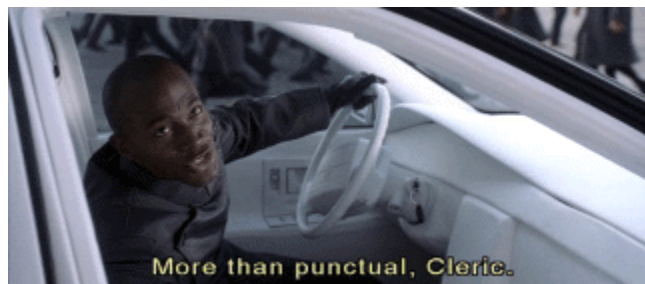
this site is temporarily closed.



This site is temporarily closed. Proceed to the Equilibrium Center in Sector 8A.



[Brandt] [Horn honking]



More than punctual, Cleric.



Hop in.





[Tires screech]



[Brandt] How were the lines? I'm surprised you were able to get your interval ...



and get out so quickly.

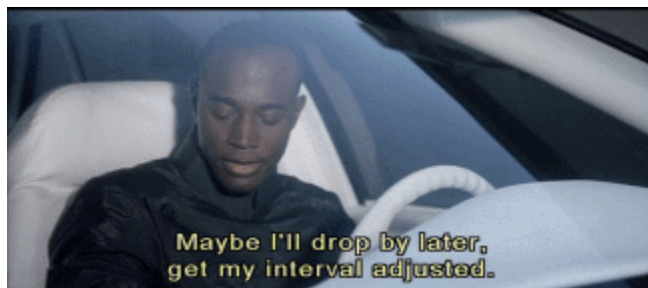


[Preston] No, they're they're fine today.



[Engine idling]

[Engine idling]



Maybe I'll drop by later,
get my interval adjusted.

[Brandt] Maybe I'll drop by later, get my interval adjusted.



[Gun cocks]

[Gun cocks]



You expecting Resistance?

[Preston] You expecting resistance?



[Brandt] That's something you'll find about me, Cleric. I'm a wary person, cautious by nature. Always expecting the worst.



[Thud, metal rattles]



[Mary] You can't do this. You cannot do this.



[Preston] Tetragrammaton. There's nothing we can't do.

[Mary] [Grunts]



[Preston] How long have you been off the dose?



[Mary] [Gasps]

[Preston] Look at you.



[Mary] [Breathing heavily]



[Preston] Look at you!



[Tetragrammaton] The mirror's frame is illegal. Destroy it.



[Tetragrammaton 1] We have suppression. We're making entry.



[Tetragrammaton 2] Standard deployment.



Collecting catalog. Illegal articles.



[Glass shatters]







[Mary] You're gonna burn it, aren't you?

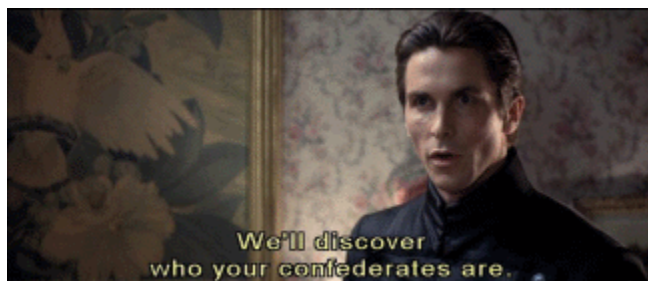
[Bell jingles]



[Preston] Eventually.



However, you couldn't have accumulated all this by yourself. It'll all be sorted and examined.



We'll discover who your confederates are.



[Mary] [Grabs gun from Tetragrammaton and points it at Preston]



[Tetragrammaton] Gun!



[Brandt] [Starts to point gun at Mary, but Preston interferes]



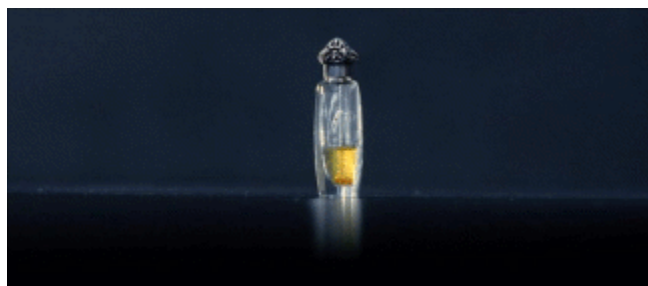


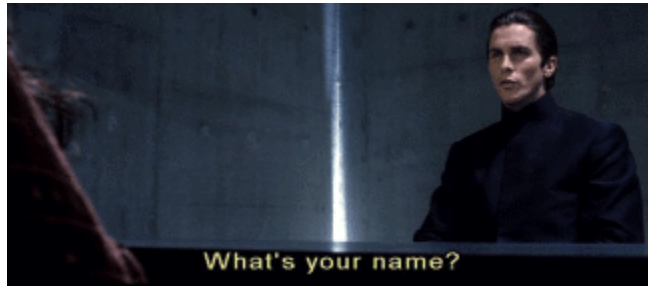
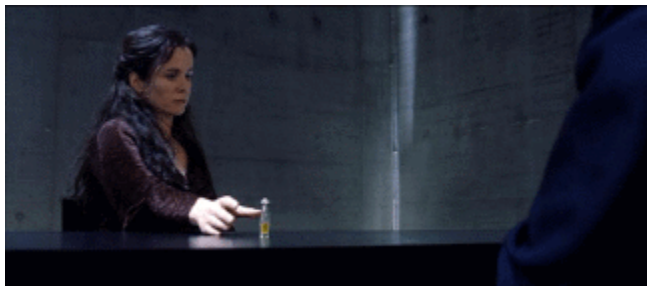
[Mary] [Breathing heavily]



[Preston] We need her.







[Preston] What's your name?



[Mary] O'Brien, Mary.



[Preston] Well, Mary ...



you can either wait and tell the technicians at the Palace of Justice, or you can tell me now. Who are your friends?



[Mary] I'm wondering if you have any idea at all what that word means -- "friend."

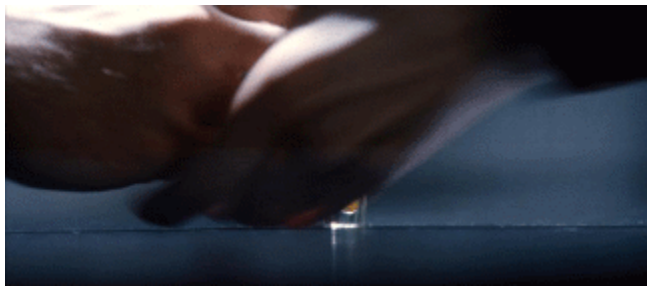


[Preston] There's nothing you don't feel? How about guilt?



[Mary] Let me ask you something.





[Glass clatters]



[Mary] Why are you alive?



[Grabs Preston's hand]



[Preston] [Grabs his hand back]





I'm alive -- I live to safeguard the continuity of this great society. To serve Libria.



[Mary] It's circular. You exist to continue your existence. What's the point?



[Preston] What's the point of your existence?



[Mary] To feel. Cause you've never done it, you can never know it. But it's as vital as breath. And without it -- without love, without anger, without sorrow --



breath is just a clock ticking.



[Preston] Then I have no choice but to remand you to the Palace of Justice for processing.



[Mary] Processing.



You mean execution, don't you?



[Preston] Processing.



[Dupont] The gun katas.

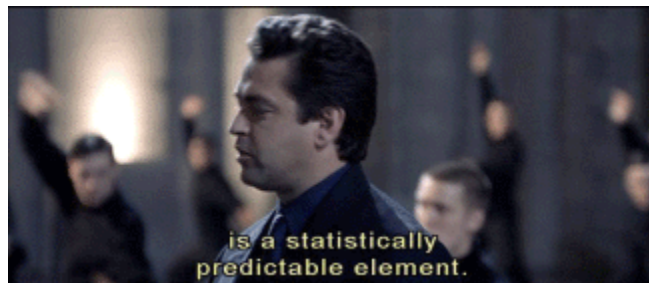


Through analysis of thousands of recorded gunfights ...





the Cleric has determined that the geometric distribution of antagonists in any gun battle ...



is a statistically predictable element.



The gun kata treats the gun as a total weapon ...



each fluid position representing ...



a maximum kill zone, inflicting maximum damage ...



on the maximum number of opponents ...



while keeping the defender clear of the statistically traditional trajectories of return fire.





By the rote mastery of this art, your firing efficiency will rise by no less than 120%. The difference of a 63% increase to lethal proficiency ...



makes the master of the gun katas ...

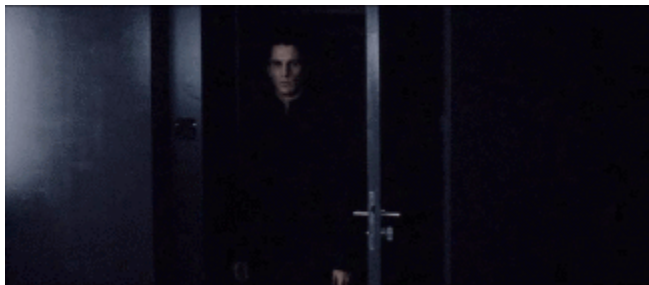


an adversary not to be taken lightly.



[Looks up and sees Preston has left the balcony]







[Thud]



[Preston] [Dreaming Mary: "Without love ...



breath is just a clock ticking."]



[Flames roaring]



[Preston] [Gasps]
[Breathing heavily]



[Heart beating]





[Thunder rumbles]

[Thunder rumbles]



[Thunder rumbles]

[Thunder rumbles]



[Breathing heavily]

[Preston] [Breathing heavily]



[Tears the film away from his window]



[Thunder rumbles]

[Thunder rumbles]





[Preston] [Choked up at the beauty of the city seen without film on the window]



[Whirs]



[Preston] [Doses with Prozium]



[Dupont] Prozium -- the great nepenthe. Opiate of our masses.



Glue of our great society. Salve and salvation.



It has delivered us from pathos, from sorrow, the deepest chasms of melancholy and hate.



With it, we anesthetize grief, annihilate jealousy, obliterate rage ...



that those sister impulses towards joy, love, and elation are anesthetized in stride, we accept as fair sacrifice.

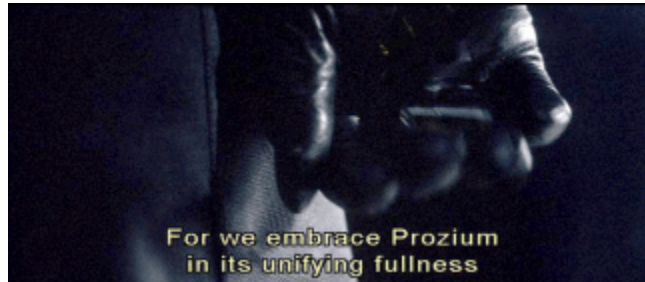
But true Love is taught and guided by the true Light and Reason, and this true, eternal and divine Light teacheth Love to love nothing but the One true and Perfect Good, and that simply for its own sake, and not for the sake of a reward, or in the hope of obtaining anything, but simply for the Love of Goodness, because it is good and hath a right to be loved...

For even as the Evil Spirit thinketh himself to be God, or would fain be God, or be thought to be God, and in all this is so utterly deceived that he doth not think himself to be deceived, so is it also with this false Light, and the Love and Life that is thereof. And as the Devil would fain deceive all men, and draw them to himself and his works, and make them like himself, and useth much art and cunning to this end, so is it also with this false Light; and as no one may turn the Evil Spirit from his own way, so no one can turn this deceived and deceitful Light from its errors. And the cause

thereof is, that both these two, the Devil and Nature, vainly think that they are not deceived, and that it standeth quite well with them. And this is the very worst and most mischievous delusion.

Thus the Devil and Nature are one, and where nature is conquered the Devil is also conquered, and, in like manner, where nature is not conquered the Devil is not conquered. Whether as touching the outward life in the world, or the inward life of the spirit, this false Light continueth in its state of blindness and falsehood, so that it is both deceived itself and deceiveth others with it, wheresoever it may.

-- Theologica Germanica, by Anonymous (Meister Eckhart)



[Preston] [Drops his dose onto the ground]



[Dupont] For we embrace Prozum in its unifying fullness ...



and all that it has done to make us great.





[Loud footsteps]





[Preston] [Takes off his glove to feel the handrail]







-- Fahrenheit 451, directed by Francois Truffaut



[Guard] Good morning, Cleric.

[Preston] Good morning.



[Dupont] intrinsically, humans, as creatures of the earth ...



were drawn inherently always back to one thing -- war.



And thus we seek to correct not the symptom, but the disease itself. We have sought to shrug off individuality ...



replacing it with conformity.



Replacing it ...



with sameness ...



with unity ...

Now, when this union truly cometh to pass and becometh established, the inward man standeth henceforward immoveable in this union; and God suffereth the outward man to be moved hither and thither, from this to that, of such things as are necessary and right. So that the outward man saith in sincerity "I have no will to be or not to be, to live or die, to know or not to know, to do or to leave undone and the like; but I am ready for all that is to be, or ought to be, and obedient thereunto, whether I have to do or to suffer." And thus the outward man hath no Wherefore or purpose, but only to do his part to further the Eternal Will.

-- Theologica Germanica, by Anonymous (Meister Eckhart)

allowing each man, woman, and child ...



in this great society ...



to lead identical lives.



The concept of identical environment construction allows each of us to head confidently into each moment with all the secure knowledge it has been lived before.

[Voice fades]



[Preston] [Moving around objects on his desk]



[Brandt] What are you doing?



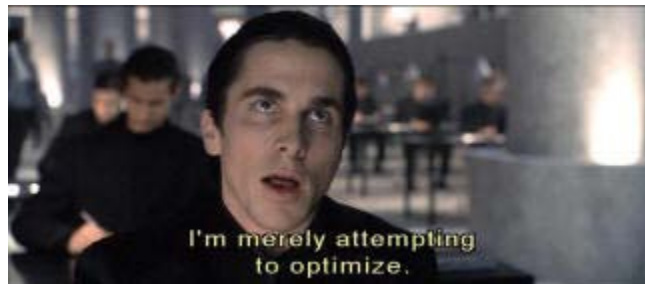
[Preston] I'm rearranging my desk.



[Brandt] You didn't like the way it was before?



[Preston] I had no feelings about it.



I'm merely attempting to optimize.



[Brandt] Sense offenders holed up in the nether.



[Tetragrammaton] We estimate --- we estimate 50 men, sir.



[Brandt] Intelligence tells us they're all fully armed. This is the group that bombed the Prozum factories. You clean, we'll sweep.

[Tetragrammaton] Yes, sir.



[Indistinct shouting]



[Tetragrammaton] Go! Go! Go! Go!



[Sense Offender] Aah!



Take it! Take the landings!

[Tetragrammaton] Take it! Take the landings!



- Aah!
- Aah!

[Sense Offender] Aah!

[Sense Offender 2] Aah!





[Brandt] [To Preston] Cover me. I'm going in.

[Sense Offender] Aaaaaaaah!



[Brandt] Nice grab, Cleric.





[Casings rattling]



[Preston] [Takes off his glove so he can feel where the sense offense cache is]





[Door rattles, creaks]



[Door opens]



[Stairs creaking]







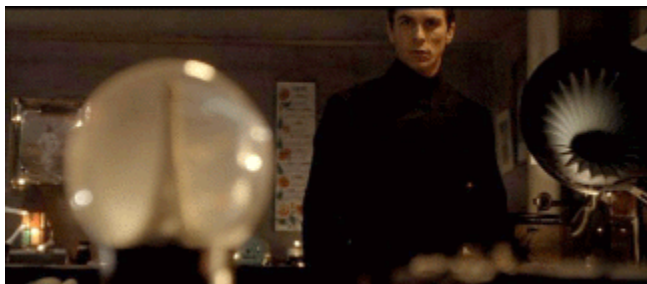
[Preston] [Reading label on album] "Ludwig Van Beethoven."



[Puts the album on the player]

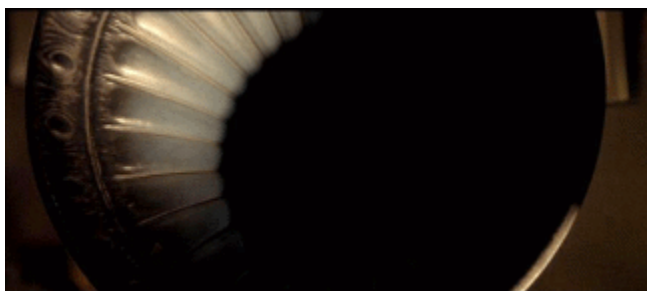


[Record scratching]



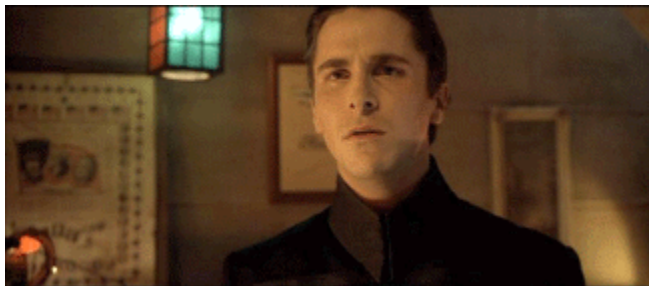


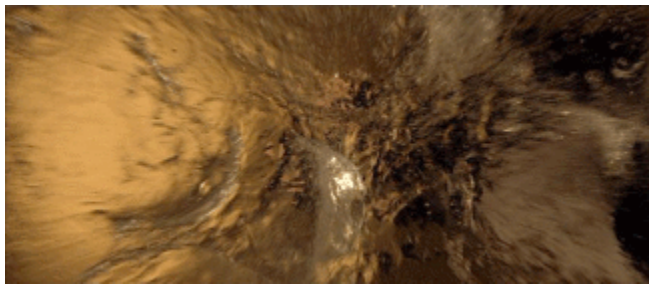
[Powerful classical music plays]





[Music continues]





[Preston] [Overcome with emotion]







[Montag] "The Personal History of David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens, with 40 illustrations by Phiz. London, Chapman and Hall, Limited, and Humphrey Milford. New York, Oxford University Press, the American Branch. 35 West 32nd Street.



David Copperfield. Chapter one. I am born.

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously. Simultaneously."

-- Fahrenheit 451, directed by Francois Truffaut



[Brandt] Cleric ...



Why didn't you leave that for the evidentiary team to collect and log?



[Preston] They miss things sometimes.



I'll take it in myself, make sure it gets done properly.

[Brandt] [Sighs]



You know, Preston, if we keep burning all this contraband, eventually there won't be anything left to burn. What'll there be for men like us?



[Tetragrammaton] Sir!



We got something out back.



[Men talking indistinctly]



[Tetragrammaton] We're gonna need two more men on this.



[Dogs] [Barking]

[Brandt] These animals were defended by women and children. We put them down easily.



This isn't the first time we've seen this. Why do they keep these animals?



What, do they -- do they eat them?



[Tetragrammaton] What do you want me to do, sir?

[Brandt] Exterminate them of course.

[Tetragrammaton] All right. Let's do it.



[Preston] No.

[Tetragrammaton] [Guns cocking]



[Brandt] What's wrong, Cleric?





[Preston] Nothing.

[Barking continues]



[Gunshots, dogs whimpering]



[Tetragrammaton] Hey ...

[Dog running]

[Tetragrammaton] Grab it. Grab it!



[Preston] [Holding dog]



[Tetragrammaton] Sir, toss it back in.



I'll finish it off.



[Gun cocks]



Give it to me, sir!



[Brandt] Give it to him, Cleric. He'll finish it off.



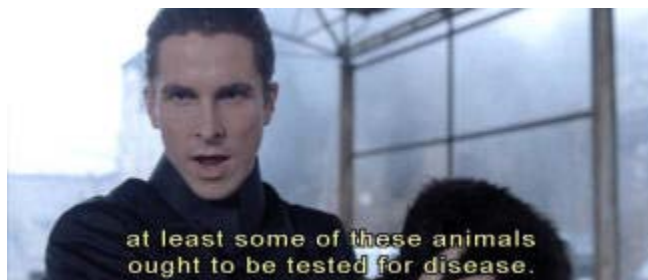
[Dog] [Whimpering]



[Whimpering continues]



[Preston] Wait! It seems to me that ...



at least some of these animals ought to be tested for disease.

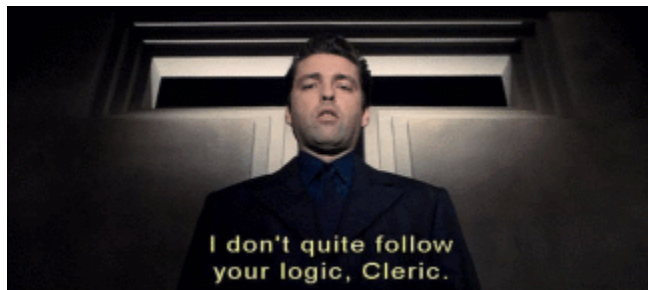


If there's an epidemic in the nether ...



it's best we know about it.
[Takes dog towards his car]





[Dupont] I don't quite follow your logic, Cleric.



[Preston] They were resistance.



They could have led us to the underground. But instead of apprehension and interrogation, they were slaughtered.



[Dupont] Yes, but, Cleric, given the circumstances, the Father has decreed that there will be no more "process" for sense offenders. They are either to be shot on sight, or incinerated without a trial.



[Preston] But it's counter to law. You're a member of the Council. If --



[Brandt] It is not the will of the Council, it is the will of Father -- and he is law.



[Preston] Sir, without the logic of process, is it not just mayhem -- what we have worked so hard to eradicate?



[Brandt] You must understand, Preston, that while you -- and even I -- may not always agree with it, it is not the message that is important ...



it is our obedience to it.



Father's will.



Call it faith. You have it, I assume?



[Preston] Yes. I have it.



[Dupont] Good.



Whatever man or creature desireth to dive into and understand the secret counsel and will of God, so that he would fain know wherefore God doeth this, or doeth not that, and the like, desireth the same as Adam and the Devil. For this desire is seldom from aught else than that the man taketh delight in knowing, and glorieth therein, and this is sheer pride. And so long as this desire lasteth, the truth will never be known, and the man is even as Adam or the Devil. A truly humble and enlightened man doth not desire of God that He should reveal His secrets unto him, and ask wherefore God doeth this or that, or hindereth or alloweth such a thing, and so forth; but he desireth only to know how he may please God, and become as nought in himself, having no will,

and that the Eternal Will may live in him, and have full possession of him, undisturbed by any other will, and how its due may be rendered to the Eternal Will, by him and through him...

And now, since God cannot bring His will into exercise, working and causing changes, without the creature, therefore it pleaseth Him to do so in and with the creature. Therefore the will is not given to be exerted by the creature, but only by God, who hath a right to work out His own will by means of the will which is in man, and yet is God's. And in whatever man or creature it should be purely and wholly thus, the will would be exerted not by the man but by God, and thus it would not be self-will, and the man would not will otherwise than as God willeth; for God Himself would move the will and not man. And thus the will would be one with the Eternal Will, and flow out into it, though the man would still keep his sense of liking and disliking, pleasure and pain, and the like. For wherever the will is exerted, there must be a sense of liking and disliking; for if things go according to his will, the man liketh it, and if they do not, he disliketh it, and this liking and disliking are not of the man's producing, but of God's.

-- Theologica Germanica, by Anonymous (Meister Eckhart)



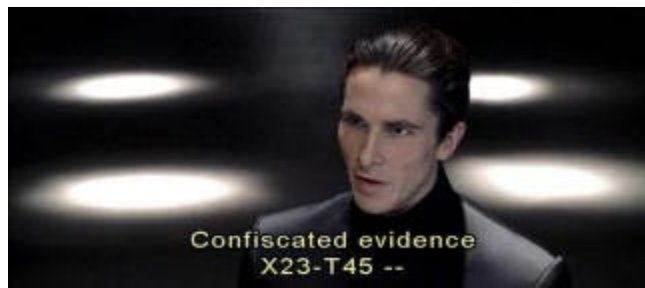
[Preston] [Reviewing records] Click, whirring]



[Click]



[Click, whirring]



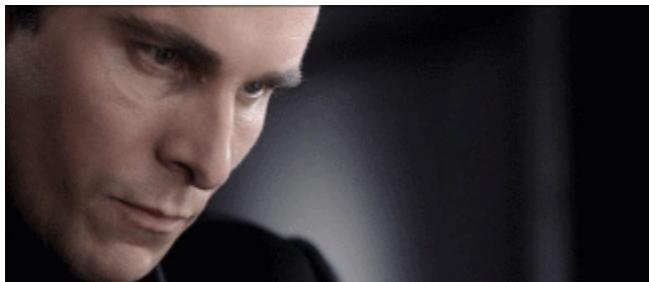
[Preston] [To Clerk] Confiscated evidence X23-T45 --



Mary O'Brien.



[Looks at Mary's perfume, seashell and red ribbon]



[Clerk] [Looks at Preston]

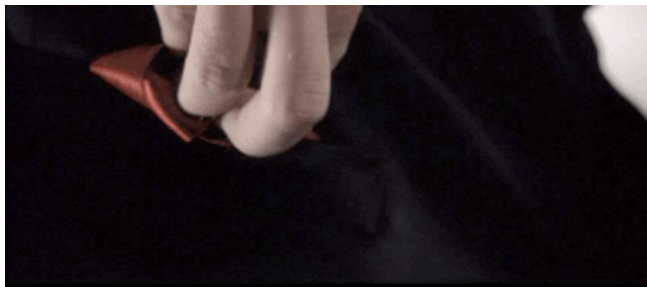




[Preston] [Smells Mary's ribbon]



[Exhales deeply]



[Puts Mary's ribbon into his pocket]



[Preston] Car engine revs]



[To Guard] Cleric John Preston passing into the nether --



enforcement-related.



[Guard] Thank you, sir.



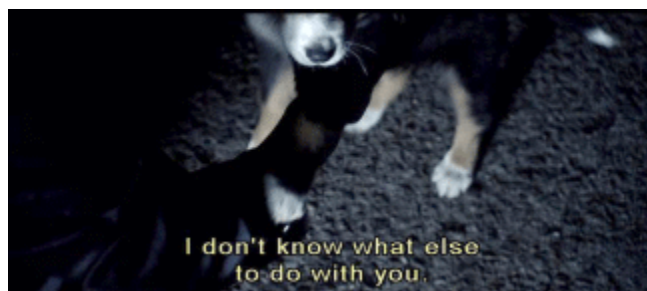
[Brandt] [Spying on Preston]



[Preston] [Parks and takes dog out of trunk]



[Dog] [Whimpers]



[Preston] I don't know what else to do with you.



Go on.

[Trunk door creaks]

[Trunk door closes]



[Preston] Go!



[Keys jingle]



[Preston] [Sits in his car thinking]



[Dog] [Barks]



[Panting]



[Preston] [Engine turns over]



[Backs up car]



[Dog] [Yelps]



[Preston] [Engine shuts off]



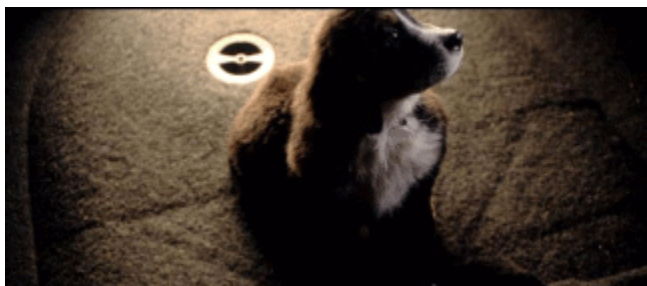
[To Dog] Fine.



But you're going back in the trunk.



[Dog] [Yelps]



[Preston] [Chuckles]
Okay. Here.



[Pets him]



[Tetragrammaton] [Engines revving]





[Tetragrammaton Captain] Step away from the vehicle!



Step away from the vehicle!



This is your last warning!



Step away from the vehicle! Identification.



[Preston] I'm a Cleric. I'm here on official business.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] Identification!



[Preston] It's in my coat.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] Where's the coat? Where is it?!



[Preston] I don't have it.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] Unidentified individuals are subject to summary destruction.



[Preston] You're making a very big mistake. I'm a Grammaton Cleric, First class.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] We're gonna search your vehicle.



[Preston] No, you're not. There's nothing in it.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] [To Men] Search it!





[Tetragrammaton] [Search Preston's Car]



Clear, sir.

[Tetragrammaton Captain] Keys to the trunk.



[Preston] I'm trying to tell you.



I have a predawn combustion to witness.



I'm not -- Captain, this is a waste of my time. My name is John Preston.



I'm the highest-ranking Cleric of the Tetragramm --



[Tetragrammaton Captain] Wait.





Stand off.



I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you, sir.



[Preston] That's okay. Just doing your job.

[Tetragrammaton Captain] Thank you.





We'll escort you back to the gate.



[Prston] Thanks.



[Dog] [Yelps]



[Tetragrammaton Captain] [Looks towards the trunk]



[Preston] Animals. Nether's full of them.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] Sounds like it came from your trunk.



[Preston] Impossible. Just give me my keys. I'll be on my way.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] [Refuses to give him the keys]



[Preston] Captain, I'm asking you one last time --



don't do this.



[Tetragrammaton Captain] [Opens trunk and reveals dog]



Down on your knees!



Down on your knees! Down on your knees!



Drop down!



On the ground! Comply! Do it!



Do it!



[Tetragrammaton] No.



Fuck.



[Preston] [Releases his guns from his sleeves]



[Tetragrammaton Captain] What?



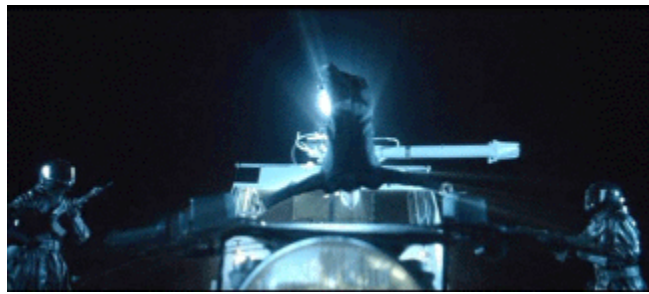
Aw, shit! Shoot him! Shoot him! Shoot him!



[Preston] [Shoots everyone]

[Tetragrammaton] Aah.





[Casings rattle]





[Wind blowing]



[Preston] [Picks dog up lovingly]



[Preston] [Exhales deeply]



[Takes his bathroom cabinet off of the wall]

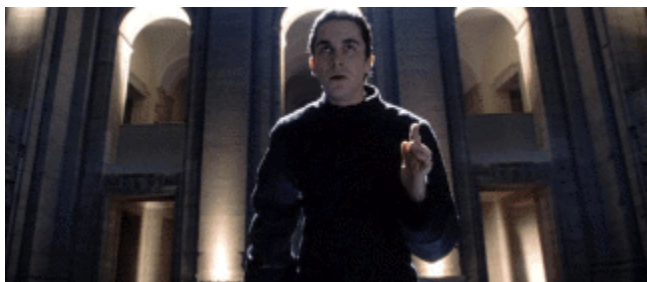




[Puts his Prozac dose behind the cabinet]



[Preston] [Practicing martial arts]



[Grunting]



[Brandt] Always practicing, Cleric.



I guess that's why you're the best.



[Preston] Maybe I'm just better.



[Brandt] Something on your mind?



[Both grunting]



[Preston] Why do you ask?



[Brandt] The intuitive arts, Cleric.



It's my job to know what you're thinking.



[Mask thuds]



[Preston] So then, what am I thinking?



[Brandt] About the murders in the nether last night ...



[Whooshing]





[Brandt] And if they know who did it.



[Both grunting]



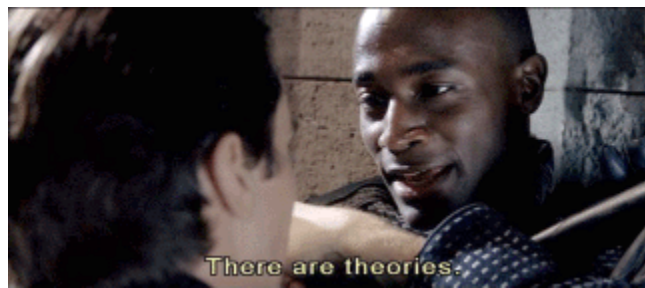
[Brandt] Am I close?



[Preston] So, tell me, do they know?



[Brandt] [Panting]



There are theories. I have one or two of my own, but at the moment ...



[Straining]
they're premature!



I'm glad it happened.



[Preston] Why?



[Brandt] Because now, Father and the Council have decreed an acceleration in the crackdown on offenders. Whoever did it -- all they accomplished was a quicker end to the resistance.



It's gonna be a massacre, Cleric.



[Preston] [Shows Brandt his stick in his crotch]



[Brandt] I came to tell you there's a raid in the nether --



Sector 7.

Sector 7.
[Panting]



So get ready.

So get ready.





[Sense Offender] [Points gun at Preston's neck]



[Preston] [Whips around and grabs Sense Offender]





[To Sense Offenders] That door behind you ...



go.



Go, damn you!



Get out of here, god damn it! If you don't, you're dead!



[Sense Offender] Don't do it. He'll shoot us in the back.



[Preston] If I was gonna shoot you, I'd shoot you in the face.



Now go.





Damn you! Follow me.



Now! Let's go!



[Tetragrammaton] There will be no detention. Repeat -- no detention for any purpose.



All prisoners and apprehendees are to be put down.



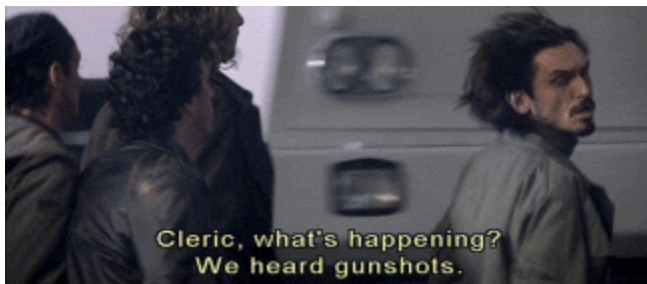
[Sense Offenders] Look out!



[Tetragrammaton] Aah!



[Preston] [Takes down Tetragrammaton]



[Tetragrammaton] Cleric, what's happening? We heard gunshots.



[Preston] [To Sense Offenders] Go!



[Tetragrammaton] What are you doing? Cleric!



They're resistance fighters.



Cleric!



[Preston] [Releases his guns from his sleeves]



[Tetragrammaton] He's a sense offender!



[Preston] [Kills Tetragrammaton]





[Indistinct shouting]

[Tetragrammaton] Cover all quadrants!



Secure the perimeter!





[Preston] [To Sense Offenders] What is this?



What are you doing?!

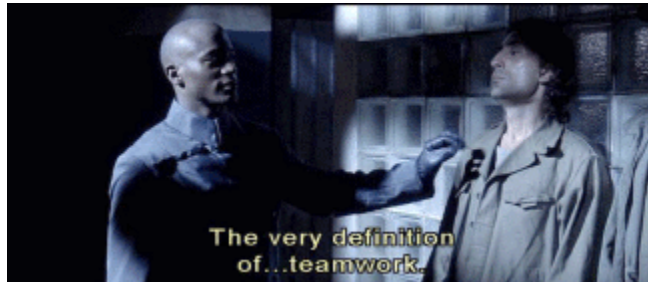
[Brandt] Nicely done, Cleric.



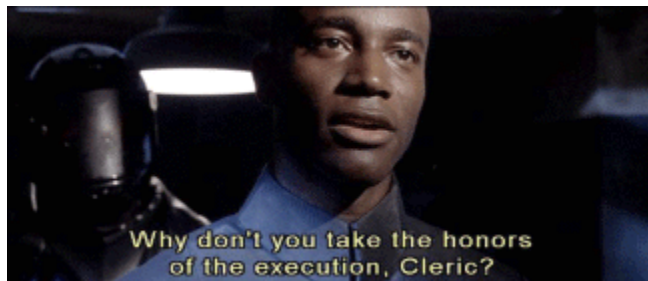
You drive them into the trap ...



I close it.

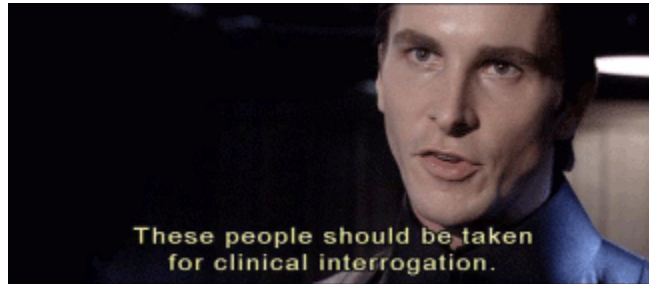


The very definition of teamwork. Don't you think?



Why don't you take the honors of the execution, Cleric?





[Preston] These people should be taken for clinical interrogation.

[Brandt] Cleric, Father's rulings are quite clear.



Offenders are to be shot on sight.



[Preston] They have valuable information.

[Brandt] Cleric ...

[Preston] They can be put to much better use ...



[Brandt] Cleric. If your weapon's low, please, use mine.



[Hands Preston his gun]



[Tetragrammaton] [Gun cocks]



[Preston] No. I think, in the end ...



It'll be better if you have it.



[Hands him his gun back]



[Brandt] Captain.

[Captain] Yes, sir. Firing positions. Ready ...



[Tetragrammaton] [Guns cocking]



[Captain] Aim ...



Fire!



[Gunfire]

[Preston] [Walks away]



[Men screaming]

[Brandt] [Watching Preston walk away]



[Preston] Sir?



[Dupont] Yes, Cleric?



[Preston] You asked me to become Father's instrument against the resistance. I'm ready. Today. I wish to show my faith.



I wish, with your permission, to locate the underground once and for all.

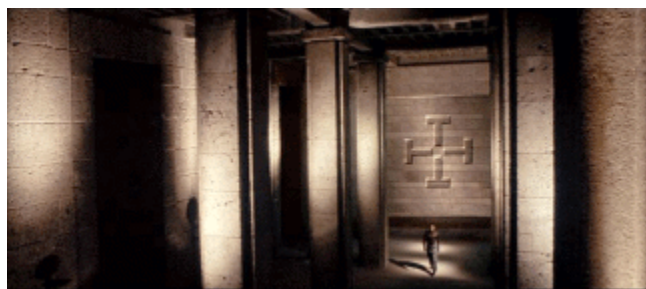


[Dupont] To destroy it?



[Preston] To destroy it.

[Dupont] Good. Do it.







[Preston] [Speaking to dead Partridge] I'm so ...



so very sorry.





[Death Attendant] These are the possessions he had on him at the time of death.



The illegal ones will be burned with him.



[Preston] Good.



[Death Attendant] [Leaves]



[Preston] [Looks through Partridge's photo album]



[FREEDOM]

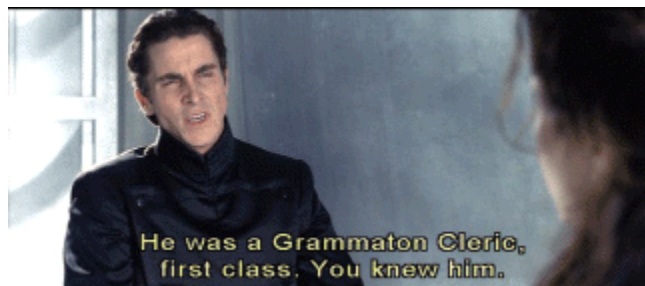




[Mary] "Errol Partridge."



The name supposed to mean something to me?



[Preston] He was a Grammaton Cleric, First Class. You knew him.



[Mary] News bulletin -- I'm a sense offender. I don't hang around much with the Cleric.



[Preston] [Hands her the photograph of her and Partridge]



I want to know about him.



[Mary] Well ...



[Hands the photograph back to Preston]
I suggest you go ask him.



But I understand that he's dead -- killed by your friends at the Tetragrammaton.



[Preston] Not by my friends. By me.



[Mary] [Leaps over the table and attacks him]



[Preston] Aaah!



[Brings Mary down onto the table]



[And touches her face lightly]



[Walks toward the door]



You were lovers.



[Door closes]



[Father] The underground is our foe ...



and greater than even the threat of those who have forsaken their Prozium for emotion, is the threat of those selfsame individuals united.



They are the secret organization ...





[FREEDOM READING ROOM]

[Father] And thus, it is in the writing of the Father ...



that we find our greatest --



[Librarian] Good afternoon, sir. What will it be for you?



The latest copy of the inserts?



Revised edition of the Manifesto?



[Preston] [Shows Librarian a picture of Partridge] Errol Partridge.



What do you know about him?



[Librarian] I beg your pardon?



[Preston] Everyone out. Now.



[Everyone leaves]



[Preston] [Locks door]



[To Librarian] I'm gonna ask you one more time. Errol Partridge -- What do you know about him?



[Librarian] I'm sure this must be some mis --



[Preston] [Lays the Librarian onto the table]
You're an offender.

[Librarian] I'm not.

[Preston] No? Then why are you so scared of me? Now, you will tell me everything you know about Errol Partridge, or I will have a wagon come to take you to the Hall of Destruction for summary combustion.

[Librarian] [breathing heavily]
I -- I really don't know --



[Preston] Speak!

[Librarian] He -- he'd come in here with a fellow named Jurgen.

[Preston] Why?

[Librarian] That's -- that's all I know. I swear.



[Preston] Jurgen!



[Looking at the bookcase] Interesting.





- Ugh-ow!
- Ugh!

[Throws the Librarian against the bookcase]

[Librarian] Ugh-ow!

[Preston] Ugh!



[Throws him through the wall, and reveals room behind]



[Groans]

[Librarian] [groans]





[Preston] [Gun cocks]



[Investigates room]



[Jurgen] We've been watching you, Preston.



You're Jurgen.

[Preston] You're Jurgen.



You're feeling.

[Jurgen] You're feeling.



Do you know why you came?

Do you know why you came?



[Buzzes]

[Buzzes a door open]



Welcome to the underground.



Polygraph.



It detects fluctuations of human emotion.



We have to be sure.



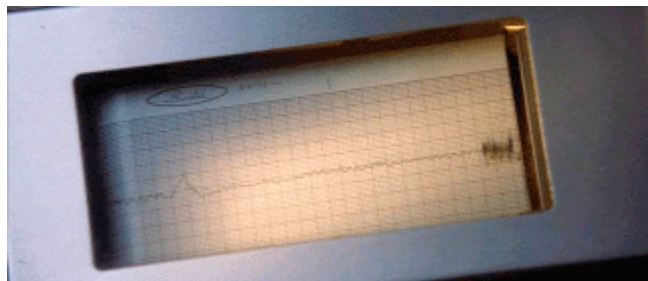
[Preston] [Sits down at polygraph machine]





Mary.

[Jurgen] Mary.



You're carrying in your left pocket ...



a red ribbon
sprayed with her scent.

a red ribbon sprayed with her scent.



You breathe it in sometimes

You breathe it in sometimes when you think there's no one to see. But what you feel ...



what you feel could only be satisfied by falling yourself into her.



[Preston] She's scheduled for combustion -- tomorrow.



[Jürgen] I know.



You know, I was like you. But the first thing you learn about emotion is that it has its price -- a complete paradox. But without restraint, without control, emotion is chaos.



[Preston] But how is that diff --



[Jürgen] The difference being is that when we want to feel, we can. It's just that some of us, some of us have to forgo that luxury, so that the rest can have it. Some very few of us have to force ourselves not to feel.



Like me. Like you.



[Preston] What can I do?



[Jürgen] You can kill Father.



[Father] [Speaking indistinctly]



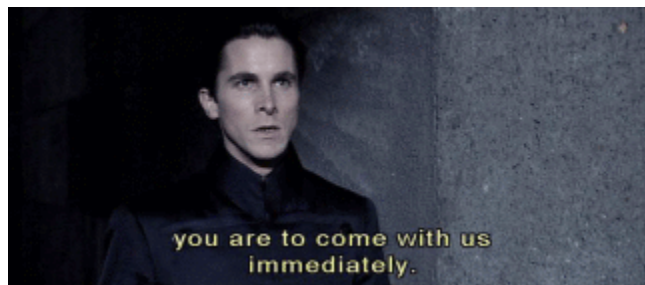
[Horn honks]



[Tetragrammaton] [Engines roaring]



Cleric John Preston ...
[Gun cocks]



You are to come with us immediately.



[Dupont] Cleric Preston.

[Preston] Sir.



[Dupont] I've heard the most disturbing rumor.



[Preston] Rumor, sir?

[Dupont] Yes. A rumor maintaining that one of us, one of the Cleric, has secretly taken it upon himself to cease his dose ...



that one of our elite number ...



is actually feeling.
[Touches the table]



[Preston] Feeling, sir?



[Dupont] Are you playing with me, Cleric?!



[Guns cock]

[Tetragrammaton] [Guns cock]

[Preston] No, sir.



This person, I'm told,

[Dupont] This person, I'm told, is actually attempting to contact the resistance. Now tell me, if you'll be so kind, how exactly have you been making use of your time of late?



Attempting to contact
the Resistance, sir.

[Preston] Attempting to contact the resistance, sir.

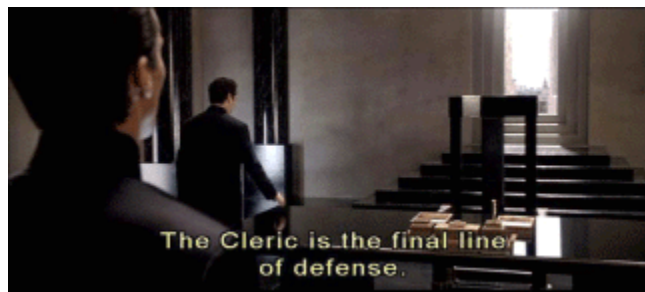
[Dupont] Attempting? How is it that you intend to expose this traitor, if all you do is attempt?

[Preston] You're absolutely 100% right, sir.



Of course I am.

[Dupont] Of course I am.



The Cleric is the final line of defense. If the resistance compromises it, we are doomed.



Father is doomed.

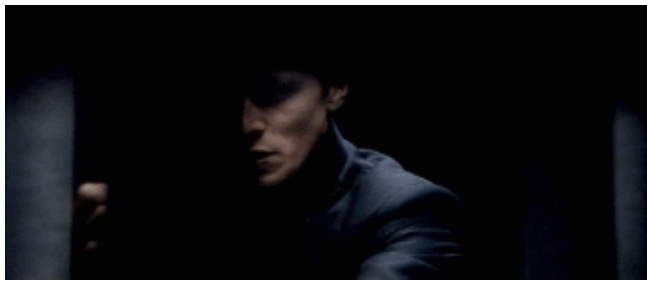


[Preston] I will redouble my efforts, sir, to locate the resistance, to find this traitor, and bring them all to the Council's fair justice.



[Dupont] Do it.

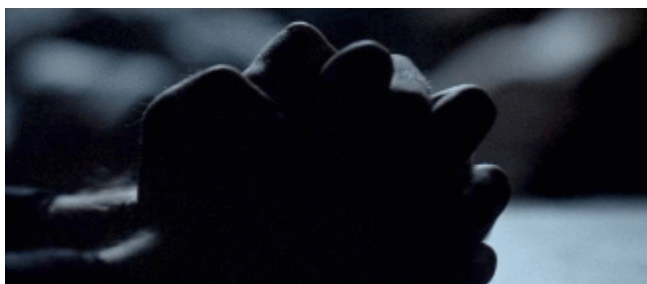




[Preston] [Creaking the cabinet]



[Putting his Proziom dose behind the bathroom cabinet]





[Sitting at his children's bedside]



[Checking Robbie's Proziom supply]



[Robbie] What are you doing?



What are you doing?



[Preston] I, uh, I was checking to make sure you've been taking your interval.

[Robbie] And are you satisfied?

[Preston] Yes, I am.



[Robbie] Good night, dad.



[Mary] I don't understand.



My execution's set. Why are you here?



[Distant buzzing]



[Beeping]



[Preston] [Turns his beeper off]

[Beeping stops]

[Buzzing stops]



[Mary] Aren't you gonna dose?



My God. What, what'll you do?



[Preston] I don't know.

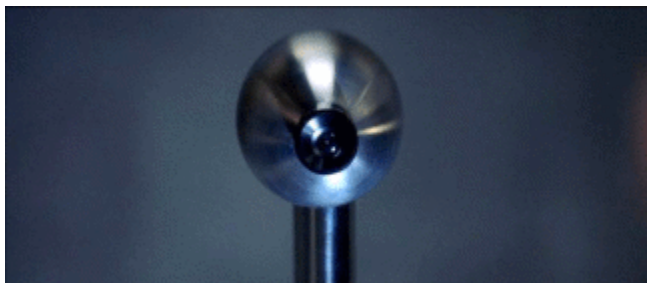




[Mary] [Reaches her hand out to Preston]



[Preston] [Touches Mary's hand]







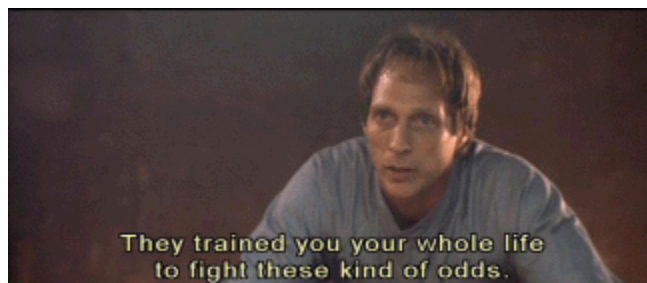
[Preston] 50 sweepers, maybe more.



[Jurgen] What about an audience? Can you somehow arrange to meet with him?



[Preston] Father's never given a single audience since the upheaval. The danger of assassination is too great.



[Jurgen] They trained you your whole life to fight these kind of odds, Preston.



[Preston] Even if I could, even if I could make it through, what guarantee is there it would accomplish anything, that anything would be different?



[Jurgen] We have a network that's larger than you could ever imagine. The instant word comes that Father is dead, that the Council is leaderless ...



bombs that have already been planted, will be set off at the Prozium clinics, and the factories around LIBRIA. If we can succeed in disrupting the supply ...



for even one day -- one day -- our cause will be won by human nature itself.



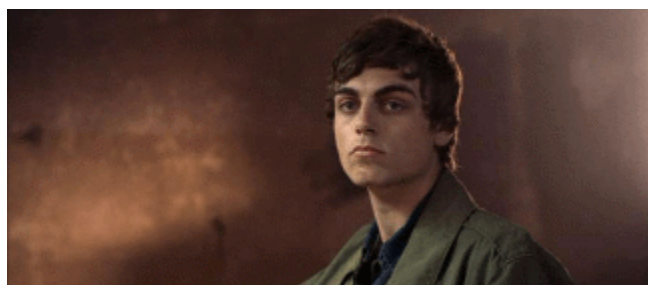
[Preston] What about war, the everyday cruelties that are all gone now?



[Jurgen] Replaced by the touch of Grammaton.



Will you do it?





[Preston] [Exhales slowly] Yes.



[Jurgen] Can you?



[Preston] I don't know.



[Resistance Fighter] [Leads Preston out, and looks carefully both ways]





[Jürgen] Don't -- seeing her one last time will only make it harder to do what you have to do.





[Preston] [Looking at file footage of Mary O'Brien]



[Man speaking indistinctly]

[Father] [Speaking indistinctly]
designed especially to deal with it. The Cleric was implemented and sent out to search and destroy ...



such objects that remained and, if necessary, those who attempted to ...

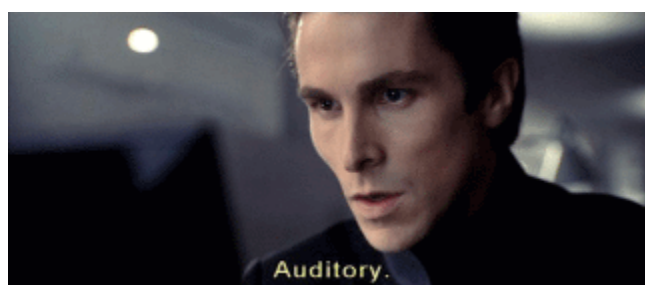
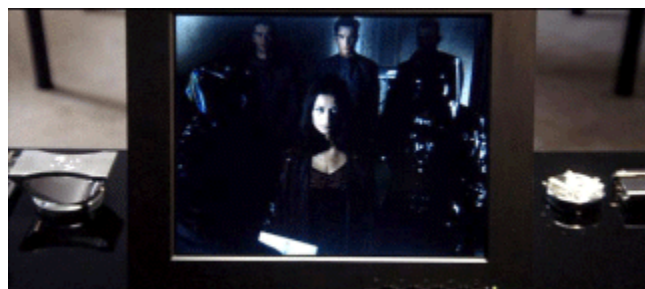


[Preston] File footage.

[Father] The Council ...



[Preston] Viviana Preston. Sentence and incineration.



Auditory.

[Judge] Viviana Preston.



For ceasing your interval, for the crime of feeling, you stand condemned to suffer annihilation in the city furnaces.
You will be taken there immediately, and you will burn.

[Father] [Speaking indistinctly]



[Preston] [Looking at himself at Viviana's trial]



[Father] The Cleric was implemented ...



and sent out to search and destroy such objects that remained and, if necessary, those who attempted to ...



The Council ...



[Preston] [Runs out the door]





[Mary] [Getting ready to be executed]



[Preston] [Runs up the steps]



[Rapid footsteps approaching]





[Preston] The incineration -- has it gone through?!



[Tetragrammaton] It's going through now. Hey!



[Fire roaring]



[Mary] [Looks at Executioner]





[Walks towards furnace room]



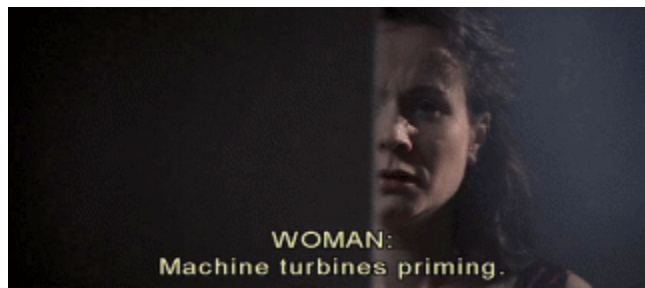
[Quivering]

[Quivering]



[Preston] [Running down the hallway towards Mary]





[Woman] Machine turbines priming.



Machine turbines priming.



[Preston] Tetragrammaton -- I need to speak to this woman!



[Tetragrammaton] You're too late, sir. The time lock is engaged.



If we force the door now, the turbines will explode at street level.



personnel, clear the area immediately.



All unauthorized personnel, clear the area immediately.



Turbines primed.

[Preston] [Looking at Mary as the doors close on her]



[Tetragrammaton] Fire in 10 seconds ... 9 seconds ...



8 seconds ... 7 seconds ... 6 seconds ... 5 seconds ... 4 seconds ...



3 seconds ...



2 seconds ...



turbines ...



fire.



[Mary] [Is burned up]



[Preston] [Exits Execution Hall]



[Breaks down crying on the steps]





[Brandt] Cleric John Preston ...



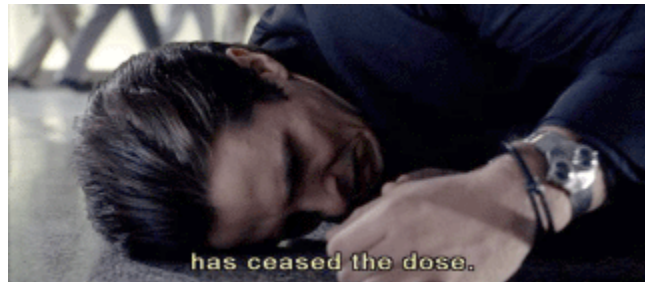
You are under arrest.



[Punches Preston]



[To Crowd] This man --- this senior Cleric --



has ceased the dose.



He is feeling!



He is the worm that has been eating at the core of our great society! And I ...



I have brought him for your justice.



[Preston] Ugh!



[Brandt] I told you I'd make my career with you, Preston.





[Brandt] [To Vice-Council] Vice-Council ...



this man is guilty ...



of consorting with sense offenders ...



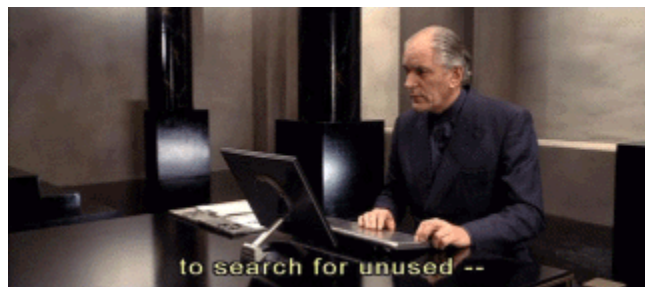
of having relations with a female ...



of sense crime itself.



[Secretary] Dispatch a search team to the Cleric's quarters ...



to search for unused Prozium --



[Brandt] Uh, that won't be necessary, sir. If you'll run the trace record on his side arm ...



you will find that it was he ...



who was with the sweeper team when they were murdered.



[Dupont] Cleric, I assume you have something to say to me.



[Preston] I know it's hard to believe ...
[spits]



that a Cleric of the Tetragrammaton ...



could turn his back on everything that he's been taught, would become associated with the resistance ...



even becoming a champion in its underground.



But it's true.



I promised that I would bring you that man.



And I have.

And I have.



Cleric Brandt ...



[Brandt] Sir?



[Dupont] [To Brandt] The trace shows that it was your gun ...



in the nether with the sweepers.



[Brandt] That's impossible.



[Tetragrammaton] [Guns cock]



[Brandt] [Looking at his gun, which is Preston's gun] This is wrong.



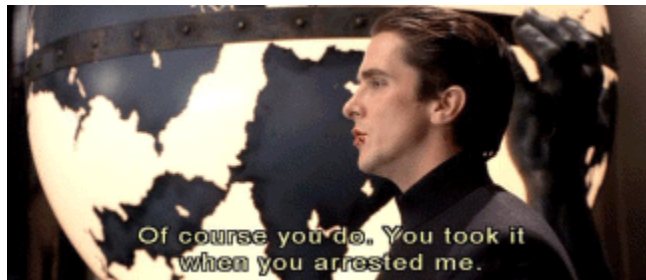
[Remembering: "Preston: I think, in the end ...



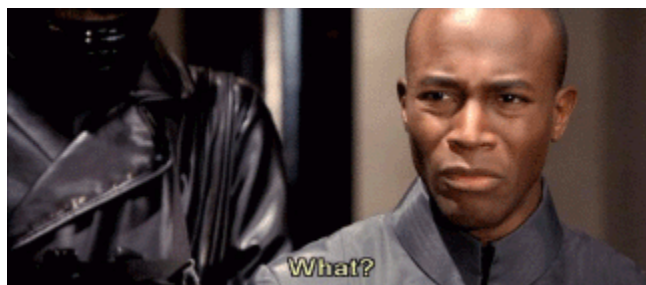
it'll be better if you have it."]



He switched them. He switched them. See, I have his gun now.



[Preston] Of course you do. You took it when you arrested me.



[Brandt] What?



[Dupont] Take him to the Hall of Destruction for summary judgment and combustion.



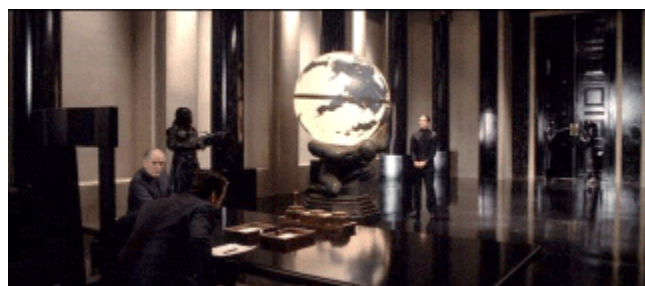
[Brandt] Wait, wait, wait, wait. I can explain.



Uh, sir, I'm not feeling! He is the one who's feeling!



This is a mistake!



[Tetragrammaton] [Take Brandt from the room]



[Dupont] Of course, since a complaint has been lodged ...



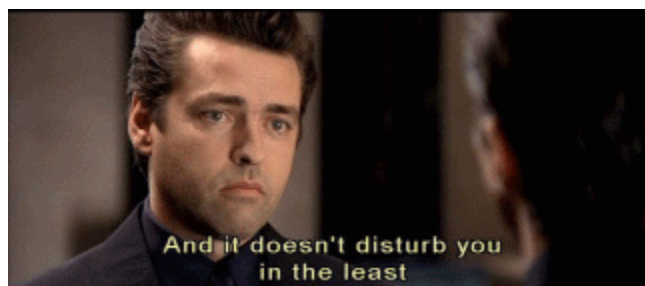
law and the letter is that I allow a team to carry out the search of your premises.



Do you think that's entirely necessary, Cleric, or am I being too exacting?

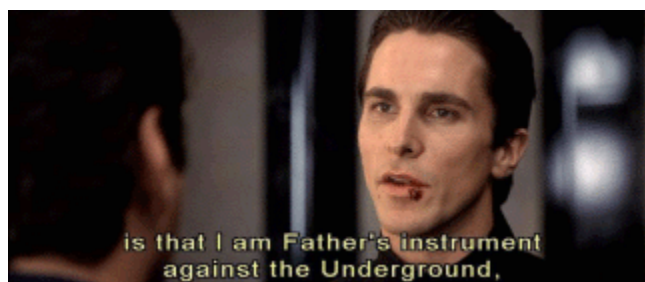


[Preston] As you say, sir, it's the law and the letter.



[Dupont] And it doesn't disturb you in the least that your colleague is going to his end?

[Preston] The only thing that disturbs me, sir ...



is that I am Father's instrument against the underground, and yet I've never had the honor of meeting him.



[Dupont] Hmm. Yes, but, Cleric, you know that Father never grants an audience to anyone.



[Preston] Even to the man who brings him the resistance?



[Dupont] [Hands him the key to his handcuffs]





[Tires screech]

[Preston] [Tires screech]



Sorry, sir.
Just a formality.

[Tetragrammaton] Sorry, sir. Just a formality.



The search team will be up
momentarily.

The search team will be up momentarily.

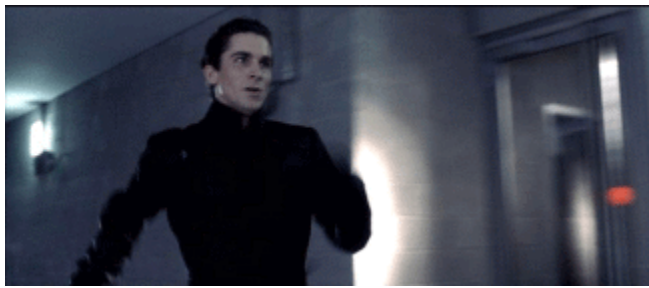


Excellent.
I have nothing to hide.

[Preston] Excellent. I have nothing to hide.



[Preston] [Bounds up the stairs]



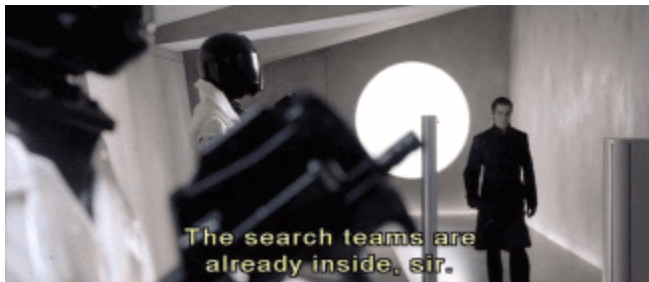
[Runs down the hall]



[Composes himself before his door]



[Walks in calmly]



[Tetragrammaton] The search teams are already inside, sir.

[Beeps]



[Preston] Excellent.

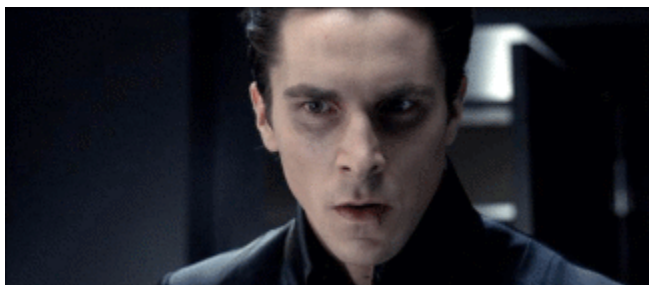
[Men speaking indistinctly in distance]



[Preston] [Hurrying towards bathroom cabinet]



[Takes cabinet off wall]





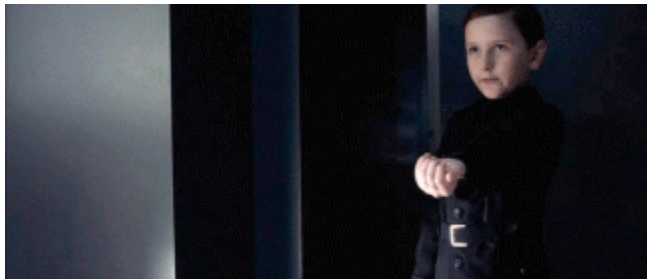
[Prozium is gone]



[Robbie] Looking for something?



If I were you ...



I'd be more careful in the future.
[Hands his dad his Prozium]



[Preston] How long?



[Robbie] Since mom.



[Preston] And Lisa?



[Robbie] Of course.



[Preston] How did you know?

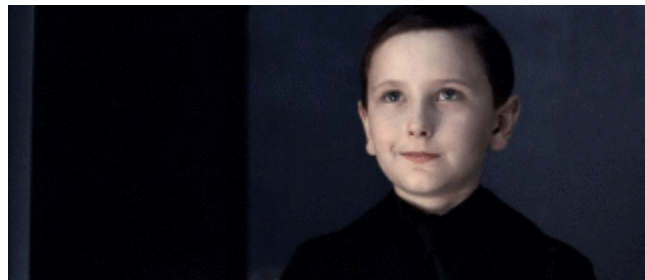
[Robbie] You forget ...



It's my job to know what you're thinking.



[Preston] Then you know what I'm gonna do now.



[Robbie] [Smiles]



[Proctor] You have a message for the Vice-Council?

[Preston] It's done. I've located the resistance. Come now.



You'll have them all.



[Hangs up phone]



[Resistance] [Is rounded up and put into trucks]



[Jürgen] [Resists going into truck]



[Truck door closes]



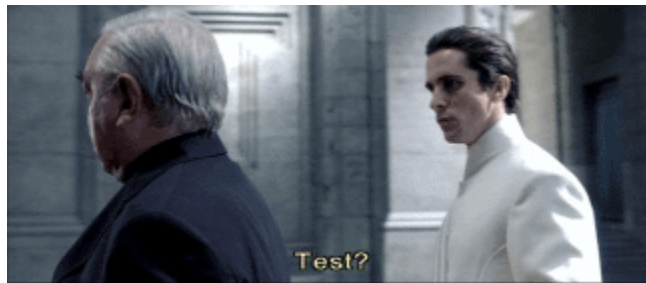
[Proctor] Do not address Father unless first addressed by him.



Avoid eye contact. If you should break his personal security zone, you will be immediately put down by snipers. Is that understood? You'll be required to surrender your firearm, of course ...



and then there's the test.



[Preston] Test?



[Proctor] Yes. You didn't imagine we would risk exposing Father to even such a dedicated servant as yourself ...



without first having tested you, did you?



Please.

[Indicates the way]

[Mechanical whirring]





[Father] [Speaking indistinctly]



[Tetragrammaton] Cleric ...



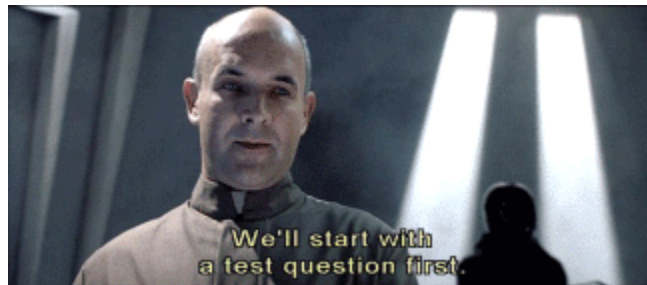
your weapon, please.



[Interrogator] Here.



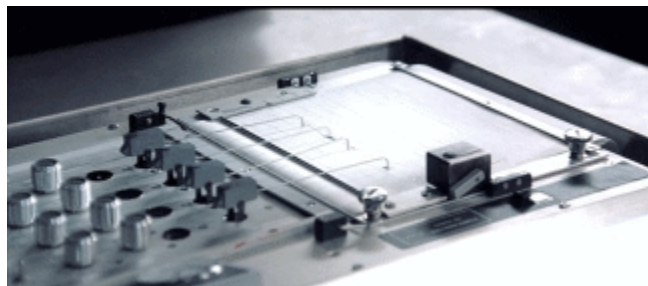
Sit.



We'll start with a test question first.



[Snaps fingers]
More of a riddle, actually.



What would you say is the easiest way ...



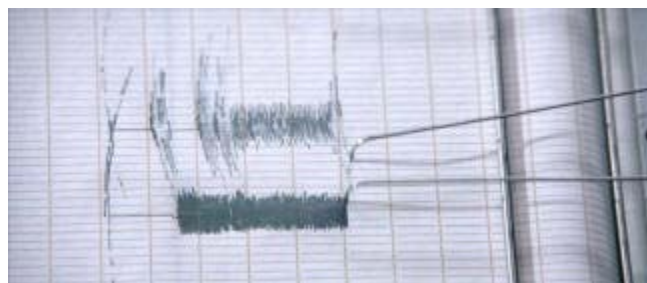
to get a weapon away from a Grammaton Cleric?



[Tetragrammaton] [Guns cocking]



[Brandt] You ask him for it.



[Polygraph needle goes wild]



[Brandt] I told you I'd make my career with you, Cleric.



[Laughing]



[Father] to combine the capacity ...



Preston ...



Brandt's job was simple -- to make you feel like you'd won, to make you feel safe.



For years, I tried to infiltrate an agent into the underground, until it hit me --



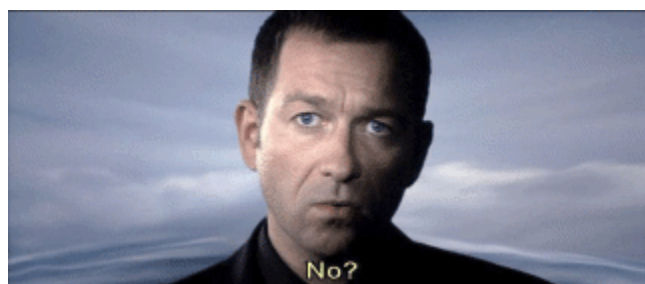
in order to pass undetected into their midst, in order to be trusted by them, my provocateur would have to think like them, and would have to feel like them. But where to find such a man --



a man with the capacity to feel, who didn't yet know it?



[Preston] But, we've never met.



[Father] No?



[Father morphs into Dupont]



[Dupont] Don't look so surprised, Preston.



Why should Father be more real than any other political puppet?



The real Father died years ago. The Council simply elected me to pursue his paternal tradition. And you, Preston, the supposed savior of the resistance, are now its destroyer ...



and, along with them, you've given me yourself ...



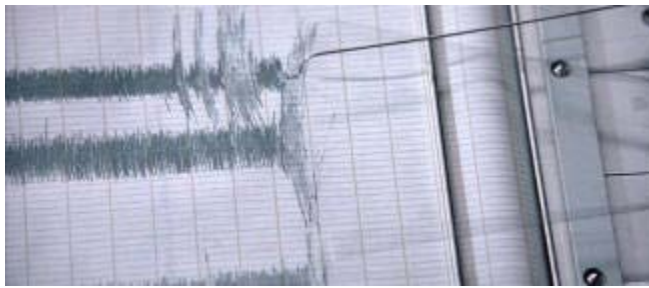
calmly, coolly ...



entirely without incident.



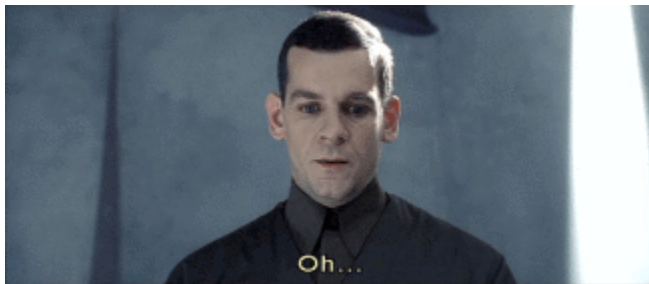
[Polygraph machine scribbling rapidly]



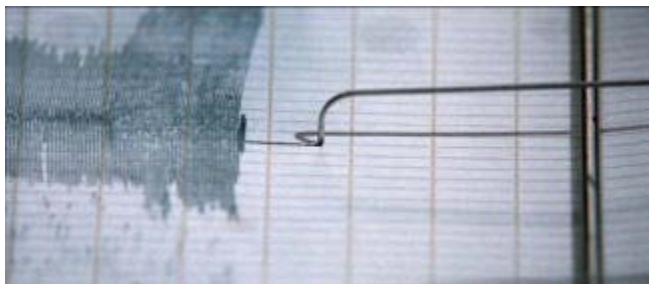
[Preston] No.

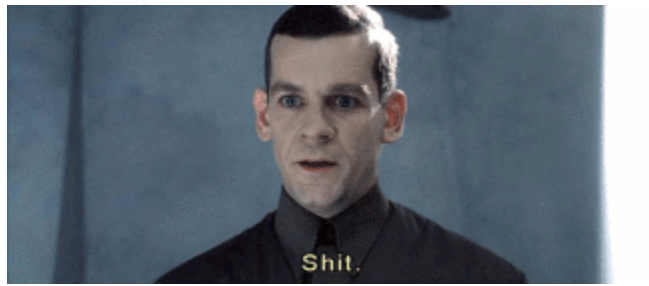


[Beeping]



[Technician] Oh ...





Shit.



[Preston] Not without incident.



[Releases his guns from his sleeves and starts shooting]

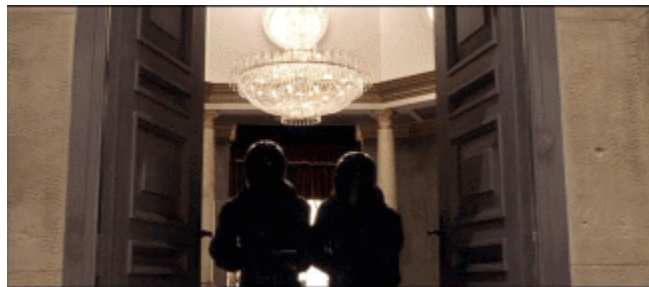




I'm coming.



[Shoots Father's image on the TV]



[Throws grenades]



[Tetragrammaton] [Shoot at Preston]



[Preston] [Jumps, twirls and shoots]





[Still shooting]



[Tetragrammaton] [Shoot back]



[Preston] [Shooting]





[Doing somersaults]



[Shooting]





[Shooting]



[Shooting]



[Enters Dupont's Luxurious Office]

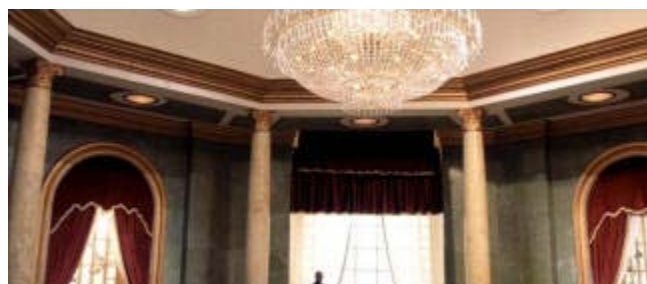




[Dupont] You really should learn to knock.



[Brandt] [Laughs]





[Preston] [Enters room]



[Is immediately surrounded by many Tetragrammaton]





How did it feel, Preston?

[Dupont] How did it feel, Preston?



[Smiles]



[Tetragrammaton] [Growls softly]



[Preston] [Smiles]
[Starts slashing]



[Tetragrammaton] Agh!

[Tetragrammaton] Ugh! Ugh! Uhh-ah!



[Tetragrammaton] Wah!



[Tetragrammaton] Ugh! Agh! Uhh!



[Tetragrammaton] Ugh!



[Tetragrammaton] Ugh!



[Tetragrammaton] Aggh!



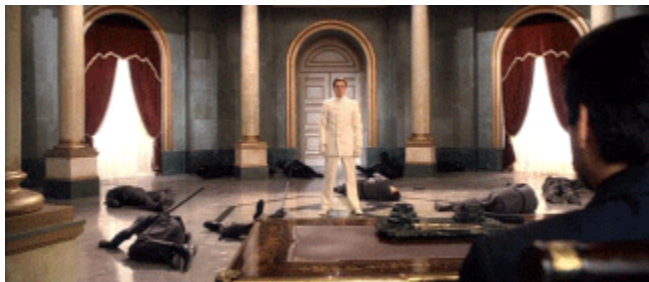
[Tetragrammaton] Aggh!



[Preston kills everyone]



[Dupont] [Looks worried]



[Brandt] [Looks worried]





[Brandt and Dupont look at each other]



[Brandt] [Grabs a sword]



Mind the uniform, Cleric.

[to Preston] Mind the uniform, Cleric.



[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]



I plan to be wearing it
for a long time.

[Brandt] I plan to be wearing it for a long time.



[Brandt & Preston fight]



[Preston] [Slices off Brandt's face]



[Preston] [Drops his guns]



[Brandt] [Drops his sword]



[Dupont] [Looks sick]





[Brandt's face falls off]



[Thud]

[Thud]





[Dupont] Be careful, Preston.



You're treading on my dreams.
[Grabs his gun]



[Preston] [Rolls and fires]



[Brandt & Preston fighting]



[Dupont] Ohh!



[Preston] [Points his gun at Brandt]

[Brandt] Wait. Wait.



Look at me. Look at me.



[Breathing heavily]



I'm life. I live, I -- I breathe ...

[Breathes deeply]

I feel. Now that you know it, can you really take it? Is it really worth the price?



[Preston] I pay it gladly.



[Shoots Dupont]



[Dupont falls dead]



[Thud]





[Preston] [Walks out of room where everyone is dead]



[Father] The following items have been rated EC-10 --



condemned.



[Speaking indistinctly]



[Preston] [Kills Tetragrammaton]



[Thud]

[Thud]



In the 19th century...

[Father] In the 19th century ...



[Preston] [Holding his guns]



[All shouting indistinctly]

[Workers] [All shouting indistinctly]



[Father] world to its knees. Two millennia ago, in his conquest of the known world ...



Alexander the Great slaughtered ...



more than one million human beings.



Three centuries later, purely out of jealousy ...



Gaius Germanicus, "Caligula," murdered his own sister ...



impregnated with his own child.



MARQUIS DE SADE: All religions are based on a false premise, Therese. They all believe in God the Creator. But this Creator does not exist. Is there one religion that does not bear the emblem of fraud and stupidity? But one that especially deserves our contempt and our hatred is the barbarous law of Christianity, our birthright. You rely on a vengeful God. Don't be foolish Therese. This God of yours is but a chimera that is found only in the minds of madmen. It's a phantom invented by wicked men, whose only purpose is to deceive them, or to arm them against one another.



If this Lord really existed, with all the flaws that have appeared in his work, how could we see him as anything but contemptible and heinous?



If there were a God, there would be less evil on earth.



Look, your ear is still bleeding. It's not a crime to depict the bizarre habits that nature inspires within us. No, Therese, there is no God. Nature is enough. This god-like phantom, born out of ignorance and fear, is nothing more than a revolting platitude, which is not even worth a fraction of our time. It is a pitiful extravagance that disgusts the spirit, sickens the heart, and that should forever return to the darkness whence it came!



If your God does exist, I hate him!



THERESE: Yes, God exists! God exists!



-- The Milky Way, directed by Luis Bunuel



In the --

[Preston] [Shoots another TV picture of Father]



[Electricity crackles]



[Preston] [Shooting TV machines]



[Father] [Speaking indistinctly, echoing]



[Preston] [Shooting]



[Father] items have been rated EC-10 ...



[Preston] [Shooting]



[Father] rated condemned, destroyed.



[TVs sputtering]



[Father] items have been rated

[TVs all quiet]



[Captain] As this is Montag's home, I think, perhaps, he should do the honors.



What are you doing in there! Have you gone mad?



Come on, get back in there! Just the books! The books!



What do you think you're doing? There's no need for that!



-- Fahrenheit 451, directed by Francois Truffaut



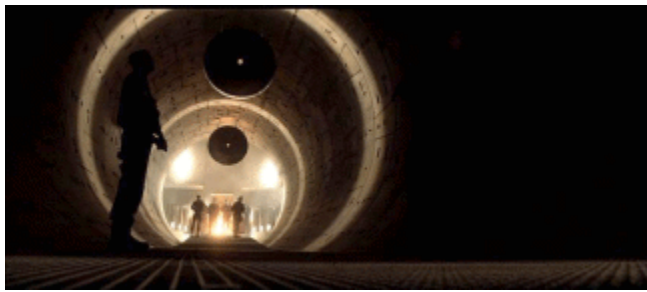
[Silence]



[Preston] [Walks through Tetragrammaton door to look at the city, which is starting to burn]



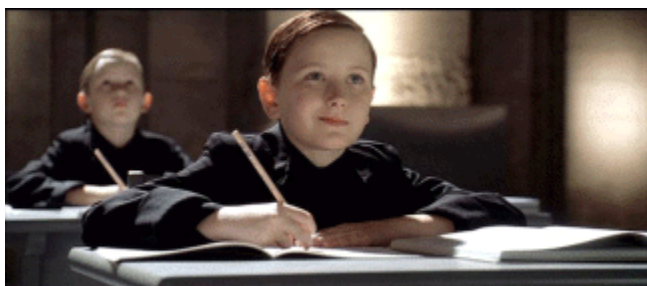
[Rumbling]



[Rumbling continues]



[Lisa] [Letting the dog lick her hand]



[Robbie] [Smiling]



[Indistinct shouting, gunfire]



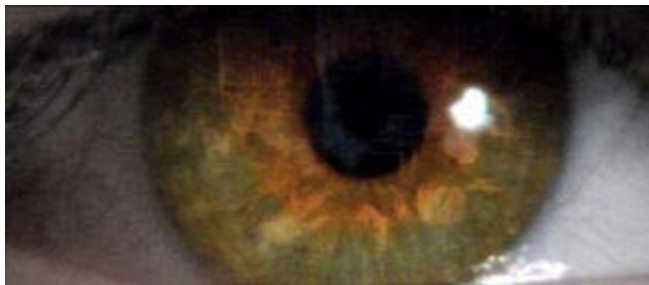
[Rebels] [Rebelling]



[Shouting continues]



[Men cheering]



[Preston] [Holding Mary's red ribbon]



WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY KURT WIMMER

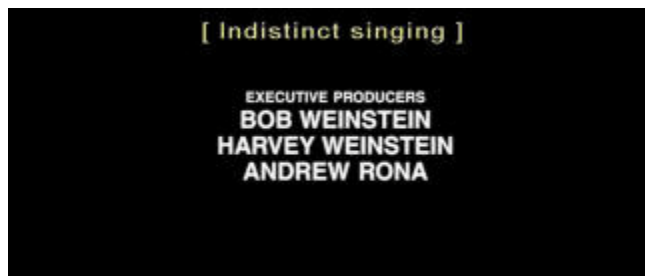


[Slow instrumental music plays]

PRODUCED BY JAN DE BONT, LUCAS FOSTER



CO-PRODUCER SUE BADEN-POWELL



[indistinct singing]

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: BOB WEINSTEIN, HARVEY WEINSTEIN, ANDREW RONA

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: NINON TANTET

CINEMATOGRAPHER: DION BEEBE, A.C.S.

PRODUCTION DESIGNER: WOLF KROEGER

EDITED BY: TOM ROLF, A.C.E., WILLIAM YEH

COSTUME DESIGNER: JOSEPH PORRO

MUSIC BY KLAUS BADELDT

CHRISTIAN BALE

EMILY WATSON

TAYE DIGGS

ANGUS MACFADYEN

SEAN BEAN

SEAN PERTWEE

MATTHEW HARBOUR

AND WILLIAM FICHTNER

CASTING BY JUEL BESTROP, JEANNE MCCARTHY; EUROPEAN CASTING BY LUCINDA SYSON, CDG

VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR: TIM MCGOVERN

DIGITAL CITYSCAPES CREATED BY DIGITAL FIREPOWER, INC.

A BLUE TULIP PRODUCTION

CAST (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE): Seamus: Dominic Purcell; John Preston: Christian Bale; Partridge: Sean Bean; Officer in Charge: Christian Kahrman; Chemist: John Keogh; Father: Sean Pertwee; Jurgen: William Fichtner; Dupont: Angus MacFadyen; Evidentiary Storage Officer: David Barrash; Gate Guard: Dirk Martens; Brandt: Taye Diggs; Robbie Preston: Matthew Harbour; Preston's Wife: Maria Pia Calzone; Lisa Preston: Emily Siewert; Mary O'Brien: Emily Watson; Enforcer Commander: Mike Smith; Gate Guard: Florian Fitz; Lead Sweeper: Daniel Lee; Rebel Leader: Francesco Calabras; Rebel Victim: Kurt Wimmer

Crematory Technician: Anatole Taubmann; Reading Room Proprietor: Brian Connelly; Viviana Preston: Alexa Summer; Dupont's Secretary: Brian Cook; Search Coordinator: Mehmet Kurtulus; Proctor: David Hemmings; Interrogator: Klaus Schindler; Polygraph Technician: Oliver Brandl