

FAHRENHEIT 451 -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

Directed by Francois Truffaut, Novel by Ray Bradbury

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[Transcribed from the Movie by Tara Carreon]





[Announcer]: An Enterprise Vineyard Production. Oskar Werner, Julie Christie in Fahrenheit 451.



Co-starring: Cyril Cusack, Anton Diffring, Jeremy Spenser, Bee Duffell, Alex Scott.



Screenplay by Francois Truffaut and Jean-Louis Richard. From a novel by Ray Bradbury. Music by Bernard Herrmann. Director of Photography: Nicolas Roeg. Color by Technicolor.



Art Director: Syd Cain. Production and Costume Design Consultant: Tony Walton. Film Editor: Thom Noble. Associate Producer: Mickey Dalamar. Produced by Lewis M. Allen. Directed by Francois Truffaut.



[Bell ringing]



[Phone ringing]



[Man] Hello.

[Woman] Get out! Hurry!

[Man] What? Who is that?

[Woman] Get moving! For God's sake, get out of there!

[Man] I ...

[Line disconnects]

[Man] Hello?

[Siren approaching]



[Siren continues]





[Siren blaring]



[Siren winding down]





















[Captain] Montag, here.





Well ... what sort were these then, Montag?

[Montag] I didn't really look, sir. A little bit of everything. Novels, biographies, adventure stories.

[Captain] Oh, routine, eh? Why will they do it? It's sheer perversity. By the way ...

[Fireman] Pass it over.

[Captain] What does Montag do with his day off duty?

[Montag] Not very much, sir. Mow the lawn.

[Captain] And what if the law forbids that?

[Montag] Just watch it grow, sir.

[Captain] Uh-huh. Good. Good. Montag might be hearing some exciting news in a day or two. Benedict won't be with us very much longer, and Montag's name has been mentioned.

[Montag] Promotion, sir?

[Engine starting]



[Captain] I trust that the thought makes Montag happy.





[Clarisse] I think we're neighbors. I live near block 813. Isn't that where you live?

[Montag] Yes, I do.



[Clarisse] Do you know we make the same trip together almost every day?

[Montag] Do we?

[Clarisse] Hmm. That's why I thought to myself, well, we ought to talk to each other. Do you mind? Me talking, I mean.

[Montag] No, no, go ahead. Talk. I can't promise to think of anything to answer though.

[Clarisse] [Laughs] Don't you worry about that. Once I get started, nothing can stop me. My uncle says I am a veritable well of words.

[Montag] Hasn't this uncle of yours ever warned you never to speak to strangers?

[Clarisse] No. He did say once if anyone asked how old I was to say I was 20 years old and light in the head. They always go together.

[Montag] "Light in the head"?

[Clarisse] Mmm. Loopy. Crazy. Anyway, you don't frighten me.

[Montag] Why should I?

[Clarisse] No reason really. The uniform, I suppose.

[Monorail hisses]

[Clarisse] Most people are ... frightened, frightened of firemen.

[Montag] This is my stop now.

[Clarisse] Mine too. Are you an officer?



[Montag] Oh, no. Not yet. An officer has to -- I'm going to be promoted soon.

[Clarisse] Even with my eyes closed, I could tell what you do for a job.



[Montag] Because of the smell of kerosene?

[Clarisse] Huh.



[Montag] Quite a scent, isn't it? My wife doesn't like it very much. She says it lingers. I don't mind. I think of it as a ...
perfume.

[Clarisse] Perfume?

[Montag] Yes, a perfume, like any other.

[Clarisse] I don't think I've seen your wife. What's she like?



[Montag] She's rather like you, except her hair is long.

[Clarisse] Rather like me?

[Montag] Quite like you.

[Clarisse] [Laughs] Tell me, that number you all wear, what's it mean?

[Montag] Oh, Fahrenheit 451.

[Clarisse] Why 451 rather than 813 or 121?

[Montag] Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature at which book paper catches fire and starts to burn.



[Clarisse] I'd like to ask you something else, only I don't really dare.

[Montag] Go ahead.

[Clarisse] Is it true that a long time ago firemen used to put out fires and not burn books?

[Montag] [Laughs] Really, your uncle is right. You are light in the head. "Put fires out"? Who told you that?

[Clarisse] Oh, I don't know. Someone. But is it true?

[Montag] Oh, what a strange idea. Houses have always been fireproof.

[Clarisse] Ours isn't.

[Montag] Well, then, it should be condemned one of these days. It has to be destroyed, and you will have to move to a house that is fireproof.

[Clarisse] Too bad. Tell me, why do you burn books?

[Montag] What? Well, it's a job like any other. Good work with lots of variety. Monday, we burn Miller; Tuesday, Tolstoy; Wednesday, Walt Whitman; Friday, Faulkner; and Saturday and Sunday, Schopenhauer and Sartre. "We burn them to ashes and then burn the ashes." That's our official motto.

[Clarisse] You don't like books then?

[Montag] Do you like the rain?

[Clarisse] Yes, I adore it.

[Montag] Books are just so much ... rubbish. They have no interest.

[Clarisse] Then why do some people still read them although it's so dangerous?

[Montag] Precisely because it is forbidden.

[Clarisse] Why is it forbidden?

[Montag] Because it makes people unhappy.

[Clarisse] Do you really believe that?

[Montag] Oh, yes. Books disturb people. They make them antisocial.

[Clarisse] [Sighs] Do you think I'm antisocial?

[Montag] Why do you ask?

[Clarisse] Well ... I'm a teacher. Well, not quite. I'm still on probation. This afternoon the analyst called me in, and I don't think I said the right things. I'm not at all happy about my answers. That's probably why I've been so rude to you. Have I been annoying you?

[Montag] Oh, no, not at all. In fact, I was questioned this afternoon as well.

[Plane approaching]

[Montag] I didn't do too well either.

[Plane passing overhead]



[Clarisse] This is where I live. You see? This is my house.



One more question.

[Montag] Another one?

[Clarisse] Just a little tiny one.

[Montag] What is it?

[Clarisse] Do you ever read the books you burn?

[Montag] Why should I? First, I'm not interested. Second, I've better things to do and third, it is forbidden.

[Clarisse] Of course. You happy?

[Montag] What? Of course I'm happy.







[TV Announcer] ... so you can protect yourself on the streets. The art of self-defense, and of attack on occasions, may also come in quite handy in the home, cousins. Now, if you watch carefully, you will see how a woman can use a man's superior weight to her own advantage.

[Person falls]



[TV Announcer] Did you see that? Now let's watch that once again normally.



And now in slow motion.



Watch it carefully again, cousins.

[Montag] I'm going to be promoted.

[TV Announcer] And he starts to advance, notice her position:



[Montag] Are you listening, Linda?

[Woman] Knees bent slightly and toes turned slightly inwards.

[Linda] Oh, that's marvelous, Montag.

[TV Announcer] There. Now you see how easily she has disposed of her --



[Montag] The captain told me while we were out on a call.

[Linda] [Shouts] What did you say?

[TV continues]



[Montag] I'm talking about my promotion.



[Linda] Does that mean an increase, dear? How much?



[Montag] He didn't mention that.



We could move to a larger house.



Would you like that?

[Linda] I'd rather have a second wall-set put in. They say when you have your second wall-screen, it's like having your family grow around you.

[TV continues]



[Montag] Linda, how many of these pills have you taken today?

[Linda] What's that?

[TV continues]



[Linda] Oh, those. Help yourself. I've got another bottle full.

[Montag] How many have you had?

[Linda] Oh, don't carry on like that. Only a few. Anyway, tonight's special for me.

[TV continues]



[Linda] I've got a part in The Family.

[TV continues, indistinct]

[Montag] What?

[TV Announcer] Our campaign against the enemies of the public peace is gaining momentum. Today's figures for operations in the urban area alone account for the elimination of the total of 2,750 pounds of conventional editions. Eight hundred and thirty-six pounds of first editions and 17 pounds of manuscripts were also destroyed. Twenty-three antisocial elements were detained, pending re-education.

[Linda] Did you see that? Cousin Claudette's got a bouffant tonight.

[Montag] Who?

[Linda] Cousin Claudette.



[Montag] Who is Cousin Claudette?

[Linda] The cousin announcer. The one you don't like.

[Montag] I don't like any of them.



[Linda] Why don't you get the kitchen family fixed? You are awful, Montag, really.

[TV chiming]

[Linda] Oh, hurry, hurry! I'll be on in a minute! Quickly! Quickly!



[TV theme]



[Montag] I don't understand. How can you be in a play?

[Linda] They've written a play, you see, with one part missing. That's me. When the people look at me, then I have to speak. They ask me a question, and I have to say what I think.



The play, it's beginning.

[TV Announcer] And now, for cousins everywhere, Our Family Theater. "Come Play With Us."

[Linda] [Flicking lighter]

[[TV Announcer] Naturally, in what you are about to see any similarity with the truth or with real life will be purely coincidental. Do bear that in mind. So, will you come play with us?



You will? Good! I thought you would. Come in, cousins. Be one of the family.

[Musical Segue]



[Bernard] Charles, you do realize what a dilemma this is? It's terribly difficult. I don't see any way out of it at all.

[Charles] Come, come, Bernard. Of course there's a way out. Now there are 13 of us so far, right? You want to invite Edward, which makes 14.

[Bernard] But if somebody's ill, Charles, then we should be back to 13 again.

[Charles] Precisely. Then we must invite more people.

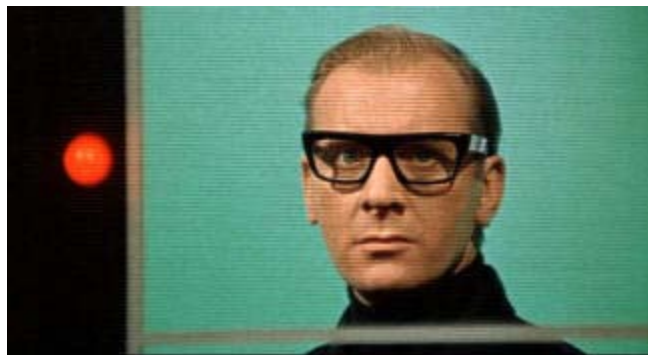
[Bernard] That's an idea.

[Charles] Now what about Lottie and James? That'll make 16. Then if somebody's ill, well at least we won't be 13, will we?

[Bernard] Hmmm. But then there's the problem of the rooms, Charles. Lottie has two children, Charles, two little boys: Freddie and little John.



[Charles] I don't see any problem there at all. We can put the two in children, well, in Helen's room for instance.



What do you think, Linda?

[Beeping]



[Beeping continues]



[Montag] Well go ahead. They're waiting for you.

[Linda] I think that --

[Charles] You see? Linda agrees with me. Lottie's children must go in with Helen's children of course. Linda's absolutely right.



[Bernard] Then there's the problem of the seating, Charles. I think I've got something worked out, though. Look.



If we put Yvonne at the head of the table and Richard at her right --

[Charles] Oh, no, no, no, no, Bernard. Richard isn't even speaking to Yvonne these days.

[Bernard] Oh?

[Charles] Because of Leslie.



[Bernard] Oh!

[Charles] Madeleine must be at the head of the table. Besides which, Madeleine is older than Yvonne. She might even be older than Jacqueline. No, I see no problem there. We put Madeleine at the head of the table.



It's Madeleine, isn't it, Linda?



[Beeping]

[Linda] Absolutely.



[Beeping continues]

[Beeping stops]



[Bernard] If Linda thinks it's all right, then of course it must be. But there's still the problem about the rooms, Charles.

[Charles] Well, what rooms are left? There's the pink room. We could always put Lilian in the pink room.

[Bernard] And we can put Susan in the green room.

[Charles] Yes.



[Bernard] Where can we put Monica?



[Charles] Yes, what can we do with Monica? Do you have the answer, Linda?

[Beeping]

[Beeping continues]



[Linda] In the blue room?



[Charles] Linda, you're right.

[Beeping stops]

[Bernard] She's right.



[Bernard and Charles] Linda, you're absolutely fantastic.



[Musical Segue]



[Linda] You saw it, didn't you? I gave all the right answers. Wasn't it wonderful? I could have been an actress. Don't you think so?



[Montag] Think what?

[Linda] That I could have been an actress.

[Montag] Oh, sure you could have been an actress.

[Linda] I wonder whether Joyce was watching. I do hope so. I must ring her tomorrow and find out what she thought.

[Montag] How did you get the part?



[Linda] The head of The Family rang me up. Me! And said I was to be in tonight's play.

[Montag] Oh, Linda, they must have phoned every one of the 200,000 Lindas in the whole country.



[Linda] That's not true.



I mean, even if it were true, you didn't have to tell me. That was very mean.







[Fireman 1] So you're in for promotion, Montag. Good luck.

[Montag] Thank you.



[Fireman 2] Well, well, what's all this we hear, Montag? Promotion, eh?

[Montag] It seems so.



[Fireman 3] How do you feel about it? Happy?

[Alarm ringing]



[Montag] The wife rather likes the idea.

[Fireman 3] I suppose.

[Captain] Hurry!

[Alarm continues ringing, siren blaring]



[Alarm, siren continue]



[Indistinct shouting, alarm, siren continue]



[Students] Attention!



[Fireman Instructor] That will do for today. Go back to your desks.



Now what's this? I thought I told you two I did not want to see you sitting next to each other.



Or didn't I make it clear enough the first time? Yes, you! You know what I mean. Come and sit here.

[Montag] Let us review yesterday's lesson. We studied how to detect books hidden during the actual construction of the house. This is somewhat rare because it's very costly; for its floors, for its ceilings. We also studied concealment inside furniture.



[Intercom] Trainee firemen Stoneman and Black are to report to Captain's office immediately. I repeat, trainee firemen Stoneman and Black are to report to the Captain's office immediately.

[Door opens, closes]

[Montag] We were discussing concealment inside furniture.



The most prevalent form being the false icebox or the fake television set.



What occasionally presents problems are books hidden in small quantities in everyday objects. When one is looking for a book, the most common area is to look for it in a rectangular object, like a cigar box or a chocolate box or any other object in similar shape.



I demonstrate how even a cylindrical object can be used.



[Intercom chimes]

[Intercom] Montag will report to the Captain's office.

[Montag] Here, you. Hand me a pile of books. While I'm gone, give each of the trainees a book.



Each of you will hide his book somewhere in this classroom.



When I return, I will give you a demonstration how to search. To learn how to find, one must first know how to hide.



[Boy trainees whispering]

[Trainee 1] What shall I say?

[Trainee 2] We met by accident.

[Trainee 1] That's no good.

[Trainee 2] What do you want to say? We planned it?

[Trainee 1] It was your idea. You're the one who thought of it.



[Trainee 2] Shut up!

[Trainee 1] If we don't tell him the same story, we're --

[Trainee 2] Listen, let's play this by ear.

[Footsteps, door opens]



[Captain] Montag, this will take about five minutes.

[Montag] Yes, sir.

[Captain] What time is it?

[Montag] Uh ... 10:00, sir.

[Door closes]



[Indistinct shouting]



[Captain shouting] Get out! This is the last time!

[Captain shouts] Get out!





[Captain] Like gymnastics, Montag?

[Montag] Yes, sir.

[Captain] And what about hockey? Do you like hockey?

[Montag] Yes, I do, sir.

[Captain] And golf?

[Montag] Golf. Very much, sir.

[Captain] Hmm? And football?

[Montag] Wonderful, sir.

[Captain] Billiards? Basketball?

[Montag] Oh, they're all very fine sports, sir.

[Captain] Then increase the dosage. More sports for everyone, hmm? Strengthen the group spirit. Organize the fun. Hmm? Just keep them busy, and you keep them happy. That's what matters. Hmm. Am I right?

[Montag] Absolutely, sir.



[Captain] Well, shall we talk a little about this promotion of yours? You have mentioned the possibility to your wife I suppose?



[Montag] Yes, sir.

[Captain] And her reaction?

[Montag] Uh, she thought, sir, we might be able to have a second wall-screen, sir.

[Captain] Oh, you only have the one wall converted. I see. These matters of promotion are much more important to a married man, aren't they?

[Montag] I guess so, sir.

[Captain] Montag ... you have no children, I believe.



[Montag] No, sir. We have no children.



[Captain] Well, then, a commission seems in order. And I can't see any reason offhand why it shouldn't go through. You understand, of course, with the new amendment to the law, we must expect to be worked really very hard. Very hard, indeed, until we can arrange for new volunteers to be drafted.



[Montag] Yes, sir, I heard the men talking about it.

[Captain] How long have you been with us?

[Montag] For six years, sir. Yes, yes for six years.



No, no, no, for five years, sir. For five years.



[Captain] Montag has one quality I appreciate greatly. He says very little. Have you seen my personal medallion? Oh, it's a remarkable likeness. You must remind me to let you have one sometime.



Now, let's get back to this promotion of yours. I've been looking through your file.



There are only six back views. We need 12 of them, you know.



Two sets of six.



Remember that, Montag.

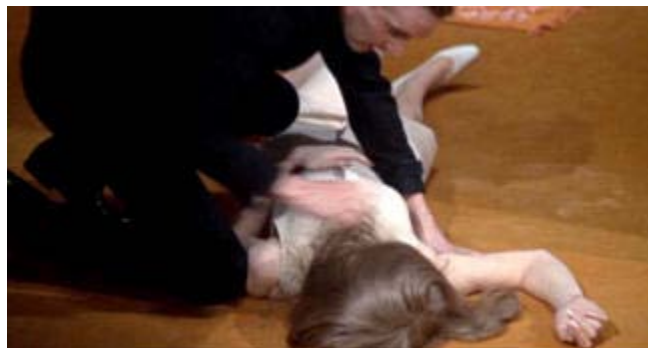


[High-pitched tone]

[Tone continues]



[Montag] Linda?



Linda!



[Tone continues]



[Woman] Hospital listening.

[Montag] Yes, it's about my wife. She --

[Woman] Name and address.

[Montag] Uh ... Montag. Block 813.

[Woman] 813?

[Montag] Uh, just a moment.



[Tone continues]

[Tone stops]



[Montag] Hello? Yes, I just came home from work, and I found her on the floor unconscious.

[Woman] Does she take pills?

[Montag] Of course! Yesterday, she --

[Woman] Just a moment. I'll connect you with poisoning section.

[Montag] Yes.



[Man] Poisoning listening.

[Montag] It's about my wife. She --

[Man] Name and address.

[Montag] Uh, Montag. Block 813.

[Man] What kind of pills?

[Montag] Oh ... uh, just a moment.



Hello?

[Man] Yes?

[Montag] They are red. Oh, and red number two.

[Man] Oh, it's a stimulant. It's harmless. She's probably taken the wrong kind of sedative on top of that.

[Montag] Oh, just a moment.



Hello?

[Man] Yes, listening.

[Montag] Oh, yes, they are golden number eight.

[Man] Right. Stay close to her. The ambulance is on its way. Four minutes.



[Montag] What should I do in the meantime?

[Man] Nothing.



[Montag] Where is the doctor?

[Medical 1] What doctor?

[Montag] The doctor to take care of my wife.

[Medical 2] No doctors on these jobs. We do all the blood jobs, me and him.

[Montag] No, no, no, no, it's here, please.

[Medical 1] That's right, us. Who did you expect? Cases like that -- we handle 50 a day like her.

[Medical 2] That's right. She won't be the last tonight, not by a long shot. No, sir.



[Medical 1] Now don't you worry, sir. We'll give her a first class pump out and fill her up with new blood. Twenty minutes and she'll be as good as new. Just you relax.



[Medical 2] Now this isn't pretty to look at. You need a strong stomach. You better wait out there. You just leave it all to us. We'll call you as soon as she's done.



[Medical 1] This regulator is not as regular as it was.

[Medical 2] Come here with that thing. First, get the stockings off.

[Medical 1] [Chuckling]



[Medical 2] Never mind that. Put the dress on that chair.



[Medical 1] All right, sir, you can come in now.



She's fresh as a daisy, good as gold.

[Montag] She's still unconscious.



[Medical 2] Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir. You've got it wrong. She's asleep. Anyway, never mind about her. You get to bed. By tomorrow, it'll all be forgotten.

[Montag] You mean she'll be completely well by tomorrow?

[Medical 1] Oh, better than that. Take my word for it, she'll be on top of the world.



[Medical 2] Mind you, she'll have an appetite for all sorts of things.

[Medical 1] [Chuckling] That's right. She'll be starving. You'll find out.





[Water running]



[Water continues]



[Linda] My, I'm hungry.

[Montag] How do you feel?

[Linda] Hungry. Really hungry. I'm absolutely starving. I could eat a horse.

[Montag] Do you remember last night?

[Linda] Yes, what a sleep. I slept like a log.

[Montag] Listen, when I came home last night, you were --



[Linda] I'm absolutely famished.



[Montag] Let me talk, Linda, will you?



[Linda] Oh ... of course, darling. Talk all you like if it makes you happy. Go on then. What about last night?

[Montag] Nothing. I can't remember. It doesn't matter anyway.



[Linda] Look I've bought you a present to celebrate your -- Oh, I forget what. Never mind. Do you like it? Isn't it lovely? Do you like it?

[Montag] Yes, I do. Very much.



[Linda] Isn't it smart? It's the very latest thing. Everyone's using them now. Can I throw your old one away?



[Montag] Linda. Linda.



I've something to tell you.



Are you listening, Linda? What are you doing?



Linda?



[Linda] Hey!







[Man taking pills]



[Clarisse] [Thinking] Do you ever read the books you burn?



[Policeman 1] Hey, you, come here. Come here. Here. What's all this? What is it? Eh? Hey!



[Policeman 2] Come on. Come on. Come on.

[Policeman 1] All right. Hold him.



[TV Announcer] But some boys still boycott the barber shops.



Here you see a mop-up squad at work on one of these messy know-it-alls.



It all goes to show law enforcement can be fun.



[People laughing]





[Doorbell buzzing]



[Montag] How come the door is not working?



[Linda] You're just in time. Dinner is nearly ready.



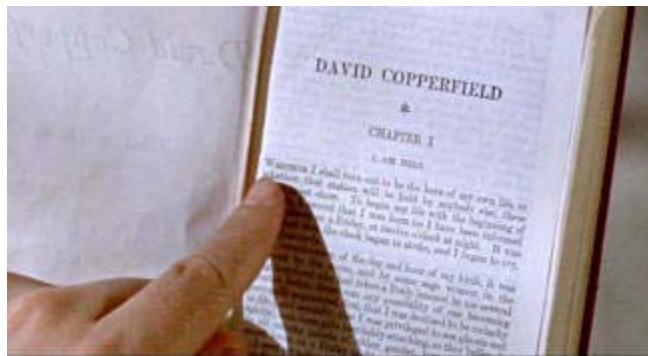
Montag, what are you doing?

[Montag] I'm coming.





[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."



[Children chattering]

[Chattering continues]



[Fireman 1] Just a moment. Go on.

[Chattering continues]



[Captain] Come on.





Aha.





Ah-ah.

[Baby] [Cooing]









[Clarisse] [Sighs]



[Montag] Oh! Everything all right?



[Clarisse] Yes, everything's all right. That's what they always say, isn't it, so it must be ... all right I mean.

[Montag] It certainly doesn't look that way. What's wrong?



[Clarisse] Oh, everything. It would take too long to -- sometimes I think I can't stand it anymore. I'd just like to
[inhales]



[Clarisse] Well, won't you be late?

[Montag] No, no, I have plenty of time. Let's go over here.





I saw you the other day, when we were going out on a call. I was on the fire engine.

[Clarisse] You know, it's funny. It reminded me of something.



A girl who used to wait for a soldier by a barrack gate.



[Montag] What's happened?



[Clarisse] Well, you remember the analyst, how worried I was?

[Montag] Mm-hmm.



[Clarisse] I was right to be worried. I've been dismissed.

[Montag] Why? What reason did they give you?



[Clarisse] None at all. Just an official call. Services no longer required. I'm never to go to the school anymore.



[Montag] They must give you a reason. Make them tell you why. Go to the school and ask.

[Clarisse] I can't do that. Anyway, who knows what they may have said about me to the children.



[Montag] Strange.



I wonder what you said that made the analyst --



Don't you have any idea? There must be something you said or did?



[Clarisse] I never did get on well with the staff. They disapprove of me. Oh, I don't always stick to the timetable and well we have fun in my classes, and they don't like that.



Then there was another teacher, the one I replaced. The same thing happened to her. They didn't like her either. Now she's in some awful kind of trouble.



[Montag] Well then it wasn't the analyst. It was the staff that wanted to get rid of you because you are different. Look at that fellow over there.

[Clarisse] What's he doing?

[Montag] That's the information box. He can't make up his mind.



[Clarisse] What's he want to find out?

[Montag] He doesn't want to find out anything. He knows someone who has books.



So he got hold of that person's picture and number, and is going to drop it into that box.



[Clarisse] But he's an informer!

[Montag] No, he's an informant. Look at him. Like someone circling around a woman.

[Clarisse] He's putting something in his mouth.

[Montag] It's a stimulant to work up his nerve.



[Clarisse] He wants to make sure no one can see him. Look at him. He's walking away. You see? He couldn't go through with it.

[Montag] Don't worry, he'll be back. Here he comes.

[Clarisse] Good Lord, make up your mind.



There. What a relief.



[Montag] Now he's got rid of his noisy neighbor or his brother-in-law who has got a better job or even his mother.
Why not? It's time to work. Please, go back to the school and try to find out.

[Clarisse] No, I can't do that.

[Montag] You must find an excuse to go back there.

[Clarisse] I suppose I ought to go and clear out my locker.



[Montag] That's all right. Uh, I have to hurry. Good luck.



[Clarisse] I'm not going. You must come with me.

[Montag] But I can't. I have to go to work.

[Clarisse] I'll take care of that. Come on. Leave it to me.





[Clarisse] The Rodier Firehouse.

[Telephone operator] Extension one, miss.



[Man on phone] Rodier Firehouse listening.



[Clarisse] Can I speak to --

[Man on phone] Who's calling?

[Clarisse] I'm speaking for Montag.

[Man] Yes?

[Clarisse] Can I speak to the captain?

[Man] One moment.

[Captain] Captain listening.

[Clarisse] This is Linda Montag.

[Captain] Montag's wife?

[Clarisse] Yes.

[Captain] Well miss, what can I do for you?



[Clarisse] My husband asked me to tell you he's been taken ill and can't leave his bed.



[Captain] Nothing serious, I hope.

[Clarisse] No, he should be up by this evening.

[Captain] Very well, madam. Thank you for informing me.

[Clarisse] Thank you.



[Bells ringing]

[Captain] Montag's wife. He's not too well it seems. He's staying in bed.

[Toy continues ringing]

[Fabian] Montag?

[Captain] Mmm.

[Stops ringing]

[Fabian] Is he? I see.



[Captain] Well, Fabian, that'll do for now. Until the meeting.



[Clarisse] Okay.



[Fire flaming]



[Children reciting] Nine thirteens are a hundred and seventeen. Nine fourteens are a hundred and twenty-six.



Nine fifteens are a hundred and thirty-five. Nine sixteens are a hundred and forty-four. Nine seventeens are a hundred and fifty-three.



[Clarisse] That's Robert.

[Children reciting] Nine eighteens are a hundred and sixty-two. Nine nineteens are a hundred and seventy-one.



[Reciting continues indistinct]



[Clarisse] Robert.





[Girl reciting] Nine thirteens are a hundred and seventeen.

[Montag] It may be my uniform.

[Clarisse] Yes, yes, that's what frightened him! It must have been your uniform.

[Montag] Go ahead. I'll wait here.

[Girl reciting] Nine fifteens are a hundred and thirty-five.

[Clarisse] All right.

[Girl reciting] Nine sixteens are a hundred and forty-four.

[Whistling]

[Girl reciting] Nine seventeens are a hundred and fifty-three.

[Whistling continues]

[Girl reciting] Nine eighteens are a hundred and sixty-three.

[Whistling, footsteps]

[Girl continues reciting, indistinct]



[Stops whistling]





[Clarisse] [Crying] [Continues crying]



[Shade rolls down, door opens]



[Children reciting] One twelve is twelve. Two twelves is twenty-four.



Three twelves is thirty-six. Four twelves is forty-eight.



Five twelves is sixty.



[Clarisse] [Crying] [Continues crying]

[Children reciting] Six twelves is seventy-two. Seven twelves is eighty-four. Eight twelves is ninety-six. Nine twelves is a hundred and eight. Ten twelves is a hundred and twenty. Eleven twelves is a hundred and thirty-two.



Twelve twelves --

[Door closes]

[Clarisse] [Crying]

[Elevator whirring]



[Montag] I'm going to be promoted. They'll listen to me then. I'll go and see your principal myself. Come.



[Clarisse] [Crying harder] Why?

[Montag] What?



[Clarisse] How did it come about?



What made it begin? What made you want to do -- How could someone like you be doing this kind of work? I know everyone says that, but you! You're not like them. When I say something to you, you look at me. Why did you choose this job? For you it doesn't seem to make any sense.

[Montag] Do you remember what you asked me the other day? If I ever read the books I burn? Remember?

[Clarisse] Mm-hmm.



[Montag] Last night I read one.







[Pages turning]



[Montag] "Because I'd be ashamed of myself."



[Pages turning]

[Montag] "Ashamed of myself."



[Montag] "It was a little after half past 11:00."





[Linda] [Drops books]



[Gasps]



[Montag] What are you doing, Linda?



[Linda] I found these things in the house. I don't want these things, Montag. They frighten me.



[Montag] You spend your whole life in front of that "family" on the wall.



These books are my family.



When did we first meet? And where?

[Linda] What?

[Montag] When did we meet for the first time?

[Linda] I don't know. Let me think. No, I really can't remember.

[Montag] Oh, that's rather sad. Don't you think? I do. I think it's very sad. Behind each of these books, there's a man. That's what interests me. So leave them alone and go back to bed.

[Linda] I can't sleep.

[Montag] You have your pills, haven't you?



[Montag] "Rhinoceros: any of certain large, powerful, thick-skinned perissodactyl mammals of the family Rhinocerotidae."



[Fabian] Well, look who's here.



[Montag] What about it?

[Fabian] I thought you were on sick leave and now here you are.

[Montag] Sick leave? Who gave you that idea?

[Fabian] I don't remember. I must have got it wrong.



[Alarm ringing, siren blaring]



[Alarm, siren continue]





[Fabian] Hurry up.



Montag, you've forgotten your helmet.



[Alarm, siren stop]



[Captain] What's this, Montag? Something wrong between you and the pole?





[Boy] Oh, Mummy, look! Firemen. Mummy, there's going to be a fire.







[Woman] [Laughing]



[Continues laughing] [Laughing continues]





"Play the man, Master Ridley. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace as I trust shall never be put out."



[Montag] The police haven't done their job very well. Who is this woman? What is she doing here?

[Captain] Well, she's certainly worth looking at anyway.

[Fireman] Police arrested the family this morning, sir. She must have been out.

[Fireman 2] Where are the books?

[Woman] If you didn't know that, you wouldn't be here.

[Captain] Upstairs. Montag, you stay here.





Hey! You two, in there!

[Pounding]

[Captain] In there. Go on.

[Glass shattering]



[Captain] Down there! Throw them all down!

[Pounding wall]

[Captain] Break it open! That's it.

[Glass shattering]





[Captain] This way! Come on! Down there! Throw them all down! All the books! All of them! This way! Come on!

[Shattering glass]



[Montag] "Once upon a time, there was a poor woodcutter whose name was --"



[Woman] They can't have my books. They'll never take them away.



[Captain] Montag, I think you should see this.

[Montag] Yes, sir.

[Captain] Come on! Quickly!



This is a real eyeful.



Ah, Montag. I knew it.



I knew it.



Of course, all this -- The existence of a secret library was known in high places, but there was no way of getting at it. Only once before have I seen so many books in one place.



I was just an ordinary fireman at the time.



I wasn't even qualified to use the flamethrower.



It's all ours, Montag. Listen to me, Montag. Once to each fireman, at least once in his career, he just itches to know what these books are all about. He just aches to know. Isn't that so? Well, take my word for it, Montag, there's nothing there. The books have nothing to say!



makes them want to live in other ways that can never really be.



[Glass shattering]

[Captain] What's happening?

[Fireman] This house is condemned. They said to burn the books right here with everything else.

[Captain] Burning the house is one thing. Burning the books is another, isn't it? It's never any good burning everything together.



Come on, Montag. All this philosophy, let's get rid of it. It's even worse than the novels. Thinkers, philosophers, all of them saying exactly the same thing: "Only I am right. The others are all idiots." One century, they tell you man's destiny is predetermined. The next, they say that he has freedom of choice. No, it's just a matter of fashion, that's all. Philosophy. Just like short dresses this year, long dresses next year. Look. All stories of the dead. Biography that's called. And autobiography. "My Life. My Diary. My Memoirs. My Intimate Memoirs." Of course, when they started out, it was just the urge to write. Then after the second or third book, all they wanted was to satisfy their own vanity, to stand out from the crowd, to be different, to be able to look down on all the others. Ah, Critic's Prize. This is a good one. Of course, he had the critics on his side. Lucky fellow.



Just tell me this, Montag, at a guess, how many literary awards were made in this country, on an average each year? Five, ten, forty? Hmm? No less than 1,200. Anybody that put pen to paper was bound to win some prize someday.



Ah, Robinson Crusoe. The negroes didn't like that because of his man, Friday. And Nietzsche. Ah, Nietzsche. The Jews didn't like Nietzsche. Now, here's a book about lung cancer. You see, all the cigarette smokers got into a panic, so for everybody's peace of mind, we burn it. Ah, now this one must be very profound. The Ethics of Aristotle. Now anybody that read that must believe he's a cut above anybody that hadn't. You see, it's no good, Montag. We've all got to be alike. The only way to be happy is for everyone to be made equal. So, we must burn the books, Montag.



All the books.

[Fabian] Sir.

[Captain] Yes, what's the matter?

[Fabian] Trouble with the old lady downstairs. She won't leave. She won't leave her books, she says.

[Captain] [Laughs] She won't leave her books, won't she? Won't she?



Come on now, madam. We're gonna burn the house.

[Woman] No.

[Captain] What do you want? Martyrdom?

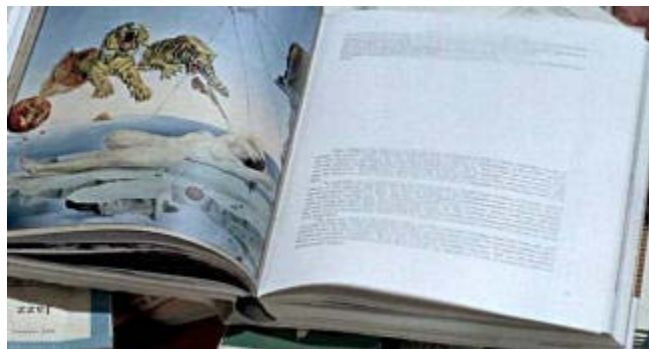
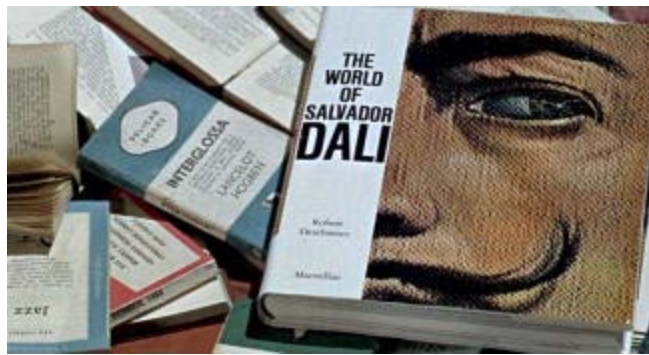


[Woman] I want to die as I've lived.

[Captain] Oh, you must have read that in there. No look. I'm not going to ask you again. Are you going?

[Woman] These books were alive. They spoke to me.

[Captain] Go ahead.

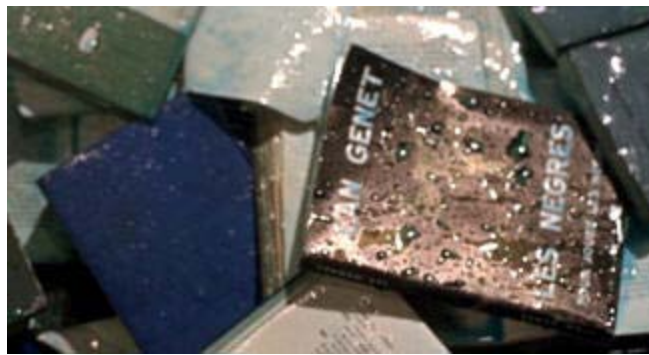






[Lamp shatters]







[Captain] All right, that's enough. Come on, madam, you've got ten seconds. Fabian, ten count.



[Fabian] One.



Two. Three.



Four. Five.



[Woman] [Chuckles]

[Fabian] Eight. Nine.



[Woman] Nine elevens are ninety-nine. Nine twelves are a hundred and eight. Nine thirteens are a hundred and seventeen [continues]



[Montag] She can't stay here.

[Captain] She refuses to leave. Look out.

[Montag] She must be forced to leave.





[Captain] Look out! Back there! Open up!





Everybody, outside! Come on, you too, Montag! Montag! Get out of there! Montag! Come on, this way!



Montag!



Montag!



[TV Announcer] Finally, do remember to tolerate your friends' friends, however alien and peculiar they may seem to you. Don't despise minorities.



[Linda] Doesn't Cousin Midge's face look swollen?



[Helen] Well that's because she's pregnant?

[Jackie] Is that why? I think it's irresponsible to have children, I mean.

[Guest] Somebody's got to have children, Jackie. They can't let the race die out.

[Doris] Babies grow up to look like you. That must be fun.

[TV announcer] Strangle violence. Suppress prejudice.



[Linda] Oh, here's Montag.



[TV announcer] Be tolerant today.



Remember: Being just pretty is not enough. The wife who uses translusives knows better than that.



Try some today, but watch out for your friends' husbands.



They'll be around you like flies.





[TV continues, indistinct]

[TV announcer] No one will ever notice that your chairs don't match, and you'll be as popular as ever.

[TV continues, indistinct]



[Linda] Would you excuse me?



[Doris] Yes, I like her hair like this.



[Linda] Come on, Montag, be good now.

[TV continues]

[Linda] Come on over and sit with us. You haven't seen Jackie and Doris and Helen for ages. It's very rude, you know.

[Montag] Leave me alone.

[Linda] Aren't you well? All right, but it's very naughty.



[TV continues, indistinct]



[TV announcer] ... are being reclassified.



Two cells of antisocials were located earlier today in the western metropolitan area.



The police have declined to comment so far.



Meanwhile, the "Report Those Who Threaten You" campaign met with particular success today --



[Montag] When an old woman, cousins, chose to be burned with her books rather than being separated from them.



[Jackie] If that's a joke, it's not in very good taste.



[Montag] You would like to think that, wouldn't you?

[Helen] Don't be silly, Montag. Things like that don't happen.

[Montag] You mean, you don't want to hear about it. I saw it!

[Jackie] Well my husband says --

[Montag] Oh, your husband! You don't even know where he is, your husband!

[Linda] Montag!

[Jackie] Of course I know. He's been called on reserve for some field training.

[Montag] Or to fight a little war perhaps. You never know, do you?

[Jackie] Why do you call it that? Even if he was, what about it? He's not allowed to call me until it's all over. It'll only be about a week or two.

[Doris] Anyway he'll be all right. The point about wars is, if you want to call them that, it's only other women's husbands who get killed in them.

[Helen] That's true. I never knew anyone who got killed in a -- Not anyone whose husband died like that.



Getting run over, jumping out of a window, yes. Like Gloria's husband a few nights ago. But never that other way. Anyway, that's life, isn't it?

[Montag] That's what you call it. You're nothing but zombies, all of you. Just like those husbands of yours you don't even know anymore. You're not living, you're just killing time!



[Jackie] Well, I think it's time to go.

[Doris] Yes, I -- Thank you. It was a lovely afternoon.



[Jackie] Really fun.



[Montag] Sit down! Come on, sit down. It'll only take a minute.



[Helen] Whatever is that?

[Linda] Darling.

[Helen] It's not a book!



[Montag] Yes, that's what it is. It's a novel.



[Doris] Oh, it's a book! Oh, you mustn't! It's against the law!



[Montag] Quiet. Sit down and listen.



[Jackie] Since Montag really insists.



But when he's through, I hope we can do as we please.



[Montag] [Reading] "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose.



I had endeavored to adapt Dora to myself and found it impracticable.



It remained for me to adapt myself to Dora, to share with her what I could and be happy.



It made my second year much happier than my first, and, what was better still, made Dora's life all sunshine.



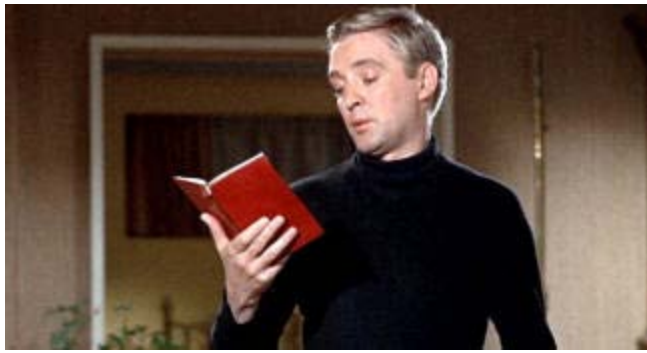
But as that year wore on, Dora was not strong. I had hoped that lighter hands than mine would help to mold her character ...



and that a baby's smile upon her breast might change my child-wife to a woman.



It was not to be. My pretty Dora. We thought she would be running about as she used to do in a few days. But they said wait a few days more, and then wait a few days more, and still she neither ran nor walked. I began to carry her downstairs every morning and upstairs every night. But sometimes when I took her up, I felt that she was lighter in my arms.



A dead, blank feeling came upon me, as if I were approaching some frozen region yet unseen that numbed my life.



I avoided direct recognition of this feeling by any name, over any communing with myself.



Until one night when it was very strong upon me ..."

[Doris] [crying]

[Montag] "and my aunt had left her with her parting cry, 'Oh, good-bye, little blossom.'"

[Doris] [Crying continues]

[Montag] "I sat down at my desk, alone, and tried to think. Oh, what a fatal name it was."

[Doris] [Continues crying]

[Montag] "And how the blossom withered in its bloom up in the tree."



[Jackie] I knew that's what would happen. It's what I've always said. Life isn't like novels, novels and tears, novels and suicide. Novels are sick.



That was sheer cruelty, Montag. You're a cruel man.



[Helen] All those words; idiotic words.



Evil words that hurt people. Isn't there enough trouble as it is? Why disturb people with that sort of filth?

[Linda] Poor, Doris.

[Helen] Bye, Linda. We were having such a nice party. Such a shame.



[Doris] I can't bear to know those feelings. I'd forgotten all about those things.

[Linda] Oh, I'm sorry, Doris.



[Linda] They won't come back. I'll be all alone. I won't be popular anymore. They won't use me in The Family anymore.



And you made Doris cry!

[Montag] She cried because it is true.

[Linda] What are you going to do now? Haven't you done enough harm already?

[Montag] Leave me alone, Linda. I've got reading to do. Quite a lot.

[Linda] What's the matter with you? Aren't you well?



[Montag] It's nothing. I've got to read.



I've got to catch up with the remembrance of the past!













[Siren approaching]



[Sirens continues]

[Siren winding down]

[Captain] Right. You four, over to the house!

[Fireman] Take out the line.

[Footsteps approaching]

[Knocking]



[Uncle] This is it. Hurry. Go on!

[Clarisse] But what about you, Uncle?

[Knocking]

[Uncle] Don't worry. Get going!

[Knocking continues]

[Uncle] All right. All right. Take your time. I'm coming.

[Captain] Open up! Come on! We know there's someone in there!

[Uncle] Please, wait a minute. I'm coming.

[Captain] Come on! Open up!

[Uncle] All right! I'm coming!



[Captain] Come on, come on.

[Uncle] Now, watch it.

[Captain] You watch it.

[Voices continue, stool tumbles]





[Montag] What is this?

[Linda] I'm moving this chair. I'm fed up with it in the middle of the room. And this one ... I'm going to put ... over here. There. And I'm going to change those curtains. I've never liked them. I'm gonna get some new ones.



And I'm gonna change the laundry basket. I've decided --



[Montag] You're right. The chair's much better over there.

[Linda] You know, you're not well. You were tossing and turning all night. You kept me awake. You ought to stay at home today.

[Montag] No, no, I'm going to the firehouse. I must. Because I don't know if I'm going there tomorrow or any other day.

[Linda] But what about your promotion?

[Montag] My promotion? That was before.



[Linda] Montag. Look, last night ... you were talking in your sleep. I don't know what. I didn't understand. And I don't understand. What's making you like this? What's going on in your head?



I don't know, and I don't want to know. But one thing I do want. I want you to get rid of those books. Take them away, Montag. Please.

[Montag] I will. I promise.

[Linda] I'll do it myself if you like.

[Montag] No, no, no, I'll do it ... after I've read them.



[Linda] No, now. Do it right now, Montag.



I'll leave you.



I can't live with those. You've got to make a choice. Answer me, Montag.

[Montag] How can I answer, Linda? I just don't know.





[Montag] Excuse me. Do you know the girl who lives here with her uncle? Clarisse.



[Woman] They came for them.

[Montag] Who?

[Woman] To take them away.



[Montag] The police? Not the police? The firemen?

[Woman] They came to take them away. They do that now, don't they?



[Montag] Only to question them. They let them come back.



[Woman] You can't tell, can you? They weren't like us. They were special. You see over there?



And there. And there too. Do you see?



Now look at their house. There's nothing.



[Captain] Here, you! Come here! What's the meaning of this?

[Boy trainee] Sir--

[Captain] Look! How often must I talk to you about this? I talked to you about it in the office the other day, didn't I, didn't I? Why can't you do what you're told? Why can't you do what you're told? Eh? Why can't you? Look! Look at you! Look! Did I tell you to -- Haven't you got a head?



[Montag] Is the captain in?

[Fireman] He just stepped out. Didn't you pass him?

[Montag] No.







[Fireman] Captain.

[Captain] Yeah?



[Fireman] The people who were arrested last night, sir.



[Captain] Yes, it's about time.



How long have you been with us?

[Fireman] Three years, sir.

[Captain] Yes, you're a good man.



Remind me to give you one of my personal medallions. The likeness is remarkable. You'll see.

[Fireman] I, uh -- You, uh -- I already have one, sir.







[Captain] Oh, so it was you, was it? How did you get in?



[Montag] I needed some information about some arrests that were made last night. I wanted to see some identifications.

[Captain] Ah! So Montag's handling the arrests now, is he?

[Montag] No, no, sir, not at all.

[Captain] Last night, you said. But the identifications wouldn't be there. Not yet. In fact, they've just been handed to me.



Let's see now. Let's see if they're amongst this lot.

[Montag] Oh, they're the ones!



[Captain] I see. A little young for him ... I'd say.

[Montag] He's her uncle.

[Captain] Friends of yours?

[Montag] Oh, no, sir. I know them slightly. They live nearby.

[Captain] Ah. And you'd like their house, is that it?

[Montag] Yes, sir, that's it.

[Captain] Well, the house will have to be requisitioned, but you can't move in until the niece has been arrested too.

[Montag] Oh, she -- She's still at large then?

[Captain] For the moment, yes. Well, uh, look at the identification. It hasn't been stamped yet. Oh, come, come. It's just a matter of a day or two. We'll get you your house. Hmm? How did you get in?



[Montag] [Faints]

[Captain] Oh, now, what's all this about? Hmm? Still shaky? You shouldn't have come in. Look at you.



You look like death. Some fresh air, that's what you need. A nice bit of fresh air, that'll put you right again. Incidentally, if you see that niece wandering about this part of the world, you might let us know. It might expedite the matter of the house.

[Montag] Of course, sir.









[Montag] Clarisse, I must talk to you.

[Clarisse] Not here.

[Montag] What happened?

[Clarisse] Uncle was arrested. I got away.



[Montag] But how did it happen?



[Clarisse] They came last night. We were all asleep. Come on. Look, I have to get home. It's terribly important. Uncle woke me up and told me to get away. I escaped through the skylight over the roof.



[Montag] This is the last place in the world you should have come to.

[Clarisse] Yes, I know, but there's something I must find. Please stay with me. I'm frightened.

[Montag] All right, I'll stay with you.



[Clarisse] It must be here somewhere.

[Montag] What must be here?



[Clarisse] Something. Something I have to find. Find and destroy.

[Montag] Let me look.

[Clarisse] You wouldn't know where to start looking.

[Montag] It was my job. How big?

[Clarisse] About this big. Papers.

[Montag] Oh.



[Clarisse] It's no use.

[Montag] We'll find it. Don't you worry.

[Clarisse] It's a list of addresses. Friends of my uncle; who they are and where they're hiding.

[Montag] We'll find it.





[Clarisse] What are you doing?



We must destroy these.

[Montag] Uh-huh.



[Clarisse] I always wanted to tell you our meeting in the monorail was no accident. I noticed you, and I followed you. I thought you could help us.

[Montag] I knew it when that old woman killed herself. I realized there was a connection between you.

[Clarisse] Yes. She was afraid she'd talk and give us away.

[Montag] Yes. And I -- [chuckles] This morning, what do I do? I get into a little bit of trouble, and I faint like a silly, little girl. I can't be a fireman anymore. What is that over there?



[Clarisse] That? That's a rocking chair. People used to sit outside their houses on warm evenings and rock backwards and forwards.



[Montag] Oh, really?

[Clarisse] Talking to anyone passing by. Just talking. We'll have to go away from here. I know a place. My uncle told me what to do if ever he was --



If ever he was taken. You follow the river upstream 'til you come to the old steam railway line. Then you go on and you go on until you get to where the Book people live.

[Montag] The good people?

[Clarisse] No, Book. The Book people. You've not heard of them?

[Montag] No.

[Clarisse] People who vanished. Some were arrested and managed to escape. Others were released. Some didn't wait to be arrested. They just hid themselves away. Up in the farm country; the woods and the hills. They live there in little

groups. And the law can't touch them. They live quite peaceably and do nothing that's forbidden. Though, if they came into the city, they might not last long.



[Montag] But how can you call them Book people if they don't do anything against the law?



[Clarisse] They are books. Each one, men and women, everyone, commits a book they've chosen to memory, and they become the books. Of course, every now and then, someone gets stopped, arrested. Which is why they live so cautiously. Because the secret they carry is the most precious secret in the world. With them, all human knowledge would pass away. You must come with me.



[Montag] Oh, no, not yet. Uh, it is too soon for me. I was still burning books. Yes, in time, perhaps. But now everything in my life has suddenly changed. I must stay in the city. I have a plan. I will hide a book in every fireman's house and then denounce him. The system will eat itself. We must burn the pyromaniacs out.

[Siren passing]

[Montag] Now we have to go. Separately. You to your Book people and me to strip this off. We shall see each other again.



[Clarisse] No, we shan't. Why pretend we shall?



[Montag] You are right. We shan't.





[Book falls down from behind picture]

[Linda] [Gasps]





[Captain] Fit and well again? Good, excellent. Come on, hurry, no time to lose.

[Montag] I'm sorry, sir. I was on my way to tell you I shan't be staying with the force, sir.

[Captain] Shan't be? But this isn't how things are done, Montag. Certainly not on the eve of promotion.

[Montag] I shan't be coming in tomorrow, sir.

[Captain] Oh, but tomorrow's another day. Today you're under my command. Montag, I'm asking you, look as one man to another. Please. Please! You can't let me down like this in front of the men, not in front of the others. Just this one last call. Then you can do what you like. Montag.







[Montag] This is my house!



[Fabian] [Chuckles]



[Captain] Mm-hmm, that's right.





[Montag] Linda!

[Linda] I couldn't bear it. I just couldn't bear it anymore.



[Captain] Well, now, Montag knows exactly what we're looking for. I think we can leave it to him. To know how to find, one must first know how to hide. Isn't that so?



I like a man who knows his work. You men, just check the rest of the house.



Everything ready, Fabian? Come on, hurry it up. Come on, bring us the sparkler.



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!



I said the books, Montag!



That's good. That's what I like to see.



Sweet reason. Novels aren't life.



What did Montag hope to get out of all this print?



Happiness? What a poor idiot you must have been.



This gibberish is enough to drive a man mad.



Thought you could learn from these how to walk on the waters, did you?



Montag must learn to think a little. Consider how all these writings, all these recipes for happiness disagree. Now let this heap of contradictions burn itself out.



You know it's we who, at this moment, are working for man's happiness.



Look, isn't that lovely?



The pages, like flower petals or butterflies, luminous and black.



Who can explain the fascination of fire? What draws us to it? Whether we're young or old. [Chuckles]



Nothing to say? That's the spirit. That's real wisdom.



What have you got there? Is this your special book?



It's got to be burned with the others, and you're under arrest.







Montag!
[Screaming]



[Montag] Get out of there!

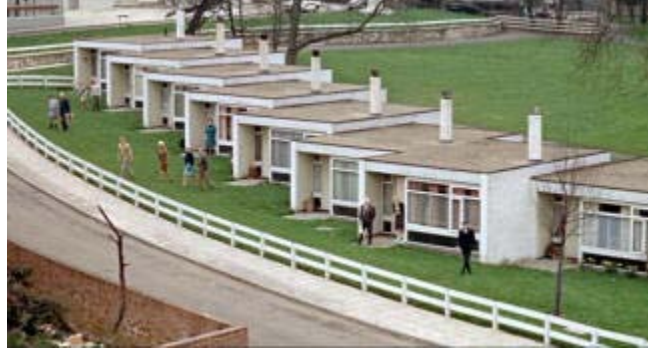
[Fireman] Everybody, out of here quick! He's gone mad! Right now! Go!



[Whistle blowing]



[Woman over P.A. system] Watch for a man running through the streets. Repeating. Calling all citizens. Wanted for murder: Montag. Occupation: Fireman. The criminal is alone and on foot. Let each one stand at his front door. Look and listen. Watch for a man running through the streets.



Repeating. Calling all citizens. Wanted for murder: Montag. Occupation: Fireman. The criminal is alone and on foot.



Let each one stand at his front door.



Look and listen.





[High-pitched droning]



[Droning continues]



[Policemen passing overhead]







[Chopping wood]



[Montag] I am, uh --

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Yes, we know who you are. You're the man of the hour. Come. Come and witness your own capture.

[Montag] My capture?

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] That's right. Our beautiful cousin is being particularly entertaining today.



You'll see.



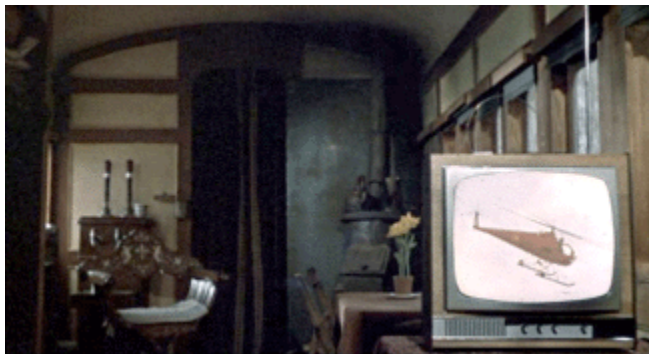
Oh, I beg your pardon. I am The Journal of Henri Brilard by Stendhal.



[TV Announcer] Montag is still at large, but time is running out fast.



[Rotors whirring]



[TV Announcer] Ah, there it is. The Aerial Patrol has sighted the wanted man.

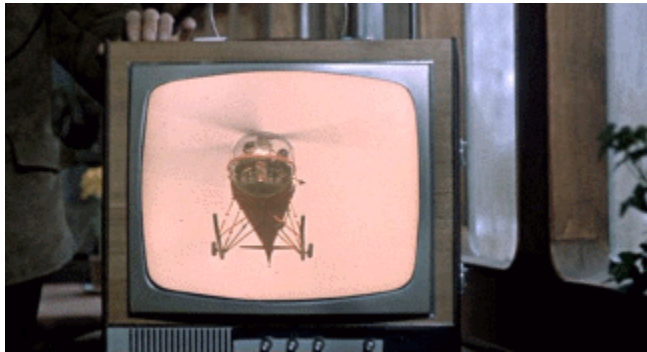


[The Journal of Henri Brilard] They can't keep the viewers waiting much longer. The show must go on. They'll find somebody. Anybody will do to provide them with their climax.

[Rotors whirring]



[TV Announcer] There he is. You can see him clearly now.



There is Montag, running headlong into the trap, scurrying about like a frightened rat. Just look at him, cousins.



[Gunfire continues]



[Rotors whirring]



[Gunfire]



[TV Announcer] It's all over, cousins. Montag is dead.



A crime against society has been avenged.

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] They never showed the man's face properly. It was too far away, of course. Even if your friends are bound to believe you're dead.



Here. You may as well shed your old skin. [Tosses clothes]



[Man Into Walkie-Talkie] "The moon was shining sulkily ..."

[Woman Repeating Line Over Walkie-Talkie]

[Man Into Walkie-Talkie] "because she thought the sun ..."

[Woman repeating line]

[Man into walkie-talkie] "had got no business to be there ..."



[Woman repeating line]

[Man over walkie-talkie] "after the day was done."

[Woman repeating line]

[Man over walkie-talkie] "'It's very rude of him,' she said."

[Woman repeating line]



[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Are you interested in Plato's Republic?

[Montag] Uh --



[Plato's Republic] Well, I am Plato's Republic. I'll recite myself for you whenever you like.

[Montag] Thank you very much.



[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Now here's Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte.



And here's *The Corsair* by Byron. She used to be married to a chief of police.



Now that skinny fellow is *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll. Where's *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* today?
She should be somewhere about.



Ah, now, there's the *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan. He ate his book so they couldn't burn it. *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Beckett. Oh, you see the little blonde coming towards us? Watch her blush.



[The Jewish Question] I'm Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Jewish Question*. Delighted to meet you.

[Footsteps approaching]



[The Martian Chronicles] I'm The Martian Chronicles by Ray Bradbury.



[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Allow me to introduce --

[Man] Oh. May I? The Pickwick Papers. Charles Dickens.

[Montag] Oh, Charles Dickens. Once I read a book he wrote: David Copperfield.

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] We have a David Copperfield amongst us.



[The Prince] He's with another group in the south. I am the Prince by Machiavelli.

[Montag] Oh.



[The Prince] As you see, you can't judge a book by its cover.

[Montag] [Laughs]



[Pride] I am Jane Austin's Pride and Prejudice.

[Prejudice] I am Jane Austin's Pride and Prejudice.

[Montag] Both of you the same book?

[Pride] My brother is volume one.

[Prejudice] My brother is volume two.

[Pride and Prejudice] It's a great pleasure to meet you.



[The Journal of Henri Brilard] [Softly] We call the first one Pride. The other one's Prejudice. I don't think they like it much.



Here, we're only 50 or so, but there are many, many more scattered around. In abandoned railway yards, wandering the roads. Tramps outwardly, but, inwardly, libraries.



Oh, it wasn't planned. It just so happened that a man here and a man there loved some book. And rather than lose it, he learned it. And we came together. We're a minority of undesirables crying out in the wilderness. But it won't always be so. One day we shall be called on, one by one, to recite what we've learned. And then books will be printed again. And when the next age of darkness comes, those who come after us will do again as we have done.



[Montag] I have one with me.

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Yes?



[Clarisse] What is it? Let me see. "Tales of Mystery and Imagination by Edgar Allen Poe."

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Learn it quickly so that we can burn it.

[Montag] You burn it?

[Clarisse] Yes, of course, we have to, so that no one can take them away from us.



[The Journal of Henri Brilard] Yes, we burn the books. But we keep them up here where nobody can find them. As a matter of fact, we've just burned The Memoirs of Saint Simon. You see, Montag, that man over there hasn't much longer to live.



[Clarisse] He's The Weir of Hermiston by Robert Louis Stevenson. The boy is his nephew. He's now reciting himself, so the boy can become the book.



[The Weir of Hermiston] "'I will be very quiet,' replied Archie. And I will be boldly frank. I do not love my father. I wonder sometimes if I do not hate him."

[Boy] "'I will be very quiet,' replied Archie. And I will be boldly frank. I do not love my father. I wonder sometimes if I do not hate him."



[The Weir of Hermiston] "There's my shame, perhaps my sin. At least, and in the sight of God, not my fault."

[Boy] "There's my shame, perhaps my sin. At least, and in the sight of God, not my fault."

[The Weir of Hermiston] "How was I to love him? He has never spoken to me, never smiled upon me. I do not think he ever touched me."

[Boy] "How was I to love him? He has never spoken to me, never smiled upon me. I do not think he ever touched me."

[The Weir of Hermiston] "He was more afraid of death than of anything else. And he died as he thought he would, while the first snows of winter fell."



[Boy] "He was more afraid of death than of anything else."

[The Weir of Hermiston] "And he died --"

[Boy] And he died while the first --"

[The Weir of Hermiston] "He died as he thought --"

[Boy] "And he died as he thought --"

[The Weir of Hermiston] "As he thought he would."

[Boy] "As he thought he would while the first snows of winter fell."





[Boy] "I will be very quiet,' replied Archie. And I will be boldly frank. I do not love my father. I wonder sometimes if I do not hate him. There's my shame, perhaps my sin. At least, and in the sight of God, not my fault.



How was I to love him? He has never spoken to me, never smiled upon me. And I do not think he ever touched me.



He was more afraid of death than of anything else. And he died as he thought he would, while the first snows of winter fell."

[Man] [Reciting foreign language] [Continues reciting]

[Man] [Reciting foreign language] [Continues reciting]

[Clarisse] [Reciting French] [Continues reciting]



[Montag] "I'm going to relate a tale full of horror." [Continue reciting]

[All] [Reciting foreign languages] [Continues reciting]



[Montag] "I would gladly suppress it, were it not a chronicle." [continues reciting]

[The Journal of Henri Brilard] "Now, how much there is to tell --" [continue reciting]

[Man] "At that moment, Mr. Pickwick -- " [continue reciting]



[All continue reciting]



THE END