Script Equilibrium

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | reedom Reading: Scripts Equilibrium Movie Transcript |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  | **Complete Transcript of the Film**  -Father- 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]  ...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]  -Resistance- Police!  [Tire screech] [Men shouting indistinctly] [Guns cocking]  -Seamus- You know what to do.  [Guns cocking]  [Glass shattering]  -Seamus- Get down!  [Gunfire and shouting fade] [Gunfire in distance]  -Man- We have an unknown number barricaded in the southeast end of the compound.  -Man #2- Read that. Tetragrammaton team en route.  -Enforcer- Cleric, lights out. Maybe more than a dozen inside.  -Preston- When the door's down, blow the bulbs.  -Enforcer- Yes, sir.  [Guns cocking]  -Enforcer- Go.  [Suspenseful clock-like rhythm]  [Thud, gunfire] [Gunfire stops]  -Man- Where is he?  -Man #2- Shut up.  -Man- Anybody get him? Did anybody hit him?  -Man #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]  -Chemist- It's real.  -Preston- Burn it.  -Preston- Why didn't you just leave it for the evidentiary team to collect and log?  -Partridge- They miss things sometimes. 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 ot it?  -Preston- Resources are tight. We'll get it all eventually.  -Father- 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. Librians...there is a disease in the heart of man.Its symptom is hate.Its symptom...is anger. Its sympton 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. Prozium. 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 WC-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.  -Preston- Every time we come from the Nethers to the city, it reminds why we do what we do.  -Partridge- It does?  -Preston- I beg your pardon.  -Partridge- It does.  -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 Dupount of the Third Conciliarly of the Tetragrammaton -- Father's voice.  -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 becomming 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- Every time we come from the Nethers to the city, it reminds why we do what we do.  -Partridge- It does?  [Tape rewinding]  -Preston- Every time we come from the Nethers to the city, it reminds 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. May not have showed up in the records yet.  -Evidentiary storage officer- 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.  -Evidentiary storage officer- Sir, Cleric Partridge has not entered anything in for weeks.  -Preston- You're mistaken. It was a book of some kind.  -Evidentiary storage officer- Cleric...there's nothing.  -Preston- Thank you.  -Gate guard- He's been passing through the gate into the Nether every night for the last two weeks. We assumed it was enforcement-related.  [Footsteps]  -Partridge- You always knew.  -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.” 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 feelling 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.  [Gun cocks]  -Preston- Don't.  [Shoots]  -Brandt- You and your partner were close? I hope you're as pleased to be assigned 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.  -Brandt- Cleric...I can only hope one day to be as...uncompromising as you.  -Preston- Good night.  -Father on TV- The later 20th century saw the foutuitous and simultaneous rise of two synergistic political and psychological sciences. The first, the revolutionary precept of the hate crime.  -Robbie Preston- 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.  [Click]  -Father on TV- ...a single inescapable fact --that mankind united with infinitely greater purpose in pursuit of war...than he ever did in pursuit of peace.  -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.”  -Enforcer- Viviana Preston, Don't move! Don't move! Comply! Comply! Stop! Stop where you are! Get down! Get down!  -Enforcer- Don't shoot. This is a lawful entry. We have a warrant for your wife's arrest. She's charged with sense offense.  -Enforcer- Hey! Get her! Get her off him now!  -Viviana- Remember me.   - Father - Libria... Awake. Awaken to triumph again in the face of yet another day,another step in our unified march into the unwavering purpose...move ahead together into the certainty of our collective destiny.  [Faucet squeaks]  [Glass shatters]  -Robbie- What are you doing?  -Robbie- I said, what are you doing?  -Preston- I accidently dropped my...morning interval. I took it out before I brushed my teeth. I never take it out before I brush my teeth.  -Robbie- Then you'll go by Equilibrium, log the loss, and get a replacement.  -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.  -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.  -Man- This site is temporarily closed. Proceed to the Equilibrium Center in Sector 8A.  -Brandt- More than punctual, Cleric. Hop in.  -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.  -Brandt- Maybe I'll drop by later, get my interval adjusted.  [Gun cocks]  -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.  -Mary- You can't do this. You cannot do this.  -Preston- Tetragrammaton, There's nothing we can't do.  -Preston- How long have you been off the dose? Look at you.... Look at you!  [Breathing heavily]  Look at you. The mirror's frame is illegal. Destroy it.  -Man- We have suppression, We're making entry.  -Man #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.  -Man- Gun!  [Shot]  -Preston- We need her.   -Preston- What's your name?  -Mary- O'Brien, Mary.  -Prston- 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.  -Mary- Why are you alive?  -Preston- 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 Cliric has determined that the geometric distribution of antagonists in any gun battleis a statistically predictable element.   -Man- 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.  -Dupont- By the rote mastery of this art, your firing efficiency will rise by no less than 120%. The different of a 63% increase to lethal procifiency makes the master of the Gun Katas an adcersarty not to be taken lightly.   -Mary [Echoing]- Without love... breath is just a clock...ticking.  [Flames roaring]  [Heart beating]   -Father- 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. For we embrace Prozium in its unfying fullness and all that it has done to make us great.   [Loud footsteps]  -Guard- Good morning, Cleric.  -Preston- Good morning.  -Father- ...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, allowing each man, woman, and child in this great society to lead identical lives.   The concept of identical encironment construction allows each of us to head confidently into each moment with all the secure knowledge it has been lived before.  [Voice fades]  -Brandt- What are you doing?  -Preston- I'm rearranging my desk.  -Brandt- You didn't like the way it was before?  -Preston- I have no feelings about it. I'm merely attempting to optimize.  -Brandt- Sense offenders holed up in the Nether.  -Enforcer- We estimate -- we estimate 50 men, sir. Intelligence tells us they're all fully armed.  -Brandt- This is the group that bombed the Prozium factories. You'll clean, we'll sweep.  -Enforcer- Yes, sir.  [Indistinct shouting]  -Enforcer- Go! Go! Go! Go!  -Resistance- Aah!  -Enforcer- Take it! Take the landings!  -Resistants- Aah! Aah!  -Brandt- Cover me, I'm going in.  -Resistance- Aaaaaaah!  -Brandt- Nice grab, Cleric.   [Casings rattling]  [Door rattles, creaks] [Door opens] [Stairs creaking]  -Preston- "Ludwig Van Beethoven."  [Record scratching]  [Powerful classical music plays] [Music continues]   -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?  -Enforcer- Sir! We got something out back.  [Man talking indistinctly]  -Enforcer- We're gonna need two more men on this.  [Barking]  -Enforcer- These animals were defended by women and children. We put them down easily.  -Brandt- This isn't the first time we've seen this. Why do they keep these animals? What do they -- do they eat them?  -Enforcer- What do you want me to do sir?  -Brandt- Exterminate them, of course.  -Enforcer- All right. Let's do it.  -Preston- No.  [Guns cocking]  -Brandt- What's wrong, Cleric?  -Preston- Nothing.  [Barking continues]  [Gunshots, dogs whimpering]  -Enforcer- Hey...  [Dog running]  -Enforcer- Grab it. Sir... toss it back in. I'll finish it off. [Gun cocks] Give it to me, sir.  Give it to him, Cleric. He'll finish it.  [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.   -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 tiral.  -Preston- But it's counter to law. You're a member of the Council. if--  -Dupont- 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 myhem -- what we have worked so hard to eradicate?  -Dupont- 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.   [Click, whirring] [Click] [Click, whirring]  -Preston- Confiscated evidence X23-T45 -- Mary O'Brien.  [Exhales deeply]   [Car engine reves]  -Preston- Cleric John Preston passing into the Nether -- enforcement-related.  -Guard- Thank you, sir.   [Whimpers]  -Preston- I don't know what else to do with you. Go on. Go on.  [Trunk door creaks] [Trunk door closed]  -Preston- Go!  [Keys jingle]  [Dog barks] [Panting] [Engine turns over] [Yelps] [Engine shuts off]  -Preston- Fine. But you're going back in the trunk.   [Yelps] [Chuckles]  -Preston- Okay. Here.  [Engines revving]  -Enforcer- 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.   -Enforcer- Identification!  -Preston- It's in my coat.  -Enforcer- Where's the coat? Where is it?!  -Presto- I don't have it.  -Enforcer- Unidentified individuals are subject to summary destruction.  -Preston- You're making a very big mistake. I'm a Grammaton Cleric, first class.  -Enforcer- We're gonna search your vehicle.  -Preston- No, you're not. There's nothing in it.  -Enforcer- Search it!  -Enforcer- Clear, sir.  -Enforcer- 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--  -Enforcer- Wait. Stand off. I'm sorry I didn't recognize you, sir.  -Preston- That's okay. Just doing your job.  -Enforcer- Thank you. We'll escort you back to the gate.  -Preston- Thanks.  [Dog yelps]  -Preston- Animals. Nether's full of them.  -Enforcer- Sounds like it came from your trunk.  -Preston- Impossible. Just give me my keys. I'll be on my way. Captain...I'm asking you one last time -- don't do this.  -Enforcer- Down on your knees! Down on your knees! Down on your knees! Drop down! On the ground! Comply! On the ground! Comply! Do it!  -Enforcer- No. Fuck!  -Enforcer- What? Aw, shit! Shoot him! Shoot him! Shoot him!   -Enforcer- Aah!  [Casings rattling] [Wind blowing]   [Exhales deeply]   [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] And if they know who did it.  [Both grunting]  -Brandt- Am I close?  -Preston- So, tell me...do they know?  [Panting]  -Brandt- 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 the accomplished was a quicker end to the Resistance. It's goona be a massacre, Cleric. I came to tell you... there's a raid in the Neter -- Sector 7. [Panting] So get ready.   -Preston- That door behind you...  Go. Go, damn you! Get out of here, God damn it! If you don't, you're dead!  -Resistance- 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!  -Resintance- Let's go!  -Man- There will be no detention. Repeat -- no detention for any purpose. All prisoners and apprehendees are to be put down.  -Enforcer- Look out! Aah! Aaaah!  -Enforcer- Cleric, what's happening? We heard gunshots.  -Preston- Go!  -Enforcer- What are you doing? Cleric! They're Resistance fighters. Cleric! He's a sense offender!  [Indistinct shouting]  -Enforcer- Cover all quadrants! Secure the perimeter!  -Preston- 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.  [Gun cocks]  -Preston- No. I think, in the end... it'll be better if you have it.  -Brandt- Captain.  -Enforcement Captain- Yes, sir. Firing positions. Ready... [Guns cocking] Aim... Fire!  [Gunfire] [Men screaming]  -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 you permission, to locate the Underground once and for all.  -Dupont- To destroy it.  -Preston- To destroy it.  -Dupont- Good. Do it.  -Preston- I'm so... so very sorry.  -Crematory Technician- These are the possessions he had on him at the time of death. The illegal ones will be burned with him.  -Preston- Good.    -Preston- Errol Partridge.  -Mary- 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- I want to know about him.  -Mary- Well... 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- Aaah!  -Preston- You were lovers.    -Father's voice- 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...   -Reading Room Proprietor- And thus, it is in the writing of the Father that we find our greatest -- Good afternoon, sir. What will it be for you? The latest copy of the inserts? Revised edition of the manifesto?  -Preston- Errol Partridge. What do you know about him?  -Reading Room Proprietor- I beg your pardon?  -Preston- Everybody out. Now.  -Preston- I'm gonna ask you one more time. Errol Partridge -- What do you know about him?  -Reading Room Proprietor- I'm sure this must be some mis--  -Preston- You're an offender.  -Reading Room Proprietor- 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.  [Breathing heavily]  -Reading Room Proprietor- I - I really don't know --   -Preston- Speak!  -Reading Room Proprietor- He -- he'd come in here with a fellow named Jurgen.  -Preston- Why?  -Reading Room Proprietor- That's -- that's all I know. I swear.  -Preston- Jurgen!  -Preston- Interesting.  -Reading Room Proprietor- Ugh-ow! Ugh!  [Groans] [Gun cocks]  -Jurgen- We've been watching you, Preston.  -Preston- You're Jurgen.  -Jurgen- You're feeling.  -Jurgen- Do you know why you came?  [Buzzes]  -Jurgen- Welcome to the Underground.   -Jurgen- Polygraph. It detects fluctuations of human emotion.We have to be sure.  Mary.  You're carrying in your left pocket a red ribbon sprayed with her scent. 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.  -Jurgen- 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--  -Jurgen- 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?  -Jurgen- You can kill Father.   [Man speaking indistinctly]  [Horn honks] [Engines roaring]  -Enforcer- 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.  -Preston- Feeling, sir?  -Dupont- Are you playing with me, Cleric?  [Guns cocks]  -Preston- No, sir.  -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?  -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.  -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.   [Creaking]  -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]  [Beeping stops] [Buzzing stops]  -Mary- Aren't you gonna dose? My God. What...what'll you do?  -Preston- I don't know.   -Preston- 50 sweepers, maybe more.  -Jurgen- What about an audience? Can you 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- 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. Instant word comes that Father is dead, that the Council is leaderless. Bombs that have already been planted will be set off at Prozium clinics and 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?  [Exhales slowly]  -Preston- Yes.  -Jurgen- Can you?  -Preston- I don't know.   -Jurgen- Don't -- Seeing her one last time will only make it harder to do what you have to do.  [Man speaking indistinctly] -Father- ...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.  -Voice- 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.  [Man speaking indistinctly]  -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...   [Rapid footsteps approaching]  -Preston- The incineration -- has it gone through?!  -Guard- It's going through now. Hey!  [Fire roaring]  [Quivering]  -Woman- Machine turbines priming. Machine turbines priming.  -Preston- Tetragrammaton -- I need to speak to this woman!  -Enforcer- You're too late, sir. The time lock is engaged. If we force the door now, the turbines will explode at street level.  -Woman- ...personnel, clear the area immediately. All unauthorized personnel, clear the area immediately. Turbines primed. Fire in 10 seconds... 9 seconds...  8 seconds...  7 seconds... 6 seconds... 5 seconds... 4 seconds... 3 seconds... 2 seconds... Turbines...fire.   -Brandt- Cleric John Preston... You are under arrest.  -Brandt- 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- Vice-Council... This man is guilty of consorting with sense offenders, of having relations with a female, of sense crime itself.  -Dupont- Dispatch a search team to the Cleric's quarters to search for unused.  -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 sweepers 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 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.  -Dupont- Cleric Brandt...  -Brandt- Sir?  -Dupont- The trace shows that it was your gun in the Nether with the sweepers.  -Brandt- That's impossible.  [Guns cock]  -Brandt- This is wrong.  -Preston- I think, in the end...it'll be better if you have it.  -Brandt- 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 this. Uh, Sir, I'm not felling! He is the one who's feeling! This is a mistake!  -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?  [Tires screech]  -Enforcer- Sorry, Sir. Just a formality. The search team will be up momentarily.   -Preston- Excellent. I have nothing to hide.  -Enforcer- The search teams are already inside, Sir.  [Beeps]  -Preston- Excellent.  [Men speaking indistinctly in distance]  -Robbie- Looking for something? If I were you... I'd be more careful in the future.  -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.   -Man- You have a message for the Vice-Council?  -Preston- It's done. I've located the Resistance. Come now. You'll have them all.  -Dupont's Secretary- 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?  -Dupont's Secretary- 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.  [Mechanical whirring]  [Man speaking indistinctly]  -Enforcer- 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?  [Guns cocking]  -Brandt- You ask him for it. I told you I'd make my career with you, Cleric.  -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?  -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]  -Polygraph technician- Oh... Shit.  -Preston- Not without incident.  I'm coming.   -Dupont- You really should learn to knock.  How did it feel, Preston?  [Growls softly]  -Men- Agh! Ugh! Ugh! Uhh-ah! Wah! Ugh! Agh! Uhh! Ugh! Aggh!  -Brandt- Mind the uniform, Cleric. [Whooshing] I plan to be wearing it for a long time.  [Thud]  -Dupont- Be careful, Preston. You're treading on my dreams.  -Dupont- Ohh! 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.  [Thud]   -Father- The following items have been rated EC-10... condemned. [Speaking indistinctly]  [Thud]  -Father- In the 19th century... [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. In the--  [Electricity crackles]  [Speaking indistinctly, echoing]  -Father- ...items have been rated EC-10... ...rated condemned, destroyed.   [Sputtering]  -Father- ...items have been rated...  [Silence]  [Rumbling]  [Rumbling continues]  [Indistinct shouting, gunfire] [Shouting continues] [Men cheering]  The End |  |   [**Also more Production Material**](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/production.htm) [http://www.equilibriumfans.com/RarrowSM.gif](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/production.htm) |

[**Freedom Reading**](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/freedom_reading.htm)**:** [**Fan Writings**](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/EQ-FanWriting.htm)[**EQ Press**](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/ArticlesAndInterviews.htm)[**Scripts**](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/Screenplays_scripts.htm)[**Guestbook**](http://www.equilibriumfans.com/guestbook.htm)