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Cloud Atlas

By David Mitchell

Lornsome night.
An' babbits bawlin', wind bitin' the bone.
Wind like this...
full of voices.
It's the ancestry howlin' at ya;
yibberin' stories.
All voices... tied up into one.
One voice different...
One voice
whisperin' out there; spyin' from 'he dark.
That fangy devil,
Old Georgie hisself.
Now you hear up close
and I'll yarn you about the first time we met
eye to eye.
And thus it was that I made the acquaintance
of Dr. Henry Goose,
the man I hoped might cure me of my affliction.
Have you lost something?

Question one:

What secret in Sixsmith's report
would be worth killing for?

Question two:

Is it reasonable to believe that they would
kill again to protect that secret?
And if so, question three:
What the fuck am I doing here?
While my extensive experience as an editor
has led me to a disdain for flashbacks
and flash forwards and all such tricky gimmicks,
I believe that if you, dear reader,
can extend your patience for just a moment,
you will find there is a method to this tale of madness.
My dearest Sixsmith,
I shot myself through the roof
of my mouth this morning,
with Vyvyan Ayrs' Luger.
A true suicide is a paced, disciplined certainty.
People pontificate "suicide is a coward's act".
Couldn't be further from the truth.
Suicide takes tremendous courage.
Any problem, sir, you just hit this button.

Thank you.

On behalf of my Ministry and the future of Unanimity,
I would like to thank you for this final interview.

- Hello.

- Press pass.

Expecting trouble?

I was Dermot Hoggins' publisher,
not his shrink or his astrologer
and the ruddy, bloody truth is,
I had no idea what the man was gonna do that night.

This beach was once a cannibal's banqueting hall,
where the strong gorged on the weak,
but the teeth, sir, they spat out,
like you or I would expel a cherry stone.

Do you know the price a quarter pound of these will earn?

Remember this is not an interrogation or a trial.

Your version of the truth is all that matters.

Truth is singular.

Its "versions" are... mistruths.

Don't let them say I killed myself for love.

Had my infatuations, but we both know in our hearts
who is the sole love of my short, bright life.

[CLOUD ATLAS]

[The Pacific Islands, the year 1849]

There you are, Mr. Ewing.

As binding a covenant there can ever be between men...
outside the province of Scripture.

Thank you, Reverend Horrox, I...

know my father-in-law is profoundly excited about this deal.

Haskell Moore is a great man.

Future generations depend on men like him;
men capable of speaking the truth.

Quite.

When I first encountered Haskell Moore's writing,
its perspicuity struck me as though delivered
through divine revelation.

The learned doctor here and I have
already spent many a night debating Mr. Moore's tractus.

I'm only willing to concede that he makes a compelling case
as to why we are sitting here, enjoying this divine lamb,
while Kupaka stands there, content to serve.

Indeed. Uh, Kupaka...

you enjoy your life, here with us, do you not?

Oh yes, Reverend, sir.

Kupaka very happy here.

You see, you see? This is Moore's ladder of civilization.

The reason behind this natural order...

Please, Giles, do shut up.

I've been listening to this for weeks, I...

would love to know what his own son-in-law

has to say about it.

Oh... well let's see... ah,

it is an inquiry concerning God's will and the nature of men.

And what does he have to say about the nature of women?

I'm afraid that's a subject he prefers to pass by in silence.

He wouldn't be the first.

Uh, pray, Mr. Ewing, continue.

Well, uh... you know, the question he does pose is...

if God created the world, how do we know

what things we can change

and what things must remain sacred and inviolable?

Reverend Horrox is specific how to run plantation.

Georgian way best way he say.

God, this heat is unbearable. How do they take it?

Reverend Horrox say,

slaves like camel, bred for desert.

He say... they not feel heat like civilized folk.

Now we should get you out of the sun.

Now what... what is that noise?

- Hup, there you are.

- What happened?

It is as I suspected. Gusano Coco Cervello,

better known as the Polynesian worm.

Once saw a man's brain after the worm

had finished with him.

Maggoty cauliflower. Ooph.

But have no fear, this particular devil

and I are well acquainted.

Here we go.

[Whispers]:

I... I, I don't know what I would have done

had our paths not crossed.

Well, for starters, you would have died.

I... I shall find a way to repay you.

Oh, unnecessary, I assure you. I am a doctor, Adam.

A tiger cannot change its stripes.

[Cambridge, the year 1936]

Sixsmith, I do hope you will be able to find it in your heart to forgive me.

Mr. Frobisher?

Mr. Robert Frobisher!

The management would like a word with you, please sir.

Mr. Frobisher, open this door, please!

We do know you're in there, Mr. Frobisher. Please, comply.

A letter is being drafted to your father, sir.

Mr. Frobisher!

Hated leaving you like that.

Wasn't the goodbye I had in mind.

By the time you read this, I will be on my way to Edinburgh; on my way to fame and fortune.

I know you haven't heard of him, but trust me,

Vyvyan Ayrs is one of the musical greats, Sixsmith.

The tragedy is that he hasn't produced any new work in years due to illness.

My scheme is to persuade him to hire me as his amanuensis

and aid him in the creation of a masterpiece, that goes shooting up through the musical firmament, eventually obliging Pater to admit that yes,

the son he disinherited is none other than Robert Frobisher, the greatest British composer of his time.

I know, Sixsmith, you groan and shake your head, but you smile too, which is why I love you.

P.S.

Thanks for the waistcoat.

I needed something of yours to keep me company.

St. George and the Dragon.

Reminds me that composing is a crusade.

Sometimes you slay the dragon; sometimes the dragon slays you.

All right, then.

A Frobisher, is it?

I trust Mackerras taught you enough to be useful.

I've had this little melody for viola rattling about my head for months.

Let's see if you can get it down.

[Hums melody]

Subtle grace note before the third.

[Humming continues]

Soft and simple. Got it? Now, it gets interesting.

[Hums next phrase]

Good.

Play that back.

Would love to, sir.

Um... what key are we in?

What key? G minor, of course.

And the time signature?

For Christ's sake, did you hear it or not?

- Just... just need a little more time.

- You need?

My dear boy, who is working for whom here?

- I apologize, sir...

- Are you an amanuensis or an apologist?

Now pay attention.

Three-four changes to four-four on the fourth bar

and back to three-four on bar five,

if you can count that high.

Crotchet G, pause for a quaver, repeat G quaver,

then E-flat on the down beat.

[Hums last phrase]

And so on.

All right. Let me hear it.

[Plays single note melody]

[Continues playing with discordant harmony]

Stop! Please! You're hurting me!

You must have misheard me, I said

I had a melody not a malady!

Vyvyan?

Jocasta, deliver me!

- What's going on in here?

- An exercise in futility.

Should I be introduced?

There's really no point, the boy is as useful as the clap.

Fortunately, he'll be much easier to get rid of.

Would you be a dear and get Henry to show the boy out?

Yes, of course, darling.

[Begins playing accurately]

It's beautiful.

Yes...

That's it. That's my melody!

[San Francisco, the year 1973]

C'mon, Luisa,

[San Francisco, the year 1973]

we're made to be together!

Luisa, wa-wait, c'mon, c'mon, I'm telling you,
I'm telling ya baby; you can't leave me. It's a...
you know, it's a past life thing or a future life thing,
but ya know, it's you and me...
Look. For the last hour, all I could think about was
throwing you off your balcony.
I mean, who the hell do you think you are?
You write a bullshit column for a fuckin' rag.
Elevator!
Thank you.
Nice to know the age of chivalry isn't dead.
You okay?
No bones broken, I think.
Wait, wait. No, no. You sit... you sit, you sit. Let me see.
Great. Power outage.
Perfect end to a perfect day.
Still glad the age of chivalry isn't dead?
I still rather be right here than back up there.
Guess Mr. Ganga isn't everyone's cup of tea.
Guys like that are just an occupational hazard.
- You were interviewing him?
- Yeah, for Spyglass Magazine.
Luisa Rey.
Rufus Sixsmith.
Rey...
You wouldn't happen to be related
to the journalist, Lester Rey?
Yeah. He was my father.
Really? He must have been enormously proud of you,
- following in his footsteps.
- Hmm.
That's her, my niece, Megan.
She's lovely.
Born physicist, with a better mind for mathematics
than I ever had.
Did her PhD at Cambridge, a woman at Caius.
Gives you hope for the world.
It's hot.
And we're still here.
That's a very peculiar birthmark.
Yeah, my little comet.
My mother swore it was cancer.
She wanted me to get it removed, but
I don't know, I kinda like it.

I knew someone who had a birthmark that was

- similar to that.

- Really?

Who was it?

Someone I cared about very much.

A, uh... A hypothetical question for you, Miss Rey.

As a journalist,

what price would you pay to protect a source?

Any.

Prison?

If it came to that... yes.

Would you be prepared to

compromise your safety?

My father braved booby-trapped marshes and

the wrath of generals for his journalistic integrity.

What kind of daughter would I be if I bailed

when things got a little tough?

Saved.

Taxi!

- You sure you don't need a cab?

- No, I've got my car.

Well, you know, if... there's ever something I can do for you,
please give me a call.

Thank you, I will.

[Whispers]:

[London, the year 2012]

It was the night of the Lemon Prizes,

[London, the year 2012]

[London, the year 2012]

and amidst all that forced jollity,

I recall a moment of introspection.

Why? Why would anyone in their right mind

choose to be a publisher?

This was the precise moment that Dermot found me.

- Oy, Timothy.

- Ah, Dermot.

Bad news inexorably does.

A fuckin' waste.

Never forget Herman Melville;

writes a ripping yarn about a big white whale,

which is summarily dismissed

and yet today, it is lugged around in the backpacks

of every serious student of literature in the world.

I don't give a fuck what happens when I'm dead.

I want people to buy me book now!

Well, as your publisher, obviously nothing would make me happier.

But sadly, for whatever reason,

"Knuckle Sandwich" has yet to connect to its audience.

You want a reason? I'll give ya a reason.

- Right there!

- Oh, you mean, Mr. Finch.

Felix fuckin' Finch!

The... cunt that shat all over me book in his poncy fuckin' magazine!

It wasn't that bad.

No?!

"Mr. Hoggins should apologize to the trees felled for the making of his bloated autobio-novel. Four hundred vainglorious pages expire in an ending that is flat and inane beyond belief." Steady now, Dermot. What is a critic, but one who reads quickly, arrogantly, but never wisely.

Fuck it.

Dermot!

Ladies and gentlemen!

We have an additional award tonight, fellow book fairies.

An award for "most eminent critic".

Mr... Oh, beg pardon,

Sir! Felix Finch! O, B and E!

And what might my prize be, I wonder?

A signed copy of an unpulped "Knuckle Sandwich"?

Can't be many of those left.

Well?

Just what does that leadless pencil you call an imagination have in mind to end this scene, hmm?

I t'ink you're gonna love this one.

Now, that's "an ending that is flat and inane beyond belief."

My thoughts?

If I'm honest, I admit that the obvious emotions like shock and horror flew as Finch had, here and gone.

Tequila, couple of fingers.

While deep down, I experienced a nascent sense of a silver lining to this most tragic turn.

Overnight, Dermot "Dusty" Hoggins became a cult hero to the common man.

"Knuckle Sandwich" shifted ninety thousand copies
in less than two months.

I was for the briefest of moments, Cinderella
and all memory of past misfortune receded
in the rearview mirror
of my dream come true.

- What the fuck?!

- Timothy Cavendish, I presume.

Caught with your cacks down!

Uh, my office hours are eleven to two.

And my secretary

would be more than happy to schedule an appointment
if you so desire.

Friends like us don't need appointments.

We like it all cozy like this.

- Visited Dermot in the joint.

- Our brother's got a question for you.

Where's our fuckin' money?

Boys. Boys, look here.

Dermot signed what we call a copyright
transfer contract,

which means that legally...

Dermot didn't sign no fuckin' contract for the event
of the fuckin' season!

Uh, uh-huh. What? Perhaps, uh, we could moot
a provisional sum

on the basis of... ongoing negotiation.

Okeydokey.

What sum we gonna moot?

Fifty K'd will do for starters.

Fifty sounds reasonable.

Tomorrow afternoon.

Tomorrow afternoon?!

Cash. No bullocks.

- No checks.

- Old-fashioned money.

Gentlemen,

- the law says...

- The law?!

What'd the law do... for Felix fuckin' Finch?

[Neo-Seoul, the year 2144]

Ordinarily, I begin by asking prisoners to recall their
earliest memories...

to provide a context for the corpocratic historians

of the future.

Fabricants have no such memories, Archivist.

One twenty-four hour cycle in Papa Song's is identical to every other.

May I say you speak consumer surprisingly well.

Unanimity's a... (indistinguishable)

- [Sonmi~451 begins speaking Japanese]

- (It is unfortunate that the officials of the Unanimity can only speak one language.)

As an officer of Unanimity, I am of course restricted from using sub-speak.

Of course.

Please describe a typical twenty-four hour Papa Song cycle.

At hour four, each server is awoken by auto-stimulin.

From revival, we proceed to the hygiener.

After dressing we file into the dinery.

At hour five, we man our stations to greet the new day's consumers.

Welcome to Papa Song's.

For the next nineteen hours we input orders,

tray food, vend drinks,

upstock condiments, wipe tables, and bin garbage.

all done in strict adherence to First Catechism.

What is the First Catechism?

"Honor thy consumer."

After the final cleaning,

we imbibe one Soapsac, then return to our sleep box.

That is the blueprint of every single day.

Did you ever think about the future?

Papa Song servers have just one possible future.

You mean, Xultation?

Could you describe this annual Rite of Passage?

On first day, Seer Rhee would stamp a star

on each of our collars.

Twelve stars meant an end to our contract.

How did you feel when you watched one

of your sisters ascend?

Excitement.

I was happy for them,

but envious as well.

Did your sister servers feel as you did?

Most of them.

I would like to ask about the infamous Yoona~939.

If Yoona~939 woke you, who woke her?

Seer Rhee.

Why would a Seer wake a server?

Perhaps you should ask him, Archivist.

What's wrong with him?

He drinks Soap.

It makes him happy,

then he sleep like us in our box.

Do you ever think about... what it must be like...

up there with the consumers?

Third Catechism forbids such questions.

Yes... it does.

Come. Let me show you a secret.

(Platform four, Lost and Found.)

Now, Sonmia,

we are inside a secret.

Akino?

- We are not allowed...

- Sonmia, no one will ever know.

Come.

(This is a violation of the ruddy Incarceration Act!)

(I will not be subjected to criminal abuse.)

(This is a violation of the ruddy Incarceration Act!)

- I will not be subjected to criminal abuse.

- (I will not be subjected to criminal abuse.)

You could have been excised.

How did you justify such a risk to yourself?

She was my friend.

Please describe the events of September 18th,
from your perspective.

I was stationed at pedestal one.

I will not be subjected to criminal abuse.

Step away. Code yellow. The area is secured.

[Big Isle, 106 winters since the Fall]

Nay, this life of rotted luck

[Big Isle, 106 winters since the Fall]

ain't no smiles I'm yarnin'.

An' rear's time I ever first the secret
of Sloosha's Hallow,

Adam, my bro' by law, n' his son n' me be trekkin'
back from Honokaa Market.

It was Adam's custom to kowtow his ancestry
with offerin's n' honorin's.

Suddenwise, that fangy devil's eyes... I felt 'em.

Who there?

Ooh, a darky spot you're in, friend.
Old Georgie...
Ain't no blade can protect you from the true true.
Pa!

[Whispers]:

Zachry. Zachry!
Zachry!!
Stay here. Safe here.
Zachry!!!
- Kona will be feastin' on Adam n' his boy by sunup.
- Zachry!!
Zach! Zach! Zachry!!
Zachry!!!
You say all the time, yay?
"The weak are meat, the strong do eat."
Jonas!!!
The true true is what that is.
Whole valley whisperin' about the blood o' Adam
and his son on my hands.
But Rose an' Catkin never believed no humorin'
an' stood by me.
- Uncle Zach, look!
- Yeah, I see 'em.
Prescients come barterin' twice a year.
Their ships creep-crawlin' on the waves,
Just floatin' on the Smart o' the Old Uns.
Barter'll be startin' soon.
Yeah.
You must go find your ma.
What're you doin'?
Ma says you ain't been right since Sloosha's.
Say I gotta keep eye-wa's on ya.
You mindin' me while I mind the goats.
I see.
Stump is, who's gonna mind your ma at the barter?
She got no tongue for hagglin', not like you and me.
Sure you're all right?
Swear by't. Be home for suppin'.
Why words slink and slide off a tongue
when we need 'em most?
If my tongue been more bold,
could I o' stop all that dioresomes about 'ta happen?
- Uncle Zach!

- This my big bro' I yarn ya about.

- Whats what, sis?

- Spesh guest hosting.

Thank you, for the kindness host on my valley stay.

I ain't yay-soed this, Rose.

- Abbess say-so a gift of great honor.

- She can be hostin' then.

I bring you gift, Zachry.

Need no gift from a stranger.

Now kin n' Rose n' half-strangers, yay, even the Abbess,
all come knockin'

to gape in wonderment like Sonmi herself
was sittin' in our kitchen.

Questions about Prescients n' their woesome ship
poured thick n' fast.

How your ship slide n' glide so silentsome?

Fusion engines.

No one queried what "fusion engine" was,
cos they didn't want to look stoopit, front o' the gatherin.

Fusion engines.

True wordly was, Meronym answered 'he questions,
but no answer ever quenched your curio.

All o' that answerin' done was teach everyone
to not trust her,

nay, not a flea.

She is slyin' us.

Schemin' an' wormin' herself in.

Watch her. Watch her close.

She's got secrets.

- Zachry Baily.

- Sorrysome for wakin' you, Abbess.

I dream... sump'n' diresome's gonna happen.

Come in. Come in.

Ah, let Sonmi guide your heart.

[Abbess chants]

I prayin' for you.

Oh, it's Georgie's hungerin' for your soul.

Oh, I know'd it.

Spittin' an' cussin' your dreams.

I know'd it.

Bridge a broken, hide below.

Hands a bleedin', can't let go.

Enemy's sleepin', don't slit that throat.

An augurin'.

[Whispers]:

Trust Sonmi.

Keep her warnin' with you, nail it to your memory.

Thank you. Thank you, Abbess. Thank you.

Wait! Wait.

There's no reason to hide.

I know you are Sonmi~451.

My name is Hae-Joo Chang.

What has happened to Seer Rhee?

Soap overdose.

It is unfortunate that it had to happen
with everything going so well.

Because now it is probable that the enforcers
and the DNA sniffers will find out about you.

And if they do,

if they realize your connection to Yoona~939,
you will be excised.

But you have a choice.

You can remain here and risk being discovered.

Or you can come with me.

- Bear away, boy.

- Aye-aye, Captain.

Friday the 15th. We made sail with the morning tide.

Mr. Boerhaave had my cabin changed.

I have been quarantined to a storeroom away from the
other passengers and crew.

Henry argued in vain that the Polynesian worm
is not contagious.

Hardly matters.

All I want to do now is return home

and unburden myself with this responsibility.

My dear Sixsmith, I'm in desperate need of your help.

After my last letter, I'm sure you're rushing to
pack your bags,

but you needn't really.

Unless of course, you wish to witness the rebirth
of Robert Frobisher.

Is it not miraculous how one's fortune can turn
so quickly, so completely?

One moment, leaping from a hotel window, the next,
gainfully employed by one of the world's
greatest living composers.

My only problem is that I accidentally got hooked

on a journal
written in 1849 by a dying lawyer during the voyage
from a Pacific isle to San Francisco.
To my great annoyance, the pages cease mid-sentence.
Half the book is missing. It's completely killing me.
Could you be a mensch and when you're next foraging
at Otto's Books, make an inquiry?
A half finished book is, after all, a half finished love affair.
(...the Marshall and my chief engineers, and then
we will take some questions.)
(America loves oil.)
(America is addicted to oil.)
(Some fantasize about wind turbines or pig gas.)
(But I'm here today to tell you that the cure)
(for oil... is right here. The cure is nuclear power.)
(the cure is Swanekke.)
- Hello.
- (Hello, Miss Rey.)
(I'm frightfully sorry for calling at this hour.)
Dr. Sixsmith?
(I need help.)
I need fifty thousand pounds, not two thousand!
Fifty thousand!
(I can go through it again, Mr. Cavendish,
but the total's right.)
(two thousand, three hundred and forty three pounds
and sixteen pence.)
How is this possible?! The ruddy money was pouring in!
(Debt mostly, Mr. Cavendish. Solvency has its drawbacks.)
The situation looked dire,
but I knew that Timothy Cavendish's capital in this town
could not be defined by an accountant's balance sheet.
McCluskie!
Look, how're those delightful kiddies of yours?
Mon cher, thi's "Cavendish the Ravenous",
your favorite Timothy.
Mon cher?
You heard correctly, Charles Dickens own, original,
authentic writing desk for sixty thousand pounds.
I think that's very fair.
(But our records indicate that the desk is
already accounted for)
(by the Dickens House museum.)
Okay. What about, uh... Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's desk?

In the darkness, I suddenly saw the light.
Blood has always trumped water.
If the Hogginses brutes wanted to turn this into
a family affair,
they'd find the Cavendish clan more than ready
for the task at hand.
Ah, Satan's gonads, not again! Look,
just bugger off and leave us in peace. I'm only gonna
ask you nicely once.
Good to see you, Denny.
I'm not lending you a ruddy farthing till you pay back
the last lot.
Why... Why should I be forever giving you handouts?
Denny,
I've had a minor run-in with the wrong sort.
If I don't get my hands on sixty thousand pounds,
I'm going to take an awful beating.
Well, get them to video it for us, would you? Now, fuck off!
- I'm not joking, Denholme.
- Why is this my problem?
Because we're brothers! Don't you have a conscience?
Couple of my special little pills and a
G and T should set me right.
Denny... Help.
Please?
Den, who are you talking to?
Hello, Georgette.
Hello, Timothy.
All right, all right, alright, alright, alright.
What you, uh... sixty grand?
It's gonna take some time, but uh...
in the interim I've got the perfect place for you to hide.
I have begun to fear I may never hold my beloved Tilda
in my arms again.
My parasite writhes at night igniting spasms of pain,
while visions and voices, obscene and monstrous,
haunt me.

[Whispers]:

In the name of God!
Mr. Ewing, no fear!
No harm, no shout.
Please, my name Autua.
You know I... you see Maori whip I.

You know I.

- Wha... Wha... What do you want?

- You help, Mr. Ewing.

If you no help, I in trouble dead.

Well, you're already very much "in trouble dead".

The Prophetess is a mercantile vessel,
not an underground railroad for escaping slaves.

I able seaman. I earn passage.

Well, then I suggest you surrender to the
captain's mercies forthwith.

No! No! They no hear I!

They say swim away home, nigger and throw I in drink.

You lawman, aye? Please! Captain hear you, Mr. Ewing!

I... I can't help you.

I'm afraid your fate is entirely your own.

I desire no part in it.

Then kill I.

Don't be absurd!

If you won't help, you kill I just the same.

It's true. You know it.

I be no fish food, Mr. Ewing.

Die here better. Do it.

Do it quick.

Found an old Transway marker, Captain.

It's got to be the right mountain.

The problem is the valley people are afraid of it.

And they think the devil lives up there.

I can't find anybody to guide me through the Kona territory.

Meronym...

Everyday you're out there, you increase your RAD levels.

This dream of your is going to kill you. And for what?

The off-world colonies may no longer exist.

I gotta go, Captain.

Thank you for coming, I'm in 1404.

(I'll be right up.)

Dr. Sixsmith?

Dr. Sixsmith.

It's Luisa.

Go call the police. Right now! Call the police!

My dear Sixsmith, you alone could understand
how I'm feeling right now.

Today, Ayrs and I presented our first collaboration
to Tadeusz Kesselring,
Ayrs' favorite conductor, who arrived from Berlin.

It's called "Eternal Recurrence"; wish you could hear it.
It's the most accomplished tone poem I know of,
written since the war
and I tell you, Sixsmith,
that more than few of its best ideas are mine.
At our time of life, Ayrs, a man has no right
to such daring ideas.
I suppose I've won a rearguard action or two
in my war against decrepitude.
Dinner of pheasant and Bordeaux, rich as buttercream.
How I loved to listen men of distinguished lives
sing of past follies and glories.
The only broken note in the entire evening
was Ayrs wife, Jocasta,
excusing herself early.
Sensed a buried bone. Later I asked Ayrs about it.
He said Kesselring had introduced Jocasta to him.
I pried; had Kesselring been in love with her?
The subject was a prickly one.
Jocasta is a Jew.
Obviously a relationship was impossible.
Why obviously?
Can you really be so ignorant of what is
happening in Germany?
At this point in my life, all I know, Sixsmith,
is that this world spins from the same unseen forces
that twist our hearts.
- How's it, Zachry?
- Samewise.
- Mindin' some company?
- Nay.
But...
goats an' sillywise herders ain't known
for our housin' temper.
Feelin' I owin' you a real kowtow,
for 'vadin' your house with no say-so.
True sorrysome.
Well then... Done's done.
So, you mindin' a stranger queryin' about your troddin'?
Swap you. Query for query.
Fair buy.
Cogg you ain't come to learn stitchin'
or milkin' or heardin'.
Why you here?

I needin' a guide.
Guide? To what?
Mauna Sol.
("Bridge a broken, hide below")
What's wrong?
We cross and recross our old tracks like figure skaters.
And just as I was reading a new submission,
a powerful dj-vu ran through my bones.
I had been here before.
Another lifetime ago.
Ursula.
The love of my life.
I could think of no other serious applicants.
What had happened to her?
And more importantly,
what had happened to the young man
who'd ridden this same train composing sonnets
to his soul bound love?
The augurin' come true, Abbess.
Broke bridge, just like you say.
Meronym were there, yibberin' about trekkin' up Mauna Sol.
Why does this Prescient woman come cussin' and
twistin' up my life?
Mind the words of Sonmi.
"Our lives are not our own.
From womb to tomb, we are bound to others,
past and present.
And by each crime
and every kindness,
we birth our future."
Welcome to Neo-Seoul.
Come on out, you come.
This may be the biggest mistake of my life, but here.
Thank you, Mr. Ewing. Thank you.
Now, to tell the truth, I was worried you might
try and eat me
if you didn't get something in that stomach.
Oh, you safe, Mr. Ewing.
I no like white meat.
Awk... right.
Before I decide what I'm going to do with you,
tell me why you were being whipped so savagely?
My uncle was a sailor.
He took me on a French whaler when I was ten years old.

I seen too much o' da world.
I no good slave.
Why did you look at me?
Pain strong, right?
Friends' eye more strong.
But, you are a runaway slave and I am a lawyer.
How do you imagine we could possibly be friends?
All you need.
Ah, Jesus!
Javier Gomez, what did I tell you about
jumping onto my balcony?
Why do you leave the door open if you
don't want me to come in?
Because, smarty pants,
the only thing worse than having you jump
onto my balcony,
is the idea of you jumping onto my balcony
and being stuck out there.
Okay!
What are you reading?
Just... Old letters.
Sixsmith, the plot has taken a sensual turn.
Last week, Jocasta and I became lovers.
But don't alarm yourself, it is only a carnal act
performed in service,
not unlike my role as amanuensis.
And I confess, women's hearts, like their desire,
remain a mystery to me.
Afterward, she cried and thanked me for bringing life back
into their home.
Making it clear that Vyvyan had been there
the entire night,
between us like the silence between notes,
that holds the key to all music.
P.S. Best news of all,
I've started my own work.
Uh, I... called about an old recording,
written by a man named Robert Frobisher.
Oops. Busted.
I know I shouldn't be playing it,
I was... checking it to make sure it wasn't scratched.
but... honestly,
I just can't stop listening to it.
This is the "Cloud Atlas Sextet"?

It's, uh... the "Symphony".

It's beautiful.

But I think I heard this before.

I can't imagine how.

I doubt there's more than a... handful of copies
in all of North America.

But I know it.

I know I know it.

Before I realized it, my feet had borne me back
to the Temple of Sacrifice,
where I offered up my virginity.

Back to those four days of paradise,
when Ursula's Mater and Pater slipped off to Greece
for a long weekend.

Or so we thought.

Ursula!

...Naked!

Sir! Madam! I assure you this is completely innocent!

Two sprained ankles, one cracked rib.

Official cause of accident listed on hospital form;
"Pussy".

What were the chances that she still lived in this house?

And yet, there she was.

Ursula.

Why had I never returned her calls or letters?

Shame, spinelessness, hallmarks of the Cavendish clan.

I realized I had a choice; I could slink off
and continue as planned,

or I could go boldly to the door

and discover what hope, if any, lay within.

Abbess, come quick, it's the Bailey girl.

- Catkin?

- Aye, she dyin'.

- What-what?!

- Zach.

- Sonmi.

- It's a scorpion fish.

Healer said she'll be gone by sundown.

Ain't right, ain't fair, but nothing to be done.

Be very still.

Termination charge, here!

Just enough to blow carotid.

How does it feel?

Good.

Catkin's dying!

- What?

- Trod on a scorpion fish!

You can save her. You got spesh smarts in that gearbag
what'll save her. That is the true true!

Prescient Council swear by a special order.

Say I can't go play Lady Sonmi for every fate twisty wrong
and click fingers make right.

I just a stoopit goat herder, but I cogg you're killin' Catkin
by not actin',

jus'... If I left you up on that bridge... you Kona meat.

If a Prescient be layin', with poison meltin' her
heart and lungs;

if it be your kin...

Why the Prescient life worth more than a Valleysman?

I take you to Mauna Sol.

I know the way!

If you save Catkin,

I will guide you through the Devil's door,
if that's where you wanna go.

While the past may call to us with the
enchantment of a siren,

better, I believed, to stay the course set by
dear brother, Denny.

Just sign right here.

Tomorrow, life could begin afresh, afresh, afresh.

This way.

Come.

(Welcome to Habitat Basic Training.)

[Computer announcements continue]

(Designating texture.)

That's Old Seoul.

If the tides keep rising at their present rate,
Neo-Seoul will also be under water in a hundred years.

Your food is in here.

It's not what you are used to, but I think you will like it.

This is your bed.

These are your clothes.

Mine? But these are pureblood clothes.

No. They are yours.

Did you know he was Union?

No, but it wouldn't have mattered.

Why not?

Because...

it was the first time a pureblood had showed me kindness.

Mama?

I hung'y.

Do you like them?

You look lovely.

Here.

Come here.

Now this uh, used to play vidies, but the chip is corrupted.

Stuck in a loop, so I dijied it. Found the rest of it.

The rest of it?

What the bloody hell are you doing in my room?

Keys go walkies. Let's give these to Miss Judd

for safekeeping, shall we?

Leave my things alone, you pilfering cow!

'Cause you're new, I shall not make you eat

soap powder... this time.

Be warned.

I do not stand for offensive language in Aurora House,
not from anyone.

And I never make idle threats, Mr. Cavendish. Never.

I'll talk to you how I ruddy will like, you thief!

Make me eat soap powder? I'd like to see you try.

Ooh, bloody hell!

Tsk, tsk, tsk. A disappointing start.

Is this some sort of kinky S & M hotel?

I am Nurse Noakes, you do not wish to cross me.

I am so sorry to keep you waiting. Uh, I know it's a Ms...

Rey.

- Luisa Rey, Spyglass Magazine.

- Right, right.

Luisa, this is Joe Napier. He's our security chief. Um...

I was uh, surprised to get your query.

I mean, don't get me wrong, it's a, it's a,

it's a feisty magazine, but uh...

Anything you need, sir, just let me know.

Will do.

- Guys, I'm good. Thank you very much.

- Thank you. - C'ya. - Yeah.

Our editor's trying to spice things up a little bit.

He says the public wants more substance, so...

Uh, probably just a fad.

Ah, come on, follow me. Let's start you

with the Chicken Ranch.

That is where we keep the eggheads.

Hello, Mr. Cavendish. Feeling super this morning?
No. I checked in last night, believing that Aurora House was a hotel.
My brother made the booking you see.
His idea of a practical joke.
But listen. You have a bigger problem closer to home.
There's some demented bitch, calling herself Noakes, rampaging about the place, impersonating a chamber maid.
But the point is this; she struck me and she stole my keys.
Right? I'll need those keys back, straight away.
Aurora House is your home now, Mr. Cavendish.
Your signature authorizes us to apply...
Signature?
The custody document you signed last night.
Your residency papers.
Oh no, no, no! (He-he) That was the hotel register.
[Sigh], Never mind. It's all academic, oh?
This is gonna make a heck of a dinner party story.
Most of our guests get cold feet on their first mornings.
My keys, please.
- Residents are not...
- I'm not a ruddy resident!
You'll find temper tantrums won't help you at Aurora House!
You're breaking the... ruddy...
Anti-In... carceration Act, or some ruddy thing, and I will not be subjected to criminal abuse!
I will not be subjected to criminal abuse.
Outside, fat snow flakes are falling on slate roofs.
Like Solzhenitsyn laboring in Vermont,
I shall beaver away in exile.
Unlike Solzhenitsyn, I shan't be alone.
Off somewhere?
You bet I am! To the land of the living.
Soylent Green is people! Soylent Green is made of people!
Oy! Get back here, you!
Oy!
You keep away from me or I'll be forced to name you in the police report as an accomplice!
I have better things to do than this.
Then go ahead and do them, you bloody sodding soap-dodger!
Right!

God, you take them off me, you ruddy cruddy
rugger-bugger yob!

Put me down! Will you...

You can maintain power over people, as long as you
give them something.

Rob a man of everything and that man will no longer be
in your power.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, 20th century philosopher
complete works, banned by Unanimity.

How do you know about him?

Hae-Joo.

But...

- Seer Chang...

- Please, you must call me Hae-Joo.

Hae-Joo,

fabricants can be excised for this.

Well, survival often demands our courage.

Knowledge is a mirror. And for the first time in my life,
I was allowed to see who I was and who I might become.

Go clean the head.

Good morning, Captain.

You can help it remain so, Quillcock. By bugging off.

[Sigh], I'm afraid I can't do that, sir.

If I was, I would be unable to inform you of the stowaway

- that I have discovered in my...

- Stowaway?

I, I assure you that this Moriori had no choice.

Now he has sworn to me that he is a first-class,
able-bodied seaman,

capable of earning passage if only given a chance.

A stowaway is a stowaway, even if he shits silver nuggets.

Did he ever explain anything to you?

He told me their goal was the creation
of a free-willed fabricant.

Yoona had failed.

I was their last hope.

I have to say if all lady journalists look like you,
I might start to take this, uh... women's lib thing
more seriously.

Well, I'm sure they can use your support.

Nice.

Okay, uh... you wait here and I will go and find
someone smarter who can, uh...

walk you through the details of some of your questions.

[Whispers]:

[Doctor Rufus Sixsmith]

Okay.

What would Dad do?

Who the bloody hell is this?

Have you any idea what time it is?

- Denny, it's me, Tim.

- (Timothy?)

Where are you?

(Huh! I think you ruddy well know where I am.)

But, residents aren't allowed access to phones.

(Someone smuggled one in?)

- What, you know the rules?

- (I helped write them, Timmy.)

(I have been a principal investor in Aurora House
for twelve years,)

it's incredibly lucrative.

You can't believe what people will pay
to lockup their parents.

Look, Den, you've had your fun.

I think it's high time you put an end to this
little game of yours.

Ha-ha! No, no, no, Timmy. My fun has just begun.

(What are you talking about?)

I am your brother, why are you doing this to me?

(I think the better question in this instance would be,)

(what have you done to deserve this?)

I don't know what you mean.

Oh come now, dear brother, don't insult me.

You can't think that I didn't know about you and Georgette!

Georgette?

Look, Den...

I didn't mean to hurt you.

I'm afraid your penance has come due, Timbo.

It's time to account for your crimes.

Den,

I'm... I'm so, so sorry.

(No no no, there's no need to apologize.)

(Your exile is more than enough reparation.)

Although, he-he, I do have my fingers crossed for
a scenario involving you,

Nurse Noakes and a broom handle.

Cheerio, Timmy. Bye bye now.

Sends his love.

I would like to ask about the night of your arrest.

I remember... listening to his heart beat.

Your heart beats much slower than ours.

There is a gentleness to the sound.

I find it... comforting.

- Vyvyan, what time is it?

- I don't know. Who cares?

I've heard a melody, boy. For violin.

Quick!

Uh... Fi... Find a pen!

I heard it in a dream. I's in a nightmarish caf,
blaring, bright lights, but underground and no way out.

And the waitresses, they all had the same face.

There was music playing, but unlike any music

I've ever heard in my life.

It... It began... It began...

Wait...

It was so clear a minute ago.

Help me, Robert. Help me. It's slipping away!

I've lost it.

It'll come to you, sir.

The minute you stop trying to find it, it'll find you.

You are naive, Robert.

I am anything but.

There is a gulf between these chairs.

What you want is no different from what I want.

The gulf is an illusion.

How do I describe that night, Sixsmith?

What had happened between Vyvyan and I
transcended language.

It was music that poured from his eyes, that
breathed from his lips.

Music as beautiful as any I have ever heard.

What... What are you doing in here?

They found us.

I'll be with you the whole way, now focus on me.

Stay with me.

I'm right here. I won't let you go.

- Mr. Ewing!

- It's a... It's all right.

I... I've talked to the Captain. He'll hear your case.

What's your name, boy?

Autua, sir.

This Christian gentleman, who knows nothing about ships,
tells me that you're a first-class sailor.
Very well, let's see you lower the main-top sail.
Mr. Roderick, my bot'le's empty.
Mr. Boerhaave, ready my piece.
What? Sir, you... You gave me your word, Captain.
P-Please, you can't do this.
Nobody tells me what I can and cannot do on my own ship.
Specially when it concerns nigger stowaways.
Captain look! He's got fishhooks for toes.
Mr. Boerhaave, do not make a mess of my deck.
[Screams]
Captain, please!
Look, if you could just hear me out, please!
Look!
The darkie's salt as I am.
Mr. Boerhaave!
It appears we have an addition to our crew.
Make sure he earns his keep.
Mr. Hooks.
Found her. She was in the chem labs, looking
for the bathroom.
Ah. Well perfect, then uh... why don't you take over
from here, Sachs?
You know, introduce our little tribe, and uh...
and guide Ms. Rey through the uh... through the tower.
The funny thing is, I'm not even supposed to be here.
I was meant to be in Seoul, but the
air traffic controller strike
screwed everything up, so now I'm on
the pawn-jumper tonight.
You ever think the universe was against you?
- All the time.
- Uh-huh.
You mind?
I'm cool.
You seem nervous, Isaac.
- Do I make you nervous?
- No.
Actually, just the opposite.
Are you gonna tell me why you covered for me?
Freedom. The fatuous jingle of our civilization.
But only those deprived of it have the barest inkling
of what it really is.

There's much disagreement on what should be done with you.

The Corprocrats want you euthanized as a deviant.

The Manufacturer is demanding a period of study.

The Pyschogenicists are screaming for an immediate cerebral vivisection.

However, the problem you create is a political one.

Which means you're my problem.

I find it intriguing to imagine that beneath these perfectly engineered features, are thoughts that terrify the whole of Unanimity.

I'm not afraid of such thoughts, because I do not fear the truth.

There's a natural order to this world, fabricant.

And the truth is this order must be protected.

Inform the Archivist, prepare for excisement.

- Yes sir.

- Sir...

Can you tell me what happened to Hae-Joo Chang?

Killed, I was told.

All this feast and excitements, really Adam, it's...

far too much. You need to rest.

I had...

a girlfriend once. She kept trying to get me to read Carlos Castenada.

- You ever read any of that shit?

- Oh, yeah.

But the relationship was doomed.

Every time she brought up any of that...

karma, past life stuff, I couldn't stop myself from laughing.

And yet...

I can't explain it,

but I knew when I opened that door...

They destroyed most of the copies of the report.

Most?

There's no good choice here, is there?

If I help you, I could lose my job.

Or worse,

if I don't, a lot of people...

Aw, it'll be worse than worse.

You have to do,

whatever you can't not do.

Somethin' preyin' on you, Zachry?

You really ain't fear about meetin' Old Georgie
on 'he summit?
More scaresome 'bout the weather than any Devil.
You cogg he's real?
Who tripped the Fall, if not Old Georgie?
True true?
Old Uns.
That's jus' a rope o' smoke.
Old Uns got the Smart.
They mastered sick and seeds.
Make miracles. Fly across the sky.
True. All true. But they got somethin' else.
Hunger in their hearts. Hunger that's stronger than
all their Smart.
Hunger? For what?
Hunger for more.
Belief, like fear or love,
is a force to be understood as we understand the
theory of relativity
and principles of uncertainty.
Phenomena that determine the course of our lives.
Yesterday, my life was headed in one direction.
Today, it is headed in another.
Yesterday, I believed I would never have done
what I did today.
These forces that often remake time and space,
that can shape and alter who we imagine ourself to be,
begin long before we are born and continue
after we perish.
Our lives and our choices,
like quantum trajectories are understood
moment to moment,
at each point of intersection, each encounter,
suggests a new potential direction.

Proposition:

I have fallen in love with Luisa Rey.
Is this possible? I just met her and yet...
I feel like something important has happened to me.
That's it.
The music from my dream.
This is from my dream. That night I came to your room.
This is the music I heard in my head.
Somehow I gave it to you.

I've been working on this piece for weeks now
and I suspect you heard it and incorporated it
into your dream.

I call it the "Cloud Atlas Sextet".

This is obviously the result of our collaboration.

The Atlas, I believe,
is the only thing I have done in my life that has value.
Yet I know I could not have written it,
if I hadn't met you.

There are whole movements in the Atlas that I wrote,
imagining us
meeting again and again in different lives
and different ages.

Yes.

Something as important as this cannot be described
as "yours" or "mine".

It is "ours".

That this is exactly how I feel, Vyvyan.

I'm sorry, I...

- I thought...

- You thought? You thought what?

That I might fancy a little bugging from
a fine young dandy like yourself?

I'll pack my bag and be gone by morning.

You'll do no such thing, you'll leave only when I say
you can leave.

You will continue working on Vyvyan Ayrs' "Cloud Atlas".
When it is finished, then I will decide what do with you.
You can't keep me here! I'm leaving!

Good luck with your composing. I'm sure a sterile old
fuck like yourself

is still capable of something completely memorable.

I suggest you think about this, Robert.

Think about reputation.

Reputation is everything in our society. Yours, my
disinherited reprobate,
has expired.

Did you not think that we would inquire about someone
living under our roof?

Mackerras himself wrote and I quote,

"He is a prostitute whose liaisons with perverts
and sodomites

were common place in his brief and forgettable
career at Caius.

Lock up the silverware." Unquote.
Be warned. Leave here without my consent
and all of musical society will know of the degenerate,
Robert Frobisher.
After that,
even if you compose one of the greatest symphonies
ever written,
no one will hear it,
because no one will want anything to do with you.
I won't let you go again.
I told you he'd come.
Two things became clear.
Hanging myself from Edinburgh's flagpole is preferable
to letting that parasite
plunder my talents a day longer.
I must complete my sextet.
I can't do it here, so tonight I plan to make my escape.
(Please standby for vehicle scan.)
(Clearance granted.)
Any jailbreak's a risky proposition.
One little cockup and we are dangling at her
majesty's pleasure.
I know, I know.
We could use code names,
but the truth is I'd probably be the first to forget mine.
So, Mr. Cavendish...
Ernie Blacksmith.
This is Mr. Meeks and my girl, Veronica Costello.
- To trust.
- To trust.
I know, I know.
What about the parrot, then?
If ever there was a likely songbird.
Mr. Meeks is a fine and honorable gentleman.
He would never betray us.
Besides, no one's ever heard him say anything else.
I know, I know.
Question is, old man,
think you're up to snuff?
(Unanimity requires compliance.)
(We have a security code Red, prepare to be boarded.)
What are you going to do?
Stay calm. Stay calm.
"It will end in tears." You warned me.

I suppose I'm as hopeless as Adam Ewing,
oblivious to all the unspeakable forms lying in wait,
blind to the fact his friend is poisoning him.

Wait, please.

The idea of losing this ring distresses me beyond measure.

Don't be a silly puffin, Adam.

I'm sure your wife will set your health above a gold loop.

I have seen the onset for dropsy and it is not a pretty sight!

I know an excellent Spanish goldsmith, who works
with such alacrity,

that your Tilda may not have to know this was
ever removed.

- Give it to me!

- Get your fucking hands off my puddin'!

It's not your pudding, you Alzheimer lout!

You've already eaten...

You better get in here.

Mr. Cavendish!

The room stank of bitter medicine.

Curiously heavy things, guns.

Why did I take it, exactly?

Can't say.

An intuition.

A sense of significance,
that from this point on,
there was no going back.

Sussin 'em clouds, we run out o' time.

Hey...

- Don't need no smart rope.

- Yay. See you fall,

I catch you.

- Hands in the air. Move it!

- Now! Step off of the vehicle!

- Get down! Down!

- Get down now!

Fuckin' migrant monkey-talk.

Why do they hire these greasy subs?

Negative, sir. Definite illegal.

Detain him for now.

I'm reading a second life form!

- Where?

- In the truck.

- Check it out.

- Yes, sir.

You troddin' on the Devil's ground now,
Valleysman.

I'm sayin' just once, that offlander ain't gettin' to the top.
Time for you to let go that rope.

You trespass,
you pay the price.

Now drop that rope.

Drops... that rope. Drop that rope.

- (Forcecom One, entering the truck.)

- Roger that.

Entering vehicle.

- It's her!

- It'll be okay, huh?

Freeze!

I.M.E! I.M.E!

Who are you?

Commander Hae-Joo Chang.

First Science Officer of the Union Rebellion.

Why are you doing this?

Because I believe you have the power to change this world.

(Now drop that rope. Let go that rope. Oh, that rope.)

("Hands a bleedin', can't let go.")

Hands a bleedin'. Can't let go. No.

Thank you, Zachry.

You savin' me twicely now.

You fall; I'll catch you.

Excessive force confirmed.

Stop them. Stop them now.

What are you doing, boy? I thought I made myself clear.

- Do what you want. I'm leaving!

- Fine, Frobisher.

Go, but I take this.

- Give that to me!

- It's mine!

I'm warning you!

Under the conditions of this relationship,

I'm certainly within my legal rights.

Give it to me! Give it to me or I swear to God I will
kill you as you stand!

Please. You're a coward.

- I'll do it.

- You won't pull that trigger.

Your kind never does.

[Pacific Journal. Adam Ewing.]

Yes. Yes, well...
how... how is our worm today, Adam?
I'm afraid it has taken the best of me.
Oh no, no. Nonsense. Nonsense.
You mustn't give up. You must think of your beautiful wife.
You must think of Tilda.
They're trapped in the damway We've got them.
What are you doing?
Come on! Come on, get in here!
Nay, the dead never stay dead.
Open your ears and they never stop a yibberin'.
What is this place?
Afore the Fall,
Old Uns built dwellings
beyond the sky, among the stars and
this place joined here with there.

[Whispers]:

'Tis she.
The Old Uns prayed to Sonmi same as Valleysmen?
Nay, not 'zactly same.
Come on.
And stay close. Fabricants get snatched here.
- All clear.
- Thank you.
No sweat. We're partners. But you gotta tell me
what's happening.
Okay. Let me take off these clothes, call the cops
and I promise I'll tell you everything that happened
in the morning.
Okay. But, I hope you realize you just said exactly
what every character, in any decent mystery, says
right before they get killed.
Good night, Javier.
What'd you mean down there?
'Bout, the Old Uns and Valleysmen prayin' to Sonmi
not 'zactly the same?
Some men... seems they were different.
Different?
How?
You want the true true?
This is where you live?
This is where Union was born.
Sonmi weren't no God.

She died hundreds of years ago on a faraway pen'sula.

Deadlanded now.

What?

I cogg Valleysmen's beliefs.

I know Abbess taught ya Sonmi was a miracle,
birthed o' Darwin, God o' Smart. But, ain't the true true.
Her life was sad n' judased. She died tryin' to change
the Old Uns thinkin'.

Lies... nothin' but lies.

Nay. Nay, you're... You're lyin'.

(The nature of our immortal lives is in the)
(consequences of our words and...)

Sonmi?

Before she died, she spoke of her acts n' deedins'.
Her words a heart-say blessin'... 'mindin' me
was the true true.

How long are you listen to this? How long
you jus' stand there

'n' let a stranger keep fuggin your beliefs up n down
n in n out!

(Our lives are not our own.)

(From womb to tomb, we are bound to others.)

Zachry.

You a'right?

Finish your sussin.

Ssh!

If I want to kill you, you'd be dead.

I'm not gonna hurt you. I just wanna talk.

Be cool. All right.

And if I wanted to kill you, you'd be dead already.

How's that feel, huh? Good conversation start, isn't it?

You are Lester Rey's daughter; that's for goddamn sure.

- You knew my father?

- Korean War.

I was in the 2 - 1.

That's me on the end, next to your dad.

The mortar landed so close, it could have dropped out
of my ass.

If your father hadn't done what he did, I wouldn't be here.

Guess that makes two of us.

Oh, yeah.

You ain't let go that rope cos you a lustin' for that
darkly, sweet meat.

I cogg it all, now.

This whore, with her cokeynut skin and her slywise mask,
smilin' n' wormin' her way, so you trust n' bring her here,
scavin' n' sivvin' for what?
For what, fool?
They want the island. The Prescients want it all.
You judasin' your kin for a piece of ass.
She ain't your tribe; she ain't even your color.
This jezebel ignores you your yarns n' ways,
spinnin' n' spoutin' her whoahsome lies an' you lap it up,
like a dog in heat!
- It ain't true.
- Ain't it? Then do sumthin' to stop her!
Take your spiker an' slit her throat!
Protect your tribe. Protect your sister, little Catkin.
Kill her now, 'fore it's too late!
They will kill you.
- You don't know these people like I do.
- Yeah?
Well if that's all you came to tell me,
you're a little bit late.
Somebody just forced me off the Swannekke Bridge.
This is out of control.
Do you know who did it?
The contractor calls himself Bill Smoke.
- And uh...
- What?
He got Sachs.
Isaac?
A bomb on his plane.
The press is blaming the PLO.
He was a threat. Like Sixsmith. Like... you.
Bring 'em through.
Sonmi~451, I am most honored to meet you.
I am General An-kor Apis. Leader of Union.
Who's paying 'em?
The same guy that pays me.
Lloyd Hooks?
Hughes & Pikes Consulting.
Yeah, I heard of 'em.
They're, uh... lobbyists for oil companies.
But... why would Big Oil...
hire Lloyd Hooks to run a... nuclear reactor?
You got that same look your father used to get.
You see it, don't you?

Hooks doesn't want the report discovered,
because he doesn't want the reactor fixed.
He wants it to fail.
This is about the future of energy in this country.
They want the explosion, the chaos and carnage.
The more deaths, the better.
Can't cogg a thing.
Words n' worryins like a wasp's nest,
broke n' prodded by you.
You come elbowin' in my life, yibberin' about the true true
an' never tellin' the whole truth.
I need to cogg what you're doing.
I told you. I come to send a plea o' help.
Help, why?
To steal our land? To kill n' slave us all?
What do'u want?
Prescients' dyin', Zachry. Just like Catkin.
This world poison me n' all my kin.
We get no help. Find no home offland away.
I say-so truesome. We not svive.
We not svive.
Ayr's has the dogs after me.
The bullet passed through, killing little more than
his appetite,
yet he's out for blood. I have to pay the piper.
- I should call the cops.
- It won't help.
How do I know you're not lying to me?
Smoke will be coming for me...
as soon as he figures out I'm with you.
We need that report.
I can't protect you for long without it.
- General Apis...
- You, my dear...
are proof... our efforts were not in vain.
But... I'm just a dinery server.
I was not genomed to alter reality.
No revolutionary ever was.
I'm sorry.
I cannot do what you're asking.
It would be a difficult choice for anyone.
But, before you call your decision final,
there is one last thing I would like you to see
in order to fully understand what we are fighting for.

Cross your fingers n' toes.
If your prayer be answered,
any Prescients never return to the Valley again?
Those wishin' to come with us... be welcome.
The Valley's my home.
Are you all right?
I know... it is forbidden.
Sixsmith, I climb the steps of the Scott Monument
every morning
and all becomes clear.
Wish I could make you see this brightness.
Don't worry, all is well.
All is so perfectly, damnably well.
I understand now,
that boundaries between noise and sound are conventions.
All boundaries are conventions, waiting to be transcended.
One may transcend any convention,
if only one can first conceive of doing so.
Moments like this...
I can feel your heart beating as clearly as I feel my own
and I know that separation is an illusion.
My life extends far beyond the limitations of me.
Storm is coming, Mr. Ewing. Gotta get you down below.
I'm not running a fuckin' charity! Out with you! Out ya go!
Ah, Mr. Ewing! A-a-a-a-a-a... a word if I may.
Dangerous times we're livin' in.
Quite a scandal. They... They say this
ruffian, Robert Frobisher is a composer.
You're a composer too, aren't you, Mr. Ewing?
- What do you want?
- The constable asked to search my rooms.
I know how hard... you're working,
so I told him there's no one on the third floor.
It costs quite a bit of money to keep an entire floor empty.
- That's all I have.
- Oh.
Mm... What a beautiful... waistcoat.
If these letters aren't important,
- why do you keep reading them?
- I don't know.
Maybe I'm... just trying to understand something.
What?
Why we keep making the same mistakes... over and over.
Maybe you should ask... Megan.

- What?

- Do you know a Megan?

That's his niece. How do you know that?

Looks like he mailed something to her.

Probably used the envelope he was keeping the letters in.

Come on, Luisa. First rule of mystery writing;

a good clue always leads to another clue.

When "The Ghastly Ordeal of Timothy Cavendish" is
turned into a film,

I'm thinking, for the role of the hero: One part

Sir Laurence Olivier,

with a dash of Michael Caine.

Who the hell is this?

(Dr. Conway, Aurora House. I'm covering for Dr. Upward.)

- Oh, is this about mother?

- Yes, it is, Mr. Hotchkiss,

Uh, I'm afraid you must steel yourself.

I don't think she's going to last the night.

(Unfortunately, it isn't a convenient time for us.)

Do we really need to come right now?

Uh, no, no. Of course not. But she did ask for
you specifically

and she seems quite upset about her last will.

We'll be right there.

The plan was a series of toppling dominoes,
that'd commenced with Ernie announcing my death
to Nurse Noakes.

- I know. I know.

- Shh!

The entire ambush hinged upon the silence of Mr. Meeks.

- I know. I know.

- Shh!

Mr. Cavendish?

Everything all right?

- Don't leave me here.

- Shh.

Mr. Cavendish?

- I knew it! It was too good to be true!

- You cantankerous witch!

Mr. Hotchkiss, your mother is my dearest friend here.

Do please hurry.

And so... adieu!

Which, translated literally from the French means:

"To commend before...

God!"

(I have Joe Napier on line one, Mr. Hooks. He said he can't wait.)

For god's sake, Joe, I am late already. What's up?

(I got a call from that reporter... Rey?)

She was asking about Sixsmith.

(I see.)

You said she wasn't gonna be a problem.

Uh, well, uh some problems are more resilient than others, Joe.

- Where's the ruddy key?

- Did he not leave it in the ignition?

His wife was driving, she took 't...,

the ruddy female took the key in with her!

Oh, sweet Saint ruddy Jude! What do we do now?

Look! Under the sunflap.

- Ah!

- [Others]:

What is it?

It's not a key, wha'do you do with it?

- What else could it be?

- Well, how does it work?

- Shite!

- Oh, no!

Well, think of something! You're the genius!

You're the ruddy, ruddy genius!

We're done for.

Oh, boy. I can't even believe I'm going to do this.

(Is this thing working? I mean, is it even on? Can you hear me?)

[Whispers]:

[Whispers]:

Whatever you do, don't look back.

Get out of my car!

[Staff yelling]

What's that button for?

[Radio blares]

Oh, no! It's Mr. Meeks. He does want to come.

Ruddy, bloody hell!

All for one and one for all?

The gate!

Veronica? Would you unlock the door for Mr. Meeks?

Hello, Mr. Meeks! We're out for a nighttime drive.

I know, I know.

- Ramming speed!

- Ah! How thrilling!

Oh, no!

- Foot to the floor, Cavendish!

- Here we go!

[All]:

Here we go.

Come along now, Adam. Handsomely does it.

Oh, the worm fights back.

It is always darkest before the dawn.

Mr. Ewing?

Mr. Ewing is at a critical juncture of his treatment.

The next few hours will determine if he lives or dies.

Then I stay here.

- No, no, no, no. You can't.

- I must. Mr. Ewing saved my life.

It my duty.

Listen to me, you ignorant ape,

Mr. Ewing doesn't want you around him.

You probably infected him to begin with!

He begged me and I quote: "Keep that dirty nigger away from me!"

So please, kindly respect his wishes!

- Where'd he go?

- I don't know.

Ah, shit!

To freedom.

Freedom.

[Patrons singing]

Oh!

(...England does it again! Scotland goes down...)

You are going to be sorry in ways you cannot even imagine.

What do you mean, you bastard!

[Sharp exhale]:

Aagh!

Joe!

- No immigrants here. No immigrants here.

- Look.

- I'm not an inspector. We need your help.
- [Speaking Spanish]
I don't understand.
We don't want the police to get involved,
but there is a man trying to kill us
and we really need your help.
Are there no true Scotsmen in the house?
Those there English gerants
are trampling all over my God-given rights!
These people are mine.
They've used me an' my pals most direly.
and we're in need of a wee bit of assistance.
Aye, pal.
We will not let ya down.
Now, you just look here, you grebo
you can go shank your bloody sporran...

[Patrons]:

Okay, two people came in here. Which way did they go?
Which way did they go?!
Shut up!
Shut the fuck up!
Stupid fucking wetback.
What? What? What was that, Adam?
How shall I comprehend, when... you drool and dribble so?
Oh, let me hazard to guess, something in the key of...
"Oh, Henry. How could you do this to me?
I thought we were friends." Oh, unfortunately you
were wrong.
Wrong, like Horrox and your silly father-in-law.
There is only one rule that binds all people. One
governing principle.
It defines every relationship on God's green earth.
The weak... are meat and the strong do eat.

[Whispers]:

I told Hooks you couldn't be trusted, Joe.
You'll be next, you son of a bitch.
Part of the business.
Enjoy your retirement.

[In Spanish]:

[In English]:

Why, you ask?

It's absurdly simple. There is gold in your trunk. I want it.

So I've killed you for it.

Get away from Mr. Ewing or I kill you!

You!

Mr. Ewing, Mr. Ewing!

(Got to flush you with the...) Come on, Mr. Ewing.

What was that?

Kona war cry!

Zachry!

[Whispers]:

Zachry!

This is what the general wanted me to see?

The end rushes towards me. Unable to eat or sleep,
like Ewing, the mortal coil has become a noose.

I'd rather become music.

They believe they are going to Xultation.

But they are not, are they?

Welcome, Alcelsium.

Take a seat.

Just relax.

This is to remove your collar.

("Enemy's sleepin', don't slit that throat.")

The genomics industry demands a huge quantity of
biomatter, for wombtanks,

but more importantly, to sustain their engineered
labor force.

Recycled fabricants are a cheap source of protein.

Soap.

They feed us... to ourselves.

That ship...

That ship must be destroyed.

Yes.

The systems that built them... must be torn down.

Yes.

No matter if you are born in a tank or a womb,
we are all pureblood.

Yes.

We must all fight. And if necessary, die...

to teach people the truth.

This is what we have been waiting for.

It's done.

Oh, oh. Here, Catkin. Oh.

Oh, oh. Ca'ki'.

- Shh!

- No.

You were then taken to a Union controlled satellite link.
I broadcast my revelation to the twelve states and four
off-world colonies.

Eighteen minutes later, the enforcers attacked.

To be... perceived

and so to know thyself is only possible through the eyes
of the other.

The nature of our immortal lives

is in the consequences of our words... and deeds,

that go on'a pushing themselves throughout all time.

Za... chry.

[Whispers]:

(Zachary!!)

If you cut chief, now you meat.

- Catkin...

- Uncle Zach.

[Whispers]:

No. Thank you.

C'mon, Mr. Ewing. One more.

[Speaking Maori]

Salt clean out your stomach.

It goes. C'mon, Mr. Ewing. C'mon, c'mon!

See where we are.

Home.

Megan Sixsmith?

Make them pay.

You can count on it.

Thank you.

My uncle was a scientist,

but... he believed that love was real.

A kind of... natural phenomenon.

He believed that... love could outlive death.

Finished in a frenzy that reminded me of our last night
in Cambridge.

Watched my final sunrise, enjoyed a last cigarette.

Didn't think the view could be anymore perfect,

until I saw that beat-up trilby.

Honestly, Sixsmith. As ridiculous as that thing makes
you look,

I don't believe I've ever seen anything more beautiful.
Watched you for as long as I dared.
I don't believe it was a fluke... that I saw you first.
- Okay.
- Thank you.
Captain say-so take ya with us.
- I want to go with Meronym.
- Go, go where?
Prescients 'n the same boat as us. Got no
home neitherwise.
Nay. Not yet.
You think someone gonna hear your prayer?
Come down from the sky?
P'haps.
P'haps, one day.
"One day" ain't but a flea o' hope.
Yay an' fleas ain't so easy to rid.
I believe there is another world waiting for us, Sixsmith.
A better world.
And I'll be waiting for you there.
May I help you, sir?
Yes, uh, thank you. I'm, I'm looking for a friend who, who
came to Edin...
I believe we do not stay dead long.
Find me beneath the Corsican stars where we first kissed.
Yours eternally, R. F.
The report said Commander Chang was killed in
the assault.
That is correct.
Would you say that you loved him?
Yes, I do.
Do you mean you are still in love with him?
I mean that I will always be.
Our lives are not our own.
From womb to tomb, we are bound to others.
Past and present.
And by each crime and every kindness,
we birth our future.
In your revelation, you spoke of the consequences of an
individual's life
rippling throughout eternity.
Does this mean that you believe in an afterlife?
In a heaven or hell?
I believe, death is only a door.

When it closes, another opens.
If I care to imagine a heaven,
I would imagine a door open
and behind it
I would find him there, waiting for me.
Am I...
Oh God, I missed you so much.
Thank you, sir.
If I may ask one last question.
You had to know this Union scheme was doomed to fail.
Yes.
Then why did you agree to it?
This is what General Apis asked of me.
What, to be executed?
If I had remained invisible, the truth would stay hidden.
I couldn't allow that.
And what if no one believes this truth?
Someone already does.
Adam! Good god.
I have just been recounting your astonishing adventure.
Please, join us. Get him a chair.
Ah. No, no. Thank you, I...
I cannot stay.
What are you doing here? I thought the doctor said at
least three weeks in bed?
He did, but this... couldn't wait.
I need to speak with you, sir. Privately.
Of course.

[Whispers]:

Is that the contract from Reverend Horrox?
- It is indeed.
- Well, you know, I could have sent a boy.
Are you insane?!
I owe my life to a self-freed slave.
And I cannot, in good conscience, participate in this kind
of business any longer.
This would make such a good book.
I'll drink to that.
Outside, fat snowflakes are falling on slate roofs and
granite walls.
Like Solzhenitsyn laboring in Vermont, I shall beaver
away in exile.
Unlike Solzhenitsyn, I shan't be alone.

Goddamn you, sir. If you were not my daughter's husband...

Hello, father.

Tilda?

What's going on?

I've come to say goodbye.

Goodbye? Where are you going?

We're moving back East, to work with the abolitionists.

What?

That poison has rotted your brain.

Well, if it has, I highly recommend it.

I've not felt this good in years.

Tilda, I forbid you from going anywhere with this madman.

I've been afraid of you my whole life, father.

I'm going with my husband.

Adam.

Listen to me.

For the sake of my grandson, if not your own.

There is a natural order to this world.

And those who try to upend it, do not fare well.

This movement will never survive.

If you join them, you and your entire family will be shunned.

At best, you'll exist as pariah, to be spat on and beaten.

And the worst, lynched or crucified.

And for what?

For what?

No matter what you do, it will never amount to anything more

than a single drop in a limitless ocean.

But what is an ocean... but a multitude of drops?

Oh, fire is dyin'.

Uh, just as well. My yarning is done.

No, gran'pa. Please! Tell us another story. C'mon, please.

C'mon in here, you little buggers! C'mon, it's gettin' cold.

Hup, n'pe. You heard yer gran'mi. C'mon.

Get on with ya. C'mon.

You like it out here, don'cha, gran'pi?

Supposin'. 'Mind'es me of my Valley.

Which is Earth?

That'un there. That blue shimmerer.

Now, help ya gran'pi up.

Is ya gonna tell us 'bout the whoahsome ship and the Big Sleep

an' all the next next?

No. Your gran'mi tells the next next way better than me.
D'ya still love gran'mi?
Your gran'mi... is the best thing to ever happen to me.
Come o'er here, gran'pi.
Let me warm them ol' bone.