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Prince Of Darkness

By John Carpenter

I found Father Carlton
this morning.
He was taken to the hospital,
but he never regained consciousness.
Why was he here?
He had an appointment with
His Eminence this afternoon.
Let's talk about
our beliefs...
and what we can
learn about them.
We believe nature is solid...
and time a constant.
Matter has substance,
and time a direction.
There is truth in flesh,
huh,
and the solid ground.
The wind may be invisible,
but it's real.
Smoke, fire, water, light...
they're different,
not as to stone nor steel,
but they're tangible.
And we assume time
has an arrow,
because it is as a clock.
One second is
one second for everyone.
Cause precedes effect.
Fruit rots,
water flows downstream.
We're born, we age, we die.
The reverse never happens.
None of this is true.
Say good-bye to classical reality,
because our logic collapses
on the subatomic level...
into ghosts and shadows.
From Job's friends insisting...
that the good are rewarded
and the wicked punished...
to the scientists of the 1930s...
proving to their horror a theorem...

that not everything can be proved,
we've sought to impose
order on the universe.
But we have discovered
something very surprising.
While order does exist in the universe,
it is not at all what we had in mind.
Professor Birack, in relativity...
geometry breaks down on the cosmic
scale, and in quantum physics...
logic breaks down
on the sub-microscopic scale.
What's this?
I don't know.
Birack did that whole series of
debates on the B.B.C. A few years ago.
Oh, with the English priest.
Right.
Maybe they're planning
another one.
He died before his appointment
with the Cardinal,
but he left a diary.
You-You must help us.
Please.
The discovery of this supernova...
has immense significance
to the scientific community.
Particles collected date
from pre-Cambrian times...
before man walked on earth.
Light from the explosion
was hurled through space...
at 186,000 miles per second,
and is just now reaching us
across the vast expanse of the universe.
He was the guardian priest.
Apparently, he lived here
for over 30 years.
Once a week,
he would venture out for food.
And every day,
he opened this door.
Built in the 1500s...

by arrangement
with the Spanish government.
Who knew about this? Only the
members of this forgotten sect.
The Brotherhood of Sleep.
There was a vow of silence.
Even their very existence
was kept from the Holy See.
The Vatican didn't know?
The guardian priest
would keep the secret,
and before he died
would pass it on to another.
The sect had enormous
power and authority.
Their actions were never questioned.
Latin.
Some of it is in Latin.
Some in Coptic, Greek, numbers.
It's not easy to decipher.
The original text has been
distorted over the years.
Distorted?
Rewritten.
Writing upon writing,
sometimes two or three times,
and improperly erased.
You can still see
the old writing.
It's underneath.
What is it?
A secret that can no longer be kept.
Do you feel it?
Yes. Something.
It was never here before.
It started a month ago.
What started?
A change in the earth...
and the sky.
His power.
I don't get it.
What don't you get?
The whole thing.
It doesn't make sense.

It violates common sense. That's the whole point. That's what Einstein couldn't accept. I can't accept it either. Do you know anything about spontaneous human combustion? Walter, come on. That's Schrodinger's cat. I know, I know. So what's the point? The point is, until the cat is observed by someone, he's not in any definite state, either alive or dead. He's in a wave superposition state, both dead and alive at the same time. Huh? Okay. Only when we open the box and observe the cat... does he materialize into reality, either dead or alive. But it doesn't make sense. That is the entire, complete point. It doesn't make any common sense. Our common sense breaks down on a subatomic level. Why do I want a Ph. D in this? Particle beam weapons, research grants. A millionaire when I'm 40. Now I remember. You're really gonna like this. Class canceled? "Will the following students please see Professor Birack. " Shit, there I am. Me too. All of us. And we heard Birack wants us to cancel our plans for the weekend. What? That's not all. A couple of biochemistry's finest are coming with us. And someone to translate Latin. Coming with us where? I'm gonna have to pull some strings here. This is just not gonna happen. I have serious plans for the weekend. ditch Pagels again. He's not gonna like it.

Sleep with him.
Get an "A."
So what about your plans?
I was gonna study, actually.
Me too.
I'm Brian Marsh, by the way,
since we're spending
the weekend together.
I know.
Catherine Danforth.
I know.
So where did you
transfer from?
Kneale.
Theoretical physics.
I came here to study with Birack.
You're applied physics, right?
So why are you taking
Birack for theory?
I wanna know
what the math means.
Birack's ruthless.
He wants philosophers, not scientists.
Well, I've read his books.
He's a brilliant man.
Just when I think I've got it,
visualized it, it just all goes away.
I start seeing
old-fashioned classical reality again.
I want the clock put back.
I wanna put it all into a little box.
But whenever I try,
it just, uh, slithers out.
Some things aren't changed
by quantum physics though.
Such as?
Well, for instance,
every theoretical physicist
I know wonders why it is...
that no one who looks like you...
ever seems to settle down
in our end of the building.
That's not true, and that's
an extremely sexist thing to say.

Confirmed sexist,
and proud of it.
Hey. I was just joking.
What happened?
You talk numbers, you get romantic.
You talk people, you clam up.
Just a little miscue, that's all.
It's not your fault.
I'm sorry.
I'll see you later.
Hey, wait.
This conversation isn't what I
had in mind. Can we start over?
Okay.
Okay.
I was hoping that you would need
some help with your theory,
and that maybe we could discuss it...
over... over dinner or something.
Well, I suppose
something could be arranged.
There are other things
that I need help with... over dinner.
I have volunteered our services
to the Archdiocese.
Now, each of you
is a competent physicist,
even though you don't have
a degree to prove it.
Participating in this examination...
will greatly improve your
classroom averages, I might add.
Plan to take your meals there.
We'll bring cots to sleep on.
There are other departments joining us.
Excuse me, sir.
Is there some reason why you're not
telling us what we're gonna be doing?
In time.
It's your disbelief that powers him.
Your stubborn faith in...
in common sense...
that allows his deception.
He lives in

the smallest parts of it...
in the atoms.
Smaller,
invisible.
He lives in all of it...
in the sum of its parts.
We must translate
this book.
You must prove it
scientifically.
Convince the outside world.
The outside world doesn't want
to hear this kind of bullshit.
Just keep it locked away.
You've already managed that
for 2,000 years.
No prison can hold him now.
Hi.
HI.
It's getting cold out here. I thought
this was supposed to be California.
Did you have a class tonight, or...
Library.
Oh. Actually, I was hoping you'd
have a cup of coffee with me again.
This is startin'
to become a habit.
Okay.
Okay.
Good morning.
Thank you.
We didn't get much sleep.
Mmm.
Who needs sleep?
We do. Today's Friday.
Can I tell you something?
Oh, please, don't.
I want to.
Tell me next time...
if there is one.
Or the time after that, or...
two years from now.
Who was he?
The one who gave you

such a high opinion of men?
I wouldn't like it if
either of us jumped to conclusions.
How do you know I was going to say
what you think I was gonna say?
Because if you don't,
I don't wanna know.
Oh, please, don't tell me.
This place gives me the creeps.
Well, it was abandoned.
Hmm. I never would've guessed.
No, I hear it used to be
a beautiful church. When?
In the 1950s. My husband's
parents used to come here.
And then for some reason,
it was closed down.
Well!
Yeah.
Hi. I'm, uh, Leahy.
I'm looking for Birack.
Hi. Brian Marsh.
He's over in... There he is.
Ah. Thanks.
Professor Birack.
Yes.
Hi. I'm Paul Leahy.
Oh. Dr. Leahy.
I'm glad you could come. Yes. Well, now, all
I really know about what's goin' on here...
is what one of your students
told me on the telephone.
We're just getting organized. If you have
some equipment, find a spot over there.
All right.
We're making this the central lab.
Sure. Well, what are we
actually doing here?
Well, I gotta cover for Leahy over
the weekend. Extra credit seminar. Wow.
Hi, Frank.
Don't leave.
Excuse me.
I have to set up.

Hi.
Hello.
Frankie, who's that?
Susan Cabot.
Radiologist. Married.
Ah. How married?
Very.
Oh. Hi, Doc.
Hi. I'll be workin' upstairs.
I want you to set up the
basic panel down here. Right.
What are you supposed
to be testing?
I don't know.
Compounds? Basic structures?
When I know, you'll know.
Uh, Leahy.
Great.
Science marches on.
Yeah.
Need any help?
No, I'm okay.
There better be a diploma in my
mailbox when I get home on Monday.
I really can't believe this is
happening. I had a date tonight...
with this beautiful young
trial attorney from Century City.
Where were you taking him?
Please, it isn't funny.
What are they doing?
They're watching us.
They started comin' around when

I got here at 9:

I'm Calder. Microbiology.
Brian Marsh.
Walter.
Lomax. Engineering.
Nice meeting you.
Hi.
Lomax.
How you doing?
So anybody know what

this whole deal's about yet?
Not a clue.
Nobody's got a clue.
I'm getting my doctorate
in theology.
Analysis of ancient scriptures.
This shouldn't be too difficult,
except for the numbers.
It's so wonderful
what you're doing, Father,
opening the church again.
Are you all right?
We're ready.
He's gaining strength.
I can feel it all around us now.
So what's going on?
Something downstairs.
Yeah? What?
I hate to tell you guys,
but this is real bullshit.
I know there's a reason why
nobody's opened this thing yet, right?
Let me have your pen
for a second.
Is this some kind of
toxic crap? Could be.
Okay, but I still don't understand
why we're not taking direct samples.
I mean, what's the big mystery?
Catherine's entering these equations
upstairs. They're translated from Latin.
Differential equations?
From a book written
We hadn't invented
differential equations... Right.
Professor Birack, I don't think
we have too much to worry about.
The lid on that thing won't open.
Look.
It's incredibly elaborate.
Right here, there's a...
there's a weird locking mechanism.
Looks like it can only
be opened from the inside.

I'm going back.
Look at this.
Now, a friend of mine at U.C.L.A.
Did a study of chronic schizophrenics.
They're supposed to have stereotyped routines
that they repeat every 20 minutes or so.
You know, like a stuck record in their brains
repeating the same phrase over and over.
Well, I have been watching them
on and off all day,
and they don't seem
to be making any movements.
They just stand there.
With those kinds of problems,
I say let 'em stand there
if they want to. Ooh!
You okay?
Yeah. I bumped into something
this afternoon.
It's starting to hurt.
Probably nerves.
It's a bruise, Walter.
You don't bruise from nerves.
I used to break out when I was 12.
Doctor said it was homosexual panic.
I'll see you Monday morning.
You got anything for me?
No, I'm afraid not. I'm guessing on the
acidity based upon the corrosion samples.
The figures you gave me.
Yeah.
Well, it can't be that high. Well,
I know, but you asked me to guess.
All right, get outta here.
Good night, sir.
Hey, what's with the "sir" business?
Okay, good night, Sir Doc.
Better.
A lot better.
My God.
Hey, look, can I talk
to you for a minute? Yes.
Nobody's really saying
much of anything here.

We're still putting together the first round of tests, and nobody's really stopped since we got here. Get to the point.

Nothing... anywhere ever is supposed to be able to do what it is doing.

Now, settle down now.

Go back to work. A life form is growing out of pre-biotic fluid.

It's not winding down into disorder.

It's self-organizing.

It's becoming something.

What?

I mean, an animal?

A disease? What?

The hardest thing to hear for any of us is something we don't agree with.

"I saw a star fall from heaven
unto the bottomless pit,
and he was cast out
as water from the flood... "

This is crazy.

Man.

Hadn't you seen it yet?

No. For the last four hours, I've been carbon dating the corrosion on the lid there.

We're talking about seven million years.

What?

Yeah.

I'm goin' topside.

Want me to wait for you?

No, uh-uh. Go on.

This whole section's a kind of history. Part of it was indecipherable, as if someone were deliberately trying to erase it.

I managed to piece together most of it.

Okay, it kind of starts here.

"The container was buried somewhere in the Middle East eons ago by... "

It gets a little wild here...

"the father of Satan,
"a god who once walked the earth before man...

but was somehow banished
to the dark side. "
Apparently, the father
buried his son inside the container.
This was the section
someone was trying to erase.
Now later on here,
"Christ comes to warn us.
He was of extraterrestrial ancestry,
but a human-like race. "
Finally, they determine Christ is crazy,
but he's also gaining power converting a lot
of people to his beliefs, so they kill him.
But his disciples keep the secret
and hide it from civilization...
until man could develop a science sophisticated
enough to prove what Christ was saying.
Something like this can really
fuck up your weekend.
How did the Roman Catholic Church manage
to keep this a secret for 2,000 years?
Apparently, a decision was made...
to characterize pure evil
as a spiritual force,
even within the darkness
in the hearts of men.
It was more convenient.
In that way, man remained
at the center of things.
A stupid lie.
We were salesmen, that's all.
We sold our product...
to those who didn't have it.
The new life.
Reward ourselves,
punish our enemies...
so we can live without truth.
A substance,
malevolence.
That was the truth.
Asleep...
until now.
Help me break this up.
The others shouldn't hear this.

Faith is a hard thing to come
by these days. Look at this.
That thing down there just directed
a fairly sizable burst of energy.
Directed?
In a straight line... with the precision
of less than a millisecond.
Everybody's acting like we should
really be taking this seriously.
You two aren't taking
this seriously, are you?
What are we supposed to do?
Just go back to work?
What would you rather have,
a wreath of garlic?
A benediction?
A crucifix?
Then it really is Old Scratch
knocking at the door.
A few minutes ago, a vibration was triggered
in the metal on that thing downstairs.
A strong one.
Some kind of...
kinetic emission came out of it.
Now, if it can transmit
a signal strong enough...
It can move other objects...
instantaneously across a distance...
Without outside intervention.
Psychokinesis.
Mind-directed energy.
Don't tell the others yet.
Why not?
They have a right to know that this...
that it... it's conscious.
Not until you prove
it wasn't something else...
a power surge or a draft of air.
All right.
You missed the big history lesson.
You're not gonna believe
what's been going on up here.
Want one?
Anyone ever tell you that

you could pass for Asian?
Whew.
What was that all about?
No sense of humor.
Have you seen Susan?
Who?
Radiologist, glasses.
Oh, yeah. She's right outside.
Where?
She was there. I think
somebody oughta tell her.
Look, am I crazy, or are we
stroking ourselves heavily here?
Thank you for taking the time
to share your thoughts.
Susan?
There's more to it.
There's some kind of power...
directed outward.
A controlled force.
What's it doing?
Reaching out.
Influencing.
Changing things.
Moving objects by thought.
Extraordinary intervention.
Intelligent cause other than man.
Susan?
Hello?
Suppose...
what your faith has said
was essentially correct.
Suppose there is a universal mind
controlling everything.
A god willing the behavior
of every subatomic particle.
Now, every particle
has an anti-particle.
Its mirror image.
Its negative side.
Maybe this universal mind...
resides in the mirror image
instead of in our universe...
as we wanted to believe.

Maybe he's anti-God,
bringing darkness instead of light.
Why weren't we told the truth?
Without the technology to confirm,
it would have been another legend.
But he was our prisoner, not yours!
We had a responsibility...
to warn the rest of the world.
Only the corrupt
are listened to now,
and they tell us
what we want to hear.
We believe it to be divine light.
It just got colder in here.
I know.
Suddenly, as if...
as if something...
moved through the room.
Listen, do you realize
what's going on up there?
We are on the brink
of the ultimate truth!
Oh, this priest is a real case.
He is looney tunes, and I'm
beginning to wonder about Birack too.
I'm going back.
Come on, Calder.
Come on, Frank!
You're outta your minds!
This is a joke. This is caca.
Come on!
Caca.
Hello?
Where's Wyndham?
Uh, he left.
When?
Oh, about 20 minutes ago.
We tried to talk him out of it,
but, uh...
Has anyone seen Susan?
Who?
The radiologist. Glasses?
Well, maybe she left too.
Maybe they both had

the right idea.
This is not a dream.
Not a dream.
We are using your brain's
electrical system as a receiver.
We are unable to transmit
through conscious neuro-interference.
You are receiving
this broadcast as a dream.
We are transmitting from the year 1-9...
Walter?
What?
Have you seen Mullins?
What? No.
Susan?
Who?
Radiologist. Glasses.
Come on, man.
I was asleep.
We can't find them.
And Wyndham's left.
Couple of the others are talking about leaving.
We're gonna have a meeting in the lab in half an hour.
Mullins left?
I don't know.
I'm gonna go downstairs
and look for him.
Well, since I'm up now.
If I don't come back,
you can have my Porsche.
You are receiving this broadcast in order
to alter the events you are seeing.
Our technology has not developed
a transmitter strong enough...
to reach your conscious
and your awareness.
What were you dreaming?
Your kingdom, Father, does
not include my unconscious.
It's mine, and I may abuse it
any way I wish...
without having to confess
what's in it.
Something I haven't

told you.

The Brotherhood of Sleep...

Anyone in close proximity...

has the same dream.

The one you had

just now.

Um...

Excuse me, but I...

The guardian priests had

the dream for years.

What does it mean?

A premonition.

The dream evolves,

unfolds.

We shall start to have it
every time we go to sleep.

As if it's pushing
everything else out.

Making room for itself.

Mullins?

Do you think he really
just took off?

I mean, like he was actually
believing this whole business?

Why is everybody

looking at me that way?

'Cause you're being asshole-ish. That's
very asshole-ish of you to say so.

Look, Mullins is probably
off asleep someplace.

Or he's boffing
the radiologist.

I hope he's getting laid. I hope they're both
on their way to a nice Chinese restaurant.

How can you keep
working like this?

It's... 3:

No wonder I'm so tired.

I keep getting these figures
in the computer,

but they're not
making any sense.

I stopped making sense

about 15 minutes ago.
No, I mean these equations
are beyond me now.
They're like another language. Mmm.
Go get some sleep.
I'll wake you in half an hour.
Oh, 45 minutes?
Okay.
Hey, are you okay?
No.
I know what you mean.
I just want to go home, pretend
none of this is really happening.
What's that?
Hmm?
Oh, it's just a bruise
I got somehow.
Finally stopped hurting.
This looks like a figure
of some kind.
No, I got to close my eyes. Okay.
I'll wake you.
Thanks.
Hello.
I'm opening the door, if you want to stop
what you're doing and put your clothes on.
Big doings in the lab tonight.
There's a meeting.
Oh, give me just 15 minutes.
You want me to come back?
Later.
Any luck?
Can't find anybody.
I'm going up to the lab.
I'll be there in a minute.
We're having a meeting
in the lab.
Lisa.!
Mona Lisa!
Lisa?
This whole building is gonna
have to be encased in concrete.
No way. A building this size? I
say we launch the fucker into space.

I'm hearing something.
Where are the others?
We think they've left.
Kelly's asleep. I didn't
want to wake her up.
I'm asking you to stay.
The work that we do in the
next 48 hours is critical.
How many of you have fallen
asleep tonight? Please, tell me.
Come on. Please.
You dreamed... You dreamed about
the front of this church.
About a dark figure coming out.
Didn't you...
Didn't you feel it?
Not like a dream.
Like something else.
Here.
I had the dream too.
This image of something that didn't
seem to belong to my subconscious.
Almost if I was watching
something prerecorded.
Tachyons?
One possibility.
What's that?
- It's a Greek word.
It means "swift one. "
So what is the dream?
Huh? Precognition?
Previous knowledge
of a future event?
A shared vision of something
that is yet to occur?
Caused by that thing
downstairs? Perhaps not.
Tachyon is a subatomic particle
that travels faster than light.
Supposing it isn't a dream.
Supposing it's a message.
What if these dreams,
premonitions, omens...
What if they're really...

visual messages sent
by other human beings?
Photographs.
Video signals.
From where?
The future.
Anything traveling faster
than the speed of light...
would appear to be
going backward in time.
A future scientist calculates
the exact spot...
that the Earth occupied
in space in the past,
given trajectory and speed.
He then beams
a tachyon signal...
at that spot,
transmitting video information
backwards through time.
For us to receive as electrical
impulses, neural stimulus.
Man, oh, man.
For what purpose?
Could be a warning.
To show us
what's going to happen.
A sort of...
remote camera view
of the future,
so that we can change it.
Someone has finally
shown up to tell us.
I think it's time we stood up
for what we are.
I think there's something wrong with
this. I'm not getting anything now.
It's gone dead.
Maybe the generator's dead. No, it looks
more like the units downstairs were cut off.
Hello? Hello?
Hey, Wyndham!
Hello? Hello?
Come here.

Look at this.
I've got a message for you.
And you're not
going to like it.
Look at his chest.
Pray for death.
Jesus Christ!
Calder?
No, Calder!
No! No!
Oh...
no.
Kelly?
Aah!
Hey. Hey, you guys!
They got the back doors
blocked away there.
What the hell's
happening here?
The back doors are locked!
You okay?
Check the windows?
What's going on here?
We can't get out.!
- It's in here!
Don't come in here!
Go, go, go!
Lock the door!
Come on!
Get over here!
The sun's coming up.
Normally, I love
being dominated by women.
Lisa, I'm sorry about
what I said before.
You don't look Asian
at all.
Shit.
I thought I heard Walter.
Walter? Walter!
What the fuck do you want?
Where are you?
If I told you,
you wouldn't believe me.

Hey. Can you dig through
and get me out of here?
I don't know. The wall's
pretty thick. Are you all right?
Well, that's a relative
thing right now, but yeah.
Wait a second.
They're just standing there
outside.
Not trying to get in. They've
stopped attacking for some reason.
Walter, where are you,
exactly?
I'm in this closet.
I think we can
get through with this.
It's gonna take a while.
Walter, we're gonna
try and dig through.
How long will it take?
A couple of hours.
Oh, great. I'll tell you what.
I'll hang out here anyway.
Well, get ready
to pull me back.
Come on, Brian. Come here.
Come on, Brian.
Come on! Let's go!
Now!
Come on.! Come up here.
Come on, man. Hurry up.!
Come on.! Come on, Brian.
Come on.! Come on, Brian.
Come on.!
Come on.
You guys seen
any movies you like?
All right.
A Jewish mother goes to the airport
to meet her daughter.
The daughter steps off the plane
with an eight-foot-tall Zulu warrior...
with a bone through his nose.
The mother screams,

"You fool!
I said a rich doctor!"
Not a dream.
We are using your brain's
electrical system as a receiver.
We are unable to transmit
through conscious neuro-interference.
You are receiving this broadcast
as a dream.
We are transmitting
from the year 1-9-9...
We can try the hallway
after it gets dark.
If I can make my way up front, I could
break some windows, call for help.
No one out there
can help us.
The other morning you said that
you had something to tell me.
And you probably...
think that none of that
matters now.
But you're wrong.
It's the only thing
that does.
Worker ants, driven
to a higher purpose,
unknown
to the individual.
Street people...
our colleagues,
all controlled.
Demonic possession?
Of a kind.
Not what we would
expect, though. Never that.
Why would he need us?
The book says his purpose
is to bring the Father...
back from the dark side,
wherever that is.
There could be a limit as to
what he could do, you know,
as a volume of liquid.

He controls simple
organisms easily.

But maybe he needs something more
complex to complete a life cycle,
a host in which to live.

Hello? Hello?

- Walter?

- It's Kelly. She's changing again.
The swelling's gone down, as if the
liquid was absorbed into her system.
I can see tissue changes
on her face.

Also, I think
her bone structure is changing.
Maybe this is the only way
he could actualize his power.

A parasite
growing into its host.
This could be
some kind of gestation period.

I know I'd seen it before.
Kelly had a mark. It was a
bruise, almost like a figure.
I saw it in a history book...
the astrologer's staff,
used in ritual magic
in the middle ages.

The mark was on her?

Yes.

As if she were chosen.

- Walter!

- What?

Keep watching her closely.
Anything that you see, tell us.!

I have to go
to the bathroom.
God... and Father...

of our Lord...

Jesus Christ.

I appeal to your...

holy name,

humbly begging that You...

will grant us help...

against this...

unclean...
spirit.
Thou...
tormenteth these creatures...
of hell.
Through Jesus Christ,
our Lord.
Look down...
upon these, Thy servants,
caught in the coils of...
Where are You?
Christ,
where are You?
Holy shit!
Get me the hell out of here.!
Help me.! Help me get out of here.!
They're gonna kill me!
I don't want to die!
Help me! Help!
Help me.!
Behind the door. Behind
the door! You can't, Brian!
Oh, God! Help!
Help me! Oh.
Hey!
Aah!
Come on!
It's not working!
Father!
Father!
I could.
I could.
Unclean spirit.
Father.
Come to freedom!
No!
We stopped it.
We stopped it here.
Through the grace of God,
I stopped it.
The future conjured up by the...
that vile serpent...
will not happen now.
The smaller parts

could not live...
without the strength
of the whole.
They had to die,
to fade away,
as the whole was thrown
back and repelled.
We're safe,
but he's waiting
on the other side.
She died for us.
This is not a dream.
Not a dream.
We are using your brain's
electrical system as a receiver.
We are unable to transmit through
conscious neuro-interference.
You are receiving this broadcast
as a dream.
We are transmitting
from the year 1-9-9-9.
You are receiving this broadcast in
order to alter the events you are seeing.
Our technology is known to those
with transmitters strong enough...
to reach your conscious
state of awareness.
But this is not a dream.
You are seeing
what is actually occurring...
for the purpose
of causality violation.