Antichrist

By Lars von Trier
How are you?
Didn't we just talk about that?
That was yesterday.
Today is Tuesday.
So I've been here long?
A month.
Wayne says that
my grief pattern is atypical.
Yeah.
Gotta talk with Wayne.
I think he gives you too much medication,
way too much.
Stop it, please.
Trust others to be smarter than you.
He's straight out of medical school,
he don't know what he's doing.
I've treated ten times
as many patients as he has.
But you're not a doctor.
No, I'm not.
And I'm proud that I'm not
when I meet a doctor like him.
There is nothing atypical about your grief.
It was my fault.
What about me?
I was there, too.
I could have stopped him.
No.
You didn't know that he
started waking up lately.
I was aware that he would sometimes
wake up
and crawl out of bed...
and walk about...
just as you thought
that he was soundly asleep.
He could open the baby gate.
He...
He woke up...
and... was confused...
Hey!
Dr. Wayne says he wants me back home.
You couldn't leave it, could you?
You had to meddle.
This place leads nowhere.
On the contrary.
Grief...
It's not a disease,
it's a natural, healthy reaction.
You can't just remove it, you mustn't.
Wayne knows you're a therapist.
He says you shouldn't treat your own family.
In principle I agree, but...
But you're just so much smarter, aren't you?
I love you.
Nothing hurts more than
to see the one that you love
subjected to mistakes and wrongs.
No therapist can know
as much about you as I do.
- It hurts.
- I know.
There's no way around it.
I want to talk to -
I'm not gonna let you do that.
Will it just go on and on?
No. No, it'll change.
Will it get any worse?
Yes, it will.
You've always been distant from me and Nick.
Ever I come to think of it...
very, very distant.
Okay.
Can you give me some examples from this?
Hell, that's not that difficult to understand.
Last summer, for instance...
You were terribly distant last summer.
As a father, and as a husband.
And that was Nick's last summer
you missed that on.
Too bad.
I never interested you...
until now...
that I'm your patient.
Perhaps I'm not supposed to
talk about these things.
There is nothing you can't talk about.
You're indifferent to whether
your child is alive or dead.
I bet you have a lot of clever therapist replies to that, haven't you?
Well, actually...
it was to honor your wish.
You wanted peace to write.
Perhaps I didn't mean it.
What I understood...
is that you wanted to write alone.
That you and Nick were going to go to Eden,
just the two of you.
That way, you could finish your thesis.
But I didn't.
You didn't?
You see?
You didn't even know that.
Why did you give up? That's not like you.
The whole project just seemed less important up there.
As you said,
when I had told you about my subject:
"Glib".
I never called your subject "glib".
Perhaps you didn't use that word,
but that's what you meant.
And all of a sudden, it was glib.
Or even was some, some kind of lie.
I see.
No, you don't see.
You see a lot of things, but not that.
Inhale. On a count of five...
call me, call me.
Just... follow me, do it with me. Inhale.
Inhale, on a count to five...
Inhale. Two...
Stay with me, stay with me.
I'm gonna teach you how to breathe.
Inhale.
Imagine,
imagine you're blowing
on your thistle plumes...
calmly, quietly...
Yes, yes, that's good. That's good.
That's very good.
I told you there would be a change.
You're still mourning
but you're in a new phase.
What phase?
Anxiety.
Anxiety?
Yes.
This is physical.
It's dangerous.
No, it's not dangerous.
Just as your grief wasn't dangerous.
A main part of anxiety is physical:
Dizzy spells,
dry mouth,
distorted hearing,
trembling,
heavy breathing,
fast pulse,
nausea...
Hey!
Easy.
Never screw your therapist.
No matter how much
your therapist may like it.
I know it distracts you, but
it's not good for us.
Do the breathing.
Hold...
Exhale.
Do you love me?
Yes, I do.
Then help me.
It's what I'm doing.
Exposure - that's the only thing
that really works.
Everything else is... just talk.
You have to have the courage to stay
in the situation that frightens you.
And then you'll learn
that fear isn't dangerous.
Let's make a list of things you're afraid of.
At the top, you put the situation
you fear the most.
But I don't know what I'm afraid of.
Just... take your time.
I'm thinking.
Okay.
I'm thinking, but...
Can't I just be afraid
without a definite object?
No, no!
This won't do.
Stupe, stupidest thing I could do to you.
If you can't tell me...
what you're afraid of,
maybe it would be easier for you to tell me
where you're afraid?
Where would you feel most exposed?
What would be the worst place?
An apartment?
The street?
A store?
The park?
Visiting someone, maybe.
The woods.
The woods?
The woods, yes.
It's funny because
you were the one that always wanted
to go to the woods.
What scares you about the woods?
What frightens you... there?
Everything.
Tell me what you think
is supposed to happen in the woods.
Eh?
Is it any woods in particular?
Eden.
Eden?
What do you say we put...
a garden around Eden,
at the top of the pyramid?
No... Not quite at the top.
No.
Stop it.
Okay.
It's, it's okay.
- I'm sorry.
It's okay.
I don't know.
We can start by working on your expectations.
Close your eyes.
Feel the seat underneath you.
Feel yourself sinking down into it...
enfolding you...
It's a nice feeling.
What you feel is a pleasant warmth...
and heaviness.
Your breath is deep...
Regular... easing.
Now...
Imagine you're at Eden.
Imagine you arrived
at Eden through the woods.
Tell me what you see.
I'm at the bridge.
It's evening.
Almost no birds can be heard.
The water is running without a sound.
Darkness comes out anytime here.
I walk into it.
The little deers... are hiding,
among the ferns. As usual.
Is it difficult to walk there?
No. Not really.
In fact, it's almost okay.
In among the trees,
on the slope,
there's a? foxhole.
How do you feel there?
I can't really tell.
It should be easy, passing.
And yet,
it's like walking through mud.
The trunk is thick.
The tree rots so slowly.
It has some strange kind of personality.
I've always found that.
Now...
Where are you, are you,
are you heading for the cabin?
Yes, I am.
I'm walking up the path
through the tall grass.
Then don't go in.
Don't go in.
It's the outside you're afraid of.
Don't look around.
No.
Lie down on the green.
You want me to lie down?
Lie down on the grass.
On top of all the plants?
Yes, lie down on the plants.
Are you lying down?
Yes.
Good.
What is everything like around you?
Green.
It's all very green.
Good.
Now will you do what I ask you?
Yes.
What do you want me to do?
I want you...
to melt into the green.
Don't fight it.
Just - turn - green.
No matter what happens:
You were there. You did it.
Let fear come, if it likes.

**Remember:**
conceive and believe, it can achieve.
What's wrong?
Ground is burning.
The ground is not burning.
Gotta go.
I want to lie down, just for a minute.
Sure.
Yeah, we'll take a rest.
Shouldn't we go home?
Yeah.
Yeah, we should.
Slowly...
Stay with it.
I know it hurts.
Stay! Stay in there!
It's just the stupid acorns.
What are you doing?
I'm just...
setting up a little exercise.
It's... it's like a...
It's like a game.
You cheated me yesterday.
Running is not good.
You have to really feel the grass.
I want you to go from this stone...
to this stone.
Pretty scary, huh?
You're ready?
Yeah.
I'll give you a ride.
I'll put you on the first stone.
Stay with me.
Here we go.
Now put your foot down. I got you.
I got you. I'm right here.
I can't do this.
Yes, you can.
You can and you will. Just like I will.
We're gonna walk together.
We're gonna walk together, okay? Now...
Alright now, breathe.
Let's step off the rock.
And step on that grass.
Step down.
See? What happened?
Keep breathing. Keep, keep breathing.
I've got you.
You're really doing great.
Okay? Keep breathing.
Five, five and five.
You're almost there.
You're almost there. You're doing great.
...Five.
We're there, we are there.
There, you told me.
You did it.
You learned something.
Didn't you?
You did beautifully.
You did beautifully.
I miss him so much.
I've been afraid of here before.
Yes, it seems likely.
I just didn't know it was fear.
I became afraid, and I stopped writing.
What was different, the last time?
I heard a sound.
Nick?
Nick!
Nick!
Nick!
Nick!
You didn't hear Nick screaming.
Apparently not.
And because you experienced something
that you can't explain rationally,
you placed Eden very high
on the pyramid chart.
Eden was the catalyst
that triggered your fear.
You jumped to conclusions...
and tied the emotional event with a place.
When you feel threat, it's natural to react.
If the danger were real,
your fear would save your life,
because your adrenaline would
be used for fight or flight.
But what you're experiencing
is panic, nothing more.
The scream wasn't real.
Stop!
Calm down.
You shouldn't have come here.
You're just so damn arrogant.
But this may not last.
Have you thought of that?
Oak trees grow to be hundreds of years old.
They only have to produce one single tree
every hundred years in order to propagate.
May sound benign to you, but
it was a big thing for me to realize that
when I was out here with Nick.
The acorns fell on the roof then, too...
kept falling, and falling,
and dying, and dying.
And I understood that...
everything that used to be
beautiful about Eden,
was perhaps hideous.
Now I could hear
what I couldn't hear before.
The cry of all the things that are to die.
It's all... very touching...
if it was a children's book.
Acorns don't cry.
You know that as well as I do.
That's what fear is.
Your thoughts distort reality...
not the other way around.
Satan's Church -
Satan? Jesus!
Nature is Satan's Church.
What?
Well, there you have him.
That was his brother.
Nick?
He drifted away from me the last time.
He was always out and about.
He might have made more of an effort
to be there for me.
You look like you slept well.
Thanks, I did.
I just wanted to say how happy
I am that you're here.
I love you, darling.
Did you have a good sleep?
I've just been having a lot of...
crazy dreams.
Dreams are of no interest
in modern psychology.
Freud is dead, isn't he?
Yeah.
What are you doing?
Look!
I'm well again.
I'm cured.
I see clearer.
I'm fine.
You can't just be happy for me, can you?
Chaos reigns.
I'd like to do one more exercise.
It's like role playing.
My role...
is...
all the thoughts that provoke your fear...
Yours...
is rational thinking.
I am nature...
All the things that you call nature.
Okay, Mr. Nature.
What do you want?
To hurt you as much as I can.
How?
How do you think?
By frightening me?
By killing you.
Nature can't harm me.
You're just the whole greenery outside.
No, I'm more than that.
I don't understand.
I'm outside, but also...
within.
I'm nature of all human beings.
Oh, that kind of nature.
The kind of nature that causes people to do evil things against women.
That's exactly who I am.
That kind of nature interested me a lot when I was up here.
That kind of nature was the subject to my thesis.
But you shouldn't underestimate Eden.
What did Eden do?
I discovered something else in my material than I expected.
If human nature is evil, then that goes as well...
for the nature of...
Of the women?
Female nature?
The nature of all the sisters.
Women do not control their own bodies -
Nature does.
I have it in writing in my books.
The literature that you used in your research
was about evil things committed against women.
But you read it as proof of the evil of women?
You were supposed to be critical of
those texts, that was your thesis.
Instead you're embracing it.
Do you know what you're saying?
Forget it.
I do not know why I said it.
I can't work anymore now.
Hit me.
What?
Hit me so it hurts.
No.
Hit me, please.
No!
I can't stand it.
I don't want to. I don't want to.
Then you don't love me.
Okay.
Maybe I don't love you.
Yeah.
Again.
Again.
The Sisters from Regensburg
could start a hail storm.
I'm not gonna continue this
if you don't listen to me.
Good and evil...
have nothing to do with therapy.
You know how many innocent women
were killed in the sixteenth century alone,
just for being women?
I'm sure you do. Many.
Not because they were evil.
I know.
It's just, sometimes, I forget.
The evil you talk about is an obsession.
Obsessions never materialize.
It's a scientific fact.
Anxieties can't trick you into doing things
you won't do otherwise.
It's like hypnotism.
You can't be hypnotized into doing
something you wouldn't...
normally do, something against your nature.
You understand me?
Yeah, I think so.
You think so? Well, you don't have to
understand me, just trust me.
What's this?
It's from the medical officer
It's a copy of the autopsy report.
The autopsy?
They performed an autopsy?
I didn't wanna tell you,
because you weren't feeling well.
Well... What did they find?
Nothing that would have any...
bearing on the case.
The only abnormality
in the victim is a slight deformity
of the bones in his feet, of an earlier date.
We did not attach any significance to this.
You are aware that you put Nick's
shoes on wrong in this picture?
It's right. How weird...
A slip of the mind that day?
How weird.
Herself.
Bastard! You're leaving me, aren't you?
You bastard!
You're leaving me!
I'm not.
I'm helping you.
- You're leaving me, aren't you?
- No!
- I love you.
- I don't believe you!
Yes.
I don't believe you!
I don't fucking believe you!
Where are you?
You bastard!
Where are you?
Where are you?
Where are you?
Where are you?
You bastard!
Where are you?
Where are you?
How dare you leave me?
You said you wanted to help me.
Where are you?
Where are you?
Where are you?
You bastard!
Get out!
Get out! You bastard!
Get out!
You bastard!
Get out!
Get out!
Get out!
You bastard!
Get out!
I'm sorry.
You gotta get this thing off... my leg.
I can't find the wrench.
Did you want to kill me?
Not yet.
The three beggars aren't here yet.
The three beggars?
What does that mean?
When the three beggars arrive,
someone must die.
I see.
The crying woman is a scheming woman.
False in legs,
False in thighs,
False in breasts,
Teeth, hair and eyes.
Hold me.
Hold me.
There is no such constellation.
But none of it is any use
None of it is any use.
No!

Subtitle made available by: Dr. Na'el Hariri