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Hellraiser: Judgment

By Gary J. Tunnicliffe

Obsolete.
Irrelevant in an age
when desire has become amplified.
But where lust can be sated electronically.
We need something more
than just a wooden box.
There is a mechanism.
The house is ready. We can adapt.
Technology may have advanced,
but sin remains unchanged.
Pure. Greed.
Lust. Lies. Betrayal.
This new millennium hurtles forward.
Faith is lost.
Mankind have become
a vacuum without morality.
So many souls seeking
new and darker experiences.
Degradation upon degradation, sin after sin.
So then those are the souls
we shall seek out first.
"Mr. Watkins, we know, we understand,
"and we can help, but you must come.
"Come now before it's too late.
"Come to 55 Ludovico Place.
"Alone. Now.
A sympathetic friend."
Ah, Mr. Watkins.
So good of you to come.
We have such sights to show you.
Please, step inside.
Mr. Watkins.
What the fuck is going on?
What the fuck are you?
What are you doing to me?
Asshole! All valid questions.
What the fuck is going on?
Mr. Watkins, please.
Please assess your situation.
Look at your environment.
For now, you are merely captive.
Sitting, tied to a chair.
If we wanted you killed, then you would be.
We have simply invited you here to talk.

To hear your thoughts and desires.
Furthermore, if they're
as interesting and illuminating
as I believe them to be, then your
reward will be beyond your belief.
A reward?
A reward tailored for a man
of your particular tastes and desires.
You know about me?
You know the things I've done?
It is that resume of yours that
led us to you and in turn you to us.
Who are you?
Yes. Perhaps a little illumination.
Please, try not to be too alarmed.
Oh, Jesus Christ!
Heavens, no!
Same city. Completely different zip code.
What is going on here? What... where am I?
Mr. Watkins, we really must
begin your interview.
So many people for you to see,
so let's just dive in, shall we?
August 18, 2001, you lured little
Courtney Rettison to your car.
Why?
- I... I... how do you know?
- Please.
Let's save ourselves the time
and you the considerable pain
by answering the questions honestly.
Clearly this is a place where the rules
of your world do not apply.
And obviously, I'm a man for whom pain
is nothing more than a common currency.
I will spend some on you...
if you like.
I'd seen her at the, uh,
the playground before.
I couldn't help myself.
I understand.
I was just trying to help.
Yes, yes.
She had blonde hair.

Long, and... it was in a ponytail.
I've never seen so much blood
from a little creature.
My, my. Quite the busy bee
we've been, Mr. Watkins.
What about my reward?
First of all, you will meet
with the assessor.
He will look over your pages,
pass on his findings to the jury,
and we'll go from there.
The assessor will be with you shortly.
Tears... of children.
What?
What?
Serves you right, you sick fuck!
Ladies, your verdict.
Guilty.
The jury have deliberated,
and a guilty verdict has been given.
What?
You'll be taken from here to be
cleaned and then to the Surgeon.
But what about my reward?
Your note said you understood.
It said you were a friend.
I do understand. This is your reward.
This is what you're deserving of, my friend.
Please!
I'll be better! I'll be good!
What? Who is it? Who is it?
Who is it?
Help me. Please help me, please.
No. Please!
Help! What the fuck
are you doing to me? Stop!
You must be clean on the inside, too.
Help!
Help!
Uber Black, my ass!
It's just this piece of shit!
What the hell?
Josh?
You in my apartment again?

I told you that you need
to give me my key back.
Okay. This late-night
bootie call shit is over!
Although I could probably go for a quickie...
for old times' sake.
Josh.
Okay. I'm drying up real fast here.
This weirdo-in-the-dark thing
is only a turn-on
for like a few minutes.
And... and where's my dog?
Baby?
Fuck this!
Seriously? What the fuck
have you done with the lights?
What do you want?
To make a lesson out of you.
You look like shit.
What'd you do last night?
Wonderful. Yeah.
I had a great time last night.
Thank you for asking.
You can take a left
two blocks up the way on Taylor.
Victim is one Crystal Lanning, 21 years old.
Building super found her this afternoon.
I went out with a girl called Crystal.
It speaks!
- What was that like?
- Like A Tale of Two Cities.
- A what?
- Charles Dickens.
Right.
Like anyone reads that shit anymore.
It's the most popular
fictional book on the planet.
So why is this Crystal chick like the book?
Read it.
We're here.
Good.
Worship this little guy.
The place has been cleared, locked down.
Everyone's been told to hold back

until we make our pass in case it's him.
I worship this little guy.
I worship this little guy.
I worship this little guy.
I worship this little guy.
I worship this little guy.
- I worship this little...
- Nice.
I worship this little guy.
I worship this little guy.
I worship this little guy.
It's him.
It's definitely him.
You think?
Doesn't this seem a bit basic
for the Preceptor?
Who the fuck are you?
What are you doing creeping around
a murder scene at nighttime?
You want to end up dead?
Detectives Carter and Carter.
Brothers in arms... literally.
Detective Egerton.
I've been assigned to this case with you.
- You got her?
- I got her.
Detective Christine Egerton.
Do you mind?
Why are you here?
Who thinks we need help with this?
Like I was saying, isn't this just
a bit basic for the Preceptor?
I mean, I was under the impression
that he liked to shock, appall, teach.
And that?
"I am a jealous God.
Thou shalt have no others unto me"?
It's one of the remaining commandments,
and it's part of his MO.
I think that it's just a stunt.
- What was that?
- Jesus Christ!
What the fuck is that?
Has anyone seen the dog in the video?

Fuck!

It's okay.

It's okay.

Baby.

The dog was her baby.

So he put it into her womb.

I'll call it in.

Alison's birthday. Shit!

Nice.

It's uh, very 1940s detective agency.

Do we still smoke stogies
and have scotch for breakfast?

What we're investigating is very dark.

Fluorescents give me a migraine.

Look, I know that me coming here
must be a bit of a shock.

Detective teams are tight-knit at
the best of times, but I do know this job.

So, I can help if you let me.

I've gotta go.

It's my wife's birthday and I'm late.

We'll do this tomorrow.

9 a.m.

Uh-huh.

He takes it personal.

Well, he shouldn't. I was assigned.

Not you.

The killings.

That won't last in here.

Plastic.

Thrives in all climates.

Happy birthday to me.

I'll take care of that.

I don't even like carnations.

I'm going to bed.

The previous commandment prior to Lanning was
"Thou shall not lie."

This is a Catholic family.

Jessica and Steven were both lawyers.

The Preceptor cut out both of their
tongues with an electric turkey knife.

Let them bleed out in front

of their own son, Michael.

What did he do with the tongues?

He put them in a blender and force-fed them to the son, laced with bleach, of course.

Donut?

Now why would he feed the tongues to the son?

He said they were feeding lies to everyone, so he fed their lies to their son.

How do you guys know all this?

He's quite the letter writer.

We have copies obviously.

- I'll get you some.

- Speaking of which...

this came from the ME's office this morning.

Got it out of Lanning's abdomen.

"The irony of this killing is that when people see what I've done, their reaction will be, 'Oh, poor dog, ' with no consideration for the vacuous vessel in which I chose to store it."

- Nice.

- Forensics has been over the letters?

Local and Langley. Came out with nothing.

Letter was typed on an old manual typewriter. Common ink.

No prints, oils, residue, glue, particulates. Nothin'.

The name Preceptor. That's a Masonic term.

Has that avenue been checked out?

It's used by Freemasons, but it's older than that.

A precept is a teacher responsible to uphold law or tradition.

In this case, the Ten Commandments.

- Shall I?

- Just one second.

How many victims are we talking about in total now?

Fourteen.

- Two commandments left.

- "Thou shall not steal."

"Thou shall not covet."

Can I ask you what exactly is your background? Why are you on this case?

Of course. You can ask me anything.

Can we go through the cases

in order, top to bottom?
You worked forensics two years
before you became a detective.
Did it take a lot of detective work
to find out about another detective?
Someone higher up think
we're screwin' this up?
Someone higher up wants this guy
caught, and it's as simple as that.
Okay. Let's do this.
Okay.
At a point, we're all...
by the word of his power,
when he has made purification his...
at the right hand of His Majesty on high.
I am speaking in human terms
because of the weakness of your flesh,
for just as you presented...
...blazed with the impurities
and true lawlessness
resulting in further lawlessness,
so now present your members
as blazed to righteousness,
resulting in sanctification.
You all right?
Let her go.
Who do you think they are?
Uniforms are going door to door
to check the CCTVs.
Fuck me!
Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.
Tiffany Nardico, age 12,
Emily Cartwright, 13.
Susan Allison, 14, and Nicole Panna, 15.
They all have records,
but it's just like petty theft.
Okay?
Yeah.
I just got off the phone with Hodges.
The medical examiner.
Preliminaries for the hair, teeth,
and eyes are a match with the hands.
Same with the blood in the jar.
So it's just the four victims.

The killer injected some kind of epoxy into the hands to keep them in position.

- Anything else?

- Yes.

No coagulation in the fingertips.

Shit!

What?

He cut their hands off while they were still alive.

Jesus!

- Are those them?

- Yeah.

- What name is that?

- Nicole Panna.

Hm. Does that mean anything to you?

No, why? Should it?

Carl Watkins.

Who?

Local perp.

Flasher. Kiddie porn peddler.

We picked him up a couple times, but he always pled out or made a deal informing.

So what does he have to do with this?

All of these girls went to Chase Terrace Academy.

Terrace put a restraining order against him after he was caught a few times loitering and jerking off to the girls in gym class.

That's a real stretch, David.

Guess who also went to Terrace a few years back?

Crystal Lanning.

Exactly.

Seriously?

Do we have a current address on him?

He's not in.

That cocksucker owes me two months' rent.

- He hasn't been here for a couple of days.

- Think he'd be hiding out inside?

If he is, he's freezing his ass off in the dark.

I cut his power yesterday.

Seriously? No windows?

Honey, with what those boys are doin'
in there, no windows ain't a bad thing.
Shut the door when you leave.
What an incredible smell you've discovered.
Oh, this shouldn't take long.
This guy seems to have quite the right arm.
Doesn't really seem like the Preceptor type.
Speak of the devil.
Looks like it's typed
on an old manual typewriter.
Let's get that back to the lab.
- Uh-hm.
- Put out an ATL on Watkins.
In the meantime,
let's hit the usual suspects.
You go with David.
Anything?
Nope.
Done for the day?
Yeah.
I'm going to swing by Watkins'
apartment on the way home.
What's up?
Somethin's been buggin' me about it.
Give our regards to that
sweet-mouthed landlady for me.
I'll give her your number.
Thanks for turnin' the power on.
Excuse me. Detective Sean Carter.
Mr. Carter.
Mr. Carter. You're a man
of some interest to us.
What do you want to know?
- Excuse me?
- You obviously have questions.
Why would you say that?
Because if you wanted me dead,
I'd be dead already.
That's very true. What else?
If I had to guess, I've stumbled into
a painful, possibly fatal situation,
the agenda of which you'll soon tell me.
Ha!
What can you tell me about Carl Watkins?

A man of impeccable taste, apparently.

- What can you tell me about the Preceptor?

- I was about to ask you the same question.

What are those?

Well, since you've been good enough not to waste our time with the usual drudgery of who are you and save me, et cetera, perhaps a reward is in order.

Dear God! Where am I?

You wanted to know about these.

They are a linking mechanism between our world and yours.

They are judgment and redemption to those who open them.

They are sensation, rebirth... death, lust... hate.

All manner of emotions.

They are a conduit to the unimaginable.

In a wooden box.

You'd be amazed what they can do when opened.

What on earth is this place?

It isn't.

So now what?

This is the beginning of a process, an interview.

An audit of sorts.

And you want honest answers.

Absolutely.

So then let's just get on with it.

Hmmpf.

Tempus fugit after all.

Tell me, when was the first time you hurt something?

Be honest, Mr. Carter.

The sooner you tell the truth, the sooner you will be free.

Four.

We had a pet dog.

I hit it.

- Should I go on?

- March 31, 2004.

I was 25.

The bullet hit him in the throat.

I saw a fist-size chunk
blown out the back of his neck.
I stood over him and watched him die.
And after that?
Two kids.
Grenade.
It was the first time I'd ever
seen a body blown to pieces.
Skin stripped from muscle.
Flesh stripped from bone.
You were a man protecting his country.
You were permitted to carry out these acts,
but what were you permitted to feel?
- What did you feel?
- What did I feel?
What the hell was I supposed to feel?
You have killed a great many people.
I was doing my job.
You will purge from yourself
the guilt of shedding innocent blood.
For you have done what is right
in the eyes of the Lord.
Only God can judge me!
And God will judge both
the righteous man and the wicked man.

Ecclesiastes 3:

Deuteronomy 21:

Ha!
I would like to dig a little deeper.
What choice do I have?
None.
On my second tour, the convoy hit, and I...
There are still more.
"It is a terrible, ponderous
chain you are making, Scrooge."
Charles Dickens.
Now what?
Next, you'll meet the assessor,
and my, what a meal he has ahead of him.
What have you done?
You will be taken to be cleaned
and then to the surgeon.

Oh. No, it can't be.

I hate this place.

The stench, the dark hole.

The seedy games and indulgences

we allow you to play

as part of the arrangement.

- Why are you here?

- Let him go.

- He has no business here.

- I don't understand.

Well, just because it falls into your web

does not make it prey for the spider.

Catch and release. Do you understand?

- What about the assessor?

- Clerical error, quite literally.

- I've never...

- I don't care!

The jury never passed their verdict.

You'll let him go, do you understand?

- Not really, no.

- Well, do you understand who is in charge?

So let him go.

Do not give me a reason to come back here.

You must be cleaned on the inside too!

No!

A moment of your time.

A-a candidate...

I need your assistance

with your... your guidance.

What?

His answers choked the assessor.

Forced the jury in.

So... what do you feel?

Innocent?

Where is he now?

I sent him to be cleaned.

He's gone!

Escaped with one of the boxes.

The pages.

Take.

Eat this in remembrance of my body.

You must go after him.

Bring him back. We must dig deeper.

We must find out what you feel

once you've released.
There's no need to go after him.
He'll be back.

It's 2:

You... you got your flashlight?
- Yeah, why?
- I'll drive.
Why? What's up?
Huh?
What's going on?
You want to call this in?
What are we doing here?
What the fuck are we doing here?
So?
Come on, man!
Nice. Nice place.
Put an offer in yet?
- Or are you in escrow?
- Fuck.
Hey!
What is going on?
You drag my ass out here in the middle
of the fucking night with no explanation?
You barely talk to me anymore, man.
Alison is worried about you.
Oh, you'd know that.
Man, we're all worried about you, Sean.
I'll drive you back to your car.
They are a conduit to the unimaginable.
Sensation, rebirth, death, lust, hate.
Hey, hey, hey.
It's just a dream.
Just a dream. You're okay.
It's okay. Come here. Come here.
It's okay.
I don't know what's goin' on anymore.
This case... it's destroying you.
Sean!
What?
What is going on? What are you doing?
What...
Judgment and redemption
to those who open the box.

Thank you.

Almond milk.

Thanks.

So what's on your mind?

Your brother?

Just curious.

You been here for a couple
of days, what do you see?

I see two people mired in a pretty dark case.

One of whom is probably internalizing
a little bit too much of it.

Honestly, I don't know
that I would be any different.

Yeah, he's not running right.

- Did you talk to somebody about that?

- Not official, but I do talk to his wife.

- Alison.

- Yeah. How did you know that?

Did he ever suffer
from any PTSD when he came back?

Not that I know of, but he's never really
talked about what went on over there.

Drinking, drugs?

None of that?

He drank for a little while,
but he is sober now.

Just lately he's been distant.

I think maybe it's starting
to have an effect on him.

I...

What?

Look, I was assigned
to this case for two reasons:
One of them is to expedite
the catching of the Preceptor
and the other is because there are
some concerns about Sean's behavior.

So, I am here first and foremost to help you
with the case but also to evaluate.

We've been working our ass off on this case.

And it's not about that!

This is genuine concern for someone
who might be in too deep.

It's Alison.

Hey, you.
What?
He is?
Don't worry about it.
I'll come by and pick him up.
You take Sara to school.
Okay.
His car broke down. Have to go pick him up.
He didn't call you?
I gotta go.
Hey.
Hey.
Sean!
I'll, uh, I'll go take a shower.
Ah, wait a second, please.
You got to straighten up.
Just in case Egerton has other
motivations for being with us.
Meaning what?
Think about it.
How long have you been drinking again?
Alison and I got in a bit of a fight.
I had a few drinks. It caught up with me.
I got this.
Go get cleaned up.
Sean...
no one is judging you.
Like I told somebody else,
only God can judge me.
God will judge both the righteous man
and the wicked man.
"It was the best of times.
"It was the worst of times."
If I had a relationship like that...
Hello.
Hey.
Take a look at this.
This is the first letter from the Preceptor.
Read here.
"There is no accountability. I will
bring back the wrath of the Almighty.
"I will be the plague of retribution.
"It will be the season of darkness
and winter of despair." And?

And I just found this at Sean's house.
Hmmm, Dickens. He didn't tell you about this?
He mentioned the book,
but he didn't mention this.
- Well, maybe he just put it together.
- Then why didn't he say anything?
I don't know.
You should ask him. Where is he?
- He's on his way.
- I thought he had some kind of car trouble.
He did not have car trouble.
He was drunk, and I had to go help him.
- You said he was sober.
- He was. He is.
- David, what the fuck is going on?
- I don't know. That's why I came to you.
We're going to have to talk to him.
Okay.
- Talk to who?
- You. What happened to your face?
About what?
Hello.
Yes, this is Carter. Yes. That Carter.
He did.
What exactly?
Phone? Where?
We'll be there.
Medical examiner.
Found Crystal Lanning's cell phone.
Wedged down her throat.
- You're kidding me.
- He wants us there.
Okay.
You and I go.
David stays here and goes through
some of that evidence.
Okay.
Okay.
Shit!
Forgot my phone. Just give me a sec.
Forget your cell phone?
Need you to do me a favor.
Take a quick look around.
See if you find anything unusual.

- I'm not investigating my brother.

- I'm not asking you to.

Take a look. For his sake.

Okay.

Okay.

Well, it seems to be running okay now.

What?

The car. David said you had
some car trouble this morning.

Marriage trouble.

Oh.

At least you're honest.

Can I ask you something? Honestly?

Do you think you're too close to this case?

Probably, but it's my work.

Yeah, but if it's tearing your world apart.

What can I do?

There's only one commandment left.

Got to finish it all the way
to the end, right?

I get that, and I think it's really
admirable, but this is not a tour of duty.

It is for me.

I was reading through some
of the notes from the Preceptor.

I noticed a lot of the turn
of phrase is very poetic.

Almost reads like literature.

You know, David mentioned
that you read a lot,
so I thought I'd ask if anything
struck a chord with you.

Not really.

I mean, there are a couple of lines lifted
from A Tale of Two Cities by Dickens,
but nothing else comes to mind.

Did you bring that up in the investigation?

Didn't seem relevant.

After all, it is the most
popular book on the planet.

Oh.

Yeah.

I guess it is.

Hodges.

- Hodges.
- Hey.
See...
yeah.
- I thought you said you found a cell phone.
- We did. In her throat.
We found that in her mouth first.
Silver?
Born with a silver spoon in her mouth.
She certainly died that way.
We found this in her esophagus.
Way down in there.
Damn shame.
Yeah. She was only 21.
Yeah, yeah. Absolutely.
Nobody has an iPhone 7.
I still got a 4.
Thanks, Hodges. Thanks for the information.
It still works.
- What?
- The phone.
Yeah. One of the kids here has the same
model, so we managed to power the thing up.
When we did, it turns out
she was using the GPS app.
- The location on it wasn't her apartment?
- No. We checked.
She wasn't killed in the apartment either.
What he did took time, and uh,
would leave quite the mess.
Yeah, especially with the dog.
No. He took her somewhere alive,
prepped her, killed her.
Luckily, if you can say that,
her phone died with her.
So, it stored her last location.
Serial killer caught by smart phone.
Do you have the address?
You know, I haven't
seen you around here before.
Yeah. I was just assigned to the case.
Single?
You're kidding, right?
I'll call it in.

Yeah. This is Detective Sean Carter.
We're on the scene of a possibly compromised
location. Requesting uniform backup.
Address is 12437 Gladstone.
Looks like a disused warehouse of some kind.
Okay. Copy that.
I think this is pretty locked up.
Yeah. Guess we'll be waiting.
I don't know. I think I hear a struggle
of some kind, destruction of evidence.
I don't hear anything.
If you did, we wouldn't have to wait for
a warrant. You want to catch this guy, right?
- Of course I do.
- Then we hear a struggle.
Over here.
Look at this.
It's him.
Holy shit!
Drop it!
Fuck!
- Backup's on the way.
- No, they're not.
But someone is.
Now move to the fucking center of the room.
How did you find out?
You told me.
What was it he said? "Only God can judge me.
"God will judge the righteous.
"God will judge both the righteous
man and the wicked man. "
"Ecclesiastes is one of the 24 books
of the Tanakh or Hebrew Bible.
"The title Ecclesiastes
is a Latin transliteration
"of the Greek translation
originally translated as 'teacher'
"or 'preacher'
or 'preceptor'."
Preceptor.
Shit!
Shit!
When I didn't hear back from Egerton,
I called Hodges to get the address.

Quite the detective.

Why are you doing this?

Like I've always told you, you should
read more starting with the Bible.

Sean?

You wouldn't call backup on your own brother.

Not until you knew for sure.

So, I called someone else.

In here.

I came as fast as I could.

Shit!

Sean, what are you doing?

Sean?

What is this? What's going on?

Come on in, sweetheart.

Come stand next to my dear brother.

No, no.

Go stand next to David.

I didn't say touch her!

I have so much more planned
for the two of you.

That Lanning bitch's cell phone
fucked things up!

I don't understand.

You don't?

Look around.

Look at what I've done.

This is the love of God
that we keep his commandments,
and his commandments are not burdensome.

Where is Egerton?

Oh!

Jesus Christ!

Sean, no, no.

Wait, wait. We... we...

This whore cheated on me
with some guy she met online
two weeks after I left for my first tour.
I'm sorry.

Thou shall not covet another man's wife.

So I cut his eyelids off
and burned him alive in his own car.

I wasn't surprised with her,
but I expected more of you.

Sean, I am...
A plague of smart phone junkies.
I... loathe the modern world.
I loathe the populace.
If I had the means and ways,
I would incinerate them all.
Rain down fire and sulphur.
Now.
I want you to sit down
in front of each other.
Just do it!
What are you going to do?
Open that.
What?
What the fuck is this?
Open it. Both of you. Now. Together.
What is this? What's happening?
Judgment!
I knew you would find
your way here eventually.
After all...
evil seeks evil.
I knew someone would come for me.
So, I thought I'd save you
the time and offer you a deal.
There is no deal to be made.
Them for me.
Adulterers.
They opened the box.
And they will be dealt with accordingly.
It is a separate faction who has want of you,
and there is no bargaining to be done.
Ah, Mr. Carter.
So good to see you again.
And you brought friends.
I brought them to trade for me.
That is not how it works.
I won't go back in that room.
Mr. Carter, please.
That won't work for you now.
Mr. Carter.
You have been found guilty by the jury.
You'll be taken to be cleaned... again.
- And then to the Surgeon.

- Not me!

The pages of your audit were so rancid
with the essence of your guilt,
they made even the Assessor choke.
When the Surgeon and the Butcher
are finished with you,
you will be reborn into an eternity of agony.
What the fuck is going on?

Silence!

Your pitiful adultery is beneath me.

Bow your head to the catalog
of filth your brother has created.

Amateurs.

But still we will afford them an experience
beyond the limits in your name.

Get away from him.

How do you feel, Eden's doorman?

Once upon a time.

And then what was it?

Watching over the ark-builder's
incestuous offspring until now.

I want to turn this basement into misfits.

He was found guilty.

Let him go!

There are matters at play here
that are part of a bigger plan.

And he is a part of it.

You want him now to remain on Earth...

or rather He wants him out of there.

He wants his flock afraid of the horse
so that they look toward the light.

You're not as foolish as you look.

But what about the things he has done,
the innocents he has killed?

Acceptable losses.

Good cannot exist without evil.

And we discovered long ago
that in order to control the evil,
we had to be the ones implementing it.

Sin ordained by Heaven.

Send him back.

Continue with your work, Preceptor.

With our blessing.

And the Lord saw that the sin

of man was great on the Earth,
and that all the thoughts
of his heart were evil.
There is process...
order to what we do.
Send him back!
Or?
There will be hell to pay.
Hell... to... pay.
Don't test me!
Very well.
Now get me the fuck outta here!
I've been forgiven.
Not forgiven.
- What?
- You're a murderer!
A twisted sadist.
For now, your actions work in our favor.
But there will be judgment
for you eventually.
And, we will be waiting.
Fuck you!
Now send him back.
With pleasure.
I'm back.
"Tis a far, far..."
We have an officer down at 12437 Gladstone.
Send assistance.
This is Egerton.
We have the Preceptor.
Get me a fucking ambulance!
You knew that would happen.
You know nothing of human behavior.
There will be retaliation.
You will suffer.
Suffer?
Me?
How dare you use such a word?
You know nothing of suffering.
I welcome its warm embrace.
I exist only to share its meaning.
Sin and suffering are my dominion.
Perhaps it's time you learned a little
of the matters you seek to manage.

What are you doing?
Do you know who I am?
I care not.
Irony.
Are you the way?
Do your worst!
You forget my first tasks for Him.
And my order has already been sanctioned.
Look at me.
I'm all you know.
Forged in agony and pain.
I welcome the eternity of anguish.
So, Pinhead....
Here endeth the lesson.
Jesus wept!
Probably should not have done that.
I have nothing to fear.
Did you forget?
She is the angel who banished them
from the Garden of Eden.
Perhaps there is a torture we cannot endure.
Banishment.
Banishment.
Exile.
Back to the mortal world.
Banishment.
Sweet suffering.
The sweet suffering.
No!
No!
Two, and it isn't even a Tuesday.