

BASED ON KURT VONNEGUT'S  
HARRISON BERGERON



**EVERYONE WILL FINALLY BE EQUAL**



2002 Filmore Avenue  
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# 2081

## Transcript

Based on Kurt Vonnegut's *Harrison Bergeron*  
Screenplay by Chandler Tuttle

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[www.izzit.org/products](http://www.izzit.org/products) and click on the *2081* video.

**NARRATOR:** The year was 2081, and everyone was finally equal.

They weren't only equal before God and the law you see; they were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better- looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else...and all this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of the United States Handicapper General.

The strong wore weights to make them weaker; the intelligent wore earpieces that kept them from taking unfair advantage of their brains. Even the beautiful sometimes wore masks in situations where their beauty might simply be... too distracting.

It was the Golden Age of Equality...

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though.

April, for instance, continued to drive people crazy by not quite being springtime.

And it was in that clammy month that the H.G. Men came to take George and Hazel Bergeron's son, Harrison, away.

**HAZEL:** You were fixing the TV, dear.

I bet that was a real pretty dance, that dance she just did.

**GEORGE:** Huh?

**HAZEL:** That dance. I bet it was nice.

**GEORGE:** Oh.

**HAZEL:** Whew! What was it this time?

**GEORGE:** Loud. Same as last time.

**HAZEL:** It sounded a little like somebody hitting a milk bottle with a ball-peen hammer from here.

Ya' know it must be very interesting to hear all the different sounds...all the things they think up.

**GEORGE:** It isn't.

**HAZEL:** Only, if I was the Handicapper General, you know what I'd do? I'd have chimes on Sunday...just chimes. Kinda...kinda in honor of religion.

**GEORGE:** Yeah, I could think straight if it was just chimes.

**HAZEL:** Well...then maybe I'd make 'em real LOUD, then!

**HAZEL:** I think I'd make a good Handicapper General...

**GEORGE:** You would.

**HAZEL:** Boy! That one was a doozy, wasn't it?

**GEORGE:** Yeah.

**HAZEL:** You seem distracted hon...what are you thinkin' about?

**GEORGE:** I dunno... can't keep it straight in my head...somethin' ...

**HAZEL:** You must be tired. Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, so you can rest your handicaps on the pillows?

**GEORGE:** I'm fine.

**HAZEL:** Oh, you're always so worn out. If there was just some way we could lighten...

**GEORGE:** There isn't.

**HAZEL:** I'm not saying all the time. I'm just saying maybe when you're sittin' around the house...

**GEORGE:** Hazel. If I take them off, I'm going to want to keep them off. And we both know how you would feel about that.

**HAZEL:** I'd hate it.

**GEORGE:** So...nothing to be done then.

**TV ANNOUNCER:** We interrupt our broadcast of the National Ballet's, "Sleeping Beauty" for important breaking news.

**HAZEL:** I don't understand why they'd interrupt such a nice ballet...just to tell us the same old news.

**GEORGE:** Well, what does it matter if they're just showing the same old ballet?

**NEWS ANCHOR:** G...g...g...goo...gooo...good evening! We've just received a warning from the Handic...cc...the Handicap...p...p... the Handicap...p...p...the Handicapper G...g...g...the Hand...d...

**HAZEL:** That's all right, he tried. That's the important thing. I think he should get a nice big raise for trying so hard.

Well, I think I'll get started with the dishes.

**STUDIO TECHNICIAN:** Good evening. We've just received warning from the Office of the Handicapper General that suspected anarchist, Harrison Bergeron, has escaped from custody.

**TECHNICIAN:** Arrested six years ago for: propagandist vandalism, broadcast piracy, refusal to report for his quarterly handicapping evaluations, and for the blatant removal of his handicaps in a public place, Mr. Bergeron had been awaiting trial in a maximum security prison here in Washington, D.C. when he miraculously disappeared from his cell earlier this evening.

Please be advised that Bergeron is a genius and an athlete, is under-handicapped, and is considered to be extremely dangerous.

If you see this man, please contact your local authorities immediately. Thank you.

**GEORGE:** Harrison...

**HARRISON:** QUIET!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...DISTINGUISHED GUESTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD...MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!

There's a BOMB beneath this theater, and there's a DETETONATOR in MY HAND.

So, I STRONGLY SUGGEST that you remain in your seats!

Now...my apologies for interrupting this evening's entertainment, hopefully I can provide you with some of my own. My name is Harrison Bergeron.

I am a fugitive and a public threat. I am an abomination of the able. I am an exception to the accepted. I am the greatest man you have never known.

And for the last SIX YEARS I have been held prisoner by the State...sentenced without trial... to TORTURE without end.

They had hoped to destroy in me any trace of the extraordinary, and in time, I came to share that hope. But the extraordinary, it seems, was simply out of their reach. So, now I stand before you today: beaten, hobbled, and sickened. But sadly, not broken. And I say to you, that if it is GREATNESS we must destroy, then let us drag our enemy out of the darkness where it has been hiding! Let us shine a LIGHT...so that AT LAST, ALL THE WORLD CAN SEE!

**H.G. MEN (on radio):** Unit B in position on the northeast corner. Units A and D in position on the northwest stairwell. Unit F holding position outside the northwest balcony. Unit C approaching the catwalk.

**LEAD H.G. MAN:** Copy that. Unit E, what's your status?

**BOMB SPECIALIST:** Stand by.

Umm, we're gonna need a little more time.

**HARRISON:** And now...for my next trick...I'm gonna need a volunteer...

NO ONE?! Come now...

Perhaps one of you?

**BOMB SPECIALIST (on radio):** Unit E reporting. The bomb has been disarmed. Repeat: the bomb has been disarmed.

**LEAD H.G. MAN:** Copy that. Central, kill the broadcast...

**HARRISON:** Enough. Just you.

**BROADCAST OPERATOR:** This is Central. Confirmed we are broadcast dark. You are clear to proceed.

**LEAD H.G. MAN:** Copy that. All units stand by for entry.

**HAZEL:** That one sounded kinda like a gun shot.

Hon...you, you look upset. What's wrong?

**GEORGE:** I dunno...something sad on television, I think...



**HAZEL:** Well...you should forget sad things anyway. I always do.

Gee...I could tell that one was a doozy.

**GEORGE:** You can say that again.

**HAZEL:** Gee...I could tell that one was a doozy.

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