"You’ve done well, Amanda."

"You really have."

"We’ve all of us been so impressed with your progress."

"It’s no small feat, striving to reach the bridge."

"Thank you, Mr. Parsons."

"So many, just—well, how do I put this delicately?—don’t have what it takes."

Thought equals concentration equals substance.

It’s the foundation of our philosophy here at the Pontifex Institute.

Sometimes, though, the substance born of our thoughts is simply too much to fathom.

That’s why we’ve propagated the urban legends...

...the memes...

...methods of feeding and sustaining the singularity.

"On the first night, you hear him."

"On the second night, you see him."

"On the third night, he finds you."

Hmm.

It’s all so quaint and charming, isn’t it?

Should I tell you about my journeys?

Would you like to know how I first encountered him?"
URU VALLEY, BHUTAN. 1995.

MY FATHER WAS A VISIONARY.

HE FOUNDED OUR EARLIER INCARNATION, THE PONTIFEX SOCIETY, IN HIS YOUTH.

HE SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING HE COULDN'T EVEN NAME.

DID YOU HEAR THAT? THE WIND.

IT CAME TO HIM IN HIS DREAMS...IN HIS NIGHTMARES.

IT CALLED TO HIM HIS ENTIRE LIFE.

THAT'S NOT THE WIND.

HE HAD HIS SECRETS—EVEN FROM ME.

BUT I KNEW THIS WAS MORE THAN A SIMPLE SABBATICAL FOR HIM.

THIS WAY.

HE HAD SOME ULTIMATE GOAL IN MIND.

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTOOD WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR...

...NOT UNTIL WE FOUND IT.
"I was running ahead...taking the lead..."

"Hey! Are you...are you all right?"

"But my father was guiding me."

"I had never seen the man before."

"Do you need help?"

"We'll get you out of here."

"There's..."

"But I felt as though I had been seeking him all my life."

"All of us seek purpose in our lives."

"You understand who this is?"

"You understand what I've shown you!"

"There is something about you."

"Something...I could never see myself."

"We seek possessions, money, influence."

"But service is our greatest purpose."

"Once."

"At one time, we were one. We will all be one again."

"But you must see this through...and I'm only standing in your way."

"Service."

"And sacrifice."
"I brought the vessel... the Carrier... back with me."

"He's been under such strain. More than anyone else could bear."

"But I left my father in the mountains."

"My father showed me the way. His sacrifice showed me my purpose."

"Sacrifice is not fully understood, of course, not in 'polite' society."

"The authorities delve into other manifestations of the Empty Man."

"But even investigation is a kind of worship."

"I inherited my father's fortune."

"I inherited an obligation he was unable to fulfill."

"Did you know that some think of the Empty Man as a disease?"

"A disease to be venerated."

"But we understand that it is an idea that only spreads like a virus."

"We transmit, and the whole world receives."
WE MUST MAKE SURE THE TRANSMISSION IS CLEAN.

BUT THE CARRIER GROWS WEAK.

AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

PERHAPS THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO BE OF SERVICE, AMANDA.

IS THIS...

A POSSIBILITY.

A FAILED POSSIBILITY, I'M AFRAID.

IT WON'T WORK.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU TAKE FROM ME... MY NAME... MY FAMILY... MY HOUSE...

IT WON'T WORK.

HE'S HERE NOW!

CAN YOU SEE HIM?

HE'S COME FOR ME.

THERE'S... NO ONE HERE.

THEY WANTED TO BREAK ME.

THEY WANTED ME TO BELIEVE I WASN'T REAL.

BUT... NO MATTER HOW MUCH I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT... I KNOW IT'S NOT TRUE.
WHEN THE EMPTY MAN MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO YOU...

...IF YOU HAVE WORKED OUR TRAINING, IF YOU ARE STRONG...

...YOU EITHER TRANSCEND THE EXPERIENCE...

...OR YOU DIE.

IT’S NOT ENOUGH TO BE BROKEN, YOU UNDERSTAND.

A NEW CARRIER... A VESSEL... MUST HAVE NOTHING LEFT... NOT EVEN THE MOST PASSING VALUE FOR LIFE.

THEIR OWN LIFE MUST BE WORTHLESS... OR IT IS JUST ANOTHER SACRIFICE.

THEY MUST...

...HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED, MR. PARSONS.

I SEE.

AND I KNOW THE PERFECT CANDIDATE.