



Words: **Nev Pierce**

THE GIRL
WITH THE
DRAGON
TATTOO

CHASING THE DRAGON

WORLD
EXCLUSIVE
SET ACCESS

Empire heads to Stockholm to witness how David Fincher, Daniel Craig and Rooney Mara are turning Stieg Larsson's brutal bestseller, *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo*, into the darkest blockbuster ever

"
HIS GIRL ISN'T
A WOUND —
SHE'S SCAR
TISSUE."

THAT WAS THE DIRECTION DAVID FINCHER GAVE ONE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS BEFORE HER SCREEN-TEST FOR THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO. "IF YOU CRY, IT'S OVER." SHE DIDN'T GET IT. SHE WASN'T ALONE. ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT ACTRESSES — FROM OSCAR-NOMINEES TO COMPLETE UNKNOWNNS — SHOT samples with Fincher to play the title character in Sony's anticipated adaptation of Stieg Larsson's novel.

The part was almost impossible to cast, as the iconic researcher/hacker is a walking paradox. Lisbeth Salander is victim and avenger, vulnerable and violent, stunted and exceptional. Mercurial is too weak a word. And she's an icon already, both in the Swedish screen adaptation and in the imagination of millions: *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo* has sold more copies than *The Godfather* and *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*.

Excerpt:

The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo
by Steven Zaillian
Based on the novel by Stieg Larsson

Lisbeth Salander walks in: A small, pale, anorexic-looking waif in her early 20s. Short, black-dyed hair — pierced eyelid — tattoo of a wasp on her neck; probably several more under her black leather jacket — black T-shirt, black jeans, black Caterpillar boots.

This isn't punk fashion. This is someone saying, "Stay the fuck away from me."

"There were discussions early on, where people were like, 'She's a superhero!'" says Fincher. "And you go, 'No, she's not. Superheroes live in a world of good and evil, and she's far more complex than a superhero. She's been compromised. She's been subjugated. She's been marginalised. She's been swept into the gutter and she's had a part in it. She dresses like trash because she's somebody who has been betrayed and hurt so badly, by forces beyond her control, that she's just decided to be refuse."

So, Salander: a resourceful, intelligent investigator, within a pierced, pallid, dyed-to-death exterior. "She can sit anywhere she wants on the bus, because nobody wants to deal with her," says Fincher. "That's what her visage is about. It's not there to say, 'You fuck with the bull, you get the horns,' it's to say, 'You don't kick a garbage can — you ignore it.'"

The disguise may be part of her appeal. While not everyone can relate to beauty or brilliance, everyone has felt ugly or ignored. Everyone feels like damaged goods. For Rooney Mara, the girl who would eventually take the tattoo, it was someone else who first saw her as Salander. A friend of her mother's read the book and emailed, "Rooney has to play this part — she *is* this girl." So Mara looked into it.

"David didn't want to see me originally," she says. "It took a minute for him to wrap his head around it, because he only knew me as Erica Albright — and I only worked for four days on that film." That film is, of course, *The Social Network* where, says Fincher, he had "pictured her as this sort of Katharine Ross from *The Graduate*, the perfect one who got away [from Mark Zuckerberg]", fuelling the founding of Facebook. From the East Coast and well-educated, much like the actress herself, the character of Albright is about as far removed as you can imagine from the inked-up Swedish hacker. Mara's most significant screen achievement prior to that was getting through the remake of *A Nightmare On Elm Street* without looking mortally embarrassed. (Actually, no mean feat.) It took two-and-a-half months, three or four "real" screen-tests and about four or five on the side "that no-one knew about" to secure Salander.

She was called to Fincher's Hollywood Boulevard office for one final test, just about ready to blow. "I was like, 'You guys *have* to decide if I'm this girl or not, because I have to move on with my life at some point.' Of course, I didn't say any of that. I was like, 'Fine, whatever!'" She laughs. The process had been drawn out because, as Fincher has it, Sony was keen on someone else — a star who nailed the accent and attitude in auditions, but was ultimately beaten out by Mara's quicksilver quality.

"I just kept coming back to Rooney," says Fincher. "Just going, 'She's got something...' Part of it was I kept coming back to the puppy that nobody wanted, you know? We kept putting her through more and more. I loved her work ethic."

The last test turned out to be an offer. "I was ready to kill someone. I went in there like, 'Whose ass do I have to ram a dildo up to get this part?'" says Mara, referring to one of the book's most notorious, violent passages. "And David gave some long speech. He said something like, 'Vivien Leigh was extraordinary in *A Streetcar Named Desire* but she will always be Scarlett O'Hara. And whoever plays this girl, if they do it right, they will be Ginger from Gilligan's Island

KO COMPUTER

A real-life hacker cracks Hollywood

It's easy to laugh at Hollywood's portrayal of hackers. Even the biggest Luddite would snort at Jeff Goldblum taking out a spaceship with a MacBook. But, says hacker 'Turing' (an alias), "The Matrix gets a lot right, as does *Tron Legacy*."

Turing is an authority on this matter, having hacked Google and a telecom giant who'd kill us if we named them. But come on, *Tron*? "Tron gets surprisingly close to the truth; there's Ubuntu Linux on display, and they use Nmap, a security scanner." Even *Swordfish* manages a modicum of plausibility. "It did a good job of portraying the joys and challenges a hacker faces but, as ever, they made a mess of the graphical interface."

It's a common theme, as any tech-savvy person who's sat through *Hackers* will attest. "We're not mad about it," says Turing. "Actual hacking is boring to watch — they have to make it interesting somehow. The only people that get angry at the false portrayal are the same lot who get annoyed at period clothing being wrong in films."

These days, Turing's hacks involve changing the names of WiFi points in bars to "show tits 4 free beer", but there are others who pursue the path portrayed by Lisbeth Salander. "It's a case of sniffing network traffic, watching for data that passes through and seeing if the system checks for any manipulation," says Turing. "Most don't. Even so, 99 per cent of your efforts throw out error messages. But when they *do* do something, you can exploit an entire system — and the world's your oyster."

ANTHONY O'NEILL



for the rest of their life. You have to know that your life is going to change and I'm not even telling you that it's going to change for the better."

He then handed her his iPad, its screen shimmering with the press release saying she was hired, and gave her the choice. "I did not flinch. I was like, 'I've had two-and-a-half months to think about it. You can send it out.' And that was that."

FIVE DAYS LATER, MARA WAS IN STOCKHOLM. COSTUME, HAIR, MAKE-UP AND PIERCINGS FOLLOWED. SURPRISINGLY, THE TRANSFORMATION DIDN'T TROUBLE HER. "I DIDN'T FREAK OUT AT ALL. BECAUSE AT THAT

point, I'd already been sort of in the part, like researching it, for two months, so to me the hair was weighing me down. I wanted to get rid of it. They were going to wait longer. I was like, 'You just need to do it!'"

"It was a tough process," says Daniel Craig, of Mara's marathon effort to land the role. "I went to read with her in LA, God knows, another lifetime ago, and I was incredibly

Top: Lisbeth Salander (Rooney Mara) and Mikael Blomkvist (Daniel Craig) find the truth hurts. Bottom: A defiant Blomkvist boulders through a pursuing press pack.



"I CAN RELATE, ON A VERY
EXTREME LEVEL, I FEEL LIKE
I HAVE TO." ROONEY MARA

impressed by how far she was into the character at that stage. Actually, I thought that's who Rooney was, but thankfully that's not who she is. But David had immense faith in her and I was convinced when I worked with her."

Craig plays Tattoo's other hero, of sorts: Mikael Blomkvist, a journalist hired by retired industrialist Henrik Vanger (Christopher Plummer) to investigate the decades-old disappearance of his niece. After a rather unconventional meet-cute, Salander is also hired to help. The relationship between the two of them is pivotal to Larsson's three-book Millennium series (named after Blomkvist's magazine): he may teach her about trust, she may teach him about justice. Blomkvist is the story's Jake Gittes: a down-at-heel investigator not quite as clever as you think he thinks he is, but decent and dedicated. "He's a character with a moral compass," says Craig. "I mean, it may be skewed and it may have problems! He's weak and full of flaws. [Blomkvist and Salander] have a very odd relationship. They should never have even met each other in real life, but they're coming together — that's what makes it interesting. One of the reasons I like the book is because this relationship is so odd."

In London, on *Empire's* first visit to the production in March, we witness this contrast in characters close up, as Salander takes him to a pub to meet other hackers who can help with their investigation. Craig has a sticking plaster on his forehead, which may be a sly tribute to Nicholson's gumshoe, but is probably just because he was wounded in a previous scene. Clustered around a dark wood table, the cyber-burglars, virtual strangers, sit in silence, ignoring the attempts of the journalist to engage. Fincher discusses the scene with Craig as they prepare to shoot: "You're just making conversation... with people that don't make conversation!" It's deliciously awkward.

Once wrapped, we head for a real drink — and you can see the truth of Mara's observation that "people sort of expect less of you when you look slightly different". There are a couple of sidelong glances at her, at the upmarket Soho hotel the production is staying at, and she fades away from attention — preferring, as a person herself, to be "invisible". It's a position she may struggle to maintain as the marketing mounts up.

In June, in Stockholm, when we meet again, the poster has just been released — and engendered both outrage and adulation, for its image of her bare-chested in front of a brooding Craig, with the film's release date gauging her pierced nipple.

People feel strongly about Salander — some say the poster is too sexual, that's she's presented as needing Craig's protection, that this is the "pornification" of a female icon. The range of reaction seems only appropriate to a film that certainly contains a good deal of sex and violence — and sexual violence.

"Which are very separate things, I would like to point out, because people are getting a little bit confused online," says Mara. "There is a distinction in the film and we are all very aware of that. Like, there's a lot of sex in the film that's consensual — these are very sexual characters. And there is also sexual violence — that's a huge theme of the film. But

they're very separate. Just because you have one, doesn't necessarily mean you can't have the other. 'Cause I think some people have been sort of offended at our approach because she's been sexually abused, but I think just because someone has been sexually abused doesn't mean they can't be depicted as someone who is sexual."

Mara isn't meek. There's steel inside the waifish exterior, not simply in the 26-year-old's surprisingly strong handshake. Comparisons with Noomi Rapace's much-praised performance in the Swedish films are inevitable, but Mara is making Salander her own. Her research has included speaking with people who are on the autism spectrum, or with Asperger's — the psychological syndrome Salander is said to suffer from, most easily characterised as making one socially maladroit — and also victims of rape.

Her strongest source was the books, naturally, which she read just prior to the casting process. "I'd seen the movie and was like, 'I can't be that girl — that scares me!' Noomi's incredible. But after I'd read the three books, I was like, 'Wait a minute, there's something here I can relate to, on a very extreme level, where I think I can be this girl. Not only that, but I feel like I *have* to.'"

Violence against women — and the pervasiveness of it — was a large part of what motivated Larsson to write his trilogy. The author, who was, like his creation Blomkvist, an investigative journalist, died in 2004, before his novels were published to such worldwide success. Since then, a friend of his has claimed the writer witnessed a gang rape when he was aged 15, but didn't have the courage to intervene. So such violence, as well as moral cowardice, became themes in his work. When it was first published in Sweden, *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* had a rather more straightforward title: *Men Who Hate Women*.



Screen savour: Blomkvist dishes up the evidence with *Millennium* editor and lover Erika Berger (Robin Wright). In a nice clean kitchen. How very Ikea!



BRIEFING THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

Released: December 26

Director: David Fincher

Writer: Steven Zaillian

Starring: Rooney Mara, Daniel Craig, Stellan Skarsgård, Christopher Plummer, Yorick van Wageningen

Story: After losing a libel action, disgraced journalist Mikael Blomkvist (Craig) is hired by elderly businessman Henrik Vanger (Plummer) to discover who killed his niece. With the aid of tattoo-heavy hacker Lisbeth Salander (Mara), Blomkvist uncovers a very unsavoury secret.

Based on: Stieg Larsson's novel, which has sold more than 30 million copies worldwide.

Given the prevalence of violence against women, and how it is often marginalised or jokingly justified, it's a powerful subtext for a Hollywood blockbuster to possess. "Misogyny," says Fincher. "That's part of what's intriguing about [the material]: because it's so ugly and so widespread. And you don't have to be performing clitorectomies in order to be marginalising women. It happens by varying degrees, by single digit percentage points, and it happens all the time."

But there are other elements in play here, even broader than misogyny, thinks Fincher. "People go, 'You don't want to be salacious about the fact that there's a lot of rape in this movie.' And yet, when everybody talks about the subject-matter they go, 'Oh, that's the book with all the rapes in it!'" He pauses. "I mean, it *is* talking about rape — and that doesn't get a lot of people into the theatres — and yet there's something about her overcoming her..." His sentence becomes dislocated, uncharacteristically. He was quoted as saying Salander is an "avenging angel", but that's not it. "I was being facetious." No, this isn't a rape-revenge movie. Rather, it's about what he calls "the cultural legacy of denial", as well as, it seems, institutionalised abuse and all kinds of power and control. He continues: "I mean, everybody agrees rape is bad and rape visits a kind of psychosexual damage, but I think there are ideas in this that are bigger and more insidious."

THOSE IDEAS ARE MORE PRONOUNCED BECAUSE OF THE SCANDINAVIAN SETTING. THERE WAS INTERNET CHATTER ABOUT TRANSFERRING THE STORY STATESIDE, BUT NEVER FROM WITHIN THE PRODUCTION. THROUGHOUT, THERE WAS AN

insistence it remain in Sweden, right up to Sony chiefs Michael Lynton and Amy Pascal. "When Lynton was first telling me the story, I was like, 'I don't know.'" Fincher shakes his head. "The



Noomi 'Replaced': Rooney Mara's take on Lisbeth Salander. Or, as director David Fincher sees her, "the Goth Pippi Longstocking".

Nazi thing..." Lynton told the director, "No, you have to understand: this is a beautiful, socialist, free — women are equal — society that is built on a particularly dark period of time where people sort of stepped back and said, 'It's not about us.'" This is when you remember: this calm country, land of ABBA and Ikea, was neutral during World War II.

"It's interesting. During the research, the photographs and stuff like that, seeing Nazi gatherings in central Stockholm," says Fincher. "I mean, they were obviously a fringe element and appropriately marginalised, but it's odd. It doesn't look like a Nazi rally in Decatur, Illinois, or whatever. Those people just look crazy!"

In contrast, the Swedish Nazis — and the most dangerous people in the film — look shockingly normal. "I think that's ultimately what's so scary about it, isn't it?" says Fincher. "It's the subterfuge, what's lying beneath the surface, the capability. And you can't say that's not what it is that makes Salander appealing for an audience, too. It's what she's capable of."

A sense of foreboding, a sense of fear, a sense of the unknown infects the material. Fincher remembers the day they filmed the drive up to the Vanger mansion, which was blanketed in unexpected snow. "I said, 'Call the ADs (assistant directors), make sure nobody walks in front of the house!' We shot the drive up for five or six hours, all different angles, and as we were shooting I was going, 'That's the fuckin' teaser...' I mean, it couldn't have been more beautiful or more menacing. There's a Swedish proverb, which we'll probably use for the final poster: 'What is hidden in snow comes forth in the thaw.' The one that's on there now, 'Evil shall with evil be expelled,' is a Swedish proverb as well. And when you start to look at Swedish proverbs and how uncompromising they are, you realise what Stieg Larsson was on about. When you're a little kid and one of the cultural touchstones is, 'Evil shall with evil be expelled,' if that's what's under the surface, you can see where this Goth version of Pippi Longstocking came from."

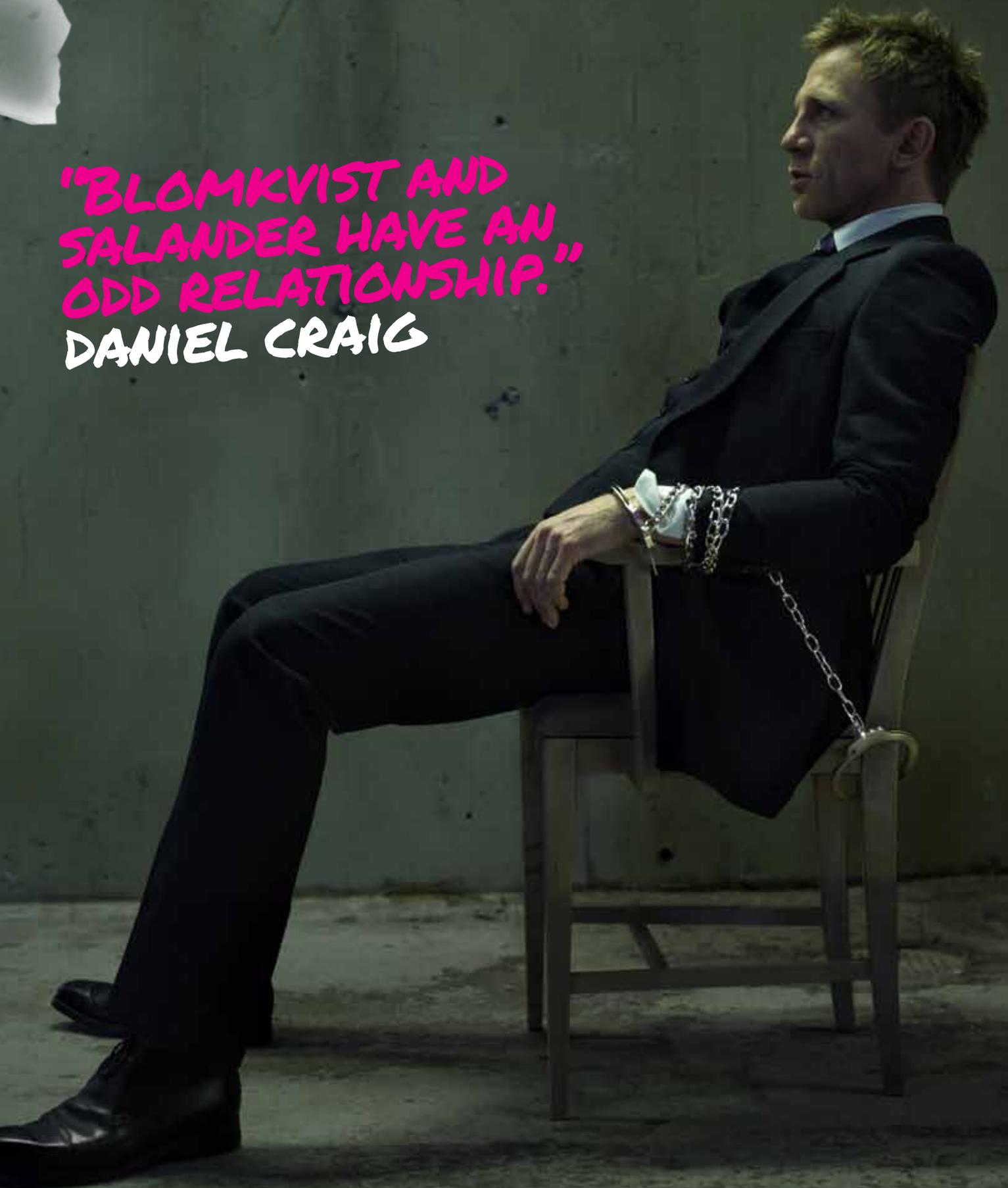
Kids' literature heroine Longstocking — first published in the '40s and well-known worldwide — is another Swedish icon, while the proverbs were investigated at the suggestion of Stellan Skarsgård, the most prominent Swede in the cast (he plays Martin Vanger, nephew to Plummer's patriarch). The characters may all speak in lightly accented English (as does virtually everyone here in reality — even with regional English accents, from Margate to Manchester), but the adaptation is aiming to feel Swedish, without being a reread of the first film. As Skarsgård himself has said: "I've seen the Swedish movie and I thought it was good, but I think Fincher and the writer Steven Zaillian can do even more with it."

Perhaps the most significant change to the story comes at the conclusion to the script from Oscar-winning Schindler's List scribe Zaillian — a change we won't reveal. Visually, though, there is a dynamism to this version that is unmistakably Fincher. It's being edited back in Los Angeles, as they shoot, so one evening Fincher shows *Empire* a substantial section of the picture. It's only on a laptop, but it's fair to say his comment, post-footage, is correct: "It's a *very* different movie from the one you've seen." Not that there aren't going to be *some* similarities. "There's going to be snow, there's going to be motorcycles, there's going to be tattoos..."

But there's something about this film this year. The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo will be released into a world where a Scandinavian fascist has recently murdered 77 people, where giant corporation News International is being laid low by hacking (albeit its own), and where the Editor-In-Chief of whistleblowing website WikiLeaks is currently fighting extradition to Sweden, with police waiting to question him



"BLOMKVIST AND
SALANDER HAVE AN
ODD RELATIONSHIP."
DANIEL CRAIG



about alleged sexual misconduct. From *Fight Club* to *The Social Network*, Fincher has a knack for picking the prescient. And this film picks the scabs of society to reveal what's festering beneath.

A DAY LATER, ON A SET IN STOCKHOLM — A PAINSTAKINGLY REALISED ARCHIVE OF VANGER INDUSTRIES, ALL FILE BOXES AND FUSTY AIR — FINCHER MUTTERS TO HIMSELF ABOUT A TAKE: “ASIDE FROM BEING COMPLETELY UNUSABLE, it's fantastic!” They are close to wrapping the final Swedish stint of the production before flying back to LA, where they'll take the weekend off before the last week of shooting. “That gives me two days of uncontrollable weeping,” says Fincher.

Today, they are using a motion-control camera to capture insert shots of Salander scouring maps for information. By the end of this long day, Mara could probably qualify for a second career as a Swedish cartographer. The process is effectively trying to photograph thought. As Fincher says of the challenge of externalising the novel's deductive processes, “It's like, ‘Oh, my God: *how many* Scooby-Doo moments?’”

Mara is aware that, as set visits go, this isn't the chariot race in *Ben-Hur*. She wanders over and asks Fincher why *Empire's* been invited to the dullerest week of the shoot. “Because we knew there'd be plenty of time to talk to you, about your fuckin' bad attitude,” he grins. There's a nice friendship here. Avuncular is not a term many would associate with the director of *Seven*. Nor he with himself. But there's definitely a familial feel.

Between set-ups, Mara is reading a script on the iPad he gave her as a present after

Cold case: Blomkvist stakes out the Vanger mansion (right) before shedding light on the murky evidence (below).



“THIS IS A DIFFERENT MOVIE FROM THE ONE YOU'VE SEEN.” DAVID FINCHER

a particularly tough week of shooting. She brings up a picture and he tries to wrestle the tablet away to reveal more photos. It's hardly Roman Polanski and Faye Dunaway spitting hatred at each other on Chinatown's set. Fincher may be sharp-tongued on occasion, but he's no tyrant.

“No, but I think he's sort of painted that way,” says Mara, over lunch. “It's bullshit. I think the thing is that he doesn't care what people think about him. Fuck them. It doesn't matter. I think maybe where it comes from is that David is one of the rare people in this business who actually really, really cares and believes in what he's doing, and he's unwilling to compromise... And generally he's always right.” She pauses, before unconsciously echoing something Robert Downey Jr. said after working with Fincher on *Zodiac*. “He's *always* right. It's so frustrating! Every time I'm right I'm like, ‘YESSSS!’” She laughs.

“I think both Rooney and Daniel are my favourite kind of actors,” says Fincher. “You know, Brad [Pitt] is that way too. They're very feline — they're always watching, they're always listening. They're always sort of taking in whatever people are up to. They're getting a vibe of all the elements that are in motion and then they're trying to find their way into it. And I like the fact they don't commit to something. It's, ‘You want me to do that? How about if I try this?’ ‘Okay, great, let's see what happens’. I generally enjoy that process more. You come

having prepared yourself, you have a notion of what your part is in the thing, your piece of the puzzle, but you're also reacting to what's around you. It can also work against you because somebody can be having a bad day and everybody starts to feel the pressure of, ‘Uh-oh, the cats are upset.’”

Today, the cats are relieved. The near-year-long shoot is close to an end. If the first film is a success, there are the other two books to be filmed, probably back-to-back: *The Girl Who Played With Fire* and *The Girl Who Kicked The Hornet's Nest*. Craig and Mara are on board. Fincher will go as far as to say, “I hope to be asked.” It will be interesting to see if he still feels there are ideas to be explored, exploiting his nose for the now.

The morning of our final day in Stockholm, we meet for breakfast at a hotel a few blocks from his rented flat. Caffeine, scones and yoghurt dispatched, as we are about to head to the set another diner pauses at our table — a thirtysomething Swede who resembles a geography teacher, like an inordinate amount of the men here. Appearances, though, as we know, can be deceiving. “Excuse me, Mr. Fincher?” he says, politely. “I just want to say: thank you for your work. You make the world more interesting.”

nev@empiremagazine.com

The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo is out on December 26 and will be reviewed in a future issue.



VERSION *VERSUS* VERSION

Like *Dragon Tattoo*, many films aren't remakes but new adaptations. But which is best? Kim Newman referees...

PLANET OF THE APES (1968)

Franklin J. Schaffner's take on Pierre Boulle's *La Planète Des Singes* (*Monkey Planet*) has Chuck Heston, monkey masks, "Get your stinking paws off me, you damned dirty ape!" and the Statue Of Liberty ("You fools!").

PLANET OF THE APES (2000)

Tim Burton's has Mark Wahlberg, improved masks, Tim Roth chimping out, "Get your stinking hand off me, you damn dirty human!" and the Lincoln Memorial. It's-not-Earth-but-Earth-is-now-a-monkey-planet-too.

VS.

WINNER!

Burton's head-scratching ending is from the novel, but neither film has Boulle's '60s-level ape civilisation. Still, the superior movie remains Schaffner's.



TRUE GRIT (1969)

Henry Hathaway's spin on Charles Portis' novel has John Wayne, Kim Darby's resolute Mattie, an acting Oscar for The Duke, Glen Campbell tagging along and, "Fill your hand, you son of a bitch!"

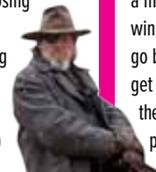
TRUE GRIT (2010)

The Coen brothers' has Jeff Bridges as Rooster Cogburn, Hailee Steinfeld losing an arm, Matt Damon tagging along and, "Fill your hand, you son of a bitch!" (Again.)

VS.

WINNER!

The 1969 film is a fond summation of Wayne's iconic stature, but he winks his one eye in a manner calculated to win awards. The Coens go back to the book, and get Portis' chillier tone — the underplayed emotion packs more power.



MANHUNTER (1986)

Michael Mann's adap of Thomas Harris' *Red Dragon* has William Petersen tracking Tom Noonan while consulting Brian Cox's imprisoned Hannibal Lecktor, with a forensic '80s techno-look.

RED DRAGON (2002)

Brett Ratner has Edward Norton tracking Ralph Fiennes while consulting Anthony Hopkins' post-Oscar Hannibal Lecter in a series of highly stylised Gothic horror settings.

VS.

WINNER!

Ratner includes the amazing development with the William Blake sketch of the title, but his film is a prequel to *Lamb*, copping its style from Jonathan Demme. *Dragon's* a decent horror but *Manhunter's* a great psycho-thriller.



THE BIG SLEEP (1946)

Howard Hawks' version of Raymond Chandler's novel has Bogart and Bacall, LA at night in the rain, plot dropped for banter and the nympho sister *didn't* kill her hubby (cheers, censors).

THE BIG SLEEP (1978)

Michael Winner's has Robert Mitchum and Sarah Miles, a plot-shift to England, the story explained at length, some '70s nudity featuring Candy Clark, and she *did* kill her husband (the mad hussy).

VS.

WINNER!

Unfair. Hawks may have barely approximated the book, but it's a classic. Winner is faithful, but who remembers he even *made* a *Big Sleep*? Hawks wins!



THE KILLERS (1946)

In Robert Siodmak's take on Ernest Hemingway's story, Burt Lancaster is gunned down by William Conrad and Charles McGraw, plus there's Ava Gardner's femme fatale. The height of noir.

THE KILLERS (1964)

In Don Siegel's version, John Cassavetes is gunned down by Lee Marvin and Clu Gulager, plus there's Angie Dickinson's femme fatale. The cusp of '60s cool.

VS.

WINNER!

Hemingway wrote an opening scene, and Siodmak and Siegel take off in different directions to explain it. Both made mini-masterpieces and, uniquely in this list, the two films make an ideal double bill. A dead heat.

