

THE BLOB

by
Chuck Russell
and
Frank Darabont

second draft
copyright 1986
registered W.G.of A.

FADE IN:

EXT - SPACE

Planet Earth glows small and distant against a field of stars. CAMERA APPROACHES Earth as we DISSOLVE CLOSER:

Earth looms up, slowly filling the screen. The North American continent reveals itself as we DISSOLVE CLOSER:

The west coast of the United States rises toward us. Mountains, rivers, and major cities become distinct as we DISSOLVE CLOSER through drifting clouds:

EXT - MORGAN CITY - DAY

Morgan City is a small community, a modest would-be ski town in the off season, nestled at the base of a mountain. It's got its own high school, and a factory that is grimly hanging on despite production slowdowns and lay-offs.

VARIOUS ANGLES of the town make us uneasy. The streets seem deserted...desolate...

...a hot, restless breeze blows a tattered newspaper down Main Street...leaves skitter across the pavement...a wary cat slinks under parked cars...

...but there are no people. Something seems to be terribly wrong in Morgan City. We soon begin to hear a DISTANT ROARING...the SOUND OF A CHEERING CROWD.

CUT TO:

EXT - HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

MEG PENNY leaps up into frame, a blur of pom-poms and chestnut hair as she leads the pep squad in a cheer. The banner-waving crowd is going wild.

Most of the town has turned out for the game. The Morgan High Hawks are battling the Banning Raccoons in a grueling play-off.

PLAYER'S BENCH

PAUL TYLER and SCOTT JESKEY sit on the bench, battered and streaked with sweat and dirt, waiting to go back in. Paul is clean-cut and unassuming, a natural athlete. Scott is small and something of a smartass. What he lacks as an athlete, he makes up for by being obnoxious.

Scott takes a squeeze bottle of water from an ice chest and rubs it across his forehead. Paul is watching Meg intently as she goes through her routine.

(CONTINUED)

MEG

She notices Paul's attention and glances at him, smiling.

PAUL

He looks away, embarrassed that she caught him looking. Scott leans in to Paul.

SCOTT

I'm telling you, man, she wants your bodily fluids. You gotta ask her out.

PAUL

Isn't she dating Polver?

SCOTT

That's going nowhere. The guy's a total scrotum, for Chrissakes.

(beat)

It grieves me to see you think so small. It really does.

PAUL

(defensive)

I'm gonna ask her out.

SCOTT

Bullshit. When?

PAUL

When the time is right. Timing's everything.

COACH (O.S.)

Offensive line in!

Paul and Scott grab their helmets and rush out onto the field.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The teams take their places at the scrimmage line. They paw at the ground, glaring at one another, tension mounting as the Hawks' QUARTERBACK takes his position.

QUARTERBACK

Hut one! Hut two!

The ball is snapped. Bodies slam against bodies as the quarterback falls back, poised to throw, looking for a clear man.

PAUL

Breaks free from the pack, running into the open.

(CONTINUED)

THE QUARTERBACK

Throws a long pass to Paul.

THE BALL

It spirals through the air, floating like a dream.

PAUL

Running...running...arms stretching up toward the ball. He leaps high into the air, making a perfect catch in his cradled arms. Pure poetry.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Out of nowhere, five monstrous guys from the opposing team slam into him like an express train, driving him out of bounds to crash onto a table on the sidelines. Cheerleaders scatter as the table collapses in an explosion of Gatorade, clipboards, and towels.

The five brutes, in no particular hurry, pick themselves off of Paul and saunter back onto the field. Paul is left lying in the wreckage like road-kill. Meg looks down at him, horrified.

PAUL

(wheezing, his wind
knocked out)

Say Meg...do you have any plans
this evening?

CUT TO:

EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - SAME TIME

BRIAN FLAGG eases back in the worn seat of his rebuilt 1958 Indian motorcycle, listening to the DISTANT CHEERING OF THE FOOTBALL CROWD. Brian is 17, but has a dark, quiet intensity that makes him seem older than his years. He wears a two-tone 40's thrift store jacket over his T-shirt, worn blue jeans, crepe-soled rockabilly shoes, and a tiny metal stud in one ear. Not your standard wardrobe in Morgan City, U.S.A.

There is a Morgan High book bag strapped to the back of his bike. He pulls a beer from the bag, pops the top, and takes a long sip, contemplating the deep, narrow gully before him.

The dried-out riverbed was once spanned by a wooden bridge, but all that remains is a short section of rotted timbers extending out into mid-air.

Brian starts the bike, then proceeds in a lazy loop toward the gully, surveying the ruin of the bridge. He kicks at the timbers. They hold firm. It would make a fine ramp for a jump.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON THE WOODS

A grizzled old man emerges from the woods dragging a plastic garbage bag bulging with aluminum cans. He is accompanied by an equally grizzled old dog. The CAN MAN pauses, catching sight of Brian.

BRIAN

takes a last swig of beer and tosses the can aside. Once again, a DISTANT CHEER rises up. He comes to a decision and guns his bike, heading back across the field.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brian comes to a stop, skidding around to face the ruin.

THE CAN MAN

He grins toothlessly. Sensing one hell of a floorshow, he scurries closer and makes himself comfortable on a log.

BRIAN

Unaware of the old man, concentration totally focused on the jump. He works the throttle, revving the engine higher and higher.

INSERT - FOOTBALL GAME CROWD

The CHEERLEADERS are leading the crowd in a "freight train" cheer, accelerating the tempo.

BRIAN

The CHEER CONTINUES BUILDING as he works himself up toward the moment of truth. Then:

CLOSEUP ON Brian's hand gunning the throttle.

CLOSEUP ON his foot jamming the bike into gear.

CLOSEUP ON the rear wheel spraying dirt.

INSERT - FOOTBALL GAME CROWD

A sea of people chanting, their pace speeding up.

BRIAN

accelerating toward the gully, wind whipping through his hair.

BRIAN'S POV

The field flashing by as the gorge yawns directly ahead.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

opens the throttle wide...and suddenly the bike sputters and coughs, losing speed. He reacts, gunning the engine. It sputters again.

BRIAN'S POV

Lurching toward the remains of the bridge.

INSERT - CROWD - TIGHTER

Chanting faster and faster.

BRIAN

hits the brakes. The bike skids, kicking up dust as it veers to the side. He digs his heel into the ground, fighting his momentum as he reaches the lip of the gully...

...for an endless moment he just hangs, teetering at the very edge, fighting for balance...

...then both bike and rider go over the side, falling/sliding down the incline to land in a crumpled heap at the bottom.

INSERT - CROWD

EXPLODING INTO APPLAUSE as the "freight train" climaxes.

GULLY - CLOSE ON BRIAN

CHEERING CONTINUES OVER. Brian lies flat on his back in a thin trickle of muddy water, his battered motorcycle on top of him. He groans and begins to wriggle out from under the bike.

He now hears a PAIR OF HANDS CLAPPING and looks up, shielding his eyes against the sun.

BRIAN'S POV

The Can Man sits on the lip of the gully above, wheezing gleefully and applauding.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brian settles back, sighing. The old man rises and picks up Brian's discarded beer can, polishing it with his sleeve as if it were a great prize. He puts it in the garbage bag with the other cans, then walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT - DINER - DAY

Main Street is still deserted. The Tick Tock Diner is a classic roadside eatery featuring a garish neon clock sign. A dusty police cruiser is parked outside.

INT - TICK-TOCK DINER

The place is almost empty. A ceiling fan turns lazily, offering little relief from the heat. FRAN HEWITT, the waitress, serves a pair of TELEPHONE LINEMAN at a booth.

Sitting at the counter is SHERIFF HERB GELLER (40's), a rangy, soft-spoken man just finishing a burger. He watches Fran as she goes about her work -- she's got the world-weary look of a lifer waitress, but is still quite an attractive woman.

Fran steps behind the counter.

HERB

Looks like the game put you out of business.

FRAN

Don't worry. When they're done screaming their heads off, they'll come in here like a flood. More ice tea?

HERB

Please.

FRAN

(she freshens his glass)

Good to see this town get up on its hind legs about something.

HERB

Takes their minds off their troubles. Been a lean year for most folks.

FRAN

(shrugs)

Ski season's almost here. There'll be tourists.

(takes his plate)

You done with this?

HERB

Yup.

He stirs his tea for a moment, trying to work up his courage. She begins cleaning the counter.

(CONTINUED)

HERB (cont.)

You know, they got a new band
out at the Tin Palace tonight.

FRAN

Is that right?

HERB

Supposed to be pretty good.

FRAN

That's nice.

HERB

You like country music?

Fran pauses, leveling her gaze at him.

FRAN

Herb...you askin' me out?

HERB

Well, yeah...I guess I am.

Slightly flustered, she turns away to write out his check.

FRAN

I don't know. I'm stuck here pretty
late. Gotta make a living, you know.

HERB

(trying to bow out
gracefully)

Yeah. Must be tough to get away.

Fran shifts her gaze to the plate glass window. Outside, a
HORDE OF HIGH SCHOOL KIDS are descending on the diner.

FRAN

Oh shit.

(hollering into kitchen)

GEORGE! HERE THEY COME!

The teenagers pour in, filling the place with SUDDEN NOISE AND
CHAOS. Herb slides a business card across the counter to her.

HERB

If you ever get a little time to
yourself, here's my number down at
the station.

A mob of babbling kids crowd around the counter as she
finishes scribbling Herb's check, tears it off, and hands it
to him. Without another word, she turns to start taking
orders.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN
 (hollering)
 OKAY, ONE AT A TIME!

CLOSE ON HERB

Feeling rebuffed, he pulls out his wallet to pay. But when he looks at the check...

INSERT - THE CHECK

On the tear-off receipt, Fran has jotted: "I'm off at 11:00."

HERB

He grins...then tears off the receipt. He lays a tip on the counter and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT - MAIN STREET - DAY

An old pickup truck pulls to a stop near the diner. Brian hops out of the back of the truck and waves his thanks as it pulls away. He starts up the street, but spots Herb exiting the diner and getting into his police cruiser.

Brian fades back into a storefront as Herb starts his car. It's clear Brian would prefer avoiding him.

The cruiser approaches, but instead of gliding past, it comes to a stop right in front of Brian. Herb rolls the window down.

HERB
 Flagg. Congratulations.

BRIAN
 For what?

HERB
 Hear you got a birthday comin' up.
 No more juvie hall, right?

BRIAN
 Riiight...

HERB
 Next time you fuck up, you're in
 the majors.
 (grins)
 See you around, Flagg.

The cruiser pulls away. Brian watches it go, heaving a low sigh.

(CONTINUED)

He crosses the street toward "MOSS' REPAIR SHOP", a grimy cinderblock garage.

CUT TO:

INT - MOSS' GARAGE - DAY

MOSS WOOLSEY, a muscular, middle-aged black man, chews on a soggy cigar as he works at the engine of a large Snow Cat. On the Cat's door is a logo for "INDIAN SUMMIT SKI RESORT." Moss looks up from his labors as Brian enters, still dusty and disheveled from his fall.

MOSS

You look like hell, man.

BRIAN

It's a fashion statement, Moss.

MOSS

The only statement them clothes got to make is: "I look like hell."

BRIAN

My bike's sitting out at Elkins Grove. Can I borrow your ratchet set?

MOSS

You kiddin' me? The Summit's got me overhauling six fuckin' Skidoos, three Cats, and two flatbed snowmakers by Monday.

BRIAN

What's the hurry? Must be ninety degrees out.

Moss pulls two bottles of beer from a pile of man-made snow on the lip of a flatbed snowmaker. He tosses one to Brian.

MOSS

Just Injun summer, boy. Before you know it, winter'll come tear-assin' through this town with no apologies. Fall ain't nothin' but a rumor around these parts.

Brian knocks the cap off the beer bottle using the edge of a steel locker.

BRIAN

C'mon, it barely pissed snow the last couple of years. The whole town's ready to fold.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS
This year's gonna be different.

BRIAN
Is that right...

MOSS
Take my word. You're gonna wish
your piece of shit excuse for a
motorcycle was one of these sweet
little rigs.

He pats the side of a Snow Cat.

BRIAN
How about the ratchets, Moss?

Moss sighs and turns back to his work.

BRIAN (cont.)
Maybe if I put in some hours for
you over the weekend it'll lighten
things up.

MOSS
There's twelve ratchets in that
set. Twelve. They better all be
there when I get it back.

Brian quickly gathers up the ratchet set, rolling it into its
cloth sleeve and pocketing it.

BRIAN
Thanks, Moss.

MOSS
You ask me, you ought to give that
thing a decent burial and forget
about it.

Brian exits.

CUT TO:

EXT - FOREST CLEARING - DUSK

CLOSE ANGLE on a low tree stump. A gnarled hand is placing
Brian's discarded beer can in a careful grouping with three
others. ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL the Can Man studiously inspec-
ting this arrangement in the waning light. His decrepit shack
stands nearby, the mangy dog lying listlessly on the porch.

The Can Man slowly raises his foot. A large rusty iron skillet
is strapped to his boot like a Medieval snowshoe. With a sudden
cry, he stamps down on the stump, flattening the cans.

(CONTINUED)

He lifts his foot to study his handiwork. He chuckles, muttering softly to himself.

CAN MAN

Good 'un.

He tosses the flattened cans into the large wire basket of an old scale, which is already half-filled with crushed cans. As he grabs two fresh cans and sets them on the stump, he pauses, noticing his dog.

THE DOG

rising to its feet, staring at the sky, growling softly.

THE CAN MAN

starts to hear a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE, GROWING LOUDER. He looks up.

THE SKY

The first stars have appeared in the brilliant cobalt-blue evening sky...but one star seems to be growing steadily larger.

THE CAN MAN

gazing up in wonder as light shines on his face...getting brighter.

LOW ANGLE - WIDE

The WHINE BECOMES A ROAR and the old man hurls himself to the ground as a flaming meteorite streaks directly over the cabin. There is a flash of light and a DEAFENING BLAST as it crashes somewhere deep in the woods.

The dog goes crazy and charges off into the forest in the direction of the crash. The Can Man scrambles to his feet, hobbling around with the skillet still strapped on.

He wrestles the skillet off his foot and starts toward the woods...but pauses, turning back. He goes to the porch and grabs a rusty hand-axe. Now properly armed, he sets out.

CUT TO:

INT - PHARMACY - DUSK

A small Rexall drugstore, lined with packed shelves of merchandise. Scott enters, dragging Paul with him.

PAUL

What are we doing here? I gotta go home and get ready.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Lend me five bucks till tomorrow.

PAUL

What for?

SCOTT

You're not the only one with a date, pal. I'm bound to score with Vicki tonight and I gotta invest in a little protection.

PAUL

(doesn't buy a word)

You're gonna score with Vicki Desoto?

SCOTT

That's right. I understand women like Vicki. They're like frying pans. You gotta get 'em hot before you put the meat in.

PAUL

(disgusted)

You're a true romantic, Jeskey.

SCOTT

C'mon, spot me five.

PHARMACIST

(calling to them)

Let's go, boys. It's closing time.

Shaking his head, Paul digs a five dollar bill out his pocket.

PAUL

Just make it quick, huh?

Scott grabs the money and hurries up the aisle, leaving Paul to browse the magazines.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Scott steps up to the counter. The PHARMACIST is a surly man with a neatly trimmed moustache.

SCOTT

Hey pal, gimme a pack of Trojans and a Binaca spray.

The pharmacist considers it for a moment -- he'd just as soon kick Scott out as serve him. He finally turns away to gather the order. Scott waits, drumming his fingers on the countertop.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, REVEREND MEEKER, the local Lutheran minister, looms up from behind and places a box of Contac on the counter. Meeker, balding and cherubic, gives Scott a pleasant smile.

REV. MEEKER

Well, Scott Jeskey. Good game today.

Scott puts on a big frozen grin and tries not to look as guilty as he feels.

SCOTT

Thanks, Reverend. How you doing?

REV. MEEKER

My hay fever's acting up, but I'll live.

(beat)

Haven't see you at Sunday services lately.

SCOTT

Well, uh...

The pharmacist reappears with two packs of condoms.

PHARMACIST

You want the ribbed or the regular?

Scott hems and haws self-consciously, painfully aware of the preacher hovering at his elbow.

SCOTT

Ribbed, I guess. They're not really for me.

REV. MEEKER

Oh?

SCOTT

(indicating Paul)

They're for my friend over there.

The pharmacist and the preacher peer down the aisle toward Paul, who is casually paging through a car magazine.

SCOTT (cont.)

He's planning on taking advantage of some poor young girl tonight. You should hear him talk about it. Disgusting.

PHARMACIST

Why doesn't he buy them?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

I had to drag him in here as it is.
The guy's totally irresponsible.

Reverend Meeker lays a fatherly hand on Scott's shoulder.

REV. MEEKER

Listen, Scott...I'd like you to
have your friend come and speak
with me sometime. My door's always
open.

PHARMACIST

(rings up the purchase)
That'll be four thirty nine.

As Scott hands over the money, Paul hollers up the aisle.

PAUL

(impatiently)
C'mon! What's the holdup? I don't
want to keep her waiting!

Scott shrugs to the preacher and the pharmacist as if to say:
see what I have to put up with?

PHARMACIST

(muttering)
That boy doesn't need condoms. He
needs a muzzle.

CUT TO:

EXT - FOREST - NIGHT

The Can Man slowly rises from the undergrowth, his awed
features bathed in an eerie light.

Before him, a smouldering nine-foot crater casts an unearthly
glow on the surrounding tangle of trees deep in the forest.

Blue/green flames dance along the crater's rim like faerie
lights, slowly dying out as brackish smoke funnels into the
night sky. Shattered trees trunks and scorched earth mark the
object's descent.

The Can Man gathers his courage and approaches the gaping
hole, brandishing his axe. His dog slinks along beside him.

The old man pauses at the rim of the crater, wavering between
cowardice and curiosity. He finally kneels and gazes down into
the hole, shying from the heat and swirling smoke.

(CONTINUED)

HIS POV

Through haze, we see a charred, red-hot sphere buried in the earth, with a crack down the middle. A sort of fiery, volcanic soup boils within.

THE CAN MAN

squints, eyes watering, trying to get a better look.

HIS POV

We sense movement: a strange pulsing just beneath the molten surface.

THE DOG

cringes back, whimpering...then runs off.

THE CAN MAN

grabs a fallen branch and extends it down into the smoking core of the crater, giving it a tentative poke.

There is a gentle tug on the stick, like the nibble of a trout.

He slowly pulls the stick out. Clinging to the end of it is a weird, gelatinous mass about the size of a fist. Its transparent surface steams and sparkles in the crater's glow.

Though the stick is pointed down, the mass does not drip off. Instead, it seems to flex and draw into itself.

The old man steps back, uttering a soft gasp of wonder. He turns the stick this way and that, admiring his discovery, fascinated.

CLOSEUP - HIS HAND

Suddenly, the mass shoots up the length of the stick like a striking cobra, engulfing his hand to the wrist.

CUT TO:

INT - MEG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON a quivering square of cherry Jello. A young boy's mouth appears at at one corner and slurps up the entire square with one mighty suck.

WIDER ANGLE

The mouth belongs to KEVIN PENNY, Meg's 10-year-old brother. He is at the kitchen table. His baby sister CHRISTINE squeals

(CONTINUED)

with delight at his epicurean feat. His friend EDDIE BECKNER, also 10, nods his approval. MRS. PENNY, somewhat harried, is collecting dinner dishes from the table. She scowls at her son.

MRS. PENNY

Kevin! Don't eat with your face.

KEVIN

We're in a hurry, Mom. We're gonna go bowling with Anthony.

EDDIE

(piping up)

And then to the movies.

Mortified, Kevin shoots him a cautionary look.

MRS. PENNY

What movie?

Eddie eagerly warms to the subject, oblivious to Kevin kicking him under the table.

EDDIE

"Garden Tool Massacre." Your basic slice-n-dice.

MRS. PENNY

Your basic what?

EDDIE

This guy in a hockey mask chops up a few teenagers, but don't worry, there's no sex or anything bad.

MRS. PENNY

(appalled)

No. Absolutely not.

KEVIN

Mom, c'mon!

MRS. PENNY

Kevin, I will not have you seeing that kind of trash, and that's final. Do you understand?

KEVIN

(sadly)

Yes ma'am.

MEG (O.S.)

(calling from upstairs)

Mom! Have you seen my pink sweater?

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Penny exits the kitchen and heads upstairs.

MRS. PENNY

It's on the hamper, honey. I meant to talk to you about that...

INT - MEG'S BEDROOM

Meg's mother enters. Meg, wearing blue jeans and bra, pulls the sweater from a basket of folded clothes.

MEG

What happened?

MRS. PENNY

Well, it got mixed up in the wash.

Meg slips the sweater on over her head and turns to the mirror. Now half its normal size, it leaves her midriff exposed.

MEG

It's an interesting look.

MRS. PENNY

You could sing backup for Prince.

They both crack up.

MRS. PENNY (cont.)

Why don't you wear my Ann Taylor blouse?

MEG

Really? Are you sure?

MRS. PENNY

I'm sure.

They are interrupted by the DOORBELL RINGING DOWNSTAIRS.

MEG

Oh my God, that's him.

EXT - FRONT DOOR

Paul waits expectantly. The door swings open, revealing Kevin.

KEVIN

(deadpan)

What is it?

PAUL

Hi. I'm here to see Meg.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

What for?

PAUL

Well, uh...just to see her. Is she home?

KEVIN

Just a minute. I'll check.

He slams the door shut in Paul's face. Beat. The door is yanked open, revealing Mrs. Penny. She gives him a warm smile.

MRS. PENNY

I'm terribly sorry. You must be Paul. I'm Meg's mother.

PAUL

Nice to meet you, ma'am.

MRS. PENNY

Come on in. Meg'll be right down.

INT - HOUSE

As Paul enters, Kevin and Eddie try to squeeze out. Mrs. Penny catches Kevin by the back of the collar.

MRS. PENNY

Where do you think you're going?

KEVIN

To Eddie's. I'm sleeping over, remember?

MRS. PENNY

Okay, but you're not going anywhere without your jacket.

KEVIN

Awww Mom, it's boiling out!

MRS. PENNY

It's September. It's nighttime. You're wearing your jacket.

There's no arguing with a mother's logic. He puts on a light nylon jacket, but the zipper jams halfway up.

KEVIN

Stupid coat.

His mother gives it a few hard tugs and finally manages to yank the zipper shut all the way. She kisses his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PENNY
Bye, honey. Enjoy yourself.

As Kevin and Eddie exit, we hear a CRASH from the kitchen and Christine begins to cry.

MRS. PENNY (cont.)
Oh Lord. Excuse me, Paul.

She exits into the kitchen just as Meg comes bouncing down the stairs. She and Paul smile at each other somewhat shyly.

MEG
Hi Paul.

PAUL
Hi. You look great.

MEG
Thanks.

PAUL
Ready to go?

MEG
Yeah, but I want you to meet my dad first. It'll just take a second.

PAUL
Sure.

INT - LIVING ROOM

Meg brings Paul in. MR. PENNY is relaxing in an easy chair, his face unseen behind the newspaper he's reading.

MEG
Daddy? I'd like you to meet Paul.

CLOSE ON HER FATHER

The newspaper comes down, revealing his face: it is the PHARMACIST. He sits bolt upright as he recognizes Paul, his eyes glaring sheer hatred.

CUT TO:

EXT - GULLY - NIGHT

A full moon glowers on the horizon, bloated and ghostly. Brian appears, dragging his motorcycle over the crest of the gully.

He pauses to catch his breath, then walks his bike to some flat ground near a stand of trees.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSER - BRIAN

He crouches down and opens Moss' ratchet set. He selects one and starts working, patiently trying to fit the drive chain back into place by the light of the moon.

Suddenly, he hears a SOFT RUSTLING SOUND. He jerks his head around, trying to identify the noise.

But there is now only silence. He must have imagined it. He goes back to work.

More RUSTLING. The CRACK OF A TWIG. Brian stands up and peers into the darkness, holding his breath as he listens.

He slips the ratchet into his back pocket, clicks the motorcycle's headlight on, and pans it across the open field.

BRIAN'S POV

The field and the surrounding forest in the beam of his headlight. Nothing seems to be stirring.

BRIAN

He shakes off the feeling. Probably a small animal or something. He clicks the headlight off and turns back to his bike --

REVERSE ANGLE

Brian finds himself looking directly into the wild, sunken eyes of the Can Man as he lets out a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM and raises his rusted hand-axe -- Brian jumps back.

The Can Man falls to his knees, swinging the axe down onto his own wrist.

BRIAN

can't believe what he's seeing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Can Man, still SCREAMING, trying to hack through his wrist. Brian leaps forward and catches the axe, wrestling it out of the old man's grip. He hurls it away into the brush.

The Can Man makes a frantic lunge after it, but Brian grabs him by the arm and spins him back around.

TIGHT ON CAN MAN

Still SCREAMING, eyes rolling in agony --

(CONTINUED)

Brian raises the old man's shattered, mangled hand into frame, revealing the thick oozing mass that is slowly eating his flesh. The organism is no longer perfectly clear -- it has become a translucent pink from the blood it has absorbed. The Can Man's fingers are skeletal, the surrounding tissue gone. The axe wounds have already been engulfed by the ravenous slime. Not a drop of blood has escaped.

BRIAN

Horrified.

WIDER ANGLE

The Can Man breaks Brian's grip and charges off into the woods, SCREAMING.

BRIAN

WAIT!

He chases after him.

CUT TO:

INT - CAR - NIGHT

Paul is driving. Meg is next to him in the passenger seat.

MEG

I'm really sorry about my father.
I've never seen him like that.

PAUL

That's okay. Just a misunderstanding.
I've made better first impressions,
that's for sure.

MEG

Well, no harm done, I guess.

PAUL

Wrong. Scott Jeskey's gonna die.

CUT TO:

EXT - FOREST - TRACKING SHOT - NIGHT

The Can Man blundering through the undergrowth, moaning in pain and shock, cradling his injured hand to his chest.

TRACKING SHOT - BRIAN

Chasing after the old man.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
WAIT! COME BACK!

PAVED ROAD

The Can Man bursts from the trees and charges out onto the two-lane road...right into the path of Paul's oncoming car.

INT - CAR

Paul and Meg react. He slams on the brakes.

EXT - ROAD

The car swerves wildly as the brakes lock up. Paul screeches to a stop, barely clipping the Can Man with his fender. The old man bounces off the car and curls up on the ground, moaning. Brian runs onto the road as Paul and Meg leap from the car.

PAUL
Flagg! Jesus Christ, what'd you do to him?

BRIAN
Hey, I'm not the one who bounced him off my car, pal.

PAUL
Right. You chased him into the road!

MEG
Stop it, both of you! Can't you see he needs help?

They go to the Can Man and help him to sit up.

BRIAN
Careful. He's got some kind of corrosive shit on his hand.

The Can Man groans. They catch a glimpse of his slime-covered hand.

MEG
Oh God.

PAUL
What the hell is that?

BRIAN
I don't know, but he needs a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

MEG

We're not far from the clinic.

They help the Can Man to stand, then lead him toward the car. He is beginning to tremble and shake, as if from fever.

PAUL

Take it easy, Mister. We're gonna get you some help, okay?

CAN MAN

(moaning)

From the sky...fell from the sky...

PAUL

What? What's he saying?

MEG

He's in shock.

PAUL

There's a blanket in the back.

She grabs the blanket out of his car. They wrap it around the Can Man, then ease him into the back seat. Paul turns to Brian as Meg gets in the front seat.

PAUL

C'mon, get in.

BRIAN

What for?

PAUL

There's going to be a lot of explaining to do, and you're part of it. Now, you gonna get in or do I make you get in?

Brian smiles, dusting some imaginary dirt from Paul's shoulder.

BRIAN

What's wrong, Tyler? Worried about a little insurance claim on Daddy's car? Maybe I will come along, just to make sure you don't lay the whole thing off on me.

MEG

Are you two done?

Brian circles around the car to the passenger side and gets in next to Meg. Paul gets in behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

INT - CAR

Brian stretches out and drapes his arm over the back of Meg's seat and smiles at Paul.

BRIAN
Whenever you're ready.

Paul angrily starts the engine and peels away.

CUT TO:

INT - MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

It is a small, austere clinic, nearly deserted at this time of night. The only person in sight is a severe-looking NURSE seated at her station doing paperwork.

Meg and Paul hustle the Can Man, still wrapped in his blanket, into the emergency room. Brian trails them in. The nurse doesn't look up when Paul speaks.

PAUL
Excuse me...

NURSE
(sharply)
One moment, please.

Long beat. She finishes, closes the folder, and returns it to a file drawer. She finally looks at them.

NURSE
Now, how may I help you?

PAUL
This guy needs a doctor right away.

MEG
He got something on his hand. Some kind of acid or something.

NURSE
Does he have Blue Cross?

MEG
(flustered)
Uh...I don't think so.

NURSE
Medical insurance of any kind?

BRIAN
(under his breath)
I don't believe this shit.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Ma'am, we don't even know who this
guy is.

The nurse wrinkles her nose at the old derelict -- he trembles
under his blanket, swaying on weak legs. She presses a BUZZER.

NURSE

The doctor's busy with another
patient right now.

(a MALE ORDERLY appears)

Put this gentleman in number three.

The orderly steers the Can Man to a rolling gurney and lays
him on it. He begins to whimper fearfully, his feverish eyes
focusing on Brian.

BRIAN

(softly)

Take it easy, old dude. These guys
are gonna fix you right up.

The Can Man responds, quieting down.

MEG

Surprised at Brian's compassion.

WIDER ANGLE

The orderly wheels the gurney down the hall. The nurse hands
Paul a clipboard with several forms attached.

NURSE

You'll have to fill these out.

She turns away, going about her business.

MEG

You think he'll be okay?

PAUL

He could lose that hand. It's up
to them now.

BRIAN

Doesn't look like anyone around
here gives a shit about
explanations, Tyler.

(beat - Paul nods)

You guys can stick around if you
want to. I'm outta here.

Brian steps past him and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Hey Flagg.
 (beat)
 Look, I'm sorry about earlier.

BRIAN

No sweat. Things were a little
 intense, that's all.

Brian exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE ANGLE ON the empty nurse's station. The clipboard of forms (now filled out) lies on the counter. PAN TO Paul and Meg. They sit, bored and fidgety. Meg pages through a magazine with half-interest.

PAUL

I bet you've had better first
 dates, huh?

MEG

(smiles)
 I don't mind.

PAUL

Want a soda?

MEG

That'd be great. Something diet.

Paul gets up and walks over to the vending machines.

CLOSER - PAUL

As he feeds quarters into the machine, he glances up the hospital corridor.

PAUL'S POV

There is a partially open door at the far end of the corridor. Through it, Paul can see the Can Man lying unattended on the gurney, seemingly unconscious. The doctor still hasn't gotten around to him.

Suddenly, there is subtle movement beneath the blanket covering the Can Man.

PAUL

Frowning. This is odd. He starts slowly up the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

HIS POV

DOLLYING UP THE CORRIDOR, getting closer to the open door.

PAUL

pauses by an examination room, glancing in. The DOCTOR is inside, speaking softly with an OLD WOMAN as he finishes setting her arm in a cast. Paul looks back toward the Can Man's room.

PAUL'S POV - THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN DOOR

The Can Man lies on the gurney, his head turned away. There is now more pronounced movement under the blanket -- a heaving motion.

CLOSER

The old man's head lolls toward us, revealing a corpse-like face. A bloody froth bubbles up from within his gaping mouth with a gruesome GURGLING SOUND.

PAUL

Reacts, horrified. He turns and charges into the examination room. The doctor looks up, irritated by the intrusion.

PAUL

Doctor, you gotta come right away!

DOCTOR

I'm with a patient here.

PAUL

There's a man dying! Please!

Paul drags him into the hallway.

INT - CAN MAN'S ROOM

Paul and the doctor enter. The Can Man lies motionless. There is no sound, no movement.

DOCTOR

Is this the hand injury?

Paul nods, pale. The doctor pulls back the blanket and --

CLOSER

The Can Man is dissolved from the chest down: the bare bones of his ribcage frame the soupy remains of internal organs, his exposed spine ends in a nondescript lump of bone that was once his pelvis. The rest is nothing but steaming grue.

(CONTINUED)

Paul and the doctor are aghast. Paul staggers back, his mind reeling. He can't tear his eyes off the corpse.

DOCTOR
Christ! What the hell is this?

PAUL
(slowly realizing)
That thing on his hand...

Paul backs off, glancing around -- could it still be in the room? The doctor hurries to the door, hollering for the nurse.

DOCTOR
Nurse! Get in here!

Paul pushes past him, charging into the hallway.

INT - HALLWAY

Paul hurries down the hall, passing the nurse as she rushes to join the doctor. Paul is looking right and left, still on guard. He pauses, seeing:

HIS POV

An open door to an office. Inside, a phone sitting on a desk.

INT - OFFICE

Paul enters cautiously, looking around. The room is sterile and featureless. The only illumination is a simple hanging lamp which casts a pool of light onto the desk with the phone.

The room seems empty. Paul goes to the desk, sits down, and starts dialing...

...as the door swings slowly shut behind him, we catch a shadowy glimpse of a large pulsing, gelatinous mass slithering silently up the wall, disappearing from sight.

INT - HOSPITAL WAITING AREA

Meg puts down her magazine and scans the deserted room.

MEG
Paul?

She gets up to look for him.

INT - OFFICE

Paul listens impatiently as the PHONE RINGS at the other end. Finally, a WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (filtered)
 Sheriff's station.

PAUL
 I have to talk to the sheriff. It's
 an emergency.

WOMAN (filtered)
 One moment.

Pause. Herb comes on the line.

HERB (filtered)
 Geller speaking.

PAUL
 Sheriff, this is Paul Tyler.

HERB (filtered)
 Paul? What's the matter, son?

PAUL
 I'm at the Fayette clinic. An old
 man's just been killed out here.

A drip of moisture lands on the desk in front of Paul. A thin wisp of steam rises from it as it eats into the wood. He doesn't notice.

HERB (filtered)
 You said killed?

PAUL
 Yes sir.

HERB (filtered)
 Okay, you sit tight and I'll be
 right out. Who else is involved?

PAUL
 I'm with Meg Penny. And Brian Flagg
 was here earlier.

HERB (filtered)
 Flagg? Where is he now?

Paul is distracted as two more drops of moisture land steaming on the desk.

PAUL
 (looking up)
 I dunno. I...

(CONTINUED)

LOW ANGLE

The Blob, pulsating in the shadows, hangs suspended from the ceiling above Paul like a monstrous slug. Now roughly the size of a man, its diseased surface is a translucent blood red. He gapes up at it in horror...as it releases its hold, plummeting straight down.

INT - HALLWAY

Meg hears PAUL'S SCREAM and races up the hallway.

INT - OFFICE

Meg throws the door open. The wildly swinging overhead lamp throws nightmarish, shifting shadows on the scene before her.

Paul is on the floor, completely engulfed by the Blob, struggling like some insect in a hellish flytrap.

The Blob contracts around its flailing prey as it drags him across the room toward an open window.

Paul desperately reaches out toward Meg with one arm that has remained free of the writhing organism.

She grabs his hand, pulling for all she's worth, getting dragged across the room with him.

Suddenly the arm comes off -- Meg falls back, slamming against a wall. The twitching arm lands at her feet.

THE BLOB

Just before it flops out the window, she sees Paul's grotesquely pleading face, almost unrecognizable as human, his flesh rapidly dissolving within the noxious slime.

CLOSEUP - MEG

She finally screams, long and loud.

CUT TO:

EXT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The night is alive with flashing emergency lights and milling people. A SWEEPING DOLLY SHOT follows Sheriff Geller throughout the scene.

Meg is in the background, sobbing hysterically into her mother's arms.

MEG

But I saw it...it got Paul...

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PENNY

Sshhh...

Meg's father approaches Herb.

MR. PENNY

Sheriff. How about it? Can we take her home?

HERB

You might as well, Mr. Penny. Make sure she gets some sleep. Maybe she'll start makin' sense in the morning.

MR. PENNY

Yes. Thank you.

He turns and ushers his wife and daughter toward the family car as DEPUTY BILL BRIGGS, a younger black officer, falls in step with Herb.

HERB

We're not gonna get anything out her tonight. She's hysterical. Keeps goin' on and on about that "shape" or whatever.

BILL

I got a call in to Paul Tyler's folks. They haven't heard from him.

HERB

Let's face it, Bill. They're not going to.

(beat)

I want the rest of his body found before dawn.

Their attention goes to a black body bag as it is wheeled on a gurney to an ambulance. A PARAMEDIC hands Herb a clipboard.

HERB

(signing the form)

Get those to Sacramento tonight. I need an autopsy pronto, not next week.

The paramedic nods, then he and his partner rush the gurney away to the ambulance. Herb takes a long beat, allowing himself a moment to be quietly stunned by everything.

HERB

(softly)

Jesus wept.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Herb? You okay?

HERB

Taylor was a good kid. I want the son of a bitch that did this.

A Highway Patrol car pulls in off the road, red lights revolving. Brian is sitting in the back seat, handcuffed.

BILL

Maybe we got him.

CLOSEUP - MEG

She has just gotten into the back seat of her parents' car, her mother's arm protectively around her. She looks over and sees Brian.

CLOSEUP - BRIAN

His eyes lock with Meg's. He looks hopeless and angry.

CLOSEUP - MEG

She looks away as the car pulls out.

CUT TO:

EXT - RIDGE - NIGHT

The dead end of a rural road ends in a classic, tree-shrouded lover's lane. CRANE DOWN toward Scott Jeskey's battered white '63 Impala, which is perched on the crest of the ridge overlooking the countryside. Morgan High decals adorn the fogged rear window. We hear girlish GIGGLING from inside.

INT - CAR

Scott has the prematurely voluptuous VICKI DESOTO cornered against her side of the seat, grappling with her. She is more than a little tipsy, but still puts up resistance.

VICKI

Scott, cut it out! I told you!

SCOTT

(all innocence)

What?

VICKI

(indicating her waist)

That's the imaginary line, and you can't cross it.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT
 What are you, Libya?
 (beat)
 C'mon, Vicki, you're wearing my
 ring now. That makes you my girl.
 Doesn't that count for something?

She smiles coyly, admiring the school ring hanging on a thin gold chain around her neck.

SCOTT (cont.)
 (moves in again)
 C'mere, baby.

But she avoids him, pointing at the flashing red lights in the distance down the hill.

VICKI
 Hey, what are all those lights down there? Isn't that the hospital?

SCOTT
 Probably some promotional gimmick.
 They're giving away free
 tonsilectomies or something.

He advances on her again, but she wriggles away. Scott notices her empty cocktail glass.

SCOTT (cont.)
 Saaay, young lady, it looks like
 you're ready for another of my
 famous cherry coolers.

VICKI
 I think I've had enough.

SCOTT
 Nonsense.

EXT - CAR

He gets out, goes to the rear of the car, and opens the trunk. A two-tiered homemade bar unfolds, complete with ice chest and swizzle sticks. (We also see a small cardboard box filled with school rings and cheap gold chains.) He grabs a bottle of 150 proof Everclear grain alcohol and a bottle of cherry juice.

SCOTT
 My own special blend of fine
 imported liqueurs.

INT - CAR

Vicki nods off in a boozy stupor.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON CAR DOOR

Scott has left it open. We now see wisps of steam rising from the undergrowth nearby -- the tall grass rustles...parting.

EXT - CAR - SCOTT

Still at the trunk. He takes a cheesy hand-held mixer and whips the drink into a froth.

INT - CAR - CLOSE ANGLE ON OPEN DOOR

The Blob oozes over the doorjamb, slithering under the seat.

EXT - CAR - SCOTT

He plops a cherry on top of the drink and slams the trunk.

SCOTT

Just the thing to beat the heat.

INT - CAR

Balancing the drink so as not to spill a drop, he gets back in the car, slamming the door shut.

SCOTT (cont.)

Jeez, it's like a steambath in here.

He sees that Vicki is slumped in her seat. He holds out her drink.

SCOTT (cont.)

Vicki?

(no reaction)

Vicki, here's your drink.

Nothing. Scott contemplates the situation. He puts the drink down and takes a long look at her.

VICKI

Out cold, but still looking terrific. Her cotton blouse reveals a hint of spectacular cleavage.

SCOTT

He can't pass up this sort of opportunity. He scoots over, putting his arm around her nonchalantly.

SCOTT

Yup. Hot as a dog out tonight. Weird for September, don't you think?...Vicki?

(CONTINUED)

Still no reaction. He becomes bolder.

SCOTT (cont.)

That's a nice blouse. Good material.
Must be awful hot though...

He reaches over and carefully undoes a critical button.

SCOTT (cont.)

That's better, huh? No? Well, maybe
one more.

He loosens a second button, but the girl remains oblivious. Scott finally decides to go for it. He reaches his hand deep into her blouse...and we hear a WET, SQUISHING SOUND.

SCOTT (cont.)

Wha...?

He tries to withdraw his hand, but can't. Vicki's body begins trembling. Her face lolls toward him, as if seeking a lover's kiss -- and a bloody froth bubbles out of her slack mouth. Scott begins to scream.

Something within her blouse yanks Scott's hand in deeper -- vaporous steam rises from her body as her trembling becomes a violent convulsion -- Scott is jerked in up to the elbow, his arm vanishing into her midsection.

Her torso begins to collapse inward with a grotesque CRUNCHING SOUND -- her features are sucked into her face and her forehead collapses as the Blob appears, dissolving its way out of her body.

Scott is drawn kicking and screaming into the horrifying mass like Brer Rabbit into a nightmarish Tar Baby.

EXT - CAR

Scott's foot smashes through a side window, kicking and flailing wildly. His SCREAMS END ABRUPTLY and the foot goes limp...then is dragged slowly back into the car...we hear SOFT SQUISHING SOUNDS.

CUT TO:

INT - MEG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP on a tiny horse-drawn sleigh in a delicate miniature landscape. A gentle snowfall whirls peacefully in the liquid sky of a soothing, magical world.

WIDER ANGLE

The room is dark. Meg is in bed, her head resting on her

(CONTINUED)

folded arms, gazing at the oversized paperweight on her nightstand. The events of the evening have totally wrung her out -- she's completely drained, unable to sleep.

Her PARENTS' VOICES drift up from downstairs.

MR. PENNY (O.S.)

I knew I shouldn't have let her go out with that little son of a bitch in the first place.

MRS. PENNY (O.S.)

Lower your voice. That poor boy's probably dead.

(beat)

I want to know what happened out there tonight.

MR. PENNY (O.S.)

Whatever it was, you can bet that Flagg kid was behind it. It's about time they nailed that little psychopath. His ass is gonna fry for this, believe me.

Meg listens as FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. The door opens. Her mother enters with a glass of water and a valium, and sits on the edge of the bed.

MRS. PENNY

Here. Take this.

MEG

I don't want it.

MRS. PENNY

Come on, honey. You need to sleep.

Meg reluctantly takes the pill and drains the water glass.

MRS. PENNY (cont.)

That's my good girl. Now not another word. I'm sure the police will have this thing settled by morning.

She kisses Meg's forehead and goes to the door.

MEG

Mom?

Her mother turns back, silhouetted in the doorway.

MEG (cont.)

You don't believe me either.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PENNY

(pause)

You're home now. You're safe.
That's all that matters.

She exits and shuts the door, leaving the room in darkness.

Meg sits up in bed and spits the valium into her hand. She rises quietly, opens her bedroom window, and peers out. Easy access to the backyard.

She hurriedly starts to get dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT - RIDGE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE -- Scott Jeskey's Impala is in the background, silently perched on the ridge above town. Steam rises gently from the smashed window.

In the deep foreground, a dainty squirrel appears from a stand of tall grass, sniffing the air. It peeks skittishly through the underbrush at the car as if sensing something unnatural has taken place.

Suddenly, the squirrel is yanked into darkness with a SQUEAL. Beat. The reeds slowly part and the Blob slithers into view, the frantically struggling squirrel slowly being sucked into its diseased maw.

The Blob cuts a corrosive, smouldering trail through the shadowy underbrush as it slithers into a concrete drainage ditch. Scott's school ring glitters dully just under the surface of the slime as it vanishes into the sewers.

PAN AWAY TO the lights of Morgan City, twinkling softly in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

The station is small and cluttered, the sort of place where the holding cells are directly adjacent to a communal office area. Brian is sitting in a straight-backed wooden chair, sullen and angry. Deputy Briggs hovers close, questioning him.

Herb is at his desk, feet up, watching the interrogation intently.

BILL

Okay, Flagg, let's hear it again.

(CONTINUED)

Brian glances up at him briefly...and purposefully remains silent. Bill looks over to Herb.

BILL (cont.)

Look at him. He's too stupid to know how much trouble he's in.

(back to Brian)

Why don't you wise up?

BRIAN

I told you everything. I'm tired of hearing myself talk.

BILL

We're not boring you, are we? Bright kid like you?

BRIAN

Look, am I under arrest or what? If I am, I want a lawyer.

BILL

(sarcastic)

The man wants a lawyer.

BRIAN

Yeah, that's right. And if you're not gonna book me, I'd like to leave. Either way, I want you out of my face.

Bill grabs Brian by the front of his jacket and drags him close, nose to nose.

BILL

Oh yeah, hardass? I'm in your face to stay! What are you gonna do about it?

Brian answers the challenge by giving the deputy's chin a sloppy lick. Bill cocks his fist back, furious.

BILL

You little shit. I oughtta bust your head open.

HERB

(interrupts softly)

Bill.

Bill realizes he's out of line. He lets Brian loose, then turns away, wiping his chin. SALLY JEFFERS, the matronly radio dispatch operator, enters. Herb turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

HERB
Get in touch with his old man?

SALLY
Can't seem to find him.

BILL
Probably passed out drunk in some
whorehouse.

BRIAN
(clapping sarcastically)
Oooh, good one, Briggs. Call a
shrink, I'm a broken man.

Bill glares at him. Herb gets up, motioning his deputy over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Herb and Bill step into the deep foreground. Brian is in the
background, out of earshot.

HERB
Turn him loose.

BILL
Herb, we got witnesses placing him
at the scene of the crime.

HERB
No motive. No evidence. Not a spot
of blood on him. Flagg's a punk,
but he's no murderer.

BILL
I think it's a mistake.

HERB
Your objection is duly noted.
Now turn him loose. We got work
to do.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They turn back to Brian. Bill hates to do it, but nods toward
the door.

BILL
Take a hike.

BRIAN
(heavily sarcastic)
Gee, Brian. We're awfully sorry we
hassled you. Seems we went and made
a mistake. Stupid us.

(CONTINUED)

Bill points a finger in Brian's face, glowering with barely repressed rage.

BILL
You're pushing your luck.

HERB
Go on, Flagg. Get out here before I change my mind.

Brian heads for the door, giving Bill an infuriating grin.

BRIAN
(as he exits)
You oughtta change your aftershave, Briggs. It tastes like shit.

CUT TO:

EXT - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Brian exits the building, comes down the steps, and walks along the sidewalk. The street is dark and deserted. He is smouldering with quiet anger.

Headlights appear behind him -- a powder-blue VW Bug is coming up the street. It pulls alongside with Meg at the wheel.

MEG
Brian? I need to talk to you!

He glances over, but keeps on walking. He wants nothing to do with her.

MEG (cont.)
Brian!

Meg jams the wheel against the curb, cuts the engine, throws the parking brake on, and jumps out. She runs after him, finally catching up.

BRIAN
What the hell are you doing here?

She shows him a credit card she's carrying.

MEG
I came down to bail you out.

BRIAN
(indicating the jail)
What do you think that is, Neimann Marcus? They don't take plastic.

He takes the card and slips it into her shirt pocket.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont.)

Look, I appreciate the thought. Now go home.

MEG

But I need to talk to you!

BRIAN

I'm sorry about your boyfriend. I really am. But I'm tired, I'm hungry, and I'm in no mood for conversation.

He turns and walks away, heading toward the Tick Tock Diner. She stands, watching him go.

INT - TICK TOCK DINER

Fran is at the counter, cleaning up. GEORGE RUIZ, the short order cook, steps from the kitchen, setting down a mop and pail. He heads toward the front door as Brian enters.

BRIAN

George. Franny. Que pasa?

FRAN

(gives him a smile)
Hey hot-shot, we're closed.

BRIAN

Fran, please, I've been dumped on all day. Gimme a break, huh?

FRAN

Awww, what's the matter, dear?
Tough day at the office?
(he grins)

The grill's shut down. How about a sandwich?

BRIAN

Beautiful.

Brian sits down at a booth as George starts to lock the front door with a keyring on a retractable chain. Meg enters, pushing past him. George shrugs, then locks the door.

Meg joins Brian, sitting across from him.

BRIAN

Jesus. You don't give up.

MEG

I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

What a surprise. And I thought you came out of the sheer goodness of your heart.

MEG

I came because I thought we could help each other.

BRIAN

In three years of school you haven't said shit to me, but now that you need my help we're old buddies, right?

MEG

Nobody believes me about what happened tonight.

BRIAN

What did happen?

MEG

But you were there! You saw!

BRIAN

All I saw was an old man with a funky hand.

Fran appears, setting a sandwich, potato chips, and a Coke in front of Brian. She nods at Meg.

FRAN

Can I get you something, hon?

MEG

No thanks.

Fran leaves. Meg leans in, speaking in a low, desperate voice.

MEG

That thing on his hand killed him. Then it killed Paul. And whatever it is, it's getting bigger.

Brian gives her a long, blank stare.

BRIAN

That's what you told the cops?

(she nods)

Can I ask you a personal question?

MEG

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
I know you're the homecoming queen
type and all that...but are you a
little strung out on something?

She begins trembling with anger and frustration.

MEG
(low voice - tight)
You're just the same.

BRIAN
Huh?

MEG
You act like you're different...you
put on this big show...but you're
just like everybody else in this
town. You're full of shit, Flagg!

She gets up to leave, but he grabs her arm and gently but
firmly makes her sit down again.

BRIAN
Hey, wait a second. C'mon, take it
easy.

The fight seems to go out of her -- she tries holding back
tears, but doesn't quite succeed. Brian cuts his sandwich in
two, offering her half.

BRIAN (cont.)
Here, eat something.
(she shakes her head,
refusing it)
Go ahead, you'll feel better.

She finally takes it. Brian is watching her intently, but she
won't look at him.

BRIAN (cont.)
I'm amazed.
(she finally looks up)
I never heard you say "shit" before.
What was that like for you?

She can't help it -- she finally laughs, a release of nervous
tension.

CUT TO:

EXT - FIELD - NIGHT

Deputy Briggs leads the search for Paul Tyler's remains. A
half dozen firemen and paramedics tramp through the marshy

(CONTINUED)

field in a ragged line, flashlights sweeping the tall grass as ground mist drifts past. The hospital can be seen dimly in the background. Briggs speaks softly into his walkie-talkie to Herb back at the Sheriff's station.

BILL

We're coming up empty. You want us to head into the foothills?

HERB (filtered)

Negative. I'd rather have you patrolling the streets. We'll start again at first light when the state police get here.

BILL

Ten four.

(to men)

You heard him. Let's head back.

CUT TO:

INT - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Herb hangs up the handmike and clicks the radio off. He rubs his face wearily. Sally Jeffers approaches, offering him a cup of coffee.

SALLY

You look exhausted.

HERB

(accepts the coffee)

Been a long night. Thanks.

SALLY

Gonna be even longer.

HERB

That's the truth.

(shakes his head)

One deputy and six volunteers. I feel like that one-legged man in the ass-kicking contest.

SALLY

You're doing all you can, Herb. This isn't your standard Friday night drunk.

Herb digs a scrap of paper from his pocket, pondering it.

INSERT - PAPER

The diner receipt with Fran's note on it: "I'm off at 11:00."

(CONTINUED)

HERB

He glances at the clock, frowning. It is 10:45.

SALLY

Something wrong?

HERB

Just worried about a friend of mine. Guess I'm worried about everybody tonight.

CUT TO:

INT - KITCHEN - TICK TOCK DINER - NIGHT

On one side, a grill with a serving window that looks out onto the dining area. On the other, a long stainless steel counter with a large industrial sink. A hallway leads to other rooms in the back: office, stock rooms, walk-in freezer, etc.

Fran enters and sets a tray of dirty dishes on the counter. As she turns to go, she hears an ugly GURGLING SOUND from the stainless steel sink. She peers into the basin.

HER POV - THE SINK

The drain is backing up. Filthy water wells up into the basin and greasy bubbles break the surface.

FRAN

She sighs, then pulls a plunger from below the sink. She is about to attack the drain when George enters and sees her.

GEORGE

Here, I'll get that.

He confiscates the plunger. Fran grins at his chivalry.

FRAN

Hey, knock yourself out.

She exits. George puts the plunger in the sink, furiously working it up and down. The drain remains clogged. He leans down, inspecting the oily surface of the water...

...it ripples as several bubbles gurgle up ominously.

George rolls up his sleeve and reluctantly sticks his hand down the drain, grimacing with disgust. His arm disappears up to the elbow. He feels around for a long beat...

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

He withdraws his arm and towels it off with a dish rag, eyeing the stubborn drain with irritation.

He leans over the sink, peering straight down into the clogged drain. Beat.

A slimy red coil shoots up into his face like a monstrous frog's tongue, yanking him head-first down into the sink with unbelievable force.

INT - DINER

Brian and Meg are at their booth. He is speaking softly.

BRIAN

Look, even if I were convinced, I'm the wrong guy to back you up. I'm not exactly Mr. Credibility in this town, you know?

Fran approaches and sets two plates in front of them, each containing a piece of apple pie. Brian looks up at her.

BRIAN

The sandwich busted me.

FRAN

On the house. Last two pieces. Eat up or I chuck 'em in the garbage.

BRIAN

(accepts with a grin)

I'm not proud.

She clears away the dirty sandwich dishes and heads back toward the kitchen.

INT - KITCHEN

Fran enters and freezes in horror, unable to comprehend the sight before her:

THE SINK

George's body flops around in wild convulsions as the Blob rapidly dissolves him, sucking him down the drain like a snake wolfing down a rat. His head and neck have already vanished entirely.

INT - DINER

An ear-splitting SCREAM from the kitchen. Brian leaps up.

BRIAN

FRAN?

(CONTINUED)

He runs to the kitchen, Meg at his heels.

INT - KITCHEN

Brian and Meg rush in and freeze, dumbfounded.

George is thrashing and jerking spasmodically as the Blob continues dragging him down the drain. His upper torso is entirely gone -- the sink starts to buckle, pipes GROANING.

Hysterical, Fran starts forward as if to help.

BRIAN
DON'T TOUCH IT!

George's legs churning wildly about, feet swelling from the incredible pressure --

-- a shoe explodes across the room in a spray of blood --

-- then the legs get sucked away with lightning speed, toes bursting in sequence.

George is gone.

WIDE ANGLE

A long, breathless hush. Brian and Meg on one side of the room, Fran huddled on the other. Nobody moves. Nobody breathes.

Suddenly, the Blob shoots straight up out of the drain in a surging column of slime and forms on the ceiling in the space of a heartbeat. It clings upside down, a pulsating, blistering, oozing vision from a nightmare.

BRIAN

Realizing Fran is cornered on her side of the room, he reaches out to her.

BRIAN
FRAN! COME ON!

But the Blob reacts, shooting tendrils of slime, cutting him off. He leaps back, stumbling into Meg.

The Blob goes after Brian, surging blindly through the overhead florescents, smashing them, twisting the electrical conduits right out of the wall in an explosion of plaster and a SCREECH of twisting metal. An electrical surge blows out every light in the diner with a shower of sparks...

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN AND MEG

They careen from the kitchen with the Blob at their heels, blundering through the dark into the back hallway. Electrical sparks hiss and dance from exploded light fixtures. Brian crashes against the back door, but it doesn't budge.

BRIAN

It's locked!

The Blob closes in, a nightmarish silhouette undulating down the wall after them. Meg grabs Brian and drags him into the large walk-in freezer.

INT - FREEZER

They slam the door shut and stumble to the far end of the freezer, slipping on ice. They cringe back amidst hanging meat, breath coming in puffs of vapor, eyes riveted on the freezer door...

...as it slowly bulges inward with an ominous GROAN. Brian and Meg huddle closer, gripping each other tightly.

The door starts to buckle. The bottom molding pops off and shoots across the room...Meg lets out a sob of terror...a groping flap of slime slithers in under the door, probing across the frozen floor...

But then, inexplicably, the appendage wavers...and begins to reverse itself, sucking back under the door.

Brian and Meg stare at the door, not quite believing the attack has stopped.

CUT TO:

INT - DINER

Fran is rattling the front door. It's locked. She's trapped inside. She turns back, looking around frantically, and sees a side window that looks out into the alley. She hurries over and tries to open it. It's hopelessly stuck. She strains against it, but it's no use.

Suddenly, she hears a SOUND behind her in the darkness: a chair scraping across the floor. She whirls around, breath caught in her throat, gazing into the darkness.

HER POV

The diner is shadowy, dark, still...but then the tables and chairs at the rear of the diner begin moving slowly, drifting toward her as if caught in a gentle swell. A huge unseen presence is beneath them, coming her way.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

Whimpering with panic, she picks up the nearest chair and hurls it through the window in an explosion of glass.

EXT - DINER

Fran clambers out the window, scraping her knees and elbows bloody as she sends garbage cans clattering in all directions. A scruffy alley cat leaps out, YOWLING.

At the far end of the alley stands a lone phone booth in a pool of light.

Fran scrambles to her feet and runs up the length of the alley to the booth -- then pauses, looking back.

HER POV - THE ALLEY

Empty and still. There is no sign of the creature.

FRAN

Throws herself into the booth, frantically digs out the business card Sheriff Geller gave her earlier that day, and fumbles a quarter into the phone. She waits for a dial tone...but doesn't get one.

She starts pounding the cut-off switch to get her quarter back, constantly looking back to make sure she isn't being pursued.

She jumps, hearing a distant CRASH OF GLASS...and a SCREAM that ends abruptly.

CUT TO:

INT - FREEZER - NIGHT

Brian stands with his ear pressed to the door, listening. Meg stands behind him, shivering from the cold. They both look sick and dazed in the aftermath of terror.

MEG

Anything?

Brian steps back from the door and shakes his head. He sees her shivering and peels off his jacket, offering it to her.

MEG (cont.)

I'm okay.

He slips it over her shoulders anyway. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(softly)

Hey, don't worry. We're going to
get out of this.

They put their arms around each other, both seeking strength
and comfort.

CUT TO:

INT - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Fran is pounding on the phone, trying to get a dial tone. She
looks around -- still no sign of the Blob.

She finally gets a tone and begins to dial...as hideous
feelers of blood-red slime begin to undulate down the outside
of the phone booth from above, sucking along the glass like a
leech's underbelly.

She sees the Blob and SCREAMS, dropping the phone as the
creature slowly engulfs the entire booth. She wedges her leg
against the door and grabs the dangling receiver as:

RECORDED VOICE (filtered)

We're sorry, your call cannot be
completed as dialed. Please hang up
and try again...

Fighting back panic, Fran keeps the door jammed shut as she
re-deposits the quarter. She dials with shaking fingers,
breath coming in short bursts of stark terror as the booth is
totally submerged in the dim red light filtering through the
creature. The line finally starts RINGING at the other end.

The booth's metal structure GROANS like a sinking ship as the
Blob applies pressure. Tiny red bulges of slime appear along
the joints. RINGING CONTINUES.

FRAN

(sobbing)

Please God...

Sally Jeffers' VOICE comes on the line.

SALLY (filtered)

Sheriff's department.

FRAN

HELP ME, PLEASE! GET THE SHERIFF!

With a sharp SNAP, a jagged crack appears in the glass next to
Fran's head.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (filtered)
He stepped out. Is it an emergency?

Another crack in the glass. Fran turns and sees --

CLOSEUP

-- imbedded in the Blob, Sheriff Geller's hideously dissolved face is inches away, pressed up against the glass, leering in at her. Fran begins SCREAMING as if she may never stop.

HIGH ANGLE

Looking directly down at Fran as all four sides of the phone booth explode inward at once and the Blob engulfs her.

ON FRAN

Already melting...screaming silently within the red morass as the ghastly remains of Herb Geller entwine about her in a final lover's embrace.

CUT TO:

INT - FREEZER - NIGHT

Brian and Meg facing the door. He glances at her.

BRIAN

You ready?

MEG

Not really.

Neither is he, but he prepares to open the door nevertheless. He spots a long meat-hook on the wall and grabs it, holding it like a weapon. Slowly, very slowly, he unlatches the door and starts to swing it open, ready to slam it shut at the slightest hint of attack.

OUTSIDE THE FREEZER

The door creaks open all the way, revealing Brian and Meg framed in the light. They emerge cautiously, tentatively.

The place is a shambles: spattered blood on the walls, ruined light fixtures, overturned shelves, etc.

BRIAN

Franny?...FRANNY!

Silence. Still on guard, Brian peers out into the dark dining room. He turns back to Meg.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont.)

She's gone.

Brian slips on something in the dark and bumps into some shelves -- and a red tendril flashes from the darkness above.

MEG

BRIAN!

Brian lurches aside, striking out with the meat-hook as he falls back against the wall. A large open tin of jam falls from the shelf above and lands at his feet, splatting all over the floor. Brian rises, white as a ghost.

BRIAN

Great. I killed the strawberry jam.

MEG

Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT - CHURCH - NIGHT

Reverend Meeker (the preacher from the pharmacy scene) steps out of the All Saints Lutheran Church and locks the ornate wooden doors. Hearing a distant TINKLE OF BROKEN GLASS, he turns.

HIS POV

of the Tick Tock Diner. The shimmering bulk of the Blob is slithering into the street and down an open storm drain. It vanishes, leaving the twisted, shattered remains of the phone booth behind.

REVEREND MEEKER

gasps in horror.

REV. MEEKER

Merciful God.

There is a LOUD CRASH as --

HIS POV

-- the diner's front door is kicked out. Brian and Meg appear and race off up the street.

REVEREND MEEKER

hesitates a moment, then hurries toward the diner.

(CONTINUED)

INT - DINER

The preacher pauses at the open door. Jagged shards of plate glass stand like broken teeth in the window frames. He hears a LOW MOAN from somewhere inside.

REV. MEEKER

Hello?

He enters, thumping his shin against an overturned table. Groaning softly, he pulls his keys from his pocket and clicks on the tiny keychain flashlight, looking around.

REV. MEEKER (cont.)

Is anybody hurt?

No answer. He winds his way through the scattered tables and chairs, heading into the kitchen.

INT - KITCHEN/HALLWAY

Meeker is attracted by the shaft of light spilling from the walk-in freezer. He starts toward it, but hears the MOANING SOUND again, RISING IN PITCH. His breath catches in his throat and he turns to see:

HIS POV

The alley cat hunched in the shadows, glaring at him with mistrust as it laps up the spilled jam.

MEEKER

exhales, relieved. He turns to go, but something just inside the freezer door draws his attention. He steps forward, gazing down at the floor.

HIS POV - CLOSEUP

Several tiny frozen crystals of the Blob are imbedded in the frost like rough, magical rubies. They seem to glow with an eerie inner light.

REV. MEEKER

bends closer, absolutely fascinated, the twinkling light reflected in his wire rim glasses.

He turns from the freezer and finds a number of empty mason jars on a shelf. He grabs one and unfastens the top.

He crouches back down and scoops the crystals into the jar. He caps the jar and holds it up, gazing at his strange prize.

CUT TO:

INT - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Brian and Meg burst in. Sally Jeffers is fiddling with the radio console in a dither -- she can't seem to raise anybody, the phones are ringing, and the old lady is becoming overwhelmed.

MEG

We have to see the sheriff!

SALLY

I don't know where he is.
(punches a phone line)
Sheriff's station. Please hold.

BRIAN

What about Briggs?

SALLY

(indicates radio)
I can't raise anybody, all I'm getting is static!
(punches another line)
Sheriff's station, please hold.
(to kids)
Last I heard from the deputy, he was heading up to Elkins Grove to check out some disturbance.
(punches the first line)
Sorry to keep you waiting...

CLOSER - BRIAN AND MEG

MEG

Elkins Grove.

BRIAN

That's where I found the old man.

They rush out of the station.

CUT TO:

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Meg's VW races down the road, headlights cutting the darkness.

INT - CAR

Brian's attention is drawn to something on the road up ahead.

BRIAN

Look. Over there.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - ROAD

Briggs' patrol car is parked at the side of the road in the tall grass bordering the woods. Meg pulls in behind it and cuts her engine. This is the same road where the Can Man ran in front of Paul's car.

They cautiously approach the patrol car. It sits silently, the driver's door hanging partially open.

MEG

Looks like he left in a hurry.

Brian peers suspiciously into the empty car, then surveys the surrounding woods.

BRIAN

YO, BRIGGS!

(no reply)

He's up there somewhere.

MEG

In the woods. In the dark woods.

BRIAN

Right.

(beat)

We could wait here.

MEG

(sighs)

While that thing wipes out the whole town?

She starts up the hillside into the forest. Brian follows her, muttering:

BRIAN

Never thought I'd go out of my way to find a cop.

CUT TO:

EXT - FOREST - NIGHT

Meg and Brian wend their way through the dense undergrowth. The pale moonlight filters through the thick latticework of branches overhead, highlighting the drifting groundfog in a muted glow. Brian bumps his head on a low-hanging limb.

BRIAN

I feel like fucking Hansel and Gretel out here. We should'a brought bread crumbs.

(CONTINUED)

MEG

Shhh. I think I hear something.

They stand frozen, listening. There is silence...then a DISTANT THRUMMING SOUND, a low level vibration that fades in and out so quickly it might have been imagined.

BRIAN

What the hell was that?

Meg shakes her head -- she has no idea. They proceed a short distance, then the LOW RUMBLE can be heard again, coming from all around them. Brian and Meg grow more apprehensive by the second.

Suddenly, a bright light source flares up deep in the woods, suffusing the sky with a white glow. The kids back away.

BRIAN (cont.)

Maybe we should get out of here.

MEG

Maybe you're right...

Before they can move, the DEEP VIBRATION gets LOUDER...

The light approaches, throwing moving shafts through the trees, turning night into day. An unnatural wind kicks up suddenly, whipping the foliage into a frenzy. They turn to run, but the light sweeps over them, churning light and shadow in crazy patterns, the wind almost knocking them down.

Slipping and stumbling, they scramble for escape -- but come to a dead stop, seeing:

THEIR POV

Six unearthly, glowing MEN are coming over a ridge toward them, silhouetted in the blinding light, approaching through the wind-whipped mist like figures in a dream.

A blazing row of lights is rising up from behind them, hovering in the air, spotlights sweeping the night.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Meg and Brian are crouched low, buffeted by wind, pinned in a circle of intense light.

With a DEEP RUMBLE OF MUFFLED ROTORS, the source of the light sweeps by directly over their heads, spiraling up into the air, revealing itself to be a streamlined high-tech helicopter.

As the ghostly men approach Meg and Brian, we see that they are dressed head to toe in white plastic suits. Tiny voicebox

(CONTINUED)

speakers are situated just below their faceplates.

TIGHT TWO SHOT - MEG AND BRIAN

Eyes wide with apprehension, not knowing what to expect.

WIDER ANGLE

One of the figures steps forward and lays a friendly hand on Meg's elbow, helping her up. DOCTOR TRIMBLE is an elderly gentleman in his 70's, with an honest-to-God twinkle in his eye. He gives them a warm, reassuring smile.

TRIMBLE

Don't be frightened. We're here to help you.

CUT TO:

EXT - FOREST - NIGHT

DOLLYING - Brian and Meg are escorted briskly through the woods as the men and women in white suits bombard them with overlapping rapid-fire questions from both sides. Data is being scribbled like mad on clipboards. Meg is trying to be cooperative, but she's a little overwhelmed. Brian, however, is getting more irritated by the moment.

Trimble is a few steps ahead, leading the group. Activity swirls all around them: sweeping lights play through the forest, giving glimpses of men in white plastic suits everywhere.

BRIAN

Look, who are you people?

WHITE SUIT #1

Name?

MEG

Meg Penny.

WHITE SUIT #2

Name?

BRIAN

Meg Penny. She's an imposter.

He bats away a blood pressure sleeve as a White Suit tries to put it on his arm.

BRIAN (cont.)

Get that off'a me!

(CONTINUED)

WHITE SUIT #1
Are you a resident of Morgan City,
Meg?

MEG
Uh, yes...

WHITE SUIT #1
Have you ever had high blood
pressure or heart disease?

MEG
No.

WHITE SUIT #2
(to Brian)
Diabetes?

BRIAN
No thanks, I'm trying to cut down.

WHITE SUIT #1
Have you been experiencing any
vomiting, nausea, or diarrhea?

MEG
That's gross.

Brian catches up with Trimble, who is obviously in charge.

BRIAN
Hey, you wanna fill us in, pal?
Who the hell are you people?

TRIMBLE
I'm Doctor Trimble. We're a
government-sanctioned biological
containment team.

MEG
Biological containment?

TRIMBLE
We're microbe hunters, young lady.

Before Trimble can continue, we hear:

BRIGGS (O.S.)
Flagg!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Revealing Deputy Briggs walking by, escorted by the plastic-
suited COLONEL HARGIS, a no-nonsense professional soldier with
a .45 Colt automatic on his hip.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGGS (cont.)

What are you doing here, boy?

BRIAN

The Men from Glad here are showing us how to keep our leftovers fresh.

BRIGGS

These people are here on serious business. They don't have time for your bullshit, understand?

TRIMBLE

Colonel, has the deputy been briefed in detail?

HARGIS

Yes sir.

BRIGGS

I'm heading back into town now to get things started.

TRIMBLE

Splendid. Colonel Hargis will arrange an escort.

Briggs and Hargis continue on. Trimble waves his group forward, urging them to keep up his pace.

There is a lot of activity through the trees -- men in white plastic can vaguely be seen setting up equipment and lights near the meteor crater.

MEG

What's going on over there?

TRIMBLE

That's the source of our worries. A troublesome little souvenir from space. A moat in God's eye.

MEG

What?

TRIMBLE

A meteorite.

Fascinated, she moves forward, but Trimble restrains her gently.

TRIMBLE (cont.)

Don't get too close. There's danger of contamination.

(CONTINUED)

MEG
I don't understand.

TRIMBLE
I'll make it simple. The dinosaurs ruled the Earth for millions of years, and yet they died out almost overnight. Why?

(Meg shrugs)
The evidence points to a meteor that fell, bringing alien bacteria with it. A bacteria for which there was no natural immunity.

MEG
Plague? Is that what you're all about?

TRIMBLE
(shakes his head, smiling)
Prevention. Think of us as that apple a day that keeps the doctor away.

BRIAN
And you think your meteor brought some killer germ from outer space?

TRIMBLE
It's something I've expected...and prepared for...all my life.

BRIAN
That meteor brought something all right, but if it's a germ, it's the biggest son of a bitch you've ever seen.

MEG
And getting bigger.

Trimble freezes in his tracks -- so does everyone within earshot. All attention goes to Meg and Brian. Then, softly:

TRIMBLE
Would you care to enlighten me?

CUT TO:

EXT - BASE CAMP - NIGHT

PANNING WITH A HELICOPTER that sweeps directly overhead and lands in front of us -- CAMERA PICKS UP Trimble and his group as they escort Meg and Brian through an impromptu base camp that is taking shape all around them: trucks and vans, all

(CONTINUED)

designed to look like nondescript commercial vehicles, are arriving and being unloaded by White Suits. The operation is gaining momentum.

TRIMBLE

I can't begin to thank you both.
This information is incredibly
valuable. Please, get in...

He waves them toward the back of an unmarked, windowless van.

MEG

Where are we going?

TRIMBLE

Back to town. Morgan City is under
quarantine until we've isolated
that organism and checked every
living soul for signs of infection.

Brian stops in his tracks. He doesn't like the sound of that
at all.

BRIAN

In the meantime, we're your
prisoners.

TRIMBLE

Nonsense. You're my patients.

BRIAN

Sounds like the same thing to me.

MEG

Brian!

TRIMBLE

Young man, I'm far too busy to
debate the point with you. Now
please step into the van.

Brian takes Meg by the hand and starts backing up toward the
woods.

BRIAN

Look, thanks for the offer, Doc,
but my bike's right over there and
we can make it back on our own.

(waving goodbye)

By the way, love your tailor. Gotta
get me one of those.

Colonel Hargis and TWO WHITE SUITS with M-16s appear, looming
over Brian. Hargis is huge and humorless. He speaks softly.

(CONTINUED)

HARGIS

Get in the van.

This is obviously an order not to be questioned.

BRIAN

(quickly backing down)

Van ride sounds nice.

Brian and Meg climb in. Hargis slams the doors shut, then hollers up to the driver's compartment.

HARGIS

Get these civilians to the relief station a.s.a.p.!

PRIVATE (O.S.)

Yes sir!

The ENGINE STARTS and the van RUMBLES AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT - VAN - NIGHT

Meg and Brian sit on simple clean benches that line the walls of the windowless compartment. Brian rises and tries the door handle.

BRIAN

It's locked.

MEG

So what?

(beat)

Brian, what's with you? You're acting like a complete jerk.

BRIAN

I have a problem with authority figures.

He pulls Moss' ratchet from his jacket pocket and starts working on the lock.

MEG

What are you doing?

BRIAN

I think we should get out of here.

MEG

(nonplussed)

What?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

We ought to get my bike and blow this town. Things are getting a little thick.

MEG

Brian, that's crazy! These people are here to help us!

BRIAN

Come on, Meg. We don't even know who they are. NASA? CIA? The Royal Canadian Mounties? All I saw was a bunch of unmarked trucks. The whole thing stinks.

MEG

We can't just run out!

BRIAN

Let's think of it as looking out for our best interests.

The lock pops free and the door swings open. He turns to her.

BRIAN (cont.)

You coming?

MEG

I have to go back, Brian. My family's there. People I care about.

BRIAN

I'm going. If you're smart you'll come with me.

MEG

(bitterly)

Then go, take care of yourself. It's the only thing you're really good at, isn't it?

Brian takes a beat, stung by her words.

BRIAN

Nobody else ever volunteered for the job.

He turns to the door and watches the ground flash by, picking his spot.

EXT - VAN

As the truck slows for a turn, Brian leaps out the back and

(CONTINUED)

tumbles head over heels through the roadside brush, rolling down a short incline. He comes to a stop and rises, watching the van until it disappears down the road.

BRIAN

(muttering in disgust)

Christ, Flagg. A cheerleader.

He turns back toward Elkins Grove and starts walking.

CUT TO:

EXT - CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

SUSIE, a gorgeous blonde in cutoffs and T-shirt is necking passionately with LANCE, a young camp counselor with rippling biceps. They sit under the rough-hewn wood awning of a picnic table shelter.

A GARDENER wearing a baseball cap putters around in the background, trimming the grass along a sidewalk with an electric lawn-edger.

CLOSER - THE COUPLE

Lance breaks from the embrace, momentarily coming up for air.

SUSIE

What's wrong?

LANCE

Isn't it awfully late to be trimming the lawn? Maybe that guy's a peeping tom or something.

SUSIE

(playfully)

Well, let's give him something to peep at.

CLOSEUP - GARDENER

He looks up into camera -- we see that he wears a blood-spattered hockey mask. He raises the lawn-edger into frame and the blades WHIR menacingly as we CUT TO --

ANOTHER ANGLE

-- that reveals we are in a movie theater. Kevin Penny (Meg's little brother), his friend Eddie, and a third kid named ANTHONY are watching the bad slasher flick in rapt attention as they munch a variety of junk food.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE (O.S.)

I'm telling you, something's weird about that guy. Hockey season ended months ago.

An obnoxious PATRON sitting behind them keeps talking, trying to impress his GIRLFRIEND.

PATRON

Watch this, he gets the camp counselor with the electric Garden Weasel, but the girl gets away.

We hear a LOUD WHIRRING and a SCREAM. Kevin cringes, peeking through his fingers. Eddie and Anthony watch gleefully, munching popcorn.

PATRON (cont.)

Watch, she's gonna run in the lodge and hide...

Kevin glances back at the patron, annoyed.

KEVIN

Sshhh.

PAN OFF to the projection booth.

INT - PROJECTION BOOTH

Thin shafts of light from the ancient projector barely illuminate the dark, claustrophobic room. PHIL HOBBS, the projectionist, sits with his feet up, expertly flipping a yo-yo as he reads a garish horror comic by the dim light of a desk lamp.

CHARLIE, a small spider monkey, is perched atop the rewind table nearby, picking at a bag of peanuts. Without looking up, Hobbs holds out his hand and the monkey plops a peanut in it.

HOBBS

Thanks.

The monkey CHITTERS SOFTLY in reply as Hobbs pries the peanut from the shell with his teeth. He puts the comic book down and wipes the sweat from his brow. The room is hot and stuffy.

Hobbs rises and crosses to a large air conditioning vent set into the wall at chest level. He puts his hand to the grill, testing for a breeze. There is none. Scowling, he unlatches the vent and exposes the open duct hole in the wall. Still nothing.

HOBBS (cont.)

Wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

He plops back in his seat and punches out a number on the phone. He executes some tricky yo-yo moves as he speaks.

HOBBS (cont.)

It's Hobbs. Listen, it's boiling up here. The air conditioning on?

(beat)

Well, it ain't happening up here. Come up and see for yourself.

He hangs up and goes back to his comic book.

ANGLE ON AIR DUCT

A barely audible metallic CREAKING comes from within the shaft.

CLOSE ON MONKEY

His sensitive ears pick up the sound over the grinding of the projector. Intrigued, he abandons his bag of nuts and skitters over to the duct.

HOBBS

Oblivious, engrossed in the comic.

AIR DUCT

The monkey leaps nimbly up to the mouth of the hole and perches there, looking down the shaft with bright curiosity.

HOBBS

He holds out his hand for another peanut, waiting. Snaps his fingers impatiently. Finally looks up. The monkey is gone.

HOBBS

Charlie?

He hears the SOUND OF GROANING METAL and the MUFFLED CRY of the frightened monkey behind him. He swivels around in his chair just in time to see Charlie disappear down the shaft.

HOBBS (cont.)

Hey!

He leaps from his chair and rushes to the hole.

HOBBS (cont.)

Charlie?

Hobbs tries to look down the open duct, but can't see a thing. He pauses, then puts his entire head into the opening.

(CONTINUED)

INT - AIR DUCT

Hobbs' face is framed in a small square of light at the top of the long shaft. He calls out, his VOICE ECHOING.

HOBBS

Charlie!

CAMERA SLOWLY BEGINS TO RISE up the shaft toward Hobbs: we realize it is the BLOB'S POV.

HOBBS (cont.)

Where the hell are you?

The BLOB'S POV picks up speed, finally rocketing up the shaft into Hobbs' face -- at the last instant, Hobbs reacts in horror, but never gets a chance to scream.

CUT TO:

INT - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The young THEATER MANAGER trudges wearily up the narrow stairs to the projection booth. He tries the door, but it's locked.

MANAGER

C'mon Hobbs, put down the yo-yo and open up!

No answer. Sighing, he pulls out his keyring and opens the door.

INT - PROJECTION BOOTH

The manager peers into the dark room. It seems empty.

MANAGER

Hobbs?

No reply. He enters, clicking on his flashlight and sweeping it across the room in a slow arc. Hobbs is nowhere to be seen. The manager steps further into the room, becoming apprehensive.

CLOSEUP - MANAGER

MANAGER (cont.)

Hobbs? You in here?

Suddenly, a yo-yo descends into frame from above, spinning to the end of its string. Gasping, the manager swings his flashlight up.

LOW ANGLE

The narrow beam of the flashlight cuts through the shadows to

(CONTINUED)

reveal Hobbs plastered to the ceiling directly overhead, ghastly dying eyes staring down at the manager from a dissolving face, mouth opening and closing as if trying to speak. He twitches and convulses as he is dragged slowly across the ceiling, his yo-yo hand dangling free.

The entire ceiling seems alive -- we get an impression of a horrific, writhing mass in which the projectionist is imbedded like a fly in tree sap. Even more of the creature is seething from the air duct and crawling up the wall.

Huge ropy tendrils of slime snake down from the darkness toward the manager.

THE MANAGER

Looking up, mesmerized with terror. He finally finds his voice and lets out a LONG SCREAM as --

INT - THEATER - FAVORING KEVIN, EDDIE, ANTHONY

The entire audience SCREAMS at a movie scare, drowning out the doomed manager's cry.

CUT TO:

EXT - TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The town hall is a two-story brick building, the centerpiece of the town square. The front lawn is now the scene of an emergency relief station. SOLDIERS in white plastic suits are organizing the LOCAL CITIZENS as they arrive, many of them still dressed for bed. Medical teams are testing people in small groups before sending them inside. Overall, the scene is one of confusion.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Please assemble in an orderly
fashion and cooperate fully with
our medical personnel...

The van carrying Meg arrives at the perimeter. A SOLDIER runs up, opens the rear doors, and Meg gets out. The soldier slams the door, then thumps the side of the van with his fist.

SOLDIER

Clear!

The van pulls away. Meg wanders into the crowd, looking around.

CLOSER - MEG

She spots her parents in line with Eddie's PARENTS. Mrs. Penny is holding baby Christine.

(CONTINUED)

MEG

MOM! DAD!

She rushes over and embraces them.

MRS. PENNY

(frantic)

Meg! Thank God you're all right!

MR. PENNY

Where've you been? You had us
scared out of our minds!

MEG

Where's Kevin?

MRS. PENNY

He probably snuck off to that damn
movie. He told us he was staying
over at Eddie's.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Eddie said he was staying at your
place.

Meg turns to a passing SOLDIER.

MEG

Excuse me, my little brother's over
at the movie theater on Main!

SOLDIER

Miss, we're going by sectors. We'll
get there shortly.

MEG

You don't understand --

SOLDIER

(curt)

We'll handle this, okay?

Meg's father butts in, incensed by the soldier's attitude.

MR. PENNY

I don't see you handling much of
anything, bub. You on a coffee
break?

SOLDIER

Look mister...

MR. PENNY

Don't "look mister" me. I'm a
taxpayer! I pay your salary!

(CONTINUED)

MEG

Watching the argument take shape. Exasperated, she fades into the crowd and slips away unnoticed.

CUT TO:

INT - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Up on the screen, two cute CO-EDs in nighties are chatting as they prepare a salad. Eddie and Anthony are still deeply engrossed in the film, but Kevin is constantly being distracted by the prattling patron behind them.

PATRON

Oh, you'll love this. He takes the Vegomatic and dices them to death.

Finally fed up, Kevin turns around angrily --

KEVIN

Will you please...

-- just in time to catch a glimpse of the patron's shoes as he is yanked violently straight up out of his seat, vanishing from frame. Kevin and the patron's girlfriend gape dumbfounded at the empty seat, then look up.

WIDE ANGLE

The Blob is writhing out of all three projection booth windows into the dark theater. The SCREAMING patron is reeled up by a tendril and sucked into the gigantic mass.

The entire audience is thrown into a panic as they see the hideous creature descend upon them. Chaos ensues. The film jams in the projector -- a frozen closeup of a SCREAMING CO-ED appears on the screen, then melts away as the film burns. The projector goes haywire, turning the theater into a flickering, strobing nightmare.

ANGLE ON KEVIN

He and Eddie are knocked to the floor by the stampeding crowd. Anthony is torn away from them, separated in the confusion.

CUT TO:

EXT - THEATER - NIGHT

Meg races up just as the doors burst open and the panicking crowd pours out into the street. She fights her way through the crush of bodies, calling her brother's name.

CUT TO:

INT - THEATER - NIGHT

Meg enters and finds herself in a terrifying, flickering nightmare. A cacophony of GROANS, SHRIEKS and the horrifying SQUELCHING OF THE BLOB reverberate in the darkness around her.

We catch strobing glimpses of the Blob writhing and lashing out in a feeding frenzy as SCREAMING MOVIEGOERS clamber over each other to escape.

A SCREAMING MAN bursts up over an aisle seat near Meg, only to be snatched away in mid-leap.

MEG
(screaming)

KEVIN!

Meg is suddenly knocked down by a MAN bolting up the aisle.

SHOCK CUT - MEG

She lands inches from a woman's face that has been dissolved in half from forehead to chin.

Choking off a scream, Meg scrambles to her feet, stumbling over the corpse and down the aisle.

MEG
KEVIN!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kevin and Eddie are cowering in a corner near the theater's curtain. Kevin answers her call.

KEVIN
MEG!

She clambers over the rows of seats to reach them, and drags them toward a side exit.

MEG
This way!

They race across the front of the theater. Suddenly, the Blob flails up out of the strobing darkness, rolling over the seats directly at them.

Meg jerks the boys back as the creature lashes out. Its tendril strikes a large plaster angel on the ornate wall behind them and instantly rips it away. They race past and stumble through the exit door with the Blob right at their heels.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - THEATER

The door flies open and they burst into the alley as the Blob fills up the short hallway behind them. Meg slams the metal door shut just before the Blob reaches the threshold. they keep running --

-- but Kevin is yanked back, brought up short.

CLOSER - KEVIN

The hood of his jacket is firmly caught in the door. He SCREAMS, the door behind him bulging outward as the Blob applies incredible pressure.

Kevin struggles with the zipper. It's stuck, just like when his mother helped him at home. Meg grabs the zipper and tugs with all her might, but it still won't budge.

KEVIN
(stark terror)
Stupid coat! Stupid coat!

The metal door SQUEALS as it bulges further.

Eddie cowers back as Meg desperately pulls on Kevin's jacket, straining against the hood. The nylon won't give.

Bulges of slime press through the cracks and fissures of the door, feeling around blindly, groping at their feet. Steel bolts burst out of the door hinges one by one.

Screaming, Meg grabs the front of her brother's jacket and, in a final desperate effort, rips it wide open. They dive away from the door just as it explodes off its hinges and the Blob surges out into the alley.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Meg, Kevin, and Eddie race down the dark alley and turn a corner, only to find themselves in a dead end.

MEG

Searches frantically for any means of escape. She spots a manhole cover.

MEG
Here!

They struggle to raise the heavy metal cover...and finally manage to shift it aside.

(CONTINUED)

THE ALLEY

A dumpster is smashed aside, tumbling like a child's toy -- garbage cans explode out of the way as the silhouetted form of the Blob rampages after them.

MEG, KEVIN, EDDIE

Meg grabs her brother and thrusts him down the dark hole, then shoves Eddie after him. She goes down last, sliding the manhole cover back into place an instant before the Blob flows over it.

INT - SEWER

Above Meg's head, thin feelers of slime shoot through the tiny pry-holes in the manhole cover, tangling in the end of her hair. With a strangled cry she wrenches free, leaving strands sizzling in the Blob's grasp.

EXT - THEATER EXIT

Anthony crouches near the shattered theater doors, peering around the corner, staring in shock -- he's seen his friends escape into the sewers, and is watching the Blob relentlessly work its way down after them. He finally tears his gaze off the creature and runs back inside.

ANTHONY
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

CUT TO:

EXT - FOREST - NIGHT

Brian is walking his bike through the undergrowth. He ducks down as two plastic-suited SOLDIERS stroll by carrying M-16s. Each man has a vicious-looking German shepard on a leash. The dogs sniff the air.

Brian crouches lower as a soldier sweeps his flashlight beam vaguely in his direction. CROSSCHATTER ISSUES SOFTLY from their walkie-talkies.

VOICE (filtered)
We got the town sealed tight as a
drum. Roads closed. Phone lines
severed. Civilian radio frequencies
jammed. Over...

The soldiers walk away. Brian waits until they vanish from sight, then presses on.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brian skirts the perimeter of the meteor crash site, which is barely visible through the trees. VOICES and the SOUND OF MACHINERY DRIFT SOFTLY to him. He looks in the opposite direction and sees:

HIS POV

Just across the moonlit field stands a narrow country road heading out of town.

BRIAN

He smiles. Freedom just ahead. He starts forward as:

The shrill WHINE OF A WINCH starts up. Intrigued, Brian peers back. He lays his bike down and moves a little closer to the site, crouching low.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brian peers through the undergrowth at the crash site.

THE CRASH SITE

A team of SOLDIERS in plastic suits are clustered around the crater. A small crane is now in place, its motorized winch WHINING as it struggles to pull the load from the hole.

Trimble, Hargis, and JAINWAY, a younger scientist, are watching the operation.

TRIMBLE

Gently now, gently...

CLOSER ANGLE - THE CRATER

The motor WHINES and the cables go taut. As the charred and battered orb rises slowly into view, we see the dull gleam of a smooth metallic surface.

It is a manmade satellite.

CLOSE ON BRIAN

Amazed.

CRASH SITE

The crane arm swings the demolished satellite away from the crater and the team sets about loading it for transport.

TRIMBLE

Incredible. Just incredible.

(CONTINUED)

JAINWAY

We've known for years that conditions in space have a mutating effect on bacteria.

TRIMBLE

Yes, but who could have guessed this? Our little experimental virus has grown into a plasmic lifeform -- a predator that hunts its prey, for God's sake! It's fantastic!

JAINWAY

(concerned)

Doctor, the organism is exhibiting a geometric growth rate. Eight hours ago it was two ounces in a test tube. By all accounts, it's now a thousand times its original mass.

HARGIS

Gentlemen, this could put U.S. defense years ahead of the Russians.

JAINWAY

You don't understand. At this rate, by next week there may be no U.S.

TRIMBLE

Nonsense. All we have to do is contain it properly. This is an incredible scientific breakthrough, and I want it treated as a matter of top national security.

HARGIS

Yes sir. We've got this town locked up tight.

A RADIOMAN rushes up with a field radio.

RADIOMAN

Colonel, we've had a sighting.

HARGIS

(into receiver phone)

Hargis here.

INSERT - IN THE TOWN

A SOLDIER speaks to Hargis on a radio phone. Anthony is nearby, sobbing hysterically as several SOLDIERS try to comfort him.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER

Colonel, we've got an eyewitness who says the organism pursued some civilians into the sewers. Meg Penny, Kevin Penny, and Eddie Beckner.

BACK TO CRASH SITE - CLOSE ON BRIAN

He reacts.

FAVORING TRIMBLE

He turns to Hargis, excitement building.

TRIMBLE

Excellent. We need a schematic of the sewer system. We'll isolate and contain it down there. I want that organism alive.

HARGIS

What about the civilians?

TRIMBLE

(long beat)

They're expendable.

BRIAN

A pair of plastic-gloved hands yank him roughly from his hiding place and whirl him around -- he finds himself staring into the faceplate of a hostile SOLDIER.

SOLDIER

What do you think you're doing?

TRIMBLE

turns toward the commotion.

BRIAN

Struggling in the soldier's grip, he glances at Trimble.

TRIMBLE

glaring as his eyes lock with Brian's.

BRIAN

Whirls back, cracking the soldier's faceplate wide open with Moss' ratchet. The soldier staggers back, SCREAMING as his hands go to his bloodied face. Brian takes off through the bushes, running for his life.

(CONTINUED)

TRIMBLE

TRIMBLE
(softly to Hargis)

Kill him.

BRIAN

Brian comes to his bike, wrestles it upright, and jumps on. He kick-starts the engine as SIRENS START HOWLING. Trimble's VOICE is heard OVER LOUDSPEAKERS.

TRIMBLE (V.O.)
WE HAVE AN INFECTED CIVILIAN TRYING
TO ESCAPE. STOP HIM AT ALL COSTS
BEFORE HE REACHES A POPULATED AREA.
SHOOT TO KILL.

Brian gazes longingly ahead at the road leading to freedom. He looks back toward town, torn between going back and getting away. He finally makes his decision and churns the bike around in a tight turn.

A searchlight plays across the ground as a helicopter sweeps overhead. Brian guns the engine, accelerating across the field.

SOLDIERS

Running from the trees, letting loose their attack dogs. The animals take off after Brian in a barking frenzy.

CHATTERING bursts of M-16 fire light up the night.

BRIAN - MOVING SHOT

He bounces over the rutted field as the ferocious dog pack closes in from behind, snarling and snapping. He opens the throttle, leaving them in the dust.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Brian flies along the ridge of the riverbed, jeeps appear at the far end of the field, cutting him off.

He slams on his brakes and throws the bike into a wild turn, heading in the other direction -- but headlights are coming from that side as well.

Brian churns around in a wide circle. He's being surrounded on all sides. He comes to a stop.

CLOSE ON BRIAN

He looks around, frantic -- he has a few seconds left at most.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN'S POV

The ruin of the bridge teetering at the lip of the gully. The jump that defeated him earlier.

BRIAN

No choice. He guns the bike and jams it in gear, surging forward.

BRIAN - MOVING SHOT

Flying across the open ground, hair and jacket whipping in the wind, tires kicking up a plume of dust.

The dog pack swings in from behind, snapping at his heels.

BRIAN'S POV

Accelerating toward the bridge at hair-raising speed.

BRIAN - MOVING SHOT

He throws the throttle wide...and the engine sputters, just as it did before. The bike loses speed and the dogs gain a precious few feet.

Brian fiddles desperately with the fuel line, pleading.

BRIAN

Not now! Please...

SOLDIERS

Pouring from their vehicles. One raises his M-16 and fires off a BURST.

BRIAN - MOVING

A high-velocity slug SPANGS through his rearview mirror, smashing it to splinters. The dogs are now running alongside, snapping at his legs.

The bike SPUTTERS again.

BRIAN

C'MON, C'MON!

Enraged, Brian gives it a tremendous kick.

Suddenly the ENGINE SCREAMS and the bike rockets forward so fast that all Brian can do is hang on for dear life.

BRIAN (cont.)

WHOOOOAAAAA!

(CONTINUED)

The bike hits the ramp and flies into space trailing loose timbers and debris. The dogs jam up on the section of bridge as they come to a hasty stop.

BRIAN AND HIS BIKE

Soaring through the air like a bird, highlighted in the glare of the helicopter's spotlight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He hits the ground on the other side of the gully with a jarring CRUNCH, but manages to maintain control of the bike. He roars off into the night, flipping his middle finger over his shoulder.

The helicopter sweeps into frame overhead, spotlight searching the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT - AQUEDUCT - NIGHT

A concrete riverbed runs along the edge of town, carrying water run-off from the nearby mountains. At this time of year, the water flow is a mere trickle.

Brian and his bike bounce over the lip of the aqueduct and race down the incline to the bottom, slipping and sliding. He heads for the mouth of a large maintenance tunnel set into the wall of the aqueduct like a dark cave.

The helicopter cruises in the distance, searchlight probing. It banks into a steep turn, heading this way. Brian lays his bike down into a marshy growth of reeds as the spotlight sweeps dangerously near.

CLOSER - BRIAN

Pressing himself into the ground as the craft swoops overhead, kicking up a hurricane. It continues past, still searching.

Brian rises slowly, watching it go. Beat. He turns to the tunnel, peering into pitch darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT - TOWN - NIGHT

Vehicles arriving at an impromptu command post. Hargis and Trimble approach a SOLDIER hunched over a folding table, studying a schematic of tunnels.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER

The whole goddamn town's sitting on a system of aqueducts. Run-off from the mountains.

HARGIS

Can we trap the thing down there?

SOLDIER

There seem to be three main junctions...

(pointing on map)

Here, here, and here. We close off those valves, I think we got it.

CUT TO:

INT - SEWERS - NIGHT

A maze of dark, drippy tunnels and ankle-deep water. Dim maintenance lights provide our only illumination. Meg, Kevin, and Eddie trudge through a tunnel, hopelessly lost and confused. Kevin clutches his sister's hand in a tight, desperate grip. Eddie wipes his nose with the back of his sleeve, snuffling back tears.

EDDIE

Is it still after us?

MEG

I don't think so. Quiet now.

KEVIN

I'll be good. I swear. I'll never go to the movies again.

MEG

It's gonna be okay, Kev. C'mon. Let's find a way out of here.

CUT TO:

INT - SEWERS - NIGHT

Three heavily armed SOLDIERS in plastic suits make their way slowly through the tunnels, flashlights probing the steamy darkness, weapons at the ready. They are very keyed up and tense -- they know what could be down here, and they don't like it a bit. SOLDIER #1 leans close to the SERGEANT.

SOLDIER #1

(hissing in his ear)

Sergeant!

The sergeant nearly jumps out of his skin.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT

What?

SOLDIER #1

I think I hear something!

SERGEANT

That's the sound of me having a heart attack, you idiot!

(beat)

Let's see the map. Christ, we'll never find that goddamn valve.

SOLDIER #2

Uh, Sarge...

Soldier #2 points, directing his flashlight beam at the valve wheel, which is on the wall right behind them.

SERGEANT

(shoots him a look)

Awright, let's close it up and get out of here.

CUT TO:

INT - SEWERS - NIGHT

A larger chamber where tunnels intersect. The floor of the chamber is a lake of murky, bilious water. A concrete spill-off ramp angles from the water at one end of the chamber.

Meg, Kevin, and Eddie enter, their eyes immediately drawn by a shaft of light (from a streetlamp) spilling down through an open storm drain above. A series of cross-braced pipes thrust from the water and run up the far wall to the storm drain. Meg points to the storm drain.

MEG

C'mon. That's our way out.

They wade into the rancid waist-deep water and start across the chamber. Meg hears a SOFT SQUEALING and peers through the darkness around her.

MEG'S POV

A large, grizzled rat paddles through the water nearby.

MEG

looks away, disgusted.

MEG

Ugh! Watch out for that rat.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON RAT

The paddling rat is suddenly yanked underwater.

FAVORING KEVIN

He looks around uneasily, trying to spot the rat.

KEVIN

What rat?

Meg looks back, but the rat is gone. She peers around suspiciously, growing more and more uneasy as they press on. A SOFT SQUEAL draws her attention.

HER POV

Another rat drifts nearby, clinging to a floating piece of garbage. Suddenly, the rat is sucked under, garbage-raft and all.

FAVORING MEG

She freezes, realizing the Blob is near. She turns to the boys, her voice rising in panic.

MEG

C'mon! Hurry!

They struggle through the murky water, the slippery bottom slowing them down.

An unnatural whirling suction now begins to churn the water up behind them. Something is beneath the surface...slowly getting closer.

EDDIE

What's happening?

MEG

GO! GO!

They reach the far wall where the pipes lead up to the storm drain. Meg boosts Kevin up. He frantically begins to climb the slippery pipes.

Meg grabs Eddie to send him up next, but he's suddenly ripped from her grasp by an unseen presence beneath the water and propelled SCREAMING back across the chamber.

MEG

EDDIE!

Eddie is sucked away. Meg dives after him, vanishing beneath the surface.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Frozen halfway up the pipes, screaming in terror.

KEVIN

MEG! NO!

THE WATER

Swirling as it settles down...nothing is visible beneath its rancid surface. Eddie and Meg are both gone. Long beat.

Meg suddenly breaks the surface, gasping for air and looking around desperately.

MEG

EDDIE!

KEVIN

(screaming and crying)

IT GOT HIM! GET OUT OF THERE!

Meg backs up toward the pipes, still searching...still hoping. Nothing but silent, rippling water around her. But then --

Eddie bursts from the water directly in front of her, popping up like some hellish jack-in-the-box, his face a twisted nightmare image encased in slime. She SCREAMS.

Then he is jerked back under, vanishing as suddenly as he appeared.

LOW ANGLE

Meg frantically splashes over to the pipes and begins climbing up after Kevin...as the water in the foreground begins to swell up, rolling off the glistening Blob as it slowly rises from the muck.

MEG AND KEVIN

Climbing frantically. Kevin slips a few feet, but Meg is there to catch him.

MEG

KEEP GOING!

She looks back. In the dim subterranean gloom, she sees the Blob slowly rising from the water like some primeval demigod. Even more of the creature is sliding into the water from a tunnel at the rear of the chamber. It has become immense.

MEG

(softly)

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

Hanging on with one hand, she shoves Kevin up the last yard to the storm drain.

Kevin wriggles out onto the street to freedom and turns back to help her. She tries to climb out after him -- but doesn't fit.

THE BLOB

Sensing its prey above...rising up...tendrils forming and unwinding...slime opening up like a gaping maw...

MEG

Struggling desperately, trying to squeeze herself through, her shoulders firmly wedged. Kevin tugging on her arm with all his might, crying. She screams in frustration.

MEG

RUN, KEVIN! RUN!

But he just keeps pulling.

A TUNNEL

Drawn by her shouts, the three soldiers rush into the chamber from a tunnel directly in front of the Blob, slogging through water.

SOLDIER #1

(horrified amazement)

What the hell...

He raises his M-16. The sergeant knocks the barrel aside.

SERGEANT

We have orders not to fire!

Suddenly, a coil of slime rips the sergeant off his feet.

MEG

Hearing SCREAMS and the CHATTER OF GUNFIRE below.

MEG

Kevin. Run to the town hall!

KEVIN

But --

MEG

DO IT NOW!

Kevin runs off. Meg scrambles back down the pipes as the creature thrashes about in darkness, devouring the SCREAMING

(CONTINUED)

sergeant.

SOLDIER #2

in waist-deep water, illuminated by the staccato bursts of his M-16 -- shocked as the ground beneath his feet begins to swell. A huge flap of slime curls up out of the water behind him.

SOLDIER #1

SOLDIER #1
(screaming)
YOU'RE STANDING ON IT!

SOLDIER #2

Too late. Slime erupts around him, engulfing him from both sides like a gigantic venus flytrap.

MEG

She reaches the bottom and splashes through the muck toward the spill-off ramp at the far side of the chamber.

THE BLOB

Senses her and turns...

MEG

scrambles up the steep ramp -- but slides back down the slimy moss-covered concrete. The Blob churns through the darkness after her, an unstoppable juggernaut.

Whining with fear, Meg struggles to get up the ramp. As if in a nightmare, she continues to lose ground.

We hear an engine's ROAR, growing louder.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Like sudden thunder, Brian bursts from a tunnel at the top of the ramp on his motorcycle, skidding sideways to a stop. He grabs Meg's hand and hauls her onto the back of the bike as the Blob lashes out, missing her by inches. He guns it and roars off.

INT TUNNEL - MOVING SHOT

Meg, laughing and screaming, holds onto Brian for dear life as they rocket down a perfectly round tunnel, headlight piercing the dark. He suddenly hits the brakes and comes to a skittering stop...just inches from a wall.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Dead end.

They glance back.

THEIR POV

The tunnel is silent and still. No sign of pursuit.

But then the Blob begins surging up through slotted vents on the floor of the tunnel, cutting them off. It swells up, charging at them in a flailing rage.

BRIAN AND MEG

BRIAN

Hang on.

He churns the bike around, pointing straight at the Blob. He revs the engine higher and higher, making it SCREAM.

MEG

(mounting panic)

What are you doing?

Brian jams the bike in gear and shoots back down the tunnel.

THE BLOB

Surging toward them as it writhes up through the floor.

BRIAN AND MEG - MOVING SHOT

ROARING to meet the Blob head on.

MEG

BRIIIAAANNN...!

ANOTHER ANGLE

At the last instant, Brian guides the bike up the curved wall of the tunnel like a carnival stunt cyclist. They roar over the Blob upside down, defying gravity through sheer momentum and centrifugal force, and spiral down the other side of the curved wall just past the pulsating horror.

They keep right on going.

CENTRAL CHAMBER

They burst out of the tunnel back into the central chamber and take a spill -- Brian and Meg flip over the handlebars of the bike and hurtle through the air into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSER

They come up, gasping for air...and find themselves tangled in the half-dissolved corpse of the sergeant. They SCREAM, fighting with it. It bobs away, sinking out of sight.

They splash out of the water and keep running, disappearing into a tunnel. Brian is now limping on an injured leg.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They run right into Soldier #1 as he pops from the darkness, scaring the hell out of them. His faceplate is cracked open down the middle, his face is streaked with blood.

SOLDIER #1

(shellshocked)

It got 'em...Bigelow and the Sarge...

BRIAN

How do we get out of here?

SOLDIER #1

They were trying to scream...inside it...trying to scream...

Brian grabs the front of his suit and shakes him violently, bashing him back against the wall.

BRIAN

YOU GOTTA SHOW US THE WAY OUT!

The soldier cringes away, almost weeping with pain. His arm flops at an unnatural angle -- it's broken. Shattered bone sticks through the plastic of the suit. Brian winces.

BRIAN

Oh Jesus.

MEG

Brian!

He turns to her. She gestures back toward the chamber.

THEIR POV

Just beyond the mouth of the tunnel, the Blob is pouring back into the chamber, seeking them.

BRIAN, MEG, SOLDIER

The soldier backs away slowly...then turns and bolts with Brian and Meg right at his heels.

(CONTINUED)

STEADICAM

They race through tunnels, twisting and turning. A VOICE comes from the soldier's walkie-talkie, trying to raise somebody.

VOICE (filtered)
Baker Team! Baker Team! What the hell's going on down there?

The soldier doesn't bother answering. Just keeps running.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They come to a vertical shaft that leads straight up to an open manhole. Brian peers up the shaft.

BRIAN
We're coming up!

LOOKING UP THE SHAFT

Plastic-suited men are peering down the manhole, shining lights. Trimble and Hargis appear.

CLOSER - TRIMBLE - LOW ANGLE

He sees Brian. Beat.

TRIMBLE
Close the manhole.

The men near him react. Hargis turns to him angrily.

HARGIS
That's my man down there.

TRIMBLE
We have to contain that thing. Now close it off. That's an order.

The manhole cover slides into place with a GRATING SOUND, shutting us into darkness.

BRIAN, MEG, SOLDIER

SOLDIER #1
(wailing)
NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!

Brian pushes past him and darts up the ladder.

EXT - STREET

Trimble stands by as a truck is backed over the manhole, its rear tire coming to rest right on the cover.

(CONTINUED)

People gravitate from the town hall nearby, drawn by the commotion.

INT - SEWER - ON BRIAN

He reaches the top of the ladder and slams up against the manhole cover. It doesn't budge. He hollers up.

BRIAN
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Brian slides back to the bottom of the ladder as the soldier pleads frantically into his walkie-talkie.

SOLDIER #1
Colonel, you can't! That thing's
down here with us!

Brian grabs the walkie from him.

BRIAN
Trimble? You hear me?
(no reply)
Talk to me, man!

SOLDIER
The water's rising...it's coming
for us...

Brian and Meg look down. The water level is indeed inching up around their ankles. The soldier leans against the wall and slides to the floor, weeping.

Brian turns hopelessly to Meg. All is lost. There is a long moment of silence between them. Then, softly:

MEG
I thought you were gonna look
after yourself.

BRIAN
I guess I blew it, huh?
(pause)
I'm sorry, Meg. I really am.

MEG
Me too.
(beat)
Brian...

BRIAN
Yeah?

He looks at her, expecting something profound. Instead, she directs his attention to the soldier at their feet.

(CONTINUED)

THEIR POV

A hand-held grenade launcher is strapped to his belt. The words "Explosive Projectile -- Caution: Blowback" are stenciled along the side.

BRIAN AND MEG

He looks up at her, a grin slowly spreading. He gives her a fast hard kiss on the mouth that rocks her back on her feet, then stoops down and rips the grenade launcher off the soldier.

BRIAN

This thing work?

The soldier reaches up with his good hand and yanks a cocking lever back.

SOLDIER

It won't do any good. Not against that thing.

Brian looks up the shaft, raises the walkie-talkie to his lips.

BRIAN

Hey Trimble...

EXT - STREET - TRIMBLE

Unmoved by Brian's voice.

INT - SEWER

BRIAN

If you won't listen to me, listen to this...

He steps back and points the grenade launcher up the shaft one-handed. Meg dives to the side as --

MEG

Shit.

-- Brian pulls the trigger and --

EXT - STREET - WIDE

-- the EXPLOSION rips up through the manhole, flipping the truck onto its side. Trimble is hurled away like a rag doll.

INT - SEWER

Brian, Meg, and the soldier pick themselves up from the rubble and stagger toward the ladder through choking dust.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - STREET

Trimble lies dazed, GROANING. Around him, Hargis and his men are staggering to their feet. Deputy Briggs runs up, trailed by townspeople.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brian crawls from the smoking manhole, followed by Meg and the soldier. Brian grabs a fallen M-16 and swings it in Trimble's direction, murder in his eye.

Briggs draws his service revolver and levels it at Brian.

BRIGGS

Flagg! Drop it!

BRIAN

It's a lie! All of it!

BRIGGS

I said put it down! I'll blow you out of your shoes, boy!

TRIMBLE

Picking himself up, standing on shaky legs, seeing the M-16 in Brian's grip.

TRIMBLE

(to Hargis)

Shoot him!

Hargis levels his M-16, but hesitates. He's a soldier sworn to obey, but this thing is spiraling out of reason.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Briggs swings his revolver toward Trimble and Hargis, stunned by the order to shoot. Other soldiers CLICK-CLACK their weapons. Brian keeps his M-16 on Trimble. A tense stand-off.

BRIGGS

All right, hold it. Everybody just put your guns down.

TRIMBLE

He's infected! Contagious! He'll spread a plague through this town and kill you all!

The townspeople GASP, drawing back. Briggs swings his revolver back to Brian and steps away apprehensively.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Listen to me, Briggs! Think for a minute! You suppose an army of guys in plastic suits shows up every time a meteor falls?

TRIMBLE

Shoot him! That is a direct order!

BRIAN

How'd they get here so quickly?
How'd they even know to come?

TRIMBLE

SHOOT, DAMN IT! SHOOOOT!

BRIAN

I'll tell you how! That "meteor" is manmade! It's some kind of germ warfare test! They fucked up!

Trimble hurls himself at Hargis and wrestles the M-16 out of his hands. He fumbles with the slide, cocking it. Briggs swivels his gun back at Trimble.

BRIGGS

Don't try it!

Trimble opens fire, his aim wild. Brian hurls Meg to the ground, covering her. Briggs is winged and spins to the ground, revolver discharging into the air.

Suddenly, a tendril of slime shoots out of the manhole and flails through the air.

CLOSEUP - TRIMBLE'S FEET

The slime THWACKS around his ankles like a bullwhip and --

WIDER ANGLE

-- yanks him clean off his feet. He smacks the ground facedown and is dragged back across the pavement toward the manhole, tangled in the strap of the M-16, struggling and SCREAMING --

He is drawn into the manhole, but gets stuck, the M-16 wedged under his arms.

CLOSER - TRIMBLE

SCREAMING and SCREAMING, jerking violently from below, arms flopping convulsively.

His suit begins to swell from within. The Blob appears inside his helmet, oozing up inside his faceplate.

(CONTINUED)

His eyes bulge, hellishly aware...then his face is entirely engulfed in slime.

The M-16's strap breaks and Trimble is sucked away in the blink of an eye.

FAVORING HARGIS

He and his men are staring at the manhole, aghast. Hargis rips his helmet off and hurls it to the ground, finally fed up. He grabs an M-16 from one of his men.

HARGIS

Let's scrag that thing.

He and several of his men step forward and furiously empty their weapons down the manhole, the ROAR OF GUNFIRE DEAFENING.

HARGIS (cont.)

Satchel charge! Short fuse!

Another soldier pulls the ripcord of a satchel charge the size of a phone book and tosses it down the hole. The men step away. Beat. An EXPLOSION blows a tongue of flame up out of the hole, followed by drifting smoke. All is still.

HARGIS (cont.)

Chew on that, slimeball.

Then the concrete beneath their feet begins to tremble... subtly at first, then more violently. Hargis looks around, bewildered.

HARGIS (cont.)

What's happening...

BRIAN

(softly)

I think you pissed it off.

Suddenly the Blob shoots straight up out of the manhole into the night sky, shattering the surrounding concrete, sucking soldiers up with it.

Hargis and his men are snagged like flies on flypaper, kicking and screaming as they rise on the impossibly huge pillar of slime.

HARGIS

is sticking out of the Blob from the waist up, M-16 blazing, screaming in rage as he rides the thing up into the air. Defiant to the end, he rips pins from the grenades strapped across his chest as he is sucked into the morass.

(CONTINUED)

WIDE

Like a gigantic whale surfacing, the Blob slams back down, buckling the concrete of the street, tilting streetlamps at crazy angles. Some short out, others flicker wildly.

Hargis' grenades go off inside the creature in rapid succession, lighting up the beast from within...to no effect.

BRIAN AND MEG

stumble to solid ground at the edge of the street.

MASTER SHOT

In the erratic flickering of ruined streetlights, we see the blood-red mountain of noxious slime thunder after the fleeing people, its flailing tendrils snaring a half dozen victims.

A sporadic CHATTER OF GUNFIRE comes from the handful of remaining soldiers as frantic civilians race back to the town hall.

BRIGGS

Clutching his bleeding side. Shouting to the panicking crowd.

BRIGGS

Back! Everybody back!

Reverend Meeker is standing nearby, transfixed by the sight of the creature, buffeted by running people.

REV. MEEKER

My God. The Day is come.

He starts up the street toward the Blob as if experiencing a religious vision. Horrified, Briggs calls after him.

BRIGGS

Reverend!

REV. MEEKER

You don't understand. This is all prophesied in Revelations.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A white-suited SOLDIER is assisted by a SECOND SOLDIER as he snaps on a flame thrower. The pilot flame ignites with a MUFFLED THUMP.

SOLDIER #2

You're hot!

(CONTINUED)

Soldier #1 steps into the path of the rolling monstrosity and lets loose a WHOOSHING stream of liquid fire. The flames engulf the Blob, trailing oily black smoke.

Suddenly, a coil of flaming slime shoots out of the inferno and engulfs the nozzle of the flamethrower. The tanks on the soldier's back EXPLODE in a fireball, obliterating him.

REVEREND MEEKER

is spattered with the flaming liquid and staggers back, SCREAMING. He falls writhing on the pavement, his back and arm in flames.

FAVORING MEG

MEG

The Reverend!

BRIGGS

Here!

Meg helps the wounded deputy haul a heavy CO2 extinguisher from a fire truck. They rush over to the burning man...right into the path of the oncoming Blob.

THE BLOB

undulates toward them greedily.

MEG AND BRIGGS

Briggs drags the burning preacher back as Meg blasts CO2, extinguishing the flames.

The Blob lashes out. Without thinking, Meg blasts the slime with freezing CO2 gas -- and the tendril recoils like a snake writhing in pain.

CLOSER - MEG

backing away, stunned by the dramatic effect of the CO2. She sprays some on her hand.

MEG

Cold! It can't stand the cold!

Meg whirls around to find Brian --

MEG (cont.)

Brian! It's just like in the freezer...

-- but he's nowhere in sight.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGGS

He ran for it, Meg. He's gone.

Meg looks around in disbelief. Briggs hauls Meeker upright and drags him toward the town hall. Meg covers their retreat, blasting CO2 at the Blob.

TOWN HALL

Meg and Briggs drag Meeker up the steps, running with the last of the crowd.

INT - TOWN HALL - REVERSE ANGLE

They rush in with the Blob surging up the steps right behind them and slam the sturdy main doors.

There is a JARRING IMPACT as the Blob hits the doors...but they hold. Living slime burrows in through the cracks, but Meg blasts it back with jets of CO2 gas.

Briggs turns to the people around him: Moss, Meg's family, and many others.

BRIGGS

Pull all the CO2 you can find!
We can hold it off!

A PANICKING MAN near the back of the hall hollers at Briggs:

MAN

You hold it off! We're getting out!

A number of people MURMUR in angry agreement as the man rushes to a window and starts struggling to open it.

MEG

No wait! It's all --

She never gets to finish. The window explodes inward and a pillar of slime leaps on the Panicking Man, engulfing him.

Meg runs up spraying CO2, but the extinguisher runs dry with a LOUD RASPING SOUND. Moss rips a CO2 canister off the wall and leaps in to help, forcing the creature back outside.

The Blob recoils, dragging its wildly kicking victim with it.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Briggs, Meg's father, volunteer firemen, and other townspeople work together, frantically barricading windows and doors with desks, cabinets, etc. Moss sprays CO2 as the Blob tries to slide under the door.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGGS
Barricade all the entrances!
And get more CO2 over here!

People are running from various parts of the building,
bringing two small CO2 extinguishers.

BRIGGS (cont.)
Is that it?

A SHRILL SCREAM is heard.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A WOMAN scrambles away as the Blob writhes up out of an air vent. A MAN with an extinguisher hurries to her rescue, blasting the slime back down the vent.

As he helps the woman to her feet, a huge coil of slime bursts from the open fireplace behind him and jerks him away. He's crushed to death as it drags him up the chimney.

MAIN DOORS

Bulging inward as the flagpole wedged through the door handles SNAPS. Cabinets and desks wedged against the doors begin to slide back. Briggs, Meg's father, and others strain desperately to hold the barricade in place.

CLOSEUP - DOORS

The Blob pushes its way through the widening crack.

MOSS

climbs halfway up the barricade and shoots a burst of CO2 at the creature...but his extinguisher runs dry.

BRIGGS

straining against a bookshelf.

BRIGGS
We need more CO2 up here!

Suddenly, the Blob explodes out of the row of books on the shelf and wraps around Briggs' midsection, sinking through cloth and flesh.

MRS. PENNY

cringes back with Kevin and Christine in her arms.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGGS

SCREAMING, literally being folded in half as he's dragged through the bookcase shelves -- clutching one shelf in a white-knuckled death grip, his eyes rolling wildly in agony.

With a horrific CRACK of snapping wood and shattering bones, Briggs is jerked through the bookcase and vanishes, the broken section of shelf still clutched in his hands.

TOWNSPEOPLE

panicking, screaming, and stampeding as windows and doors shatter, buckle, crack, and bulge. Plaster dust drifts down.

REVEREND MEEKER

lies in the midst of the chaos, badly burned and moaning deliriously.

REV. MEEKER

And the great voice said to the seven angels, go your ways and pour the vials of the wrath of God upon the Earth...and lo, there fell a noisome and grievous sore upon men which had the mark of the Beast...

MRS. PENNY, KEVIN, CHRISTINE

Kevin burying his face in his mother's arms as they all SCREAM.

KEVIN

MOMMY, DON'T LET IT GET US!

CUT TO:

EXT - MOSS' GARAGE - NIGHT

All is quiet on this deserted section of Main Street. Suddenly, the front plate glass windows of the darkened mechanic's shop shatter as the huge Indian Summit snowmaker EXPLODES out of the building and plows through a row of parked cars, scattering them like tenpins.

INT - TRUCK

Brian at the wheel, steely with determination.

EXT - TOWN HALL - MASTER

The Blob is attached to the building like a gigantic pulsing parasite, its grip unbreakable. Headlights play across its rippling surface as the snowmaker ROARS up the street, enormous tractor tires bouncing across the buckled pavement.

(CONTINUED)

INT - TOWN HALL - MEG

Huddled with her family in a final, terrified embrace as the building GROANS and shakes, ready to come down around them.

Meg looks up slowly...hearing the DEEP RUMBLE of the approaching truck.

INT - TRUCK CAB

The truck SQUEALS to a stop, air brakes hissing. Brian throws a lever beneath the steering wheel.

EXT - TRUCK

A tremendous plume of manmade snow arcs out of the chute extending over the cab...the water and liquid-nitrogen tanks on the flatbed give off rolling waves of frosty mist as water is turned to instant snow.

THE BLOB

Writhing in pain as the snow shoots into its body. Steam billows as a violent chemical reaction takes place.

INT - TOWN HALL

People SCREAMING in darkness as the main door barricade collapses -- and the Blob withdraws from the building.

EXT - MAIN STREET

The Blob rears away from the town hall, lurching toward the street to confront the attacking snowmaker.

BRIAN

Jams the truck into gear and hits the gas, heading dead center for the crawling monstrosity.

LOW ANGLE

The Blob picking up momentum as it thunders across the shattered pavement in an unstoppable charge.

THE TRUCK - MOVING SHOT

Spraying snow in a massive torrent, Brian at the wheel.

MASTER

The Blob smashes into the truck with the force of a tidal wave, flipping it into the air like a child's toy. The truck crashes to the ground, cab and water tank disengaging and skidding apart.

(CONTINUED)

INT - TOWN HALL

Meg peers from the main doors as people crowd behind her.

MEG

BRIAN!

She clambers over the collapsed barricade to get outside.

MRS. PENNY

MEG! NO!

EXT - STREET

The Blob engulfs the truck cab, which has landed upside down. The ruined flatbed body lies on its side nearby, snowmaking apparatus hopelessly twisted and crumpled.

INT - CAB

Brian, bruised and bleeding, hangs upside down, desperately trying to unlatch his seatbelt as the Blob engulfs the cab. Slime oozes against the glass on all sides. Ghastly half-dissolved corpses press against the windshield, leering in at Brian -- we can barely recognize Briggs and a partial corpse in white plastic that might be Trimble. The metal of the truck cab GROANS and buckles as the Blob begins to squeeze.

EXT - STREET - MEG

She runs toward the fallen truck. The cab is now totally engulfed in the pulsating creature.

Meg pauses by the wreckage of the tanker section, her mind racing. The body of a fallen soldier is beside her, dissolved below the hips. He still holds his M-16 in a death grip. A satchel charge is attached to his ammo belt.

Meg hastily peels back the corpse's fingers. She grabs the M-16 and slings the satchel charge over her shoulder.

TOWN HALL

Moss, Meg's father, and a few other brave souls kick the remains of the barricade aside and run out.

MR. PENNY

MEG! COME BACK!

INT - CAB

Brian drops to the ceiling of the cab. There is a SQUEAL OF RENDING METAL and the cab buckles violently as if caught in a car crusher. Bare metal smacks against Brian's head, knocking him unconscious. The windshield spiderwebs with cracks.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - STREET

Meg runs out into the open with the M-16, SCREAMING WITH FEAR AND RAGE as she pulls the trigger. The weapon sprays wildly in her arms, almost knocking her over.

THE BLOB

Bullets patter across its gelatinous surface.

LOW ANGLE - MEG

Standing her ground before the creature, she screams at the top of her lungs:

MEG
COME ON, YOU PILE OF SHIT!

She lets loose another volley, her entire body rattling from the recoil.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Blob slowly shifts its massive bulk, an inquisitive "head" swiveling in Meg's direction.

She fires another BURST and leaps aside as the Blob lashes a tendril at her. She rolls to her feet beside the tanker and scrambles up on it.

MEG
YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! C'MON!

She empties the rest of the clip at the beast from her position on the tanker.

THE BLOB

releases the cab and starts toward her.

INT - TRUCK CAB

Brian, still dazed and bleeding, looks up through the cracked windshield as the huge creature withdraws.

EXT - MEG - ON THE TANKER

She tosses the M-16 aside, then wedges the satchel charge between the two massive tanks of liquid nitrogen. She pauses, taking a last look at the charging monstrosity.

MEG
(softly)
Come to Mama, fucker.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls the ripcord and leaps from the tanker --
-- but her boot snags on a piece of twisted metal and she
flips upside down, slamming back against the tanker's hull.

CLOSEUP - MEG'S BOOT

A ragged strip of metal poking through the material, the heel
wedged firmly between two regulator valves.

MEG

Dangling upside down, desperately pulling at her trapped
boot...

MOSS AND MEG'S FATHER

Running to help Meg -- but they're too far away.

MEG

straining to reach the ticking satchel charge...it's just
beyond her grasp.

THE BLOB

Looming up over the tanker like an angry mountain, its bulk
glistening in the nightmarish flickering of the streetlamps.

THE SATCHEL CHARGE

Ticking...ticking...

MEG

Struggling. Seconds to go. Doomed.

Brian bursts up, throws his arms tightly around her, and
lunges away -- her bleeding foot pops right out of the boot --
they hit the ground and scramble away as --

WIDER

-- the Blob rolls over the tanker. Meg and Brian run, legs
pumping as they cover precious yards --

-- a DEAFENING EXPLOSION. Meg and Brian are hurled forward by
the ground-ripping blast of frost, water, and ice.

MAIN STREET

An icy cloud blossoms, rising into the air.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - TOWN HALL

Meg's mother, brother, and the rest of the populace are emerging from the building.

REVERSE ANGLE

The Blob lies in the middle of Main Street, now reduced to a great pile of jagged, sparkling crystals of ice.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Everybody looks up in amazement as a beautiful, gentle snow begins to fall from the mist hanging over the street.

FAVORING MEG

She and Brian lie motionless a short distance from each other on the iced-over pavement, bodies covered in frost.

Meg slowly begins to stir

MEG

(dazed)

Brian?

Moss and her father reach her, helping her up.

MEG (CONT.)

BRIAN!

Long beat. Brian rolls over and sits up, groaning. He gazes up at the remains of the Blob.

BRIAN

(softly)

Whoa. What a rush.

Brian and Meg sweep into each other's arms, laughing and crying at the same time.

They share a long kiss, then gaze up at the last of the magically swirling snow caused by the explosion.

MOSS

(to Brian)

Hey man. Told you we'd get snow.

(beat)

You gotta have faith.

Brian and Moss grin slowly at each other. ANGLE BEGINS WIDENING as Moss turns to inspect the wreckage of the truck. He kicks a tire.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS (cont.)

(muttering)

I wonder if I'm covered for this
sort of thing...

ANGLES CONTINUES WIDENING as we CRANE UP SLOWLY for a FINAL MASTER SHOT. More and more people are gathering around. Some of the kids have already started pitching snowballs.

FIREMAN

Awright people, we got four hours
till the sun comes up! Let's get a
bulldozer and a dump truck and get
this thing over to the icehouse...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - FARM LANDS - DAY

CAMERA BOOMING UP over a vast, windswept wheatfield in the rural midwest. A large patchwork tent stands near a dusty crossroads trailing to the flat horizon. A number of battered pickup trucks and rundown cars are parked around the tent.

CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY IN as we hear the impassioned, rythmic VOICE of a fire-and-brimstone revivalist preacher:

VOICE (from tent)

The will of God is written in the
sky in fingers of flame! Wormwood
falls from Heaven, consuming sinner
and saint alike!

INT - TENT - CLOSEUP ON PREACHER

The preacher is barely recognizable as Reverend Meeker. He's no longer the cherubic little man who bumped into Scott Jeskey in the Morgan City pharmacy. His eyes have a manic gleam... his hair, now long and scraggly, is streaked with white...the side of his face and neck are runneled furrows of healed scar tissue from his burn.

Drenched in sweat, spittle flying, he screams and shouts his sermon, voice rising and falling in waves.

REV. MEEKER (cont.)

Woe to the inhabitants of the Earth
and sea, for the Final Days are
upon us! By the Lord's word, the
Earth shall be cleansed, the
disease burned out, and the temples
of the false prophets shall fall!

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE

The tent is half-filled with rural folk, blacks and whites who all share one thing in common -- poverty and hard times. They listen to Meeker's sermon with an eagerness bordering on joy, muttering "hallelujahs" and "amens."

REV. MEEKER (cont.)

There's no more time for forgivin'!
No more time for salvation! Who
among us shall be raised to Rapture
when Judgement Trump blows?

(beat)

ONLY THE FAITHFUL, BROTHERS AND
SISTERS, ONLY THE FAITHFUL!

Reverend Meeker -- now totally spent and near collapse -- turns on his heel and disappears through a canvas flap beside the stage. An overweight young black woman and a rail-thin old man with an accordion start singing, leading the crowd in "When That Day Arrives, Sweet Jesus."

INT - INNER ROOM

SINGING CONTINUES O.S. as Meeker stands at a small folding table with his back to camera, trembling as he tries to steady himself. On the table are books and other humble belongings. A surplus folding cot sits in the corner. He pours a shot of whiskey with a shaking hand and tosses it down.

An ancient black WOMAN silently enters behind him. Her weathered face is a map of hard times, her eyes filled with tears. She gathers her courage to speak.

WOMAN

When, Reverend? When?

Meeker doesn't turn around. He takes a long time before speaking.

REV. MEEKER

(softly)

Ma'am?

WOMAN

The Day of Reckonin'...how far off?

CLOSEUP - MEEKER

His back is still to the woman. He lowers his gaze, staring intently at something.

REV. MEEKER

Soon, Missus...

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to the table, revealing the dusty mason jar from the Tick Tock Diner sitting on the folding table before him. Inside, a tiny Blob slowly crawls in aimless circles.

REV. MEEKER (cont.)

The Lord will give me a sign...

FADE OUT

THE END