

"THE THING"

Screenplay by

Bill Lancaster

Based on the story

"WHO GOES THERE"

by

John W. Campbell. Jr.

SECOND DRAFT

March 4, 1981

CAST

MACREADY

35. Helicopter pilot. Likes chess. Hates the cold. The
pay is good.

GARRY

46. The station manager. Stiff. Ex-army officer. Wears
a handgun.

CHILDS

33. Six-four. Two-fifty. Black. A mechanic. Can be
jolly. But don't mess.

BLAIR

50. Sensitive. Intelligent. Unassuming. An assistant
biologist.

DR. COPPER

45. Professional. A decent man. A good doctor.

PALMER

27. Second string chopper pilot. Crack mechanic. Long
hair. Slight sixties acid damage.

NAULS

22. The cook. Bright. Black. Irreverent. But
kindhearted.

Roller skates.

NORRIS

incipient

44. Stocky. Rugged looking. A geophysicist. An heart condition.

BENNINGS

38. A meteorologist. Dutiful. An old pro.

CLARK

24. The dog handler. Likes it here. Good at his job.

SANCHEZ

job.

21. The radio operator. Hates it here. Lousy at his

the

data

continent

In the winter of 1982 these men were commissioned by United States National Science Foundation to gather concerning the physical and natural sciences on the of Antarctica.

THE MAIN COMPOUND OF U.S. OUTPOST #31

hallways,

prefabricated

hall.

cubicles

center

to

their

The interior is a cramped and never ending maze of passageways and doors which connect the many rooms and compartments within the compound. Sturdy, but materials have been used in its construction.

There is a laboratory. An infirmary. A kitchen and mess A communications room and sleeping quarters. Other are for storage and supplies.

The most spacious area of the building, and the main of activity, is the Rec Room. Of the many entrance ways this room can be seen the small work chambers with sophisticated computers and other scientific equipment.

The below quarter houses the generator and still other compartments for storage.

the
A long underground tunnel connects the main compound to
dog kennel.

FADE IN:

A STARRY BLACKNESS

slowly
becoming
control.
surging
From out of the billions, the smallest of specks drives
forward. It closes; getting larger; its features
more identifiable: a vessel. Flip-flopping; out of
Its stern roaring with flame. It passes; its blue fire
into the screen.

"THE THING"

A thundering...

FADE TO:

BLIND AND FERAL WHITENESS

...Glacial desert... gusts of snow... superimpose:

ANTARCTICA 1982 WINTER

A SOUND

It
battered
Loud and strident. A helicopter streaks across frame.
travels precariously close to the ground; its chassis
and swayed by the wind.

INT. COPTER

rifle
pilots.
wildness.
Two men
Red dials beam on the faces of two men. One carries a
and searches the horizon with binoculars. The other
Their unkempt faces, their blazing eyes notate a
They bark at each other in some Scandinavian tongue.
arguing like mad and desperate children.
The man with the binoculars sights something.

EXT. HORIZON - BINOCULARS' POV - A DOG

yards
kicks
It turns and snarls at the craft some fifteen hundred to its rear. Then whirls and gallops off. A gun blast up snow at its heels.

INT. COPTER

his
engine
Another blast of rifle fire as the man takes issue with prey. The pilot slams a fist into his gunman friend and implores for better aim. The craft swoops lower and the is put into full throttle.

EXT. HILL - THE DOG

weather-
running feverishly up and over a hill of ice. A beaten, wooden sign sticks up on the other side:

U.S. NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION -- OUTPOST #31

A rifle blast kicks up more snow.

EXT. COMPOUND OF U.S. OUTPOST #31

that a
tall, meteorological balloon tower.

distances
connected by
Multicolored
directions
A scattering of several small shacks at varying from the main compound. The smaller hovels are wooden planked walkways and steadying ropes. pennants stick put of the snow marking pathways and to outdoor experiments.

mounds
A tractor and two helicopters sit idle, covered with of continuously mounting snow.

TWO MEN, NORRIS AND BENNING

in the
standing some thirty yards from the main building are

hefty
snowmobile.
harsh.

process of letting up a large red balloon. Childs, a
black man, is twenty yards away tinkering with a
Their beards are caked with ice. It is winter and it is
The faint sound of the copter turns their attention.

THE COPTER

dangerously
outpost.

flying ever lower now. The man with the gun leans
outside and fires away at the dog as it nears the

THE MEN

outside the compound look to one another, incredulous.

THE COPTER

high-
dog.

much too low now, and chastised by the wind, attempts a
speed landing, directly on the heels of the sprinting
It bounces violently on the hard-packed surface.

Once. Twice. Passing the dog.

soundless

A third bounce sends it skidding. It flips; its blades
snapping off like toothpicks. It lands belly-up,
except for the whine of its engine.

The man with the gun rolls out before the explosion.

INT. MAIN COMPOUND

equipment,

The half a dozen men, playing cards, monitoring
listening to music -- spring to their feet, startled.

EXT. COMPOUND

wade

The dog reaches Norris and Bennings, as they awkwardly
through the snow, toward the downed copter.

THE SURVIVOR

struggles
his
bellows
screaming
and
disbelief.

of the crash, his eyes crazed with determination,
to his feet. Heedless of his companion, he double-times
way to the men and the dog. He reloads his gun and
in his Scandinavian tongue.
Norris and Bennings have no idea what he is saying.
The survivor waves his arms as if shooting them off,
as he does so; his face now caked with blood.
The two men are bewildered. The dog jumps up, licking
pawing them, imploring for safety.
Blam!! The visitor fires. The men jump back in

NORRIS

What the fu...

stalks
kick
the
diving
the
screaming,

Blam! Blam! The crazed visitor screams and fires as he
after them. His countenance ablaze, mad. Ice and snow
up about the terrified Americans. A bullet smacks into
dog's hip, sending it skidding and howling in pain.
Childs, the black man by the snowmobile, takes cover,
behind his machine.
Bennings is hit. Norris pulls, drags him back toward
compound. The dog crawls along beside them.
The intruder is relentless in his assail. He runs,
firing, screaming, reloading and firing.

INT. COMPOUND

small,
mobilize

Total confusion. Some watch helplessly through the
fogged-up and translucent windows. Others try to
grabbing for their heavy jackets.

CLOSE ON A .357 MAGNUM

the as it efficiently breaks through a windowpane and into
cold. A steady hand grips it firmly.

THE SCANDINAVIAN

He getting closer. Kablam! Suddenly, his head jerks back.
falls to his knees and then face down into the snow.

NORRIS AND BENNING

dog stare blankly, but relievedly at the fallen man. The
whimpers in pain.

CHILDS

pokes his head out from under the snowmobile.

INT. MAIN COMPOUND - REC ROOM

to The rumbling of voices fades. The men adjust their eyes
broken station manager Garry, as he extracts his gun from the
away. window, relieves it of its spent shell and puts it

CUT TO:

EXT. BURNING COPTER

is no Several men spray snow on the burning wreckage. There
hope for the pilot.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND

CLOSE ON THE PALLID FACE OF THE SCANDINAVIAN INTRUDER

A neat round hole is set in the middle of his forehead.
Station manager Garry holds up something akin to an ID.

GARRY

Norwegian... Jans Bolen.

closest
and
Fuchs, a young and sensitive-looking biologist, stands to the large area map of Antarctica. Several men sit stand around viewing the body that lies on two brought-together card-tables.

FUCHS

Gotta be from the Norwegian camp.

GARRY

How far's that?

FUCHS

'Bout eighty kilos southwest.

GARRY

(surprised)

That far?

man
sits
was
Garry directs his attention to Childs, the large black who had been working on the snowmobile. Next to him Norris, the rugged-looking, fortyish, geophysicist, who one of the men being shot at.

GARRY

You catch anything he was saying?

CHILDS

Am I starting to look Norwegian to you, Bwana?

Garry motions inquiringly to Norris.

NORRIS

Yeah. I caught that he wanted the better part of my ass to come apart.

INT. INFIRMARY

of
Dr. Cooper, mid-forties, works on the outstretched leg Bennings, the meteorologist. Clark, the dog handler, is mending the hip of the wounded dog off in the corner.
Bennings lets out with an ouch.

DR. COPPER

Don't "ouch" me. Two stitches. It just grazed you.

He helps a shaken Bennings up off the table.

BENNINGS

What in the hell were they doing...? Flying that low... shooting at a dog... at us...

DR. COPPER

Stir crazy. Cabin fever... Who knows.

The dog yelps and whimpers as Clark tries to calm him.

CLARK

I'll be here a while. Shell's pretty deep.

INT. RADIO ROOM

the
Blair, senior biologist, fifty, balding, leans against
entrance door.

He looks on as the young, bored-looking radio operator, Sanchez, attends to his equipment. Bursts of static.

SANCHEZ

It's no go.

BLAIR

Well, get to somebody. Anybody. We've got to report this mess.

SANCHEZ

Look, I haven't been able to reach shit in two weeks. Doubt if anybody's talked to anybody on the whole continent.

INT. HALLWAY

one
little
Nauls, the cook, glides along on his roller stakes down
of the many narrow hallways that connect the various
compartments of the main compound. He is black, a
mischievous, about twenty-two.

entrances
the

He comes to a flashy skidding stop at one of the
to the rec room area, where the men are gathered with
dead Norwegian.

NAULS

Maybe we at war with Norway.

and
remark to

Palmer, a spacy, twenty-seven year old, novice pilot
mechanic, grins as he lights a joint. He directs a
station manager Garry.

PALMER

Was wondering when "El Capitan" was
going to get a chance to use his pop
gun.

Fuchs.

Garry rebukes him with a stern look and then turns to

GARRY

How long have they been stationed
there?

Fuchs leafing through a pile of papers.

FUCHS

Says here about eight weeks.

Dr. Copper enters the room. Bennings limping after him
slightly.

GARRY

(shaking his head)
That's not enough time for guys to
go bonkers.

NAULS

Bullshit, Bwana, sweetheart. Five
minutes is enough to put a man over
down here.

PALMER

Damn straight.

NAULS

I mean Palmer been the way he is
since the first day.

Palmer smiles and flips the cook the bird.

GARRY

How many in their party?

FUCHS

(referring)

Started with six. There'd be four others left.

DR. COPPER

How do you know?

The men's attention turn to Copper.

DR. COPPER

...Guys as crazy as that could have done a lot of damage to their own before they got to us.

GARRY

Nothing we can do about that.

DR. COPPER

Yes, there is. I'd like to go up.

GARRY

In this weather?

DR. COPPER

(turns to)

Bennings?

BENNINGS

Winds are going to let up a tad, next couple of hours.

GARRY

A tad?

BENNINGS

Can't condone it myself. But it is a short haul. Hour there, hour back.

another
Garry still does not much like the idea. Palmer takes
hit off his joint.

PALMER

Shit, Doc, I'll give you the lift if...

GARRY

Forget it, Palmer. Doc, you're a pain in the ass.

GARRY

(turns)

Norris, go get MacReady.

Slight laughter from some of the men.

NORRIS

(grins)

MacReady ain't going nowhere. Bunkered in till spring.

GARRY

Just go get him.

NORRIS

(stands)

Anyway, he's probably ripped.

EXT. U.S. OUTPOST #31

exits
the
up the
and
Norris, bundled in his sixty-five pounds of clothing, the main compound. He walks the prefab wooden planks up precipice; his destination is someone a hundred yards slope -- to a shack. He grabs onto the steadying ropes and pulls himself against the wind and blowing sleet.

INT. MACREADY'S SHACK - CLOSE ON ICE CUBES

whiskey.
being dumped into a glass, followed by the pouring of
An electronic Voice is heard.

VOICE

Bishop to knight four.

to his
on his
sparse but
by
MacReady takes a sip of his drink; makes his way over electronic chess game. A large Mexican sombrero hangs back. He is tall; about thirty-five. His shack is unkempt. A few centerfolds on the wall are interspersed

American

an occasional poster of some Mediterranean or South
paradise.

pieces

The chess game is of larger than normal size. The
move automatically with the press of a button. He sits
down

and chuckles over his opponent's bad move.

MACREADY

Poor little son of a bitch. You're
starting to lose it, aren't you?

response

He confidently taps out his move. His companion's
is immediate.

VOICE

Pawn takes queen at knight four.

There

MacReady's grin slowly fades as he examines the board.

heedless

is a pounding at his door. MacReady broods for a bit,
of his visitor and makes his next move.

VOICE

Rook to knight six. Check.

opponent for

More impatient pounding. MacReady glares at his
a beat. He bends forward, opens up a flap containing
the
chess game's circuitry and pours in his drink. There
ensues
a snapping, popping sound as smoke and sparks rise from
the
machine; followed by a flush of chess gibberish.

the

MacReady gets up from his seat, mumbling on his way to
door.

MACREADY

...Cheating bastard...

of

He opens the door. Norris steps in followed by a flurry
snow and wind.

NORRIS

You jerking off or just pissed?

MACREADY

We got any more of those electronic chess things down in supply?

NORRIS

Get your gear on.

MACREADY

What for?

EXT. OUTPOST

off.
warming
One of the grounded choppers is being readied for take-
Childs holds a huge industrial torch to the engine,
it up.

INT. MAIN COMPOUND - CORRIDOR

their
chopper.
MacReady,
Dialogue
Garry, Bennings, Dr. Copper, Palmer and MacReady wind
way through the slender corridors on their way to the
Dr. Copper carries a satchel of medicine supplies.
going over his flight chart, looks mad as hell.
overlaps.

MACREADY

...Craziness... This
is goddamn insane...

GARRY

...Quit the griping
MacReady. Sooner you're
there -- sooner you're
back.

MACREADY

It's against regulations to go up
this time of year!

DR. COPPER

Screw regulations! Four guys could
be crawling around on their bellies
out there!

MACREADY

So, I don't want to end up crawling around with them when we go down.

GARRY

Look, if you're going to keep bitching, MacReady -- Palmer's offered to take him up...

MACREADY

What are you talking?! He's had two months training in those choppers!

PALMER

(defiant)

Four!

MACREADY

(to Bennings)

What is it out there, anyway? Forty-five knots?

BENNINGS

Sixteen.

MACREADY

(disgusted)

And the horse you rode in on. Sixteen for how long?! You can't predict this time of year...

INT. / EXT. CHOPPER

Dr. Copper sits next to MacReady, who is at the controls.

MacReady tightens the string of his sombrero around his neck and starts up its choking engine.

MacReady fights violently with the controls as he struggles to get the craft into the air. It finally rights itself and moves up and off into the grey-white sky.

INT. MAIN COMPOUND

A couple of the men mingle in the area. Clark, the dog handler, looks out the window.

CLARK

Mac's really taking it up, huh?

room.
one

The dog, a large bandage on his hip, wades through the
Under tables. Past men's legs. It hobbles slightly. No
takes notice.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHOPPER

rising

moves over a ridge of ice. Columns of smoke can be seen
ominously from a quarter mile off.

INT. CHOPPER - POINT OF VIEW

like
below.

As they near, the smoke looms thicker. A black, tar-
gush; billowing up into the grey sky from the whiteness

EXT. NORWEGIAN CAMP

down.
aftermath
prefab
rises
Embers

Smoke climbs upward in the f.g. MacReady sets his craft
Pull back to reveal the camp itself: resembling the
of a western fort, sacked and ravaged by Indians.
Small fires and debris are strewn everywhere. The
Administration Building exposes gaping holes. Smoke
from the almost entirely snow-buried Quonset huts.
swirl in every direction.

INT. CHOPPER

out.

The two men look at each other in silence. They get

CLOSE ON A LARGE, MAKESHIFT FUNERAL PYRE

Wood,
been
and

smoldering to a close. A hastily conceived crematorium.
books, furniture, tires, anything that will burn has
mixed together with the charred remains of several dogs

the body of a man.

within
Curious mounds of a melted and blackened goo are heaped
the mess.

not
A small can of gasoline lies nearby. A large oil drum
far off.

MACREADY AND COPPER

their faces ashen as they take in this grotesque sight.

toward the
MacReady turns to view the Norwegian compound. He then
exchanges a look with Copper. MacReady heads back
chopper.

THE CHOPPER

panel
MacReady unhinges the shotgun that is latched to the
behind the seats.

EXT. THE MAIN BUILDING - THE DOOR

wisps of
unlocked. He
pitch-
MacReady and Dr. Copper stand hesitantly amidst the
snow and embers. MacReady tries the door. It is
slowly pushes it open with his gun. A creaking. A long
black corridor. Copper shines a flashlight.

DR. COPPER

Anybody there?!

No answer. Just wind. They exchange a look and enter.

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR

breath,
overhead.
The two men move slowly. It is dank and cold. Their
bleating like exhaust. A soft, steady wind howls
The flashlight is not much help.

get
door
Further down, they hear a faint hissing sound. As they
closer it more resembles static. The flashlight finds a

from

at the end of the corridor. The sputtering static comes within.

out

The face of the door has been shredded. An ax sticks from its middle. MacReady wrenches out the ax. There is on it. The men acknowledge this for a beat.

blood

MacReady tries the knob. It opens slightly. Something blocking it from the other side.

is

MACREADY

Anybody in there?!

Nothing.

DR. COPPER

We're Americans!

Nothing.

MACREADY

Come to help you!!

MacReady pushes against the door.

MACREADY

Give me a hand.

more.

They push, shove, grunt. The door gives a bit. Finally

computer-

It widens enough for MacReady to see that a large

and

like machine is blocking their path. MacReady wedges in and shines the flashlight.

allowed

It is the communications room. Holes in its roof have in the freezing cold. The flashlight exposes the back radio chair. One more nudge allows them into the room.

of the

Coleman

A beat as they catch their breath. MacReady spots a lantern. He lights it with a match. Holds it up. The light exposes the top of a man's head sitting in the

brighter

radio

chair.

MACREADY

Hey, Sweden...! You okay?

inch
Doctor.

The chair rocks slightly with the gentle breeze. They
closer. A yard from the chair, MacReady stops the
He pokes his gun at the chair's back.

MACREADY

Sweden?!

ending in

Dr. Copper spots something. From the man's wrist on the
armrest, he follows a long, yarn-thick, red line,
a pool of frozen blood on the floor.

up

The two men step around the chair. The Norwegian stares
in blanched death. A gaping black hole for a mouth.

razor

His throat and wrists slit. An old-fashioned straight
in his lap.

the

MacReady turns off the hissing radio, and marches to
other door. It is locked and barricaded.

DR. COPPER

(more to himself)

My God, what in hell happened here?

MACREADY

Come on, Copper.

exit.

The two men free a machine-like obstacle from the other
MacReady opens a lock and pushes the door open.

high

More blackness. Stronger wind. Copper holds the lantern
as they make their way down a row of wooden steps and
cavernous, underground causeway.

into a

MACREADY

Hey, Sweden!!!

DR. COPPER

(irritated)
They're not Swedish, goddamn it,
they're Norwegian, MacRe --

whirls in
buffeted

Whap!! Something slaps into the Doctor's face from the darkness. The lantern crashes to the ground. The Doctor stumbles, falls. MacReady grabs the flashlight and different directions. A panting beat. Silence. Dr. Copper holds up what hit him. A thick centerfold, by the wind. MacReady takes it.

MACREADY

Norwegian of the Month, Doc. Harmless.

MacReady pockets it for further viewing.

INT. THE NARROWEST OF CORRIDORS

cracked
of
creaks

The supporting beams have long since buckled and from the constantly moving ice underneath. The evidence of fire has further weakened the foundations. The wood overhead. Bits of ice and silt trickle down.

tries
yawning

The two men walk hunched, cautious. MacReady gingerly to make his way around a broken and smoldering beam. He brushes it gently sending a shower of debris from the roof.

along the
light

The two men wait until it subsides and then moves on. Further down. MacReady's knee bumps into something wall, causing him to stumble slightly. He shines his light on it.

off
pinned,

An arm is sticking out of a steel door about three feet the ground. The door has been slammed shut. The arm its fist still gripping a small welding torch. The flame long since gone out.

MACREADY

(wincing)

Holy shit...

the He tries the door. Unlocked. It opens. The arm drops to
ground. It has been severed by the force of the slam.
Its owner is nowhere to be seen.
MacReady, sickened, coughs. Dr. Copper mumbles.

DR. COPPER

Christ...

passageway. They step over the arm and into another slim

Moving along they come to rest in front of a door with
Norwegian lettering on it.

fly MacReady pushes it open with his foot. Dozens of papers
about, flailed by the holes in the Quonset hut-style
roof. The place is a wreck. They enter. MacReady surveying
the small room with his flashlight.

DR. COPPER

...Laboratory.

illuminated. Broken beakers, test tubes, a microscope are

MacReady notices a video camera.

MACREADY

Portable video unit.

shuffles Copper makes his way over to the main work table. He
through papers, glancing at the writing.

MACREADY

Anything?

DR. COPPER

All in Norwegian.

strewn Dr. Copper bends down and begins gathering the papers,

about the room.

MACREADY

What are you doing?

DR. COPPER

Could be important work. Might as well bring it back.

MACREADY

It's getting late. Hurry it. I'm going to check the last few rooms.

tape
is
rear. He
He exits. Amongst the rubble, Dr. Copper finds a pocket recorder and several cassettes. He selects a tape and about to pop it in when he senses something to his rear. He turns. Looks. A beat. Nothing.

INT. HALLWAY

MacReady shoves himself into another room.

INT. ROOM

had
and
Debris and wood flush down on him. The receding ceiling been blocking the door from above. He brushes his coat and shines the light upwards.

deeper
The ceiling is a shambles. He then shines the light into the room.

INT. NORWEGIAN LAB

Dr. Copper is playing the small tape recorder. A casual Norwegian voice drones on as if making notes. He fast forwards. The same casual drone.

MACREADY (O.S.)

Copper, come here!!

INT. ROOM

wood
Dr. Copper enters, squeezing in, through the door. The cracks overhead. More debris comes falling down.

MACREADY

Careful. It's about to go.

block of
Copper dusts himself. MacReady stands before a huge
ice. Fifteen feet long. Six feet wide. Four feet tall.
It has partially melted, but its thawing process has
been
stopped by the now freezing temperatures within the
outpost.

bathtub.
Its one curious feature: the middle has been thawed and
scooped out. Giving it the appearance of a large

The two men study it uncomprehendingly.

left.
MacReady's gaze turns to a large metal cabinet at his
pasted
He moves for a closer look. Several photographs are
to its door. Small snapshots of the Norwegians at work
and
play.

ceiling
He tries to open it. Stuck. The partially caved-in
again,
is slightly blocking the top of the door. He tries
Bits of
careful not to dislodge the wood and plaster above.
dust float down.

DR. COPPER

Watch it.

unexpectedly. The
His grip is too strong. It gives suddenly,
large metal door flies open.

thumping to
Large chunks splash from the ceiling. They come
door.
the floor, behind and in front of the open cabinet
inside.
MacReady coughs and waves away the dust. He peers
gear.
Nothing much. Some empty shelves. Some small scientific

the
His flashlight then locates a large photograph taped to
inside of the cabinet door.

smiles,
frozen
The
It is a picture of five Norwegians, arm in arm, all
toasting each other. They are on either side of the
block of ice, pridefully displaying it for the camera.
block looks much thicker. Its interior opaque.

MacReady looks to the block of ice and then back to the
photograph. He untapes it, pockets it and shuts the
door.

closing
go
An armless corpse swings into his face from behind the
door. Dislodged from the ceiling, the body and MacReady
crashing to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. OUTPOST - RECREATION ROOM

of
is
lazily
its
The loud beat of Warren Zevon's song, "The Werewolves
London," can be heard throughout the compound. The room
empty. Close on a video pong game, its ball of light
traveling back and forth. The dog, its tail wagging,
bandage on, walks by.

INT. KITCHEN

skates
side of
pot
Zevon's record is blasting from Nauls' stereo. He
from the big walk-in freezer and plunks down a large
beef on the wood-cutting table to thaw. He skates from
to pan keeping time with his sounds.

touch
He smells. Tastes. Adds a little something here, a
there. He clearly enjoys his work.

Station Manager Garry stops past the open door.

GARRY

Turn that crap down, Nauls. You can

hear it all over the camp!

NAULS

Oui, Bwana. Can do.

He skates over and turns it down, but not much.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

front
over
awake.

Garry enters and sees that Sanchez has nodded off in
of his receiver. His headgear is still on. Garry walks
and turns up the volume, the static jolting Sanchez

SANCHEZ

Hey, man...!

GARRY

You reach anybody yet?

SANCHEZ

We're a thousand miles from anybody
else, man. It's going to get a hell
of a lot worse before it gets better.

GARRY

Well, stick to it.

INT. COMPOUND CORRIDOR

sleeping
stops
back
shadow
and
The
mumbles:

An empty hallway. Larger than most. Doors to several
quarters on either side. The dog slowly walks through.
One of the doors is open up ahead of his left. The dog
in front of it and looks in. Someone is inside.
Inside the small cubicle, a slight portion of a man's
can be seen as he sits bent over a chair; his large
displayed on the wall.
Back in the corridor. The dog looks up the hall once
casually to the other end. No one. He enters the room.
sound of a man's voice, too indistinct to tell whose,

MAN'S VOICE

Hello boy.

A beat.

The sound of a glass breaking. A muffled scuffling. The door is slammed shut from the inside. And then silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

Fuchs, the young biologist, is finishing up his daily jog around the compound. He stops at the end of a long Quonset hut almost completely buried in the snow. The hut is fifty yards long and connects to the main compound. He enters a tunnel from a latch door up top.

INT. TUNNEL

He jogs down the steps, passing the underground dog kennel and trots toward the compound through the long narrow tunnel. He passes and waves to Clark, who rolls along a wheelbarrow of dog food.

CLARK

opens the door to the small kennel and serves up the dinner. The dogs, about seven of them, yelp and bark eagerly.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY

near the fuel supply bladders. Older and more rickety than the quarters above.

Childs waltzes through, humming, a big smile on his face.

He stops at a door with six locks on it. Different kinds.

Combination locks, key locks, etc. He opens each one separately.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

down on
Inside are several marijuana plants. Sun lamps beam them. Childs inspects them with a wide grin.

CHILDS

How my brothers and sister doing today? Doin' fine.

back
He moves over to a tape deck, selects a cassette, grins at the plants and turns it on.

CHILDS

What say to some nice Al Green for my babies, huh?

hears
is
He waters them carefully, as Al Green sings softly. He a panting and turns around to see the dog. His bandage gone.

CHILDS

What you...? You get the hell on out of here.

The dog is shooed off. Childs turns back grumbling.

CHILDS

...Comin' in here... goin' to urinate on my babies.

INT. MAIN COMPOUND - HALLWAY

rack
picks
Blair passing through, holding a chart and carrying a rack of test tubes, notices a large bandage on the floor. He picks it up, inquiringly. It is mangled and shredded.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

sound
Palmer works on the generator. He hears the sound of approaching propeller blades from outside. And then the

what

of his tool box crashing to the floor. He turns to see
caused the ruckus.

work

The dog, who has entered the shed, has jumped on the
table and upended the tool box on its eagerness to look
out of the above window. Palmer curses under his breath and
calls out.

out

calls

PALMER

Clark! Will you kennel this goddamn
dog?

(bangs wrench against
pipe)

Hey, Clark?!

THE DOG

carrying

arrived

It paws at the window and watches as the chopper,
MacReady and Dr. Copper, fights against the newly
heavy winds and lands safely.

INT. STATION MANAGER GARRY'S QUARTERS

and his

video

on a

playing

record of

back

Garry, MacReady, Dr. Copper, Norris, Bennings, Blair
assistant, Fuchs, are present. The small Norwegian
unit has been set up and its contents are being viewed
TV screen. Grainy, home movie-ish, no sound.

The proceedings are grim.

Shots of the Norwegian's at work. Others of them
soccer on ice. Generally the footage is a prosaic
their day-to-day life.

Norris shuffles the bundle of notes Dr. Copper brought
with him.

NORRIS

...Seems they were spending a lot of
time at a place four miles northeast

of their camp.

GARRY

What were they involved in?

MacReady, working on the video machine, answers.

MACREADY

Little ice core drilling... some
seismology... glaciology... same old
shit we do.

probably

The present footage is a shot of them all naked and
drunk, holding a sign across their waists as they stand
outdoors in super-freezing weather.

BENNINGS

How much more of this crap is there?

DR. COPPER

About nine more hours.

BENNINGS

We can't learn anything from this.

DR. COPPER

Probably right.

machine.

MacReady turns on the light and shuts off the video

to

He then slides the portable tape deck across the table

Dr. Copper. They exchange a look.

DR. COPPER

MacReady and I were listening to
some of these cassettes on the way
back.

(somberly)

Like you gentlemen to hear it.

notes.

A Norwegian voice drones on calmly, making verbal

Norris shrugs.

BENNINGS

What do you want from us?

MACREADY

(flat)

Just listen.

then
confusion.
wooden
the
screeching.
listen.

Dr. Copper fast forwards. The calm voice continues. And a loud blast, followed by pounding. The sounds of Voices. Loud. Frenetic. Men's feet running up and down floorboards. A gurgling. A hissing. Screams. And then a screeching. More blasts mixed with din of wild, carnage-wrought cries. And then more A screeching unlike anything these men have ever heard. The men look from one another in silence as they

Dr. Copper turns it off.

DR. COPPER

Goes on like that quite awhile.
(beat)
What do you gentlemen make of it?

GARRY

Could be anything... Men in isolation... some beef that snowballed... got out of hand...

NORRIS

Maybe the whole camp got bent...
Something they ate. What about food poisoning, Doc?

Dr. Copper taps the tape deck pensively.

DR. COPPER

Maybe.

He glances at MacReady, and then back to the others.

DR. COPPER

There's something else we want you to see.

INT. INFIRMARY

contents of
Dr. Copper and MacReady begin dumping the heavy
a large plastic trash bag onto the slab.

DR. COPPER

We found this.

of a
shoes
legs and
almost

Displayed on the slab is what appears to be the corpse
man. Badly charred. What is left of the trousers and
of the bottom torso are ripped and split, as if his
feet had burst from the inside. His upper body is an
undecipherable gnarled mass of protoplasmic mush.

normal.
abdomen.
and
around

The head is strangely disfigured and looks larger than
It is situated not on its shoulders but near the
Tendon-like appendages are wrapped around the carcass
sticking up and out in odd postures. One is wrapped
the body's left leg.

like

The shirt has been ripped and lies shredded in the tar-
mess.

The men grimace.

DR. COPPER

I know he's pretty badly burned...
but could fire have done this?

like

Blair, sickened but fascinated, pokes at the tendon-
things and the tarry goo.

DR. COPPER

Blair, I'd like you and Fuchs to
help me with autopsies on this one
and the one Garry shot this morning.

INT. REC ROOM - LATER - CLOSE ON A TABLE HOCKEY GAME

heavy.

Foosball. Nauls and Clark are going at it hot and

issue

Sanchez sits off in a corner thumbing through an old
of Photoplay.

something

Bennings, Norris and Garry are engaged in a card game. Bennings is about to play a card when he feels under the table. He looks. It is the dog.

BENNINGS

Clark, will you put this mutt with the others where he belong?!

INT. LAB

intruder,

larger than most of the other rooms and well-equipped.

Dr. Copper is performing an autopsy on the Norwegian killed early that morning.

slides.

Blair sits over his microscope, while Fuchs prepares

turn. Dr.

The other body is draped with a sheet, waiting its Copper pulls off his gloves.

DR. COPPER

Nothing wrong with this one. Physiologically, anyway.
(to Blair)
Find anything toxic?

BLAIR

No drugs... alcohol. Nothing.

INT. TUNNEL

toward the

Clark leads the dog through the long, cold tunnel kennel. A new dressing has been placed on its hip. He unlatches the door to the kennel and leads him in.

INT. KENNEL

around
panting
several

About twenty feet long, five feet wide. Poorly lit. Cramped with dogs. Some of them sleeping. Others pacing and curious, greet their new companion, sniffing, and rubbing up against him. Clark pats the dog and others, then leaves, latching the door behind him.

INT. SLEEPING CUBICLE

show
one
another
Childs lies in his cot watching a small television. The
is a tape of an American TV game show. He has seen this
too many times, extracts the cassette and injects
game show.

comic
takes a
Palmer is stretched out in the other cot, reading a
book and smoking a joint. Childs beckons for it and
hit.

INT. PUB

videotapes
of
A small area, just off the rec room. Set up like a bar.
MacReady is alone looking over the rest of the
from the Norwegian outpost. Mundane to esoteric chores
Antarctic camp life. He looks bored.

INT. LAB

focuses
Blair, hovering over the microscope, lays in a slide,
and motions for Dr. Copper to take a look.
Copper is confused as he examines. He shrugs.

DR. COPPER

I don't understand.

to the
tendon-
Fuchs takes the opportunity to look. Blair moves over
disfigured corpse and indicates one of the fibrous,
like appendages.

BLAIR

It's tissue from one of these sinewy
rods.

Fuchs is befuddled as he examines.

FUCHS

What in the world kind of cell
structure is this?

BLAIR

That's the point.

DR. COPPER

(tired)

I don't get you, Blair.

BLAIR

I'm not sure it is any kind of cell structure. Biologically speaking.

DR. COPPER

(sighing)

This really isn't my field, Blair.
Let's wrap for the day.

Dr. Copper undoes his lab coat and lays it over a chair
as
he exits. Blair stares down ominously at the mutilated
body.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

A steady stream of sleet pounds the compound and small surrounding shacks.

INT. REC ROOM

Vacant. The wall clock reads four-thirty.

INT. HALLWAY

Sleeping cubicles on either side. The sound of snoring.

INT. PUB

some
keeps
to
full-
He
rewinds, then starts it forward again.

Bleary-eyed, MacReady is in the process of blowing up
strange inflatable object. As he puffs away, he still
an eye on the Norwegian video tapes. His balloon begins
take shape. It blossoms into a life-size replica of a
breasted woman. Something on the tape catches his eye.

appears
The screen shows the Norwegians on the surface of what

the
outstretched.

to be an enormous, flat glacier. They are spread out on
ice around a large odd oval shape; their arms

pleased

It fades to black and then a Norwegian comes on mugging
childishly in front of the camera, apparently quite
with something.

reappears.

The tape fades to black again and the picture

flag

This time they have marked off the large oval area with
sticks.

into
metallic

Closer shots show three of the men digging a deep hole
the ice. There is a small patch of something dark and
at the bottom.

MacReady leans forward, intrigued.

various
mumbles to

The men are now sinking something deep into the ice at
points around the markings. MacReady squints and
himself.

MACREADY

Decanite...? Thermite charges...?

markings.
beat
appears to

The tape jump cuts again showing a long shot of the
No Norwegian in sight. An explosion kicks up the ice. A
as the ice sprays to the ground. Then the camera
shake as the ground beneath it quivers.

force

Another immense explosion follows. An earthquake-like
throws the camera to the ground.

MACREADY

What in...

crack

The tape continues, distorted, unviewable. A distinct

quickly
around
in the lens. MacReady lets go of his companion and
rewinds. The deflating mannequin is sent sputtering
the room.

INT. KENNEL - NIGHT

watches
them calmly, silently.
Most of the dogs are sleeping or lounging. The new dog

dogs
and sits upright. Completely still. He stares at them.

A
beat. The dogs are aware of something. They begin to
seem a
bit confused, uncomfortable.

unnaturally
still. His eyes dead, lusterless black spheres.
The new dog continues to stare. Sitting rigidly,

something:
purring
growl.
Bewildered, a few dogs start to pace. As if sensing
a portent. A danger. But so odd. They begin a soft,

dogs
begin to pace. Nervously. Faster, encircling.
The new dog remains a statue. The growling builds. More

them
into a frenzy.
Emitting hisses, snarls. The lack of response driving

escalating.
Barks. Growls. More frenetic pacing. The din
Three dogs start to close in on the stranger.

They attack.

THE SHADOW OF THE NEW DOG

upward,
seeming larger.
against the kennel wall. The shadow suddenly lurches

The kennel roars.

INT. PUB

MacReady is still going over bits of the same footage, fascinated. He hears the far-off clamor of the dogs.

INT. NAULS' QUARTERS

He, too, bothered by the noise, tosses and turns in his sleep.

INT. CLARK'S QUARTERS

Clark snores. MacReady has entered.

MACREADY

Clark.

No response. MacReady nudges him. Clark rolls away, annoyed.

MacReady pinches his snoring nose, cutting off the air.

Clark sits up, groggy.

MACREADY

Dogtown's going nuts. Take care of it.

INT. TUNNEL

Clark, sleepy, irritated, makes his way down the freezing corridor. The wind souging loudly overhead.

CLARK

reaches the kennel door. The savage outpouring of noise from within baffles and angers him. He unlatches the door.

CLARK

What's got into...

Smack! Just as he opens the door, two dogs, as if jettisoned from a cannon, knock him off his feet. Growls, barks, snarls. And a screeching from within.

INT. KITCHEN

far-
sprints.

MacReady is fetching himself a beer. The sound of the
off screeching. He freezes. A beat. He turns and

HIS BEER CAN

lever.
as it smashes the glass of the fire alarm. He pulls the

INT. TUNNEL

Garry,
his
The alarm is blaring throughout the camp. MacReady,
Norris run through the narrow tunnel led by Clark.
MacReady carries a shotgun. Garry, half-dressed, has
.44. Clark, a fire ax.

CLARK

I don't know what the hell's in there,
but it's weird and pissed off,
whatever it is.

INT. HALLWAY

Chaos. Men, half-naked, bounce from their cubicle.
Pulling on their pants, digging into shoes.

INT. CHILDS' CUBICLE

Childs is grappling with his belt buckle.

CHILDS

Mac wants the what?!

BENNINGS

(at the doorway)
That's what he said. Now! Move!

Bennings is off.

INT. TUNNEL

dogs,
door
as the men approach the locked kennel door. The two
thrown into Clark, back ferociously and scratch at the
trying to get back in. One is badly bloodied.

themselves
MacReady
MacReady
their
into
dogs;

The fight inside rages on. MacReady and Clark brace by the narrow door. Norris and Garry hold back the two hysterical dogs. Clark undoes the latch and he and enter the kennel.

The light has been broken and it is pitch black. MacReady snaps on his flashlight. Norris and Garry can't contain animals and the dogs burst into the room. They smash MacReady and send him sprawling. Total confusion: the dogs; the men; the screeching; the blackness.

CLARK

Mac, where are you?

He
trying
corner.
fray
dog.
powerfully.

MacReady gropes for his flashlight and rights himself. He finds Clark. Then shines it around the cramped room to get his bearings.

The light finds a mass of dogs in a wild melee in the corner. Barking mixed with hissing, a gurgling, a screeching. Dogs being hurled about and then charging back into the fray with a vengeance.

The flashlight illuminates parts of some "thing." A dog. But not quite. Impossible to tell. It struggles powerfully. Garry pokes his head into the blackness.

GARRY

What's going on, damn it?

MacReady aims his shotgun at the entire pack.

MACREADY

I'm going to shoot.

CLARK

No! Wait!!

throws
chopping and
leg

Clark wades into the pack, grabs at dogs' hides and them back. He then wields his ax into the fray, hacking away at the gurgling, hissing silhouette. From out of nowhere, a large, bristly, arachnid-like springs up and wraps around Clark's ax. It sends Clark smashing violently into the wall.

OUTSIDE

in

More men running, nearing the kennel. Several squeezing with Garry, trying to get a look.

INSIDE

knocking
direction
crawls

MacReady fires several rounds. A dog is flung at him, him and his flashlight once more to the ground. Garry squeezes in and begins blasting away in the of the hissing and screeching. A dog is hit. MacReady for his flashlight.

MACREADY

Clark? Where are you? Clark!

Blam. Blam. Garry continues firing at the silhouette.

INT. TUNNEL

torch

Childs, huffing and puffing, lugs the huge industrial toward the crowded kennel doorway.

CHILDS

What's happening?

MACREADY (O.S.)

Childs, you got the torch? You get your ass in here!!

INT. KENNEL

bumps

Childs scrunches in, disoriented by the blackness, and

into Garry, knocking him off balance.

CHILDS

Where are you?

at MacReady signals with his flashlight and then points it
the gathering of snarling dogs.

MACREADY

Torch it over there!

CHILDS

The dogs?

MACREADY

Screw the dogs!! Torch it!!

a Childs lets loose with a burst of blue flame. A mewing,
screeching.

Part of the kennel starts to burn.

GARRY

(panic)

We're on fire!

MACREADY

Don't let up, Childs!

GARRY

(to outside)

Extinguishers.

hissing,
Childs moves closer, continuing his assault on the
gurgling presence.

burning
and Men charge into the room and begin spraying dogs and
walls. Dogs and men choke and cough amidst the smoke
and **CO2.**

Childs The screeching lessens. The hissing and gurgling fade.
turns off his torch.

CUT TO:

INT. REC ROOM - NEXT MORNING

quiet Those of the men that have gathered exhibit a pale and
uneasiness.

corpses Blair, in silent awe, stands over the badly burned
table. of two interlocking dogs, that lie before him on a

the They are connected as if they were one animal. Though,
larger one wearing the remnants of Clark's bandage is much
and and appears less dog-like. Its entire torso is cracked
peeled, as if its innards were trying to burst out.

Odd appendages, recoiled and withered by the flame, are
wrapped grotesquely about both bodies.

Nauls Clark, his eyes set in glassy stare, sits in shock.
staring comforts him. Childs stands nearby smoking a joint and
at the floor.

his Blair, transfixed, continues hovering over the united
face. cadavers. Weighing. Thinking. A very worried look on

not The dead bodies of two other dogs from the kennel are
far off.

INT. INFIRMARY

other Fuchs is attending to the shredded bodies of three
badly wounded dogs.

INT. REC ROOM

pick Nauls pats Clark on the shoulder and grins, trying to
up his spirits.

NAULS

It's okay now, man. It's dead. It's
over.

(beat)
You see.

Clark turns to him with a childlike smile.

CLARK
I know. Mr. Childs killed it. I saw.

NAULS
Right, man. Right.

INT. SMALL WORKROOM

over his
Norris is going through some maps. MacReady is bent
shoulder. Norris finds the one he's looking for.

NORRIS
Here. This is where they were spending
most of their time.

Bennings pokes his head in the room.

BENNINGS
Pretty nasty out, Mac. Thirty-five
knots.

MACREADY
Screw it, I'm going up anyway.

INT. MAIN COMPOUND - MORNING

together
Station Manager Garry has joined Blair by the stuck-
bodies. Blair motions to the bandage.

BLAIR
Was that dog, the Norwegian dog?

GARRY
I just can't comprehend any of this.
It was just a dog.

CHILDS
(evenly)
"tweren't no dog, Bwana.

BLAIR
That tape MacReady showed us this
morning...

GARRY

Couldn't make much of it myself.

BLAIR

I've asked him to try and locate the site. Okay with you?

GARRY

Sure. You think there's a connection?

BLAIR

Maybe.

EXT. CHOPPER

high above the Antarctic expanse.

INT. CHOPPER

MacReady pilots. Young Palmer and Norris are with him.

a

It is clear but the winds are troublesome. The ride is shaky one. Norris refers to their map. He points.

NORRIS

One of their sites would be directly over here.

and

They aim for a large mountainous wall. As they go up over... they see:

FLAT, GLACIAL EXPANSE

On the surface, an enormous blackened oval shape.

INT. U.S. OUTPOST #31 - LAB

stands

All the bodies of the dogs have been brought in. Fuchs by as Blair studies through his microscope.

INSERT - A MICROSCOPIC SAMPLING

each

of two cells. They appear to be much different from other. They are joined at the ends but are completing process of breaking off from each other.

the

ON BLAIR

if
A disturbed look on his face. He checks his watch, as
timing the procedure.

PALMER
EXT. GLACIER - TRACKING WITH MACREADY, NORRIS AND

edge
as they walk along the ice. They come to a stop at the
of a sharp drop.

fifteen
metal are
Pull back to reveal -- the massive black hole about
feet beneath the ice. Charred, gnarled and mangled
all that is left of what was once an enormous sphere.
MacReady's and Norris' eyes meet each other in silence.
Palmer is in awe.

PALMER

Wow...

climb
MacReady finds a burst thermite canister. He and Norris
down.

but the
ashy
They move along amongst the wreck. Almost everything
skeletal superstructure has disintegrated into a fine
powder.

wreckage,
Norris digs for ice samples at the perimeter of the
while MacReady browses through the center.

oval,
Palmer continues to marvel, as he walks around the
atop the ice.

latter
MacReady returns and kneels down next to Norris as the
examines a piece of metal.

NORRIS

Magnesium of some type... or some
kind of strange alloy.

(looks out at debris
in disgust)

And those poor dumb bastards had to

go and blow the hell out of it.

MACREADY

So what do you make of it?

NORRIS

You know damn well what we both make of it.

MACREADY

No chance it could have been some new kind of test craft?

Norris shakes his head no.

NORRIS

Seismic activity has been pushing this are up from way down for a long time...

(holds up ice sample)

...This ice it was buried in...
It's over a hundred thousand years old.

Palmer calls out, waving them over.

EXT. GLACIER

oval.
The two men join Palmer about fifty yards from the

It is
A large rectangular chunk has been cut out of the ice.
fifteen feet long, six feet wide and eight feet deep.

MacReady kneels down to observe. A beat.

A gust of wind picks up the snow at their feet.

CUT TO:

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

Norwegian
Fascinated, a few of the men are reviewing the
video tapes of the finding of the mysterious craft.
MacReady sits quietly by his chess set contemplating a
large
glass of Scotch. Clark, less interested than the
others, is

the
crumbled-

flipping through the Norwegian nudie magazine.
Blair, looking worried, sits off in a corner, pondering
photo of the block of ice and fingering a piece of
up metal brought back from the site.
Childs, viewing the tapes, can't quite believe it all.

CHILDS

Okay now, Mac, run this by me again.
Thousands of years ago this rocket
ship crashes, right...? And the...

MacReady is not listening.

CHILDS

MacReady!

MACREADY

Look, I'm just guessing...

CHILDS

Well, go on.

INT. KITCHEN

through

Nauls, about to prepare dinner, scowls as he rummages
his many cabinets.

NAULS

Where's that big ol' steel pot of
mine?! Damn!

He

He turns to examine the cabinets above the large stove.
spots something in the nearby kitchen trash can.

long

Disgusted, he pulls out a torn and shredded pair of
johns.

INT. REC ROOM

MacReady theorizes.

MACREADY

...So it crashes, and this guy,
whoever he is, gets thrown out, or
walks out, and ends up freezing.

CHILDS

I just can't believe this voodoo
bullshit. You believe this voodoo
bullshit, Blair?

Blair says nothing, lost in thought.

searching
National

Palmer, stoned, a joint dangling from his mouth, is
for information through stacks of old issues of The
Enquirer and The Star.

PALMER

(rambling)

Happens all the time, man. They're
falling out of the skies like flies.
Government knows all about it...
Chariots of the Gods, man... They
practically own South America. I
mean they taught the Incas everything
they knew...

CHILDS

Cool it, Palmer!!

Palmer shakes a magazine at him adamantly.

PALMER

Read von Daniken! Have you read von
Daniken? Get your facts straight!

Clark marvels at a particular photo.

CLARK

Jesus, why would those guys ever
want to leave Norway...?

pair

Nauls skates into the room. He shakes the crumpled-up
of long johns in his fist.

NAULS

Which one you muthers been tossing
his dirty underwear in the kitchen
trash?!

chess

He flings it across the room. It lands on MacReady's
set.

NAULS

I want my kitchen clean. Germ free!

fetches

Nauls spins on his skates and storms off. MacReady
the strangely shredded underwear and rolls it up, while
Childs
paces.

CHILDS

So, MacReady, come on now. These
Norwegian dudes come by... find him
and dig him up...

a

MacReady tosses the ball of cloth across the room into
trash bin.

MACREADY

Yeah, they dig him up and cart him
back. He gets thawed out, wakes up
and scares the shit out of them. And
they get into one hell of a brawl...

CHILDS

Now how's this motherfucker wake up
after thousands of years in the ice,
huh?

MACREADY

(annoyed)

I don't know how. Because he's
different than we are. Because he's
a space guy. What do you want from
me, anyway. Go ask Blair.

CHILDS

You buy any of this, Blair?

speaks

A beat as Blair stares straight ahead, transfixed. He
softly, to no one particular.

BLAIR

It was here... got to that dog... It
was here in this camp...

The men take in his grave countenance.

GARRY

So...? So what? It's over with.

Blair turns to them. A pause. The men search his face.

BENNINGS

(edgy)
Well, isn't it?

INT. LAB - CLOSE ON A SHEET

interlocking
as Blair rips it off exposing the tangled mess of
dogs.

settle
Pull back. All the men have gathered. Some of the men
into chairs, others stand.

BLAIR

Whatever that Norwegian dog was...
It... It was capable of changing its
form...

(indicates their dog)
...when it attacked our dog... it
somehow was able to digest... or...
absorb it... and in the process shaped
its own cells to imitate our dog's
cells exactly...

(holds up gooey dog
leg)
...This for instance isn't dog at
all -- it's imitation... We got to
it before it had time to finish or...

NAULS

Finish what?

BLAIR

...I think the whole process would
have taken an hour... maybe more.
And then I suppose both would have
changed back to dog form.

PALMER

Well, that Thing in the ice sure
weren't no dog.

BLAIR

(impatient)
Of course not... But whatever it was
revived, it... Well, The Thing was
probably disoriented... and realized
it couldn't survive for long in our
atmosphere... But being the incredibly

adaptable creature it was... it tried
to become something that could...
Before the Norwegians killed it...
it somehow got to this dog.

CLARK

What do you mean "got" to the dog?

BLAIR

It was a life form that was able to
imitate and reproduce, whatever it
ate or absorbed, cell for cell.

Silence.

BLAIR

The concept is staggering. I know...
I... I don't fully understand it
myself.

CHILDS

(skeptically, points)

You're saying... that big muther in
the ice, became the dog.

BLAIR

(nodding)

I think we're talking about an
organism... that could imitate other
life forms... perfectly... It could
have gone on and on... It could have
become one dog... It could have become
as many dogs as it wanted to -- and
without losing any of its original
mass...

NORRIS

You been into Childs' weed, Blair?

Blair slams his fist on the slab.

BLAIR

Look, I know it's hard to believe...

GARRY

(breaking in)

So what's our problem?

BLAIR

Well... there's still some cell
activity... it's not entirely dead
yet.

knocking
Several of the men nearest the carcasses jump back
over a chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT - CLOSE ON THE DOG CARCASSES

lying on the snow. Splash. They are being soaked with
gasoline.

FUCHS (O.S.)

(in violent
protestation)

You can't do this! You can't burn
these remains...

large
Copper
Pull back. Fuchs is beside himself. Childs has the
torch. MacReady empties another can on the bodies. Dr.
stands nearby.

MACREADY

And the horse you rode in on, Fuchs.
(to Childs)
Light it up.

for the
Childs lights the tip. Fuchs makes a determined move
torch.

FUCHS

Well, I'm not going to let this
happen...

him to
getting
Childs struggles with him for a beat and then flings
the ground. Dr. Copper grabs him preventing him from
back up.

shakes
Childs splays the remains with a jet of flame. Fuchs
his head in frustration and disgust.

FUCHS

I just can't believe it... We're
going to go down as the biggest bunch
of assholes in history...

MACREADY

Fuck history. At least we're going to live to be an old bunch of assholes.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEL - NIGHT

taking The night feeding. Clark dishes out the food. Blair is blood samples from the remaining three dogs.

BLAIR

(perplexed, bothered)
Clark, did you notice anything strange about that dog? Just anything at all? Any little thing?

CLARK

No. Just that he recovered real quick... That night when I found him in the rec room, he had already scraped off his bandage. Before I put him with the others, I redressed his wound and noticed it had healed up real good...

A beat as Blair stares at Clark.

BLAIR

That night?

CLARK

(pets dog vigorously)
Yeah.

BLAIR

What was he doing in the rec room?

CLARK

Well, after I worked on him -- thought I'd let him rest. Left the room for a bit. When I came back, he was gone.

BLAIR

Well, where was he? Where did he go?

CLARK

Don't know. Looked for him for a

bit... couldn't find him.

BLAIR

(a long beat)

You're saying he wasn't put into the kennel until the night?

Clark seems uneasy under Blair's intense gaze.

CLARK

Well... yeah.

Blair stands, his eyes still glued to Clark.

BLAIR

How long were you with the dog? Alone, I mean?

CLARK

Ah... He was hurt bad. Bullet nicked an artery... I don't know... An hour... hour and a half...

Blair's eyes glaze as if in revelation.

CLARK

What the hell you looking at me like that for?

BLAIR

Nothing. Nothing at all.

He backs out of the kennel.

INT. HALLWAY - COMPOUND

briskly
up
Irritated, distressed, station manager Garry moves down the hall. Blair, worried and pale, tries to keep with him.

BLAIR

...It could have gotten to somebody...

GARRY

Anybody sick?

BLAIR

No, I... I don't mean infection... or disease...

Garry stops at the entrance to the communications room.

GARRY

Any luck yet?

Sanchez shrugs.

SANCHEZ

Couple seconds of an Argentine disco station.

GARRY

Well, stick with it. I want you at it round the clock. We got to get help in here...

BLAIR

(alarm)

No... No, you can't let anyone in here... That dog was all over this camp...

his
Bennings interrupts, entering the hallway, referring to meteorological chart.

BENNINGS

(to Garry)

Travel-wise, tomorrow may be okay. But after that some pretty nasty northeasterly shit's coming in.

FUCHS

...Goddamn fools...

The men outside come stomping through the hallway.

BLAIR

(pleading)

Listen to me, Garry. Please...

GARRY

(to MacReady)

If the weather clears enough before we reach anybody -- I'm sending you and Doc up to MacMurdo...

BLAIR

No! You can't let people leave...

MACREADY

in
knots,

I ain't going anywhere
anything over forty
Garry...

GARRY

(snapping)
The hell you won't, MacReady!

BLAIR

Don't you understand?! That Thing
didn't want to become a dog...

GARRY

(fed up)
Damn you, Blair! You've already got
everybody half-hysterical around
here.

BLAIR

You can't let anybody leave!

GARRY

I've got six dead Norwegians on my
hands, a burned up flying saucer,
and we've just destroyed the
scientific find of the century. Now
fuck off!

daze,
Suspicious,

Close on Blair, ashen-faced, falling silent. As if in a
he watches the men as they continue to converse.
frightened.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

outlines

Pitch black except for the barest of lighting which
the building. Wind. The swirl of ice.

INT. MACREADY'S CABIN - NIGHT

hovel

Far away from the others, MacReady sits in his little
putting the final screw into his mended chess set.

companion
her
his

On the other side of the set, his busty, inflatable
has been propped up in a chair. His sombrero hangs down
back, keeping her in place. Hawaiian music plays from
tape deck.

MACREADY

All set.

offers

He puts down his screwdriver, holds up his glass and
a toast with a big grin.

MACREADY

To us.

her
makes

He clinks the drink he has made for her that rests on
side of the board. He sips. He turns on the machine and
his first move.

MACREADY

Now go easy on me, Esperanza. I'm
just a beginner.

The set answers for Esperanza.

CHESS VOICE

Rook takes bishop at Queen four --
Rook take pawn at Queen two -- Rook
takes Queen at Queen one -- Checkmate.

MACREADY

Aw shit.

his
it.

He flips open the circuitry panel in disgust. He tosses
screwdriver on the board and grabs his drink, downing

MACREADY

Sorry, hon.

He reaches inside his ice bucket. Empty.

MACREADY

Never any damn ice around here...

EXT. MACREADY'S CABIN - NIGHT

a
MacReady exits. He swacks at a nearby bank of ice with
small ice pick.

MACREADY

Now in Mexico... Tahiti... They got
ice... They got ice coming out of
their ears.

against
coming
The sound of a clanking. He turns his attention. Metal
metal. Strange. MacReady listens. It appears to be
from far off below, near the camp.

MACREADY

ropes.
as he makes his way down with the aid of the steadying
The clanking louder now. He senses the direction.

MACREADY

stopped.
at the bottom near the main compound. The sound has
He looks around in the near blackness. A beat.

THE CHOPPERS

to
cautiously.
sitting idle in the dark. MacReady approaches. The door
one of the cockpits is slightly ajar. He opens it

INT. CHOPPER

controls
Coming
MacReady slips in. He turns on a flashlight. The
have been mangled. Beaten with something heavy. Bang!!
MacReady, startled, turns. Like the sound of a gun.
from the main compound.

INT. COMPOUND - MAIN ENTRANCE

he
Confusion. Shouts. MacReady enters. He grabs Palmer as
and Bennings rush by.

MACREADY

What's...

PALMER

Blair. He's gone berserk.

BENNINGS

He's in the radio room. Got a gun.
Beat on Sanchez something fierce.

HALLWAY - RADIO ROOM ENTRANCE

The men are on either side of the open radio room
doorway.

Garry peeks his head in. A gunshot blast forces him
back.

RADIO ROOM

Sanchez lies on the floor, groaning. Blair holds the
gun on
the door. He wields a fire ax with the other hand and
smashes
down on the radio.

BLAIR

Anybody interferes, I'll kill!
Nobody's getting in or out of this
camp...

HALLWAY

MacReady has joined the others.

MACREADY

He smashed one of the choppers up
good. Childs, go check the other one
and the tractor.

Childs is off.

RADIO ROOM

Blair crunches the ax down once again, while keeping an
eye
on the door.

BLAIR

...You think I'm crazy? Fine! Most
of you don't know what's going on --
but I'm damn well sure some of you
do!

(crunch)

BACK TO HALLWAY

NORRIS

The back window. A couple of us could maybe surprise him.

MACREADY

Too damn dangerous.

BACK TO RADIO ROOM

BLAIR

...You think this Thing wants to become an animal? Dogs can't make it 1000 miles to the sea. No skua gulls to imitate this time of year... No penguins this far inland... Don't you understand?! It wanted to become us!

He brings the ax down hard on the radio.

BACK TO HALLWAY

Childs runs up, out of breath.

CHILDS

He got both choppers and the tractor... I don't know how bad yet.

Garry readies his large .357 Magnum.

MACREADY

No, wait a minute.
(to Norris)
The fuse box.

Norris double-times down the hall.

MacReady turns the corner and into the rec room. He
grabs
one of the thick card tables.

MacReady returns with the table to the hallway.

BLAIR

...Can't you see...? If one cell of this Thing got out it could imitate every living thing on Earth. Nothing could stop it! Nothing!

MACREADY

(humoring)

Look Blair, maybe you're right about this. But we've got to be rational. We've got to talk this over. I'm unarmed and I'm coming in.

BLAIR

No, you're not! I don't trust any of you!

NORRIS

reaches the fuse box. He opens it.

HALLWAY

MacReady readies the table like a shield.

MACREADY

If you're right we've all got to stick together.

The lights go out. MacReady charges into the black room.

Blair fires. MacReady barrels into him, knocking him to the ground. He pummels him with a right hand and manages to control the gun.

The others dive in and pile on.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

Heavily-clothed, MacReady, Fuchs and Dr. Copper help a dazed Blair to a toolshed some seventy-five yards from the main compound.

INT. TOOLSHED

More spacious than MacReady's. Very livable. Two windows. Blair has been placed on the cot. Dr. Copper injects him with a sedative.

BLAIR

Why am I here?

DR. COPPER

It's for your own protection, Blair.

MACREADY

And mainly ours.

EXT. SHACK

Fuchs and MacReady nail boards over the windows.

MACREADY

Leave a bit of an opening so he can see out.

Blair's droopy-eyed, heavily drugged features loom up

at

MacReady through the window.

MACREADY

How you doin', old boy?

BLAIR

(softly)

I don't know who to trust.

MACREADY

(humoring)

Know what you mean, Blair. Trust is a tough thing to come by these days. Just trust in the Lord.

BLAIR

(beat)

Watch Clark.

MACREADY

What?

BLAIR

Watch him close. Ask him why he didn't kennel the dog.

Blair's face disappears from the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

stronger
the

Harsh and grey. Getting very dark as winter takes a hold. Bennings is dumping the trash in a large hole in snow which acts as the trash dump.

and

Bennings finishes and drags the empty bins past Palmer Childs, who are fixing the wounded choppers.

INT. RADIO ROOM

wrapped
still

The radio looks a mess. Norris and Sanchez, a bandage around his head, examines the damage. He is in pain and looks a little groggy.

SANCHEZ

I'll see what I can do. But they didn't teach me much about fixing these things.

Norris smiles and pats him comfortingly.

NORRIS

They didn't teach you much about working them either.

INT. MESS HALL - MORNING

CLOSE ON A BUFFET OF EGGS, BACON, TOAST, ETC.

elongated

Pull back. The men help themselves. It is a cramped, room.

Dr. Copper approaches Nauls and hands him a capsule.

DR. COPPER

Put this in Blair's juice before you take him his tray.

breath.

Clark comes running into the room, pallid, out of

The men turn to look.

CLARK

The dogs...

CUT TO:

INT. THE KENNEL

Empty. Clark and Garry examine the latch of the kennel door.

GARRY

Doesn't look broken.

CLARK

No. Door was wide open. I know I latched it.

EXT. COMPOUND ABOVE THE UNDERGROUND KENNEL

CLOSE ON THE DOGS' TRACKS in the snow. They lead from the kennel's open stairwell and out onto the ice. All the men have gathered.

CLARK

All three of them took off.

MacReady is writing down what appears to be a list on a pad.

DR. COPPER

How long do you suppose they've been gone?

CLARK

I haven't seen them since their last feeding. Could be as much as twenty-four hours.

MACREADY

They couldn't have gotten that far in this weather.

Garry and several others turn to MacReady quizzically.

GARRY

You're not thinking of going after them, are you?

MACREADY

I am going after them.

NORRIS

What in the hell for? Even if Blair's right -- they'll just die out there.

No food. They're over a thousand miles from anything.

PALMER

Chopper aren't going to be ready for days.

MacReady hands his list to Bennings.

MACREADY

Get these things out of supply and meet me over by the snowmobiles.

GARRY

You're not going to catch them in one of those with the start they got.

MACREADY

Palmer, how long would it take you to strap those big four-cylinder carburetors on?

PALMER

(grins)

Oh, I got you. Not too long.

MACREADY

Then get a move on. Childs, come with me.

He puts his arm around Childs and pulls him along. The others watch them walk off, a little bewildered.

GARRY

(shouting after them)

Besides, what are you going to do when you catch up to them?

Bennings is reading MacReady's list.

BENNINGS

Holy shit.

(hands list to Garry)

Whatever he's going to do, he ain't fucking around.

EXT. OUTDOOR WORK AREA - CLOSE ON THE BARREL

of the large torch. A fierce stream of flame bursts from its

nozzle.

Pull back. The stream has shot out some fifteen feet.

Childs has been modifying it.

CHILDS

I can get maybe another five or six feet out of it.

MACREADY

That's good enough.

CLOSE ON PALMER

wheelbarrow
article.
as he works on the snowmobiles. Into frame rolls a
on sleds. A box marked DYNAMITE is its most prominent

Pull back. Bennings reads off the list of supplies.

BENNINGS

All right... Box of dynamite... box
of thermite... three shotguns... box
of flares... two flare guns... thirty
cans gasoline... and a case of
alcohol.

MACREADY

Let's load 'em.

EXT. ANTARCTICA - ICESCAPE

bolstered by
tracks
The two vehicles rip across the hard, flat ice,
the added horsepower. They follow the still visible dog
in the snow.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

snowmobiles
supplies.
sliding across the horizon, signaling midday. The
whoosh past. Bennings drives the one loaded with
MacReady and Childs double up on the other.

CUT TO:

MACREADY

something
Something
of

steadying his binoculars, while Childs drives, spots up ahead. The vehicles slow down and come to a halt. lies just ahead of them in the whiteness, in the middle the dog tracks.

THE MEN

remains
Its
missing.

kneel down by the "something." It is the half-eaten of a dog. Its hind legs and lower stomach picked clean. ripped hide, flapping in the wind. Its top half

CHILDS

What is it?

MacReady follows the line of continuing dog tracks.

MACREADY

Maybe dinner.

BENNINGS

Dogs don't eat each other.

MACREADY

(beat)
I know.

CHILDS

Where's the other half?

MACREADY

Probably the next meal.

can
MacReady moves to the snowmobile and grabs a two-gallon of gasoline. He turns to Bennings.

MACREADY

Where these tracks headed?

BENNINGS

Nowhere... Just straight to the ocean.

the
A beat as MacReady takes this in. He pours the gas over
remains and sets it aflame.

MACREADY

Let's move.

Childs and Bennings are not that anxious to continue.

CHILDS

They could be hours ahead of us,
Mac.

BENNINGS

Gonna get dark soon, too. Supposed
to be fifty below tonight.

MacReady gets on and revs up the engine.

MACREADY

Turn back if you want.

Childs and Bennings return shrugs.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

slight
making its last pass, rolling off the horizon. Only a
orange hue left.

CUT TO:

THE SNOWMOBILES

The
move slower, positioned on either side of the tracks.
tracks abruptly change direction. The men come to a
stop.

powder.
It is much colder now. Their beards, a mask of white

toward a
MacReady surveys the new direction. They are headed
ice. far-off ridge of bluffs. Large, windswept mounds of

CUT TO:

THE SNOWMOBILES

tall
are
as they move through a valley of newly-formed dunes and
ice cliffs. The last of the sun obscured, the headlamps
turned on and pointed at the tracks.

as
MacReady
spots:
The men look behind, in front, and from side to side,
they proceed cautiously through the maze. Up ahead

A DOG

their
carcass.
It sits, its back to them, unconcerned, heedless of
arrival. It is munching on the other half of the dog

They
are hemmed in at the valley's narrowest point.
The men stop their machines some twenty yards from it.

animal
snowmobiles.
Childs, carrying the torch, and MacReady, armed with a
thermite bomb, wade awkwardly but carefully toward the
in their snowshoes. Bennings stands back by the

dog.
food.
Childs and MacReady spread out some dozen feet from the
It continues to pay them no mind, content to chew its

CHILDS

Where's the other one?

encircle
them with his flashlight.
Bennings surveys the tops of the snow bluffs that

MACREADY

(to dog)

Where's your buddy, boy? Huh?

his
No response. MacReady searches the near vicinity with

light. All three are growing uneasy.

MACREADY

Let that thing fly, Childs. Don't
let up until he's ash.

Childs turns on the gas and lights the tip.

beneath
back
motion.
ice.

Bennings is still watching the bluffs. Something from
the snow reaches up and grabs his feet. He is ripped
down through the hard snow in one incredibly powerful
He screams, his head the only thing sticking out of the

anything

Childs and MacReady turn, confused, unable to see
be Bennings' screaming head. They rush toward him.
MacReady stumbles.

rear.

The sound of a snapping, a crackling to MacReady's

him;
It

He freezes; turns back to the dog. Its back is still to
its coat of hair sticking up like that of a porcupine.
snarls; its face turns slowly toward him.
Its skin splitting; its mouth ripping open wildly.

MACREADY

Childs!!

notices
toward
incredible

Childs stops, confused as to who to help first. He
the dog hunched and ready to spring. He steps back
MacReady. The dog/Thing leaps for MacReady; an
jump of some twenty feet.

the
ice

Childs lets loose a blast, hitting the dog in midair;
force of the spray knocking it back and tumbling to the
in flames.

and
MacReady throws his thermite canister. It discharges
engulfs the screeching animal in fire.

BENNINGS

violently.
howling in pain. The ice underneath him thrashes
what
Childs and MacReady stand by helplessly, unable to see
help.
has him or what action to take. Childs moves closer to

MACREADY

(pulls him back)
Stay back!!

the
moving
in a
Bennings' head disappears with a sudden jerk through
ice. The ice continues to rumble like boiling water,
in different directions. Part of Bennings' body pops up
different area and is just as quickly pulled back down.
MacReady and Childs watch on in frustration and anger.

CHILDS

What we going to do?!

MACREADY

How the fuck do I know?!

the
jowls
rip,
jowls
Bennings' head and shoulders then surface near one of
snowmobiles. Something has him. Unclear as to what. The
of a dog. But huge. Bennings' heavy clothing begins to
tear, as if his skin underneath was bulging out. The
seem to be absorbing his head.

MacReady runs for the snowmobile.

MACREADY

Torch them!!

CHILDS

But...

MACREADY

He's gone already! Do it!

Childs blasts away. The ice begins to melt as Bennings
and whatever has him catch fire. A screeching.

MacReady grabs cans of gas from the snowmobiles.
Suddenly a steel-like, arachnid-shaped arm shoots out in pain and
with incredible force pierces the fiberglass chassis of the
snowmobile. MacReady is knocked back. He recovers and
dumps cans of gasoline on the writhing mess.

He dives and rolls away from the lunging appendage.
He and Childs watch on as Bennings and The Thing roar
in flame. Behind them, the other dog/Thing continues to
burn. The screeching, mewling and gurgling wails on, all about
them.

They look to each other in disbelief, their faces
illuminated by the flickering flames. The strident sounds beginning
to subside.

THE SUN

Its slim, orange arc sets, signaling the start of the
Vernal Equinox. And the beginning of six months of darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND - REC ROOM

The men are interrogating Clark. He is frazzled and
defensive.

CLARK

...I'm telling you I don't remember
leaving the kennel unlatched...

Childs is holding the industrial torch directly in his
face.

CHILDS

Bullshit! You left it open so they
could get out!

EXT. TRASH DUMP

MacReady, waist-deep in trash and snow, searches for
something.

INT. REC ROOM

The interrogation continues.

CLARK

...Would I even have told you they
were gone if I had anything to hide?

GARRY

But why didn't you kennel that dog
right away?

CLARK

I told you I couldn't find...
(pushes torch away)
...get that out of my face.

Childs grabs him by the collar and rips him off his
chair.

CHILDS

Don't you be telling me...

Nauls steps between them.

NAULS

(to Childs)
Lighten your load, sucker. You ain't
the judge and executioner around
here!

CHILDS

Who you trying to protect,
mutherfucker? I'm telling you this
S.O.B. could be one of them.

Garry breaks it up, pulling them apart. MacReady enters
from the outside. A bundle is tucked under his arm.

GARRY

Hold on, damn it. We're getting
nowhere... If this bit of Blair's
about absorbing and imitating is

true... then that dog could have gotten to anybody.

DR. COPPER

And if it got to Clark... Clark could have gotten to anybody.

MacReady moves over to the table.

DR. COPPER

Theoretically any of us could be whatever the hell this thing is.

Norris shakes his head, rubbing his chest in slight discomfort.

NORRIS

It's just too damn wild -- I can't believe it.

MacReady pushes his sombrero back over his head.

MACREADY

Well, you can believe it now.

between
He drops the bundle he had been holding on the table
the men. It is the shredded pair of long johns.

MACREADY

Nauls found this yesterday. It's ripped just like the clothing on the Norwegian we brought back. The same thing was happening to Bennings' clothes when it got to him. Seems these Things don't imitate clothes. Just flesh and bone.

it up
The men look from one another. Silence. MacReady picks
and examines the label.

MACREADY

Size large.
(grins)
What do you wear, Clark?

Clark stews.

CLARK

So what?

NORRIS

I wear a size large, too.

MACREADY

So do I. So do most of us.

The uneasiness in the room grows.

MACREADY

Doubt if it got to more than one or two of us. But it got to someone.

(beat)

Somebody in this room ain't what he appears to be.

A pause as all eyes travel from man to man.

SANCHEZ

(scared)

Well, what we going to do?

Norris turns to Dr. Copper and Fuchs.

NORRIS

Can there be... some kind of test?
To find out who's what?

DR. COPPER

A serum test possibly.

FUCHS

Right. Why not?

GARRY

What's that?

DR. COPPER

It's a simple blood typing test. This Thing's blood chemistry is different than ours. Basically we mix someone's blood with uncontaminated human blood. If we don't get the proper serum reaction -- then that person isn't human.

CHILDS

Whose uncontaminated blood we going to use?

DR. COPPER

We've got blood plasma in storage.

GARRY

How long will it take you to prepare this?

DR. COPPER

A couple of hours.

GARRY

Well, get to it.

Garry unhinges a key from his belt and hands it to Dr. Copper. Dr. Copper and Fuchs head for the infirmary.

PALMER

How's that Thing get to the dogs? I though we stopped it in time.

MACREADY

Copper thinks they swallowed pieces of it during the fight.

PALMER

And that was enough?

DR. COPPER (O.S.)

Garry. The rest of you! Come here!

INT. INFIRMARY

plasma
blood.
pale.

The men rush in. Fuchs and Copper stand by the open storage refrigerator. The inside is a mess of dried The bladders have been ripped open. Copper is ghastly

DR. COPPER

Somebody got to the blood... sabotaged it.

NAULS

Oh, my God.

A horrified silence.

MACREADY

Was it broken into?

FUCHS

No. Somebody opened it. Closed it. And then locked it.

Sanchez twitches, terrified.

MACREADY

Well, who's got access to it?

DR. COPPER

I guess I'm the only one.

GARRY

And I've got the only key.

Several pairs of eyes turn to Garry.

MACREADY

Would that test have worked?

DR. COPPER

I think so.

NORRIS

Somebody else sure as hell thought so.

MACREADY

Who else could have used that key?

GARRY

Ah... no one... I give it to Copper when he needs it...

MACREADY

Could anyone have gotten it from you?

DR. COPPER

I don't see how... when I'm finished I return it right away.

NORRIS

When was the last time you used it?

DR. COPPER

(uneasy)

A day or so ago... I guess.

Garry senses the nervous and inquiring eyes on him.

GARRY

I suppose... well, it's possible someone might have lifted it from me. But...

CHILDS

That key ring of yours is always hooked to your belt. Now how could somebody get to it without you knowing?

GARRY

(upset, flustered)
Look, I haven't been near that... that refrigerator.

Silence as the men continue to stare. Sanchez is perspiring.

GARRY

Copper's the only one who has any business with it.

The eyes shift from Garry to Copper.

DR. COPPER

Now... wait a second, Garry, you've been in here on several occasions...

FUCHS

And the Doc thought of the test.

CHILDS

(anger)
So what?! Is that supposed to leave him in the clear?! Bullshit!

Sanchez bolts out the door. Stunned for a beat, the others chase after him.

GARRY

Hey, Sanchez!

SANCHEZ

in terror, runs at top speed through the narrow corridors.

Opening and shutting doors. The others are in pursuit. They shout for him to stop.

CUT TO:

SANCHEZ

wall.
handle.

as he reaches a small armory. A glass case set into the
A half dozen rarely used guns are inside. He tries the
Locked.

are
a box
nervous.

He hears the clamor of feet and voices as the others
nearing. He breaks the glass and grabs a shotgun. Then
of shells. He frantically tries to load, but is too

pulls his

The others arrive at the end of the hallway. Garry
handgun and points.

GARRY

Put that down!

SANCHEZ

(trembling)

No.

GARRY

I'll put this right through your
head.

No one doubts Garry's sincerity.

SANCHEZ

You guys going to let him give orders?
I mean he could be one of those
Things.

fact,

The other regard Garry tensely. No one oblivious to the
that Sanchez just might be right.

MACREADY

(calm)

Put it away, Sanchez. Just put it
away.

broken

Still trembling, he tosses the shells back into the
case, leans the gun against the wall and begins to sob.
Nauls skates over to comfort him.

them. The men watch as Garry lowers his gun. He turns to

GARRY

I don't know about Copper. But I didn't go near that plasma...

(beat)

But I guess you'll all rest easier if someone else is in charge.

He hands his gun to Norris.

GARRY

Can't see anyone objecting to you, Norris.

NORRIS

Sorry, gentlemen...

(rubs chest)

...Don't think I'd be up to it. Haven't been feeling well lately.

Childs goes for the gun.

CHILDS

I'll take it...

MacReady beats him to it.

MACREADY

Maybe it should be someone a bit more even-tempered, Childs.

Childs glares.

MACREADY

(to others)

...Any objections?

to Roving eyes pass about the hallway. Nobody is sure who trust. MacReady seems as good as any.

INT. REC ROOM

The men have gathered to discuss plans. Furtive and untrustworthy glances are passed around the room.

MACREADY

...From what we know this Thing likes to go one on one. So we stick together as much as possible. In two's and

three's.

Childs points to Garry, Dr. Copper and Clark.

CHILDS

What do we do about those three?

MACREADY

We got morphine, don't we.

Fuchs nods.

MACREADY

Well, we keep them loaded. Stash them here in the rec room and watch 'em twenty-four hours.

PALMER

(ears perk up)

Morphine? You know I was pretty close to that dog, too.

Palmer is ignored.

NORRIS

We should sleep in shifts.

MACREADY

Right. Half of us awake at all times.

SANCHEZ

How we going to try and find out who's... you know, who's who?

MACREADY

(to Fuchs)

Can you think of any other tests?

FUCHS

I'll try. I could sure use Copper's help though.

CHILDS

You can eighty-six that thought right now, man.

Dr. Copper eyes his accuser solemnly.

MACREADY

Also... When this Thing turns... it turns slowly at first. I think we can handle it in that state. But if

it ever got to full power... from what I saw of that Norwegian camp... well, I just don't know... It would probably take it an hour or more to get like that. So no matter what anybody's doing, we all return to this room every twenty minutes. Anybody gone longer than that... anybody trying to leave... we kill 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DARKNESS

Palmer
the
It is the dead of winter. Six months of darkness ahead.
fights the cold as he works dismantling the engine of
helicopter.

He frowns, searching for something.

PALMER

(mumbles)

Where's that magneto? Can't find a darn thing around here any more.

INT. REC ROOM

couch.
Copper, Clark and Garry sit moodily together on a

injections.
Norris awkwardly prepares to give them their

He is new at this. Childs stands guard with his torch.

Dr. Copper offers to help.

DR. COPPER

I'll do it. You're going to break the needle in my arm.

CHILDS

No, Doc. He's doing a real fine job.

EXT. COMPOUND

MacReady and Sanchez are foraging through the trash
dump.

MACREADY

Look for shoes, too. And burned cloth.

INT. RADIO ROOM

chest
Norris has begun dismantling the radio. He rubs at his
as he disengages the headset.

INT. HALLWAY

any
Following Nauls as he skates through the labyrinth.
Checking waste bins. Pausing to look behind shelves and
obscure hiding place.

MacReady passes him coming the other way.

NAULS

That thing's too smart to be hiding
any more of its clothes, MacReady.

MACREADY

Just keep looking.

INT. LAB

his
Fuchs is poring over a book. Several others lie open on
desk.

MacReady pokes his head in the lab.

MACREADY

How's it going?

FUCHS

Nothing yet. But, MacReady, I've
been thinking... If our dogs changed
by swallowing parts of that other
one... We better see to it that
everyone prepares their own food and
we eat out of cans.

MACREADY

Gotchya.

EXT. COMPOUND

period.

A siren goes off, signaling the end of a twenty-minute
Sanchez pulls himself out of the trash dump.

toward

Palmer carries a large part of a helicopter engine
the compound.

INT. COMPOUND

holds
the

The hallway near the supply storage cubicle. MacReady
the door open as Palmer makes his way to him lugging
heavy helicopter part.

Childs passes by from the other direction.

PALMER

Childs, where's that magneto from
Chopper One?

CHILDS

Ain't it there?

He passes by.

PALMER

No it ain't there. Would I be asking
if it were there?

MACREADY

Move it, Palmer.

INT. SUPPLY STORAGE ROOM

inside
the

Palmer sets down the heavy part. Norris follows him
with a bundle of radio gear. They move back out into
hallway. MacReady locks the door behind them.

HALLWAY

rendezvous

The three move down the hall toward their appointed
at the rec room.

MACREADY

(to Palmer)

Start taking apart those snowmobiles
next, huh?

INT. KITCHEN

Cramped. Several of the men are preparing their food.
Opening cans. Heating them in pots.

EXT. COMPOUND

of
Nauls wearily approaches Blair's tool shed with a tray
food. He hears a pounding from within.

NAULS

I got your goodies, superdude.

He peeks in through the opening in the boarded-up
window.

Blair is nailing himself in from the inside. He looks
pretty
crazed.

NAULS

What you doin'?

BLAIR

Nobody's getting in here. You can
tell them all that!

NAULS

Well, who the hell you think wants
to get in there with you?

shoved
Nauls slides the tray in the slot. It is immediately
back out and topples onto the ice. Some of the food has
splashed on Nauls' heavy coat.

NAULS

Now why'd you go and...

BLAIR

And I don't want any more food with
sedatives in it. I know what you're
up to. Don't think I don't. And if
anyone tries to get in here -- I've
got rope. I'll hang myself before it
gets to me.

NAULS

You promise?

Nauls picks up the tray, heads back mumbling.

NAULS

Crazy white scientist motherfucker...

EXT. COMPOUND

Palmer works on the snowmobile. Sanchez resumes
searching through the trash.

INT. BALLOON TOWER

MacReady slashes into the huge uninflated weather
balloons, rendering them useless. Tanks of helium and hydrogen
are stacked nearby.

INT. KITCHEN

Nauls does the dishes. His cassette plays in the b.g.

INT. REC ROOM

Childs continues guarding the three men.

CLARK

Gotta go to the can, Childs.

Childs follows him to the other end of the room.

CHILDS

Be quick.

Clark walks to the head. Childs moves back to the
middle of the room. As the guard he is much more vulnerable in
this position. Being split between his prisoners.

The lights begin to flicker. The soft purr of the
generator begins to fade.

CHILDS

Oh, no.

The lights go out. Nauls calls from the kitchen.

NAULS (O.S.)

Childs! That a fuse?

CHILDS

No. The generator. You got the auxiliary box just off the kitchen. Get to it.

(fumbling around)

Where's the damn flashlight?

(calling out)

You fellas okay over there?

Dr. Copper giggles in the dark.

CHILDS

Cut that out, Copper.

(beat)

Nauls? What's taking you?!

NAULS (O.S.)

I'm working it! Nothing's happening!

CHILDS

That's impossible, man! Okay, Clark, out of the john where I can see you!

NAULS (O.S.)

It's shorted out or something!

CHILDS

(shouting)

Clark, you come on out here!!

strong Childs lights the tip of his torch, allowing him a candlelight. Garry is no longer in the room.

CHILDS

Where's... Where's Garry?

Childs Dr. Copper looks numbly at the empty seat next to him. finds the portable siren and blares it.

EXT. COMPOUND

the MacReady, Palmer and Sanchez heed the call and head for compound.

INT. REC ROOM

Childs jerks his head around in different directions.

CHILDS

Where are you, Garry? Don't you move
an inch, Copper.
(shouts)
Nauls, bring me a goddamn flashlight!

INT. KITCHEN

Pitch black.

NAULS

Somebody's taken it. I can't find
it!

CHILDS (O.S.)

Clark, you want me to come in after
you?!

INT. HALLWAY

MacReady, Sanchez and Palmer come in from the outside.
They bump into each other trying to get their bearings
from
have
the lack of light. Palmer, the only one who seems to
one, turns on his flashlight.

MACREADY

(shouting)
What's happened?!

NORRIS (O.S.)

MacReady, that you?

MACREADY

Yeah!

NORRIS (O.S.)

It's the generator I think! No power.

MACREADY

(to Palmer)
Well, let's get down there.

CHILDS (O.S.)

MacReady!

MACREADY

What?

CHILDS (O.S.)

Garry's missing!

MACREADY

(to self)

Oh, shit!

(shouts)

Well, hang on!

CHILDS (O.S.)

Gee, thanks!

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Palmer and MacReady stumbling down the stairs. MacReady
turns around, looks.

MACREADY

Where's Sanchez?

Both look around. Sanchez is gone. Palmer's light finds
the motionless generator. He examines it.

PALMER

The fuel pump... it's gone...

(frantic)

You've got to get up to supply, Mca.
If we don't get this thing started
soon, it'll freeze on us and we'll
never get it going.

MacReady dashes upstairs into the darkness.

INT. HALLWAY

The lab door is opened. Fuchs holding a small candle
walks out. As he passes, the shoulder of a man springs into
frame.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Palmer is feverishly working underneath the generator
on his back.

INT. REC ROOM

The temperature continues to drop rapidly. Childs swats

Copper

himself to keep warm, while still keeping an eye on Dr.
and the rest of the room.

INT. HALLWAY

pump,

MacReady rushes out of the supply room, with a fuel
bumps into somebody.

MACREADY

Who... Who is that?

The silhouette moves on down the hallway.

MACREADY

Sanchez...? Hey, who...

PALMER (O.S.)

Mac, where the hell is that pump!!

CUT TO:

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

puffs

MacReady holds the flashlight for Palmer. Their breath,
of white smoke.

PALMER

Somebody definitely messed with it.

MACREADY

We going to make it?

PALMER

Hope so. Another ten, fifteen minutes.
What I don't get is...

compound.

The sound of a screeching. From somewhere in the
The two men's faces, locked in fear.

CUT TO:

INT. REC ROOM

The generator has been repaired; the lights within the
compound are back on.

flit
out
from

Grim and tense. Everyone is present but Fuchs. Eyes
from man to man. Palmer, Nauls and Sanchez are spread
about the room, keeping as much distance as possible
the rest.

to
blowtorches

Norris and Childs are tying the Doctor, Clark and Garry
the couch. MacReady prepares several makeshift
as he kneels on the ground.

SANCHEZ

Where were the flashlights?

MACREADY

Screw the flashlights. Where the
hell were you?

PALMER

Tons of stuff's been missing around
here. Magnetos, cables, wire...

NAULS

Kitchen things, too...

MACREADY

Anybody see Fuchs... or hear him...?
Huh?

glares at

No answer as the men's faces roam the room. Childs
Garry as he begins to tie him in.

CHILDS

Where'd you go?

Garry's groggy features stare blankly.

CHILDS

I said where? Where'd you go?!

GARRY

Was dark... find a light...

CHILDS

You lying bastard...

Garry struggles to his feet, affronted.

GARRY

(slurring)

I rather don't like your tone...

He grabs Childs by the collar.

CHILDS

You sit back down...

tumbling
up.
Childs whales on him with a right hand. Both go
over the couch. MacReady and Norris dive in breaking it

NORRIS

Enough...

MacReady, furious, pulls Childs away.

his
roofing.
Norris breathing heavily from the activity, massages
chest. The strong, stormy winds overhead batter the
MacReady glances up. He and Childs release each other.

MACREADY

That storm's going to start ripping
any minute -- so we don't have much
time.

stomach.
He thrusts one of the blowtorches hard into Childs'

MACREADY

We've got to find Fuchs. When we
find him -- we kill him.

SANCHEZ

Why?

MACREADY

If he's one of those Things, we've
got to get to him before he changes...
Nauls, you and Childs and I'll check
the outside shacks...

He tosses torches to Sanchez and Palmer.

MACREADY

Sanchez, you and Palmer search the
inside...

PALMER

I ain't going with Sanchez.

the

Sanchez snaps his head toward Palmer. Palmer looks at others.

PALMER

I ain't going with him. I'll go with Childs...

SANCHEZ

Well, screw you, man!

PALMER

I ain't going with you!

CHILDS

Well, who says I want you going with me?!

MACREADY

Cut the bullshit... Okay, Sanchez, you come with us. Norris... you stay here...

(refers to tied-up men)

Any of them move -- you fry 'em. And if you hear anything, anything at all you let loose the siren. We all meet back here in twenty minutes regardless.

(a beat)

And everybody watch whoever you're with. Real close.

The men survey each other.

MACREADY

Let's move.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

flares
that
on

MacReady and Nauls, wearing their snowshoes and using for light, pull themselves along the steady rope leads to Blair's shed. They are careful to keep an eye

each other as they move along.

Sanchez heads off in the direction of another shack.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND - HALLWAY

stealthily
behind.
One of the many doors creak open. Childs and Palmer
move into the next corridor. Palmer falls a few steps

PALMER

What'd we ever do to these Things
anyway...

A
Childs freezes and snaps his head around facing Palmer.
beat.

PALMER

What?

CHILDS

Don't walk behind me.

Another beat.

PALMER

Right.

Childs.
corridor
He moves to the other side of the wall, parallel with
They continue on, skimming along the sides of the
in plain view of one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

in
Nauls and MacReady arrive at Blair's shack. They peer
through the spaces between the boards.

can. A
A weak light burns as Blair is seated eating out of a
hangman's noose dangles from the ceiling nearby.

MACREADY

Hey, Blair!!

Blair jumps in fear, spilling his can.

MACREADY

Has Fuchs been out here?

Blair approaches the boarded-up window. He looks haggard and afraid.

BLAIR

I've changed my mind... I'd... I'd like to come back inside... I don't want to stay out here any more... Funny things... I hear funny things out here.

MACREADY

Have you come across Fuchs?

BLAIR

Fuchs...? No, it's not Fuchs... You must let me back in... I won't harm anyone... I promise...

MACREADY

We'll see...

He and Nauls trudges off. Blair shouts after them.

BLAIR

I promise! I'm much better now! I'll be good!! I'm all better!! Don't leave me here!!

INT. REC ROOM

Norris continues his watch on the sedated trio. He anxiously tries to keep an eye on the various entrances behind and in front of him. He rubs his chest in pain.

DR. COPPER

I'm getting worried about you. You ought to have a checkup.

NORRIS

Let's just not get worried about anything just now.

DR. COPPER

(yawning)

After all this mess then.

NORRIS

(nodding)

After all this mess.

EXT. COMPOUND - THE SLOPE TO MACREADY'S SHACK

pull
slope. A
still
His
flare and torch tumble back toward Nauls.
Nauls saves the torch from rolling down the hill.
MacReady, lying vulnerable, watches Nauls pull his way
toward
back his
torch. Relieved, MacReady pulls himself upright.

INT. COMPOUND - KITCHEN - CLOSE ON THICK POWER CABLES

and
that line the wall. They have been torn apart. Childs
Palmer examine.

PALMER

Auxiliary light cables...? Been cut.

CHILDS

Cut, bullshit. Been pulled apart.

EXT. MACREADY'S SHACK

light.
MacReady
light
as they reach the top. The remaining flare their only
Very dark. They stand on either side of the door.
shoves it open. Pitch black inside. MacReady flips the
switch. Doesn't work.

INT. SHACK

mess. The

They enter. Hunched. Torches ready. The place is a
winds as strong as on the outside.

of the

The single flare illuminating the ceiling. Almost all
corrugated, steel roofing is gone. As if ripped off.

NAULS

(shouting to be heard)
Where's the roof?!

the

MacReady stares up incredulous, as they advance through
room.

NAULS

This storm do that?

MACREADY

(shouting)
Couldn't be possible. Must have
weighted a ton and a half...

high

Nauls kicks over a chair. A naked, fleshy object bounds
into the air. Nauls thrusts out his torch, catching the
breasts of the inflatable woman. She pops and is sucked
through the hole in the roof.

out

Nauls tries to catch his breath.

NAULS

Goddamn white women.

INT. COMPOUND

Childs

Underground, rickety corridor. Palmer stands by as
undoes the many locks to the room that houses his
plants.

direction.

One by one. Palmer twists his head in every which
Nervous.

wind

Childs pulls open the heavy door. A flush of snow and
push them back. They wedge their bodies at the entrance

to

the lightless room.

CHILDS

My babies.

completely
look

They enter. The light from the hall exposes the
smashed-in window high above the plants. The plants
frozen.

PALMER

Somebody broke in.

CHILDS

Now who'd go and do...

Saddened, angry, Childs goes to check the damage to his
plants. Palmer, his face set in horror, yanks him back.

PALMER

Childs!!

CHILDS

Let go of me...

PALMER

Don't get near 'em. The plants!
They're alive. Those things can
imitate anything...

CHILDS

What's it going to do, being a plant?

Palmer readies his small torch.

PALMER

We got to burn 'em.

CHILDS

Now hold on, you dumb...

Palmer sprays them with flame. Childs pushes him to the
ground, and tries to swat out the fire.

CHILDS

You stupid, sonofa...

to

Palmer, his mouth agape with terror, screams and points
the closing door to their rear. Childs whirls.

FUCHS

deep
the
One arm outstretched, swings into view. An ax, embedded into his chest, pins his frozen body to the inside of door.

INT. REC ROOM

Norris startled by the scream, turns on the siren.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANT ROOM

is
ax
Sanchez has joined Childs and Palmer. The body of Fuchs still pinned to the door. Sanchez tries to wrench the loose. It is too deeply embedded and won't budge.

SANCHEZ

Whoever put this through him...

pointedly:
Sanchez observes Childs' hulking frame and adds

SANCHEZ

...is one bad-ass and strong muther.

CHILDS

No one's that strong, boy!

INT. PASSAGEWAY

as
their
they
Tracking with the three men. Opening and closing doors, they make their way back to the rec room. They keep distance from each other, watching each other while walk.

PALMER

Why didn't it imitate Fuchs? Isn't that its number -- to get more recruits.

CHILDS

Wasn't enough time. Generator was

out, what...? Thirty minutes. Takes the bastards an hour, maybe two to absorb somebody.

SANCHEZ

Why Fuchs?

CHILDS

He was working on a test. Fuchs must have been onto something. These bastards got scared and got rid of him.

(suddenly realizing)

...Hey... Where's...

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND - CLOSE ON PALMER'S FACE

shouting down a passageway.

PALMER

MacReady!!

CLOSE ON CHILDS

bellowing.

CHILDS

Nauls!! MacReady!!

EXT. COMPOUND

obscuring
A strong driftwind streams snow across the ground everything but the very top of the buildings.

The siren screams.

INT. REC ROOM

Rigid, immobile faces. Listening to the storm overhead.

CHILDS

How long they been out now?

NORRIS

Forty... Forty-five minutes.

Silence, as the uneasy eyes measure one another.

CHILDS

We better start closing off the
outside hatchways.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF THE COMPOUND

the
Childs, Sanchez and Palmer -- closing off and bolting
entrances to the camp.

NORRIS (O.S.)

All of you! Come here!

INT. COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY - POINT OF VIEW - THE MEN

way
Through the fogged-up windows, a figure can be seen
approaching the main compound. It pulls and drags its
along the guide rope, fighting the gale force winds.

CUT TO:

THE MEN

unbolt it.
The
weapons in hand, huddle at the main doorway. They
Sleet and hail send Nauls rolling in from the outside.
men force the door back and lock it.
The weary Nauls kneels on the floor and gasps for air.
The others surround him.

PALMER

Where's MacReady?

Nauls weighs each of them ominously, while digging down
underneath his heavy jacket.

NAULS

Cut him loose of the line up by his
shack.

CHILDS

Cut him loose?

NAULS

When we were up poking around his
place... I found this...

mutilated
the

He pulls out a thick bundle of heavy clothing. It is
and partially burned. He holds out the jacket to show
inside collar.

as

Close on name tag -- it reads: R.J. MACREADY The men,
they examine in a hush.

NAULS

...It was stashed in his old coal
furnace... wind must have dislodged
it... I don't think he saw me find
it.

disbelief.
The men continue to examine in various states of

NAULS

...Made sure I got ahead of him on
the towline on the way back... cut
him loose.

SANCHEZ

(incredulous)
MacReady...?

NAULS

He's one of them.

SANCHEZ

(scared)
When do you think it got to him?

PALMER

Could have been anytime. Anywhere.

CHILDS

(to Nauls, suspicious)
If it did get to him.

NAULS

Look, man...

PALMER

When the lights went out...

NORRIS

Would have been a perfect time...

PALMER

Right. Garry was missing...
(pointedly)
...And Sanchez...

SANCHEZ

(goes for him)
Fuck you, Palmer.

Childs and Norris separate them.

NORRIS

This is just what it wants... to pit
us against each other.

A pounding at the door sends the men jerking backward.

Nauls scampers to his feet. They tense.

MACREADY (O.S.)

Open up!

No answer as the men surround the door, their weapons
ready.

Fear.

MACREADY (O.S.)

...Hey, somebody! Open up, it's me,
MacReady...
(still nothing)
...Come on, damn it... The towline
snapped. Been crawling around like a
seal out here...

NAULS

(harsh whisper)
Bullshit! He's got to know damn well
I cut it!

The men keep their voices low.

PALMER

Let's open it.

CHILDS

Hell no.

More pounding.

SANCHEZ

(shaking)
You think he's changed into one of
those Things?

NORRIS

He hasn't had enough time.

CHILDS

...Nothing human could have made it back here in this weather without a guideline...

MACREADY (O.S.)

...Where is everybody?! I'm half frostbit!

PALMER

Let's open it. Now...

CHILDS

(edgy, hostile)

Why you so damn anxious to let him in here...

PALMER

(slightly trembling)

He's so close. Maybe our best chance to blow him away.

CHILDS

No. Just let him freeze out there.

SANCHEZ

(voice cracking)

What if we're wrong about him?

CHILDS

Then we're wrong.

The muffled breaking of a window down the hall. The men turn.

PALMER

The supply window!

SANCHEZ

(terror)

What we going to...

NORRIS

All right... all right... we've got no choice now...

INT. SUPPLY ROOM

appears

Pitch black. MacReady's voice is heard cursing as he
to be stumbling around, looking for a light switch. He
responds to the muffled voices at the door.

MACREADY

What's going on out there?

HALLWAY

Palmer stands by as Childs tries the knob. Locked.

CHILDS

Damn it, he's got the keys.

hacking

Childs rips a nearby fire ax off the wall and begins
away at the door.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM

MACREADY

What are you doing?

CHILDS (O.S.)

You're a dead man, MacReady -- or a
dead whatever the hell you are!

MacReady begins to rummage through the supplies in the
darkness.

CHILDS (O.S.)

We found your clothes -- the ones
you tried to burn.

MACREADY

What clothes?

CHILDS (O.S.)

You been made, MacReady.

rummaging

Childs chops away. MacReady desperately continues
through the supplies.

MACREADY

Someone's trying to mark me, you
bastard... trying to frame me.

HALLWAY

blow. Childs cautions to Palmer as he prepares for one last

CHILDS

Move in slow now.

torches Crunch. The door gives. The men move in. Their blow ready. They freeze.

His MacReady stands before them holding a lighted flare. hair and clothing are covered with snow; his cheeks and nose blackened by frostbite. Tucked under his arm is an entire box of dynamite. He holds the flare dangerously close to the open box.

MACREADY

Anyone messes with me -- the whole camp goes.

him. He appears to mean it. They don't seem anxious to test

MACREADY

Put those torches on the floor and back off.

They do. He follows them out into the hall.

HALLWAY

The men step backwards carefully.

MACREADY

...back way off.

glances They heed, retreating further down the hall. MacReady behind him.

MACREADY

...Where's the rest...

the Nauls and Norris, who have silently crept in through and supply window, come flying through the hacked-up door

flare. barrel into MacReady. Both going straight for the

him MacReady spins Nauls off and rips into Norris, sending
MacReady's crashing violently into the wall. Nauls tackles
legs, pulling him to the floor.

The others rush him. MacReady, still in control of the dynamite and flare, bellow:

MACREADY

So help me I mean it!!

They skid to a halt. Nauls crawls away, quickly.

NAULS

It's cool, man. We ain't near you,
man... Stay cool...

PALMER

Yeah, man, really. Just relax.

MACREADY

Anybody touches me... we go.

breath. Norris, lying on the floor, coughs as if gasping for

over He quivers for a moment and then is still. Nauls crawls
to him and shakes him. A beat.

NAULS

I don't think he's breathing.

Nauls listens to Norris' chest. MacReady stands.

MACREADY

Go untie the Doc. Get him in here.
Bring the others, too...
(grins menacingly)
From now on no one gets out of my
sight.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

Copper Norris' body is plopped on the examination table.

stumbles and is steadied by some of the men. MacReady continues to keep his distance.

rips

Copper places an oxygen mask over Norris' face. He then opens his shirt.

MACREADY

So you sweethearts had yourselves a little trial. I just may have to kill you on general principle, Nauls.

substance.

Copper begins swathing Norris' chest with a gelatin

MACREADY

...Ever occur to the jury that anybody could have gotten to some of my clothes and stuck them up...

CHILDS

We ain't buying that.

DR. COPPER

Damn it, quit the bickering and give me a hand. Wheel that fibrillator over here.

climbs

Sanchez pushes over the portable fibrillator. Copper climbs up on the table and straddles Norris' chest.

tray

Unnoticed, Clark paws the contents of the instrument tray behind his back.

DR. COPPER

Palmer, turn on that oxygen and hold the mask over his face... Childs, grab his shoulders.

chest.

They do so. Copper holds electrical prongs over Norris' chest.

CHILDS

(to MacReady,
threatening)
You're going to have to sleep sometime.

DR. COPPER

Quiet down...

(to Sanchez)
...turn that thing on.

Sanchez depresses the "on" button.

DR. COPPER

Now hold him.

MACREADY

I'm a real light sleeper, Childs...

DR. COPPER

Enough, MacReady!

shoots
mask.
Dr. Copper presses the prongs onto Norris' chest and
a bolt of current. Norris' body heaves upward. A slight
crackling sound and an odd chirp through the oxygen

DR. COPPER

Again... More current this time,
Sanchez...

has
his
Buzzz. Several more jolts from the prongs. Clark's hand
found a scalpel. He gently lifts it out, bringing it to
side.

MACREADY

And if anyone tries to wake me...

DR. COPPER

Damn you, MacReady!

popping.
off --
off his
Norris' body begins bounding up. More crackling and
His chest begins to break up and spread. The mask pops
a hideous mewling escaping from Norris' distorted mouth.
The men jump back, incredulous. Dr. Copper scrambles
chest and flops to the floor.

SANCHEZ

God... what...?

Norris
They watch on in stunned horror as The Thing that was
begins to change, to spread awkwardly on the slab.

the
Its clothes tearing. A shoe splits in half and falls to
floor, exposing the beginnings of a talon.
MacReady charges toward it, shooing the men off.

MACREADY

Get out of the way!!

pain,
struggles,
feet.
He unloads with a stream of flame. The body writhes in
belching and hissing. The slab catches fire. It
lunges for the floor, straightens up, and moves a few

and
ripped
A black and yellow substance rips through its trousers
squirts to the floor. Norris' body collapses on the
fibrillating machine in flames. Extinguishers are
from the walls and put to work.

fascination,
as they twitch and mew on the floor.
MacReady watches the smoking particles of ooze in

awe
Within seconds the fire is out. The men stand around in
as they look upon The Thing that was once Norris.

Their
MacReady continues to observe the small particles.
tiny squeals abating into silence.

INT. REC ROOM

maneuvered
the
MacReady, still carrying the industrial torch, has
all the men into the room. He holds Garry's .44. He has
untaped the explosives from his chest and laid them on
nearby table next to two more boxes of dynamite.

CLARK

What you got in mind, MacReady?

MACREADY

A little test.

PALMER

What kind of test?

MACREADY

I'm sure a lot of you already know.

Palmer. He tosses a ream of steel cable and some rope to

MACREADY

Palmer, you and Copper tie everyone down. Real tight.

CHILDS

What for?

MACREADY

For your health.

GARRY

(to others)

Let's rush him. He's not going to blow us all up.

MACREADY

Damn if I won't.

CHILDS

(a beat)

You ain't tying me up.

MACREADY

Then I'll have to kill you.

CHILDS

Then kill me.

MacReady points the .44 at Childs' head.

MACREADY

I mean it.

MacReady cocks his gun. Childs holds his ground.

CHILDS

I guess you do.

A beat. Clark springs for MacReady. Scalpel raised. forces
MacReady spins and fires three shots, point-blank, the
others, of the charges sending Clark flying backwards. The

the themselves about to pounce, stop -- as MacReady whirls
torch and gun back toward them.

CUT TO:

THE MEN

being tied securely to couches and chairs.

MACREADY

Tie up Clark, too.

PALMER

(bemused)

He's dead.

MACREADY

Norris looked pretty dead, himself.
Bullets don't kill these Things.

rubber MacReady turns on a Bunsen burner while he cuts the
wire. covering off an electrical cord, exposing the copper

All the while, he keeps his eye on the men.

CHILDS

(muttering)

We should have jumped his ass.

MACREADY

Now Copper, you tie Palmer up.

Childs Copper starts to tie Palmer to the small couch next to
and Garry.

MACREADY

We're going to draw a little bit of
everybody's blood.

NAULS

What are you going to do? Drink it?

MACREADY

Watching Norris in there... gave me
the idea that maybe every part of
you bastards is a whole. Every piece
of you is self-sufficient, an animal

unto itself. When a man bleeds it's just tissue. But blood from one of you Things won't obey. It's a newly formed individual with a built-in desire to protect its own life. When attacked, your blood will try and survive -- and crawl away from a hot needle say.

CUT TO:

SANCHEZ

and grimacing as Dr. Copper pinches a scalpel to his thumb
collects a small portion of his blood in a dish.
on All the men have been tied up. Palmer, Childs and Garry
corpse the small couch. The others, including the lifeless
of Clark, in chairs.

in Copper returns the plate to the table and sets it down
collected. line with the other plates of blood that he has

plates. The names of each man have been scribbled onto the

MacReady slides the Doctor a fresh plate.

MACREADY

Now you.

plate. Copper cuts his thumb, his blood dribbles onto the

He stands nervously for a beat.

MACREADY

Slide it back here.

Copper pushes it toward MacReady.

MACREADY

Now step way back.

his Copper steps backward, moisture beginning to collect on

Bunsen brow. MacReady begins to heat the copper wire over the
burner.

MacReady The men watch intently. The wire begins to glow.
points the torch directly at the Doctor. Both of them
flame. perspiring. MacReady lifts the glowing wire from the

wire The Doctor is dead still. MacReady slowly touches the
to the Doctor's plate. A soft hiss.

soft MacReady heats it again and tries once more. The same
hiss. MacReady and the Doctor both let out a sigh.

MACREADY

I guess you're okay.

DR. COPPER

(shaken, facetious)

Thank you.

MACREADY

I didn't think you'd use that
fibrillator on Norris if you were
one of them.

He hands Copper the torch.

MACREADY

Watch them.

his He cuts himself with the scalpel and begins collecting
own blood.

MACREADY

Now I'll show you what I already
know.

harmless He heats the wire and puts it to his plate. The same
The hissing. All eyes continue to watch as he tries again.
same result. Childs mumbles.

CHILDS

Load of bullshit.

MACREADY

We'll see. Let's try Clark.

hissing.
He heats the wire and lays it in Clark's dish. The

CHILDS

So Clark was human, huh?

MacReady nods.

CHILDS

So that make you a murderer.

MacReady glances over the group.

MACREADY

Palmer now.

wire.
He sets Palmer's plate in front of him and heats the

GARRY

Pure nonsense. This won't prove a damn thing.

MACREADY

Thought you'd feel that way, Garry.
You were the only one who could have gotten to that blood plasma...

(placing the wire in
Palmer's dish)

...we'll do you last...

plate.
Screech!!! The blood howls, trying to crawl off the

dragging
MacReady
Palmer bolts forward with incredible force, racing for
MacReady; his face splitting; his mouth roaring --
the couch, Childs and Garry with him. He smashes into
knocking him over the table.

MACREADY

Copper!!

burst
leaps
It's all happened too fast. Copper tries to get off a
of flame. The ever-changing Palmer breaks his bonds and
on the Doctor.

The others sit helpless, struggling at their bindings.
MacReady dives on Palmer's back and the three go
rolling to the floor. Screeching. Crackling. MacReady pounds
viciously at Palmer's head. A powerful, shirt-splitting arm sends
him skidding across the floor.
Copper momentarily has control of the torch. Just as he
positions it, Palmer's mouth splits from his chin to
his forehead and engulfs the entirety of the Doctor's head.
The big torch slaps against the wall. Palmer bounds to
his feet, wrapping his arms around the dangling, struggling
body of Dr. Copper.
The men are screaming hysterically. MacReady tries to
fire up the bruised torch. Busted. Won't work.
Frustrated, he charges up behind Palmer and begins
hammering the thick steel instrument over his head.
The shirt of Palmer's back erupts in MacReady's face.
Splitting and ripping wildly, exposing the beginnings
of yet another orifice. A blackened, iron-strong tongue lunges
for outward. Stunned, MacReady manages to elude it, diving
the top of the table by the boxes of dynamite.
MacReady lights the fuse of a thick roll and bounds
from the table. Palmer awkwardly spins in circles, swinging the
keep on Doctor's body like a propeller blade, struggling to
orifice, balance, as he advances on MacReady. The second
spitting and snarling as it continues to take form.
MacReady waits until Palmer's back spins around, facing
him. Only two yards away, MacReady flings his lit roll into
the

covering ever-evolving second mouth and leaps onto the couch
Childs and Garry with his body.

deep A muffled boom, as the swallowed explosive ignites from
the within Palmer and sends his flesh splattering all over
as room. MacReady rolls away from Childs and Garry as fast
he can.

CUT TO:

MACREADY

prepares perspiring profusely, his hand trembling slightly,
to continue the test. He heats the wire.

The men are pouring sweat, white-knuckled.

closes One of the smaller torches is pointed at Nauls. He
plate. his eyes. MacReady places the heated wire into his
Hiss. MacReady exhales. Nauls opens his eyes.

stays MacReady unties Nauls with one hand, while the torch
glued to the others.

have MacReady heats the wire once again. Both he and Nauls
torches aimed at Sanchez. Sanchez is near tears.

The wire is dipped into the plate... Hisssss.

Sanchez breaks down and sobs.

CHILDS

turn. sits stoicly, while he watches the preparations for his

CHILDS

Let's do it, Bwana.

plate... Nauls and Sanchez take aim five yards away. Fierce,
determined. The wire comes off the flame into the

the harmless hissing.

The muscles in Childs' face melt into a sigh.

CHILDS

Muthafu...

ALL EYES

realizing
snap towards station manager Garry. Childs, suddenly
who he is sitting next to, squirms.

CHILDS

Get me... get me the hell away from...
cut me loose, damn it!

guard.
Nauls rips away his bindings. The other two stand

Childs scrambles off the couch and onto the floor.

GARRY

can of
adrenalin
stares grimly ahead. Childs soaks his clothing with a
gasoline. He is then surrounded. The room tenses,
pumps, breathing halts.

face.
The burner. The torches. The wire. The plate. Garry's

Hisssss.

torches
MacReady tries again. Hiss. The men breathe. Their
are lowered. Nauls throws his on the floor.

his
Sanchez and Childs flop down in chairs. MacReady wipes
face.

A long silence. Sanchez weeps quietly with relief.

GARRY

I know you gentlemen have been through
a lot. But when you find the time...
I'd rather not spend the rest of the
winter tied to this couch.

MacReady's
scowls at

A beat. Childs starts to giggle. The strain on
jaw begins to lessen. Garry sits catatonic. Nauls
Childs' uncontrollable laughter.

as he
Antarctic
grumbles, at

The infectious rasping causes MacReady a slight smile
looks up, taking comfort in the sound of the raging
wind vibrating the roof. Nauls, untying Garry,
Childs.

NAULS

Shut the damn hell up.

His
goes

Childs wipes his eyes and grins over toward MacReady.
smile fades, MacReady is now stone-faced. Childs' grin
stale, in sudden realization.

MACREADY

(almost a whisper)

Blair...

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Childs
along the

The wind rumbles. The storm is at its peak. MacReady,
and Nauls, guided by their flares, pull themselves
steadying rope, headed, for Blair's shack.

BLAIR'S SHACK

trying to

The door is wide open. They pause by the entrance,
balance against the wind. They enter.

INT. BLAIR'S SHACK

them
planking.

Empty. A few of the floorboards are loosened. They pull
up. They stare down into a large hole beneath the
Something is down there. They pull up more boards.

the

The hole is some fifteen feet deep. Its dimensions are

up

same as the shack. Its space is almost completely taken
by some strange metallic object.

and

be

Crudely fashioned, a patchwork job, but streamlined.
Sheets of corrugated steel are visible; but cut apart
welded into the desired shapes. The object appears to
unfinished.

NAULS

What is it?

MACREADY

Everything that's been missing.

CHILDS

Spaceship of some kind.

MACREADY

Smart S.O.B. He put it together piece
by piece.

NAULS

Where was he trying to go?

MACREADY

Anyplace but here.

dynamite.

MacReady pulls out a dozen tightly wrapped sticks of

MACREADY

But he ain't going to make it.

men

exit.

Far off, amidst the howling gale -- the screeching. The
jump. MacReady lights the fuse, as they make it to the
He tosses it in.

EXT. COMPOUND ALONG THE ROPE

Their

down,

The explosion echoes behind them. The men pull along.
heads jerk in circles, searching into the blackness.
Some twenty yards to their rear something swooshes

along the
out
severing the line. The wind sends the men tumbling
ice. Childs loosens the line and is blown away, rolling
of sight.

compound.
MacReady and Nauls have lost their torches. They pull
feverishly along the ground trying to make it to the

his
The screeching closes in behind them. MacReady loses
grip on the rope and is blown toward the main building.
He crawls along looking for an opening.

kennel.
Nauls slides near the outside entrance to the dog

He climbs down through the open stairwell.

INT. PLANT ROOM

it,
at the
the
ax.
knob.
MacReady has found the broken window. He rolls through
landing on the frozen plants below. Something smashes
glass above his head, trying to get in. He sprints for
door. Fuchs' frozen body is still pinned to it with the
MacReady grapples with the stiff torso which blocks the

and
eerily,
He finally gets it open and lets himself out, slamming
locking the door from the hall. Fuchs' body swings
back and forth.

INT. HALLWAY

zooms
He
way.
MacReady charges up the stairs from the plant room. He
down the twisting corridors, opening and closing doors.
rounds a bend and crashes into Nauls coming the other

CUT TO:

INT. REC ROOM - CLOSE ON SANCHEZ

pouring gasoline into empty bottles, preparing Molotov cocktails.

attached to
injecting

Garry is connecting an electrical device: wires two portable generators. MacReady appears to be something into empty contact capsules. The men work feverishly.

Nauls rushes in with another box of dynamite.

NAULS

What about Childs?

MACREADY

Forget about Childs. He's over.

Nauls begins cutting the wicks off the dynamite.

GARRY

Make 'em short. They'll go off quicker if we need to use them.

the
off one

The wind belts into the roofing overhead. Garry sets wiring to the main doorway. MacReady begins blocking off the other entrances with a large computer.

SANCHEZ

What if it doesn't come?

MACREADY

It'll come. It needs us. We're the only thing left to imitate...

(to Sanchez)

Give me a hand.

They block off a door with two heavy electrical games.

MACREADY

(to Sanchez)

You and Nauls got to block off the west side bunks, the mess hall and the kitchen.

NAULS

(protest)

You crazy? He might be inside already?

MACREADY

Chance we got to take. We got to force him to come down the east side to the door we got rigged.

Nauls starts lacing his skates.

SANCHEZ

He might just wait us out.

MACREADY

I'm going to blow the generator when you get back. He'll have to come for us -- or freeze.

MacReady further barricades the door with small couch.

MACREADY

We've got portable heaters -- we'll last longer.

Sanchez and Nauls start to leave.

MACREADY

...Hold it.

He dispenses the capsules.

MACREADY

Sodium cyanide. We place them between our cheeks and gums... This Thing can't imitate anything that's dead.

A grim silence.

MACREADY

If it gets a hold of you -- bite down... They're supposed to be fast and painless... Now move.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Sanchez and Nauls inch their way through.

INT. REC ROOM

MacReady rips linen, soaks the strips in gas, and
stuffs

the
them in the Molotov bottles. Garry tests the current on
door. Popping, sparks, smoke.

MACREADY

Looks good.

GARRY

One thousand volts. Should be enough.

INT. KITCHEN

yards
another
Nauls pushes a stove, reinforcing a locked door. Five
away, Sanchez maneuvers the refrigerator in front of
outlet.

to
Sanchez hears a quiet purring, bubbling sound. He turns
Nauls.

SANCHEZ

You hear that?

NAULS

on
A blaring. They whip their attention to stereo speakers
either side of the kitchen. Rock music screams out. Top
volume.

INT. REC ROOM

three
voices
The same loud music. MacReady and Garry look to the
speakers attached to the walls. MacReady yells his
incomprehension to Garry. Garry tries to respond. Their
drowned out.

INT. HALLWAY

walls,
thunders.

INT. KITCHEN

points
Nauls, in sudden realization, screams over the din and

back in the direction they came.

NAULS

It's got into the pub! It's turned
on the stereo!

SANCHEZ

What?!

NAULS

It's in between us and them!! How we
going to get back?!

SANCHEZ

I can't hear you.

INT. REC ROOM

MacReady, cursing, rips the speakers off the wall.

MACREADY

What are they doing out there?!

The music is now subdued within the room, but continues
booming throughout the camp. Nauls' scream can be
barely heard.

GARRY

What's he saying?

INT. KITCHEN - NAULS

at the top of his lungs...

NAULS

MacReady! We been cut off!!

A sharp, red, talon-like fingernail, pierces the top of
the door above Nauls' head. It saws downward, quickly.
Black goo drips through the slit. The sawing obscured
by the music.

Sanchez, eyes bulging, points. Nauls turns. A claw rips
through the wood. Nauls dives to the floor.

In the opposite direction, behind Sanchez, another arm
splits

five

through the door and the refrigerator, extends itself
feet and yanks Sanchez back as if he were a puppet.

bites

Sanchez struggles, looking imploringly at Nauls. He
down on his capsule. Nauls takes off like a speed

skater.

INT. REC ROOM

The sound of the screeching over the music.

MACREADY

Got to get to the generator.

speakers --

He opens the door. Looks down the hall. No one. The
blaring music.

NAULS

reckless. He

full speed down the maze. Left. Right. Totally
hits a straightaway.

SANCHEZ'S BODY

directly

from out of nowhere, blasts through the hallway wall,
in Nauls' path. A thick arm pins the body to the other

side.

into the

Unable to stop, Nauls skids out of control, banging
sides of the wall, his cyanide capsule flying out of

his

mouth.

through the

Whatever the rest of it is, it starts to crumble
wall. Nauls dives over the arm, somersaults to his feet

and

takes off.

INT. MAIN HALL

MacReady, running, spots Nauls careening out of a turn,
heading toward him.

NAULS

Get back!!

MACREADY

The generator!

NAULS

Screw the generator!!

screeches
Nauls blazes by him. MacReady hears the snarls and heading his way. He streaks after Nauls.

INT. REC ROOM

catch
They make it in. Lock the door... MacReady tries to his breath. Nauls shakes, pants.

NAULS

Got Sanchez... World War Three wouldn't mess with this fucker... Can go through walls... And it's like all over the place...

MACREADY

Calm down and get in your position.

NAULS

Position, my ass...

Garry fiddles with the two generators.

GARRY

I'm going to bump this up, much as I can.

NAULS

Boulder Dam might do it.

shuts
The loud music in the compound is turned off. MacReady off the lights. The men spread out. Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. REC ROOM

Whispers.
The men watch all the doors. Dead silence. Dark.

GARRY

How long's it been?

MACREADY

Little over two hours.

NAULS

Maybe it ain't coming.

MACREADY

Then we go after him.

NAULS

Bet the last place you ever go.

The sound of a door opening and closing. Far off.

off.
Another creaking door is opened. A rustling. Still far
MacReady and Nauls spread further apart.

the
The soft bubbling, cooling sound. A slight scratch at
door. Garry's hand tightens around the generator
switches.

Garry
The scratching gets more pronounced. MacReady cautions
with a whisper.

MACREADY

Wait...

MacReady
The door begins to pound from the outside. Nauls and
light two cocktails each.

ceiling
The door booms. The room's foundations shake. The
quivers. The gas bombs are cocked.

bomb.
From the roof The Thing roars down into their midst.
Stunned, the men stumble back. MacReady throws his gas
Nauls the same.

For a moment it stands silhouetted in flame. Enormous.
Grotesque.

spirals
its
Garry bolts for the main door. The Thing's tongue
from his mouth and spears him. The good two-thirds of
body follows its tongue and engulfs Garry by the door.

still
the
instantly.

Another leg slaps Nauls to the ground. MacReady dodges another appendage, dives on the generators and throws switch.

sends
its
it
storm.

The current rips through the door. Garry dies One of The Thing's talons, still caught in the door, it writhing in pain. It literally rips the door from latching and pounds it to the ground, trying to shake loose. Nauls, hobbles, scrambles, out of the opening. MacReady dives through the window and out into the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND - HALL

bloodied,
Another
rear.

The distant sound of a motor. Nauls, battered and his leg apparently broken, crawls along the ground. sound, a bubbling and gurgling is heard well to his rear. But closing.

pain.

The terror forces him to drag faster, oblivious to the

about

He reaches the bathroom stall. Crawls in. Locks it. The gurgling nears. Leaning on the toilet seat, he looks himself, frantically.

paws,
his

The Presence pauses at the door. A scratching. Nauls rips at a cracked and weathered slab of wood, cutting fingers as he tries to break it off the siding.

finally
one

A strong blow begins to breach the stall door. Nauls unhinges the piece of wood, brings the jagged end to

side of his throat and rips...

INT. LAB WALL

explode. The
scooper

looks

black war
teeth,
tanks
around his

his

The motorized rumbling nears. The wall seems to tractor barrels into the lab. Its enormous shovel tearing half the room to shreds.

MacReady drives. His eyes glint like a wild man's; he stark raving mad.

His frostbite, now in an advanced stage, resembles paint. He clenches a stick of dynamite between his like a buccaneer's cutlass. Two large, compressed air tanks have been tied together at the top and are draped around his neck. They are marked -- HYDROGEN.

They are used for the weather balloons.

He pulls the tractor to a stop, yanks the stick from mouth, grins and bellows.

MACREADY

Okay, creep! Just you and me now! Be on your toes! We're going to do a little remodeling!

infirmary.
the

MacReady guns it through the next wall and into the Medical equipment goes flying. The machine is powerful; prefabricated walls buckling under its force.

INT. COMPOUND

song.

A trail of viscous yellow ooze leads around a bend.

Boom.

MacReady rams into the mess hall, sweeping away tables, chairs. He sings out loud the lyrics of some Mexican

All the while he keeps his eyes on everything.

sings Through the kitchen. The foundation is crumbling. He
on.

NARROW PASSAGEWAY

corner Gurgling and hissing. A taloned arm slinks around a
in retreat.

MACREADY (O.S.)

Chime in if you know that words, old
boy.

MACREADY

the pub plows through several more rooms before ending up in
from area. He backs it up and retrieves a bottle of liquor
the bar.

MACREADY

You like whiskey? Come on, join me
for a drink. Be good for you. Grow
fangs on your chest.

He takes a drink and rams through another wall.

INT. REC ROOM

The tractor blazes into the rec room. MacReady parks it
The directly in front of the hole in the roof, created by
Thing when it surprised them earlier.

MACREADY

Damn it, ran out of gas.

over He pulls off the heavy hydrogen tanks and drapes them
passing the tractor. As he talks his eyes move like a hawk
from roof, to doorways, to rubble.

blackened Wind and ice bristle through the gaping holes, stinging
MacReady with the cold. He winces at his mittenless,
fingers.

MACREADY

Sweetheart, it's going to get mighty

cold in here soon... You better make your move... I mean, hell, I'm only one person...

He takes a swig from his bottle.

MACREADY

I know you're bugged because we ruined your trip, right? Spiffy little toy you had there.

through
in
A slight tremor perks his eyes and ears. He looks up the hole, then around. He lights a lighter and cups it his hand near the stick of dynamite in his lap.

MACREADY

But your real hang up is your looks...

A stronger tremor. The adrenalin pumps.

MACREADY

(wants him bad)

Atta boy. I know you're around.

around
The floor shakes. MacReady stands, his head whirling the room.

MACREADY

Come on, sucker.

forward
the
splitting
The tractor inches up off the ground. MacReady falls and looks straight down through the chassis and into vile and grinning face below. A claw flashes up, the steering wheel but missing his face.

feet.
He depresses the ignition, bolting the tractor ten

ceiling.
plating of
pulls
He jumps, hanging onto the edge of the hole in the The Thing's face and arms burst through the metal the tractor. The reaching claws just miss him as he himself through.

EXT. ROOF

He lights his fuse, drops in the stick, turns and runs.

up
like
Half of The Thing's grotesque and angular torso bolts through the hole, howling in fury. An appendage springs outward and winds around MacReady's jacket, hissing acid into the fabric.

fireball
disintegrating
An immense explosion. The hydrogen tanks send a white fifty feet into the sky. The Thing's body almost immediately.

and
He
off
The force of the blast sweeps MacReady off the roof. He the severed appendage crash to the hard ice in flames. He rolls over and over trying to smother the fire and tear the insidious limb.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP

shroud,
A ruin. One half of it burnt almost to the ground. MacReady wears a thick blanket which covers him like a shroud, from his shoulders to the floor.

patches
up.
He walks bent over and in much pain, trying to blunt patches of fire with an extinguisher. It is futile. He gives up.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB AREA

of
Mostly untouched by the fire, but like most of the rest of the camp, exposed to the outside. The storm has settled considerably.

CLOSE ON MACREADY

pours lighting a cigar. His hands are heavily wrapped. He
himself a drink.

frame A puffy white hand, missing two fingers, enters the
and whirls a startled MacReady around. It is Childs.
White and black blotches cover his frostbitten face.

CHILDS

Did you kill it?

He looks as weak as MacReady. A beat.

MACREADY

I think so.

CHILDS

What do you mean "you think so?"

suspiciously. Both men speak guardedly and stare at each other

MACREADY

Yeah. I got it.
(refers to Childs'
condition)
Pretty mean frostbite.

his Childs steps back, keeping his distance. He indicates
puffy white hand.

CHILDS

It'll turn black again soon enough.
Then I guess I'll be losing the whole
thing...
(refers to feet)
...Think my toes are already gone.

sits MacReady, carrying the bottle and glass, limps over and
several down behind a gaming table. There is a chess set and
decks of cards. The two men continue to eye each other.

CHILDS

So you're the only one who made it.

MacReady begins setting up a non-electronic chessboard.

MACREADY

Not the only one.

CHILDS

The fire's got the temperature way up all over camp... won't last long though.

MACREADY

Neither will we.

CHILDS

Maybe we should try and fix the radio... try and get some help.

MACREADY

Maybe we shouldn't.

CHILDS

Then we'll never make it.

blowtorch MacReady puffs on his cigar. He reveals a small
from under the table and places it beside him on top.

MACREADY

Maybe we shouldn't make it.

CHILDS

(beat)

If you're worried about anything, let's take that blood test of yours.

MACREADY

If we've got any surprises for each other -- we shouldn't be in any condition to do anything about it.

(beat)

You play chess?

sits They regard each other for a moment. Childs painfully
down across from MacReady.

CHILDS

I guess I'll be learning.

smiles MacReady grins and hands the bottle to Childs. Childs
back and takes a healthy swig.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

blackness -- The fires smolder on. Bright embers dance in the
 pushed by the sougning wind.

OUT:

FADE

THE END