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# Invasion of the Body Snatchers

By Daniel Mainwaring

Dr. Hill.

Dr. Bassett.

Where's the patient?

I hated

to drag you out of bed.

Will you let me go

while there's still time?

You'll soon see why I did.

Will you tell

these fools I'm not crazy?

Make them listen to me

before it's too late!

I'll listen to you.

Let him go.

Who are you?

I'm Dr. Hill

from the state mental hospital.

I'm not insane!

Let him go!

Doctor,

now you must listen to me.

You must understand me.

I am a doctor, too.

I am not insane.

All right.

Suppose we sit down,

and you tell me what happened?

Well, it started--

for me,

it started last Thursday...

in response to an urgent

message from my nurse.

I'd hurried home

from a medical convention.

At first glance,

everything looked the same.

It wasn't.

Something evil had taken

possession of the town.

These two.

Here you are.

Thank you, sir.

There you are.

Thank you.

Morning, Mr. Fisher.

Doc!

Hiya, Sally.

Hi. Welcome home.

I'm glad you're back.

How's Mickey and the baby?

Fine, but everybody else  
in Santa Mira needs a doctor.

You've got an office  
full of patients.

Oh, no.

On my first day back?

Some of them have  
been waiting for two weeks.

Why didn't you send them  
to Pursey or Carmichael?

Most of 'em wouldn't go.

They want to see you.

Oh?

What's the matter with them?

They wouldn't say.

Usually people can't talk enough  
about what's ailing them.

For instance,

Wally Eberhard was in twice...  
and called three times,  
but he wouldn't say about what.

That's funny.

Nobody would talk--  
from Becky Driscoll...

down to that fat  
traffic cop Sam Janzek.

Becky Driscoll?

I thought she was in England.

She got back a few days ago,  
and she wanted to see you.

Are you still interested?

My interest in married women  
is strictly professional...

or yours would have been  
a lost cause long ago.

-How was the convention?

-Wonderful.

They wept with envy

when I read my paper.  
Come back here!  
Jimmy!  
What's the matter,  
Mrs. Grimaldi?  
It's nothing. He just don't  
want to go to school.  
If I were you, I'd have  
a talk with his teacher.  
I will when I get time.  
What's the matter?  
Has Joe been sick?  
No.  
We gave the stand up.  
-Too much work.  
-Oh.  
The boy's  
panic should have told me...  
it was more than school  
he was afraid of...  
and that littered,  
closed-up vegetable stand...  
should have  
told me something, too.  
When I last saw it,  
less than a month ago...  
it was the cleanest  
and busiest stand on the road.  
That's strange.  
She was in to see you, too--  
last Friday.  
I tried to get her to see  
Doc Pursey, but she wouldn't.  
She said only you  
could help her.  
Whatever it was...  
it couldn't have been  
too serious, I guess.  
One minor concussion,  
two cases of the common cold...  
and six canceled appointments.  
Looks like you rushed me here  
for nothing.  
I don't understand it.

They couldn't wait to see you.  
But you're still booked up solid  
for the afternoon.  
I bet they don't show.  
Look, there's Wally Eberhard...  
talking somebody  
into buying some insurance.  
There's nothing wrong with him.  
Bill Bitner's taking  
his secretary to lunch.  
And speaking of lunch...  
will you tell whoever that is  
that I'm out having mine?  
Is Dr. Bennell in?  
Yes, he's here.  
Do you suppose  
he has time to see me?  
If he hasn't,  
something's wrong with him.  
Go right in.  
Becky.  
Almost five years.  
It's wonderful to be home again.  
I've been away so long...  
I feel almost like a stranger  
in my own country.  
Hope you don't mind my coming  
without an appointment.  
Not at all.  
What'll you have?  
We're pushing appendectomies  
this week.  
Oh, Miles.  
I don't know,  
maybe I clown around too much.  
Pretty soon, my patients...  
won't trust me  
to prescribe aspirin for them.  
Seriously, what's the trouble?  
It's my cousin.  
Wilma?  
What's the matter with her?  
She has a...  
I guess you'd call it

a delusion.  
You know her uncle?  
Uncle Ira?  
Sure. I'm his doctor.  
She's got herself  
thinking he isn't her uncle.  
How do you mean?  
That they're not really related?  
She thinks  
he's an impostor or something...  
someone who only looks like Ira.  
Have you seen him?  
I just came from there.  
Is he Uncle Ira,  
or isn't he Uncle Ira?  
Of course he is.  
I told Wilma that,  
but it was no use.  
Please, would you stop by  
and have a talk with her?  
Sally says I'm booked up  
for the afternoon...  
but why don't you ask her  
to come in and see me?  
I'll try.  
How about some lunch?  
I can't.  
I'm meeting Dad at the store.  
When did you get back?  
I came back from London  
two months ago.  
I've been in Reno.  
Reno?  
Reno.  
Dad tells me  
you were there, too.  
Five months ago.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
So was I.  
I wanted it to work.  
I guess that makes us  
lodge brothers now.  
Yes.  
Except I'm paying dues

while you collect them.  
Ha ha ha! Miles.  
-Hello, doc.  
-How are you?  
Sam!  
At it again, eh?  
My nurse tells me  
you were in last week...  
and wanted very much  
to see me.  
It wasn't anything important.  
Didn't he go to college with us?  
Quit his second year  
to get married...  
like I wanted us to do.  
Just be thankful  
I didn't take you seriously.  
You be thankful.  
I found out  
that a doctor's wife...  
needs the understanding  
of an Einstein...  
and patience of a saint.  
And love?  
I wouldn't know about that.  
I'm just a general practitioner.  
Love is handled  
by the specialists.  
Here's where I leave you.  
You know something?  
This is where you left me  
the last time.  
Hiya, Johnny.  
Sally, I'm off.  
Tell the answering service  
I'll be at home.  
Good night, doc.  
I'm not going in there!  
Stop all this nonsense.  
Hey! Take it easy!  
Isn't this Jimmy Grimaldi?  
Yes, Doctor.  
Can I talk to you a moment?  
Sure. I almost

ran you down this morning.  
You got to be careful  
when you run out in the road.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Hey! Hey! Hey!  
Hey! Slow down now.  
School isn't as bad as all that.  
School isn't what upsets him.  
It's my daughter-in-law.  
He's got the crazy idea  
she isn't his mother.  
She isn't! She isn't!  
Don't let her get me!  
Nobody's going  
to get you, Jimmy.  
How long has this been going on?  
An hour ago,  
I found him in the cellar.  
He wouldn't say anything until  
I started to phone his mother.  
That's when he said Anna  
wasn't his mother.  
Could you keep him  
with you for a day or so?  
Give him one of these every  
four hours during the day.  
Call me tomorrow and let me know  
how he's feeling.  
Yes, Doctor, thank you.  
Don't let her get me!  
Nobody's going to get you.  
All right, Jimmy.  
Open your mouth.  
Shut your eyes.  
In the words of the poet...  
I'll give you something  
to make you wise.  
That's a good boy, Jimmy.  
I'm not going home ever.  
You're staying at your  
grandmother's. Call his mother.  
She's not my mother!  
All right. Run along.

Everything's going to be OK.  
You be a good boy now.  
Good night, Doctor.  
Good night.  
I've changed my mind.  
I'm not going directly home.  
I'm going to stop off  
and see Wilma Lentz.  
Should I call the boy's mother?  
Yes.  
Tell her what happened...  
and that I suggested  
the boy spend the night...  
at his grandmother's house.  
Hello, Miles.  
Nice to see you, Wilma.  
Becky.  
Let's have it.  
You talked to him.  
What do you think?  
It's him.  
He's your Uncle Ira, all right.  
He is not.  
How is he different?  
That's just it.  
There is no difference  
you can actually see.  
He looks, sounds, acts,  
and remembers...  
like Uncle Ira.  
Then he is your Uncle Ira.  
You see that?  
No matter how you feel, he is.  
But he isn't.  
There's something missing.  
He's been a father to me  
since I was a baby.  
Always when he talked to me...  
there was a special look  
in his eye.  
That look's gone.  
What about memories?  
There must be certain things...  
that only you and he

would know about.  
There are.  
I've talked to him about them.  
He remembers them all...  
down to the last small detail,  
just like Uncle Ira would.  
But, Miles...  
there's no emotion.  
None!  
Just the pretense of it.  
The words, gesture,  
the tone of voice...  
everything else is the same,  
but not the feeling.  
Memories or not,  
he isn't my Uncle Ira.  
Wilma, I'm on your side.  
My business  
is people in trouble...  
and I'm going to find  
a way to help you.  
No one could possibly  
impersonate your Uncle Ira...  
without you  
or your Aunt Eleda or even me...  
seeing a million  
little differences.  
I want you to realize that.  
Think about it,  
and then you'll know...  
that the trouble is inside you.  
Wilma, where are you?  
Out on the lawn.  
Say nothing to her.  
Why, Miles,  
I didn't know you were here.  
Welcome home.  
Hello, Mrs. Lentz.  
Did you ask Miles  
to stay for dinner?  
Can't tonight.  
I'm making spoon bread.  
Please, don't tempt me.  
Maybe next time.

Wilma, where are my glasses?  
I think  
they're on the mantelpiece.  
I'll go with you.  
Am I going crazy?  
Don't spare me.  
I've got to know.  
No, you're not.  
Even these days...  
it isn't as easy to go crazy  
as you might think.  
But you don't have to be  
losing your mind...  
to need psychiatric help.  
I'd like you to see  
a doctor friend of mine.  
-A psychiatrist?  
-Dan Kauffman.  
I'll make an appointment  
for you tomorrow.  
All right.  
But it's a waste of time.  
There's nothing wrong with me.  
Better break this up,  
or he'll start wondering.  
Wondering what?  
If I don't suspect.  
You've been a big help...  
and I don't want either of you  
to worry about me.  
I'll be all right.  
Sure you will.  
Staying here, Becky?  
Or may I drive you home?  
Would you like me to stay?  
Of course not.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Nice having Becky  
back again, eh, boy?  
Sure is.  
In the back of my mind...  
a warning bell was ringing.  
Sick people

who couldn't wait to see me...  
then suddenly  
were perfectly all right.  
A boy claiming  
his mother wasn't his mother.  
A woman claiming her uncle  
wasn't her uncle.  
But I didn't listen.  
Obviously, the boy's mother  
was his mother.  
I had seen her.  
And Uncle Ira was Uncle Ira.  
There was no doubt of that  
after I talked to him.  
Miles, he is Ira?  
Of course he is.  
What do you mean?  
It's just Wilma's so positive.  
Will she be all right?  
I think so.  
I'm a doctor,  
according to my diploma...  
but I don't really know  
what Wilma's trouble is.  
I could start talking  
psychiatrical jargon...  
but it's out of my line  
and in Dan Kauffman's.  
I wish you didn't have  
to go home for dinner.  
I don't.  
Dad's eating out with a friend.  
I could pick you up

**at 7:**

Well...  
It's summer,  
and the moon is full.  
"I know a bank...  
MILES,  
"where the wild thyme grows."  
You haven't changed a bit.  
Whup! Whoa! Watch out!  
Sorry.

Hey, Miles,  
when did you get back?  
This morning.  
How are you, Danny?  
This is Miss Driscoll.  
Dr. Kauffman--  
our one and only psychiatrist.  
Watch out what you say.  
Ed, you remember Becky.  
I should.  
I brought her into the world.  
You did us all a favor.  
This saves me a phone call.  
I've got a kid and a woman  
who need a witch doctor.  
Boy says his father  
isn't his father...  
and the woman says her sister  
isn't her sister?  
That's pretty close.  
I knew you'd been  
studying hypnosis...  
but when did you start  
reading minds?  
He doesn't have to read them.  
I've sent him a dozen patients  
since it started.  
What is it?  
What's going on?  
I don't know.  
A strange neurosis...  
evidently contagious--  
an epidemic of mass hysteria.  
In two weeks,  
it's spread all over town.  
What causes it?  
Worry about  
what's going on in the world.  
Make room  
for Wilma Lentz tomorrow.  
Send her in around 2:00.  
Good night.  
So long, Danny.  
This is the oddest thing

I ever heard of.  
Let's hope we don't catch it.  
I'd hate to wake up  
some morning...  
and find out you weren't you.  
I'm not the high-school  
kid you used to romance.  
How could you tell?  
You really want to know?  
Mm-hmm.  
Mmm.  
You're Becky Driscoll.  
Hey, Santa Mira's looking up.  
Has ever since you got back.  
Is this an example  
of your bedside manner, Doctor?  
No, ma'am.  
That comes later.  
Good evening, Doctor.  
What happened  
to the crowd tonight?  
I don't know.  
It's been this way for weeks.  
At least we don't  
have to wait for a table.  
Take your pick.  
Here or here.  
Here, I think.  
Shall we?  
Mm-hmm.  
Where's the band?  
Business slumped,  
so I had to let them go.  
There's the jukebox, though.  
Shall we dance?  
I hope you didn't  
let the bartender go.  
I'm the bartender.  
Martinis?  
Two. Dry.  
Very dry.  
Miles, I don't care  
what Dr. Kauffman says.  
I'm worried.

You are in the capable hands...  
of your personal physician.  
Oh, Doctor.  
Ah, there's our evening.  
Sorry.  
Thanks.  
Dr. Bennell.  
Jack Belicec wants you  
to come to his house right away.  
He says it's urgent.  
Thank you.  
Better hold those drinks.  
Emergency.  
At least they called  
before we ordered dinner.  
How hungry are you?  
I can wait.  
It may be a while.  
I'll go with you.  
Sorry.  
We'll be back later.  
There's Jack.  
What's the matter?  
Teddy sick?  
No.  
Thank heaven.  
I thought you'd never arrive.  
Then who is sick?  
Nobody.  
Then why'd you  
drag me away from my dinner?  
You won't believe it  
until you see it.  
Hello, Becky.  
-Hello, Becky.  
-Hi, Teddy.  
Could you forget  
you're a doctor a while?  
Why?  
I don't want you  
calling the police.  
Quit acting like a writer.  
Maybe you can tell me.  
You're the doctor.

Miles, put the light on  
over the pool table.  
Go on. Pull it down.  
What do you make of it?  
Who is he?  
I have no idea.  
Its face, Miles.  
It's vague.  
Like the first impression  
that's stamped on a coin.  
It isn't finished.  
You're right.  
All the features  
but no details...  
no character, no lines.  
It's no dead man.  
Have you got  
an ink pad around the house?  
There's one in the desk.  
Why?  
I want to take  
the corpse's fingerprints.  
Of course  
it's a dead man.  
I don't know,  
but I've got a feeling that...  
I know this sounds crazy,  
but if I should do an autopsy...  
I think I'd find every organ  
in perfect condition...  
as perfect  
as the body is externally...  
everything in working order.  
All set to go. Hold that down.  
These are blank.  
Waiting for the final  
finished face...  
to be stamped onto it.  
But whose face?  
Tell me that.  
We could all use a drink.  
Bourbon all right?  
Fine.  
Not for me, thanks.

Miles, answer me.  
Whose face?  
I haven't the slightest idea...  
have you?  
How tall would you say  
that thing is?  
Oh, 5'10", thereabouts.  
How much does it weigh?  
It's pretty thin.  
Maybe 140 pounds.  
Jack's 5'10"  
and weighs 140 pounds.  
Ow!  
Teddy, will you stop  
talking nonsense?  
I'm sorry, darling,  
but it isn't nonsense.  
Becky, you don't think  
it's nonsense, do you?  
Of course it is.  
Jack's standing here  
in front of you.  
Of course I am,  
bleeding to death.  
Excuse me.  
You know what?  
I'm afraid you may live.  
Here, this should fix it.  
Miles,  
shouldn't we call the police...  
and have them take  
that dead body out of here?  
I'm afraid  
it isn't just a dead body.  
Thanks.  
I wonder if...  
What?  
I wonder  
if there's any connection.  
What do you mean?  
There's something  
strange afoot in Santa Mira.  
Dr. Kauffman calls it  
an epidemic of mass hysteria.

Becky's cousin's got it,  
for one.  
She thinks that her uncle  
and her aunt...  
aren't her uncle and her aunt.  
There's several cases  
of such delusion.  
This isn't you yet...  
but there is  
a structural likeness.  
It's fantastic.  
There must be some reason  
this is here.  
Would you be willing  
to sit up...  
and see what your friend's  
next move is?  
If nothing happens by morning,  
call the police.  
If something happens...  
call me, will you?  
You know I will.  
Good night.  
Take it easy.  
Sure.  
Nothing will happen.  
Good night, Becky.  
If it does...  
it'll make a charming,  
bloodcurdling mystery story.  
I was careful  
not to let Becky know...  
but I was really scared.  
Dan Kauffman's explanation  
of what was wrong in town...  
mass hysteria...  
couldn't explain away that body  
on Jack's billiard table.  
Come in  
while I turn the lights on.  
You're a forward wench...  
dragging me into a dark hallway  
to be kissed.  
I'm dragging you

into a dark hallway...  
because I'm scared of the dark  
tonight.  
I'd better stay  
and tuck you in.  
That way lies madness.  
What's wrong with madness?  
Madness.  
Now good night.  
It's about time  
you two got home.  
Dad, what are you doing  
in the basement this late?  
Working in my shop.  
Want a nightcap, doc?  
No, thanks.  
It's kind of late.  
I'll take a rain check.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Good night, Miles.  
Aaah!  
Look, Jack!  
It's you! It's you!  
No, no!  
You mustn't go near it!  
Get out of here! Please!  
Please!  
Miles!  
What happened, Jack?  
Teddy says the thing  
in our place is me...  
right down  
to the cut on my hand.  
I didn't wait to look.  
It's alive! It's alive!  
The hand was cut and bleeding!  
And the position  
of the body had changed!  
Here, here. Take this.  
I'll call Danny Kauffman.  
Hello?  
Hello, Danny?

Yeah?  
Something's happened.  
I've got to see you.  
Will you get over here fast?  
It's important.  
Oh...OK.  
He's on his way.  
I'll make some coffee  
and be right with you.  
Good deal, Miles.  
Thanks.  
What about Becky?  
Do you think she's all right?  
Dad, what are you  
doing in the basement this late?  
Working in my shop.  
I don't know what it was...  
call it a premonition...  
but suddenly, I had the feeling  
that Becky was in danger.  
I had to get to her  
as quickly as possible.  
I was going  
to ring the bell...  
but then I had a hunch  
I'd better be careful.  
Something was wrong  
in this house.  
Becky.  
Becky!  
Becky!  
Miles, will you tell me  
what happened?  
The same thing.  
I found another one...  
in the cellar  
at Becky's house...  
coming to life  
while I stood there watching it.  
It was Becky.  
Yeah? I want to see  
one of these bodies.  
All right.  
You're going to bed,

and you're staying with her.  
Put on your clothes.  
We'll go to Jack's first.  
Got any coffee around here?  
Yeah.  
You'll find some in the kitchen.  
He doesn't believe me, Beck.  
He will.  
Somebody's playing games!  
Rough ones.  
There's a blood spot.  
What you saw was the body  
of a murdered man.  
Did you examine it carefully?  
Yes.  
I don't know  
what's happened to it.  
It wasn't an ordinary body.  
There wasn't a mark on it.  
I checked it, too.  
Not a scratch.  
You can kill a man...  
by shoving an ice pick  
into the base of his brain...  
leaving a puncture so small  
the naked eye can't see.  
You're ignoring the fact  
this wasn't a normal body.  
What about the hand  
Teddy mentioned?  
I heard lots of things  
Teddy said and none made sense.  
Hold on, pal.  
I was here, too.  
So was Miles.  
Look, we took his fingerprints.  
Look at that.  
Tell me why it didn't have any.  
He didn't want any,  
so he took them off with acid.  
Stop trying  
to rationalize everything.  
We have a mystery on our hands.  
Sure. A real one.

Whose body was it,  
and where is it now?  
A completely normal mystery.  
Whatever it is, it's well within  
the bounds of human experience.  
Don't blow things  
out of proportion.  
I wouldn't if I hadn't  
looked in Becky's cellar.  
How do you explain the body  
I saw there?  
I don't think you saw one.  
And the body here?  
I know you saw it.  
Three others saw it, too.  
But I dreamed up  
the second one?  
Doctors can have  
hallucinations, too.  
The mind is a strange  
and wonderful thing.  
I'm not sure it'll ever be able  
to figure itself out.  
Everything else, maybe--  
from the atom to the universe--  
everything except itself.  
Nevertheless,  
I saw Becky's double...  
and the body that we saw here...  
bore an uncomfortable  
resemblance to Jack.  
Mighty uncomfortable.  
Let's go to Becky's  
and have a look.  
Where's your  
girlfriend's double?  
OK, skeptic,  
lift the lid.  
There's a body here,  
all right.  
-It's Becky's double.  
-It sure is.  
Take another look.  
Now you see it,

now you don't.  
It was there--  
half-hidden by that blanket.  
You said  
you saw it there just now.  
I thought I did.  
Why did you come here  
tonight?  
You'd seen a dead man  
at Jack's...  
an average-sized man.  
The face in death  
was smooth and unlined...  
bland in expression,  
which often happens.  
You had just become aware...  
of a curious, unexplainable,  
epidemic mass hysteria.  
Men, women, and children  
suddenly convinced themselves...  
that their relatives weren't  
their relatives at all...  
so your mind  
started playing tricks...  
and reality became unreality.  
The dead man became  
Jack's double in your eyes.  
Come off it, Dan.  
I know  
it's all hard to believe...  
but these things happen--  
even to witch doctors like me.  
I saw her here!  
She was real!  
You saw her  
in every tiny detail...  
as vividly as anyone  
has ever seen anything...  
but only in your mind.  
Danny, talk all night,  
but you're not convincing me.  
What are you doing in my cellar?  
Using it for an office.  
These gentlemen are patients...

badly in need  
of psychiatric treatment.  
They've been having nightmares.  
If you're drunk,  
you'd better sober up quick.  
The police are coming.  
No, we're not drunk.  
Nothing that simple.  
Pull up a chair.  
Why, you're all crazy.  
What's going on down there?  
Hello, Nick.  
Glad to see you.  
You saved these two characters  
a trip to the station.  
They want to report  
finding a body and losing it.  
Where? When?  
At my place about 7:00.  
Why did you  
wait so long to report it?  
You know better than that, doc.  
It was a curious sort  
of a body...  
and then it wasn't there  
anymore.  
I have a good mind  
to throw you both in jail.  
If you'd seen it,  
you'd understand why we waited.  
Thin man...5'10"..."  
fingerprints burned off  
with acid?  
Just seen it on the slab  
in the morgue.  
Turned up  
in a burning haystack...  
on Mike Gessner's south pasture  
two hours ago.  
Now break it up!  
Go on home!  
You win.  
Pick up the marbles.  
Good morning.

Good morning.  
Orange juice.  
Thank you.  
How do you  
like your eggs?  
Any way you'd like.  
Boiled, two minutes?  
Two minutes?  
Mm-hmm.  
OK.  
You know...  
dragging you out of bed  
last night was some trouble...  
but it was worth it.  
Seriously, Miles.  
What was that?  
Who is it?  
It's the gas man.  
Morning, doc.  
Good morning, Charlie.  
I guess I'm a little jittery.  
Not getting enough sleep.  
I won't bother you anymore.  
Putting a meter outside  
on the patio.  
OK.  
The eggs will be hard-boiled.  
Did you do this  
for your husband?  
Mm-hmm.  
Didn't your wife  
do this for you?  
Yes. She liked to cook.  
That's one of the reasons  
why I'm single--  
I never was there  
when dinner was on the table.  
Take my advice...  
and don't get mixed up  
with a doctor.  
They're seldom at home.  
What would you say  
if I told you...  
I was already

mixed up with a doctor?  
I'd say it was too good  
to be true.  
Things like this  
can happen all of a sudden.  
What's "all of a sudden"  
about two people...  
who've been friends  
most of their lives?  
Good morning.  
Good morning.  
I thought  
I smelled some coffee.  
Why didn't you give me a call?  
I didn't want to wake Teddy.  
She's wide-awake.  
Got a good sleep.  
Good.  
But I don't feel  
she should go home right away.  
Would you mind taking in  
boarders for a while?  
Or do you have something else  
in mind?  
I was toying with an idea...  
but you can stay.  
Here, Jack.  
Thank you, doll.  
I'll take it to Teddy.  
Miles, did you make  
that appointment for me...  
with the psychiatrist?

**Yes. 2:**

I don't need him.  
I feel like such a fool.  
I woke up this morning,  
and everything was all right.  
-You don't know my relief.  
-Yes, I do.  
Will you call Becky  
and tell her? She was worried.  
All right.  
She's at your house.

At your house? Why?  
It's a long story,  
but she'll tell you about it.  
Becky's still at his house.  
All right.  
Good morning.  
Good morning, Sally.  
Take a peek at what's  
in the reception room.  
Mother,  
why don't we go home?  
In a little while,  
Jimmy.  
He certainly made  
a quick recovery.  
I guess we all have.  
But driving home...  
I had a lot of questions  
and no answers.  
How could Jimmy and Wilma  
seem so normal now?  
Surely I had done nothing  
to cure them.  
Maybe they wanted me  
to feel secure, but why?  
Well...  
I hope  
you didn't forget the steaks.  
I never forget anything.  
Don't worry about him.  
He's completely housebroken.  
I need a martini, Beck.  
Onion or olive?  
Doesn't matter.  
I want to pour it on the coals.  
They just won't burn.  
A martini isn't dry enough.  
I'll get you something  
that'll start it.  
For drinking purposes.  
You're looking shipshape.  
Thank you, sir.  
Here we are.  
Jack! Jack!

Ugh.  
They're like huge seedpods!  
This must be how that  
body in my closet was formed.  
Where are they from?  
I don't know.  
If they are seeds or seedpods...  
they must grow someplace  
on a plant.  
And somebody or something wants  
this duplication to take place.  
But when they're finished...  
what happens to our bodies?  
I don't know.  
When the process is complete,  
probably the original...  
is destroyed or disintegrates...  
No! Wait!  
Sorry,  
but I take a dim view...  
of watching my own destruction  
take place.  
There isn't any danger  
until they're completely formed.  
We learned that last night  
at your house.  
Your blank  
didn't change right away.  
Not until you fell asleep.  
Miles, when the change  
does take place...  
do you suppose  
there's any difference?  
There must be.  
Wilma noticed it.  
So did little Jimmy.  
So did I.  
My father.  
That must be  
what he was doing...  
in the cellar last night--  
placing one of these.  
I'm sorry.  
I felt something wrong,

but I thought it was me...  
because I'd been away  
for so long.  
They must be destroyed,  
all of them!  
They will be--  
every one of them.  
We're going to have  
to search every building...  
every house in town.  
Men, women, and children  
have to be examined.  
We've got some phoning to do.  
I'm going to stay  
and watch them.  
I'm staying with you.  
Don't call the police!  
Nick Grivett  
didn't find any body...  
on a burning haystack!  
Why don't you call  
Danny? Maybe he can help.  
Danny?  
No.  
I'm afraid it's too late  
to call Danny, too.  
What are you going to do?  
Get help.  
I hope whatever's taking place  
is confined to Santa Mira!  
Operator.  
This is Dr. Bennell.  
This is an emergency.  
I want to talk to the Federal  
Bureau of Investigation in L.A.  
Can you convince them?  
I've got to.  
Where did they come from?  
So much has been  
discovered these past few years.  
Anything is possible.  
Maybe the results  
of atomic radiation...  
on plant life or animal life...

some weird alien organism,  
a mutation of some kind.  
Why should they take the form  
of people--of us?  
I don't know.  
Whatever it is...  
whatever intelligence  
or instinct it is...  
that can govern the forming  
of human flesh and blood...  
out of thin air is...  
well,  
it's fantastically powerful...  
beyond any comprehension,  
malignant.  
All that body  
in your cellar needed...  
was a mind, and it was...  
And it was taking mine  
while I was asleep.  
I could take  
that pitchfork myself, and--  
On your call  
to Los Angeles, Doctor...  
they don't answer.  
Try again! That office  
is open day and night!  
If they've taken over  
the phone office, we're dead.  
Is that me?  
This is an emergency!  
Emergency!  
Look, there's been--Hello?  
Operator,  
get me a better connection.  
I'll try, Doctor.  
It's no use.  
All the Los Angeles circuits  
are dead.  
OK, try Sacramento!  
Give me the state capital.  
I want to talk to the governor.  
The Sacramento  
circuits are busy, Doctor.

I'll call you back.  
All right.  
All right.  
I'll wait for your call.  
I'll take the phone outside.  
Jack, they've got the phone.  
You and the girls take your car  
and make a run for it.  
First town you get to,  
yell for help.  
What about you?  
That phone  
is gonna ring soon.  
If nobody answers,  
they'll block the roads.  
I'll stall them.  
Then what?  
Try and find out  
what's in back of this.  
-I'm staying.  
-No!  
Miles,  
don't ask me to leave you.  
Jack, get going.  
Miles, I can't--  
Somebody's got to go,  
or we don't get help!  
Please,  
let's get out of here!  
Watch out for yourselves.  
Go over by the phone.  
Stay there.  
If it rings, call me.  
Hello.  
Is Dr. Bennell there?  
-Yes. I'll get him.  
-Never mind.  
Just tell him the Sacramento  
circuits are still busy...  
and ask him if he wants me  
to keep trying.  
All right. Hold on.  
Miles,  
the circuits are still busy!

Tell her to keep trying!  
Also, try San Francisco  
and Washington!  
We're getting  
out of here right now.  
Where are we going?  
Sally's!  
We're still unable  
to get through to Los Angeles.  
Do you wish me to keep trying?  
Dr. Bennell?  
Dr. Bennell?  
I needed  
someone I could trust...  
and I figured Sally, my nurse,  
was my best bet.  
I decided to try to phone her  
to see if she was at home.  
Maybe they hadn't  
taken over the pay phones.  
I'll try the pay phone.  
Hey, Mac!  
Oh, hi, doc.  
How are you?  
Will you get me  
a couple gallons fast?  
Sure.  
Martha, doc's in a hurry!  
Get the windshield, will you?  
I have to have the keys  
to open the gas tank.  
Somebody sick out this way?  
There's been an accident.  
Funny.  
We haven't heard about it.  
It just happened.  
Before I could  
even get her number...  
I saw Mac closing  
the trunk of my car.  
He could have been  
checking my spare tire...  
but I didn't think so.  
That should do it.

Thank you.  
All set?  
-All set, doc.  
-Fine. Thanks.  
-Put it on my bill, will you?  
-Sure, doc.  
What's the matter?  
We've got to make it  
to Sally's house.  
I wasn't sure  
I could trust anyone...  
but I took a chance  
and drove to Sally's anyway.  
When I saw several cars  
in front of the house...  
I decided to play it safe.  
What's wrong?  
Probably nothing,  
but we're not going in there...  
until I'm sure it's safe.  
Slide under the wheel  
and get out of here fast...  
if anybody shows up  
looking for us.  
The baby asleep yet, Sally?  
Not yet,  
but she will be soon...  
and there'll be no more tears.  
Shall I put this in her room?  
Yes. In her playpen.  
No, wait.  
Maybe I'd better take it.  
Why don't you go in, Miles?  
We've been waiting for you.  
Becky, start the car!  
Quick!  
Becky, get going!  
Attention, all units...  
attention, all units--  
apprehend and detain...  
Dr. Miles Bennell  
and Becky Driscoll...  
now believed heading north...  
in a black and white

Ford sedan...  
license number 2-X-3-7-7-9-6.  
All units designated  
as roadblocks...  
move to your stations.  
It is urgent.  
These two persons  
must be detained...  
and not permitted  
to leave Santa Mira.  
Repeat--it is urgent...  
Be on the lookout for a 1 955  
black and white Ford sedan...  
license number 2-X-3-7-7-9-6.  
We'll try to make it  
to my office.  
Cut into that alley  
on the right.  
[Door opens]  
Do you think he'll come back?  
I don't think they'll  
check again before morning.  
By then, Jack should be here  
with help.  
What if  
Jack doesn't get through?  
He's gotta get through.  
Here. Take two of these.  
They'll help you to stay awake.  
We can't close our eyes  
all night.  
We may wake up changed...  
into something evil and inhuman.  
In my practice,  
I've seen how people...  
have allowed their humanity  
to drain away.  
Only, it happens slowly  
instead of all at once.  
They didn't seem to mind.  
But just some people.  
All of us--a little bit.  
We harden our hearts  
and grow callous.

Only when we have to fight  
to stay human...  
do we realize how precious  
it is to us...  
how dear...  
as you are to me.  
Maybe that's Jack  
trying to find us.  
He'd know better  
than to use the phone.  
Where is he?  
Why doesn't he come?  
Just like any Saturday morning.  
Len Pearlman, Bill Bittner...  
Jim Clark and his wife Shirley  
and their kids...  
people I've known all my life.  
What time is it?  
Seven forty-five.  
Yeah, I know.  
It's too early to be so busy.  
What are they doing here?  
There's the answer.  
There must be strangers in town.  
They're waiting for the bus  
to come and go.  
There isn't another one  
through here until 11:00.  
Farmers.  
Grimaldi, Pixley...  
Gessner!  
Crescent City.  
If you have Crescent City  
families, step to truck one.  
Crescent City...  
the first truck.  
Redbank.  
All with Redbank families  
or contacts...  
go to truck number two.  
All with Redbank families  
or contacts...  
truck number two.  
Havenhurst...

the third truck.  
Havenhurst--  
the third truck.  
Mill Town--the third truck.  
Mill Town--the third truck.  
Valley Springs...  
the third truck.  
Valley Springs...  
First our town...  
then all the towns around us.  
It's a malignant disease...  
spreading through  
the whole country.  
That's all for today.  
Be ready again tomorrow.  
I can't wait for Jack  
any longer. Stay here.  
You're not going out there?  
I've got to stop them!  
Wait! We're safe here!  
They're not here.  
I hope we're not too late.  
Jack! Thank God!  
The whole town's been  
taken over by the pods!  
Not quite.  
There's still you and Becky.  
Miles, it would have  
been so much easier...  
if you'd gone to sleep  
last night.  
Relax.  
We're here to help you.  
You know better than that.  
Where do you want us  
to put them?  
Would you like  
to watch them grow?  
-No, thanks.  
-Put them in there.  
There's nothing to be afraid of.  
We're not going to hurt you.  
Once you understand,  
you'll be grateful.

Remember how Teddy and I  
fought against it.  
We were wrong.  
You mean Teddy doesn't mind?  
Of course not.  
She feels exactly the way I do.  
Let us go!  
If we leave town,  
we won't come back.  
We can't let you go.  
You're dangerous to us.  
Don't fight it, Miles.  
It's no use.  
Sooner or later,  
you'll have to go to sleep.  
I'll wait for you in the hall.  
Miles,  
you and I are scientific men.  
You can understand the wonder  
of what's happened.  
Just think.  
Less than a month ago...  
Santa Mira  
was like any other town--  
people with nothing  
but problems.  
Then out of the sky  
came a solution.  
Seeds drifting through space  
for years...  
took root in a farmer's field.  
From the seeds came pods...  
which had the power  
to reproduce themselves...  
in the exact likeness  
of any form of life.  
So that's how it began...  
out of the sky.  
Your new bodies  
are growing in there.  
They're taking you over  
cell for cell...  
atom for atom.  
There's no pain.

Suddenly, while you're asleep...  
they'll absorb your minds,  
your memories...  
and you're reborn  
into an untroubled world.  
Where everyone's the same?  
Exactly.  
What a world.  
We're not the last humans left.  
They'll destroy you!  
Tomorrow,  
you won't want them to.  
Tomorrow, you'll be one of us.  
I love Becky.  
Tomorrow, will I feel the same?  
There's no need for love.  
No emotion?  
Then you have no feelings,  
only the instinct to survive.  
You can't love or be loved!  
Am I right?  
You say it  
as if it were terrible.  
Believe me, it isn't.  
You've been in love before.  
It didn't last.  
It never does.  
Love, desire, ambition, faith--  
without them, life's so simple,  
believe me.  
I don't want any part of it.  
You're forgetting  
something, Miles.  
What's that?  
You have no choice.  
I guess we haven't any choice.  
Good.  
I want to love and be loved!  
I want your children.  
I don't want a world  
without love or grief or beauty.  
I'd rather die.  
No.  
No.

Not unless there's no other way.  
Why didn't they  
give us a shot...  
or a sleeping pill or something?  
Drugs dull the mind.  
Maybe that's the reason.  
No. It wouldn't work.  
I might get one or even two,  
but I couldn't get three.  
You're forgetting something,  
darling--me.  
It isn't three against one.  
It's three against two.  
Give me a knife.  
No.  
There.  
Go by the desk.  
What's going on in there?  
Miles!  
Unlock the door!  
Miles, open the door!  
Open the door, Miles!  
JACK, Aah!  
Open the door!  
Oh! Aah!  
Oh!  
Our only hope is  
to make it to the highway.  
That does it.  
The only other way  
is out the front door...  
and there's bound  
to be somebody watching.  
We'll have to chance it.  
Keep your eyes  
a little wide and blank.  
Show no interest or excitement.  
Well, Sam,  
we're finally with you.  
They were supposed  
to let me know.  
The chief said he'd phone  
the station, then call me.  
He phoned,

but the line was busy.  
He's calling again now.  
Aah!  
Watch out!  
I'm sorry, Miles.  
This is Janzek.  
They got away.  
Turn the main siren on.  
Hey! Stairs!  
It's only a few steps more.  
Come on!  
They went this way!  
They're over there!  
Miles, I can't.  
I can't go on.  
Yes, you can.  
Here's her sweater!  
They must be in the tunnel!  
Look, Tommy,  
you go that way!  
Give up!  
You can't get away from us!  
We're not going to hurt you!  
Give up!  
They're not in the tunnel.  
All right, everybody, outside.  
Come on.  
Let's check the hills.  
Everybody, move.  
Miles,  
I can't stay awake much longer.  
I think they're all gone now.  
We'd better start, or we'll  
never make it to the highway.  
Miles, I've never heard  
anything so beautiful.  
It means we're not  
the only ones left...  
to know what love is.  
Stay here, and pray  
they're as human as they sound.  
Bye, darling.  
This is station KCAA,  
the 24-hour platter parade...

the station of music--  
Becky.  
Becky!  
Becky?  
Becky, where are you?!  
I'm here, Miles.  
You didn't go to sleep?  
I'm so tired.  
They weren't people.  
It was more of them.  
They're growing thousands  
of pods in greenhouses.  
We've got to get away.  
I'm exhausted, Miles.  
I can't make it.  
We can't make it  
without sleep.  
Yes, we can.  
I went to sleep,  
Miles, and it happened.  
Oh, Becky.  
They were right.  
I should never have left you.  
Stop acting like a fool,  
Miles, and accept us.  
No.  
Never!  
He's in here!  
He's in here!  
Get him! Get him!  
I've been afraid  
a lot of times in my life...  
but I didn't know  
the real meaning of fear...  
until I had kissed Becky.  
A moment's sleep,  
and the girl I loved...  
was an inhuman enemy  
bent on my destruction.  
That moment's sleep  
was death to Becky's soul...  
just as it had been  
for Jack and Teddy...  
and Dan Kauffman

and all the rest.  
Their bodies were now hosts...  
harboring an alien form  
of life, a cosmic form...  
which, to survive,  
must take over every human man.  
So I ran, I ran...  
I ran as little Jimmy  
had run the other day.  
My only hope was to get away  
from Santa Mira...  
to get to the highway...  
to warn the others  
of what was happening.  
Wait!  
Let him go!  
They'll never believe him.  
Help! Help!  
Wait!  
Help! Help! Wait!  
Wait! Stop!  
Stop and listen to me!  
Listen to me!  
Those people that are coming  
after me! They're not human!  
Listen to me!  
We're in danger!  
Get out of here!  
You're in danger! Please!  
Get out of here!  
Go on!  
Get moving!  
They're after all of us!  
All of us!  
Listen to me!  
There isn't a human being  
left in Santa Mira!  
Stop!  
Pull over! I need your help!  
Something terrible's happened!  
You're drunk!  
Get out of the street!  
Get out of here! Go on!  
Are you crazy,

you big idiot?  
Look!  
You fools! You're in danger!  
Can't you see?  
They're after you!  
They're after all of us!  
Our wives, our children,  
everyone!  
They're here already!  
You're next!  
You're next!  
You're next!  
You're next!  
You're next!  
You don't believe  
a word of this, do you?  
Sure, it's fantastic,  
but it happened.  
Don't just sit there  
measuring me for a straitjacket!  
Do something! Get on the phone!  
Call for help!  
What's the use?  
What do you think?  
Will psychiatry help?  
If all this  
is a nightmare, yes.  
Of course it's a nightmare.  
Plants from another world  
taking over human beings.  
Mad as a March hare.  
What have we here?  
He ran his truck  
through a red light.  
Greyhound bus  
smacked him broadside...  
and tipped him over.  
Put him in the O.R.  
Will you take over Bennell  
for me?  
Certainly.  
How badly is he hurt?  
Both legs, left arm,  
broken all to bits.

We had to dig him out...  
from under the most  
peculiar things I ever saw.  
What things?  
I don't know what they are.  
I never saw them before.  
They looked like, uh,  
great big seedpods.  
Seedpods?  
Where was the truck  
coming from?  
Santa Mira.  
Get on your radio  
and sound an all-points alarm.  
Block all highways  
and stop all traffic...  
and call every law enforcement  
agency in the state.  
Operator, get me the Federal  
Bureau of Investigation.  
Yes, it's an emergency!