



Scripts.com

Swamp Thing

By Wes Craven

NOT LONG AGO, IN THE UNEXPLORED|REACHES OF AN UNMAPPED SWAMP,
THE CREATIVE GENIUS OF ONE MAN
COLLIDED WITH ANOTHER'S EVIL|DREAM AND A MONSTER WAS BORN.
TOO POWERFUL TO BE DESTROYED,|TOO INTELLIGENT TO BE CAPTURED,
THIS BEING|STILL PURSUES ITS SAVAGE DREAM.

So there's the swamp.|Where's the nearest good restaurant?
Depends. If you're a human,|it's back in Washington.
But if you're a 'gator,|could be right where we land.
Thank your lucky stars|you're comin' in at the end of this.
Holland insisted on building it all out here.|He said this is where the
life is.
One of those life forms|nailed the guy you're replacing.
What? They sent a woman out here?
- Where are you goin'?|- Couldn't take it any more.
Well, he lasted longer than most.
(radio crackles)
Boo.
(snake hisses)
No!
Weird, isn't it? The local fishermen|say this place is haunted.
I don't know where we are, Toto,|but this sure isn't Kansas.
What?
Nothing.
Used to be a church until|about 50 years ago, then the levee broke.
It's just been us and the deer flies|for the last ten weeks.
Welcome back, sir.|What did Washington say?
That's confidential.
- (man) It's OK, Miss. I got it.|- But you can start packin'.
All right.
(man) Where's this go?|Give me a hand over here with this.
What does Holland think|about going back to Washington?
I doubt he's been told. Ritter couldn't|believe me when I gave him the
news.
- Do you think Washington's paranoid?|- Do you think the Pope is Catholic?
This is your place.
You probably haven't seen half this stuff.|It's all new. This is a laser...
Laser-induced subsonic field generator.|Gives double readings in the 3200
band.
I got a trick for fixing that.
They send someone who knows what|she's doin' the week they pull us out!
What's he working on?
- Who?|- Holland.
This thing is so hush-hush, no one asks.|Something to do with plants.
(man) Where the hell's my man?|I thought he was back.

Hey, Charlie!

The emperor calls. Come on.

Hey, you know there's a...

What's going on here?|Get those crates into the church.

You men in the boat! What are you doing?|Get that damn thing outta sight!

Lamebrains!

Charlie, welcome back.|And this is Hank's replacement?

Cable, Harry Ritter,|Project Field Supervisor.

One of your sensors|is reading malfunction.

Not surprising.|They rot in a week in these swamps.

Charlie, did you get them|to change their minds?

No. They want him and the substance|in Washington where they can watch him.

Anything wrong?

A rumour. Somebody's heard|Arcane's gotten wind of the project.

- I thought Arcane was dead.| - He is. Who said that Arcane's onto this?

Nobody's taking credit for it.|You know Washington.

All it takes is one loudmouth|to spill this to Holland

and the whole project goes to hell,|do you know that?

Yes, sir.

That goes for you, too.

Come on. I keep the number of people|near to him at a minimum.

This admits the three of us,|and the Hollands.

It was programmed for your prints|this morning. Try it.

The stuff I have put up with - alligators,|bugs, snakes, and now rumours.

Charlie, I want to hear everything|about the Arcane business, now.

What about that sensor in sector three?

Get somebody to take you there|and take a look.

Me?

In the swamps?

- Any luck there?| - Wiggle your fingers.

Lose a contact lens?

Funny.

Well, don't just stand there.|Give us a hand. Right about in the middle.

Please?

I dropped a Cooper's digger.

Would you look under the rocks, please?

Go ahead.

What's a Cooper's digger? A shovel?

Nah...

Just Alessandro.

He's got a little one-celled animal living|in his fur that makes a terrific host.

Terrific. I'll remember that|the next time I throw a party.

Oh, not bad. Not bad.

- You don't have to be crazy around him...|- But it helps?
Alice Cable, new kid on the block.|You part of Holland's crew?
I'm Linda Holland.
You're Dr Holland.
I'm a Dr Holland, but not the Dr Holland,|boy genius and oddball.
That's Alec. He's the brains.|I just cook up what he invents.
Don't believe her.|She's got an IQ like a phone number.
I want you to run up a variation on the|formula with the host on
Alessandro's fur.
OK.
Hello. I understand you have a sensor out.|Do you wanna go out and take a
look?
Well, I guess I could ask Charlie|to give us an escort.
We could ask your mother|to come along, too. Come on.
The only dangerous thing out there is the|government agents with their
popguns.
It's your first day.|I'll take you on a Cook's tour.
Ritter's always after me|to get some fresh air. He'll be tickled pink.
What do you say?
Oh, man.
You look like a tree.
Sometimes I feel like a tree.
- Like the swamps?|- Hate the swamps. Hate bugs.
- Hate things without legs.|- A neatness freak, huh?
- You could eat off my kitchen floor.|- You could eat off the swamps.
Maybe half the world|could eat off the swamps.
More than likely,|the swamps will eat off us.
Like, what happened|to the guy I'm replacing?
The 'gator was only following his|natural way. Can't blame a guy for that.
I paid a fortune for these boots.
You'd better keep movin'.|There's quicksand around here.
- Keep your eyes open, too.|- For what?
One of these just might|jump out and do you in.
There's over 100 species|of genus orchis here.
So much beauty in the swamps,|if you open up your eyes to it.
Take a look into your own body,|one of God's most magnificent creations,
and what do you see?
Straight lines and deodorant,|chrome and Formica? No, no, no.
You see blood and bone, pump and flow,|and a million messy miracles.
Look at the most creative thing|man and woman can do together
and you'll see|something growing, unpredictable,
magical, hot.
Save the malarkey for your wife, Holland.
If you don't mind,|where the hell's the sensor?

It's right over there.

Looks OK to me.

Here, let me help.

(rattles)

Well, it doesn't look OK to me.

- Let's get back.|- All right.

Charlie?

Charlie!

Cable, what the hell is your story?

Anything suspicious happen|while we were gone?

You're damn right. |Something suspicious did happen.

A stupid broad of an agent, |first day on the job,

takes a scientist we're supposed |to be guarding for a romp in the bush.

- Hold it. Just cool it.|- You think you're on a picnic?

Wait. It was my idea to take her out there. |She was doin' her job.

- Why do you have to be so worried?|- It's my job to worry.

And if I have my way, you'll be |on the next chopper back to Washington.

A woman has no place |around a guy like you.

There's a cut sensor out there.

- Which sector?|- Sector three.

Hank was working on that |when he was bitten by the 'gator.

He didn't put it all back together again |before we took him to the hospital.

- "Tickled pink", huh?|- I'm really sorry, Cable.

Well, I guess you can't be blamed |for following your natural way.

Did either of you see |one of our guys out there? Ronnie?

- No. Why?|- We seem to have lost contact with him.

(explosion)

- Linda, are you all right?|- It's OK, it's OK.

The damndest thing.

You know this new batch you had me |cook up with the host from Alessandro?

I knew we were up to something |revolutionary, but this is dynamite.

Watch.

- Incredible.|- Weird, huh?

- Yeah.|- Congratulations.

You've managed to reinvent nitro. Let's |hope this project doesn't end with a bang.

Come on, Charlie, please. |I gotta write this down.

I thought you were |working on a weapons system.

- I knew it wasn't just plants.|- Plants, plants.

The only way I thought my work |would be explosive was socially.

It's never been this volatile before.

Linda, prep a sample of that |for the electron microscope, please.

- And be very careful with it.|- What is it you've been doing here?

Come over here. I'll show you.

You see those little guys?

DNA chromosomes|from the common lab bacilli E. coli.

Now, you see that one? Another simple|bacilli. Plant matrix called D complex.

Each of these organisms have existed in|the labs for years, but always separately,

since one is animal, the other's vegetable.

This is what we've developed|over the last couple of months.

See that little guy? Never existed on the|face of the earth before. That's my baby.

A simple vegetable cell with|an unmistakable animal nucleus.

Recombinant DNA?

Hey, that's very good.

I am very close to developing a plant with|an animal's aggressive power for survival.

A plant for the 21st century.

You want watermelons|the size of weather balloons or tomatoes that'll fetch a stick?

Or a tomato that could grow in the desert.|Or soybeans that could thrive in Biafra.

Or corn that could grow in the USA|in the year 2001, when there'll be 6.5 billion people|on this planet, all of them hungry.

- How you doin' there, Linda?|- It's all set. Vector 3379.

OK.

- It's replicating like mad.|- It certainly is.

Let's try it on something.

Cable, would you bring that flask of water|over here, please?

Thank you.

If it would work on plants the way|you want it to, what will it do to people?

- And what if it falls into wrong hands?|- Arcane boogieman mentality, huh?

OK, now we begin. 2000 water, one part formula.

How long before you'll know?

What do you want it to do,|jump out and dance a fandango?

I don't know.|A week maybe, maybe longer.

This has all the thrills|of watching grass grow.

Aren't there some sensors|you could be working on?

Oops.

Forget it. He's just ridiculously sensitive.|Our dad was the same.

Your dad?

You've never heard of Walter Holland|the biophysicist?

Nobel prize. He used to throw|a mean Bunsen burner, I can tell you.

Alec and I spent half our childhood|cleaning up after his tantrums.
Perfectionist to the day he died.|Alec's the same.

- Oh, my God.|- What is that?
Cable, I don't believe this.
All the places that Linda dropped|the formula, the boards grew.

- Who are you kidding?|- No, I'm not kidding.
Alec...

Linda! Get in here quick!
This is fantastic. This is incredible.
Oh...

Alec, the formula?
Ritter. He's got to be told right away.
I wanna see that bastard's face|when he realises we've done it.
Ritter?
Ritter?

- You guys seen Ritter?|- He's in the command shed.
Thanks.
Ritter!
Charlie...

Get up!
Hold it!

- I'm holding.|- It's over, lady.
- Arcane, right?|- Shut up.
Alec, watch out!

- Very interesting, Dr Holland.|- On your feet.
- Who are you?|- Interesting.

Now, I know I haven't seen|anything like this before.
Have you?
What the hell do you want?
I represent a certain party|that's interested in your formula.
He'd give an arm and a leg for it.
Your arm and leg, if necessary.
Get outta my lab! Get out!
Alec!

What's the hold-up?
He's being difficult.
No, Ritter. Not you.
No, Dr Holland, not Ritter.
Ritter, poor fellow, is long dead.
You have heard of but never seen me,|so I will introduce myself.
My name is Arcane.
Linda, come here. Here.
Leave her alone.
Thank you.

All materials pertaining|to the substance, now,
or she dies.

What sort of rejuvenation|will you be able to perform on her then?

- Don't, Alec.|- It's all right.

The actual solution as well.

Linda!

Linda! Linda...

What is best for you is not|to be born, not to be, to be nothing.
But the second best for you|is to die soon. Nietzsche.

- The notebooks.|- I never seen anything like that.

The notebooks, good.

Strip it. No bodies.

No witnesses.

No survivors. No trace of them.

You, come here. Burn the papers.

Burn everything. Come on, get a move on.

Somebody help Bruno with the bodies. |I want this place clean by dawn.

- Is that the last of 'em?|- That's it.

Then get the lead out.

- A final check, then vacate the premises.|- Right. Take that to the boat.
Hurry it up.

Wait a minute. |I'm finding lots of stuff down here.

What kind of stuff?

A little of this, a little of that. |Come on down and take a look.

What you got?

- Found some money, a watch, and...|- No, this.

Oh, that. I took it off the girl.

You can have it. Ain't worth nothin' |compared to the watches.

Get out in front. |We're getting out of here.

Ferret?

Plannin' on goin' somewhere?

Come on, let's take a little walk.

Bastard!

My, haven't you gotten dirty? |My goodness!

Tyrone, come here.

I think this lady needs a bath. |Let's take her down to the dock.

Where'd she come from?

Help!

Help!

Get the boat ready.

Move it. We don't have all day, |and I wanna teach this lady how to swim.
The first lesson's called the Dead Man's...

Ow!

You wanna play rough, huh?

Say hello to your boyfriend, baby.
What the hell was that?
Willie! Tyrone! shoot the damn thing.
Get it! Kill it - and her!
You, too!
Back in the swamps.
Willie, go that way. | Tyrone, cover that area.
(cough)
So long, baby.
Willie?
Flank right.
No, no, no! What are you doin?
What the hell are you doin', Danny?
Spread out.
Keep your head.
- Where's Danny? | - Where's Willie?
- Maybe Willie's with Tyrone. | - Danny shot Tyrone.
Oh, yeah.
(roaring)
- Maybe we should... | - Get the hell outta here.
The work with DNA, I expected.
But the combining | of plant and animal is astonishing.
Astonishing.
- You should sleep, sir. | - I can't.
It was all so near, | right there in the palm of my hand, and...
But it's lovely not to sleep,
knowing that I'll soon | make the substance for myself.
Have some coffee, sir.
Thank you.
Holland had great talent.
But talent does only what it can.
Genius does what it must.
It is master of man, power absolute.
And in your hands, sir, how magnificent.
- How beautiful. | - Yes.
The world will bow, or starve.
Yes.
Yes.
Four, five, six.
- How many notebooks were there? | - Six, I think.
But six ends with notes two weeks old.
It's unfinished.
There must be another, | a seventh notebook.
Ferret has just radioed, sir. | Something's happened.

What?

Something about a...

Well, you'd better|speak to him yourself, sir.

(roar)

- What?|- You're not gonna believe this.

Something incredible|came out of the swamps.

What came out of the swamps?

Some kind of animal or something.|It got the men.

We wouldn't be here|if it hadn't gone after the girl.

Girl? You mean you let her get away?

Uh-huh, here comes trouble.

Hi.

You in a plane crash?

Just been out walkin'.

Uh-huh.

You got a phone that works?

(woman) Operations.

This is 5-17. Operation Mount Pisba.

Get me my next immediate superior,|and hurry.

Hold on. I'm putting you through to Ritter.

- I think he's been neutrali...|- (click)

(buzz)

Yes?

This is mobile operator 3-4.|I have an emergency call for you.

Put the call through.

Ritter, this is Cable.|We've had a catastrophe out here.

What happened?

There was a hit on the compound.|Holland's dead. The lab's gone.

- I thought they got you, too.|- Uh, no, I was called away.

I think you were wrong about Arcane.|They knew what they were looking for...

Hold on, we'll get to you.|You can explain later. Where are you?

A gas station a mile south|of the road to the landing.

Right.

Oh, uh, did you manage to save anything?

Damn right. I got the last notebook.

Very good.|I'll be there before you know it.

Turn around.

- Doesn't anything work around here?|- Just me.

Kickin' it don't help nothin'.|You gotta punch it.

- Thanks.|- Nothin'. Name's Jude.

Cable.

Nice station. Your dad own it?

Look like your ride's got here.

(Ferret) Come on, let's go.
Don't be afraid.
Say that to someone|whose desk you ain't hidin' behind.
Is there a gun here?
What kinda place do you think this is?|Course there is.
Gun's a museum piece.
Stay here.
Took the words right outta my mouth.
Hey, greaseball!
She's mine.
She's got a gun.
Some gun. It blew up on the first shot.
Jam it. Jam it to the floor.
Wait a minute. There she is.
Go, go. Go get her. Go on.
Go on.
Watch the trees.
Go, go. Come on,|she's gainin' ground on you.
Faster.
Got her in the sights.
- It's back! Stop the jeep!|- Run him down.
Don't stop!
Help!
Shoo.
Go!
It's OK, it's OK. It's just me.
Jude, what are you doing here?
You think I'd stay at the station|while they're pumpin' it full of holes?
What happened to that thing?
It, uh...
hit a tree.
Must have been one of those hit-and-run|trees. It don't seem to be there
now.
Some tree, all right.
There's a trapper's cabin nearby. Maybe|we can get you a fresh change of
clothes.
Swamp's no place to be at night.|Come on.
The last patrol is in. Whatever it is,|it disappeared for the night.
Some of the men say it's one of them|abdominal snowmen or something.
(Ferret) It was like hittin' a tree.|Bullets hurt it, but they don't stop
it.
I say we forget this notebook.|It's not worth it.
What are we killin' ourselves for?
Just to find a formula|to some ordinary plant fertiliser?

"Ordinary"? Something extraordinary|came out of the experiments already.
Something that Holland or myself|had absolutely no notion of. None.
Would you recognise immortality|if it knocked on your door, gentlemen?
Obviously you wouldn't,|but that's beside the point.
I want this swamp thing,
and I want the notebook.
- Now.|- I'll get rid of him.
You will not get rid of him.|You will simply get him.
Pure elements of the formula|that determines him are there,
in his veins.
But... how can we find it?
It's gone into the swamps.
Every time you've seen the girl,|you've seen the beast, right?
That's right.
Then we'll find the girl,|the beast will follow.
It doesn't exactly maintain a low profile.
(anguished roar)
He was right. It is beautiful.
Who was right?
A guy I knew.
He loved these swamps.
Can't you call him?|Maybe he could come and get you.
Ain't got nobody you can call, huh?
Thought I had, but when I did|those goons showed up back there
and started making Swiss cheese|outta your gas station.
- Didn't pay your bookie or somethin'?|- Or somethin'.
Much farther?
A little ways.
- Stay here.|- Don't worry.
- If you hear anyone, you yell.|- Don't worry.
And if I don't come,|just go on and get yourself out.
I can handle myself. Don't worry.
I'm not worried.
Well, I am.
- What happened?|- Just go. Go!
We're just gonna do our job and get|this notebook back to Washington.
The rest isn't my business.
Local people|say this place is full of ghosts.
Well, there's gonna be one more|before this day is through. There she is.
Who's that?
(roar)
Who's that?
That was that thing. Let's go. Come on.
What the heck's goin' on here?

Cut the engine.

Units one and two. Sector four. | On the double. We got him cornered.

Where is he?

What is he?

Sh.

I think I see him.

Hit it!

Units one and two, where are you? | Get over here on the double.

Split up. Go in the back way. | We'll come in straight.

There he is. Over there.

Open up on him.

Hang on. | I'm gonna knock him outta there.

Jesus! Unit two.

Use the grenades if you have to. | Maybe we can stun him.

I think you got him.

He's still goin'. | Give him everything you got. Come on.

We've got him now.

- Where'd he go? | - I don't know.

- Do you see him? | - Yeah, I see him everywhere.

Any sign of him over there?

Nothing. We think maybe he bought | the farm... or the vegetable patch.

What the hell is that?

He's smart. That thing is smart.

Very smart, Bruno. Very smart. | This thing has considerable intelligence.

He's like a brilliant chess player. | He anticipates every move.

A strong adversary | is like a beautiful, dangerous woman.

I can't resist either. | Tell the captain to weigh anchor.

- We're going home. | - No, we are not.

Captured our knight.

Exposed his queen.

Our move.

Awfully quiet now. | We'd better get outta here.

I've gotta go back and help.

You just take the notebook and get | to safety. I'll come back for you later.

Go on, do as I say.

- Cable! | - Sh.

Jude, go and do what I told you. | It's not safe here any more. You hear?

Jude?

No!

Oh, shit!

There goes the neighbourhood.

Wait a minute. You're the dude | who saved us back there, right?

You a friend of Cable?

Then I got something for you.

She said I oughta put it someplace safe.

- Where's Arcane?|- Below.

Tell him we've captured his queen.

Walked right into our hands, didn't you?|Real smart.

Thanks. I knew we couldn't rely|on your intelligence.

What I couldn't do for you.

Tell you what,

tell me where the notebook is|and I'll get you outta the swamps.

- Deal?|- I don't mind the swamps.

It's the slime that crawls out from|under the rocks that turns my stomach.

Nasty mouth.

But a pretty one.

What do you say to that?

Not much.

Cable!

Cable...

Ferret!

Ferret!

Ferret!

- Maybe we should go and check.|- No, we go home now.

- Sir, but...|- Home!

That's very kind.

Nice orchid.

Family... Orchidaceae.

Genus orchis.

Over 100 species here.

Much beauty in the swamp,

if you only look.

Alec?

Oh, I'm sorry.

- It must...|- Hurt?

Does it?

Only when I laugh.

Have I gone crazy?

Isn't this a dream?

That's what I keep asking myself.

Everything's a dream

when you're alone.

Oh, Alec...

(screams)

Now.

Get the hand down!

A man who loves|gives hostages to fortune.

Alec.

Alec... Holland.

You knew, didn't you?

You knew we'd be caught.

The only way out is through.

(upbeat sitar music)

(Arcane taps glass)

The occasion for this celebration is, |of course, known to you all.

We have captured the dragon, |and rescued the damsel in distress.

We regret the loss of our friend Ferret.

His frayed and volatile temper |has destroyed him.

Nonetheless we regret his loss, |regret it deeply.

But to speak the truth, which is essential,

regrets are trifles |when one considers the grand design.

And we are here tonight in celebration |of an event of profound significance.

The duplication of the Holland formula.

For this we must thank |the excellence of one man.

Dear, dear Bruno.

Who won the notebook |from which we extracted the final secret and topped it by capturing the beast.

So I propose a toast |to the keystone of our success.

To our conquest of the world. To Bruno.

Bruno!

But, sir...

Have you tried it out on a plant? I mean, |when are we going to see the results?

Tonight.

Tonight, dear Bruno. Immediately. |But not on a plant.

Have you taken it?

No, I have given the privilege |of taking the first dose of our formula to our guest of honour.

He deserves the privilege thoroughly.

It is you, dear Bruno,

who will tell us |whether or not the formula works.

(whimpers)

Bruno, what's the matter with you?

- Calm. | - Help me!

(screeches) Help me!

(grunting)

(women scream)

Calm.

(moans)

What have you done with Cable?

Holland...

Holland.
You're there.
Brain intact.
All your abilities, everything.
Plus the power, the physical strength.
Bring him in.
Some friend you are.
Sorry, Bruno. It's every man for himself,|and... God against all.
Why doesn't Bruno have your strength?
We followed the notebooks religiously.|There can be no margin for error.
Why doesn't Bruno there|have your strength?
Because he never had it.
No riddles, please.
You will tell me,
or you'll pay.
And through a very dear agent.
Bring her in.
The explanation, or her.
Alec, don't.
Which?
You don't understand.
There's nothing hidden.
No secrets.
The formula works in so simple a way.
What Bruno took was what changed me.
It only amplifies your essence.
It simply makes you more|of what you already are.
Bruno's essence|was stupidity and timidity.
The formula simply extended, amplified|this to ridiculous forms and proportions.
He shrank.|He shrank to what he actually was.
But if the essence is, let us say, genius,
then this genius shall be monumental|in body as well as in spirit.
Is that what you're saying?
Cable.
Alec.
Not to be the phenomenon,|but the thing in itself.
Eternal, absolute beauty,|absolute strength and power,
physical and spiritual.
To be the world,
and own it.
Yes, sir?
Darling,
tell Karen|to bring me a glass of brandy, hm?

Reach for it.

You thrive on the light. Reach for it.

Alec.

(knocking)

Come. Come.

(drops tray)

What's the matter with you?|Go. Go. Leave me.

(screams)

Your arm.

(grunts)

Listen.

He's taken the formula.

Please! There is a way.

I can't reach it, but you twist it|to the right and then to the left.

Put there in case a guard|ever got shut in by mistake.

Come on, follow me.|Come on, follow me.

(snarls)

You'll have to trust me here,|if you wanna survive.

If you don't...

Tell us.

This is the well of the estate, fed by|a spring from the bottom of the swamp.

If you follow it,|you'll come out in the swamp.

Go!

Watch your step.

Have a nice trip.

See you at the ball. (laughs)

Alec...

Alec!

Behind you.

I don't understand.

It's healed.

What is it?

It's over.

Alec, let me go with you.

You can start your work again.

With these?

I'll be your hands.

Please?

You need to heal.|You need to tell our story.

I'll see you soon.

Until then...

I'll always be with you.

Alec?

Cable!

Jude.

You OK?

Mm-hm.

He told me to come and get you.

He'll be back, though, right?