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# The Stuff

By Larry Cohen

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( gurgling )

What the hell is this?

So smooth! Huh!

That tastes real good!

Tasty! Sweet!

**MAN:**

down there? Taking a leak?

- No.

- Want us to wait for ya?

Uh... No, no. You guys go ahead.

I'll catch up to you later.

Well, I'll be damned.

Whatever that could be,

it's mighty good.

Mm.

Harry, what are you doing,

eating snow?

You outta your head, buddy?

If this is snow... Try it.

- No. I don't eat snow.

- C'mon! Give it a try.

That's not snow. Try it.

**HARRY:**

What the hell is it?

You know, if this stuff keeps

bubbling out of the ground,

there might be enough over here

that we could sell to people.

**BOY:**

Jesus Christ! I'm being eaten alive.

( sighs )

I'm burning hot!

( tap running )

( squelching )

You scared me! You shouldnt be

walking around here like this.

What are you doing down here? I thought

you were a burglar or something.

- I was hungry.

- You were hungry?

Did you see?

- See what?

- It...

What's the matter with you, anyway?

It was moving!

Listen to me, young man. Get your butt  
back to bed! You understand?

Don't ever pull this on me again.

Move!

( cutlery rattles )

When I was a little girl,  
I didn't think there was anything  
that I liked better than ice cream.

Now I'm a big girl  
and I've decided there's something  
I like better. Much better.

It's called The Stuff.

And believe me,  
enough is never enough.

( seagulls calling )

A month ago, they acquired the  
Chocolate Chip Charlie chain of outlets  
on the West coast,  
with the intention of converting them  
and being in business in 60 days.

After that, they'll go national.  
I wish to hell we knew how they make it.

Yeah, we could copy it.

What I meant to say is, uh,  
"we could, uh, improve on it".

Apparently, we've had no luck  
in analyzing the ingredients  
and no luck getting close to anybody  
inside the company.

That's why I've asked Moe Rutherford  
to come here today.

Huh. Look, are you sure we want to get  
mixed up with industrial spies?

Look, I want results  
and he's the best there is.

It's men like Moe Rutherford  
that help us stay in business.

Yes, I suppose we do have to keep  
the world safe for ice cream.

Didn't you used to be  
with the Bureau?  
At least I didn't get my ass kicked out,  
like you did.  
Oh, yeah. Yeah.  
I missed out on Abscam, DeLorean,  
all the good times.  
Well, just follow me, hotshot!  
Let's see if you're worth your money.  
Oh! This is some place  
you've got here, fellas.  
- Hm.  
- Gosh! Let me, uh...  
That's a sweaty palm.  
That's two sweaty palms.  
Let me feel you!  
Ah! That's another sweaty palm.  
- Yes, sir. Hello, sweaty palms.  
- How do you do?  
- So, tell me about The Stuff.  
- You've been briefed on this problem.  
Well, I don't understand why you didn't go  
to the Food and Drug Administration.  
Well, for one reason or another,  
right after it was approved,  
most of those involved resigned.  
They're either out of the country  
or on vacation.  
Or they have been, uh, paid off!  
That is the American way, you know.  
We've never had so much trouble  
getting information out of a company.  
Don't you worry about that.  
Every stone wall has a chink in it.  
I'll get inside there, penetrate  
the company, do some damage.  
- But it's going to be expensive.  
- Look!  
We don't want to know how you do it.  
Just, uh... do it!  
I understand. You guys don't like me.  
I heard it on the tap there.  
Someone said I'd been fired  
from the FBI, I'd been blackballed,

that I was obscene.  
Someone here said I was obscene.  
Who said I was obscene?  
How the hell did you know that?  
Well, while you were  
at the Metropolitan Opera last night,  
I just happened to be walking  
through your hotel room  
and I dropped this in your pocket.  
Huh?  
Oh, shit!  
Well, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch!  
- You know, Mr... Uh?  
- Rutherford, Moe Rutherford.  
- You know why they call me Moe?  
- No, why?  
'Cause every time people give me money,  
I always want mo'.  
- Well, you know, Mr Rutherford?  
- Yes, sir?  
I don't think you're quite as dumb  
as you appear to be.  
No one is as dumb as I appear to be.  
( man chuckles )  
Now, as I understand it, there is  
a certified check with my name on it.  
- The gentleman there.  
- Ooh, this fella here?

**MOE:**

Okay, yeah.  
That's good enough for starters.  
Asshole!  
When you talk to the FBI,  
would you tell them this for me?  
Ugh!  
- Broke his jaw.  
- What the hell...?  
Uh, thanks for the job, gentlemen.  
Will you go up and tell your brother  
to get down here?  
Oh, come on! My cereals gonna get  
soggy. I'll get him when I'm done.  
Do as I tell you and do it now!

Maybe his alarm didn't go off.  
He was up running around in the middle  
of the night. No wonder he's exhausted.  
( mouths )  
Tell him he's not missing school.  
I don't care what his excuse is.  
Hi.

**MOM:**

- What do you want for breakfast?  
- Nothing.  
I'll scramble a few over easy for you.  
Well, uh, my stomach doesn't really  
feel too good.

**DAD:**

at four oclock this morning!  
Listen, young man, you've missed  
three days of school already.  
You're not missing any more.  
I don't know what your plans are today,  
but you're not about  
to miss any more days.  
May I have some?  
I've finished my cereal.  
- Sure. It's good for you.  
- No! Don't eat that!  
There's nothing wrong with it.  
I had some last night.  
I'm telling you, it isn't good.  
It's... spoiled.  
It doesn't taste spoiled to me.  
You taste it and tell me  
if you think it's spoiled.  
I don't want any.  
Look, it moves around all by itself.  
It moves!  
I saw it move in the refrigerator.  
Hey, freak!  
What are you on, anyway?  
- Jason! You come back here!  
- I hope these stains come out.  
- What's the matter with that boy?  
- Look at that. Not a spot.

Low in calories, good tasting  
and it doesn't even spot.  
And he doesn't like it.  
- There's nothing like it around.  
- Coupled with benign bacteria?  
It was probably just a lucky accident  
that tasted great.  
They seem to reproduce this accident  
in great quantities.  
Well, that's what I don't understand.  
I thought some government regulation  
requires them to reveal the contents.  
They're protected by the FDA's  
Statute of Identity's rule.  
The same law protects Coca-Colas  
secret formula for their syrup.

**MOE:**

the little lady entering the room  
is doing some  
undercover research for me.  
Because, folks, if we're going to  
find out the secret formula of Stuff,  
we're going to have to steal it.  
( music plays )

**WOMAN:**

Let's get movement into this. Step, step!  
Let's see the bathing suits.  
Okay, I want wonderful smiles.  
- You got that, is it good?

**- MAN:**

Now I want you to feed each other  
The Stuff with nice smiles on your face.  
My lips crave more and more  
each day  
One lick is never enough  
of The Stuff...  
Pearl and Cathy, get a slightly  
tighter shot of them, will you?

**- MAN:**

- As they come forward, move in.

Can you get it?  
Go in for a close-up of the faces of  
these two 'cause they're real beauties.  
Let me see how much you love it!  
Very good. Thanks, girls.  
Okay, Christine, by yourself.  
Right to the lens. Right here.  
I'm going to want you to go in  
for a tight close-up  
- as she feeds the camera.  
- ( whispers )  
What are you doing?  
Are you out of your mind?  
- Who the hell are you?  
- Everybody break for five minutes.  
I got to talk to Miss Kendall about  
her employment and this job.  
You all can break. Coffee?  
You can take off with that.  
Kill the lights and the sound.  
You got that?  
- ( music stops )  
- What...?  
I'm sorry to interrupt you,  
but I can't wait in line.  
I can tell you're not the type  
of person to wait in line either.  
You didn't get where you are now  
by waiting in line, did you?  
- How do you know that story?  
- That's the way I got where I am.  
And here I am with you  
and you're awful pretty.  
- "David...Rutherford?"  
- Moe! My friends call me Moe.  
They call me Moe 'cause every time they  
give me something, I always want mo'!  
And I suppose you're wondering  
what I want out of you.  
Yes, I'd like to know  
what this was all about.  
I want to put you on  
our public relations campaign.  
I need you not just to raise the image,



you gotta convince the public  
that Lee-High Petroleum  
has the public's interest at heart.  
Oh! But... But why me?  
Well, I mean,  
look what you did for The Stuff!  
You invented the name,  
as I understand it.  
You created the image and put  
the whole sales pitch together.  
That's why I don't have a lot  
of time for petroleum companies.  
Well, darling,  
I'm not here to hire your agency.  
I want to buy your agency  
and put you in charge.  
Oh! Oh! Um...  
You want to buy the agency  
and make?... That clarifies things.  
Will you just sit right there one second.  
Mitzi? Mitzi.  
I want you to check out this guy  
thoroughly and get back to me.  
I want you to cancel my dinner date  
and go get me a dress to wear.  
No, problem.  
Right away, Miss Kendall.  
So, you were saying?  
I do like to see a woman  
with decision.  
Pick your favorite restaurant.  
Mm... Where are you staying?  
The Sherry-Netherland.  
Do they have room service  
at the Sherry-Netherland?  
My limousine's just outside.  
So is mine.  
I'm betting mine's bigger than yours.  
( baby crying )  
( scanners beeping )  
- Hey, give me that!  
- Give me that back!  
What do you think you're doing?  
Wait! Come back here, kid!

**MAN ON PA:**

please.

All security personnel  
to aisle seven, please.

Oh, shit!

Get off me! Let me go!

Please!

Let go!

It's gonna kill you all!

( doorbell )

( growling )

( doorbell )

Hello, Mr Vickers.

I called you about an appointment.

Sure, the man

from Consumer Magazine?

- Yeah, that's right.

- Well, come on in.

( dog growling and snarling )

- Is he friendly?

- He's absolutely harmless.

- How old is he?

- One year.

- One year old? He's awful big.

- I feed him very well.

- Can I get you a drink?

- No, thanks. I'm off that now.

I'm glad to hear that. The liquor  
can kill you. It ought to be outlawed.

Mr Vickers, how long have you been  
with the Food and Drug Administration?

Almost 19 years.

Yeah, pretty soon

they'll be retiring me.

( growling )

And as I understand it,  
you were part of the team  
that tested and approved  
a product called The Stuff.

They didn't have a name for it then.

They merchandised the hell out of it,  
but we agreed it was a good product.

How long was it tested

before you approved it?

You've got to understand

that this is a dessert,

not a prescription medicine.

Not any different from yogurt

or ice cream.

What's in The Stuff?

What's it made out of?

How's it made?

- What was your name again?

- Rutherford.

- Rutherford.

- Moe Rutherford.

I hope...

I hope you're not going to tell me

that there's been some trouble,

- I mean someone's allergic to it.

- That would upset you, wouldn't it?

Look, all we can do is look for

something common to most people.

If there's no reason to forbid the use

of a product, then we have to okay it.

( growling )

- And in this case, it was...

- ( snarling )

In this case it was a pleasure.

It was an absolute pleasure

because I love it! I love it!

- Oh, you eat The Stuff?

- All the time.

- I feed it to Ben. Ben has some.

- You feed the dog The Stuff?

Absolutely. Ben eats it all the time.

Right, Ben?

( growling )

Well, I... I suppose if both of you eat it,

it's got to be all right.

- Yes. It's really good.

- ( snarling, barking )

But I understand that

you're not a chemist, Mr Vickers.

No. I'm an administrator, but, uh...

but I can give you the names

of some of the people on the panel.

Well, I tried that already  
and for some strange reason,  
they're all out of the country  
or deceased.

- What a shame.

- Yeah.

Say, where did you test The Stuff?

- Stader.

- Stader Virginia?

I still have some preliminary  
worksheets in my office.

Maybe you should look at them.

Nothing confidential.

I'd appreciate that. I'd Xerox them  
and send them right back to you.

You're lucky.

I never throw anything away.

( dog panting )

- ( barking )

- Ben! Good boy!

Why is your master afraid of you?

Huh?

You hungry? Want something to eat?

Come on. Let's go in the kitchen.

Oh, I'm sorry. I should have offered  
you a cup of coffee or a soft drink.

I felt like a glass of water,  
but I'm not thirsty any more.

These are some of my old documents,  
just a lot of old names.

Well, thanks very much.

I appreciate it.

It's my pleasure. ( chuckles )

I'll get copies of this  
as soon as possible.

- Well, take your time.

- Goodbye, Ben!

- ( Ben whines )

- You've been a good boy, Ben.

I've got a treat for you.

In fact, I have a treat for both of us.

We deserve it, don't we?

( jingle blaring out )

Taste that satisfies

My big exciting sweet surprise  
One lick is never enough  
of The Stuff  
Stays cold  
and never melts away...

**2:**

One lick is never enough  
of The Stuff  
Never melts, never melts...  
( snarling )  
Help me! No!  
Help me!  
( screams )  
( snarling )  
No! Stop it!  
Ben, no! Ben!  
( barking )  
I'll buy more!  
( screaming )  
( honks horn )

**MAN:**

- What can I do for you?  
- Fill her up.  
Fill her up. Yeah.  
There's nice clean restrooms  
out there, if you want to.  
I must have taken the wrong turn-off  
here somewhere.  
- This is Stader, isn't it?  
- Yes, it is.  
I know somebody here.  
I can't remember his name. Uh...  
- Melville.  
- ( bell rings )  
You mean old Harold? He moved out.  
- They're just about all moving out of here.  
- Ain't nobody here but you?  
Don't you want to wash your hands?  
I put in a new towel.  
- ( bell ringing )  
- Could you stop that at \$20?  
Okay, yeah. Sure.

Do you recognize that car down there?

No.

Ain't that a novelty?

Two strangers in one day.

Hi-yah! Hah!

Ow!

You're Chocolate Chip Charlie!

Well, I sure as hell ain't  
the Kentucky Colonel! Get off of me.

I'm sorry. What are you doing in a town  
like this, big executive like you?

I'm trying to find out somethin'  
about the sons-of-bitches  
who stole my company and threw me  
out on my beautiful black ass!

- You work for them, huh?

- I'm investigating them, same as you.

Those shits!

Somehow, man, they got to my asshole  
brother and my two idiot nephews  
and everybody else

I trusted with stock.

And they brainwashed them, man!

Next thing, they was in and I was out!

Yeah, Okay, Charlie.

Did you find anything out?

What you gonna find out in a town  
that's been dried up and blown away?

( dog barking )

Must be a side-effect of eating too  
much dessert. An urge to migrate.

There's a widespread urge of that  
around here.

I might have gone along with the idea.

They didn't have to steal my company.

These guys don't like having partners,  
Charlie.

I figured if they was a Mafia front,  
I'd get back at 'em, expose 'em.

- And then get my company back.

- But how did you find this place?

Those damned relatives of mine again.

After they voted me off the board of  
directors, you know what they did?

They hid from me, man, disappeared  
because they knew I'd kill 'em!  
Then they left this place here  
as a forwarding address.

- A forwarding address?

- Yeah.

Well, that's a Post Office.

Where does that mail get rerouted to?

Oh, to these people,  
the addresses they left behind.

But I don't see that's  
any i-interest, uh, to you.

Midland, Georgia. Midland, Georgia.

Midland, Georgia.

A whole lot of folks have relocated  
to Midland, Georgia, man.

It's dinner time.

Why don't you close up shop?

Well take you out for a bite to eat.

I've...eaten already.

Midland, Georgia, huh?

They all went there  
and you stayed here?

Go away.

- Leave us alone.

- What do you mean "us", man?

We're talkin' to you. Ain't nobody  
else in this place, is there?

All we see is you and the gas  
station man and now he's gone.

We're not...bothering anybody.

( croaking )

Excuse me.

I'll be right back.

( door creaking )

What do you think, Charlie?

The man is not in proper operating order.

Absolutely!

I'd like to take him some place  
and get him X-rayed.

What if he doesn't want to come  
along?

- We snatch him.

- Now, Charlie.

I run a high-tech operation.  
I don't go in for things like that.  
I got a few lo-tech solutions.  
We hit that sucker over the head...  
Ooh, well... We could do that.  
- We throw him in the trunk of the car.  
- We could do that, too.  
- And we take off.  
- But whose car?  
( groaning )  
I'll be right there, baby.  
Hello?  
- Okay, lethal hands. Kill the door.  
- Okay. Watch out for splinters.  
I always knock first.  
Huh!  
- ( whispers ) What happened to him?  
- Nobody's mouth can open that wide!  
You are not thinking about  
going after it?  
I hope you got a gun on you, Charlie.  
- My hands are lethal weapons!  
- I hope you're right.  
Because if that thing  
tries to kill me, you kill me first.  
- Wait, wait, wait. We are not alone.  
- ( footsteps running )  
The only thing Chocolate Chip Charlie  
knows better than fighting is running.  
Pick a direction.  
- Get in that...  
- ( yelling )

**MOE:**

I just knocked a hole in that sucker!  
( gurgling )  
Get in the boat!  
- Honey, you got a coffee for me?  
- Sure do.  
You're a pretty thing! Look at her.  
Isn't she pretty?  
Mm-hm.  
Every time I feel like eating,  
I think of that guy with the mouth.



- It turns me right off my stomach.  
- ( Charlie chuckles )  
Hey, waitress. You got any good  
chocolate chip cookies?  
Sure do. Home-made.  
You got any of The Stuff?  
( country music plays on jukebox )  
Wish I did. I can't get it.  
It's on order, though.  
Charles?  
You and I are gonna have to split up.  
You sure you no longer need  
my iron fists?  
I want you to go to Washington DC  
and see Special Agent  
Frank Herbert...  
( whispers ) from the FBI.  
He won't believe me.  
Maybe he'll believe you.  
- Uh... Frank Herbert, the FBI?  
- Ssh!  
I got ya.  
( Charlie laughs )  
There you go, honey. Thanks a lot.  
Hey, fellas. Any of you going down  
to Route 105 could give a guy a lift?  
- Yeah. I'm just about done.  
- Ooh, good. Thanks very much.  
- Is your friend coming with you?  
- No. He's got other business.  
Charlie! Remember where you are.  
Here he comes.  
( tires screech )  
( horns honking )  
- You're Mr Rutherford.  
- That's right.  
I expected you about now.  
I gather Stader wasn't a rather  
congenial community for you.  
- News travels fast.  
- Hm.  
You're not one of 'em, are you, huh?  
You're not on The Stuff, are you?  
Oh, no, no. My doctor would never

allow me to take any of that.  
But you distribute it.  
You know what it is.  
You put it in the stores  
and the supermarkets.  
I know what it is?  
Don't be ridiculous.  
I don't know what it is.  
Does anybody know what it is?  
I only made it what it was.  
Those who would take  
a critical mass of it, it's everything.  
Those people who discovered it and  
brought it to me were already addicted.  
They were compelled  
to find somebody like me  
who could market it  
in the tens of millions.  
That was long before you  
test-marketed the product in Stader.  
Where did it all start?  
Everyone in Stader went to a little  
town called Midland, Georgia.  
Now, your conglomerate owns  
a mining company in Midland?  
Let go of it, Mr Rutherford.  
You can't stop it.  
I can shut you down.  
( laughing ) I don't know.  
I really don't know.  
I don't think anybody  
would pay much attention  
to a disreputable character like you.  
You're a rogue, you're a crook  
in the pay of ice-cream companies  
trying to screw the competition.  
I could always kill you.  
( laughs nervously )  
Or you could come to work for me.  
Let me show you something.  
I had a little envelope here for you  
in anticipation of your arrival.  
- What do you think of that?  
- \$1,000 bills?

- About 25 of them?

- Hey! Right on!

Also a first draft of a contract  
to supervise our security here.

You do know who I am, don't you?

Mm.

I don't have to eat The Stuff though,  
do I?

I would like to leave that  
to the Stuffies.

- It's not your fault.

- It is my fault.

I invented the whole campaign  
that made it so popular.

Are you the only person  
ever done anything wrong?

No, I know I'm not the only person  
that ever did anything wrong.

Do you want to trade sins,  
Miss Kendall?

All right. I'll trade a sin with you.

I am not an oil millionaire.

- I'm an industrial saboteur.

- ( she laughs )

Why don't you just call the FBI  
and tell them what you know?

I haven't got any credibility  
with the Bureau  
or any other Federal agency,  
for that matter.

I was one of them.

They kicked me out.

- Um... What about Ralph Nader?

- Oh, I got a bad name with him, too.

A couple of motorcar companies  
hired me to discredit consumer groups.

- I did too good a job.

- But if you've got proof...

- we've got to go to somebody...

- I don't have any proof.

I got no proof at all.

That's why I gotta go to the factory  
with you tonight to get proof.

- Tonight?

- David, you seen this?

Oh, hi, doc. This is Nicole.

- How do you do?

- Pleased to meet you.

Some kid on Long Island sure as hell  
doesn't like The Stuff for breakfast.

Went bonkers in a local supermarket.

I've got to see that kid.

- Honey, I'll see you at the airport tonight.

- What?

Doc, would you see Miss Kendall  
home, please?

David...

Great taste for today

Tastes great every way

Can't get enough of The Stuff

**ANNOUNCER:**

hungry for more.

Enough is never enough.

The Stuff. Taste that delivers!

Enough is never enough  
of The Stuff!

**MAN ON TV:**

( ball thudding )

...missing persons reported...

Hey! I'm up here, you know!

A phenomenon not confined to individuals.

Families have been reported missing.

( thudding )

- Grounded for life!

- ...epidemic proportions.

Tonight on ABC's Nightline...

( bleeps and blasts from video game )

Hey, look. He's here.

So, what you looking at?

- Is that dinner?

- We're dieting.

I've lost five pounds this week  
and I've never felt better.

Why are you talking  
like you're on a commercial?

Here, Jason, take some.

You know what I said about that.  
That was the truth.  
And you know that there is  
something alive in there.  
Jason, there's something alive in yogurt.  
It's called benign bacteria.  
- Yes!  
- There's something alive in bread.  
It's yeast. That's a living organism.  
We eat plenty of things  
that are still alive that are good for us.  
I know that, but...that was moving.  
All micro-organisms move, Jason, if  
you could see them with the naked eye.  
Under a microscope you see them move.  
What's the difference?  
They're good for us, Jason.  
They kill the bad things inside us.  
( bleeping from video game )  
He's just a baby.  
Always afraid of everything.  
Get him!  
Help!  
- What am I supposed to do?  
- You're supposed to eat it.  
Eat as much of it as you can  
and you keep eating it.  
We thought you loved this house, Jason.  
That's why we bought it.  
What about your new room!  
We got you everything you asked for.  
Are we asking you for so much?  
You always get everything you want.  
Stay in your room  
until you finish that.  
Then you can become  
a part of the family again.  
( squelching )  
( flushes )  
Hey!  
What are you doing down here?  
Dad said stay upstairs and eat it.  
He was right.  
I tried some of it and he was right.

Hey! That's mine!

Sure it is.

Hey, Dad. Jason loves it.

Jason always did have  
a hell of an appetite.

- Why don't you have some more?

- Still working on this one.

Then I'll have some more.

Books off the table. Glasses off.

As a matter of fact, I'll take  
a whole bunch of it up to my room.

Just in case

I get a little bit hungry.

**BROTHER:**

We don't get tired,  
now that we've been eating properly.

- Get in the car!

- Who are you?

I saw it move, too. Get in the back.

**BROTHER:**

Stop him!

**MOE:**

a lot of energy.

( coughing )

Ex... Excuse me, sir.

I kinda just threw up in your car.

I know!

I'm sorry! I mean...

- That's all right.

- I just ate shaving cream.

Everybody has to eat shaving cream  
once in a while.

You feelin' a little better?

Would you open the window now?

- Open the window?

- Mm-hm.

**MOE:**

Wait a minute, David. What?...

- Are we all set to go?

- Well, we got this ex-con here.

Wow! I've never been  
in a plane like this before.

**MOE:**

Fletcher's conglomerate  
that distributes The Stuff  
owns mines and quarries  
all around here.

There's got to be a connection.

Thank you. Very nice flight.

- Are you Miss Butterman?

- Yes, very nice to meet you.

Very nice to meet you, too.

When he wakes up,  
keep him entertained.

If we're not back in three hours,  
take him to Savannah Airport  
and wait for instructions.

**NICOLE:**

my bringing my secretary, Roger.

- He's so creative.

- I'm Elliot Howard.

- I'm the chief of public relations.

- Very nice to meet you.

- This is my partner.

- My name is Michael Grimsby.

Grimsby and Howard,

Howard and Grimsby. Yeah.

Didn't you gentlemen live in  
the town of Stader, one time or other?

- Uh... How do you know that?

- Well...

That's where the tests were done  
by the Food and Drug Administration?

That's how we heard about it.

I had my own business,  
but I gave it up to join the firm.

We were both convinced  
that this is the product of tomorrow.

Look at those tall stacks!

All full of The Stuff, huh?

- Call me Cassidy.

- What?

- Cassidy, I'm the company foreman.

- Nice to meet you.

Thank you for the wonderful job you people do down on Madison Avenue.

Oh, it's very easy to sell a product when people like it so much.

Yes, we like it ourselves.

It's tough to keep the workmen from eating up all the profits!

I bet.

( birds chirping )

( water running )

( mysterious bird calls echo )

You shouldnt be shooting pictures here.

- ( camera clicks )

- Smile.

**NICOLE:**

very interesting, Mr Cassidy,  
but I think that

what we'd like to see

is the room where they put

all the ingredients together,  
where they mix The Stuff.

Oh, now, that's a state secret.

We're very tight on that subject.

Mr Cassidy, I intend to bring  
an entire crew down from New York  
and shoot a commercial using people  
who work here. Maybe even you!

( factory horn blasts )

( truck horn honks )

The Stuff will be coming down  
earlier tonight.

It's been coming down right  
after sunset every night this week.

We need more trucks

if we're gonna keep up with it.

I don't want to complain...

**MAN ON PA:**

to proceed to the quarry at 8pm.

Units five and six should be ready



to move out at 9:15pm.  
All personnel are restricted  
to the factory grounds until morning.  
No passes are valid.

( conversation inaudible  
over machinery )

You had a long flight and all.

- You both must be tired.

- No, we're not tired...

We've made arrangements  
for a motel for you nearby.

We'll get you in the morning for  
breakfast and bring you back here.

**MOE:**

before it takes control of your mind.

Like anything else, some people  
are more susceptible than others.

**MOE:**

by now.

**NICOLE:**

the minute I hit that pillow!

I sure am glad you gave us  
adjoining rooms.

She likes to dictate in the middle  
of the night.

She looks after my shorthand  
and my hunt and my peck.

( boxing on TV )

( cracks neck )

( bell rings )

**TV PRESENTER:**

exclusive continental restaurant,  
which caters to only the most  
discriminating clientele.

How's the food, sweetheart?

Rotten!

- That's nice.

- Where's The Stuff?

The Stuff is here now

A great new taste sensation

Light and free now  
A great new elevation  
Enough is never enough  
of The Stuff  
The Stuff. The taste  
that makes you hungry for more.  
The Stuff. Taste that delivers.  
Enough is never enough  
Enough is never enough  
of The Stuff.  
( flies buzzing )  
( ripping )  
( screaming )  
( muffled cries )  
David... David!  
Argh!  
( muffled yells )  
I'll get it off you. I'll burn it.  
No, don't touch it.  
Take your hands away.  
I'm gonna burn it.

**MOE:**

Leave us alone! Leave us alone!  
Oh, God!  
( cries out )  
Help me!

**MOE:**

**NICOLE:**

- Help him, Moe.  
- I'll burn the hell out of it.  
( man yelling )  
( choking and spluttering )  
Don't touch me.  
- Are you all right?  
- Get in that truck. I'll hotwire it.  
( screaming )  
What if somebody reports the truck  
stolen and we're arrested?  
We just tell them  
that fella tried to kill us.  
- Where are we going?

- We're going back to the factory.  
We're gonna take our own guided tour.

Ow!

( horn honks )

Where are they going at this hour?

Good time to travel when you don't  
want to be seen. Let's find out.

( engine off )

Can't go much further with this damned  
thing. It's making too much noise.

**NICOLE:**

( gurgling )

**NICOLE:**

**MOE:**

of the center of the Earth.

And straight into our supermarkets.

Do you mean they don't process it  
or manufacture it at all?

No, they siphon it right off  
and into the trucks.

The only way I can prove that  
is to steal one of those trucks.  
You can't do that. This place is  
wide open. They're going to see you.

- Not if I have this on.

- Oh, my God!

No wonder you saved that thing  
instead of my pocket book.

( knuckles crack )

Ssh!

I'm sorry.

I want you to go back to the pickup.

The keys are under the floorboard.

Meet me at Route 5 near the parkway.

All right?

- You gonna be all right?

- I'll be fine. This is my business.

- You look kinda cute in this thing.

- Yeah?

I do love encouragement.

( The Stuff gurgling )

**MAN ON PA:**

in great masses tonight.  
Be grateful for its plentiful supply  
and for the good work we are doing.  
Soon, the hunger in the world  
will be a thing of the past.  
The Earth is giving off the food  
that will nourish all  
and guide us all  
to a new order of life.

( gurgling )

( pump whirring )

( pump vibrating )

Oh, no!

Oh, my God!

God! I'm gonna drown in The Stuff!

( slurping and gurgling )

Get me out of here!

Help!

Howdy.

Well, what are you waiting for?

Why don't you do something?

**JASON:**

to me?

**JASON:**

( truck horn blows )

Jason?

**MOE:**

**MAN:**

Agh!

Get out of that truck!

( bleeping )

( shouting )

( explosion )

You're inside my head.

You want me to do what you made  
the rest of my family do. No!

( screams )

( screaming )

( screams )

No!

( screams )

Aarrggghh!

( squelching )

Grab on! Grab my hands, Jason.

That's it. I got you now. Come on.

Moe, what took you so long?

**NICOLE:**

for long. They'll dig it out again.

( siren wails )

( hose end jangling )

Oh, boy! I never thought

I'd be glad to see cops!

They control the area, don't you  
think they control the police, too?

The whole damn quarry was full  
of police. They're all Stuffies.

( siren stops )

Hey! Your hose is hanging out  
back there.

Are you gonna arrest me  
for indecent exposure?

Get your hands up where I can  
see 'em and come out of the truck.

Get over there. Put your hands up.  
Go ahead.

Do I have to put my hands up, too?

Aren't you gonna shake me down?

Okay, miss. You come down  
out of the truck, too.

We've sprung a leak. It's a shame  
all that Stuff is going to waste.

- I gotta go get some. Let's get some!

- Officer! I'm so hungry.

You know how you get hungry if you go  
without The Stuff for an hour or two.

I bet you're hungry too,  
aren't you, officer? You're a hungry guy.

God! I'm so hungry!

Come on, officer.

( whispers ) Fake eating it.

Officer, it's so good!

- I'm sure you want some, don't you?

- This is great.

Mmm, mmm!

Nothing you like more...

**- JASON:**

- I'm gonna bypass it.

It's too small. They probably control it  
and we'd never get out.

- Then where do we go, David?

- We go to a large city.

They can't control it.

We have a chance.

**JASON:**

**MOE:**

I know everything about him,  
only he doesn't know me.

Wait here.

( violent yelling )

I am reporting to Colonel Spears.

Who are you?

Well, I once worked for a man  
named Hoover.

And he once ordered me to put  
some taps on an apartment  
that you rented for, uh...  
a 17-year-old black chick.

And I wish I'd brought along  
the tapes

because I could prove to you  
I really am who I am.

- You're not with the Bureau any more?

- Oh, no! They canned me.

Just before they mailed those tapes  
to your wife.

I could toss you off this tower.

You'd land right about there.

You're a trespasser.

Oh, Colonel, I only told you about  
the tapes so I could get to see you.

'Cause I need you.

You know that the whole country

needs you?

You wouldnt be tryin' to deceive me  
or entrap me?

Do...do you remember  
you were worried  
about the commies  
putting fluoride in our water system?  
Mm-hm.

You know, there's a thing goin' on  
now that's a lot worse?  
Americans are being poisoned faster  
than you can imagine.

- Poisoned?

- Yeah.

The FBI are always worried about  
commies getting deep-cover agents  
and putting them into high positions  
in American industry.

Then they'd acquire a corporation,  
right?

And then they'd establish themselves  
and they'd work on us  
( whispering ) ...from within,  
right inside it.

Inside, get us from the inside,  
get it?

Sounds like one of my radio speeches  
a year ago last Thanksgiving.

You were a deep prophet.

A product is being sold now  
and is being consumed  
by tens of millions of people,  
and it contains  
a mind-affecting drug.

And you and I both know  
who they are.

- And they're doin' it?

- Oh, yeah.

Their headquarters  
are less than 100 miles from here.

Sons-of-bitches!

They're flaunting it at me!

I guess they forgot  
about Colonel Spears, huh?

They didn't know you were around,  
that you could bring them  
to their knees!

Hmm!

Come with me. We're gonna have  
a nice tall cool drink.

You in the army or something?

We are your only army, son.

So, this is the young lady  
who's gonna go with us?

She's familiar with the plant.

You can ride up with me.

Well, that's gonna really be  
an honor, Colonel.

I know, and after this mission,  
you can reward me in a suitable fashion.

Oh, uh, Colonel.

I think you're movin' in on my lady.

I wouldnt worry about that, son.

You'll probably be a casualty.

You know that missing truck?

I see it coming down the road  
right now.

No, I can't see who's at the wheel.

Hey!

I found this here truck  
down by Highway 12, abandoned.  
Kind of figured you might, uh...  
give us some kind of cash reward  
for bringing it back.

Yeah, okay. Move it on in.

( gate rattles )

Well, c'mon! Move it on in!

- Not till we talk about money.

- It's all settled.

( gunshot )

( rapid gunfire )

I kinda like the sight of blood,  
but this is disgusting.

( yelling )

**MAN ON PA:**

has been penetrated.

Outsiders are entering the factory.



Do not resist them.  
Follow the agreed upon  
course of action.  
Repeat. Follow the agreed  
upon course of action.  
Where the hell are the yellow-bellied  
sons-of-bitches Stuffies?  
Get back! C'mon!  
Check out behind that truck.  
Get some men up on that tower. Now!  
C'mon, you Stuffies sons-of-bitches!  
That's right, Colonel. You tell 'em!  
Let's go have a look inside, guys.  
( rapid gunfire )  
- No show of resistance.  
- They may not be armed, sir.  
Doesn't matter if they are. There is  
no match for the American boy.  
- We have never lost a war.  
- What about 'Nam, sir?  
We lost that war at home, sonny.  
They may have run out on us.  
( gasps )  
Don't look. Don't look.  
The yellow sons-of-bitches.  
They took their own lives.  
Commie bastards! You cheated me.  
Still warm.  
This must have just happened.  
Must have issued suicide capsules,  
ready for us.  
Standard KGB procedure.  
FBI, you ever seen anything like this?  
( gasps )  
No white stuff  
in this son-of-a-bitch!  
Whatever was inside of them  
must have just taken off.  
- I want to see this.  
- No, we have to go outside.  
You have to protect the young lady,  
trooper.  
- How do you get out of here?  
- Down to the end, take a left.

Come over here, boy.  
C'mon, move!  
With these guns  
you've got in your hands,  
you think you can shoot anything  
you don't like?  
What if what you don't like is inside you?  
How you gonna shoot it?  
( rumbling )  
( screams ) No!  
Go faster, Nicole.  
Hurry up! Move!  
We've got to make it  
through that door. Come on!  
Oh, yeah!

**NICOLE:**

Look out! Don't get any of it on you!  
( screaming )  
All right, we're gonna leave it  
where it is.  
I own two radio stations in Atlanta.  
We're gonna fly down there.  
We're gonna broadcast a warning.  
We're gonna tell the public  
what this Stuff can do.

**COLONEL:**

in this world don't like me.  
- No?  
- I give my body, I give my soul.  
- And they still don't like you?  
- They never have liked me.  
When I was a boy, I was the toughest  
and smartest and best-looking.  
They want someone lily-livered  
and weak and spineless, like they are.  
Ain't that right, FBI?  
So, anyway, is there something  
you can do to change my image?  
Colonel, I think she can change  
your image like that!  
You sold them that white shit.  
Why can't you sell 'em me?

Come on, gorgeous! I should'a taken  
you into combat years ago.

( yelling )

What is this, World War III?

Just get us to 4th and Main  
and no more of your liberal remarks.

( women screaming )

**MAN:**

with machine guns?

( yelling )

Pay the drivers. Issue a 10% tip.

- Get a cash receipt.

- Yes, sir!

Proceed to the lobby.

We will reassemble. Hup!

Report!

Sir, our affiliates in Florida  
and Memphis

have agreed to carry your remarks  
in full.

Buy clearances on as many stations  
as you can.

Try the network affiliates.

Make it worth their while.

- What's on our station now?

- Local sports then a tribute to Elvis.

Can't get enough of The Stuff!

The stuff. The taste that makes  
you hungry for more!

- Get that shit off my station!

- ( turns radio off )

Get it off!

- You can't write this.

- What?

Well, you say that you're partly  
responsible for the whole thing  
and that you promoted  
reckless advertising.

- It's the truth, isn't it?

- You want to wreck your career?

You can be idealistic,

but don't be stupid. This is...

I thought I'd let you support me

for a while.

- Support you?

- Yeah. You do make money.

Yeah, well,

when I blackmail people, I do.

Get these Stormtroopers out of my way

before I lay them all to waste!

Get out the way! Don't you know

who I am? I am Chocolate Chip Charlie.

My hands are registered with the Midland

Georgia police as lethal weapons

and I eat them guns for breakfast.

"The American people are being

poisoned by a popular dessert product

"known as The Stuff.

"If you have this food in your possession,

do not eat it." Good.

"If you are a merchant and you..."

What is that?

That's "do not sell it".

Get! Get! Just get out of it!

- He's all right. Charlie, how are you?

- How are you doing, David, my man?

Hey, David, man.

They tried to get to me,

but I punched a lot of holes in them.

- How did you find us?

- You got time for a long story?

No, I don't, but I never did hear

from the FBI.

You are not gonna do a program

without the participation

of Chocolate Chip Charlie.

They stole my company, man.

I got a right to be heard.

That's a great idea.

Course, they might figure I'm lying,

trying to knock the competition.

Often it's easier to believe lies

than the truth.

Charlie, you are really welcome.

- I'm Nicole, queen of the ex liars.

- Eight minutes to air. Who is this?

- He's on the broadcast.

- Not on my station.

Hey, are you really  
Chocolate Chip Charlie?

It's nice to see that somebody  
still likes me.

I am just plain old Charlie W Hobbs,  
who wants to make a statement.

You are not going to keep me off  
those microphones,  
even with your stooges  
in the funny costumes.

Do you realize how many people love  
Charlie as much as Jason does?

- 20 million!

- 20 million people.

In advertising money,  
how much is that?

An extra 20,000 a minute, probably.

If you wanna throw away  
all that money, go right ahead.

I will permit this colored man  
to speak.

But speak one word  
of the Commie Party line  
or one word in code,  
and I will blow his head off.

Look, can I go somewhere  
to get my thoughts organized?

We'll get the plot outlined  
and be back in a minute.

We don't have a lot of time,  
so are you prepared to say on air  
that you've seen people  
devoured by The Stuff?

Hell, yes! And I've seen what's left of  
them when The Stuff comes back out.

You want to run that by me again?

I've seen what's left when it gets  
through with them and comes back out.

It sort of vacates the premises  
when it's through.

How?

I'm sorry. What am I asking you for?

How would you know?

Oh, I know!

Charlie.

Charlie, are you all right?

Charlie, are you all right?

What's the matter?

( groaning )

Charlie! Let go!

( screams )

Oh, God! Charlie!

( screams )

Jason, don't move.

Don't let it touch you.

( both scream )

**NICOLE:**

Help!

( inaudible )

- Moe, help us!

- Help!

**NICOLE:**

( screams )

Hit the juice!

Hit it!

Get the girl out! Get the kid out!

I'm coming. Come on, Jason.

( Nicole groaning ) Oh, no!

It was slithering!

30 seconds, sir. Should we delay?

No. We'll never get

the clearances again.

( beeping )

**ANNOUNCER:**

from Atlanta, Georgia,

this is a broadcast of warning.

This is not fiction.

This is not a dramatization.

My fellow Americans.

This is Colonel Malcolm

Grommett Spears.

I have never misled you

and I will never mislead you.

Tonight, America is in grave danger.

We are under alien attack by  
a substance which represents itself  
as a popular dessert  
known as The Stuff.  
If The Stuff is in your house,  
do not eat it.  
Repeat, I mark you, do not eat it!  
If you are a merchant and have it  
on your shelves, do not sell it!  
If you have a distributorship  
and you distribute this material,  
close your doors,  
make no more sales.  
If a member of your family  
is dependent on this product,  
get them to a hospital.  
If you have this product in your home,  
cook it. I repeat, cook it.  
And the people did believe.  
In the weeks that followed, The Stuff  
was withdrawn from distribution.  
The nation mobilized to collect it  
and destroy it.

**REPORTER:**

taken against the stores and franchises  
that carried The Stuff.  
Local authorities cautioned  
the public to remain calm.  
Upon reports  
that the product was toxic,  
public health officials visited  
the quarry in Midland, Georgia,  
only to find it buried  
in a mass of rubble...  
...more at 11.  
Although the casualties were  
in the thousands  
American industry has worked  
with full government support  
to save millions of other lives  
and to compensate the injured  
for their tragic losses.  
I am reading these words

off a teleprompter

because I...

I simply didn't know what to say.

The fact of the matter is that...

I'm selling you an apology.

I'm sorry.

She is a pretty thing, isn't she?

Well!

Well, are you here to throw my money  
back in my face?

- Uh, no. I spent it.

- Hm.

You think by dynamiting one quarry  
you could shut us down for ever?

You realize that stuff seeps up  
through the Earth any place?

Well, I guess we'll just find  
those places.

I'm afraid I'm not alone tonight,  
Moe.

I suppose you've spent my money  
as well, eh?

- You two are in business together!

- It was inevitable, wasn't it?

The Stuff is finished, of course,  
but look here.

Look at the new campaign  
for The Taste.

Only 12% of The Stuff in it. Just enough  
to make the public crave for more.

And the balance is natural  
dairy products.

There won't be enough of The Stuff  
in it to get a grip on anybody's mind.

- How do you know?

- Well, we tested it.

We tested it  
in a small Illinois town.

If you tested it, you can taste it.

Oh! You go too far.

I didn't come alone here, either.

I brought along a couple of friends.

Jason!

- This is no place for a kid, Moe.



- Oh, he ain't a kid any more.

The Stuff took away his parents  
and took away his brother.

- You brought another friend?

- Yup.

Him.

Now, put that away. You wouldnt  
use it in front of the boy.

Like he said,

I've been through a lot.

Well, you sit right down.

Go on, have yourself a seat.

We're gonna have a little dinner.

Jason?

- Serve the gentlemen.

- A pleasure.

You recognize that, don't you?

No. Wait...

Make a big old mountain of it  
right in front of them.

- Here.

- Yes, pass it right on down.

- Dig in yourself.

- Look! I had nothing to do with it.

You see this hole here?

It's getting bigger and bigger,  
isn't it?

So you'd better eat that  
or you're gonna eat this.

- Eat it!

- How much of it?

You eat as much of it as I want you  
to eat, until I tell you to stop.

Till it's comin' outta your eyeballs.

- Eat it.

- You, too, partner.

Eat it!

Mm. Mmm.

Are you eatin' it?

Or is it eatin' you?

( sirens approaching )

**JASON:**

Right on schedule.

I guess we did it, Moe.  
Enough is never enough.