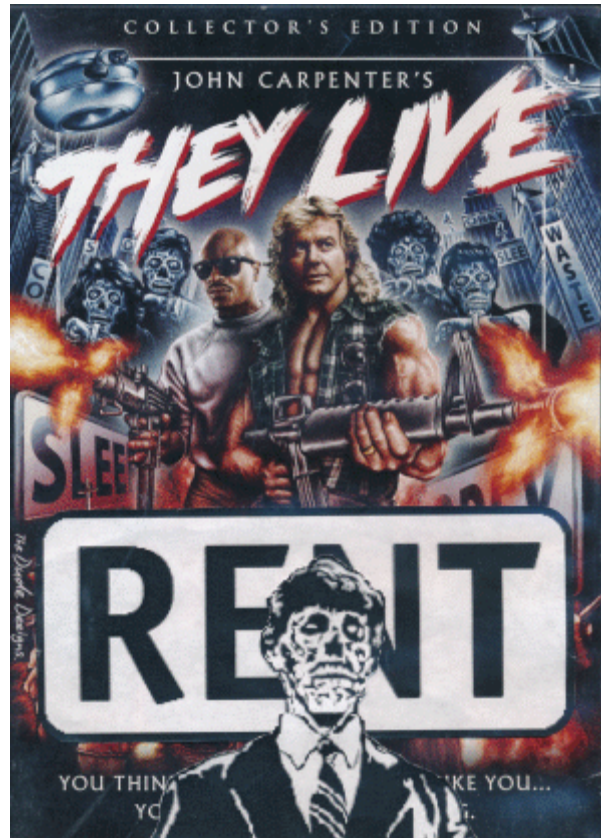


# THEY LIVE -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

directed by John Carpenter  
written by Frank Armitage  
© 1988 Universal Studios

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*[transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]*

UNIVERSAL. AN MCA COMPANY

ALIVE FILMS PRESENTS

A LARRY FRANCO PRODUCTION

*[Train horn]*



JOHN CARPENTER'S THEY LIVE



RODDY PIPER



KEITH DAVID





MEG FOSTER



GEORGE "BUCK" FLOWER



PETER JASON



AND RAYMOND ST. JACQUES AS THE STREET PREACHER





MUSIC BY JOHN CARPENTER AND ALAN HOWARTH



ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: SANDY KING

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: SHEP GORDON; ANDRE BLAY



EDITED BY: GIB JAFFE; FRANK E. JIMENEZ



ART DIRECTORS: WILLIAM J. DURRELL, JR.; DANIEL LOMINO



DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPH: GARY B. KIBBE



BASED UPON THE SHORT STORY "EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING" BY RAY NELSON

SCREENPLAY BY FRANK ARMITAGE



PRODUCED BY: LARRY FRANCO







DIRECTED BY JOHN CARPENTER



*[Job Opportunities]*

[Intercom] Due to a computer error, the food stamp program has been suspended until further notice.



Please do not apply at this time.



All applicants' report wages will now report to window D.



Thank you.



[Social Worker] Last place of employment?



[Nada] Denver, Colorado. Worked there for ten years. Then things just seemed to dry up.



They lost fourteen banks in one week.



So, well ...



[Social Worker] There's nothing available for you right now.



\*\*\*



[Street Preacher] They use their tongues to deceive. The venom of snakes is under their lips. Their mouths are full of bitterness and curses.



And in their paths, nothing but ruin and misery. And the fear of God is not before their eyes.



They have taken the hearts and minds of our leaders.



They have recruited the rich and the powerful.



And they have blinded us to the truth. Our human spirit is corrupted.





Why do we worship greed?



Because outside the limit of our sight,



feeding off us, perched on top of us ...



from birth to death, are our owners -- our owners -- our owners!



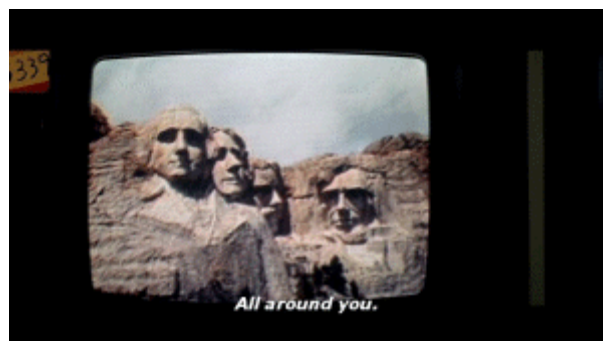
They have us! They control us!



They are our masters!



Wake up, they're all about you.



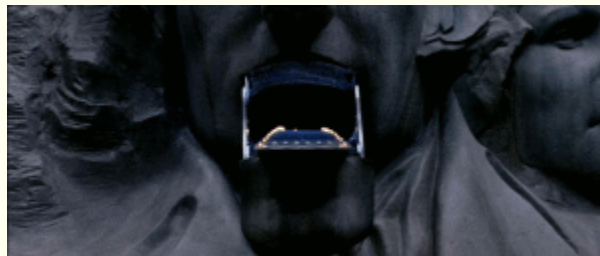
All around you.



*SONG: America, America ...*

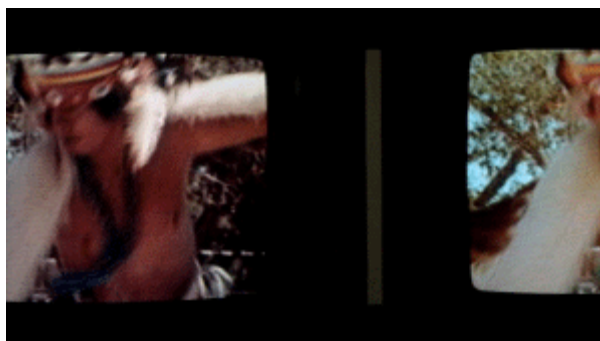


*America, Fuck, yeah*



*Coming again to save  
The motherfucking day, yeah*

-- Team America, directed by Trey Parker





\*\*\*





[Woman on TV] Sometimes, when I watch TV,



*I stop being myself.*



*I'm a star of a series or a--*

And I'm a star of a series or a -- or I have my own talk show --



*or I'm on the news  
getting out of a limo*

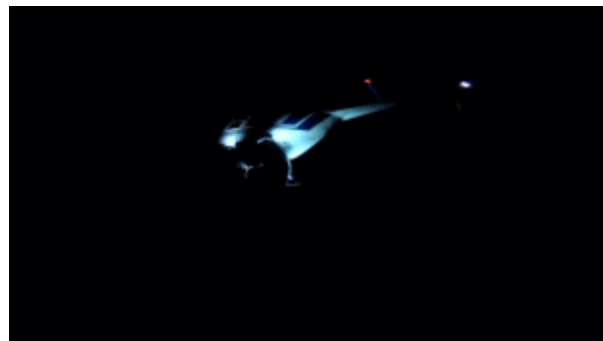
or I'm on the news getting out of a limo, going some place important. All I ever have to do is be famous.



People watch me and they love me.

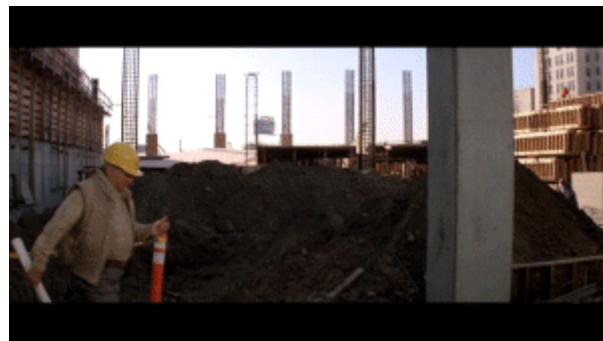


And I never, never grow old. And I never die.



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*

\*\*\*





[Nada] Excuse me.



You need anybody?

[Foreman] Maybe.



[Nada] I got my own tools.



[Foreman] Well, this is a union job.



[Mexican Workers] *[Laughing and joking around]*



[Nada] So, then may I please speak with the shop steward?



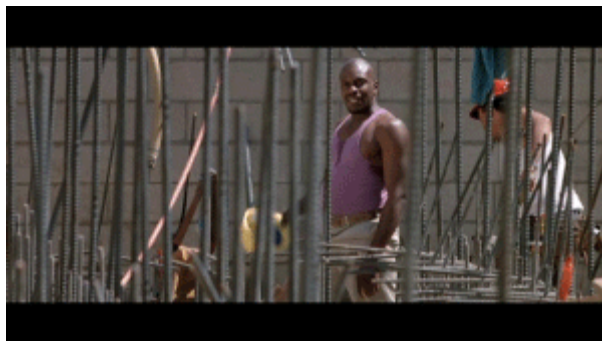


Sir?

\*\*\*



[Nada] *[Working hard]*



[Frank] *[Working hard]*



[Foreman] Hey, there's no sleeping on this site, so you park your ass someplace else tonight.



[Nada] Excuse me. Then when do I get paid?



[Foreman] Thursday.





[Frank] You need a place to say?



Justiceville's over on Fourth Street. They got hot food and showers.





I'm going that way if you want me to show you.

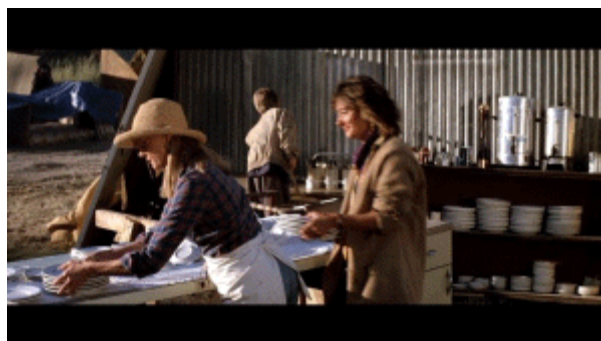


*[Harrumphs and walks off]*



I don't like nobody following me 'less I know why.

[Nada] Well, I don't join up with anybody until I see where he's going.





[Frank] They're serving the food up soon.

[Nada] Good, I'm starving.

*[Cart runs into Frank]*



[Frank] Whoa!

[Boy] Hey, throw the ball.



[Woman] Hey, Frank, how's it going?

[Frank] *[Gestures "hi."]*



Now you get a chance to meet some of the folk.



This here's Gilbert.



Anything you need, he knows where to find it.



[Gilbert] Hi.





[Nada] Howdy.



[Gilbert] What do you got in that pack, tools?

[Nada] Yes, sir.



[Gilbert] Well, if you can use them, we can use you. The shower's caving in over there.



[Frank] Let's get something to eat.



[Frank] There you go.



[Nada] Howdy.

[Relief Worker] Howdy.



- Want some peas?  
- Yeah, please.

Want some peas?

[Nada] Yeah, please.



Thanks.  
Some more?

Thanks.

[Relief Worker] Some more?



Yes.

[Nada] Yes.



Peas?

[Relief Worker] Peas?



\*\*\*



[Frank] I got a wife and two kids back in Detroit. Haven't seen them in six months.



Steel mills were laying people off left and right. They finally went under. We gave the steel companies a break when they needed it. Know what they gave themselves?



Raises.





The golden rule --



He who has the gold makes the rules. They close one more factory,



we should take a sledge to one of their fancy, fucking foreign cars.



[Nada] You know, you ought to have a little more patience with life.



[Frank] Yeah, well I'm all out.



The whole deal is like some kind of crazy game.



They put you at the starting line, the name of the game is, "Make it through life." Only, everyone's out for themselves, and looking to do you in at the same time.



Okay, man, here we are.



Here we are -- now, you do what you can. But remember, I'm going to do my best to blow your ass away.



So, how you going to make it?

[Nada] I deliver a hard day's work for my money.



I just want the chance, it'll come. I believe in America. I follow the rules. Everybody's got their own hard times these days.

\*\*\*



[Nada] *[playing blues harmonica]*



[Woman on TV] You've always thought you couldn't wear ...



press-on nails, because of all the active things you do?



Well, if you're ready for beautiful,





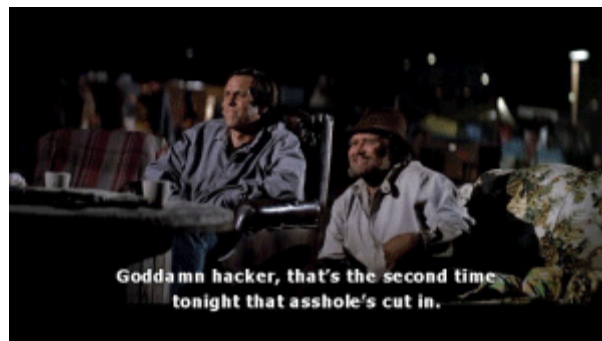
natural looking, easy to apply nails, three colors in seven luscious hues,



just -- *[static]*



[Bearded Man] Our impulses are being redirected. We are living in an artificially induced state of consciousness that resembles sleep.



[Drifter] Goddamn hacker, that's the second time tonight that asshole's cut in.



[Bearded Man] The movement was begun eight months ago by a small group of scientists who discovered quite by accident ...



these signals being sent through -- *[static]*



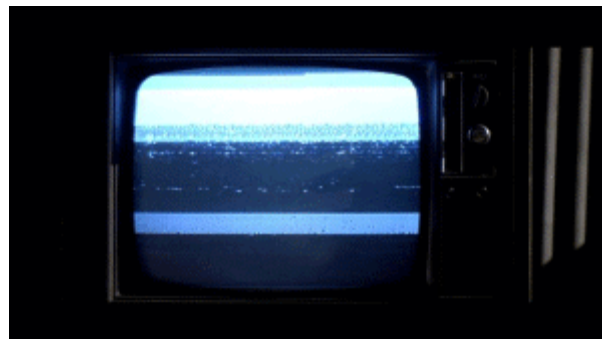
[Danny] Thing's giving me a headache.



[Drifter] Yeah, tell me about it.



Must have took the hackers months to figure out how to do this.



[Bearded Man] The poor and the underclass are growing.



Racial justice and human rights are non-existent.



They have created a repressive society ...



[Street Preacher] [*Mimicking: "They have created a repressive society"*]



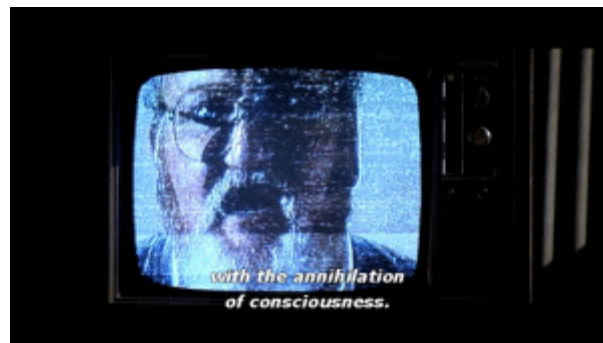
[Bearded Man] and we are their unwitting accomplices ...

[Street Preacher] [*Mimicking: "and we are their unwitting accomplices."*]





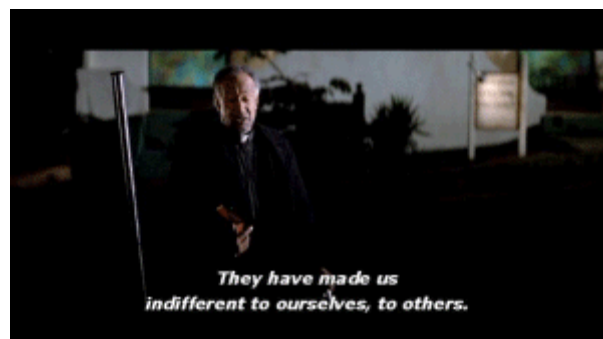
[Bearded man] Their intention to rule rests ...



with the annihilation of consciousness.



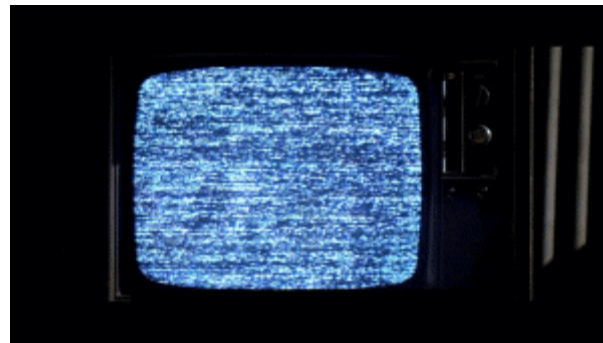
We have been lulled into a trance. They have made us indifferent to ourselves, to others.



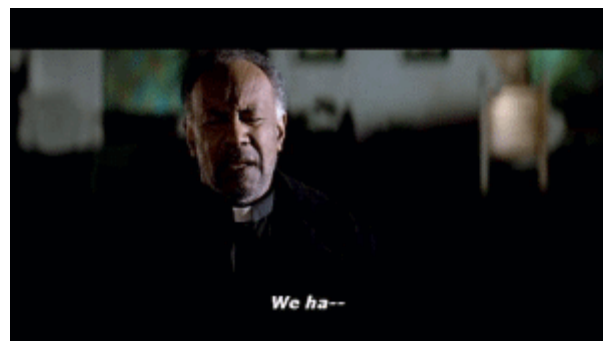
[Street Preacher] *[Mimicking: "They have made us indifferent to ourselves, to others.]*



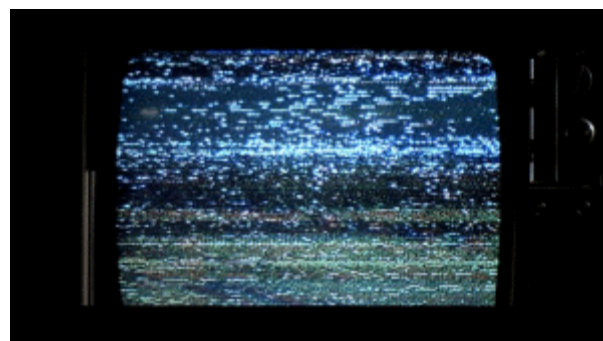
[Bearded Man] We are focused only on our own gain.



We ha --

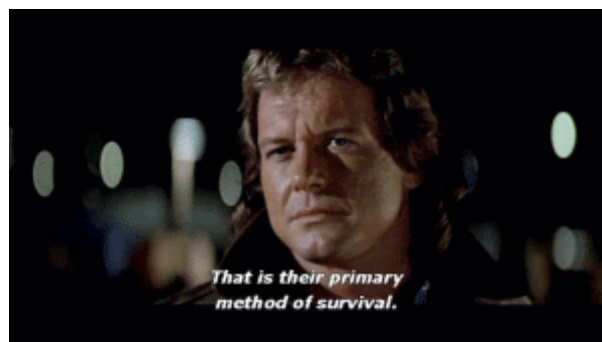


[Street Preacher ] [Mimicking: "We ha --"]





[Bearded Man] Please understand, they are safe as long as they are not discovered.



That is their primary method of survival.



Keep us asleep, keep us selfish, keep us sedated.



[Drifter] *[Changes the channel]*

[Man on TV] ... they're pulling the water out of the sand like sponges.



[Drifter] Blow it out your ass.







[Street Preacher & Gilbert] *[Arguing]*



*[Walking toward Church]*



[Nada] *[Watching Street Preacher & Gilbert walk to the Church]*



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[Nada] Choir practice went a little late last night, didn't it?



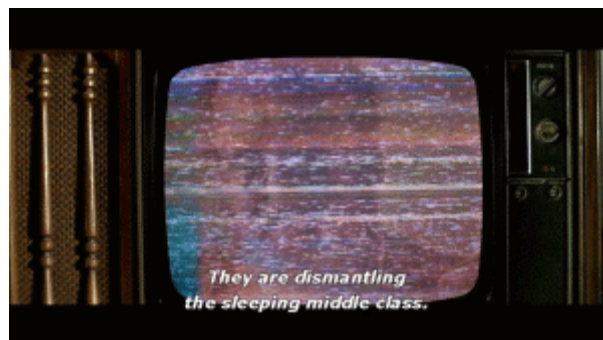
[Gilbert] Oh, the church lets us use their kitchen.



[Nada] Until four in the morning?



[Gilbert] Hey, we're taking care of a lot of people here.



[Bearded Man] They are dismantling the sleeping middle class.





More and more people are becoming poor.



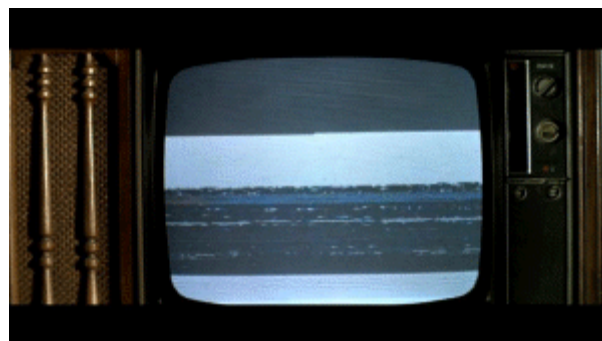
We are their cattle.



We are being bred for slavery.



The revo --





[Drifter] Not again.



[Bearded Man] We cannot break their signal.



Our transmitter is not powerful enough. The signal must be shut off at the source.



We have --

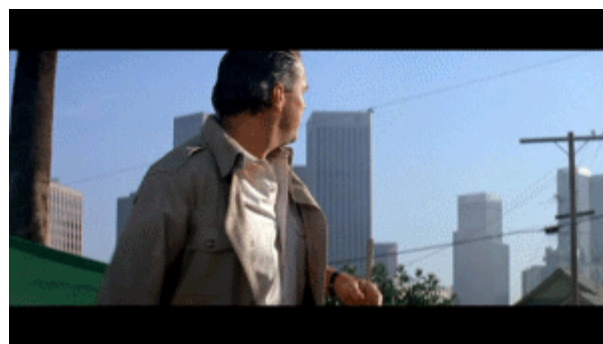


[Woman] Danny, I have a headache.

[Danny] Me too, honey.



*[Cable 54: Please Stand By]*



[Danny] Can somebody please explain to me what the hell that's all about?



[Drifter] Just that idiot licking his nuts again.



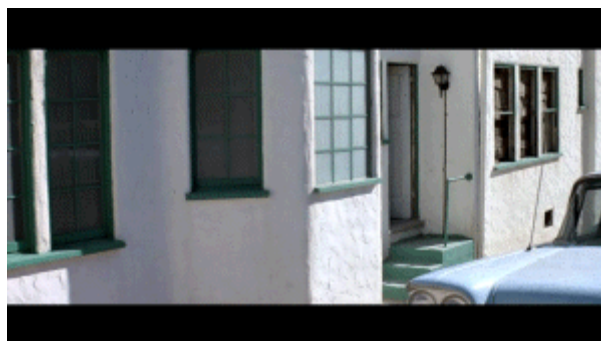
*[African Methodist Episcopal Free Church. Pastor: Rev. Abraham ...]*



*[Choir singing "Rock of Ages"]*



*[Nada] [Checking out what's going on at the Church]*

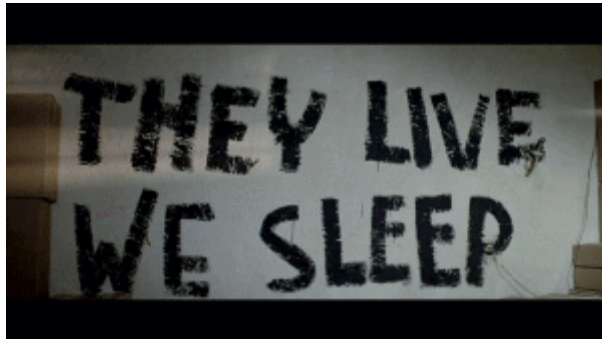


*[Singing continues]*



*[Nada] [Sees alchemical laboratory; glasses]*





*[They Live, We Sleep]*

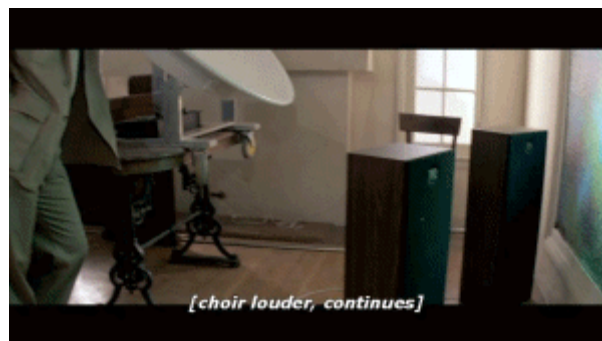




[Man] I just checked the connection ...



and there's nothing wrong with it.



[Choir louder, continues]



[Gilbert] We have to face facts.



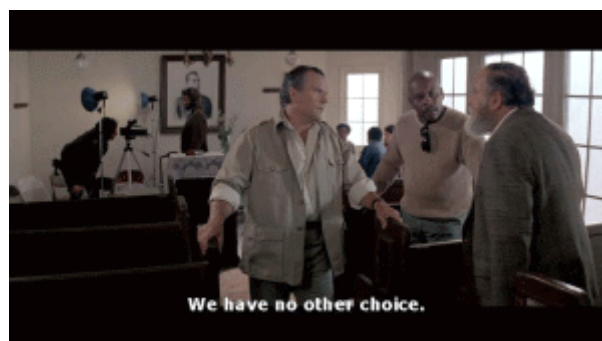


Only a few seconds got on the air. It's time to forget about breaking in on top of their signal. They're only going to jam us out again and again.



[Bearded Man] Then we have to send the shipment out on the street.

[Gilbert] No, no, no, that's not going to work that way. We've been all through this.



[Bearded Man] We have no other choice.





[Nada] *[Trips over dolly and crashes against a door]*



[Gilbert] Robbing banks, manufacturing Hoffman lenses until we're blue in the face. We're just not going to reach enough people!



*Dr. Albert Hoffman, the grandfather of the acid generation in his laboratory at Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Basel, Switzerland. (Sandoz, AG, Basel)*

-- Acid Dreams: The Complete Social History of the LSD: The CIA, the Sixties, and Beyond,  
by Martin A. Lee & Bruce Shlain



*[Nada] [Reveals secret room hidden behind door hatch]*



*[Sees it filled with boxes]*



[Gilbert] We've got to find new people, strong people -- people to work with us.



[Nada] *[Replaces the door hatch]*



That's my baby.



[Street Preacher] *[His hands all over Nada's face]*

[Nada] Just leaving -- you know, your door was open.





Just wanted to close it -- didn't want no one breaking in.



Neighborhood watch.



[Street Preacher] Yeah, well, let me touch your face. Mmm, it's good.

[Nada] That's fine.



[Street Preacher] Now your hands.

[Nada] That's fine.

[Street Preacher] Good. Eh, you're a working man.

[Nada] Yes, sir.



[Street Preacher] Here, it's the revolution. Let me show you.



[Nada] I got to be going right now. Maybe some other time, huh?



[Street Preacher] Huh? This world may have blinded me,



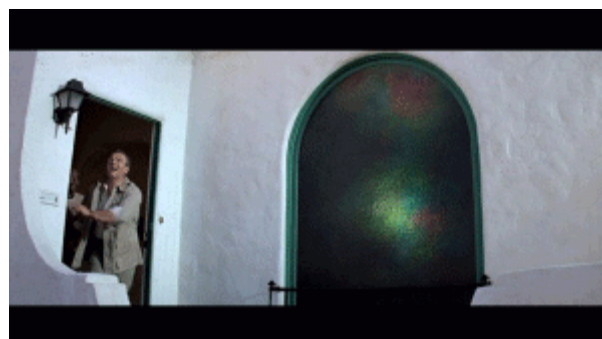
but the Lord has let me see.



You'll be back. You'll be back!



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*





\*\*\*



[Drifter] I've been hearing something on the streets the last couple of weeks. Weird stuff. Some sort of epidemic of violence is what they've been saying.



I was talking to one old boy,





he's from San Anselmo.



He told me they got some sort of cult up there.



End of the world kind of stuff.



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



[Danny] Well, what are they doing?

[Gilbert] You know, shooting people, robbing banks. Same old thing as always.



Whole lot of people gone crazy over some nutty dream they just had.

It is generally accepted that the first exponent of Sufi doctrine was the Egyptian or Nubian, Dhun Nun, of the ninth century AD, whose teaching was recorded and systematized by al Junayd. The doctrines expressed by al Junayd were then boldly preached by his pupil, ash-Shibli of Khurasan in the tenth century. A fellow-student of ash-Shibli, was al-Husayn ibn Mansur al-Hallaj whose thought demonstrated some clearly heretical elements, such as reincarnation, incarnation, and so on. He was ultimately put to death by the son of Saladin, the great Muslim leader who recaptured Palestine from the Crusaders, for declaring "I am the truth," identifying himself with God. However, later Sufi writers nevertheless regard him as a saint and martyr, who suffered because he disclosed the great secret of the mystical union of man and God.

To the Sufis, mystical union is known as Hulul, or the incarnation of God in the human body. While Tawheed, the "oneness" of God, typically refers to the monotheistic creed of Islam, for the Sufis it refers to this mystical union with God. According to al-Hallaj, for example, man is essentially divine because he was created by God in his own image, and that is why he claimed that in the Quran God commands the angels to bow down in "worship" to Adam. As De Lacy

O'Leary described, in Arabic Thought and its Place in History:

This is an extremely interesting illustration of the fusion of oriental and Hellenistic elements in Sufism, and shows that the theoretical doctrines of Sufism, whatever they may have borrowed from Persia and India, receive their interpretative hypotheses from neo-Platonism. It is interesting also as showing in the person of al-Hallaj a meeting-point between the Sufi and the philosopher of the Isma'ilian school.

Ibn Arabi (1165 - 1240) was the Arabic philosopher most responsible for the fusion of Sufism with Neoplatonic thought. One of his most famous works, the Bezels of Wisdom, was conceived in the course of a "vision" which he experienced near the Kabbah in Mecca, Ibn Arabi claimed that he received the work directly from Muhammad who had appeared to him in Damascus in 1229, Ibn Arabi's straying from orthodoxy did not escape the attention of mainstream Islamic scholars of the time, and he was repeatedly repudiated for heresy.

According to Ibn Khaldun, in his Muqaddima:

The path of the so-called Sufis comprises two paths. The first is the path of the Sunnah, the path of their forefathers (Salaf), according to the Book and Sunnah, imitating their righteous forefathers among the Companions (of the Prophet) and the Followers.

The second path, which is contaminated by (heretical) innovations, is the way of a group among the recent thinkers (Muta'akhhirun) who make the first path a means to the removal (Kashf) of the veil of sensation, because that is one of its results. Now among these self-styled Sufis are Ibn 'Arabi, Ibn Sab'in, Ibn Barrajan and their followers among those who traveled their way and worshipped according to their (heretical) sect (Nihla). They have many works filled with pure unbelief and vile innovations, as well as corresponding interpretations of the outward forms (of scripture and practice) in the most bizarre, unfounded and reprehensible ways -- such that one who examines them will be astounded at their being related to religion or being considered part of the Sharia.

Ibn Arabi also claimed to have been in contact with the mysterious mystical figure al Khidr, revered by the Sufis, three times over the course of his life. While pagan mysticism typically aspires to union with a "god," a practice which would otherwise be acknowledged in Islam as communication with Jinn, the Sufis avoid all such associations by claiming to make contact with the mysterious figure of al Khidr, meaning "the Green One." Though not mentioned by that name, al Khidr is identified with a figure met by Moses in the Quran. He is referred to as the "Servant of God" and as "one from among Our friends whom We had granted mercy from Us [God] and whom We had taught knowledge from Ourselves." In the Quran, Moses asks for permission to accompany him so he can learn "right knowledge of what [he has] been taught."

But the name Khidr is found only in Hadith literature, such as the case narrated by Imam Ahmad in Al-Zuhd, whereby the Prophet Muhammad is said to have stated that Elijah and Khidr meet every year and spend the month of Ramadan in Jerusalem, and another narrated by Yaqub ibn Sufyan from Umar ibn Abd al-Aziz, whereby a man he was seen walking with was actually Khidr.

However, to the Sufis, Khidr acquired a number of occult associations and, we have to assume, was the disguise assumed by demonic apparitions. The figure of Khidr originated most likely from Jewish legends and is associated with the Muslim Mahdi, in the same way that the prophet Elijah is associated with the Jewish Messiah. According to the Book of Kings, Elijah defended the worship of the one God over that of the Phoenician god Baal, and like Enoch did not die but is believed to have ascended directly to heaven. Some of the earliest sources on Sandalphon, an archangel in Jewish and Christian writings, refer to him as the prophet Elijah transfigured and elevated to angelic status. Other sources, mainly from the Midrashic period, describe Sandalphon as the "twin brother" of Metatron, whose human origin as Enoch was

similar to the human origin of Sandalphon. In Kabbalah, Sandalphon is the angel who represents the Sephiroth of Malkhut and overlaps, or is confounded with, the angel Metatron. Elijah is an important figure of the Kabbalah, where numerous leading Kabbalists claimed to preach a higher knowledge of the Torah directly inspired by the prophet through a "revelation of Elijah" (gilluy 'eliyahu).

Khidr also shows certain affinities with the ancient dying-god by also representing fertility, which is offered as the reason for his association with the color green. Likewise, Elijah's association with fertility and rain production is widespread in Biblical and rabbinic literature. Khidr is recognized as associated with the Green Man motif, which is often related to fertility deities found in different cultures throughout the world, such as the Celtic god Cernunnos, Green George, Jack in the green, John Barleycorn, Robin Goodfellow, Puck, and the Green Knight of Grail legend. A more modern version is found in Peter Pan, who enters the civilized world from Neverland, clothed in green leaves. Wicca claims, despite the obvious associations, not to worship the devil but as merely being a fertility cult that worships the Green Man, who has often been used as a representation of the Horned God.

The figure of al Khidr has its equivalent in the cult of Saint George, shared by Christian, Jews as well as Muslims. There is a tradition in the Holy Land of Christians and Muslims going to an Eastern Orthodox shrine of Saint George at Beith Jala, with Jews also attending the site in the belief that the prophet Elijah was buried there. These Muslims worshipped this same Saint George or Elijah as the Sufi figure of al Khidr, a tradition which was found throughout the Middle East, from Egypt to Asia Minor. Historians note that the origin of Saint George is in Cappadocia and is similar to the ancient god named Dionysus-Sabazios, who was usually depicted riding on horseback. George's mother was from Lydda, Palestine, but he was a Cappadocian born in Cilicia, the heartland of the Mithraic Mysteries during Hellenistic times, and its capital city of Tarsus was the birthplace as well of the apostle Paul. Saint George is also the origin of the knightly tale of rescuing a maiden from a dragon. The legend is not a Christian story at all, but is a Christian adaptation of the typical duel of the Middle Eastern dying-god, like Baal, against the Sea-Dragon, or Zeus against Typhon the Titan.

An important consequence of the influence of the Sabians and Sufism in the Islamic world were the Epistles of the Ikhwan al Saffa wa Khullan al Wafa, or of "The Brethren of Sincerity and Loyal Friends," a brotherhood that flourished in the city of Basra in Iraq, who were an important source of inspiration for much of Sufi tradition, such as Ibn Arabi, as well as Jewish scholars of Kabbalah. It is also generally agreed that the Epistles were composed by leading proponents of the Ismailis. These were a philosophical and religious encyclopedia, which scholars regard as reflecting elements of Pythagorean, Neoplatonic and Magian traditions drawn up in the tenth century AD. The Neoplatonic theory of creation by emanation from a single creator, together with the notion that all creation was organized according to a hierarchical pattern was a dominant theme in the Epistles. Their stated purpose, following Gnostic tradition, was to teach initiates how to purify their souls of bodily and worldly attachments and ascend back to the divine source from which they came. Though the Epistles drew on multiple traditions, they attributed to them a common origin, echoing Aristobulus in tracing Greek philosophy to Jewish roots. The Epistles, which contributed to the popularization of Neoplatonism in the Arabic world, had a great influence on Islamic mysticism and philosophy, such as that of the renowned Sufi, Ibn Arabi, and was transmitted as far as Al-Andalus, or Moorish Spain, where they would have a profound influence of Jewish Kabbalah.

The Brethren of Sincerity followed the Sabians in revering Idries, the Muslims' name for the antediluvian prophet Enoch, whom they equated with Hermes, identified in the Kabbalah with Metatron. The Brethren regularly met on a fixed schedule, on three evenings of each month, in which speeches were given, apparently concerning astronomy and astrology, and the recitation of a hymn, which was a "prayer of Plato," "supplication of Idries," or "the secret psalm of



Aristotle." During their meetings and possibly also during the three feasts they held, on the dates of the sun's entry into the Zodiac signs of Ram, Cancer, and Balance, they engaged in a liturgy reminiscent of the Sabians. The Epistles also boasted that, along with representatives of all walks of society, their order also consisted of "philosophers, sages, geometers, astronomers, naturalists, physicians, diviners, soothsayers, casters of spells and enchantments, interpreters of dreams, alchemists, astrologers, and many other sorts, too many to mention."

It was an alleged member of the Brethren of Sincerity, Abdullah ibn Maymun, who succeeded in capturing the leadership of the Ismaili movement in about 872 AD. Ibn Maymun, who has been variously described as a Jew, as a follower of the Mesopotamian Gnostic heretic Bardasanes and, most commonly, a Zoroastrian dualist, was brought up on Gnosticism, but was well versed in all religions. Among the followers of Ibn Maymun was Hamdan Qarmat, the founder of the Qaramitah. Qarmat recruited a number of followers in Arabia to whom he preached ideas borrowed from Gnostic dualism, teaching them to abandon prayer, fasting and other precepts and permitting them pillage. As a result, the Qaramitah rapidly became a band of brigands, pillaging and massacring all those who opposed them and spreading terror throughout the surrounding districts. The Qaramitah succeeded in dominating Iraq, Yemen, and especially Bahrain, and in 922 AD extended their ravages west. They took possession of the holy city of Mecca, in defense of which thirty thousand Muslims were killed.

The majority of Ismailis believed the succession of the Imam continued among the Fatimid dynasty, who set up their own caliph and moved their capital to Cairo in 973 AD. The founder of the Fatimid dynasty was Ubeidullah, known as the Mahdi, who claimed descent through a line of "hidden imams" from Muhammad, son of Ismail, and through him, from Fatimah, daughter of the prophet. He was accused of Jewish ancestry by his adversaries the Abbasids, the Sunni rulers of Baghdad, who declared him the son or grandson of Ahmed, son of Abdullah ibn Maymun, by a Jewess. After the establishment of their power in Egypt, the substance of the teaching of the Fatimids was not very different from the code of Abdullah Ibn Maymun, and his more violent initiate, Qarmat.

In 988 AD, the Fatimids established the university of Al Azhar, the oldest university in the world, and the most prestigious educational institution in Islam, though now under the orthodox Sunnis. In 1004 AD, the Fatimids established the Dar ul Hikmat, or the "House of Wisdom," as a wing of Al Azhar. Under the direction of this Grand Lodge of Cairo, the Fatimids continued the plan of Abdullah ibn Maymun's secret society, with the addition of two more degrees, making nine in all, which are considered to have been the inspiration behind the grades of Freemasonry. In this system, we may also have a clue to the indoctrination process undergone today by modern Islamic terrorist organizations. At first, initiates were persuaded that all their former teachers were wrong, and that they must place their confidence solely in the Imams of the Ismailis, as opposed to the twelve Imams of the main sect of the Shia, the Twelvers. This is the manner of indoctrination typical to all cults, where the recruit is taught to trust the judgment of his teachers above his own. Once the recruit has placed absolute trust in his masters, he can then be steered in any direction, to the point of abandoning his original faith and even to the worship and practice of evil. As such, dupes were eventually taught to disregard the prescriptions set out by the Prophet Mohammed, and taught the doctrines of dualism. Finally, in the ninth degree, the adepts were shown that all religious teaching was allegorical, and like the Gnostics, that religious laws need be observed only to maintain order, while he who understands the truth may disregard all such constraints.

In occult history, the Ismailis were regarded as important for having produced the cult of the Assassins, who were supposedly responsible for transmitting their occult teachings to the West. The Assassins were founded by Hassan-i Sabbah, also known as Sheikh al Jabal, or "Old Man of the Mountain." His order was called in Arabic "Hashishim," because they supplied Hashish (or marijuana) to their recruits for brainwashing purposes. As described by Marco Polo, the

Old Man had made, "the biggest and most beautiful gardens imaginable. Every kind of wonderful fruit grew there. There were glorious houses and palaces decorated with gold and paintings of the most magnificent things in the world. Fresh water, wine, milk and honey flowed in streams. The loveliest girls versed in the arts of caressing and flattering men played every musical instrument, danced and sang better than any other women." The Old Man would make his dupes fall asleep so that when they awoke they would find themselves in this garden, which he persuaded them was the Paradise described by Mohammed. Thus assured of its existence, they were willing to risk their lives on any mission assigned to them.

In the late eleventh century, led by Hassan-i Sabbah, the Assassins established a castle at Alamut, or the Eagle's Nest, a fortress stronghold in Persia. The Assassins waged an international war of terrorism against anyone who opposed them, but eventually turned on each other. Finally in 1250 AD, the conquering Mongols, lead by Mangu Khan, swept over Alamut and annihilated them. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Assassins survived through a hereditary line represented by the Agha Khans today.

-- Black Terror, White Soldiers: Islam, Fascism & The New Age, by David Livingstone



You want to know the truth? This kind of shit happens the end of every century.



It does -- it's just people afraid to face the future.



It's all it is.



[Nada] *[Spying on Gilbert, et al. at the Church with binoculars]*



[Frank] Hey, what's happening?



[Nada] I was inside there a while. All kinds of cardboard boxes, some kind of lab set.

[Frank] What do you mean?



[Nada] There's no singing. It's a tape recorder.



[Frank] Leave it alone, man. It ain't none of my business, ain't none of yours.



[Nada] Yeah, but our boy, Gilbert's in there helping them.





[Frank] Look, I got a job now. And I plan on keeping it. I'm walking a white line all the time. I don't bother nobody, nobody bothers me. You better start doing the same.



[Nada] White line's in the middle of the road.



It's the worst place to drive.

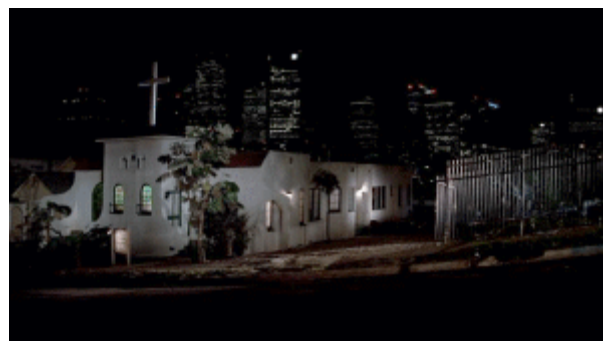


[Frank] I'll see you later.



[Nada] I'll see you later.

\*\*\*

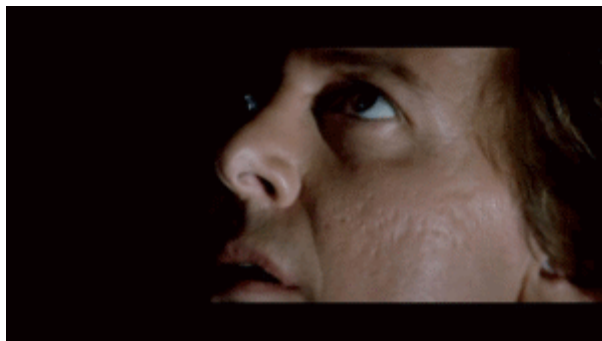




[Nada] *[Still spying on the Church with his binoculars]*



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



*[Automobiles at Church make getaway from helicopter]*



[Bearded Man] *[Leading Street Preacher away from the Church]* Step down. Watch it.



Easy, easy, this way.







*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



[Bearded Man] All right, now we're going to cross the road. It's dirt here.



*[Police sirens blare]*



*[Cop car comes to a screeching halt]*



*[Gilbert] Quickly, quickly!*



*[SWAT Team arrives]*

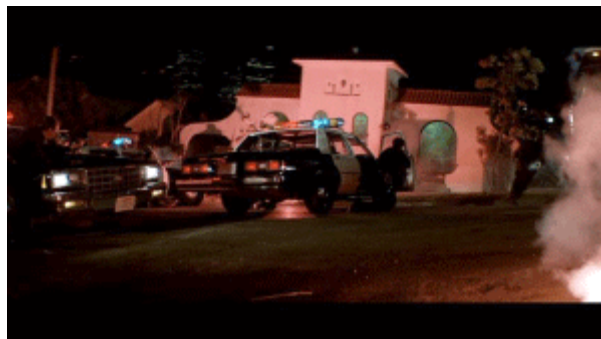






[Bearded Man] Go, go!

[Gilbert] Come on, this way -- this way.



*[Cops arrive at Church]*







*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



*[Homeless Camp People wondering what's going on]*





*[Cops burn Church]*

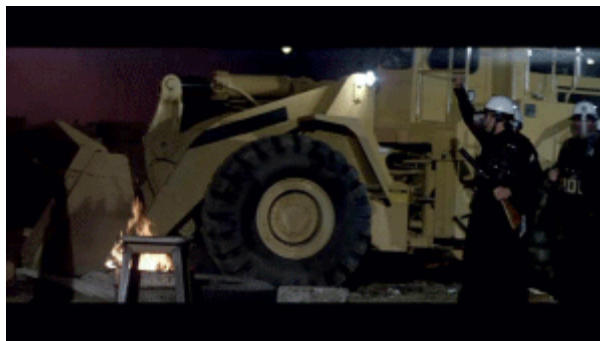




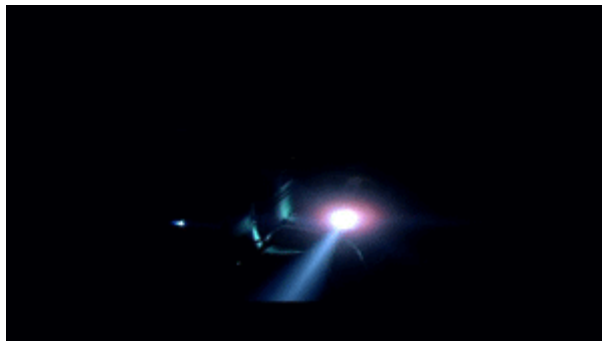
*[Bulldozers destroy homeless camp]*



*[People screaming]*



*[Bulldozer wrecking stuff]*



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



*[Bulldozer wrecking stuff]*

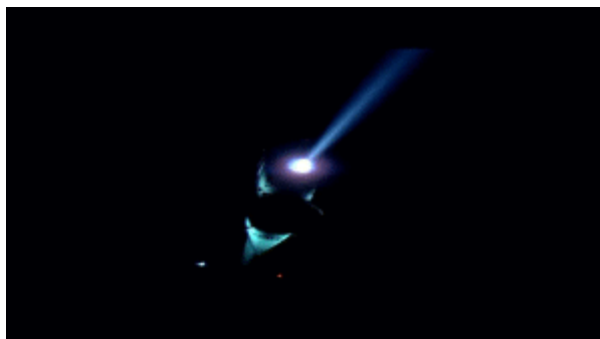




*[Swat team marching in]*



*[People screaming]*



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



*[Police confront Drifter]*



*[People running & screaming]*





[Nada] Frank!

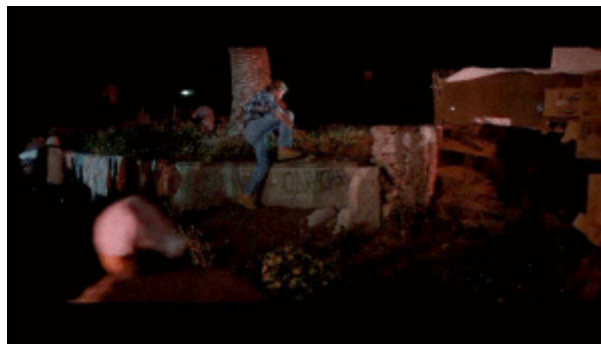


*[Bulldozer wrecking stuff]*



*[Police shooting people]*





[Nada] *[Jumps over wall to run away]*



[Bearded Man] We know who you are.



Leave us alone!



We know you!





We know you!



Don't hurt him either.



[Street Preacher] [*Swinging a stick at the cops*]





[Police] *[Punch Bearded Man in the stomach]*



[Bearded Man] God help me!



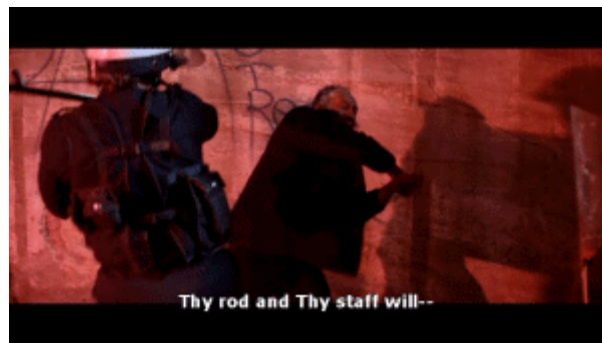
Help me!



[Street Preacher] Though I walk through the valley ...



of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.



Thy rod and Thy staff will --



[Police] [*Punch Street Preacher*]



[Street Preacher] Jesus! Jesus!



[Street Preacher & Bearded Man] *[Groaning]*



[Nada] *[Sees boy cowering in corner; grabs his hand and escapes with him down the alley]*



*[Cop cars arrive in alley]*



[Nada] Come on!



Come on!



*[They run upstairs]*



*[Climb in a window]*





*[Go down a hallway]*



*[Helicopter flying overhead]*



[Man] Come on in and join the party, man.



[Nada] *[To boy]* You go with them.



*[Helicopter blades whir]*



*[Sirens]*



[Man] Somebody start World War III?



\*\*\*



[TV Commercial] Oman's collection puts passion before fashion.



Dash and trash are back.



Out goes glitter, and in comes divine excess.



The fall collection revels in freedom of expression.



Gay abandon rushes to meet ...



the roaring '90s.







\*\*\*



[Nada] *[Walks over to the Church to look at the damage]*





*[Kicks in the secret door]*



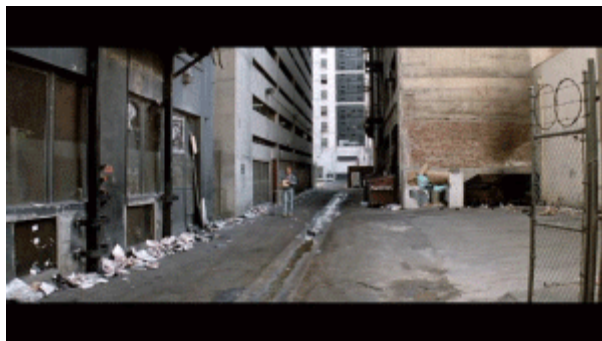
*[Recovers box of glasses from secret compartment]*



*[Cop car drives by]*



*[Nada] [Runs away with box of glasses]*





*[Opens up box of glasses]*



*[Takes one pair out]*





*[Puts the rest of the box in the bottom of a trash can]*



*[Puts on the glasses]*





*[Glasses make everything appear in black and white]*



*[Obey]*





*[We're creating the transparent computing environment. Control data]*



*[Obey]*

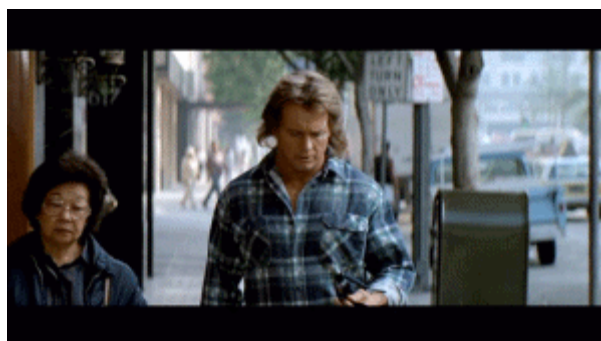




*[Come to the Caribbean]*



*[Marry and reproduce]*





*[Amisi's: Men's Apparel]*



*[No independent thought]*







*[Consume]*



*[Close out sale]*







*[Work 8 hours; sleep 8 hours; play 8 hours; conform; stay asleep; obey; consume; submit; watch TV; buy; marry and reproduce; no thought]*



*[Buy; doubt humanity; no ideas; consume; submit; no thought; marry and reproduce; watch TV; obey authority; surrender]*



*[Cooperate; No Ideas]*

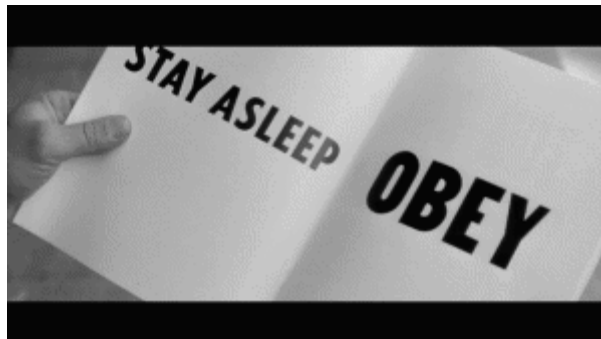


*[No thought]*



*[Submit; stay asleep]*

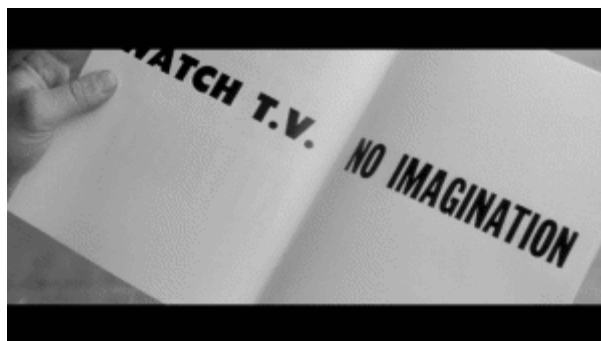




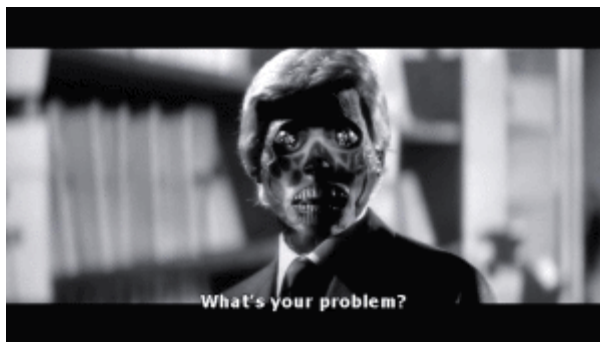
*[Stay asleep; obey]*



*[Buy; do not question authority]*



*[Watch TV; no imagination]*

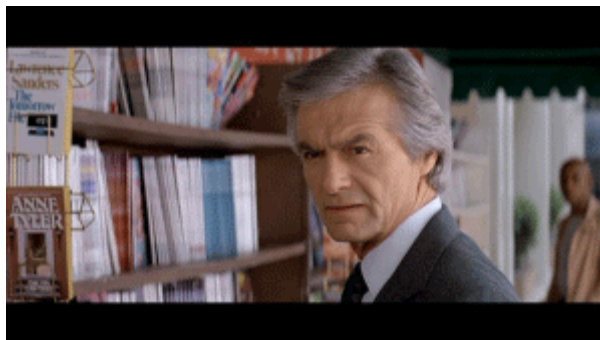


[Corporate Ghoul] What's your problem?





I said, what's your problem?







[Magazine Vendor] How are you today, sir?

[Corporate Ghoul] Okay, how's it going?

[Magazine Vendor] Fine, thank you.



Thank you, sir.



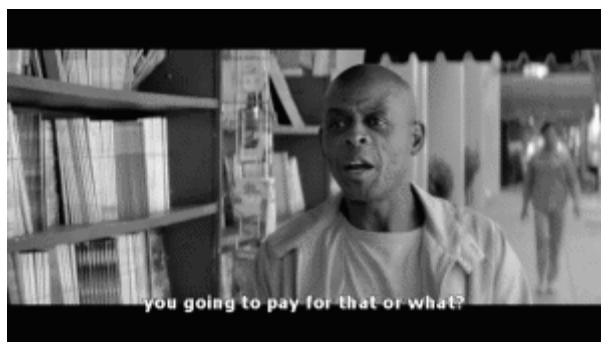
Here you are, sir.

[Corporate Ghoul] Thank you.





[Magazine Vendor] Hey, buddy,

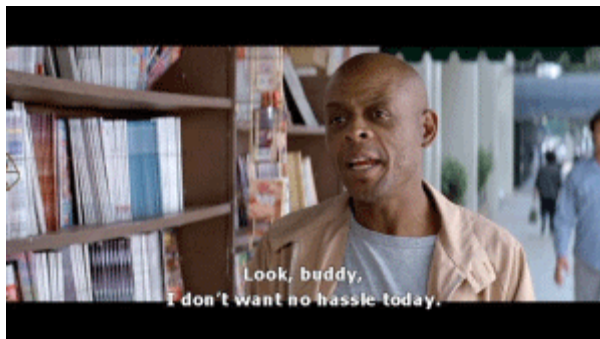


you going to pay for that or what?





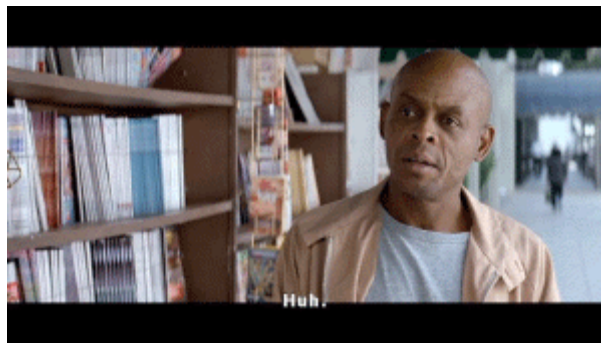
*[This is your god]*



[Magazine Vendor] Look, buddy, I don't want no hassle today. Either pay for it, or put it back.





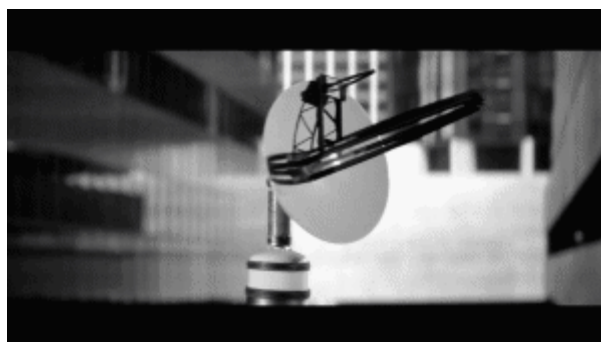


Huh.

\*\*\*



[Male Voice] *[Sleep, sleep sleep ...*



*Sleep ...*



*Sleep ...*

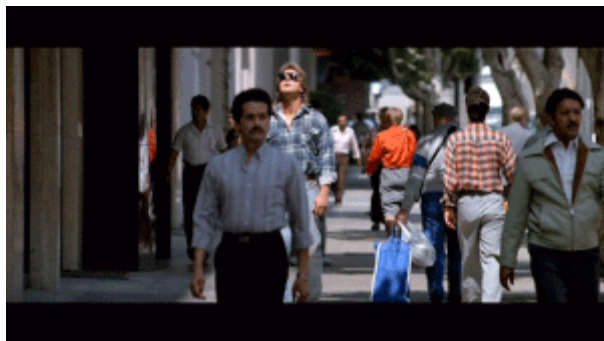




*Sleep ...*



*Sleep ...*



*Sleep ...]*





*[Obey; obey and conform]*



*[Stay asleep; obey]*



[Corporate Ghoul] Can you believe it?



She didn't even go to Lamaze class.



I told her, for yourself and for the baby,



go!





[Nada] *[Goes into grocery store]*



*[Consume]*





[Corporate Ghoul 1] Did Bob make you go to John and Mary Ellen's last night?

[Corporate Ghoul 2] I was shocked -- she served blue corn tortillas!

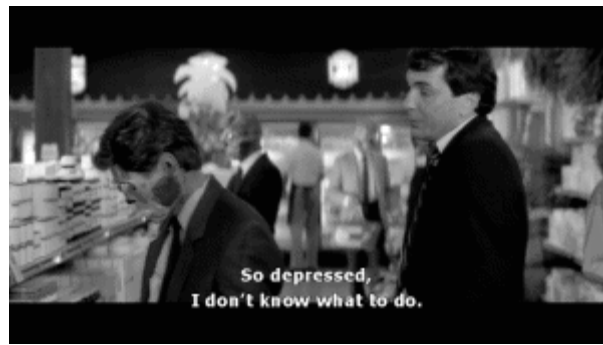
[Corporate Ghoul 1] It's so dated.



*[Both laugh]*



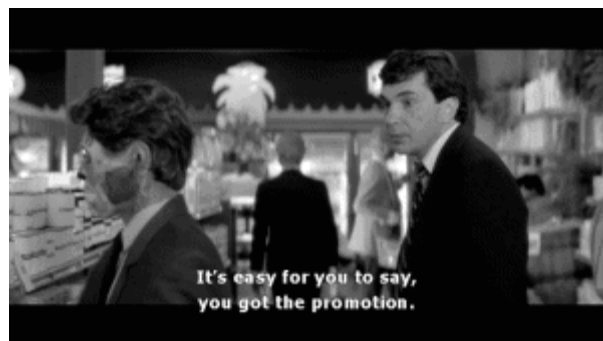




[Man] I'm so depressed. I don't know what to do.



[Corporate Ghoul] Hey, go for it, man.



[Man] It's easy for you to say, you got the promotion.

[TV Corporate Ghoul] The feeling is definitely there.



It's a new morning in America --



Fresh, vital. The old cynicism is gone.



We have faith in our leaders. We're optimistic as to what becomes of it all.



It really boils down to our ability to accept. We don't need pessimism.



There are no limits.

[Nada] *[Laughing]*



It figures it would be something like this.



[Corporate Ghoul] [*Bumps into Nada*] Uh.



Excuse me.



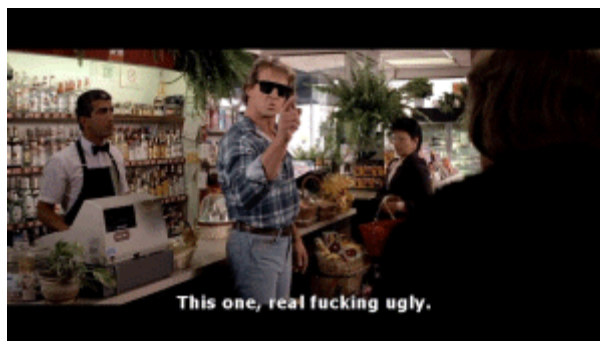
[Nada] You know, you look like your head fell in the cheese dip back in 1957.



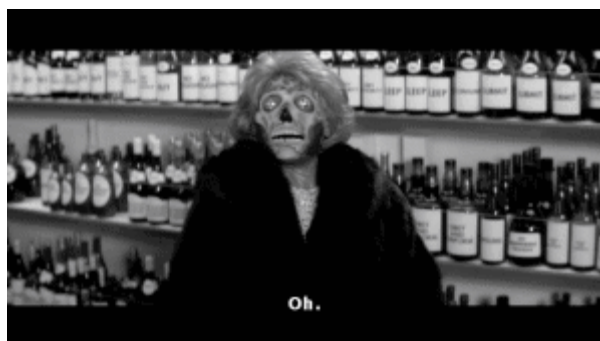
[Corporate Ghoul] *[Gasping; harrumphing]*



[Nada] *[Pointing to another lady]* You, you're okay.



*[Back to Corporate Ghoul]* This one, real fucking ugly.



[Corporate Ghoul] Oh!



[Nada] You see, I take these glasses off,



she looks like a regular person, doesn't she, huh?



Put them back on, formaldehyde face -- That's what we got.

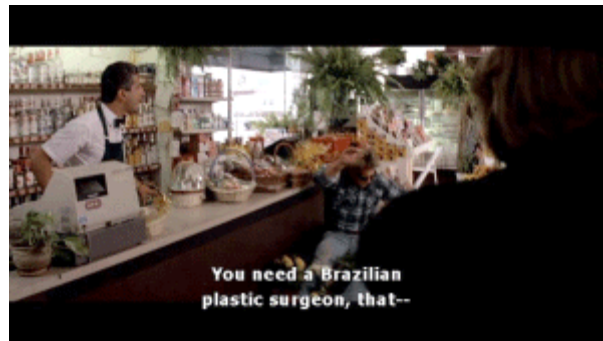


[Grocer] That's enough out of you. You get out, or I call the cops.

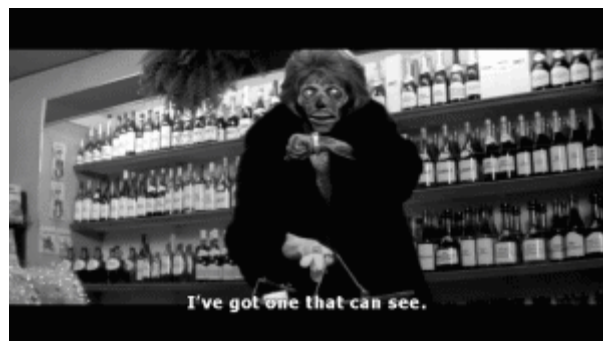
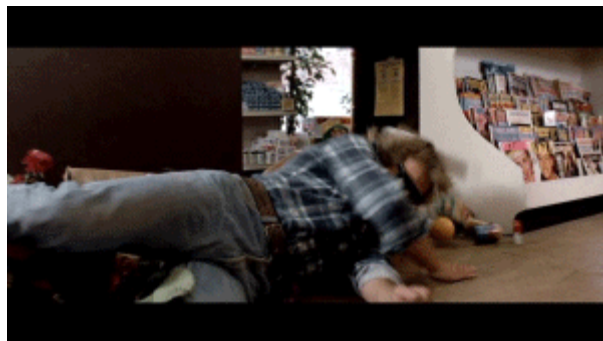




[Nada] Call the cops? You know what you need?



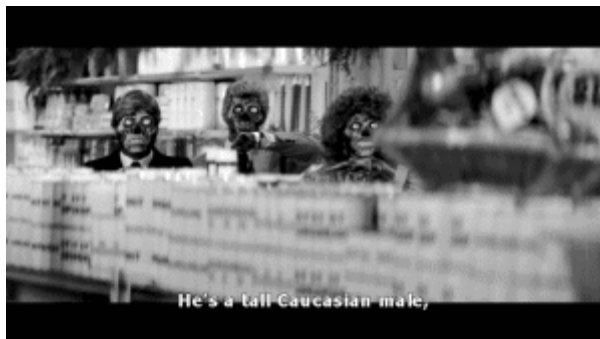
You need a Brazilian plastic surgeon, that -- *[moves backward, stumbles, and falls on ground]*



[Corporate Ghoul] *[Speaking into her watch]* I've got one that can see.



[Corporate Ghouls] [*mumbling into their watches*]



[Corporate Ghoul] He's a tall Caucasian male,



doesn't appear armed, wearing sunglasses.



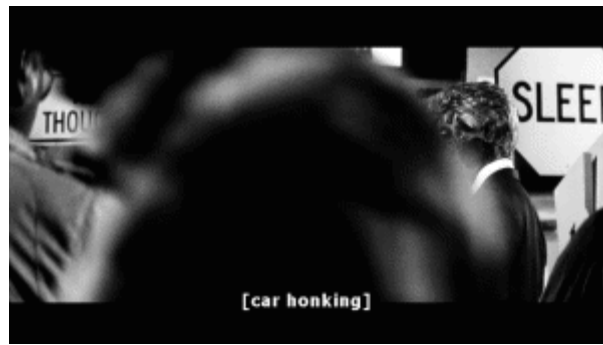
[Nada] I don't like this one bit.



Not one bit.



*[Leaves the grocery store]*



*[Car honking]*



*[Submit; no thought; obey and conform; sleep; watch TV]*



*[Corporate Ghoul] [Preening herself in the window glass]*





[Nada] That's like pouring perfume on a pig.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] [*Attacks Nada*]







All right, suppose we settle down?



That's far enough. Where'd you get those glasses?



[Nada] Tooth fairy.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] I'll bet.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul 2] We got him.



[Nada] Nick yourself shaving this morning?



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] You look as shitty to us as we do to you.



[Nada] Impossible.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] It would be easier if we don't have to splatter your brains.



[Nada] *[Looking down at his gun]*



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] Just take it easy. Now, you stumbled onto something here. Maybe we can all benefit from this slight misunderstanding.



Now, let's go someplace quiet so we can talk this over.



[Nada] *[Knocks Corporate Cop Ghoul down]*



*[Punches other Corporate Cop Ghoul]*







*[Takes his gun]*



*[Shoots Corporate Cop Ghoul]*



[Nada] So you bastards die just like we do.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul 2] [*Hits Nada over the head*]



[Nada] [*Shoots Corporate Cop Ghoul 2*]





*[Grabs rifle from cop car]*



\*\*\*



*[Siren wails]*



[Nada] *[Enters a bank]*



[Corporate Ghouls] *[Gasp]*



*[Obey]*



*[Watch TV; obey; sleep]*





[Nada] I have come here to chew bubble gum ...



and kick ass.



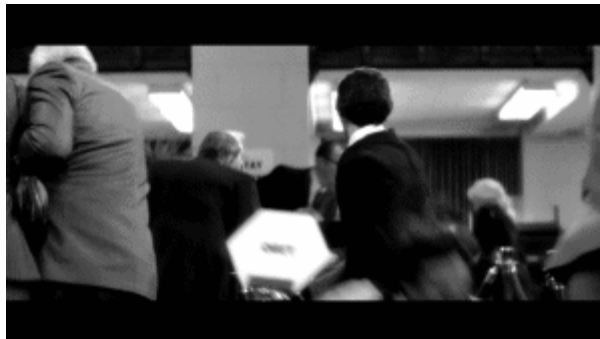
And I'm all out of bubble gum.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] [*Shoots gun at Nada*]



[Nada] [*Starts shooting*]





*[Watch TV; sleep; obey]*



*[Do not question authority]*



[Corporate Ghoul] Near the entrance. Has a shotgun.



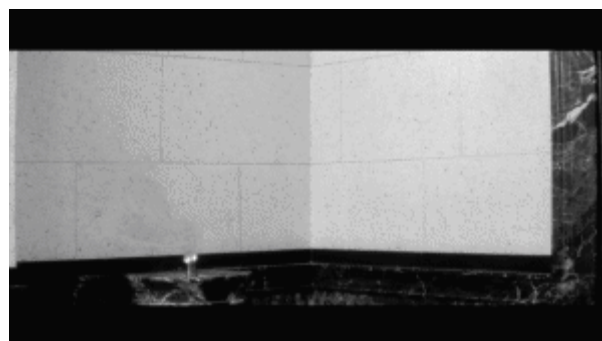
White male, 30s, long hair.



[Nada] Mama don't like tattletales.



[Corporate Ghoul] Wearing sunglasses.



*[Disappears]*



[Cops] *[Arrive at bank]*



[Nada] *[Escapes out the back]*





*[Flying saucer overhead]*



[Nada] And who are you, little fella?



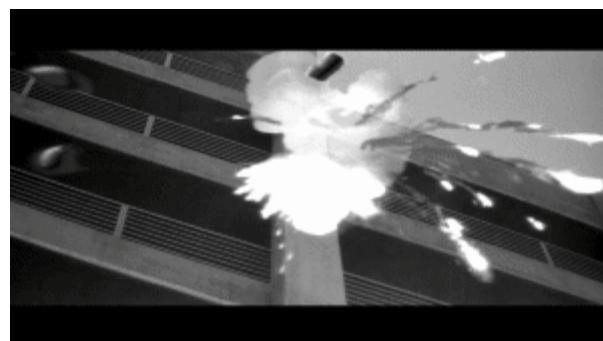
Come to show them where I am.



Not nice.



*[Shoots flying saucer]*



*[Flying saucer explodes]*



[Nada] *[Runs down alley]*



[Cop] *[Confronts Nada]*



[Nada] Drop it!



I said drop it!



[Cop] *[Drops his gun]*



[Nada] Beat your feet.



[Cop] *[Runs away]*



\*\*\*



[Holly] *[Walking towards her car]*







[tires screech]

*[Cop car tires screech]*



*[Nada] [Takes Holly hostage]*



Take it easy.

Take it easy.



Just want a little ride out of here.

Just want a little ride out of here.



*[Pulls her into the car]*



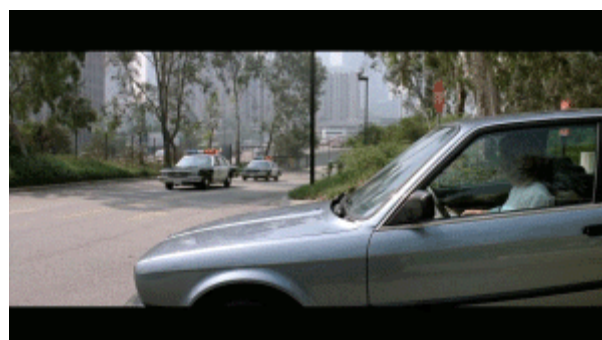
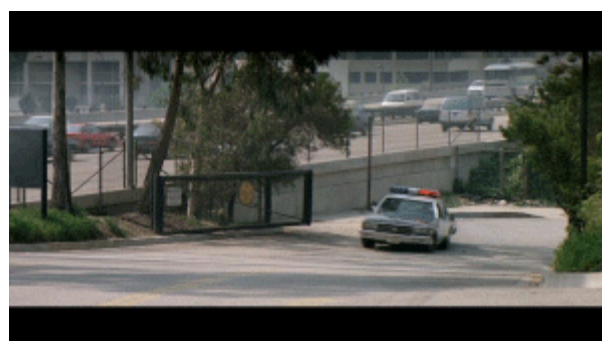
Close the door.



Drive.



Not too fast.



*[Cop cars go roaring past]*



*[SWAT team walks by]*



[Holly] They're gone.



[Nada] *[Sighs & uncocks his pistol; takes off his glasses]*



Just keep driving.



[Holly] Where am I going?

[Nada] You married?



[Holly] Yes.





Please don't lie to me.

[Nada] Please don't lie to me.



No.

[Holly] No.

[Nada] Live alone?



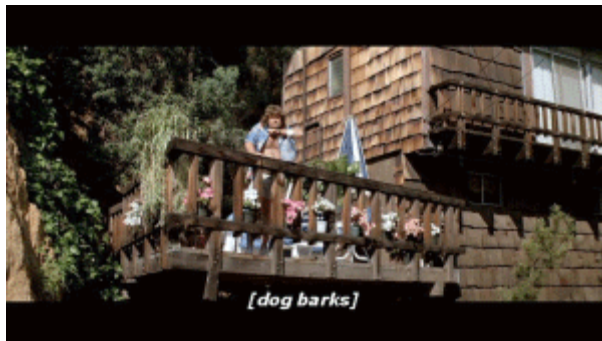
[sighs]  
Your place.

[Sighs] Your place.

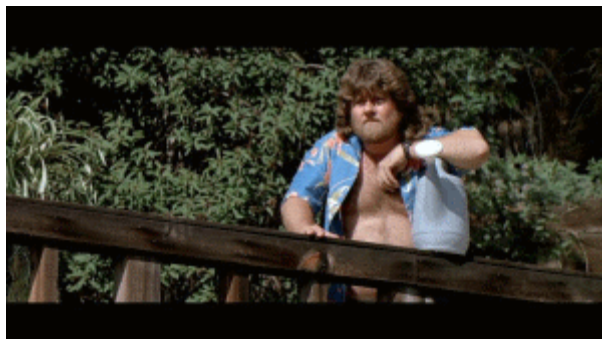
[Holly] I'd rather not do that.

[Nada] I'm afraid I must insist.





*[Dog barks]*





[Neighbor] Hi, Holly. [*Waves*]

[Holly] [*Waves back*]



[Neighbor 2] Hmph.







[Nada] *[Collapses on floor, huffing and puffing; takes off glasses]*



[Holly] Look, I don't know what you want.

[Nada] Oh, just quiet. *[Laughing]* Whoo ...



It's like a drug. Wearing these glasses makes you high, but, oh, you come down hard.





Now look, things turned out a little sour for me today.



[Holly] You're not the only one.



[Nada] Yeah, well, I'm sorry. But I needed you to get away.



[Holly] No, you have two guns.



You're not sorry. You're in charge.



[Nada] Look lady, we're in trouble.



The whole world's in trouble. They're all around us, and we never knew it.



You can only see them with these special glasses.



I swear to you we're being controlled by these things! I don't know what they are, or where they came from, but we got to stop them!

[Holly] All right.



I'll do whatever you want ...



whenever you want. Just don't hurt me, please.



[Nada] Listen to what I'm saying to you.



[Holly] Okay. *[Stands up]*



You're fighting the forces of evil ...



that none of us can see without sunglasses.





[Nada] Take a look.



[Holly] If you want me to look through your sunglasses, I'll look through your sunglasses.



If I don't see what you see, I'm going to see it anyway.



[Nada] Yeah, you have it your way, huh?





[Holly] It's not my way. It's your way.



*[Turns around and walks to the other couch]*



*[Sits on couch]*



[Nada] *[Sighing]*



[Holly] *[Stands up]*



[Nada] Don't fuck with me.



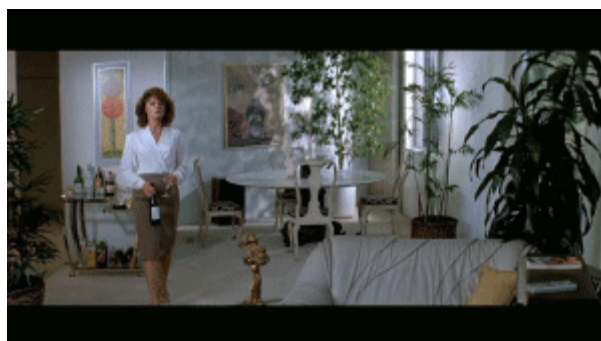
[Holly] I'm thirsty.



[Nada] Go ahead.



[Holly] *[Walks to bar]*



*[Comes back with glass and bottle of wine]*



[Nada] Look, uh,



I'm sorry I have to be here, huh?



[Holly] *[Pours herself a glass of wine]*





[Nada] So, your name's Holly, right?



[Holly] Holly Thompson.



[Nada] It's a pretty name.



So what do you do?





[Holly] Assistant program director, Cable 54.



[Nada] A TV station?



[Holly] Yes.



[Nada] They're sending some kind of signals out of TV sets.



[Holly] *[Swings around in a circle, and hits Nada with bottle; throws him out the window]*







No, no.

[Holly] *[Calls police]* No, no. I'm all right.



Holly Thompson,

Holly Thompson, 8634 Circleview Drive.





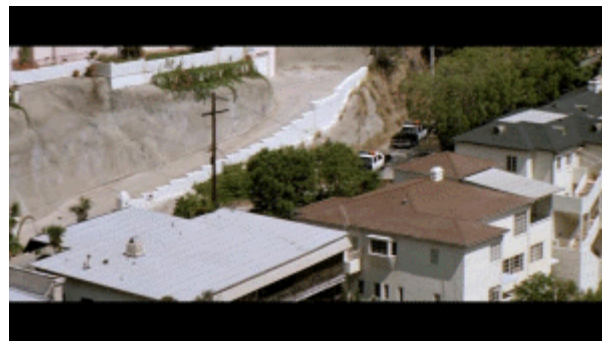
Yes, I'll hold.







*[Sirens approach]*



*[Nada] [Escapes]*



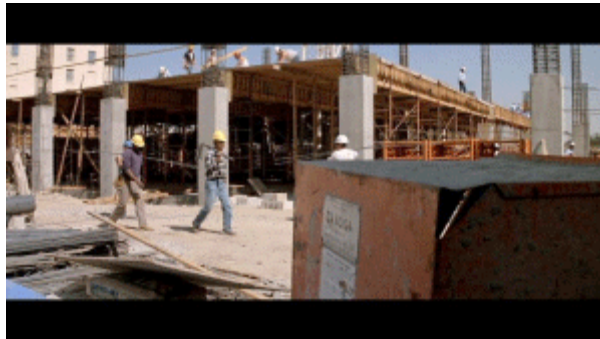


*[Sleeps in alley]*

\*\*\*



*[Nada] [Walking to the worksite]*



[Man] Frank, we're ready when you are.

[Frank] *[Waves]*



*[Gets himself some water]*



[Nada] Frank.



[Frank] Don't let nobody see you.



[Nada] I've had a rough couple of days.





[Frank] I don't want nothing to do with you.



How many people did you kill?



[Nada] Not people.



[Frank] You crazy son of a bitch!





[Nada] I got to show you something.

[Frank] No, you ain't showing me nothing!



I got a wife and kids. So, leave me alone.



Get out of here.

\*\*\*







[Nada] *[Looks for glasses in trash can, but they aren't there]*

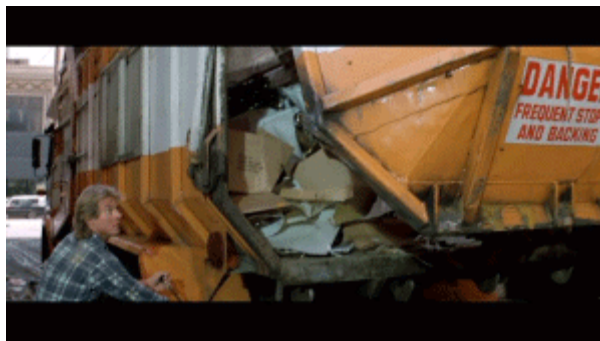


*[Sees trash truck nearby]*





*[Opens trash truck compartment]*



*[Jumps into trash truck]*







[Trash men] *[Arguing]* "Move your ass!" I'm tired of ...



Watch this ...

*[Dumps trash out of truck]*



[Nada] Oh, no.



*[Yelling]*





*[Holds glasses box above his head as he's swept out of truck]*



*[Lands on the ground]*



*[Walks away with box of glasses]*



[Frank] Yo.



One week's pay.





*[Throws the money into Nada's box] It's the best I could do.*



*[Nada] [Puts glasses on]*



*[Frank] [Turns around to leave]*



*[Nada] Wait!*



[Frank] *[Turns around]* Hey, you better find yourself someplace to hide, and keep praying nobody ever finds you.



[Nada] Try these on.



[Frank] Look, you crazy mother ...



[Nada] Put these on.





[Frank] Hey, stay away from me!



[Nada] I'm telling you, you dumb son of a bitch --



[Frank] *[Hits Nada in the head]*





[Nada] I'm trying to save you and your family's life.



[Frank] You couldn't even save your own.



[Nada] *[Hits Frank who falls into the garbage can]*



I'm giving you a choice.



Either put on these glasses, or start eating that trash can.



[Frank] Not this year.

[Nada] Okay. All right.



Okay.

[Frank] Come on.



Come on.



*[Nada & Frank swing at each other]*







*[Nada hits the ground]*



*[Frank hits the ground]*



[Nada] I don't want to fight you.



[Frank] Come on!



[Nada] I don't want to fight you.



Stop it!

[Frank] No!



[Nada] *[Hits Frank]*

[Frank] Fuck!



[Nada] *[Picks up glasses]*

[Frank] Shit!



[Nada] Put on the glasses.



[Frank] *[Hits Nada]*





*[Nada on the ground]*



*[Nada on the ground again]*







[Frank] [*Helps Nada up*] Man, I told you, I didn't want to be in --



*[Nada on the ground again]*



[Frank] *[Lifts Nada up by the hair]*



[Nada] *[Hits Frank in the balls]*

[Frank] You dirty motherfucker.



[Nada] *[Headbutts Frank onto ground]*



*[Picks up glasses]*



*[Puts glasses in Frank's hand, and helps him off ground]*



Take a look. Put 'em on.



[Frank] *[Holds the glasses up,*



*then throws them on the ground and stomps on them]*



[Nada] No!



[Frank] *[Punches Nada, throws him on ground]*





[Frank] *[Picks up glasses ...*



*and throws them across the alley]*



*[Walks away]*



[Nada] *[Roaring, chases Frank and tackles him]*



*[Frank on ground]*



[Nada] [*Punches Frank*]



[Frank] [*Punches Nada*]





*[Gets Nada in head lock]*



*[Nada] [Picks Frank up and falls backwards]*





[Frank] *Shit.*



[Nada & Frank] *[Growling and wrestling each other]*



[Frank] *[Bites Nada]*

[Nada] *[Screams]*



[Frank] [*Punches Nada again and again*]





[Nada] [*Throws Frank to ground*]



[Nada & Frank] [*Growling and wrestling each other*]



[Frank] *[Knees Nada in the groin again and again and again]*



[Nada] *[Screaming]*







*[Throws Frank to ground]*





*[Picks up board and swings it at Frank again and again]*





[Frank] *[Picks up bottle]*



[Nada] *[Swings at Frank with board, and smashes car window]*



Oh, man, I'm sorry man. *[Drops board on ground]*



[Frank] You fuck! *[Hits car door angrily with bottle and breaks it]* Fuck!





[Nada] *[Laughing]*



[Frank] *[Roaring, attacks Nada and wrestles him to ground]*



*[Picks Nada up and punches him]*



[Nada] [*Hits Frank*]



[Frank] [*Hits Nada*]



[Nada] *[Has Frank in headlock]*



Put the glasses on!



Put 'em on!

[Frank] *[Stomps on Nada's foot,*



*lifts him in the air ...*



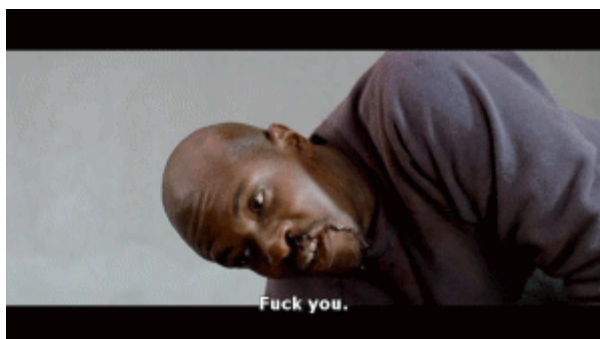
*and throws him on ground.]*



*[Picks up glasses ...*



*and lays them on Nada's chest]*





*[Out of breath]* Fuck you.



*[Nada]* *[Throws glasses to the side and attacks Frank again]*





*[Picks Frank up]*



*[Throws him on ground]*





*[Picks up glasses, and puts them on Frank's eyes]*



*[Stands Frank upright]*





Look.



Look at them, they're everywhere.



[Corporate Ghoul] *[Speaking into her watch]* Maybe they can see. Alley Fifth and Spring.





[Nada] Now hold on. You ain't the first son of a bitch to wake up out of their dream.



*[Rumbling of flying saucer overhead]*



[Frank] What's that?



[Nada] Brother, life's a bitch.



And she's back in heat.

\*\*\*



*[Police siren]*

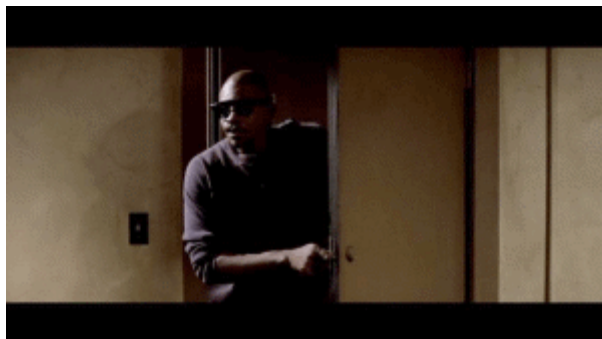


*[Frank & Nada] [Going into hotel]*





[Frank] I want a room.





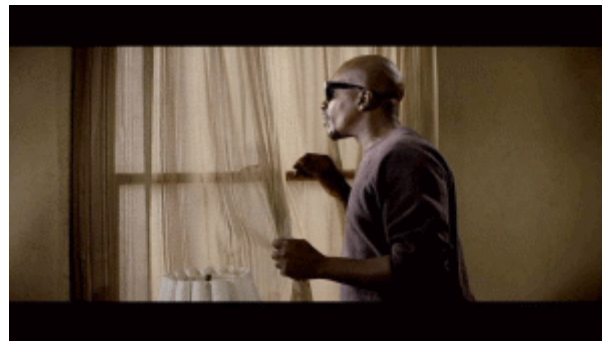


[Nada] Ain't love grand?

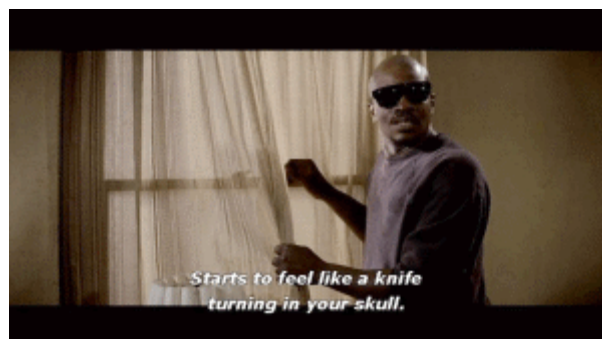




*[Watch TV; consume; conform; sleep; buy; submit]*



[Nada] Don't wear them glasses too long.



Starts to feel like a knife turning in your skull.



[Frank] How long have they been there?



[Nada] Who knows.



[Frank] What are they, where do they come from?

[Nada] Well, they ain't from Cleveland.



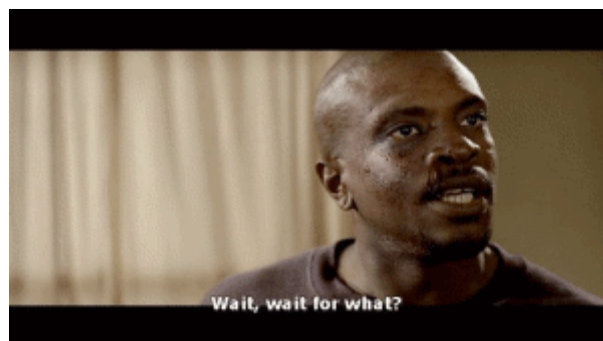
[Frank] Look, man, I don't need that kind of shit!



What are we going to do?



[Nada] We're going to wait.



[Frank] Wait, wait for what? You know, that really answers my fucking question.





[Nada] Well, when you get some kind of master plan ...



you let me know, huh?



[Frank] We can't be the only ones who can see.



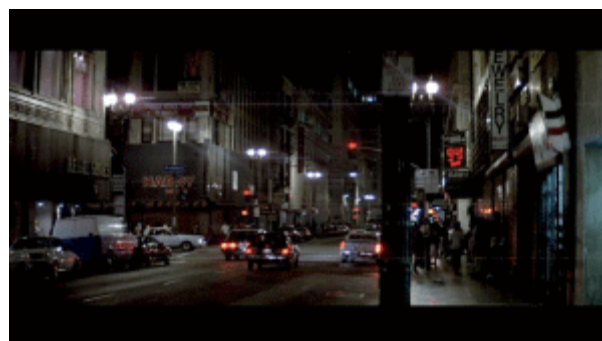
We got to find the people who made these.



[Nada] Yeah, if any of them are still alive.



\*\*\*





[Nada] A long time ago,



things were different, man.



My own daddy took me down to the river, kicked my ass, told me about the power and the glory. And I was saved.



He changed when I was little. Turned mean. Started tearing at me.



So I ran away when I was 13. He tried to cut me, once. Big old razor blade. Held it up against my throat. I said, *"Daddy, please."* He just kept moving back and forth. Like he was sawing down a little tree.



[Frank] Maybe they've always been with us. Those things out there.



Maybe they love it. Seeing us hate each other. Watching us kill each other off. Feeding on our own cold, fucking hearts.





[Nada] I got news for 'em. Going to be hell to pay. Because I ain't Daddy's little boy no more.

[Dave Hanson] Where did they come from? Why are they here? Why -- why clowns?

[Mike Tobacco] They are not clowns. Some kind of animals in the world that look like clowns.



Shit, Dave. Dave -- maybe they are the ancient astronauts, you know, that came to our planet centuries ago. And our idea of clowns comes from them.

[Dave Hanson] Well, how come they're not funny?

[Rich Terenzi] Maybe they are from a dying planet. Maybe their sun pooped out, and they need a new place to live.

[Mike Tobacco] Maybe they are using us for experiments to dissect and study.



[Dave Hanson] So that means they are intelligent. So why don't they communicate with us? I mean, talk to us, instead of killing us?

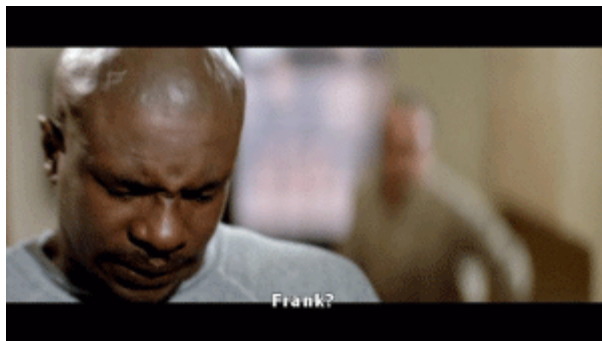


[Paul Terenzi] Maybe they are just cruising through the galaxy, and stopped here for a bite to eat.

-- Killer Klowns From Outer Space, directed by Stephen Chiodo

\*\*\*





[Gilbert] Frank?





\*\*\*



There's a meeting tonight. Be at this address at 11 o'clock.



Watch out no one follows you.





[Nada] *[Spins and clicks gun cylinder]*



[Gilbert] World needs a wake-up call.



We're going to phone it in.



[Nada] *[Puts gun in his pants]*

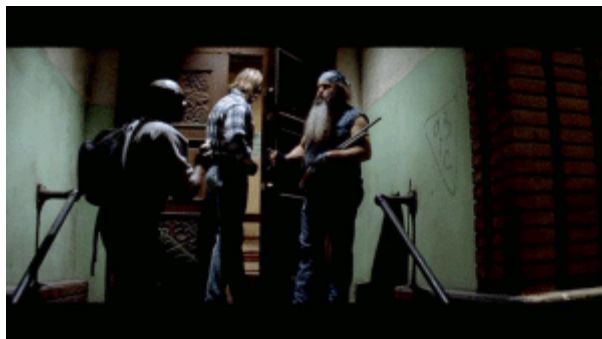
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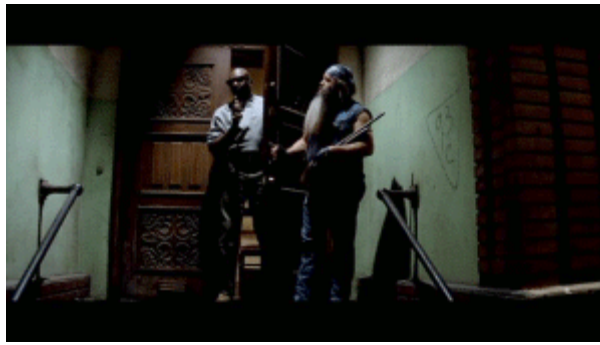


[Anarchist] Hey, brothers.



There's something new going down.

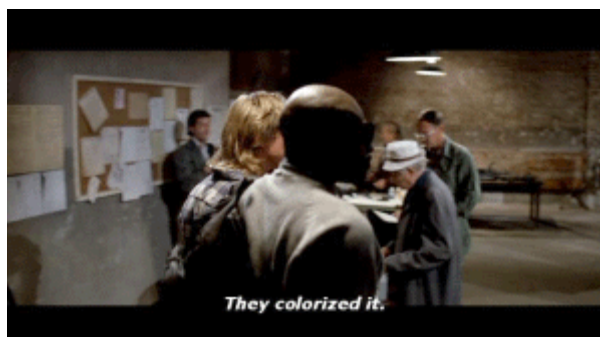




[Man] They're using candy floss packages.



It's like building a park for a toxic waste dump.





[Man 2] They colorized it.



[Man 3] Here's a list of safe houses. You're going to memorize it, and then destroy the paper.



[Woman] What's a safe house?



[Woman 2] What kind of gun is that?



[Woman] Hey, Frank.



[Frank] Hey.

[Woman] Hey, glad you made it.



Oh, you can take your sunglasses off. We're all human in here.



[Man] Memorize these safe houses.





Memorize these safe houses.



[Woman] Brand new.



Got the first shipment today.



They won't hurt. There's less interference.



Go ahead.



[Frank & Nada] *[Put "contacts" in their eyes]*



[Bearded Man] There is a signal broadcast every second of every day, through our television sets.





Even when the set is turned off. The brain receives the input ...



[Gilbert] Hey.



[Nada] Hi.

[Gilbert] You have any trouble getting here?

[Frank] No, we made it fine.

[Gilbert] Good, the city's crawling with cops looking for us. And most of the cops are human.



They've been told that we're commies trying to bring down the government. And some of them are being recruited. Creatures are trading wealth, power.



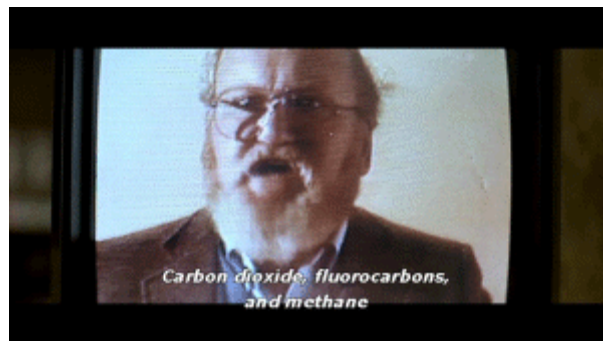
[Frank] You mean people are joining up with them?



[Gilbert] Most of us just sell out right away. Then all of a sudden we get promoted. Our bank accounts get bigger. We start buying new houses, cars. Perfect, isn't it?



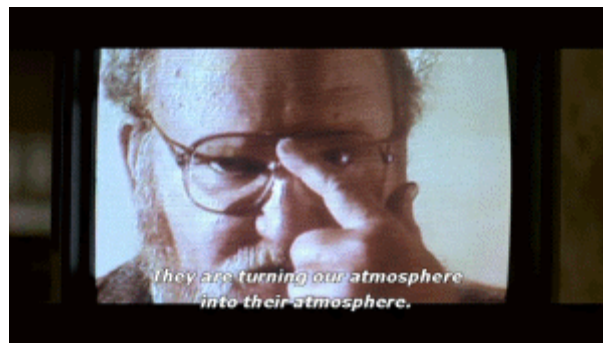
We'll do anything to be rich.



[Bearded Man] Look around the environment we live in. Carbon dioxide, fluorocarbons, and methane ...



have increased since 1958. Earth is being acclimatized.



They are turning our atmosphere into their atmosphere.



[Frank] What do these things want, and why are they here?

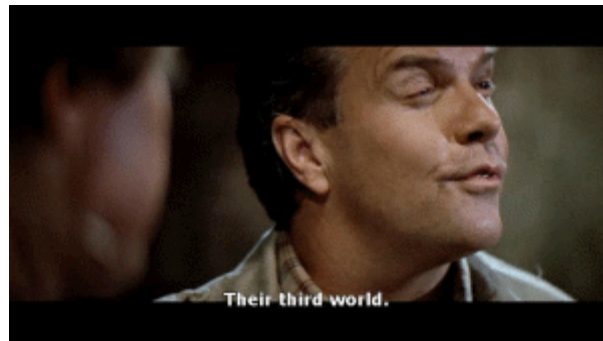
[Gilbert] It's in our best interests.



They're free enterprisers.



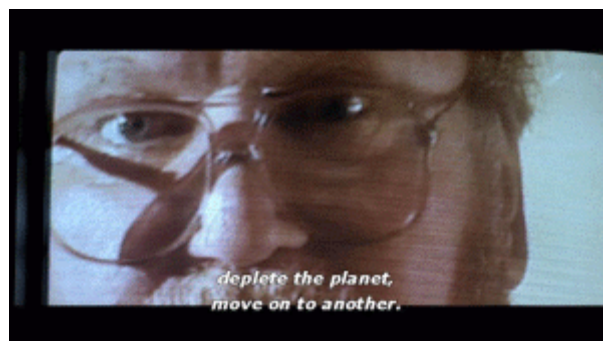
The Earth is just another developing planet.



Their third world.



[Bearded Man] We are like a natural resource to them ...



deplete the planet, move on to another. They want benign indifference. They want us drugged.





We could be pets. We could be food. But all we really are is livestock.



[Gilbert] Now, we need an assault unit.



Someone to hit them hard when the time comes.



You've got it.



[Man] Ever see their disappearing act?



[Nada] Once.

[Frank] What's that?



[Man] They all wear these expensive watches. Turns out they're really two-way radios. You can listen to their broadcast.





There's something else. Some kind of secret code, or hidden control.



They push a button, and then all of a sudden -- bang!



They're gone. I've been trying to figure it out.

While advances in robotics and information technologies may make it possible to perform many commercial activities with fewer employees in dangerous regions, those Americans who are overseas will be more isolated and dispersed. This complicates the main problems of NEOs: identification and notification of the individuals to be evacuated, identification of safe evacuation routes, and assessment of threats to the evacuation. Technology could diminish these problems. In the near future every American at risk could be equipped with an electronic individual position locator device (IPLD). The device, derived from the electronic bracelet used to control some criminal offenders or parolees, would continuously inform a central data bank of the individuals' locations. Eventually such a device could be permanently implanted under the skin, with automatic remote activation either upon departure from U.S. territory (while passing through the security screening system at the airport, for example) or by transmission of a NEO alert code to areas of conflict. Implantation would help preclude removal of the device (although, of course, some terrorists might be willing to remove a portion of the hostage's body if they knew where the device was implanted). The IPLD could also act as a form of IFFN (identification friend, foe, or neutral) if U.S. military personnel were equipped with appropriate challenge/response devices. Finally, such a device might eventually serve, like Dick Tracey's wrist radio, as a two-way communication channel permitting the NEO

notification to be done covertly.

-- The Revolution in Military Affairs and Conflict Short of War, by Steven Metz and James Kievit

[Gilbert] All right, now everybody listen up. Now, we're obviously not getting to enough people ...



because look at our numbers tonight. There should be twice as many of us here. We're getting too sloppy, that's all there is to it. Now, their detection is becoming more effective. So we have to be more careful.



Stay aware of keeping up appearances.



Go to work, punch your time clocks. Do what's expected of you.





We've gotten reckless. And the movement's suffering for it.



[Danny] Time to stop talking about it,



trying to figure out how it happened. Now *we* start spilling some blood!



[Group clamors] Yeah! Yeah!



[Gilbert] Wait, wait, wait a minute, it's not working!



We don't stand a chance with a few guns and grenades.



[Danny] So what are we supposed to do?



[Gilbert] We bide our time. We seek out and locate their signal, and shut it off! Wake people up!





Now, Dave here works at KRDA.



Now he claims that the signal may be coming from one place.



[Holly] KRDA is clear.



The transmission is going out clean. The signal is coming from somewhere else.



[Crowd] *[Grumbling]* How does she know?



*[Crowd grumbles]*



[Gilbert] All right, this is the point. It's important to find out exactly where this signal's coming from. And the only way we can do --



[Nada] I got to go talk to someone.

[Gilbert] If you're approached by anyone to work for these creatures, by all means accept.





Gain their trust.



Make them believe they can buy you off.



[Holly] Are you okay?



[Nada] Yeah, I'm okay.

[Holly] I thought I'd killed you.

[Nada] I thought so too.



[Holly] I didn't know. I'm so sorry. Look, I just want to --



Can we just --



*[Explosion]*





[Gilbert] Get out!



[Continuous gun fire]



*[Massacre]*



*[SWAT Team coming in]*





*[Killing people]*



*[Gilbert] [Shooting cops]*



*[Cops shooting]*



*[Gilbert dies]*



[Frank] *[Shooting]*











[Frank & Nada] *[Escape out the back door]*





*[Siren wails]*



*[Holly] [Escapes out back door]*



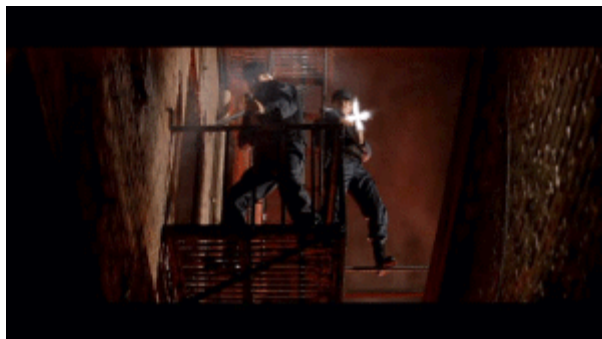
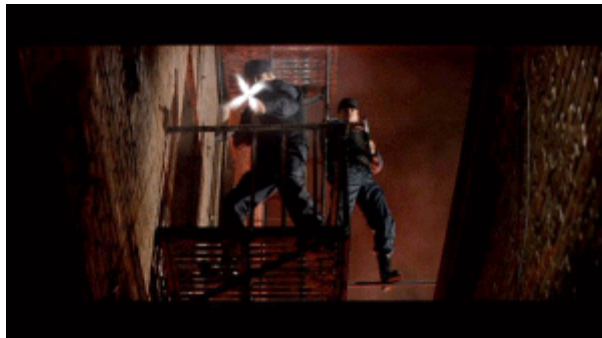
*[Runs away]*



*[Shooting in alleyway between anarchists & cops]*



[Nada] *[Shooting]*









*[People screaming]*



[Frank] They're killing everybody.

[Nada] I got to find her.

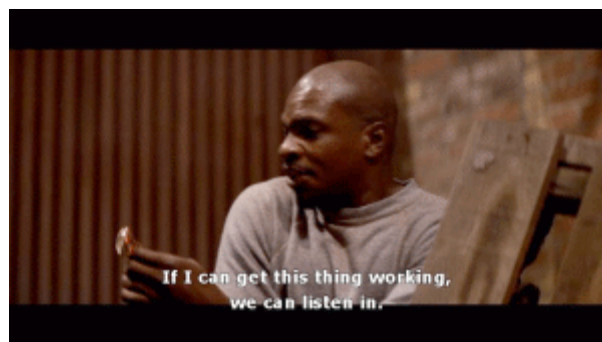
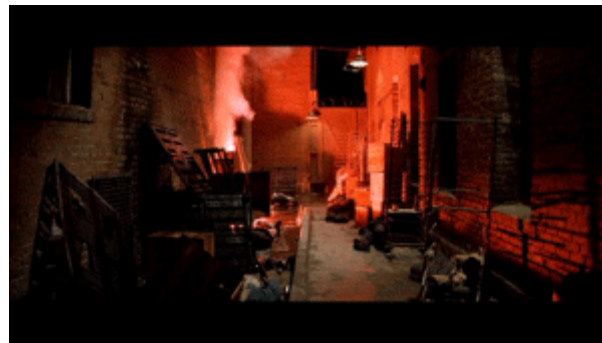


[Frank] Wait a minute, man, are you crazy?

[Nada] I got to see if she's all right.



[Frank] Just stay back! There's nothing you can do out there.



If I can get this thing working, we can listen in.



[Nada] Frank ...

[Frank] What?

[Nada] Frank ...

[Frank] What?

[Nada] Frank ...

[Frank] What?!!!



[Nada] Get set to shoot.

[Frank] Oh, shit!



[Loud rumble]



[Nada] What was that?

[Frank] I don't know. *[Drops watch on ground]*



*[Watch has electricity moving through it]*





*[Explosion; hole opens up in the ground]*



*[woman's voice] Attention,  
your wristwatch has malfunctioned.*

[Woman's Voice] Attention, your wristwatch has malfunctioned.



*This entryway is temporary  
and will disappear in ten seconds.*

This entryway is temporary, and will disappear in ten seconds.



*- Get in there.  
- What?*

[Nada] Get in there.

[Frank] What?



[Nada] Move.

[Frank] I don't know what's down there.

[Nada] Now!

[Frank] Oh, shit.



[Woman's Voice] Seven seconds.



Six seconds. Five seconds. Four seconds. Three seconds. Two seconds.



One second.

[Frank & Nada] *[Escape through hole]*

\*\*\*



[Intercom] If you need assistance in finding your destination,



bilingual instructions are posted at the end of each corridor.

[Frank] What language is that?

[Nada] I don't know.

[Frank] Where the hell are we?

[Nada] I think we're under the city. Maybe some kind of underground base or something.

[Frank] There got to be a way out.



[Nada] I just hope that nobody saw us dropping in.



[Radio] Operation Steel Fist has been a complete success.



All security stations stand down to operational --

[Guard] Right.

[Radio] We have eliminated the terrorists.

[Guard] Okay.



We got 'em, we wiped them out!



[Guards] *[Slap hands together]*



It's a win, man!



They got to meet the A-team.

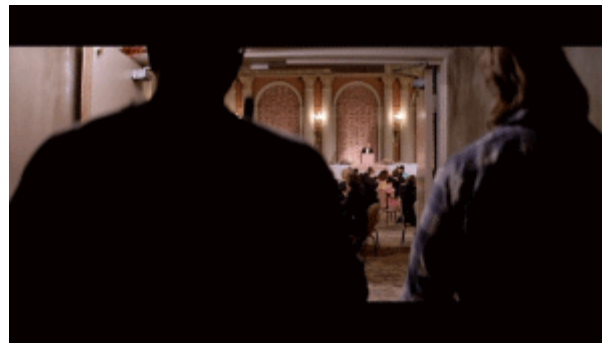


*[Distant applause]*

[Nada] I'm hearing something.



*[Applause closer]*



[Corporate Ghoul MC] Our projections show that by the year 2025, not only America, but the entire planet,



will be under the protection and the dominion of this power alliance.



The gains have been substantial, both for ourselves and for you,



the human power elite.



[Crowd] *[Clapping; yelling]*



[George Bush] This is an impressive crowd. The haves, and the have-mores. Some people call you the elite. I call you my base.

-- Al Qaeda: The Database, by Wayne Madsen  
 -- High Plains Grifter: The Life and Crimes of George W. Bush, by Jeffrey St. Clair

-- Fahrenheit 9/11, directed by Michael Moore



[Corporate Ghoul MC] You have given us entrée to the resources we need in our ongoing quest for multidimensional expansion.



And in return, the per capita income of each of you here tonight ...



has grown, in this year alone, by an average 39%.





[Crowd] *[Clapping; yelling]*



[Corporate Ghoul MC] And I've just received word that our forces have won a major victory.



The underground terrorist network has been destroyed here on the West Coast.



We are off crisis alert.



The situation is normal again.



[Crowd] [Applause and cheers]



[Drifter] How you doing boys?



I didn't know you'd been recruited.



Welcome aboard.



You know, you boys really should have dressed for the party ...



now you can afford it.



I got to tell you, I sure am proud to be here.



You seen the whole place?



[Nada] I haven't had a chance yet.

[Drifter] Come on, I'll show you around.







You know, I knew me and you had a lot in common ...



first time we met.



[Corporate Ghoul MC] Money isn't the nicest thing in life,



[Drifter] Hey, waiter,

[Corporate Ghoul MC] it's the only thing.



[Drifter] Thank you, buddy.



[Frank] Excuse me, where the hell are we?



[Drifter] Back stage at the show, boys. I'll admit, it is a little funky, but it serves its purpose. How did you get here, use one of these little portable jobs?



I know we ain't supposed to use them, except in cases of emergency,



but they're so much fun.



Now, you think that's something? Take a look at this.



Go on, take a closer look.

[Intercom] Attention commuters,



flight Alpha 7 to Andromeda is now ready for boarding.



Please step in to the transmission platform.

[Drifter] That's where they come from.



[Intercom] All carry-on luggage must be held securely.



Thank you for waiting, and we hope you have a pleasant trip.





[Drifter] I don't know how it works exactly, but it has to do with some sort ...



of gravitational lens deal -- bending the light, or some damn thing. But you can move from place to place,



world to world if you want to.



You see, the whole thing works like one big airport.



Boys, let me tell you, they got their act together.



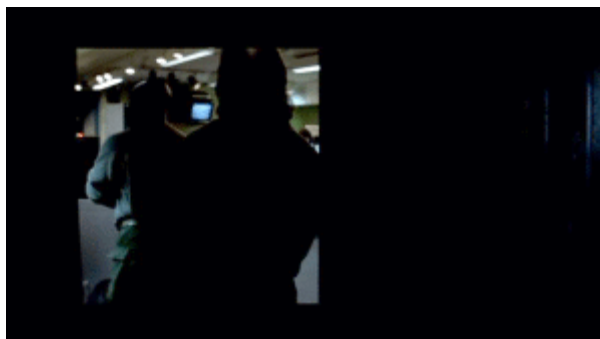
Believe you me.



Evening, boys.



Looking sharp. Wait until you see what I'm going to show you now.





And here we got the brains of the whole operation. That's where the signal goes out from here to the satellite. We bump it out all over the world. Pretty fancy, huh? Not too familiar with it myself.



Well, boys, as far as we go.





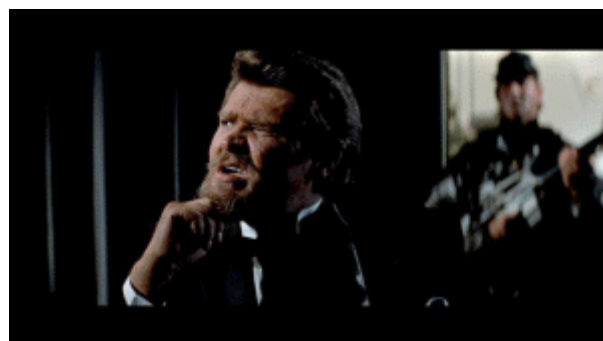
[Corporate Reporter Ghoul] A technique called multispectral analysis.



This would allow space sensors to penetrate natural barriers and camouflage --



[Nada] Can you get us inside?





I've never seen the inside of a TV studio before. You look like the gentleman to ask.



[Drifter] Well, I guess it wouldn't be that much problem.



You see them boys over there? Friends of mine.



Hey, fellas, I got a couple of my buddies here.



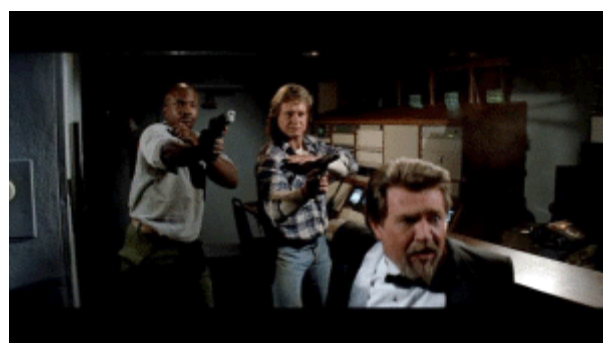
Thought I'd give them the grand tour. Think we can go inside?



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] Be serious. You have your authorization cards?



[Drifter] Right here. *[Screams]*



[Frank & Nada] *[Start shooting]*



[Nada] Watch the door.



[Drifter] *[Moaning]*



[Nada] *[Knocks on the glass]*





Soundproof.



Where's that signal?

[Drifter] It's up on the roof, I think.



[Nada] Holly works in there.



If she made it, maybe we can find her. Then we can go to the roof and break that signal, man.



[Drifter] Wait, boys, wait, you're making a big mistake.



[Frank] You made the mistake.



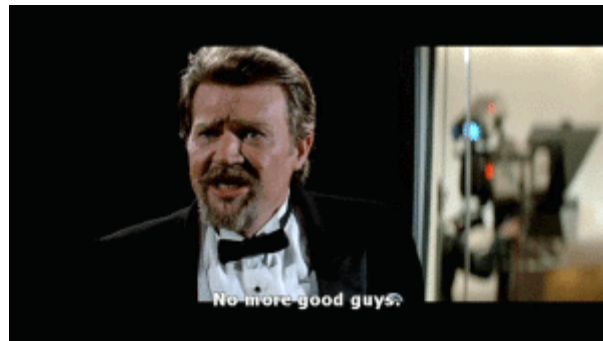
[Drifter] No, no, you got to listen to me.



I thought you boys understood. It's business, that's all it is.



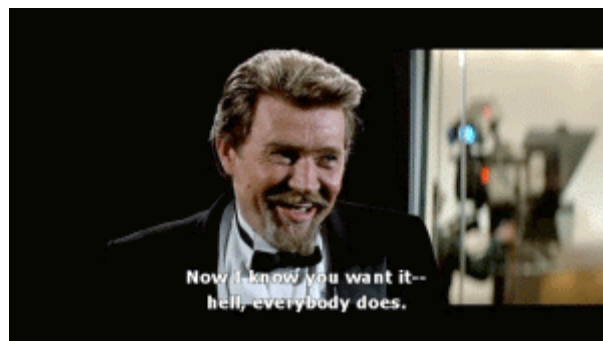
You still don't get it, do you boys? There ain't no countries anymore.



No more good guys.



They're running the whole show. They own everything -- the whole goddamn planet. They can do whatever they want. What's wrong with having it good, for a change? And they're going to let us have it good, if we just help 'em. They're going to leave us alone. Let us make some money. You can have a little taste of that good life too.

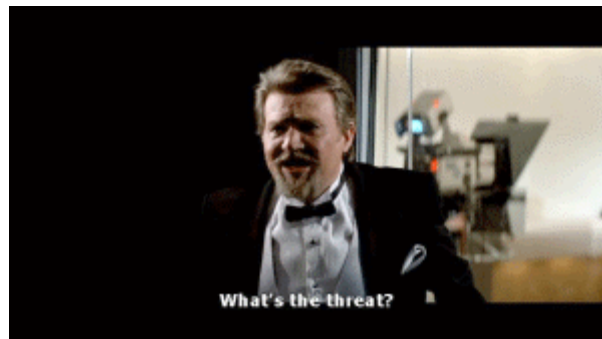


Now, I know you want it -- hell, everybody does.



[Frank] You do it to your own kind.

-- 9/11 Synthetic Terror, Made in USA, by Webster Griffin Tarpley



[Drifter] What's the threat? We all sell out every day. Might as well be on the winning team.



[Nada] *[Shooting]*







[Drifter] See you, boys. *[Disappears]*



[Nada] Let's go!



[Corporate Reporter Ghoul 1] Is this the two minute break, or the thirty second break?

[Corporate Reporter Ghoul 2] I think it's the thirty second break.

[Corporate Reporter Ghoul 1] They dropped 12, I guess we must be running long.

[Corporate Reporter Ghoul 2] I think so.



[Frank] *[Pulls pin from grenade and throws it]*



*[Explosion]*



[Corporate Reporter Ghouls] *[Hide under desk]*



[TV Ghoul] We are experiencing a technical difficulty.



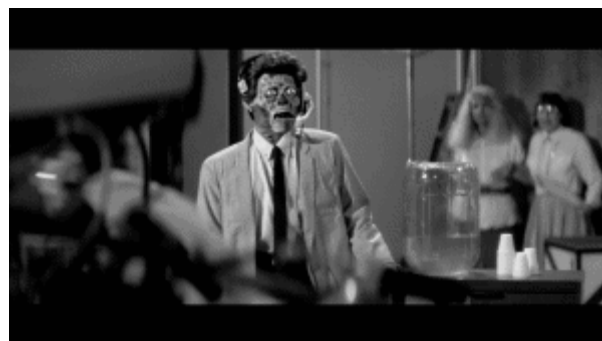
[Corporate Woman Ghoul] What the hell's going on?



Come on.



*[People clamoring]*



[Corporate Woman Ghoul] Oh my God! No!





[Nada & Frank] [*Shooting*]





[Nada] Get down!



[Frank] Now what?



[Nada] Find out where the hell we are.



Excuse me.



[Frank] Come on, man.

[Nada] Wait a second.



Do you know Holly Thompson?

[Frank] Come on, man, I mean it.

[Nada] Holly Thompson, assistant program something-or-other. Where is she?

[Pregnant Woman] I, I ...



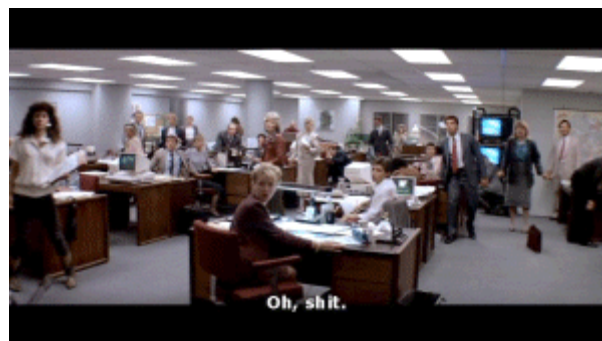
[Intercom] Security alert -- sections delta and x-ray report to the fourth floor immediately.



[Frank] Who's Holly?



[Woman] *[Screams]*



[Man] Oh, shit.





[Nada] Well, I hate to interrupt you folks,



but could someone please guide me how to get to the roof. Security.



How do I get to the roof?





Thank you very much.

\*\*\*





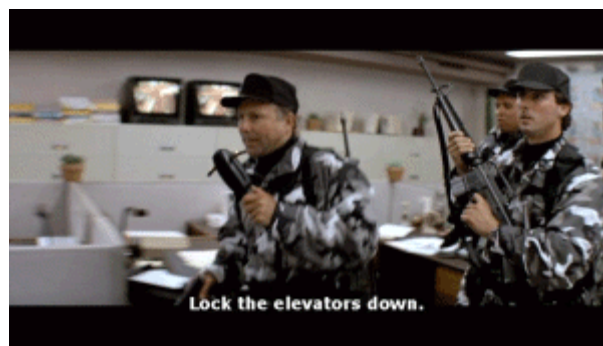
[Frank] Well?



[Nada] Well, there's got to be more than one way to get up there.



[Security Guard] Security 9-5-0 ...



Lock the elevators down. They're on the move.



[Women] [*Scream*]







[Nada & Frank] [*Shooting*]







[Nada & Frank] [*Shooting*]





*[Machine beeping]*



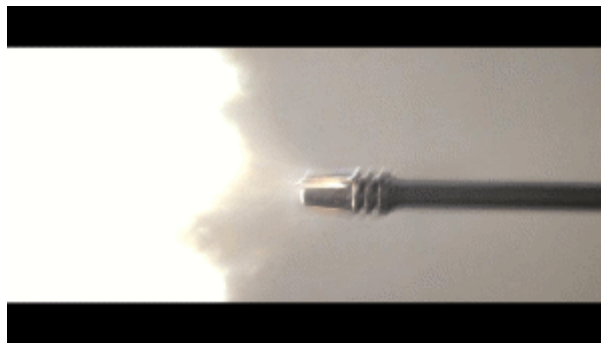
[Corporate Cop Ghoul 1] I hear them on the 19th floor above me.



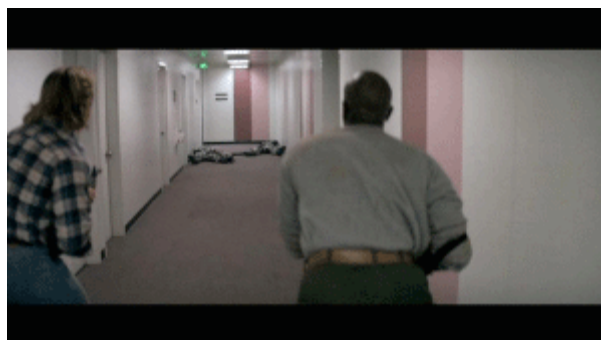
[Corporate Cop Ghoul 2] We got you. We're on the 21st, we'll be waiting for 'em.



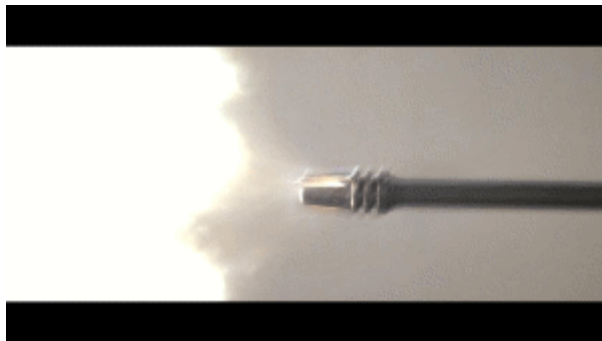




[Nada & Frank] *[Shooting]*

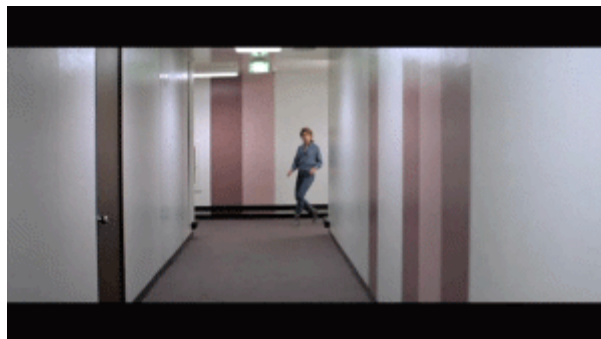


[Nada] Go up.

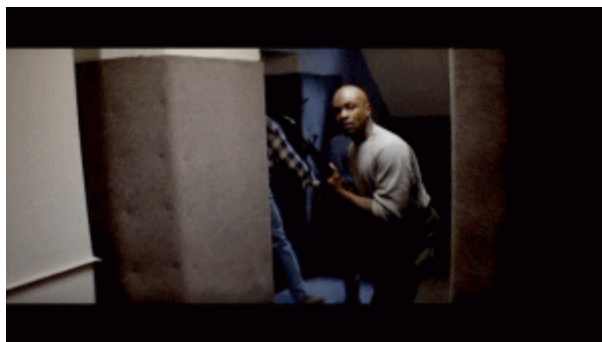
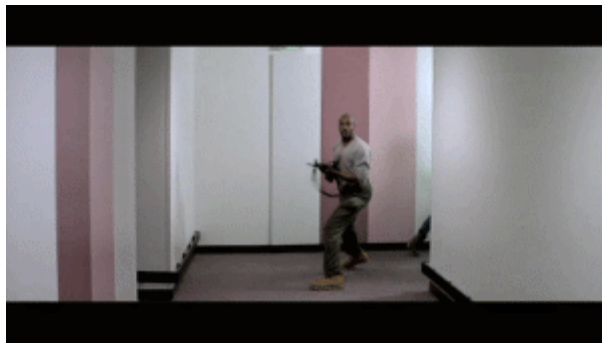


[Nada & Frank] [*Shooting*]





[Nada] Holly!







*[Alarm beeps]*

[Nada] Come on, come on!



[Intercom] Security alert.



Intruders are here -- head for the roof.



Repeat. Intruders --



[Nada] *[Shooting]*



Let's go!

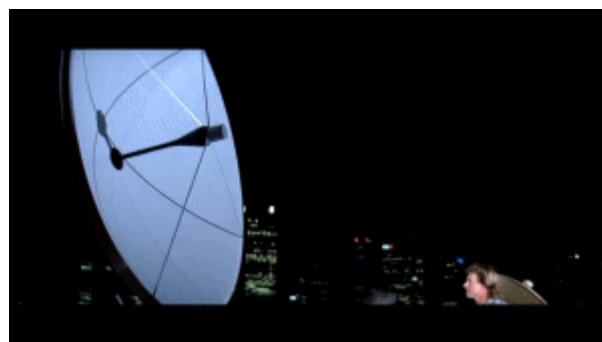


[Holly] *[Shoots Frank in the head]*

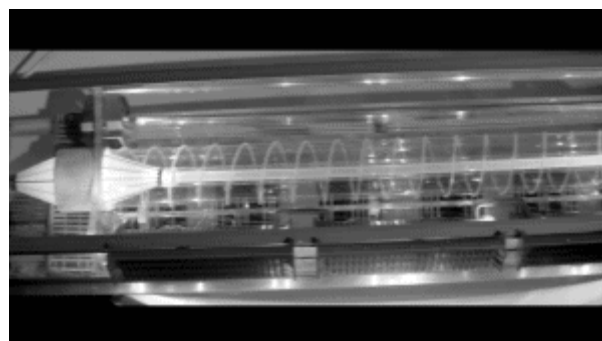




*[Gunshot]*



*[Nada] [On roof, looking at broadcasting equipment]*







Frank,



you and Holly clear?



[Holly] I'm clear. Are you?

-- City of Clearwater Commission Hearings Re: The Church of Scientology





Don't do it. Don't interfere, you can't win.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] Drop your weapon.



[Nada] *[Drops his weapon]*



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] Stand away from the dish, or we will open fire.



[Holly] Come inside with me.



[Corporate Cop Ghoul] You have ten seconds. Nine. Eight.



Seven.

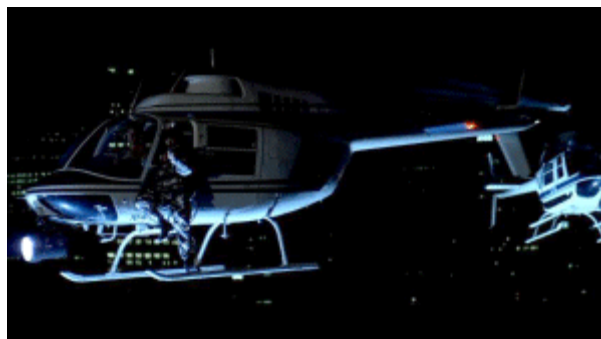


Six.

[Nada] *[Shoots Holly dead]*



*[Points gun at dish]*







Fuck it.



*[Shoots the dish]*





[Corporate Cop Ghoul] [*Shoots Nada*]



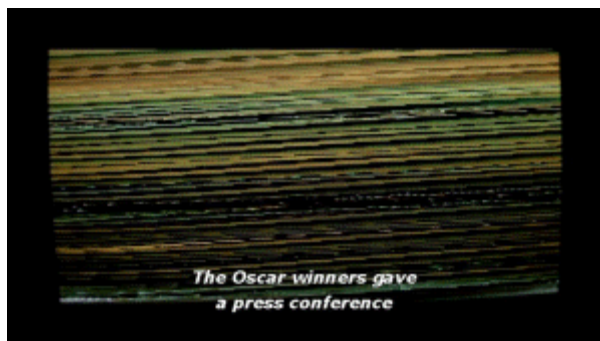
[*Broadcasting station explodes*]



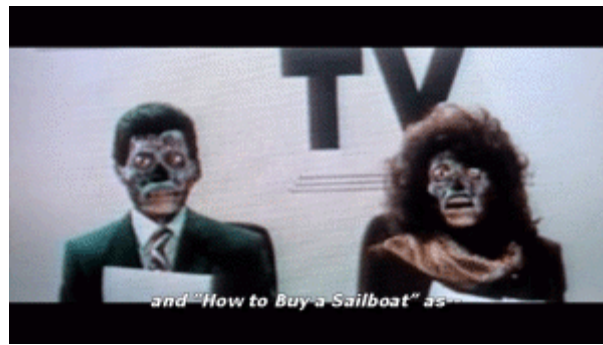


[Nada] *[Gives Corporate Cop Ghouls the middle finger]*

\*\*\*



[Corporate Reporter Ghoul] The Oscar winners gave a press conference ...

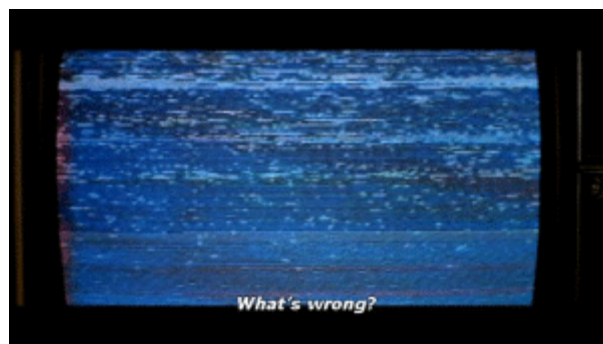


and "How to Buy a Sailboat" as --



[Man] Gloria, you look like shit. I'm out of here.

[Corporate Reporter Ghoul] What happened?



What's wrong?

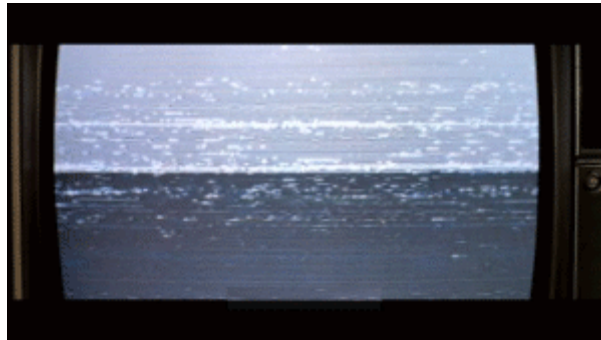


[Corporate Expert Ghoul] All the sex and violence on the screen has gone too far for me.





I'm fed up with it. Filmmakers like George Romero, and John Carpenter, have to show some restraint. They're simply  
--



*[Static]*

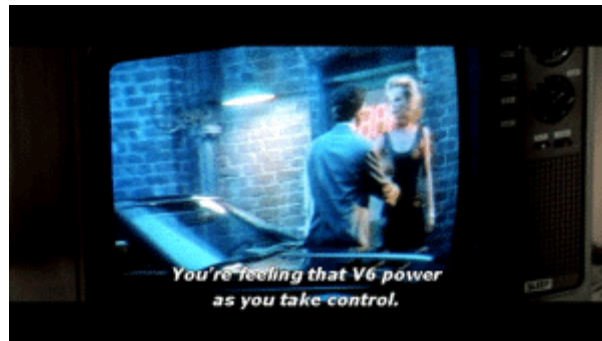


[Corporate Advertiser Ghoul] You're filled with lightning when you hit the road.





You're feeling that V6 power as you take control.



[Woman] *[Slaps Ghoul and walks away]*



[Corporate Advertiser Ghoul] Nothing can stop you now.



You're moving on.



[Corporate Ghoul] Hey, what's wrong, baby?

\*\*\*

	CAST
Nada	RODDY PIPER
Frank	KEITH DAVID
Holly	MEG FOSTER
Drifter	GEORGE "BUCK" FLOWER
Gilbert	PETER JASON
Street Preacher	RAYMOND ST. JACQUES
Family Man	JASON ROBARDS III
Bearded Man	JOHN LAWRENCE
Brown Haired Woman	SUSAN BARNES
Black Revolutionary	SY RICHARDSON

Black Revolutionary	SY RICHARDSON
Family Man's Daughter	WENDY BRAINARD
Female Interviewer	LUCILLE MEREDITH
Ingenue	SUSAN BLANCHARD
Foreman	NORMAN ALDEN
Black Junkie	DANA BRATTON
Well Dressed Customer	JOHN F. GOFF
Vendor	NORM WILSON
Rich Lady	THELMA LEE
Depressed Human	STRATTON LEOPOLD
Arab Clerk	REZZA SHAN

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Arab Clerk	REZZA SHAN
Blonde Haired Cop	NORMAN HOWELL
Neighbor	LARRY FRANCO
Biker	TOM SEARLE
Scruffy Blonde Man	ROBERT GRASMERE
Passageway Guard	VINCE INNEO
Passageway Guard #2	BOB HUDSON
Manager	JON PAUL JONES
Male News Anchor	DENNIS MICHAEL
Female News Anchor	NANCY GEE

Arab Clerk	REZZA SHAN
Blonde Haired Cop	NORMAN HOWELL
Neighbor	LARRY FRANCO
Biker	TOM SEARLE
Scruffy Blonde Man	ROBERT GRASMERE
Passageway Guard	VINCE INNEO
Passageway Guard #2	BOB HUDSON
Manager	JON PAUL JONES
Male News Anchor	DENNIS MICHAEL
Female News Anchor	NANCY GEE

Female News Anchor	NANCY GEE
Young Female Executive	CLAUDIA STANLEE
Woman on Phone	CHRISTINE BAUR
Pregnant Secretary	EILEEN WESSON
Security Guard #1	GREGORY BARNETT
Security Guard #2	JIM NICKERSON
2nd Unit Guard	KERRY ROSSALL
Naked Lady	CIBBY DANYLA
Male Ghoul	JEFF IMADA
Female Ghoul	MICHELLE COSTELLO

Male Ghoul	JEFF IMADA
Female Ghoul	MICHELLE COSTELLO

Unit Production Managers	STRATTON LEOPOLD ALAN LEVINE
--------------------------	---------------------------------

First Assistant Director LARRY FRANCO

Second Assistant Director ARTIST ROBINSON

Camera Operator JUD KEHL

Camera Operator JUD KEHL  
1st Assistant Camera JEFFREY NORVET  
2nd Assistant Camera LARRY DAVIS  
2nd Camera/Panaglide Operator RAYMOND N. STELLA, S.O.C.  
2nd Camera/1st Assistant CLYDE E. BRYAN  
Script Supervisor SANDY KING  
Gaffer KENNETH SPENCER  
Best Boy Electrician JOHN KENNEDY  
Electricians ROBERT DePERNA  
KEVIN ARNOLD  
SANFORD RABD

Best Boy Grip JOHN PALKA  
Dolly Grip DAVID WACHTMAN  
Grips ANTHONY DIMASE  
ROBIN ROBERTS  
Sound Mixer RON JUDKINS  
Boom Operator ROBERT JACKSON  
Set Decorator MARVIN MARCH  
Lead Man JACK EBERHART  
Swing GREGORI RENTA  
Property Master VICTOR PETROTTA, JR.  
Assistant Property RICHARD KERNS

Stunt Coordinator JEFF IMADA

SEUNES

RICK AVERY	DIAMOND FARNSWORTH	BENNIE E. MOORE, JR.
CHRISTINE BAIR	GEORGE FISHER	DONNA L. NOGUCHI
SIMONE BOISSEREE	JOSEPH G. GILBRIDE	CHARLES PICERNI, JR.
JOHN BORLAND	ANDY GILL	BRANSCOMBE RICHMOND
BRAD BOVEE	ALLAN GRAF	DANNY ROGERS
JOHN BRANAGAN	RANDY HALL	RONNIE RONDELL, JR.
ANTHONY BRUBAKER	STEVE HART	THOMAS ROSALES, JR.
KURT BRYANT	EDDIE HICE	TIMOTHY ROSLAN
DAVID BURTON	FREDDIE HICE	DREY LYNN ROSS

MOVIE PICTURE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

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THE CHARACTERS AND EVENTS DEPICTED IN THIS PHOTOPLAY  
ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS,  
LIVING OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

Directed by John Carpenter

Writing Credits: Ray Nelson (short story "Eight O'Clock in the Morning")



John Carpenter: (screenplay) (as Frank Armitage)

Cast (in credits order):

Roddy Piper: Nada  
Keith David: Frank  
Meg Foster: Holly  
George 'Buck' Flower George 'Buck' Flower : Drifter  
Peter Jason: Gilbert  
Raymond St. Jacques: Street Preacher  
Jason Robards III: Family Man  
John Lawrence: Bearded Man  
Susan Barnes: Brown Haired Woman  
Sy Richardson: Black Revolutionary  
Wendy Brainard: Family Man's Daughter  
Lucille Meredith: Female Interviewer  
Susan Blanchard: Ingenue  
Norman Alden: Foreman  
Dana Bratton: Black Junkie  
John F. Goff: Well Dressed Customer  
Norm Wilson: Vendor  
Thelma Lee: Rich Lady  
Stratton Leopold: Depressed Human  
Rezza Shan: Arab Clerk  
Norman Howell: Blonde Haired Cop  
Larry J. Franco: Neighbor (as Larry Franco)  
Tom Searle: Biker  
Robert Grasmere: Scruffy Blonde Man  
Vince Inneo: Passageway Guard  
Bob Hudson: Passageway Guard #2  
Jon Paul Jones: Manager  
Dennis Cosmo Michael: Male News Anchor (as Dennis Michael)  
Nancy Gee: Female News Anchor  
Claudia Stanlee: Young Female Executive  
Christine Anne Baur: Woman on Phone (as Christine Baur)  
Eileen Wesson: Pregnant Secretary  
Gregory J. Barnett: Security Guard #1 (as Gregory Barnett)  
Jimmy Nickerson: Security Guard #2 (as Jim Nickerson)  
Kerry Rossall: 2nd Unit Guard  
Cibby Danyla: Naked Lady  
Jeff Imada: Male Ghoul  
Michelle Costello: Female Ghoul

Rest of cast listed alphabetically:

Jeb Stuart Adams: Homeless kid (uncredited)  
Jennifer Austin: Teenage Girl (uncredited)  
John Carpenter: Voice that says 'sleep' (voice) (uncredited)  
Michael Forino: Ghoul at Bar (uncredited)  
Robert V. Greene: TV Technician (uncredited)  
Helen Kelly: Woman at the Dinner Party (uncredited)  
Al Leong: Asian Revolutionary (uncredited)

Gunnar Magg: Male Goulie (uncredited)  
Tommy Morrison: Dave - Resistance Fighter (uncredited)  
Jan Rabson" Anchor (voice) (uncredited)  
Norman D. Wilson: Newspaper Vendor (uncredited)

Produced by

Andre Blay: executive producer  
Larry J. Franco: producer (as Larry Franco)  
Shep Gordon: executive producer  
Sandy King: associate producer

Music by

John Carpenter  
Alan Howarth

Cinematography by

Gary B. Kibbe : director of photography

Film Editing by

Gib Jaffe  
Frank E. Jimenez

Art Direction by

William J. Durrell Jr.  
Daniel A. Lomino: (as Daniel Lomino)

Set Decoration by

Marvin March

Makeup Department

Elle Elliott: hair stylist  
Francisco X. Pérez: makeup artist (as Frank Carrisosa)

Production Management

Stratton Leopold: unit production manager  
Alan Levine: unit production manager

Second Unit Director or Assistant Director

Larry J. Franco: first assistant director (as Larry Franco)  
Artist W. Robinson: second assistant director (as Artist Robinson)  
B. Scott Senechal: dga trainee (as Scott Senechal)

Art Department

Jack Eberhart: lead man  
Dick Girod: paint foreman (as Richard Girod)  
Sean Haworth : art department assistant  
Richard M. Kerns: assistant property (as Richard Kerns)  
Frank Leasure : propmaker  
Ernie Millanponce: stand-by painter  
Vic Petrotta Jr.: property master (as Victor Petrotta Jr.)  
Gregori Renta: swing  
John Sweeney: assistant property  
Kenneth Truby: labor foreman  
Michael Wright: construction foreman  
Luigi Mugavero: set dresser (uncredited)

#### Sound Department

Roberta Alstadter: foley recordist  
John H. Arrufat: sound editor (as J.H. Arrufat)  
Gregg Barbanell: foley artist  
Gary Bluffer: sound effects recordist  
Mark Boisseau: assistant sound editor  
Larry Carow: sound editor  
Samuel C. Crutcher: sound editor  
Laurie Ecker: sound effects coordinator  
John Michael Fanaris: sound effects coordinator  
Frank A. Fuller Jr.: sound effects researcher  
Walter A. Gest: sound re-recordist  
Hector C. Gika: sound editor  
Douglas Greenfield: stereo consultant: Dolby  
Gary A. Hecker: foley artist (as Gary Hecker)  
Timothy A. Hoggatt: foley mixer (as Timothy Hoggatt)  
Michael Hoskinson: foley editor (as Mike Hoskinson)  
Alan Howarth: synthesized sound effects  
Robert Jackson: boom operator  
Ron Judkins: sound mixer  
John Leveque: sound editor  
Robert J. Litt: sound re-recording mixer  
Bob O'Brien: foley editor  
Thomas J. O'Connell: adr recordist (as Tom O'Connell)  
Sergio Reyes: sound re-recording mixer  
Gary D. Rogers: adr mixer (as Gary Rogers)  
Jeffrey L. Sandler: supervising sound editor  
Solange S. Schwalbe: adr editor (as Solange Schwalbe Boisseau)  
Becky Sullivan: supervising adr editor (as Becky Sullivan-Coblentz)  
Shawn Sykora: foley editor  
Elliot Tyson: sound re-recording mixer  
Donald L. Warner Jr.: sound editor (as Don Warner)  
Tim Webb: sound recordist  
Richard E. Yawn: foley supervisor  
David Napoli: utility sound (uncredited)