

"ORGY OF THE DEAD"

by

EDWARD D. WOOD, JR.

From his novel "Orgy of the Dead"

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"ORGY OF THE DEAD"

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT.

CLOSEUP of HEAVY RIVETED IRON DOORS with round handles covered by spider webs.

Two "GIANTS", wearing leopard-skin shorts, iron bicep-bands and headbands, pull the heavy iron doors open revealing the INTERIOR of the MAUSOLEUM. There is an ornate stone sarcophagus in the center of the room, raised up on an altar. The back wall has a mantle with a bust of the Virgin Mary looking downward at the coffin. There is a round red window in the center of the

wall. A ray of red light shines through the window, illuminating the misty fog hanging in the air.

The giants walk into the Mausoleum. They lift the heavy stone lid off of the coffin, revealing CRISWELL. He is lying in the coffin on his back, with his arms crossed over his chest and eyes closed. He is wearing black suit pants, a white shirt, a black ribbon-like bow-tie, and a black satin cape.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF CRISWELL

We see CRISWELL, Narrator of our tale and SOLE RULER OF THE DARK WORLD, now sitting upright, slouching somewhat in his coffin, glancing offscreen (at his cue card).

During his monologue, each time Criswell looks up at the camera a DRAMATIC PAUSE is inserted as he then looks back down at the cue card and searches for his place in order to continue.

CRISWELL

I am Criswell! For years I have told the almost unbelievable, related the unreal, and shown it to be **more...**than a fact. Now I tell a tale of the threshold, people, so astounding that some of you may faint.

MONOLOGUE CONTINUES AS CAMERA CUTS TO GRAVEYARD SEQUENCE:

SHOT of an ancient TOMBSTONE, surrounded by fog, with a human SKULL sitting at its base.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP of BLACK RAVEN with thick fog swirling around it

DISSOLVE TO:

Another tombstone, with a cherub-like engraving on the front

DISSOLVE TO:

A plaque-like grave stone on the ground with fog swirling over it, a Skull and a long bone sitting on the ground by it

CRISWELL (Voice Over)

This is a story of those in the twilight time...once human, now monsters, in a void between the living and the dead. Monsters to be pitied, monsters

to be despised...

CUT BACK TO CRISWELL:

CRISWELL (continuing)
A night with the Ghouls...the
ghouls reborn, from the
innermost depths...of the
world.

TITLE MUSIC BEGINS

MAIN TITLES

TITLES are superimposed over a still photo of a Gilded Nude
Female Figure sitting on the stone altar in the MAUSOLEUM.

ASTRA PRODUCTIONS

presents

CRISWELL

in

ORGY OF THE DEAD

Copyright by Astra Productions 1965

starring

FAWN SILVER

as Black Ghoul

PAT BARRINGER

as Shirley

WILLIAM BATES

as Bob

featuring

Gold Girl Dance.....PAT BARRINGER
Hawaiian Dance.....MICKEY JINES
Skeleton Dance.....BARBARA NORDIN
Indian Dance.....BUNNY GLASER
Slave Dance.....NADEJDA DOBREV
Street Walker Dance.....COLEEN O'BRIEN
Cat Dance.....TEXAS STARR
Fluff Dance.....RENE DE BEAU
Mexican Dance.....STEPHANIE JONES
Zombie Dance.....DENE STARNES

Mummy.....LOUIS OJENA
Wolf Man.....JOHN ANDREWS
Doctor.....EDWARD TONTINI
Second Doctor.....WILLIAM BONNER
Giants.....ROD LINDEMANN
Detective.....JOHN BEALEY
Nurse.....ARLENE SPOONER

Costumes.....ROBERT DARIEUX
Art Director.....ROBERT LATHROP
Sets.....ERNEST BOUVENKAMP
Sound.....DALE KNIGHT
Assistant Cameraman.....ROBERT MAXWELL
Make-up.....MARGARET DAVIES
Hairdresser.....NANCY SANDOVAL

Choreographer.....MARC DESMOND
Still Photographer.....ROBERT WILSON
Production Supervisor.....TAD STAFFORD
Post Production Supervisor..DONALD A. DAVIS
Color.....EASTMAN COLOR
Processing.....CONSOLIDATED FILM INDUSTRIES

Screenplay by
EDWARD D. WOOD, JR.
From his novel "Orgy of the Dead"

Director of Cinematography
ROBERT CARAMICO

Associate Producers
WILLIAM BATES
L.S. JENSEN
NEIL B. STEIN

Produced and Directed
by

A. C. STEPHEN

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN WILDERNESS. "NIGHT"

A CONVERTIBLE is driving along a DESERT ROAD. LONG SHOTS of the automobile driving are filmed in bright sunlight. The desert hills are clearly visible in the background, with only a slight darkening to suggest day-for-night, but the car's headlights are on so we clearly understand that it is pitch black in the dead of night.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - BOB AND SHIRLEY IN CAR. NIGHT

BOB and SHIRLEY are seated in the CONVERTIBLE, driving through the night, on a "date". They are searching for an ancient CEMETERY. MEDIUM SHOTS have a pitch black background and dark shadows across the car.

Shirley is leaning over in her seat toward Bob, who is driving.

SHIRLEY

We sure picked the wrong night to find a cemetery. Let's turn back.

BOB

No. It's on a night like this when the best ideas come to mind.

SHIRLEY

But does it have to be in a cemetery?

BOB

You wouldn't understand. Seeing a cemetery on a night like this can stir in the mind the best ideas for a good horror story.

SHIRLEY

But there're so many wonderful things to write about, Bob.

BOB

Sure there are--and I've tried them all. Plays, love stories, westerns, dog stories. Huh, now there was a good one, that dog story all about--

SHIRLEY

(interrupting)
But horror stories! Why all the time horror stories?

BOB

Shirley, I wrote for years without selling a single word.

Bob lets go of the wheel with his right arm and puts it around Shirley, who leans closer against him.

BOB

My monsters have done well for me. You think I'd give that up just so I could write about trees, or dogs, or daisies? Huhuh--Daisies! That's it, I'll write about my creatures who are pushing up the daisies.

Shirley looks up at Bob and smiles. He tilts his head down and they kiss.

BOB

Your puritan upbringing holds you back from my monsters, but it certainly doesn't hurt your art of kissing.

SHIRLEY

That's life. My kisses are alive.

BOB

Who's to say my monsters aren't alive?

LONG SHOT of the car driving down the road

CUT back to MEDIUM SHOT of Bob and Shirley

BOB

All of my books are based on fact, or legend. That's perhaps why they're more interesting and sell in the top spots.

SHIRLEY

Well, fact or not, I don't see how we're going to find an ancient cemetery in these mountains tonight. I can't see a thing! Let's turn back.

BOB

There's an old cemetery on this road. I've been there before.

LONG SHOT of car driving up a desert road with a sandy mountain in the background.

SHIRLEY

I'm getting the jitters!
Let's turn back!

BOB

(reluctantly)
Okay.

Bob takes his arm from around Shirley and puts it back on the wheel.

BOB

Just as soon as I find a place wide enough to turn around.

CLOSEUP of CAR INTERIOR - DASHBOARD.

CUT BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT - Bob and Shirley

SHIRLEY

Not so fast!

We hear sounds of tires squealing on the road.

CLOSEUP of car wheel racing along the road.

CUT BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT - Bob and Shirley

SHIRLEY

(desperately)
Not so fast!

CLOSEUP - CAR PEDALS. Bob steps hard on the brake, then pumps the brake repeatedly.

CUT BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT - Bob and Shirley. Shirley screams and hides her face with her hands.

ZOOM IN on a high dirt bank at the roadside, then the screen swirls and spins quickly to suggest a dizzying automobile crash.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Bob and Shirley are lying on their backs, unconscious, on the ground. The ground is covered by scattered leaves. Misty fog swirls over them.

(beat)

Shirley wakes up and sits upright groggily. She looks around, then looks down at Bob. She moves toward him and cradles his head in her lap.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Cemetery is filled with fog. We see a large stone throne framed by ornate columns, with an altar beneath it. There are tombstones in the background, and skulls and bones on the ground.

CAMERA PANS RIGHT across a small clearing to the MAUSOLEUM.

CRISWELL (VO)

It is said on clear nights,
beneath the cold light of the
moon, howl the dog and the wolf,
and creeping things crawl out
of the slime. It is then the
ghouls feast in all their
radiance.

The Mausoleum doors creak open on their own, and Criswell quickly stalks out across the clearing, hiding his face behind his long black cape which is held up with his bent elbow against his face, in Dracula fashion.

CRISWELL (VO - Continuing)

It is on nights like this most
people prefer to steer clear of,
uh, **Burial Grounds**. It is on
nights like this, that the
creatures are said to appear,
and to **walk!**

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT, CRISWELL CLIMBING ONTO HIS THRONE

Criswell walks up the steps to the altar, across the altar, and then sits down on the stone seat. He then slowly lowers his cape from his face and regally looks off to the right (at his cue card).

CRISWELL

The day is gone, the night is
upon us, and the moon, which
controls all of the underworld,
once again shines...in radiant
contentment.

(beat)

Come forth, come forth, o
Princess of Darkness.

Criswell repeatedly beckons slowly toward himself with his right hand, staring across the clearing at the mausoleum.

The PRINCESS OF DARKNESS is standing in front of the Mausoleum. She walks into the clearing with an entrancing demeanor, her arms outstretched straight in front of her. She is wearing a long black low-cut dress with long open sleeves. The sleeves are lined with red and hang down a couple feet from her wrists. She walks slowly over toward Criswell's throne.

The Princess of Darkness stands beside Criswell's throne, crosses her forearms in front of her chest, and bows toward him. He nods toward her. She reaches out and places her left hand on Criswell's right hand.

CRISWELL (VO)

Time seems to stand still. Not
so the ghouls, when a night of
Pleasure is at hand!

Criswell continues to hold the Princess of Darkness's hand, and she looks at him seductively.

CRISWELL

If I am not pleased by tonight's
entertainment, I shall banish
their souls to everlasting
damnation!

The Princess of Darkness again crosses her arms in front of her chest and slowly bows to Criswell.

CUT TO shot of the FULL MOON with dramatic cymbals crashing,

then back.

CRISWELL

And who is to be first?

The Princess of Darkness claps twice, summoning the first of the night's entertainers. These poor souls must dance for Criswell's approval. If he is pleased, they can continue to entertain him for centuries, but if not, they will be banished to everlasting damnation by the All-powerful Criswell.

LONG SHOT OF THE CLEARING. Huge flames rise from the ground in front of the clearing. The INDIAN GIRL enters the clearing and begins to Dance. She is wearing a red Native American-style dress and headband.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

One who loved flames. Her lover
was killed by flames. She died
in flames.

The INDIAN GIRL DANCE begins.

The Indian Girl dances around for awhile, then dances away into the foggy background.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Bob slowly wakes up and sits up. Bob and Shirley look around.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The Princess of Darkness points dramatically toward the mausoleum and begins to speak without moving her lips! A marvel of filmmaking art.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

(out of sync with picture)
One who prowls the lonely streets
at night in life is bound to prowl
them in eternity.

The STREET WALKER DANCE begins. The STREET WALKER walks into the clearing wearing a pink dress and purple feather boa, and beckons with her finger as if to say, "Come here, Criswell!"

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

At the car accident scene with Bob and Shirley, slow jazz music is audible from the nearby festivities in the cemetery.

Bob and Shirley are still sitting on the ground, looking toward the source of the music.

CRISWELL (VO)

Ahh, the curiosity of youth...
on the road to ruin! May it
ever be so adventurous!

SHIRLEY

I'm so frightened.

BOB

Well we certainly can't stay
here. C'mon.

SHIRLEY

Where?

BOB

In there.

SHIRLEY

It frightens me.

BOB

Silly, there's nothing in
there to be afraid of.

SHIRLEY

Then..then what's that music?

BOB

That's what I want to find out.
We have to get help.

SHIRLEY

What help can we possibly find
in the cemetery at this time of
night?

BOB

Something's making that music.

SHIRLEY

I'm not sure I care to find out
what it is.

BOB

All right. Don't worry, I'll
be right beside you.

SHIRLEY

What help will that do if
something in there isn't dead?

BOB

Not dead? In a cemetery?

SHIRLEY

I can't imagine anything dead
playing that music.

BOB

Well, it's probably just the
caretaker, and that's exactly
who we want to find. They'll
have a telephone. C'mon.

Bob helps Shirley up from the ground and leads her into the
thick bushes.

EXT. CEMETERY, NIGHT

Criswell nods repeatedly, smiling at the dancer in approval.
The Street Walker's clothes have suddenly disappeared.

Bob and Shirley creep beneath the bushes, crouched down low.
They reach the edge of the clearing where Criswell and the
Princess of Darkness are watching the Street Walker Dance.

SHIRLEY

Could it be some kind of
college initiation?

BOB

It's an initiation all right,
but not of a college as you
and I know them. Nothing
alive looks like that!

SHIRLEY

Can't we get out of here?

BOB

I'm not sure...

SHIRLEY

What do you mean?

BOB

I'm not sure, myself. It's
just a feeling I've had
since the crash...Like I
feel a cold chill all over..

..Now this!

The Street Walker dances with a Skeleton that is hanging by the door of the mausoleum.

The Street Walker dance ends.

CRISWELL

I would see for approval, the one who in life worshipped gold above all else.

The Princess of Darkness points dramatically toward the mausoleum again to start off the next dance.

The giants walk to the doors, now wearing red and white horizontal-striped miniskirts (or ancient egyptian garb?). They pull the iron doors open slowly, and we see the GOLD GIRL DANCER lying on her back on the altar inside.

SHIRLEY

(pointing toward the mausoleum)
Look!

BOB

Be careful!--They'll see you.

The Gold Girl Dancer rises slowly and seductively from the table, then stalkingly dances out into the clearing. She is wearing a metallic gold tunic-like dress.

We see a shot of Bob and Shirley watching, and suddenly the Gold Girl's dress has disappeared.

The Gold Girl Dance continues.

CRISWELL

Throw gold at her.

The giants pick up a bucket of gold doubloons and begin slowly sprinkling them over the Gold Girl as she dances. She sits on the ground and reaches for the falling coins.

CRISWELL

More gold.

The giants continue dropping gold coins on the Gold Girl. She picks up the gold coins, rubbing them over her body, in ecstasy.

CRISWELL

(excitedly)
More gold!

The giants continue, to the delight of Criswell. The Gold girl tries to scoop all the scattered coins closer to her.

CRISWELL
(impatiently)
More gold!

The giants continue. Criswell is thrilled, and begins to LAUGH loudly.

CRISWELL
(to the Princess)
For all eternity, she shall
have gold.

The Princess of Darkness laughs in acknowledgement, then claps her hands twice, commanding the Giants to finish the ceremony.

The Giants walk toward the Gold Girl, who is still on the ground playing with the gold coins and rubbing them on her body. The giants pick up the Gold Girl, who resists, trying to maintain contact with the gold. She reaches for it as they lift her up.

CLOSEUP of a BUBBLING GIANT CAULDRON full of a substance that is supposed to look like gold.

The Giants dip the Gold Girl feet first into the cauldron, submerging her entire body.

A few seconds later, the giants lift the Gold Girl out of the cauldron. Her body is now entirely gilded, and she is stiff. They lift her onto their shoulders, carrying her like a board, walking in front of Criswell's throne, then back into the mausoleum, laying her body on the altar.

We see Bob and Shirley, looking dismayed.

CRISWELL (VO)
And both couldn't help but remember a line from one of Bob's stories: "A sudden wind howls. The night things are all about me. Every shadow, a beckoning invitation...to disaster. I know I should think of other things, of pleasant things, but I can't.

How can I think of other things,
of pleasant things, when I am
in a place surrounded by
shadows and objects, which can
take any shape, here in the
darkness...Any shape my mind
can conceive."

Deep in the woods, we see THE WOLF MAN and THE MUMMY, walking quickly.

Suddenly, Bob and Shirley are grabbed from behind by the WOLF MAN and the MUMMY. The Wolf Man and The Mummy drag Bob and Shirley over to the clearing near Criswell's throne.

The Princess of Darkness is now seated at Criswell's right side with him on his throne.

CRISWELL

Bring 'em in!

The Princess of Darkness stands and walks to the end of the altar below Criswell's throne, then sits on the lower seat at the end of the altar and crosses her legs.

The Wolf Man and The Mummy drag Bob and Shirley over to the center of the clearing to face Criswell, The Sole Ruler of the Dark World.

CRISWELL

They are live ones?

THE MUMMY

(with audible tape hiss added)

Yes, Master.

CRISWELL

Live ones where only the dead
should be?

THE MUMMY

Yes, Master, and we caught
them, him and me.

The Mummy motions toward the Wolf Man.

THE WOLF MAN

WWWOOOOOAAAAAAUUUUUGGGGHHHAHAAAA!!!

CRISWELL

You shall both be rewarded.
(To Princess)

My Dear Empress of the Night,
put these intruders to the
test.

Medium Shot of Princess of Darkness. (Suddenly the Princess
of Darkness is beside the throne again, several feet from the
seat at the foot of the altar)

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

But they are not yet one of us.

CRISWELL

(happily)

A situation easily remedied.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

Tie them that they may watch.

CUT back to long shot of the entire throne and throne altar.
The Princess of Darkness is now seated again at the end of
the altar.

The Wolf Man and The Mummy tie Bob and Shirley to very tall
grave stones.

CUT to medium-close shot of Princess of Darkness, whose chest
is heaving excitedly as she grips the handle of the long
sacrificial dagger tucked into the belt at her waist.

SHIRLEY

(desperately, to Criswell)
Fiend! Fiend!

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

To love the cat, is to **be**
the cat!

Criswell motions toward The Princess of Darkness, who then
walks back up onto the altar and then sits down beside
Criswell again.

The CAT GIRL DANCE begins.

CRISWELL

(jovially)

A pussycat is born to be
whipped.

The Cat Girl Dance ends.

CRISWELL

(excitedly)

It will please me very much
to see the Slave Girl with
her tortures!

CUT TO interior of the stone mausoleum. The Ancient Egyptian
SLAVE GIRL is chained from her wrists to a high hook on the
wall. One of the "giants" pretends to whip her with a cat
o' nine tails.

CUT back to CRISWELL.

CRISWELL

(excitedly)

Torture! Torture! It
pleasures me!

The slave girl pulls with all her might and the chains
suddenly pop off the hook. She then pushes the iron doors
open and dances out into the clearing.

The Slave Dance concludes.

SHIRLEY

I'm so frightened.

BOB

You've got a right to be.
We're trapped by a bunch of
fiends.

SHIRLEY

Those creatures..!

BOB

Don't let them hear you.

SHIRLEY

What can we do?

BOB

I don't know. I just don't
know. But don't give up.
We're not finished yet.

Shirley closes her eyes and sighs.

BOB

Easy Shirley, Easy! Panic
won't do us any good! Let
me think. We've got to

stall for time.

SHIRLEY

I'm afraid I'll faint.

BOB

Whatever you do, don't do that.

The Camera zooms back and we see that the Wolf Man and The Mummy are hiding behind Bob and Shirley. The Wolf Man has his hand up to his ear so he can hear what Bob and Shirley are saying.

The Wolf Man and The Mummy then creep over toward Criswell's throne.

The Wolf Man whispers into The Princess of Darkness's ear while The Mummy and Criswell watch.

The Princess of Darkness gets up from the throne and walks over to Shirley. Shirley grimaces. The Princess of Darkness unbuttons Shirley's blouse, then marks Shirley's abdomen with a red (blood?) cross using her long sharp fingernail.

Shirley screams.

The Princess of Darkness pulls her long dagger out of her belt and raises it, staring into Shirley's eyes. Suddenly, Criswell yells:

CRISWELL

HOLD!

The Princess of Darkness pauses and looks back at Criswell.

CRISWELL

Let her continue to learn.
The time is not yet right
that they should join with
us.

The Princess of Darkness reluctantly puts her dagger back in her belt and tucks Shirley's blouse back in.

The Princess of Darkness walks back to Criswell's throne. He pulls a human skull out from behind his seat.

CRISWELL

...And what is this?

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

A symbol, Master.

CRISWELL

What kind of symbol?

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

She loved the bull ring
and the matador. She
danced to their destruction.
Now she dances to her own
destruction. Her dance is
of skulls.

The Princess of Darkness takes the skull from Criswell and
throws it dramatically into the clearing.

The MEXICAN DANCE (SKULL DANCE) ensues.

CRISWELL

She came to us on the Day of
the Dead.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

El Dia De Los Muertos...A
celebration in her country.

CRISWELL

Her dance has pleased me.

The Princess of Darkness snaps her fingers, starting the
HAWAIIAN DANCE (SNAKE DANCE) .

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

With the loss of her lover,
this one cast herself into
the Volcano's fire.

A couple times during the dance, there are abrupt cuts to
STOCK FOOTAGE of a rattlesnake in a bright daylight shot in
tall dry grass. (Looks like it was from a documentary)

CRISWELL

She was?

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

As I said, a worshipper of
snakes, and of smoke, and
flames.

CRISWELL

Oh, yes, a religion of sorts.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

It would seem so, Master.

Hawaiian Dance continues, then cut to The Mummy and The Wolf Man.

THE MUMMY

I don't like snakes. I remember the one Cleopatra used. Cute little rascal until it flicked out that red tongue, and those two sharp fangs. You'd never think such a little thing packed such a big wallop.

THE WOLF MAN

Aaaaahhnnnhaaaaaannnhhh?

THE MUMMY

Hurt her? Hell, it killed her!

THE WOLF MAN

(in agreement)

Aaaahhhnnnahnngggnn.

Hawaiian/Snake Girl continues to dance.

THE MUMMY

We had lots of snakes in my ancient Egypt...slimy, slinky things.

THE WOLF MAN

Aahhhnnnaahahnn.

Aaaaaahhhhoowwwooooooooooooooooooooo!

THE MUMMY

When I was alive, they were the things nightmares were made of.

THE WOLF MAN

Aaarrgggaahh.

The Hawaiian Dance ends.

CRISWELL

She pleases me. Permit her to live in the World of the Snakes.
(audible cue card flip)

CRISWELL

(continuing, after finding his place on the next cue card)

Now, I will talk...to The
Wolf Man...and The Mummy.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

As you wish, Master

The Princess of Darkness motions for The Wolf Man and The Mummy
to come.

THE MUMMY

He wants us.

THE WOLF MAN

Aaahhnnnahnenn.

THE MUMMY

What do you suppose for?

THE WOLF MAN

Aaaaannnnuuunnnuhhhhh?

THE MUMMY

Did you do something to get
us into trouble again?

THE WOLF MAN

Aannnaahhnn.

THE MUMMY

Did you howl off-key at
the moon again?

THE WOLF MAN

Aannnaahhnn.

THE MUMMY

I can't remember doing
anything wrong either.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

COME!

THE MUMMY

We better go before we
make him mad.

The Wolf Man and The Mummy walk over to Criswell's Throne.

THE MUMMY

(apprehensively)

We are your servants, Master.

The Wolf Man bows to Criswell.

CRISWELL

Of course you are.

The Wolf Man and the Mummy crouch in fear as they face Criswell.

THE MUMMY

Have we in some way made you angry, Master?

CRISWELL

You know better than that.

THE MUMMY

We don't know of anything, Master...

CRISWELL

Then why do you shake so?

THE MUMMY

It's not often an Emperor like you calls on creatures like us.

CRISWELL

Well rest easy, I'm not angry with either of you.

THE MUMMY

(relieved)
Aaaahhhh.

The Mummy Sighs in relief and the Wolf Man nods.

THE MUMMY

Then it is some service you desire of us.

CRISWELL

You are the keepers of the Damned. You two know them all. And I am tired of this usual type of entertainment. I want...a decided change.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

The **moon!**...is soon gone!

The Princess of Darkness points up at the full moon.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

There is little time left for
the remainder of the evening's
pleasures.

The Princess of Darkness gets up from the seat at the end of
the altar and walks around beside Criswell's throne.

CRISWELL

Yes, yes yes I know all that.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

At the first sight of the
morning sun's rays, we must
be gone.

CRISWELL

I suppose most of the others
will have to wait for their
judgement until after the next
full moon.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

It would seem so, Master

CRISWELL

Ahh, but I declare there is
still time for *something*.

THE MUMMY

There are one or two which
should complement the night's
entertainment, Master

CRISWELL

Ahh, good. Then I will
see them. Dismiss the rest.

THE MUMMY

Yes, sir, Master.

Bob's hands are wiggling, trying to loosen the rope binding
his wrists behind his back around the stone column.

BOB

The ropes are coming loose.

SHIRLEY

Be careful!

BOB

I am--It's our only chance.

SHIRLEY

Nothing is worth your life.

BOB

My guess is if we don't take the chance pretty soon, we're not going to have much life left anyway.

SHIRLEY

I'm frightened. I'm so frightened.

BOB

Hold on just a little longer, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

Be careful, oh please be careful. We'll never get out of here alive, I know it. I just feel it.

BOB

You do?

SHIRLEY

Yes I feel it in my bones.

BOB

You're talking nonsense.

SHIRLEY

Oh, no I'm not. These heathens probably have an open grave for us.

BOB

They wouldn't dare put us in the same grave--
or would they?

SHIRLEY

I should hope not. I hate you!

BOB

That sudden?

SHIRLEY

Yes, that sudden. If it weren't
for you we wouldn't be hunting
for an old cemetery on a
night like this. It's all
your fault.

BOB

(dejected)

...And I thought you loved me.

The Princess of Darkness is leaning over, covering her mouth
and whispering into Criswell's ear, looking over her hand back
at Shirley.

CRISWELL

Not yet. I perhaps have other
plans for such a pretty one.
No matter, I will tell you when
and **if** you may have her.

The Princess of Darkness crosses her forearms and bows to
Criswell.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

The Wolf Man informs me that
the next one is the woman who
murdered her husband on their
wedding night. Now she dances
with his skeleton.

The SKELETON DANCE begins.

The SKELETON DANCE GIRL, wearing a white dress and long
wedding veil, comes into the clearing with a skeleton. She
dances with the skeleton, then dances in the clearing for
Criswell.

The Skeleton Dance concludes.

CRISWELL

(to Shirley)

Have you not enjoyed the
evening's festivities?

Shirley is silent and looks downward.

CRISWELL

Ahh, that will soon change
when you become one of us!

The Wolf Man leans back and howls. (He tilts his head back so

far his fake rubber wolfman mask comes up and you can see his skin at the bottom of his neck)

THE WOLF MAN

**WWAAAAAAO000000000AAAAAHGGGGHHHAAAA-
AAAAAAAHHGGGGHHHHHHhhhhhh!**

CRISWELL

It would seem that The
Wolf Man would have you
for his own!

SHIRLEY

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

CRISWELL

I have promised both The
Wolf Man and The Mummy a
reward. It could be that
you are that reward.

SHIRLEY

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

CRISWELL

You need not worry...Not just
now, anyway.

BOB

Leave her alone, you fiend!

CRISWELL

Fiend is it! You will not
be so fortunate. Your
existence will cease within
moments. No one wishes to
see a man dance...

(looking at Shirley)

And you, my dear, will entertain
for centuries to come.

BOB

If I could get my hands on
you...

CRISWELL

..Oh, You could do nothing!
(to Shirley)
I can save you much pain.

BOB

Leave her alone, I tell you!

CRISWELL

(to Shirley)

I do not joke in my proposal.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

She is to be **mine!** It is so spoken!

CRISWELL

The Princess of Darkness would have you for her own to join us through extreme pain.

(beat)

Yet I am inclined for one as lovely as you, to be more lenient. I have but to touch you with my finger, and it would mean the end of you, all over, quickly and painlessly...

SHIRLEY

No. No! No!

CRISWELL

I repulse you? Very well. It seems you have chosen your own fate. Live with it! I should say **die** with it!

Bob looks down somberly, then looks over at Shirley.

BOB

I've got the ropes loose now. I've got my hands free. Be careful--Don't change your expression too much. They must not catch on.

SHIRLEY

What can we do against them?

BOB

I don't know, yet. We'll just have to watch our chance. When it comes I'll know what to do--I hope I'll know what to do.

SHIRLEY

I still don't know what ever made me go steady with a

crackpot writer like you.

BOB

All right. Put it on heavy.

SHIRLEY

My old boyfriend Tommy would never have gotten me in a mess like this. At least *he's* got brains.

BOB

Him! I'll bet he sleeps with all the lights on.

SHIRLEY

Maybe so.

CUT TO shot of The Mummy talking to The Wolf Man

THE MUMMY

I could make her another Cleopatra...

THE WOLF MAN

Ahh hahahhnnn hahnnn!

THE MUMMY

Without the snake, of course.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

(impatiently)

Well?

CRISWELL

Ahh, she will be yours.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

(impatiently)

When!?

CRISWELL

At your discretion...But first, I desire more entertainment.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

The moon is almost gone!

CRISWELL

Ahh, there is yet time.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

At the first sight of the
morning's rays' light...

CRISWELL

(getting annoyed)
I know the laws of the night.
I state there is still time
for yet another.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

(forcefully)
I would have time for my
own pleasures!

CRISWELL

(angrily)
Your own pleasure comes only
after mine, when I desire it.
I am the Sole Ruler of the
Dark World. There is no one
to challenge my authority here.
My word is the law--all powerful.
No one is to challenge that
authority, **no one!** Is that
understood? It is my command.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

I understand, Master

CRISWELL

Then see that it does not
happen again, in the penalty of
Everlasting Despair. Now are
there others?

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

There are others.

CRISWELL

Well then let us proceed.

The Princess of Darkness snaps her fingers three times,
summoning the Zombie Dance Girl.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

She lived as a zombie in life,
so she will remain forever a
zombie in death.

The ZOMBIE DANCE GIRL dances.

BOB

Easy, Shirley. Easy!

The Zombie Dance concludes.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

The moon sinks lower into the hills! We must hurry to the finish.

CRISWELL

I will decide the conclusion.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

(impatiently)

You had the mummy cancel all the others scheduled for this session.

CRISWELL

(interrupting)

Then cancel my order.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

The **moon** is almost **gone!**

CRISWELL

There is yet time. Don't you want your own pleasure?

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

Oh, if there is only time!

CRISWELL

Hahh, there is always time... All in good time...there is **always** time. You shall have your pleasure. **THAT...**
I *decree*

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

(looking at Shirley)

All others were but infinitesimal bits of fluff, compared to *her*
(toward the Dancer)

This one would have *died* for feathers, furs, and fluff...and so she did!

The FLUFF DANCE Girl dances for approval.

The Fluff Dance ends.

Criswell looks over at the Princess of Darkness.

CRISWELL

The time...is short.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

For what!?!

CRISWELL

Your pleasures of course!

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

You mean...!

CRISWELL

You may take her now.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

Is there time?

CRISWELL

You better hope there is.

PRINCESS OF DARKNESS

Thank you, Master! Thank
you.

CRISWELL

Now hurry, hurry. I will
watch! Your desires may be
my pleasure also...Our fitting
climax to an evening's enter-
tainment. You must...hurry
now.

The Princess of Darkness begins ceremoniously dancing with her long sacrificial dagger, slowly moving toward shirley, gazing back at Criswell seductively. She finally gets to Shirley and cuts the button off of Shirley's shirt, which was so tight it was about to burst open anyway. She unsnaps the front of Shirley's bra.

Bob sees his chance and makes his attempt at a "move," merely stepping forward. He is instantly hammer-fisted on the back of the neck by The Wolf Man, and falls down unconscious.

The Princess of Darkness raises her long dagger high above Shirley's head. But suddenly, the sun rises (it is already high overhead), and the night creatures lose their power. The Princess of Darkness clings to Shirley's arm, as she slowly sinks down to the ground, losing all strength.

The Camera pans around, showing Shirley and Bob's faces, then back to the ghouls, all of whom have turned to steaming skeletons. Only their clothing and bones remain.

Quick Zoom in on Criswell's throne. Criswell's steaming skeleton still sits, surveying the cemetery, wearing his cape.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

At the clearing in the woods near the car wreck, Bob and Shirley are lying on their backs on the ground, just as they were after the crash, before they got up to investigate the strange music that led them to the ghouls.

There are two DOCTORS examining Bob and Shirley.

In the foreground, we see a REPORTER's shoulder and hands. He is writing down details of the accident in a small paper pad.

DOCTOR #1

Easy, Miss, everything's gonna be alright.

SHIRLEY

Bob? Bob?

DOCTOR #1

He's right here beside you.
He'll be alright too.

The reporter walks around and crouches beside Shirley and DOCTOR #1, and continues writing in his pad.

A Newspaper PHOTOGRAPHER crouches in the foreground to get a shot of the accident scene and victims.

SHIRLEY

Where are they, where did they go? They tried to kill me.

DOCTOR #2

What's this you say? Who was going to kill you?

SHIRLEY

The ghouls--they all turned into skeletons.

DOCTOR #2

Take it easy, Miss.

DOCTOR #1

What she needs is a good rest.

SHIRLEY

It's true, I tell you, it's true! They all turned into skeletons. She-she cut me here.

Shirley points to her abdomen where The Princess of Darkness had made the X with her fingernail.

NURSE crouches down and pulls out a length of medical tape, then hands it to the doctor. She cuts another piece of tape, but the Doctors don't realize this and leave her hanging...

DOCTOR #1

Probably was bruised in the crash.

DOCTOR #2

You know, you two were very lucky.

SHIRLEY

I love you Bob. I really do. Forgive me?

BOB

There's nothing to forgive. It was all a dream.

SHIRLEY

You love me then?

BOB

Of course I do.

The doctors put Shirley onto a stretcher while the photographer takes more pictures. They put her into the back of an ambulance.

Then after the doctor listens to Bob's neck with a stethoscope, Bob just gets up and walks into the back of the ambulance.

CRISWELL (VO)

As it is with all the Night People, they are destroyed by the first rays of the sun. But upon the first appearance of the deep shadows of the night, and when the moon is full, they will return, to rejoice...in their evil lust, and take back with them any mortal who might happen along.

CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM, MORNING.

Criswell is back in his coffin, sitting upright.

CRISWELL

Yes, they were lucky, those two young people...May *you* be so lucky...But do **not** trust to luck, at the full of the moon, when the night is dark...Make a wide path around the unholy grounds...of the Night People. Who can say that we do *not* exist-Can you?

But now, we return to our graves, and **you**
(pointing at audience)
may join us soon!

Criswell reclines back into his coffin, crossing his arms, and returning to the slumber of the undead.

THE END.