

EXEC. PRODUCER: JACK LAIRD

PROD. #A-33587
May 11, 1971 (Spec. Run)
Aug. 10, 1971 (F.R.)

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE DEVIL IS NOT MOCKED"

(formerly #33511)

Teleplay by

Gene R. Kearney

From the Story by

Manly Wade Wellman

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#A-33587

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE DEVIL IS NOT MOCKED"

CAST

THE MASTER
GENERAL VON GRUNN
KRANZ
RADIO MAN
MACHINEGUNNER
SERVANT- HUGO

S.B.

GRANDCHILD
DEITERICH
SERVANT GIRL
OLD WOMAN
CHILD SERVANT

SETS

INTERIOR:

CASTLE ENTRY HALL
CASTLE LIVING ROOM

EXTERIOR:

RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE
COUNTRY ROAD
CASTLE GATES
CASTLE COURTYARD
CASTLE WINDOW.

NIGHT GALLERY"THE DEVIL IS NOT MOCKED"

FADE IN:

1 INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

The Master, a tall, gaunt, aristocratic man of advanced years, sits in a huge chair before the fireplace, the dancing flames casting flickering shadows across his saturnine countenance. At his feet, gazing adoringly up at him, is a child of 10.

MASTER

You have asked what your grandfather did in the Great War? Listen attentively, child, and I will tell you...
 (a smile of nostalgic remembrance)
 ...for while many are the vile charges made against our lineage -- let no man deny our patriotism.

As he is speaking, camera has slowly tightened on the Master's face. The distant rattle of ghostly machine gun fire.

SHIMMER DISSOLVE

FADE IN:

2 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FULL MOON - NIGHT (STOCK) 2

Clouds race across the full moon. In b.g. can be heard the mournful baying of wolves. Suddenly, incongruously, we hear the staccatto burst of a machine gun.

3 EXT. RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE - NAZI SOLDIERS - NIGHT 3

Camera pans two members of a machine gun nest to include a Radio Man who tries to raise somebody on his transmitter. O.s. wolves can still be heard, slightly closer.

RADIO MAN

Hello...Wagner Three, here is Mozart
 One. Wagner Three, here is Mozart
 One...

One of the machine gunners* sees something, prods the other. There is a short burst of fire. Radio Man turns to them.

RADIO MAN

More partisans?

MACHINE GUNNER

(disdainfully)
 No. Wolves.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED 3

He laughs. The transmitter crackles and the Radio Man turns back to it.

4 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FAVORING COMMAND CAR - NIGHT 4

A Nazi command car comes to a halt alongside the road. A convoy of trucks continues to grind along the road behind it. There is a driver, Deiterich; an orderly in his 30's, Kranz; and a monocled Nazi General, Fritz von Grunn - an Erich von Stroheim fan, if there ever was one. Kranz leans in over the speaker of the radio, turns to the General.

KLANZ

The sector to the west is cleared, General. No sign of any more partisans.

GENERAL

You are surprised? They have shown their true color. Serbs, Croatians, Slavs...stupid peasants putting on an act for their womenfolk.

Kranz holds a small flashlight, looks at his watch.

KLANZ

The castle should be surrounded in fourteen seconds.

GENERAL

Show it to me, Deiterich.

Deiterich swings out of the driver's seat, loads his flare gun, fires it into the air. The General leans forward.

5 EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT 5

The flare, its little parachute opening. And in the glare of the magnesium, we see a great stone castle atop a hill.

6 CLOSEUP - FLARE 6

as it drifts down through the air.

7 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - TORCH - NIGHT 7

The torch moves away from camera and we discover ourselves in the courtyard of the castle. Hugo, a hunched-over servant in his 60's, scurries to light various other torches in the court-

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED 7

yard. From without the walls can be heard the Nazi trucks as they pull up and unload their troops. There is also, in the distance, the sound of a wolf or two baying - possibly disturbed by the nocturnal activity.

8 EXT. OUTSIDE CASTLE WALLS - COMMAND CAR - NIGHT 8

It pulls to a halt as the trucks pass it, stop in b.g. Deiterich immediately lifts his machine gun, points it o.s. at the gates. The General snaps his fingers at Kranz.

GENERAL

Microphone!

9 EXT. CASTLE GATE - SOLDIERS - NIGHT 9

Several move into position with portable spotlights which they are prepared to light. A machine gun is set up. Everything is focused on the impressive wooden doors to the castle.

10 VON GRUNN 10

He takes the microphone from Kranz. It is his moment of glory. He flicks the cord, a bit like Sinatra on stage, and speaks into it:

GENERAL

Achtung, achtung...

He grimaces as the system squeals with feedback, casts a jaundiced eye at Kranz who turns the dial, returns the look sheepishly. The General tries again:

GENERAL

Achtung, achtung. This is General Fritz Schlossman von Grunn - Commandant in Chief, SS, Balkan Forces of the Occupation. Your headquarters are surrounded...

11 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - SERVANT - NIGHT 11

As the General's announcement is heard, the servant lights one last torch mounted on the stone walls and hurries towards a door which now opens. Camera moves with him as he intercepts a tall man in his 50's (who will be called The Master) who is trailed by a servant girl who helps him on with a long, flowing formal cape. An old woman appears in the doorway behind him, kitchen help - worried.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

SERVANT

Your Grace...

He gestures towards the gate, obviously concerned. The Master stops, listens for a moment.

GENERAL'S VOICE

...resistance is, of course, futile and utterly suicidal.

The Master has heard enough. He turns to the servant with a calm smile.

MASTER

Tell the rest to proceed.

The servant nods, runs towards the door in b.g. The Master listens, smiles, heads for the gate.

GENERAL'S VOICE

You will open the gates and file out...

12 EXT. CASTLE GATE - MEDIUM CLOSEUP - VON GRUNN - NIGHT

12

GENERAL

...one at a time, weapons raised over your heads. I will count to five. Ein...

13 SEVERAL SHOTS - SOLDIERS

13

The machine gunners tense. The men with the floodlights put their hands to the switches and illuminate them.

GENERAL'S VOICE

Zwei...

14 THE GATE - ILLUMINATED BY FLOODLIGHTS

14

Cross-lit, every detail of the wood, the massive handles, can be seen.

GENERAL'S VOICE

Drei...

15 VON GRUNN

15

GENERAL

Vier...

- 16 CLOSEUP - GATE 16
as it starts to open.
- 17 VON GRUNN 17
He smiles, lowers the microphone, squinting o.s.
- 18 WHAT HE SEES - THE GATE 18
It swings open, the great doors momentarily blocking the light so as to hide the Master. Then, there he stands, fully revealed. Extending his arms outward in a gesture of hospitable greeting, he smiles into the glaring light.
- MASTER
Gentlemen...welcome!
- 19 FAVORING VON GRUNN 19
He cocks an eye suspiciously. He nods at Kranz and, Lugers drawn, they move forward.
- 20 CLOSEUP - MASTER 20
staring unsquinting into the harsh light, patient, hospitable.
- 21 REVERSE ANGLE - MASTER'S POINT OF VIEW 21
Momentarily, nothing but a glare of searchlights. Then the figure and face of General von Grunn emerges and walks right up to the Master (camera), stares in his face.
- GENERAL
What do you mean..."welcome?"
- 22 MASTER 22
- MASTER
(benignly)
You are my guests.
- 23 MEDIUM SHOT - FAVORING MASTER AND VON GRUNN 23
- GENERAL
You are headquarters for a secret partisan movement. We are here to burn you out. Don't you welcome me!

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

He glances towards Kranz, jabs his Luger in the ribs of the Master and shoves him forward.

GENERAL

Kranz...move in!

As the soldiers start to run past him, guns drawn, the General again pokes the Master, propeling him towards the castle.

24 INT. CASTLE ENTRY HALL - MASTER, GENERAL, DEITERICH - NIGHT 24

They enter, Deiterich preceding the General and the Master, burp-gun at the ready. Angle widens with them. Coming to a large door, Deiterich moves towards it cautiously.

MASTER

General, I assure you...

Deiterich looks at the General who nods. Deiterich pumps several rounds into the door, leaps forward, kicks it open.

25 INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - THROUGH DOOR TO DEITERICH - NIGHT 25

Deiterich peers towards camera. The General and the Master both come up behind him, peer o.s.

26 WHAT THEY SEE - REVERSE ANGLE 26

They find no hostile enemy. Instead, set near a roaring fire, is a groaning board heaped with fine food. The pretty young servant in the dirndl smiles a shy, fleeting smile as she pours a glass of wine. The old man servant is placing a large roast fowl of some sort at the head of the table.

27 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCL. GENERAL, MASTER, DEITERICH 27

The General shoves Deiterich out of the way, stares, turns back to the Master, murmuring sarcastically:

GENERAL

You must forgive us for interrupting your supper.

MASTER

It is your supper, General. We have anticipated your visit.

KRANZ' VOICE

Herr General?

Von Grunn looks up and off at:

28 FAVORING KRANZ AND SERVANTS

28

He and another soldier have mustered, from the kitchen, the old lady cook, a child who washes pots, a rather dwarfed man.

KRANZ

There are only these servants.
Possibly another half-dozen down-
stairs and in the stables.

The General comes forward suspiciously, looks them over, turns to the Master. The General has their plan figured out. He thinks.

GENERAL

These old castles, they all have
subterranean tunnels. The others
have already escaped into the hills.
We will send out a reconnaissance
party to hunt them down like the
dogs they are!

MASTER

But General, there are no others...
of that, I can assure you.

GENERAL

There is a secret resistance move-
ment: a second guerrilla band.
Terrorists. Fanatical in their
defense of this depressing Balkan
wasteland. They will not escape...
Kranz!

Kranz, who is pinching the cheek of the young maiden, snaps to attention.

GENERAL

Have the servants taste the food.
They may be so foolish as to think
they can poison me. The girl you
may..."spare" for yourself.

It is a lecherous command which Kranz obligingly, happily acknowledges. He shoves the old man towards the food and hands him a fork.

29 FAVORING MASTER AND VON GRUNN

29

MASTER

I assure you, General, you will find
the food harmless and superbly pre-
pared. There are beds for you and
your officers. The servants down-

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

MASTER (cont'd)

stairs are eager to do everything within their power to make the visit of your troops as memorable as possible.

He crosses to a closed window, stares down. We hear the o.s. sound of many troops marching to commands, falling out in the courtyard below. Von Grunn walks over and looks out. It confuses him greatly, this hospitality. He eyes his host suspiciously.

GENERAL

You seek to attach yourself to me. Win my confidence. Learn our battle plans, right?

MASTER

I am merely proud of my homeland, General. We have an historic tradition of hospitality. We --

GENERAL

(cutting in, harsh)

You have no homeland! You are a doorstep to the Ukraine. You are a mat on which we wipe our boots before re-entering the Fatherland!

He laughs cynically.

30 PAST THEM TO KRANZ

30

He has dared to taste some of the food. Surprised, he turns now towards the General.

KRANZ

General? It's delicious! There's goose. With sauerkraut, sweet potatoes, spaetzel. Bread, still warm.

The General approaches. Kranz tears off a piece for him to smell. It is tantalizingly tempting. They look at the old man who nibbles at a piece of the bird, nods cheerfully for them to eat: it is not poisoned at all - see? The General and Kranz exchange a look. The General sinks into a chair. The Master, who stands behind him, pushes the chair in for him to be comfortable. Von Grunn picks up his wine goblet, sips, smiling appreciatively. As the girl re-fills the glass, the General cranes his neck, peering up at the Master who smiles benignly down at him.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

GENERAL

Sit. You will join me.

The Master comes around to a chair opposite the General, glancing off at a large old-fashioned clock.

MASTER

I will share your company, General...

31 CLOSEUP - CLOCK

31

It reads 11:05.

MASTER'S VOICE

...but, if you will forgive the eccentricity, it is the habit here to sup at midnight.

32 BACK TO SCENE - MASTER AND GENERAL

32

GENERAL

Arghh. Such foolish, primitive customs! Under the Third Reich, all that will change...

(his mind on food)

Potatoes, Kranz. And...what is that? Herring? Yes, a little of that...

Move in on the smiling, contented face of the Master as the Germans accept - in fact, throw themselves into - the meal.

33 INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - GOOSE CARCASS - NIGHT

33

Later. We are tight on the skeletal remains of the goose. Pull back to discover the General, his collar loosened, slumped in his chair, drinking liqueur and coffee. He has gorged himself, and drunk far more than he ought to. Angle continues to widen as the old servant appears at his side, offers him a cigar from a box. The General takes it, sniffs it appreciatively. The Master leans into shot, lights the cigar for von Grunn. The servant exits. O.s. sounds of the men downstairs drift up to us. Some small talk, laughter. A woman's laugh, too. The General leans back, exhales a stream of cigar smoke, and, as if resuming a conversation already underway, bleary eyes fixed on the Master, says:

GENERAL

So...you are a Count, eh?

MASTER

I am heir to that ancestral title, yes.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

GENERAL

Enjoy it while you can, my host. Under German rule you will be no better than your servants. Only, unlike your staff, you will not serve a single master, but an entire race!

(chuckles; then)

That is what distresses you, nein? It has nothing to do with patriotism or love of country...it is the knowledge that, with our occupation, all this is lost to you...

(gestures expansively)

That is why you have organized your pathetic resistance forces.

34 REVERSE ANGLE - GENERAL AND MASTER

34

Not a flicker of emotion reveals itself in the Master's face.

MASTER

Have I said I am a member of the resistance?

GENERAL

(eyes narrow)

Not only a member, their leader, my dear Count. I have no proof as yet. You've been too clever for that, I grant you. But, before the cock crows, I shall unmask you...my word on that.

The two adversaries contemplate each other. Von Grunh pours himself another liqueur. The Master murmurs agreeably:

MASTER

Perhaps you shall, General...perhaps you shall.

Faintly, the distant baying of wolves. The General glances up sharply, then returns his attention to the Master, re-focusing his eyes with obvious difficulty. He laughs to himself.

GENERAL

I could have you stood up against a wall right now, if I wished to...you realize that, don't you? Under martial law, I could have you shot merely for suspicious conduct!

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

The Master nods agreeably, saying nothing. Again the o.s. howling of wolves, closer this time. And again the General glances sharply off. Abruptly, he pushes back his chair, heaves himself unsteadily to his feet. The Master flicks a look in the direction of the clock.

35 CLOCK - MASTER'S POINT OF VIEW

35

It is three minutes of twelve.

36 BACK TO SCENE - MASTER AND GENERAL

36

Von Grunn, shrugging off a vague unease occasioned by the howling wolves, laughs again to himself, reaches for more liqueur.

GENERAL

Heil Hitler!

No response. The General looks up, scowling furiously.

GENERAL

Heil Hitler!

The o.s. howl of wolves, nearer still, growing in number. The General glances off, momentarily distracted.

37 CLOSEUP - MASTER

37

There is the hint of a smile on his face (and do not his eyes flash green for a second?) as he says, softly:

MASTER

Heil Hitler...

38 FAVORING GENERAL

38

as, suddenly, the howling wolves seem to be virtually in the room with us. O.s. shouts of several soldiers can be heard from the courtyard below. Von Grunn strides to the window, frowningly peering down.

GENERAL

Mein Gott, vass ist loss?

He turns towards the Master.

GENERAL

These eternal wolves, how can you live with them?

39 CLOSEUP - CLOCK

39

as it begins to strike the hour of midnight. Simultaneously, o.s. screams, shouts, the rattle of gunfire, the savage growling of wolves co-mingle in the courtyard outside.

40 BACK TO SCENE - FAVORING THE DOOR

40

as it bursts open and Kranz stands there, panting, his tunic ripped to tatters and showing some evidence of blood. Ed. note: This will, of course, be handled with our usual good taste.

KLANZ

General!

Von Grunn spins towards the door. There is a horrible animalistic growling in the o.s. entry hall, and something pulls Kranz, screaming, back into the darkness. The General, his Luger unholstered, starts towards the door, but the Master is on his feet, blocking von Grunn. He slams the door shut.

MASTER

Your bullets are useless, General von Grunn.

GENERAL

(groping dazedly towards sobriety)

What do you mean?

He tries to tear the Master's hand from the door, but his host is far stronger than he might appear. The General looks at him, a bit horrified. Now he turns towards the window.

GENERAL

I have a hundred men outside! You are finished. All of you!

41 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE GENERAL

41

as he lurches drunkenly to the window, struggles briefly with the catch, finally flings it open. O.s. sound of the howling, the screams, shouts and gunfire now invades the room. Leaning out, the General screams:

GENERAL

Deiterich!

42 EXT. CASTLE - CLOSEUP - GENERAL IN WINDOW - NIGHT

42

Leaning out, he stares down. Horror sweeps across his face. There is a beat, then, raising his Luger, he fires blindly down into the courtyard. The sounds of the bullets and the shouts of the men stop...but there is no abatement to the tearing, whining, barking, howling, baying sound of the beasts below.

43 INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - FAVORING MASTER - NIGHT 43

He comes gliding silently up behind the General who, as if sensing his presence, whirls, faces him in horror, emptying his gun pointblank into his host. The Master smiles.

MASTER

Useless, General. Were the bullets silver...it would, of course, be a different story...

44 CLOSEUP - GENERAL 44

His face utterly horrified now. Outside the barking has given way largely to a great chorus of baying.

45 CLOSEUP - THE MASTER 45

as he leans in closer towards the General and reaches out his arms, his cape spreading like great wings. His eyes flash green.

MASTER

You will forgive my servants. Another primitive...Transylvanian custom.

He smiles. And the long, white fangs are now visible.

46 PAST MASTER TO GENERAL 46

Enveloped now by the figure, he sinks to the floor. Claw-like hands tear open the Nazi emblems and bare his throat. The General can only gurgle incoherently with hopeless fear.

47 REVERSE 47

The Master smiles down at his quailing victim.

MASTER

If it's any consolation, General... this is the headquarters of the secret resistance. And I am its proud commander...Count Dracula!

A last smile, and the face, teeth-bared, sinks itself towards the frame, blacking it out as wolves wail outside.

SHIMMER DISSOLVE

48

INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

48

We have returned to the situation of the opening sequence. The Master is on his feet now, standing by the fireplace. The child is seated entranced at his feet.

MASTER

...and that, dear child, is how
your grandfather served his country
in the Great War.

His eyes shift, fixing proudly upon something which stands on the mantlepiece. Camera shifts, following his gaze, and moves in tight on a framed, beribboned medal, its inscription: "For Distinguished Valour In The Service Of His Country - Sperno Meliora."

FADE OUT

THE END