

EXEC. PRODUCER: JACK LAIRD

PROD. #35213  
March 3, 1972 (Sp. Run)  
April 24, 1972 (Sp. Run)  
May 3, 1972 (F.R.)

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NIGHT GALLERY

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"THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER"

Teleplay by  
Halsted Welles

From the story by  
Clark Ashton Smith

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#35213

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER"

CAST

CARNBY  
NOEL  
FERN

SETS

INTERIOR:

MANSION HALL  
GOTHIC LIBRARY  
CORRIDOR  
GUEST ROOM  
STUDY  
DINING ROOM  
FERN'S ROOM

EXTERIOR:

ESTATE

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER"

FADE IN:

1 INSERT - NEWSPAPER - CLASSIFIED ADS 1

We scan the Help Wanted ads, come to one, fix on it:

"WANTED: Secretary: Big Money for:  
(1) absolute discretion; (2) knowl-  
edge of ancient Arabic. No time-  
wasters, please. El 8-3269."

When we've sufficiently established the text of this ad, we begin to hear the o.s. sound of a car approaching.

SLOW DISSOLVE THRU TO:

2 EXT. BIG IRON GATE TO ESTATE - DAY 2

The iron gate is ornate, rusty, off its hinges. Vines are all over it, choking it. It stands slightly ajar. On either side of it extends a high iron fence which we can hardly see for the tangle of shrubbery. Through the gate we glimpse a gravel driveway, encroached upon by years of overgrowth. O.s. sound of car draws nearer, and now the jalopy chugs into frame, stopping before the gate. Cutting the ignition, the driver steps out. He's a young man: Noel. He's lean, looks hungry. Might be a school teacher - has a warm gentleness; brains and compassion. He goes to the gate, squeezes through. Some thorny branches catch his clothes.

3 EXT. MANSION - WHAT NOEL SEES - DAY 3

The mansion must've been built during the "Gothic Revival" by some flamboyant soul with plenty of bread. It's a grim, green, liverish grey. And covered with ivy. There's no path to the house, no shrubbery around, no lawn. The ground is covered with a deep bed of dead leaves. Noel comes wading through the leaves.

4 THE FRONT DOOR 4

There is a shadowy veranda but no steps up to it. The front door is boarded over. Noel comes along, stops, wonders.

5 PORTE-COCHERE - GROUND BLANKETED WITH LEAVES 5

Sound of Noel's feet moving through leaves. We are moving up to a door: big, heavily carved, a beautiful cut-glass window in it: out of the frosted glass has been cut, in clear glass,

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

the head of a stag, antlered. Through the patches of clear glass we glimpse a girl's face looking out. Big, dark, sorrow-laden eyes; face plain, wan, pathetic. Her name is Fern. Must be in her 20's. But you get a feeling she is already burned out - like a child that never knew innocence. Noel comes up. Fern opens the door on a night-chain.

NOEL

I called about the ad. I'm Noel  
Evans.

Fern opens the door for Noel to come in, closes the door.

6 INT. MANSION HALL - DAY

6

Fern leads the way across a large, bare "Gothic" hall. Noel follows. Fern is wearing faded dungarees and a sweat shirt with a reversed pentagram stenciled on it.

7 INT. MANSION "GOTHIC" LIBRARY - DAY

7

Looks more like a chapel than a library. Book shelves go high but there isn't a book on them, only here and there, a stuffed animal - stuffed cat, stuffed rat, stuffed owl - and here and there is an animal skull. There is a large, many-paned window overgrown with ivy. In the middle of the bare floor is a large, circular table covered with black velvet hanging in folds. Mr. Carnby is sitting behind it in a high-backed black leather chair. He is looking intently toward the door. A second chair, low-backed, black leather, is also at the table.

FERN'S VOICE

He's here.

CARNBY

(casual, everyday)

Thank you, Fern.

Carnby keeps looking. His eyes grab you - dark-ringed, feverish. He must be in his late 40's. He gives you a feeling of great inner strength. But he gives off sickly vibes. Noel enters.

NOEL

Mr. Carnby?

(no response)

I'm Noel Evans.

Carnby slides a pad and pencil across the table.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

CARNBY

Write down your name. Block letters.

Noel sits, writes. Carnby takes the pad and pencil.

8 INSERT - PAD, CARNBY'S HAND, PENCIL

8

We read "NOEL EVANS." Under each letter Carnby's hand quickly writes a number: "5 7 5 3" under "NOEL," 5 6 1 5 3 under "EVANS." He scribbles a quick little calculation.

9 ACROSS NOEL TO CARNBY

9

who looks up, puzzled. His voice is troubled.

CARNBY

Hmn...Your number is four. You don't look four. Fours are solid people, practical, uninspired.

NOEL

(rising)

I'm afraid I don't seem suitable.

CARNBY

Fours are not successful. Four is the number of poverty and defeat.

NOEL

Very nice meeting you, Mr. Carnby.

A huge book is on the table. It has a dagger in it as a bookmark. Carnby opens the book, swings it around to face Noel.

CARNBY

Look this over.

10 DOWNSHOT - THE OPEN BOOK

10

The page is an illustrated manuscript, Arabic script, border of miniatures: exotic animals, moon phases, cabalistic symbols.

CARNBY'S VOICE

Care for brown sherry and walnuts?

11 TRAY WITH SHERRY DECANTER, TWO GLASSES - ON BOOKSHELF

11

Carnby comes up, takes it to the table. We swing with him, see Noel sitting studying the book. Carnby settles in his

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

chair, pours sherry, reaches for a bowl of walnuts and two nut-crackers. His eyes keep on Noel. Noel's eyes keep on the book. Each man reaches for a walnut and a nut-cracker: CRACK, CRACK.

CARNBY

You making it out?

NOEL

(keeps reading)

I'm doing okay. It's Fifteenth Century. I'd guess it's in the school of Samarkand.

Carnby grunts, nods approval. Sound of knock on door. Noel keeps his eyes on the book. Carnby keeps his eyes on Noel.

12 ON THE DOOR

12

as it opens and Fern comes in. She has a silver tray with a small silver bowl and ladle. We swing with her to a corner of the room. Hanging from the ceiling are three censers, ancient Byzantine. Curls of incense rise. Fern takes the ladle, dips it in the bowl, renews one of the censers.

13 CARNBY AND NOEL AT TABLE

13

Noel tends to his walnut and sherry. Carnby does too. You get a feeling that the nut-cracking and sherry-sipping is their way of sparring.

CARNBY

Did you ever read any early Arabic?  
Any of Abdul-el-Peinir?

NOEL

Yes, I have.

CARNBY

(his eyes sharpen)  
Which book?

NOEL

'Le Satanisme et la magie.'

From Carnby's reaction, we know he is pleased with the reply.

14 FERN AND CENSERS

14

She is blowing gently into them to get them smoking well.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

CARNBY'S VOICE

If you work for me, the money is great, but the hours are awful.

NOEL'S VOICE

I'm not saying I can translate this readily. I'll need my dictionaries.

Fern turns and exits, camera swinging with her to pick up and hold on Carnby and Noel at the table.

CARNBY

And I'd want you to sleep in.

NOEL

We haven't discussed salary...

CARNBY

(thinks he hears something, looks toward door, listens, troubled)

The salary is seven-hundred-and-fifty a week.

Noel's jaw sags, eyes glazing. Again Carnby thinks he hears something. He gets up, goes quickly to the door, pops it open, looks out, sees nothing, closes the door.

15 NOEL IN CHAIR - WATCHING CARNBY

15

Carnby comes back, goes behind the table, takes a pen and checkbook, starts writing a check.

CARNBY

You'll go get your clothes, your dictionaries. We'll start tonight.

Their eyes meet. Noel betrays embarrassment.

NOEL

Look, I'm not -- uh -- into occultism...or Satanism... I'm very square... But I do know Arabic. I have an inner thing with Arabic.

CARNBY

That's exactly what I want.

(tears off check)

There's a month's salary.

He rises, holds out his hand. Noel rises also. They shake.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

CARNBY

Delighted you can start immediately.  
My brother used to live here. We  
always worked together. But he...  
he passed away...and I'm swamped.  
And I might say, a little lonely.  
We were twin brothers. Very close.  
Very...uh...uh...close.

Carnby has tears in his eyes. He chokes up, sinks back in his chair, bows his head. Noel starts to withdraw.

16 THE OPEN DOOR - FERN STANDING

16

Noel comes up to her, looks back at Carnby. Both of them are looking at him as if this were a hospital room and Carnby a terminal patient. Fern inquires softly:

FERN

Can you find your way out?

Noel nods, exits. Fern closes the door, moves to Carnby.

17 CARNBY SLUMPED OVER TABLE

17

He isn't sobbing, he's shaking - some terrible inner tension. Fern comes up, bends over him, starts stroking his head.

FERN

Darling? Maybe you shouldn't go  
through with it...shouldn't have  
it translated...shouldn't know!

There's some sneaky-pete in her eyes - as if she really wanted him to see it through. Carnby rises abruptly.

CARNBY

No! I must know! I must!!

In anguish, he throws his arms around her, holding her head against him. There's a Mona Lisa smile on her lips.

SLOW DISSOLVE

18 EXT. MANSION - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

18

Sinister-looking, gloomy, foreboding. Slow move in.

19 INT. MANSION LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

19

Fern is leading Noel down a long, dimly-lighted corridor. Fog

CONTINUED



19 CONTINUED

19

rises from the floor. Noel carries a suitcase and a shopping bag filled with books. Coming to a door, Fern opens it.

20 INT. MANSION GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

20

The room is big, bare except for a four-poster bed, a wardrobe. Noel comes up, puts suitcase and shopping bag down. Fern comes up behind him.

FERN

He's in the study. He wants you right away.

Noel puts his suitcase on the bed, starts unpacking as Fern stands watching. During ensuing dialogue, he will convey various items of wearing apparel to the wardrobe.

NOEL

(indicates her shirt)

Why the reversed pentagram?

FERN

He asked me to wear it.

NOEL

You know what it means?

(as she shakes head)

It's a five-pointed star. When one point points up, you're in the service of Christ. When two points point up -- like yours -- you're in the service of Satan...Are you?

FERN

I'll show you where the study is.

NOEL

Just let me get my dictionaries.

(gets two big books)

Has -- uh -- has he had other people here translating for him?

FERN

Two.

NOEL

They quit or he fire them?

FERN

(starting out)

Quit.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

NOEL

Fern?

(comes up to her)

I'm getting spooked. Can I -- uh  
-- count on you? Just as a friend?

Slight pause. A bewitching twinkle comes into Fern's eyes.

FERN

Sure. Do you think I like living  
here all alone with that weirdo?

They are standing close. She kisses him savoringly, eases  
away. He follows her out.

21 INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT

21

Carnby is giving Noel a tour. An amazing room! Tables strewn  
with archaic and arcane instruments of dubious use. Astrolo-  
gical charts. Huge tarot card posters on the wall. Skulls,  
alembics, crystals. Several censers hanging, smoking. Huge  
volumes, very old, worn. A skeleton of an ape hanging beside  
a skeleton of a man. A stuffed crocodile hanging. At one end  
of the room there is a small curtained alcove with a built-in  
bed - looks like a 19th-century tufted velvet Pullman bunk.  
In one wall a locked cupboard - not large. And no electric  
lights: all over are black candles burning. So Carnby and  
Noel go strolling around, camera accompanying them. Carnby  
is again cool.

CARNBY

I have made a life study of demon-  
ism and sorcery. I believe it can  
throw enormous insights into the  
darker recesses of the human soul.

(his cool goes; he is  
burning, intense)

That's my compulsion! To root out,  
classify, pin down the fiends in  
the soul of man. And woman! --  
Especially woman! Like that girl  
that works for me! You have no idea  
of the fiendish depths of her!

They have stopped in front of a large wall-drawing of magic  
symbols (SEE: pg. 262 "Black Arts" by Richard Cavendish -  
Capricorn paperback). Carnby stands staring up at them, his  
eyes burning feverishly.

22 NEW ANGLE

22

Abruptly, Carnby turns, strides to a safe, dials, takes out a

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

huge book, old, elaborately bound, brings it to a table already piled high with mouldering volumes.

CARNBY

This book...this book is the greatest acquisition of my life! And I only recently acquired this -- just after my brother...uh...died.

23 TIGHT DOWN SHOT - OPEN BOOK - ARABIC SCRIPT

23

Another beautiful book, exquisitely ornamented, very old.

CARNBY'S VOICE

Much of the practice of sorcery is based on a Latin work, Necronomicon. But that was based on this Arabic book. And some of the most...the most...

24 UPSHOT - CARNBY AND NOEL

24

Carnby's starting to sweat; his hands are trembling.

CARNBY

...the most -- and I'm using the word literally -- some of the most fiendish passages in the Arabic were simply not rendered into Latin.

NOEL

Why did the two translators before me leave after only one day?

CARNBY

There is one particular passage in here they refused to translate.

(hears something)

Excuse me.

25 THE CLOSED DOOR

25

Carnby comes up quickly, apprehensive, listens, pops the door open, looks, sees nothing, turns back, regains his cool.

CARNBY

Whatever is in the passage must have terrified them. They left.

Angle widens to include Noel.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

NOEL

What makes you think I won't leave  
when I've read it?

CARNBY

(chuckles)

Dinner?

26 INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

26

The room is all in white. The table is white - lighted by white candles, immaculately set - four places. At three of the places are wine glasses. The fourth place has no wine glass, no silverware, just a plate. There are four high-backed white leather chairs, gold studded. Carnby, in black dinner jacket, sits at the head of the table. Fern sits opposite him. She is ravishing. Black sequined dinner dress, cut very low. Face alluringly made up, eyes sparkling. Really a work of sorcery. On Carnby's right sits Noel, square and tweedy as ever. On Carnby's left sits a beautiful black goat wearing a jewel-studded collar. He is munching from his plate. They are into the main course, a meat course - except for the goat who seems to be eating a special dish. Carnby lifts his wine before a candle; it glows a dazzling burgundy...The mood is crisp, light, chattery.

CARNBY

What a glorious bloody color.  
(glances at goat;  
then to Noel)

Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't  
introduce you two. Mr. Evans, this  
is my father who...uh...who built  
this house and...uh...is back with  
us. He goes by the name of "The  
Falling Tower."

NOEL

How do you do, Falling Tower.

CARNBY

(lifts glass to Fern)  
Here's to you, darling.  
(sips; to Noel)  
Fern is indispensable to me...  
(shifts gaze to Fern)  
...aren't you, love?

Whenever Carnby and Fern use terms of endearment you get hints of an intense love-hate relationship - as if they were in a power-struggle. Now Fern chatters charmingly to Noel:

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

FERN

Did you know that for every sorcerer  
there must be a thousand sorceresses?

NOEL

In what way indispensable?

FERN

In the Black Arts, women have always  
held the dominant place. Enslaved  
by men, they developed sorcery as a  
way to power.

CARNBY

You see, what Fern does for me...

FERN

Every sorcerer is after power. He  
must control! Have God-like control!

NOEL

(to Carnby)

I still don't quite understand  
what Fern does for you.

CARNBY

(suddenly stiffens,  
listening intently)

Listen! Don't you hear that?

Noel listens, shakes his head. Carnby has paled perceptibly.

FERN

Rats. I'm afraid we have rats.

CARNBY

(sharply, on the thin  
edge of hysteria)

It isn't rats, I tell you!

FERN

Of course it's rats, dear. What  
else could it be?

(turns to Noel)

You see, it was despair that brought  
on the Black Mass. Life in the  
Middle Ages was saturated with  
despair -- the wars, the Plague,  
the feeling that you were helpless  
against the rule of the establish-  
ment, the nobles, the clergy...

Fern has grown intense Her eyes are aglow. Grabbing her  
wine glass, she shakily takes a gulp.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED - 2

26

NOEL

Well, Fern -- the way you talk, I'd say you were really into it.

CARNBY

(listens again, appeals to Noel)

You really don't hear it?

NOEL

(shakes head)

Are you expecting someone?

(no answer; turns to Fern)

Is he expecting someone?

No answer. Noel glances across the table at the goat.

27 GOAT

27

lost in his own private thoughts.

28 BACK TO SCENE

28

CARNBY

(lays napkin down)

Shall we get to the translation?

He rises, exits abruptly.

NOEL

Why is he so uptight?

FERN

Because he has to know! He's going insane from uncertainty.

NOEL

Know what?

FERN

For centuries there's been a rumor of what this passage says. If the rumor is true, it would explain the rat-like noises...and be utterly disastrous for poor dear Carnby.

NOEL

And be disastrous for you?

FERN

(bewitching smile)

No...For me it would be transcendent.

29 INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - DOWN SHOT - ARABIC BOOK - NIGHT 29

The book lies open, seven black candles surrounding it. A big toad sits bug-eyed by the edge of the book, gulping.

30 LOW SHOT - ACROSS TOAD AND BOOK TO NOEL SITTING 30

He is reading the arabic, has pad and pencil, is writing his translating, murmuring softly to himself as he works:

NOEL

Hmn!...Wow!...Wowie-zowie!...Hmn!

He grabs a dictionary, looks up a word fast, writes.

31 CARNBY, FERN 31

Brandy snifters in hand, watching Noel, they stand in front of the three hanging, smoking censers.

32 NOEL TRANSLATING 32

He has to look up another word. His face is tense, as if reading putrid material. Fern and Carnby come up. Carnby settles in his chair, eyes on Noel, sweating it out, waiting for the translation. Fern picks up the toad.

FERN

You going to give mummy a kiss?

Fern kisses the toad; settles on a stool by Carnby. They both sit watching Noel. Clock ticks. Finally:

NOEL

I have it!

CARNBY

Go ahead.

NOEL

(picks up pad)

It's grisly.

CARNBY

Read it!!

NOEL

I can see why they quit. And in fact, if you don't mind...

(rising)

Here's your check back.

Suddenly Carnby has a revolver on Noel. He is icy as death.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

CARNBY

You read that or you'll never get out of this house. Sit down, Noel.

NOEL

(sits, starts reading)

"It is verily known by few that the will of a dead sorcerer has powers upon his own body, and can raise it up from the tomb and...uh...perform therewith whatever action was unfulfilled in his life."

Carnby looks as if someone had stuck a knife in his gut. He whirls on Fern, shrill, intense:

CARNBY

You see? Those were the sounds you said were rats!

NOEL

(reading on)

"Such resurrections are invariably for the detriment"...uh...well, it's either detriment or damage...for the detriment of others."

(looks up)

This next is really far out.

(reads)

"But he can only do this damage to another person if that person knows of his peculiar power."

Fern turns her Mona Lisa smile on Carnby who is badly shaken.

CARNBY

Read on!

NOEL

(back to translation)

"There are cases in which the will of the wizard was so powerful that even though his body had been"...uh..."Hewn in many"...uh --

(glances at Arabic)

-- fragments, I guess it is. Either fragments or segments.

(reads on)

"These fragments can rise either separately or in concert to serve the wizard's end."

(looks up, brightly)

Well, that's it.

CONTINUED



32 CONTINUED - 2

32

Carnby is motionless, on some dark trip of his own.

NOEL

Sir? Mr. Carnby?

(no answer; to Fern)

Can we do anything for him?

FERN

Did you finish that passage?

NOEL

There was a preamble -- it's a curse. I suppose that's why the other two left.

FERN

Let's hear it.

NOEL

(reading translation)

"By all the Dark Powers of this world, may he who reveals this secret be flayed slowly over burning coals and then thoroughly dismembered."

33 ACROSS NOEL TO FERN

33

as he tosses the pad aside, looks at her. She has a glowing light in her face. She rises, toad still cuddled.

FERN

I think I'll leave you. It's been quite an evening.

NOEL

(rising)

Fern?

She opens the door. He comes up, thinking about another kiss.

NOEL

Don't you feel that there's some hidden horror in this house!

She smiles slightly, glances at Carnby, beckons Noel out into the corridor. They exit.

34 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

34

Candles on wall brackets glow. A fog is rising from the floor. Fern shuts the door, comes close to Noel, goes on quietly:

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

FERN

He killed his brother. He cut his  
twin brother into pieces.

NOEL

Oh, my God.

FERN

He buried the pieces in the oak  
grove. Except his head.

NOEL

What?! What did he do with his head?

FERN

Cool it, man. Believe in the One-  
ness: terror is joy: joy is terror:  
life is death: torture is ecstasy!  
We're holding Black Mass later.  
I'll see you then.

She has her face tipped up, is ready with her lips, waiting.

NOEL

I can't kiss you with that toad.

FERN

It's beauty, man! All life is  
beauty! Kiss the toad.

NOEL

Some other time, maybe.

She comes up on tiptoes, gives him a soul-sucking kiss. The door opens: there is Carnby. He seems completely recovered - but he has the revolver in his hand. And he is wearing a black gown with a large inverted red cross on it.

CARNBY

You haven't finished the transla-  
tion, dear boy.

GO TO BLACK

(ACT BREAK)

FADE IN:

35 INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - CLOSE ON CARNBY - NIGHT

35

Taking one of the hanging censers - it dangles by the chain - Carnby starts swinging it slowly. Camera goes with him, picking up Noel seated at the table translating, as he crosses

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

to a corner of the study we haven't noticed before: four screens, head high, in a square, a circle around the square painted on the floor. The screens are separated, free-standing - you can walk in through the space at the corners. Carnby walks in, swinging his censer, intoning something as he steps over the circle.

36 INSIDE SCREENS

36

The square floor space is 9' X 9'. The square on the floor glows - must be glass lighted from below. There is a low altar in the center, bearing an oriental-looking charcoal brazier which is glowing and smoking. The inside face of each screen is made up of a concave mirror - like a mirror in a Hall of Horrors. Painted in black calligraphic lines over the faces of the mirrors are the signs we saw on the wall drawing. On one mirror is the symbol of Astaroth, on another the symbol of Asmodeus, then Baal, then Belial. Carnby is swinging the censer three times in front of one of the mirrors, intoning some incantations in an intense but magnificent, musical voice - sweating it out like hell.

37 CONCAVE MIRROR SHOT - CARNBY DISTORTED

37

He keeps intoning something about "Astaroth." Then he turns to the next mirror, swings his censer three times at Baal, starts his incantation, repeating his name every few words. We angle a little until we're caroming off one concave mirror into another and then getting Carnby's reflection. It's wild distortion.

38 CLOSEUP - NOEL

38

He's getting spooked. Suddenly Carnby is silent. Noel thinks he hears something by the door.

39 CLOSE ON THE DOOR

39

Dead silence, then a slithery sound, a slight scratching. Some thumping, as if a rat might be dragging something.

40 NOEL

40

listening with growing apprehension. He rises.

NOEL

Mr. Carnby?

No answer. O.s. sound increases.

## 41 CARNBY AMONG CONCAVE MIRRORS

41

There seem to be an infinite number of Carnby's, all horribly distorted. Then Carnby's head moves into shot and we see his face directly - not through a mirror: it is sick with terror.

NOEL'S VOICE

Mr. Carnby, what's all that racket?

CARNBY

(hysterical)

You heard Fern, didn't you? It's the rats! I tell you it's only the rats!!

## 42 THE DOOR

42

Sound of soft, slow knocking - implacable.

## 43 NOEL

43

scared witless. Sound of knocking. Suddenly he rushes for the door. We swing with him, see him jerk it open, look out.

## 44 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

44

A faint fog hugs the lower part of the corridor. It has a weird, phosphorescent glow. Moving along the floor, going away from the door, is a man's hand. It moves easily, crab-like: the fingers walk it along.

## 45 CLOSEUP - NOEL IN STUDY DOORWAY

45

His eyes are frantic. He whirls, looks the other way.

## 46 WHAT HE SEES

46

Here comes, walking through the low fog-glow, a man's severed foot. When it gets close: sound of door slamming.

## 47 INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - ON CLOSED DOOR - NIGHT

47

Noel stands against it, holding it tight in terror. Sound of foot kicking the door - soft, implacable thuds. The door begins to open, even against Noel's trying to keep it shut. Suddenly Carnby rushes into shot, helps heave the door shut, shoves a bolt into place. A quavering whisper:

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

CARNBY

You saw them??!

(as Noel starts to reply)

Shhh!

He listens, hears a drier but heavier thumping sound - as on thinner wood. He whirls, looks in another direction.

48 THE CLOSET IN THE WALL

48

The thumping comes from there. Something inside the closet is thumping against it so that the closet door is bulging.

CARNBY'S VOICE

It's my brother!

49 CARNBY, NOEL

49

and Noel's incredulous disbelief.

NOEL

But -- your brother's dead...

CARNBY

(tears streaming down)

Don't you think I know that?! I buried him in pieces in the oak grove! Except his head!

50 CLOSET IN THE WALL

50

CARNBY'S VOICE

His head's in the closet!

51 CARNBY, NOEL

51

CARNBY

I hated him because he was stronger than me! His magic was stronger! But she -- Fern! -- she caused it! She wanted to be stronger than both of us! The woman's insatiable!

52 CLOSEUP - SCIMITAR

52

This is the big curving knife we saw as a book marker.

CARNBY'S VOICE

I loved her! We three celebrated

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

CARNBY'S VOICE (cont'd)  
 Black Mass together! But she taunted  
 me by loving him! For power! For  
 power over both of us! Well, I can  
 put an end to that!

Rushing into shot, Carnby grabs the scimitar.

53 INT. CORRIDOR - SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - NIGHT

53

thru  
56

Carnby races down the foggy corridor, scimitar upraised -  
 Noel trying to overtake him.

thru  
56

NOEL

Mr. Carnby! No!

57 INT. FERN'S ROOM - NIGHT

57

An alchemist's laboratory, lit by black candles, presided over  
 by Fern who has donned a robe similar to Carnby's, featuring  
 a red inverted cross. She is concocting some witches brew in  
 a smoking silver bowl. The room is full of swirling incense.  
 Sounds of steps running up, door banging open. She whirls,  
 lifts the bowl.

58 THE DOOR - CARNBY

58

He comes in, panting, takes a gasp of incense, starts coughing,  
 is utterly immobilized, the upraised scimitar clutched in one  
 hand. Noel comes up behind him, reacts.

59 CLOSEUP - FERN

59

Cool as death, she stands motionless, eyes hypnotic.

FERN

Return to the study. Your brother  
 is waiting...

60 CARNBY, NOEL

60

Sound of bell tolling. Carnby listens to it in terror.

CARNBY

That's my brother! He's calling me  
 to Mass!

(whirls on Fern)

And she'll preside!

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

Fern comes up, smiling slightly, bearing her smoking, glowing concoction in the silver bowl.

FERN

Don't I always?

Threading between the two, she exits. Defeated, Carnby listlessly lowers the scimitar, turns to follow Fern.

61 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

61

Bearing the smoking silver bowl, Fern moves regally down the corridor. Carnby follows meekly. Fern glances back at Noel who stands watching. Tolling bell continues over:

FERN

Coming, Noel? It's an experience one ought not to miss.

NOEL

If it's all the same to you...

Fern shrugs, continues on, Carnby trailing. The door to Noel's room is opposite Fern's. He steps quickly to it.

62 INT. NOEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

62

Entering, Noel flicks on the light switch, grabs his suitcase, puts it on the bed, starts packing fast. O.s. bell tolls.

63 INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - CLOSEUP - CLOSET IN WALL - NIGHT

63

The wood has been splintered open. The closet is empty.

64 TOWARD THE DOOR

64

Fern stands in the doorway gazing at the splintered closet with blissful satisfaction. Bell continues to toll. Fern moves into the room. We swing with her as she goes toward the magic circle, intoning pleas to Astorath, Asmodeus, Baal and Belial. She goes into the altar area. Then we whip back to the doorway as Carnby steps through, scimitar in hand, halting in his tracks just across the threshold, staring in stricken horror at the empty closet. Behind him, as if of its own volition, the door swings closed. Simultaneously, the tolling bell abruptly stops.

65 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

65

Noel is hurrying along the foggy corridor with his suitcase. Coming to some stairs, he starts down. O.s. sound of Carnby's blood-curdling scream. Noel stops, doesn't know whether to go help, or split and save his neck. Scream!!

66 INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - CLOSEUP - CARNBY ON HIS KNEES - NIGHT

66

He is in abject terror, kneeling as before an angry god. He is whimpering out gibberish. Without looking up, he holds the scimitar in two hands, offering it to whomever stands over him. A hand reaches into shot - same greenish, cadaverish hand we saw walking down the corridor...only now it is attached to a forearm, a huge scar circling the joining. O.s. sound of Fern's incantations, strong and steady. O.s. sound of a Man's Voice crying out incantations. It sounds like Carnby's voice, only deeper, more commanding. Sudden silence. Sound of a deep tolling bell slowly striking nine; and a high silvery bell striking five quite quickly. The hand takes the scimitar from Carnby, pulls out of frame. Carnby lifts his face, tears streaming down his cheeks. Suddenly the terror washes away. A great peace swells within him.

67 WHAT HE IS LOOKING UP AT

67

Carnby's brother stands before him, wearing an identical black robe with the red inverted cross, holding the scimitar, smiling slightly. We can see the scars on his wrists, the huge scar that runs around his neck. He looks like Carnby's identical twin - except for the cadaverous color of his skin. Silence except for the heavy clock ticking. Carnby's brother steps back into the altar area. We follow a bit, see Fern standing before the altar, see him joining her.

68 CARNBY

68

As if hypnotized, he moves into the altar area. He meekly kneels, lays his head on the altar as if it were a chopping block. O.s. sound of knocking at the door.

69 INT. CORRIDOR - NOEL AT CLOSED STUDY DOOR - NIGHT

69

He is knocking loudly, nervously, the suitcase abandoned.

NOEL

Mr. Carnby! Mr. Carnby!?

No answer. He opens the door, peers in.



70

INT. CARNBY'S STUDY - WHAT NOEL SEES - NIGHT

70

The altar isn't visible but the table is. Behind the table in Carnby's chair sits the black goat. He is looking toward the altar area. Weak, tentative, we hear:

NOEL'S VOICE

Mr. Carnby?...Fern?

Camera swings to the screens around the altar area. Out steps Fern. She is wearing what we first saw her in: faded jeans, sweatshirt with inverted pentagram. She comes to the goat, kneels, bows to the goat, rises.

71

NOEL IN DOORWAY

71

staring. Fern's voice is cool, casual:

FERN'S VOICE

You're too late for Mass. Sorry you missed it. Far out. The brothers are together again. Fragmented, but together.

72

ACROSS NOEL TO FERN

72

She is coming up, pleasant manner, slight smile.

FERN

Oneness is all.

(takes Noel's arm)

Let's go to my room. You wouldn't want to leave me alone tonight, would you, Noel?

(no answer)

Not after all that's happened.

No answer. He seems under a spell. She kisses him slowly, fully. He separates - shook, but loving it. Softly:

NOEL

I never knew kisses like yours!

FERN

I'm sure you didn't.

She looks at him enchantingly. They start out - he stops.

NOEL

...Fern?

FERN

Darling?

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

NOEL

The preamble -- in the Necronomicon,  
remember? -- threatening anyone who  
translated those passages from the  
Arabic with fire and dismemberment?  
You don't suppose there's really  
anything to it, do you?

FERN

Of course not, precious. The whole  
bit's a put-on -- you know that.

Another enchanting smile. She takes his arm. They go out.

73 CLOSEUP - THE GOAT

73

sitting in the chair, peering across the seven black candles.  
One by one the candles go out - not blown out, just go out.

BLACKNESS

THE END

APPENDIX

## INCANTATIONS

NOTE: as indicated in the script, a full-ringing intonement is most important. And repetition is important - in the mystic numbers, 3,5,7,9,21.

For instance, Fern incanting:

"Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu, Abracadabra!  
Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu, Abracadabra!  
Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu, Abracadabra."

Notice in each line the three Eleheu's, the three repeated lines which give the powerful number of 9 Eleheus - a trinity of trinities; and also give a trinity of "abracadabras", the most powerful word in the universe. After this general incantation now Fern addresses each of the four evil powers: Astoroth, Asmodeus, Baal, Belial, crying out in soul-searing intensity:

"Astoroth, my body, my blood!  
Astoroth, my soul and suffering!  
Astoroth, blood of babes! blood of gods!"

Then she barks five times:

"Sartor-Rotras! Sartor-Rotras! Sartor-Rotras!  
Sartor-Rotras! Sartor-Rotras!"

Now she goes back to her three "Eleheu's" and goes on to Asmodeus:

"Asmodeus, my body, my blood!  
Asmodeus, my soul and suffering!  
Asmodeus, blood of babes! blood of gods!"

Then screams in terror five times:

"Arepo-opera! Arepo-opera! Arepo-opera!  
Arepo-opera! Arepo-opera!"

By now, tears are streaming down her face. She is writhing as if the demons were inside her, tearing her apart. And she's actually loving it: her face is in ecstasy.

If more incantation is needed, she can keep on to the other two evil gods, Baal and Belial.

CONTINUED

APPENDIX - CONTINUED

Now an incantation for Carnby which is used contrapuntally with Fern's incantations:

"Abracadabra!"...five times in great rolling vowels.

"Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu! Astoroth, protect me!

(says "three" three times, fast)

"Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu! Asmodeus, destroy him!"

(says "five" five times, fast)

"Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu! Baal, protect me!"

(says "nine" nine times, fast)

"Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu! Belial, damn him utterly!"

(screams "twenty-one" once; and then tops this with that most powerful of all numbers, "69!")

"Ghouls of the underworld!

Ghouls of the overworld!

Rameses, I call on you!

Rhea, I cry out to you!

Pentacles, Periclas, Laird, and all you demons come to my defense!

I give you my soul! Abracadabra!

I give you my flesh! Abracadabra!

I give you my mother, body and soul! Abracadabra!

Now he is sobbing, weakening, quieting.

"Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu! Damned, tortured, reviled into all eternity. O God of Oneness, O Goodness of evil. O Life of death! Oneness is all! Eleheu, Eleheu, Eleheu."

He can't go on.