

FINAL

Paul Picerni

Scott Andrews
THE WAX WORKS

JAN. 14, 1953

76

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"THE WAX WORKS"

Screenplay

by

Crane Wilbur

UNLESS DUPLICATED (BLUE PAGES) ! ! !

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CHANGES ARE TO BE MADE IN THIS SCRIPT
WITHOUT THE WRITTEN APPROVAL OF
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR HENRY JARROD.....In his early forties. A well proportioned man with the face of a poet. When we first see him, his hair is slightly long and touched with gray, his features fine and sensitive.

MATTHEW BURKE.....Jarrod's silent partner in the first museum. Burke, shorter than Jarrod, but with a powerful frame, is the practical business type and a sharp operator. To him, Jarrod is a dreamer, even something of a fool.

SIDNEY WALLACE.....Possibly in his early fifties. A rich dabbler in the arts. Noted as an art critic.

BRUCE ALISON.....A mutual friend of Jarrod and Wallace, possibly younger than both of them. It is Alison who brings Wallace to Jarrod's museum in the opening sequence of story.

CATHY GRAY.....The equivalent of a call girl of that period. Cathy is young, slender, attractive, gay - in no sense coarse or common. (If she were, she could not be Sue Allen's friend).

SUE ALLEN.....Leading feminine role. Also young and attractive. A girl who finds it hard sledding in New York and is temporarily out of a job.

MA FLANNIGAN.....Landlady of the rooming house where Sue and Cathy lived. In her fifties, on the shabby side and typical of her profession. (She runs a respectable house).

SCOTT ANDREWS.....A struggling, young sculptor. Juvenile lead in story.

MRS. ANDREWS.....Scott's mother. These people have a flat somewhere on the Lafayette Street of that period.

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53
2.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

LIEUTENANT TOM BRENNAN.....of Homicide. An intelligent detective who is several cuts above the standardized cop we are used to seeing in the movies.

SERGEANT JIM SHANE.....Assistant to Brennan. In no sense a comedy cop yet this character should be played by a man who can handle comedy lines and situations.

IGOR.....A deaf mute employed by Jarrod in the work shop of the new museum. Igor is an odd looking man with a strangely marked face.

LEON AVERILL.....Another worker with Jarrod in the work shop of the new museum. Leon is in his thirties but his age is hard to guess for he wears a beard and mustache that hide much of his countenance.

BARKER.....For opening of new museum - a very high class barker in evening attire and silk hat who works with paddle and ball prop.

NOTE:

The character referred to as "THE MONSTER" is, of course, Jarrod in a horror makeup.

BITS

Morgue Surgeon
Morgue Attendants
Police Doctor
Sergeant of Police
Officers in uniform
Etc. Etc.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53

FADE IN

1. CLOSEUP OF WAX PLAQUE NIGHT
lettered:

"NEW YORK CITY - 1900"

An unseen flame melts the plaque away and you DISCLOSE:

2. LONG SHOT EXT. STREET AND WAX MUSEUM NIGHT

A street of the period. It is raining and you see an occasional flash of lightning. In the distance there is a long figure coming through the driving rain toward CAMERA - MATTHEW BURKE. CAMERA leaves Burke's approaching figure and PANS TO:

3. EXT. PROFESSOR JARROD'S WAX MUSEUM IN F.G.

There is a sign over the entrance door but you cannot read it from this angle. CAMERA CONTINUING its movement ends up on the outside of one lighted window.

4. CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW INT. MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM OF MUSEUM

SHOOTING OUT THROUGH WINDOW used in previous SHOT. CAMERA PANS AWAY from window to disclose the main Exhibition Room. Would suggest that the room at this time be lighted by a single gas standard with a "bird cage" wire frame over the flame. This sort of thing was used to light empty theatre stages in that period, and due to the flaring flame and the wires that crisscross it, it throws odd and distorted shadows. This room is large and other than the one light, is in darkness - but the darkness is relieved by occasional flashes of lightning from the window. Thus the wax figures grouped about are given an eerie effect and for the moment one believes they are living people. CAMERA MOVES toward entrance to Jarrod's studio which adjoins the main Exhibition Room.

5. INT. JARROD'S STUDIO

There is a large skylight window set in the sloping ceiling and from this the effect of the lightning continues. Jarrod stands at his work-bench modelling in clay the lissome figure of a young girl. CAMERA MOVES IN on him and you have an opportunity to study the man as his artist's hands add a touch here and there to the bust of the figure. He is in his early forties, a well-proportioned man, with the face of a poet. His hair is slightly long and touched with gray, his features fine and sensitive.

Paul Piccini
"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
2.

6. EXT. STREET SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE

The approaching figure of Matthew Burke is now CLOSE TO CAMERA and can be identified as he lets himself in through the main entrance door to the museum, with a key. Now you can read the sign above the door.

"PROFESSOR JARROD'S WAX MUSEUM
HISTORY IN WAX
AN EDUCATION FOR YOUNG AND OLD"

7. INT. MUSEUM LOBBY

A modest lobby. Some wax figures are standing about, faintly seen in the semi-darkness. Burke passes through the lobby and into the Exhibition Room CAMERA FOLLOWING.

8. INT. EXHIBITION ROOM

Establishing this background and its connection with the studio, as Burke quickly strides through it. Again, in semi-darkness, you get the effect of groups and individuals who are alive.

9. INT. STUDIO

Jarrold still at his work-bench as Burke comes in. Jarrold, intent on his work like a devotee before an altar, gives Burke no more than a glance. Burke, shorter than Jarrold, but with a powerful frame, is the practical business type and a sharp operator. To him, Jarrold is a dreamer, even something of a fool.

JARROD:

Hello, Matthew. Why are you here so late?

BURKE:

I came to get the books. I want to study our accounts.

JARROD:

We've been doing very well lately. Nearly four hundred paid admissions today.

BURKE:

(disgustedly)

Do you call that good Saturday business? If you weren't so stubborn, we'd be turning them away on weekends. Who cares a hang about 'History in Wax'?

JARROD:

There are people in the world who love beauty.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

BURKE:

But more who want sensation, shock!

JARROD:

The morbidly curious. I won't cater to them.

BURKE:

(angrily)

Their money's as good as anybody else's! You should have seen 'em pourin' out of that wax museum on 23rd Street tonight. The Eden Musee. It's the same story at Madame Tussaud's in London. If you'd listen to me, Jarrod -- !

JARROD:

(undisturbed)

I know - I'd put in a Chamber of Horrors - murder, torture, executions - scare the living daylights out of people. I don't care for that kind of patronage.

BURKE:

(viciously sardonic)

No, you're the great artist, the genius sculptor. Well, I'm a common, ordinary business man and I want a quick return on my investments. I've sunk over twenty thousand in this historic peep show of yours, and I could use my money to better advantage.

Jarrod reluctantly turns away from his work, goes to where a bowl of water stands on a nearby table and puts his hands in it to relax them.

JARROD:

All right, Matthew, all right. I've known for some time that you want to dissolve our partnership and I think I may be able to accommodate you.

BURKE:

How?

JARROD:

(drying his hands)

A friend of mine is bringing Sidney Wallace, the art critic, here tonight to see my work. Wallace is rich and my friend believes I might persuade him to buy you out.

BURKE:

(slightly mollified)

That sounds interesting.

(then his eyes narrow)

Of course, I'll want a profit on my investment.

JARROD:

(looking at his watch)

Yes, Matthew, I understand.

"HOUSE OF WAX"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/23/53
4.

10. OMITTED (FULL SHOT EXT. MUSEUM)

11. INT. JARROD'S STUDIO (AS BEFORE)

The faint SOUND of the knocker COMES OVER Jarrod's speech.

JARROD:

If you'll leave everything to me, Matthew,
I'll --

(indicating sound)

-- that should be them now -- !

BURKE:

All right. I'll wait in the office.
(adding as they leave the
studio together)

I've heard of Wallace. He's got a pot of money.
If he likes your stuff, put a stiff price on it.

12. CLOSE SHOT SIDNEY WALLACE AND BRUCE ALISON
AT EXT. DOOR OF MUSEUM

Both men are in evening attire. Wallace is a distinguished man on the elderly side. Alison is somewhat younger. Alison again thumps the knocker on the door.

WALLACE:

Does Jarrod live in the building?

ALISON:

(nods)

He has a room upstairs. You'll like him,
Sidney. He speaks your language.

There is a small glass panel set in the door and Alison is looking through it. As a gas jet is lighted inside, you see (through the glass panel) Jarrod approaching in the lobby. He opens the door.

JARROD:

(grasping Alison's hand)

Please come in - I'm happy to see you, Bruce.
It's such a bad night, I was afraid you couldn't
get here.

13. MED. SHOT INT. LOBBY OF MUSEUM

SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR AT FIRST as the two men come in and Jarrod closes the door.

ALISON:

We were delayed. Mr. Wallace had a meeting at the Manhattan Galleries.

(introducing them)

My friend, Sidney Wallace - Professor Jarrod.

JARROD:

(grasps Wallace's hand)

This is a great pleasure!

WALLACE:

For me also, Professor.

JARROD:

(smiles deprecatingly)

That's a title that was bestowed on me when I became an exhibitor. It has little to do with my real work. If you'll come with me, I'll show you what that work is.

CAMERA PANS with them as they move toward the inner door to the Exhibition Room. There are the usual props in the lobby: a policeman, an attractive woman, a ticket-taker at the ticket box -- all in wax. As they pass "the woman", she drops her handkerchief and Wallace politely stops, picks it up and offers it to her but she, of course, makes no response.

ALISON:

(laughs)

That always gets them!

WALLACE:

I beg your pardon?

ALISON:

She's wax, old boy.

WALLACE:

(flustered)

Oh, of course, naturally - and she's very nice.

He tucks the handkerchief in the woman's hand.

JARROD:

(to Wallace - a touch apologetic)

People expect surprises in a wax museum. I try to give them culture, spiced with a bit of fun.

He opens the door to the Exhibition Room and they pass through it.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
6.

14. MED. SHOT AT ENTRANCE DOOR TO EXHIBITION DOOR (INSIDE)

As they come in, Jarrod lights a gas jet. (As they come to each group of wax figures, he lights the gas-jets which are placed to illuminate each group.)

JARROD:

(to Wallace)

I'm afraid the visit of such a distinguished critic will cause my children to become conceited.

CHANGE IN
BUSINESS

CAMERA PANS them to the nearest subject. Having lighted the first gas jet, he leads them across Exhibition Room directly to Joan of Arc.

JARROD:

(speaking as they go)

To you they are wax, but to me, their creator, they live and breathe. Beauty is the keynote of my work. Here we have Joan of Arc, a favorite subject of mine.

CHANGE IN
DIALOGUE

They have come to the waxen figure of Joan of Arc.

15. CLOSE SHOT JOAN OF ARC

WALLACE'S VOICE:

I can understand that. It's beautifully done.

16. ANOTHER ANGLE JOAN OF ARC AND THE THREE MEN

ANGLING AWAY from Joan of Arc's face.

CHANGE IN
BUSINESS &
DIALOGUE

JARROD:

(smiles up at Joan of Arc as he
replies to Wallace)

Thank you.

(then to Joan of Arc)

I've done you over a dozen times, haven't I, my dear? And still you don't complain.

ALISON:

What was wrong with her?

JARROD:

(shrugs)

There are no authentic portraits of Joan available, so sculptors and painters must work from models. I've never found the right one -
(as they are walking away)
- but I will one of these days!

CAMERA PANS them to another group - John Wilkes Booth shooting Lincoln in the latter's theatre box.

17. OMITTED (CLOSE SHOT - LOUIS NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE)

18. ANOTHER ANGLE SHOWS THE FIGURES OF THE THREE MEN

AND IN
LOGUE

JARROD:

Here's President Lincoln and his assassin,
John Wilkes Booth. One of my few concessions
to the macabre.

WALLACE:

(critically approving)

That's the best figure of Booth I've ever seen.
You could almost expect him to speak.

ALISON:

I wonder what he'd say after all these years.

JARROD:

(laughing)

I'm sure he'd rant a bit. Even after he shot
Lincoln and jumped from the President's box to
the stage, he couldn't help turning to the
audience to take a bow. I found him a very
stubborn person.

WALLACE:

Stubborn?

JARROD:

Unbelievably. For days I argued with this fellow
before I could get him to pose as I wanted him.

ALISON:

(laughing)

He talked back to you?

JARROD:

Of course. It's not easy to shut an actor's
mouth.

CAMERA PANS them to the next exhibit next door to the Lincoln
group.

JARROD:

And here we have two great lovers from the past.
Marc Antony and Cleopatra.

19. CLOSE SHOT MARC ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

JARROD'S VOICE:

Queen of Egypt - their last meeting. You'll recall that Antony, believing Cleopatra to be dead, killed himself with his own sword. When Cleopatra discovered what had happened, she quickly followed her lover.

20. CLOSE SHOT AT THE GLASS DOORS WHICH OPEN TO LOBBY

SHOWING Matthew Burke as he appears on the lobby side of the doors and surreptitiously opens one to listen.

WALLACE'S VOICE:

These groups are like dimensional paintings of the old masters. This is not only a great show, it's an art exhibit.

Burke smiles in mockery.

21. INT. EXHIBITION ROOM

The three men have arrived at the display next to Antony and Cleopatra - which is Napoleon and Josephine.

JARROD:

(indicating exhibit)

Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of the French, and his Empress, Josephine. I'm very fond of Josephine, a tempestuous woman with a sparkling wit.

CHANGE IN
DIALOGUE &
BUSINESS

ALISON:

(to Wallace)

Have you noticed how cleverly the hair is mounted on her scalp?

WALLACE:

Yes. How do you do that, Professor?

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

JARROD:

Real hair of the proper color and texture is pressed into the slightly warmed wax with a scalpel. One hair at a time. Each wave and curl of the subject's own hair is reproduced.

CAMERA WITH THEM as Jarrod leads his guests down to the figure of Marie Antoinette.

WALLACE:

(as they go)

You know, it's a shame to race through such an exhibit. One should have time to really study these figures.

JARROD:

You're very kind. My creations have some merit, I suspect - but in bringing back to life the lovely Marie Antoinette, I feel I have done my best work!

As he looks at the figure there is actual love in his eyes.

WALLACE:

(greatly impressed)

I've never seen anything so exquisite.

JARROD:

People say they can see my Marie Antoinette breathe - that her breast rises and falls. Look at her eyes - they follow you wherever you go. She's very real to me.

ALISON:

(who has been moving about)

You know, her eyes do follow you!

JARROD:

(sadly)

They're made of glass, more's the pity. The exact size and color of the original. They are inserted in the sockets from inside by way of the hollow neck. Before the head is joined to the body.

(forgetting the others, he touches the figure's hand)

Forgive me, my dear, for discussing your intimate secrets.

(he shrugs, smiles at his guests)

I'm sorry - I lose myself at times.

22. CLOSE SHOT BURKE

listening in, as before.

CHANGE IN
DIALOGUE

23. JARROD, WALLACE AND ALISON.

as they turn away from the figure and Wallace glances at his watch.

WALLACE:

Professor, if the people knew what you have inside these walls, you couldn't accomodate the crowds. What you need here is exploitation, more advertising.

ALISON:

That's exactly what I've been telling him.

JARROD:

My partner wouldn't agree to that. He's not happy here. He wants to invest in something else. Mr. Wallace, would you care to become a partner in this venture? Would you buy him out?

WALLACE:

(after brief pause)

You know, I might take you up on that offer - if my lawyers approved - and the price is right.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53
10.

23 (Cont.)

JARROD:

With your support I could do wonders. I'd make any sacrifice!

WALLACE:

Unfortunately, I'm leaving this weekend for Egypt. I'm financing some excavations there. I'll be back in three months and then I'll be glad to discuss the deal.

24. CLOSE SHOT BURKE (AS BEFORE)

He moves out of sight in lobby as he hears them coming toward him.

JARROD'S VOICE:

You make me very happy!

25. JARROD, WALLACE AND ALISON INT. EXHIBITION ROOM

moving toward lobby.

WALLACE:

You intrigue me, Professor. I believe we'd get along together. Goodnight, my friend.
(shaking hands with Jarrod)

JARROD:

Goodnight.

(to Alison)

And I'm grateful to you, Bruce.

This as they are exiting to lobby.

26. EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE DOOR ON STREET

Door opens. Wallace and Alison come through door. Jarrod is speaking.

JARROD:

Thank you both for your visit and your encouragement.

Ad libbed "Goodnights" as Alison raises his umbrella, the two move away from the door and Jarrod closes it behind them.

27. LONG SHOT EXT. MUSEUM

Wallace and Alison cross the sidewalk to the waiting hansom cab, get in it, and the cab is driven away.

28. INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITION ROOM

With the eagerness of a lover, Jarrod hurries to the figure of Marie Antoinette. He kisses her hand.

JARROD:

(in a low voice - half whispering)

Mr. Wallace is a great art critic, my darling. You heard what he said about you. Are you happy?

(he leans toward her, appears to be listening - chuckles)

Of course you'd say that. But I don't care about success. If the world will acknowledge your beauty, I'll be satisfied.

(he rises and extends his arms to include all the figures in the room)

And my friends - Napoleon, Josephine, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Lincoln, all of you - how would it suit you to be famous again?

He goes to John Wilkes Booth.

JARROD:

(to Booth)

I know it will please you, you conceited devil. It was like you to get yourself shot down in a burning barn. Couldn't do it without a spotlight, could you?

Meantime Burke has come in and has been listening.

BURKE:

Do you really hear what they say, Jarrod?

JARROD:

(matter-of-fact)

Of course.

BURKE:

A man has to be a little nuts to be a good showman. The quicker I'm out of this, the better.

JARROD:

You'll be out soon, Matthew. Mr. Wallace will return from Egypt in three months and then he'll be ready to talk business.

BURKE:

(contemptuously)

I heard him! Three months is no good to me.

JARROD:

But surely you don't expect --!

(CONTINUED)

Change in
DIALOGUE

28 (Cont.)

BURKE:

I have a chance to buy in on something that'll pay off in a big way, and three months will be too late. Besides, what guarantee have I that he won't go cold on the deal?

JARROD:

I'm sorry. It's the best I can do.

BURKE:

Well, I can do better. How would you like to split twenty-five thousand with me?

JARROD:

(looks at him in amazement)

And you call me crazy?!

BURKE:

Have you ever thought of what would happen if we had a little fire here? There are a dozen barrels of wax in the cellar. Wax has a paraffin base and it's highly inflammable. This place would burn like a paint factory.

JARROD:

(reacts in anger)

Burn -- ?

(indicating the wax figures)

Burn all my people? Do you think I'm a murderer?

BURKE:

(takes a cigar from his pocket)

Stop dreaming, will you! These dummies are insured for twenty-five thousand. We'll have twelve thousand five hundred apiece. You won't need Wallace then. You'll have enough to begin again.

Burke lights a match for his cigar.

JARROD:

(highly excited now)

No! I'd rather die myself than see my friends destroyed. I won't let you do it. I'll kill you if you try it!

BURKE:

Don't be stupid. All you need is a lighted match and the thing is done --

As he speaks he touches the lighted match to the full skirt of Marie Antoinette and her flimsy draperies burst into flame. With a cry of rage Jarrod drives his fist in Burke's face and the blow hurls the man into another waxen group and brings the figures crashing about him. (BEAR IN MIND THAT SINCE THE DEPARTURE OF WALLACE AND ALISON MOST OF THE GAS

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.1)

JETS IN THE ROOM ARE BURNING.) Jarrod, with stifled cries of fear, beats out the flames that threaten his beloved Marie Antoinette.

29. CLOSE SHOT BURKE WHERE HE FELL

pulling himself to his feet. Deliberately he turns to a burning gas jet and BLOWS IT OUT, without turning off the flow of gas. He picks up a heavy chair from the exhibit he fell into and prepares to hurl it at Jarrod.

30. ANOTHER ANGLE JARROD IN F.G.

Burke in b.g. as the latter flings the chair. Jarrod sees it coming and ducks down OUT OF SHOT - the chair comes hurtling toward the CAMERA, THROUGH THE FRAME and toward the audience.

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

31. FULL SHOT

Burke, unsuccessful in his try, charges at Jarrod. The latter lifts a knee and Burke in his rush takes the blow in his mid-section. Jarrod, surprisingly powerful, lifts the staggered man in a crotch hold and flings him across the room.

32. CLOSE SHOT THE GAS JET

that was blown out. A flood of gas is HEARD HISSING out of it.

33. CLOSE SHOT JARROD

as he turns to an armored figure and seizes a weapon from its hand, a mace - a short handle topped by a spiked iron ball - and prepares to throw it at Burke.

34. CLOSE SHOT BURKE IN F.G.

Jarrod in b.g. throws the fearsome weapon. Burke, scrambling to his feet, sees it coming and flings himself aside. The mace hurtles directly into the EYE of the CAMERA, and as it seems about to come through the frame, there is a tremendous CRASH OF GLASS and it disappears.

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

35. LONG SHOT

As Burke runs toward the glass doors that open to the lobby, Jarrod throws another heavy object that passes Burke but smashes the glass of one of the doors almost in his face. Jarrod, in a frenzy of anger, goes after him.

36. CLOSE SHOT BURKE AT GLASS DOORS

as he fearfully flings a look back and sees:

37. CLOSE SHOT GAS JET (AS BEFORE)

The gas HISSING as it escapes into the room.

38. MED. SHOT NEAR DOORS TO LOBBY

Jarrod reaches for Burke, is stopped by a blow to the jaw, rallies, comes on, seizes his enemy, his apparent purpose to hold him there and administer a beating. Burke's one thought is to get out of that place before the gas explodes. They fight with their hands, not by clinging to each other but slugging it out, and Jarrod beats Burke back from the door.

39. CLOSE SHOT THE GAS JET

The inflammable vapor flooding out of it in SOUND.

40. FULL SHOT

The two men battling with whatever they can lay their hands on - when suddenly with a ROAR the entire room seems to burst into flame. At the same instant Jarrod is struck and falls - while Burke, his arms covering his face, rushes out to the lobby.

41. CLOSE SHOT JARROD

Fire all around him as he painfully pulls himself to his feet. looks off, sees something that tears a cry from his throat. CAMERA WITH HIM as he runs to where Marie Antoinette burns like a torch, her lovely face still showing above the flame. Jarrod seizes a rug and tries to save his love but the heat drives him back.

42. EXT. ENTRANCE TO MUSEUM

Burke entering from museum, starts away, then returns and locks the entrance door with his key. After this he runs out of scene.

43. INT. EXHIBITION ROOM

Jarrold, trying to reach the lobby, is driven back by the flames. Then he makes a try for the window, referred to in earlier scenes, with the same result. Now he fights his way toward the studio - as burning timbers are falling all around him.

44. SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS OF WAX FIGURES

melting, burning - some of them bowing grotesquely as if taking a final call.

45. INT. STUDIO

Unlike the inferno of the Exhibition Room, but still a dangerous spot as tongues of flame are licking at the walls. Jarrold runs in. His clothes are smoking. He dumps the bowl of water over himself, looks about for a way of escape. There is none except by way of the skylight window in the ceiling. He drags a ladder from where it stands in a corner.

46. LONG SHOT EXT. STREET

NIGHT

dimly lighted. BACK OF CAMERA is the EFFECT of the fire in flame colored light that begins to be reflected on this street b.g. Coming out of the darkness at the far end of the street is a fire apparatus of that day, drawn by two galloping horses. The horses are headed directly toward CAMERA LENS, growing larger every instant. From the houses that flank the street people come running out, look toward the approaching apparatus, then toward the fire EFFECT which is BEYOND CAMERA.

47. INT. STUDIO (AS BEFORE)

where the fire is making headway. Jarrold has placed the ladder against the wall, is standing on a rung near the top, smashing at the glass of the skylight with his fists.

48. CLOSE SHOT JARROLD ON LADDER

as he smashes out panes of glass and the wood that frames them, to make an opening large enough to admit the passage of his body.

49. CLOSE SHOT FOOT OF LADDER

Where it touches the floor is a sea of fire - the foot of the ladder itself is burning.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53
16.

50. CLOSE SHOT JARROD ON LADDER

Now the flames are leaping up at him and his clothes are blazing. With the opening in the skylight half made he tries to pull himself up - but at that instant the burning ladder collapses and topples backward with Jarrod clinging to it.

51. SHOT FROM FLOOR (UP AT LADDER)

shows the ladder with Jarrod clinging to the top rung as it falls backward and Jarrod comes plunging directly at CAMERA LENS and into the flames.

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

FADE OUT.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
17.

FADE IN

52. EXT. NIGHT SPOT OF THE PERIOD (1902) NIGHT

change in
BUSINESS

An outdoor garden or terrace, softly-lighted exterior where one may dine and dance. At the moment, to a background of music of that time, the patrons of the place are dancing and you COME IN on the dance floor to establish the scene. It is suggested that the dancers are not in evening attire - for the overall appearance of such a scene would not spot the amusing costuming (to our present-day audiences) as would the ordinary clothes worn by the men and women of that day. STAY with this until its value is milked, then:

(53. CLOSE SHOT AT RINGSIDE TABLE MATTHEW BURKE AND CATHY GRAY
(54.
(55.

young, slender, attractive, gay - in no sense coarse or common. If she were, she would not be Sue Allen's friend, as we later discover. Cathy, in her own way, is as sharp an operator as Burke. They have had an expensive supper and plenty to drink. The girl holds hers with poise but Burke, while far from drunk, is in a confidential, and even a tearful mood. To the accompaniment of the MUSIC he bares his heart.

BURKE:

Yes, my poor friend was a genius - a great artist. Only I could understand him. We were like that, Cathy --

(shows his crossed fingers)

-- just like that!

(wipes away a tear)

CATHY:

(who likes detail)

Didn't they find him after the fire?

BURKE:

Not a sign of him. The place burned like a paint fac - like a volcano. He was such an impractical fellow - but still I loved him. If I'd been there, I might have saved him.

Changes in
DIALOGUE

CATHY:

You might have got burned yourself.

BURKE:

(shrugging off his grief)

Ah well, that's life. No matter what your loss, you must go on living!

(CONTINUED)

(53. (Cont.))

(54.
(55.

CATHY:
(the practical one)
Was the wax museum insured?

BURKE:
(brightens a little)
Yes - yes, it was. I had a little difficulty about that. According to the terms of our partnership agreement, the money was to be paid to whoever survived the others. The insurance company insisted on proof of my partner's death.

CATHY:
Yeah. They always want a corpse.

BURKE:
(with an oily grin)
But they settled finally. This afternoon, as a matter of fact.

CATHY:
(eagerly)
They didn't!

BURKE:
(nods)
A certified check. I got it cashed.
(whispers)
I've got the money right here.
(pats his pocket)
Know what that means, baby?

CATHY:
(baby smiles shyly)
No. What, Matty?

BURKE:
That little trip I've been talking about.

CATHY:
(giggles)
Oh, Matty - you're a card!
(quietly)
How much did you get?

BURKE:
(expansively)
Twenty-five thousand. Where'll we go, baby?
Atlantic City?

(CONTINUED)

(53. (Cont.)

{54.
{55.

CATHY:
Uhuh. Niagara Falls. We can get the license
in Buffalo.

BURKE:
(his face falls)
License?

CATHY:
Yeah. You know. Legitimate.

BURKE:
(his eyes veiled; figuring a double
cross)
Why not? Who knows - it might be fun.
(lifts his hand; calls)
Waiter! My check, please.

DISSOLVE TO:

56. INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR

NIGHT

A bit on the shabby side - the corridor lighted by one
"mantle" gas jet. On one side of the corridor is the en-
trance to Burke's office with his name on the door: "MATTHEW
BURKE - STOCKS AND BONDS". On the other side is the grill-
work shaft of the single elevator that services the
building. The elevator ascends to this floor level - the
third floor, let us say - and the elderly NIGHT ELEVATOR
MAN opens the door and lets Burke out. As Burke is unlocking
his office, the elevator descends to the floors below.

57. INT. BURKE'S OUTER OFFICE

In the dark. Burke unlocks the hall door, comes in,
lights a gas jet, makes sure the latch is on the hall
door when he closes it.

58. INT. BURKE'S INNER OFFICE

as he comes in and lights his desk lamp. He flings his
hat onto a divan, which is placed diagonally in a corner.
CAMERA FOLLOWS FLIGHT OF HAT AND COMES TO CLOSE SHOT on
divan. For an instant a man's hand in a black glove is
seen gripping the top of the upholstered back of the divan.
The intruder is apparently crouching behind the heavy
piece of furniture.

59. REVERSE ANGLE FROM BEHIND DIVAN

showing Burke with his BACK TO CAMERA as he seats himself at his desk and collects papers and puts them in a briefcase. The dark outline of the intruder's body rises from behind the divan, BACK TO CAMERA. He moves around the end of the divan and creeps silently toward Burke.

60. CLOSE REVERSE ANGLE ON BURKE AT DESK

working on papers. A sixth sense warns him of danger and he lifts his head, listens. A strand of thin horsehair rope drops over his head and is jerked tightly around his throat. He gasps, struggles.

61. FULL SHOT

The bulk of the intruder's body, BACK TO CAMERA, hides Burke and what is happening at the desk but the SOUND of a man fighting for breath is HEARD. Presently this sound CEASES. Now the intruder (whose face is never seen), steps aside and Burke is seen, his still body slumped over the desk. The intruder quickly searches his victim, finds a fat wallet in an inside pocket, briefly counts the packets of bills which it contains, conceals the wallet on his own person. Now he begins unwinding a length of the same type of thin rope from where it is wrapped about his waist, under his long coat.

62. INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR (AS BEFORE)

A CHARWOMAN is mopping the corridor floor CAMERA PULLING BACK ahead of her. She comes to iron stairway, picks up her bucket and descends stairs to floor below. CAMERA RETRACES its course and presently the door of Burke's outer office opens on a crack as if someone inside were reconnoitering. Then the intruder, always BACK TO CAMERA, slips out, one end of the rope in his hand. He pries open the grilled door of the elevator shaft, knots the end of the rope to an upright, retreats into office, reappears with Burke's body, drags it to the open elevator shaft.

63. INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR SEVERAL FLOORS BELOW

A duplicate of the one you have seen on Burke's floor. The Charwoman is working on this floor, mopping toward the elevator shaft, which is in f.g. As she reaches the shaft she HEARS A SOUND that is like the sudden dropping of a great weight at the end of a rope - the SNAP of the rope as its burden reaches the end of its drop - and another SNAP that might be the breaking of bone. The Charwoman curiously goes to the grilled door of the elevator shaft and looks up the shaft.

64. WHAT SHE SEES

In the shadowy shaft some feet above the floor level on which she is standing - a body swings back and forth at the end of a rope.

65. BACK TO CHARWOMAN

Clinging to the grill-work of the elevator shaft, her eyes distended in horror, she lifts her voice in a piercing SCREAM.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

66. EXT. "MA FLANNIGAN'S" HOUSE

NIGHT

An old brownstone gone to seed, located on the fringe of "The Village". Somewhere, handy to the eye, is a sign: "MA FLANNIGAN'S - ROOMS TO LET". (Though several unattached young women are among Ma's lodgers, she runs what she would call a respectable joint and stands for no funny business on the premises). This is the character of the place and of its owner.

DISSOLVE THRU:

67. INT. CATHY GRAY'S ROOM

NIGHT

OPEN ON CLOSEUP of Cathy's small feet in smart high-button shoes. CAMERA PULLING BACK reveals her sheer stockings held up by gay garters and presently a long corset that covers her from thigh to bust. Covering the bust is one of those ruffled devices that mothered the falsies. Compared to the modern bathing suit, this attire is an overcoat. Cathy is standing before her mirror as her friend from the room next door, SUE, pulls at Cathy's corset strings with her knee braced against the latter's hip. (DIALOGUE BEGINS WITH OPENING SHOT OF SHOES).

CATHY'S VOICE:

Pull 'em tight, Sue, pull 'em tight!
I want a waist like Anna Held's.

SUE'S VOICE:

If I pull them any tighter you won't be
able to breathe.

CATHY:

That's all right. I don't use much breath.

By now both girls, and the action, are revealed. Sue gives a final tug to the corset strings and passes them around to Cathy, who ties them in front. As scene continues Cathy finishes dressing - a corset cover, three petticoats, her best dress pulled over her head, her picture hat, her long gloves, her bag. The scene moves fast in constant action.

CATHY:

(continuing)

As my late friend, Mr. Burke, used to say,
"If a girl don't watch her figure, the men
won't!"

SUE:

(frowns, puzzled)

Mr. Burke? Was that the man you were going
to marry?

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

CATHY:

Yeah. But he hung himself instead. Matty was a card!

SUE:

Where's your new friend taking you tonight?

CATHY:

To the Hoffman House for dinner, then to see the vaudeville show at Tony Pastor's.

SUE:

I've never been there.

CATHY:

Oh, he's a free spender. He's a little older than I like 'em but he's very distinguished lookin'.

SUE:

Is he nice?

CATHY:

A real gentleman. Except when he's had a drink or two. But that's to be expected. I'm movin' up in the world, honey. No girl hits the jack-pot till she gets past 14th Street.

SUE:

(smiles tolerantly)

I suppose not.

CATHY:

Look at me. I started on Delancey Street and tonight I'll be among the bright lights up on 23rd.

SUE:

Better not drink too much, Cathy.

CATHY:

I won't. He tries to pour it into me but I always keep my head.

(by now she is half dressed - turns to get a rear view of herself in the mirror)
You know how it is when a girl --

(then with an apologetic glance at Sue)
No, I guess you don't know.

(goes on dressing)
You're not like me, Sue. You never could be. I'm surprised you even talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53
24.

67 (Cont.1)

SUE:

Nonsense. You've been good to me, Cathy.

CATHY:

For Pete's sake! When a girl's down on her
luck she needs a friend.

(glances at tin clock on bureau)
Holy Smoke, lookit the time!

Now she finishes dressing in a whirlwind, Sue helping her.

CATHY:

Did you find a job yet?

SUE:

No, but they need a hat-check girl at the
Silver Slipper. I have an appointment with
the manager tonight.

CATHY:

I know that fella. Look out for him.

SUE:

What's wrong with him?

CATHY:

Nothin' much, only you gotta know how to duck.

SUE:

Oh -- that kind!

CATHY:

Did you eat today?

SUE:

I had all I needed.

CATHY:

To hear you tell it! I know you're way behind
in your room rent.

SUE:

Ma Flannigan will wait.

CATHY:

Don't count on that. The old buzzard locked
me out once.

(a final dab of powder on her cheeks)
There - if I don't sizzle him tonight I might
as well give up...!

She turns out the gas jet and they hurry out.

68. INT. HALL

as they enter from room and Cathy locks her door.
Cathy digging in her bag, comes up with one coin.

CATHY:

Look, Sue, all I've got is fifty cents, but
you take it and buy yourself some dinner.

SUE:

No, Cathy -- !

CATHY:

(winks)

I'll borrow some from my friend tonight and
then I'll stake you.

(forcing the coin on her)

Go on, take it! I don't need any mad money -
I never get mad!

She laughs, kisses Sue on the cheek, runs down the stairs.

CATHY:

(as she goes)

Good luck at the Silver Slipper. And don't
forget to duck!

Sue HEARS the front door open and close.

DISSOLVE TO:

69. EXT. MA FLANNIGAN'S HOUSE (AS BEFORE)

NIGHT

A night of fog. Sue Allen, wearing her best, which is
not too good, wearily comes along the street, stops for
a moment at the foot of the brownstone steps, finds a
key in her bag, then mounts the steps toward the door.

70. INT. MA FLANNIGAN'S SITTING ROOM

off the lower hall. Ma Flannigan and TWO of her MALE
LODGERS are seated there discussing the news, (one of
the men holds a newspaper), over a growler of beer.

FIRST LODGER:

(indicating newspaper)

Remember that feller that hung hisself in an
elevator shaft coupla weeks ago?

SECOND LODGER:

Yeah. Somebody snitched his body right under
the coppers' eyes.

FIRST LODGER:

Well, they ain't found him yet.

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

MA FLANNIGAN:
It's gettin' so it ain't even safe to die
in this town --
(she hears something out in the hall)
Ssh --!

Signaling for silence, she tiptoes out to the hall.

71. INT. LOWER HALL

Sue is quietly ascending the stairs as Ma Flannigan comes out.

MA FLANNIGAN:
(with heavy sarcasm)
Just a minute, Miss Allen! What you comin'
in so quiet for?

SUE:
(returning to foot of stairs)
Why, it's so late - I didn't want to disturb
anybody.

MA FLANNIGAN:
(flatly)
Did you get the job?

SUE:
(apologetically)
No.

MA FLANNIGAN:
Why not?

SUE:
I had trouble with the man who runs the place.

MA FLANNIGAN:
What kind of trouble?

SUE:
You'll get your money, Mrs. Flannigan. Cathy
promised to loan me some when she comes home.

MA FLANNIGAN:
Then you better get right up there because
she's home now.

SUE:
Couldn't it wait until morning?

(CONTINUED)

Change in
DIALOGUE

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53
27.

71 (Cont.)

MA FLANNIGAN:

No, It couldn't! You get that money if
you expect to sleep here tonight!

SUE:

All right. I'll try --

Ma Flannigan watches as Sue ascends the stairs. Then the
landlady gives vent to an angry snort and exits into her
rooms.

72. INT. UPPER HALL

as Sue comes to Cathy's door, stands there an instant, is
about to knock, then exits into her own room next door.

73. INT. SUE'S ROOM

much like Cathy's but furnished with only the barest
necessities. Sue enters, lights the gas jet with a
match which she takes from her bag. Now she goes to
the door which connects Cathy's room with her own.

SUE:

(calls softly)

Cathy -- !

No answer. She knocks apologetically. Still no answer.

SUE:

Cathy - it's Sue. Are you in there?

Again no answer. She tries the door and finds it unlocked.
She opens it on a black, dark room.

74. INT. CATHY'S ROOM SUE

entering. The dim light from Sue's room faintly shows
the outline of Cathy, fully dressed, lying on her narrow bed.

SUE:

Cathy -- !

As she is moving toward the bed, the door to her own room
silently swings shut. Sue gasps but continues to the bed.
The darkness in the room is slightly relieved by the light
from a distant street lamp angling in through the one
window. This window is OPEN.

75. CLOSE SHOT SUE AT BED

Cathy lying on it. One of the girl's hands is across her breast. Sue reaches for it, finds it cold.

SUE:

Cathy -- !

She fumbles among the articles on nearby table, finds a match, strikes it. Her friend lies with her head strangely twisted to one side. Sue hears a faint SOUND, beyond the bed, looks, sees:

76. CLOSE SHOT "THE MONSTER"

coming out of the darkness on the other side of the bed. A black-cloaked figure, the face a formless mass of scarred tissue. He is MOVING TOWARD CAMERA, into the very eye of it, seemingly OUT OF THE FRAME, his eyes alight with fanaticism and insanity.

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

77. FULL SHOT INT. CATHY'S ROOM

As the match flickers out in Sue's hand, she SCREAMS and plunges toward her own door but the Monster blocks her way. Instantly she changes her course and dashes to the window, steps out over the low sill onto the adjoining roof of a one-story building. The Monster darts after her.

78. EXT. ROOF OF ADJOINING ONE STORY BUILDING (FOG)

Sue, entering from window, rushes to the edge of the roof. She reaches the edge as the Monster comes through the window. She turns to look, sees him coming, runs toward the rear of the roof with him after her.

79. ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING ALONG ROOF FROM REAR

where its rear edge overlooks a dark alley. Sue reaches the edge of the low roof and, in frantic desperation, jumps.

80. EXT. ALLEY

And here you see that the one-story building is a stable. Sue lands in a low mound of soiled straw, refuse from the stable, finds herself still sound of limb, scrambles to her feet and runs off into the fog-filled alley. Simultaneously, the Monster appears on the edge of the roof, hangs by his hands, drops to the ground, scurries away after the girl.

81. FULL SHOT INT. MA FLANNIGAN'S LOWER HALL

showing stairway to upper hall. One of the lodgers recently seen, is halfway up the stairs. Ma Flannigan and the other lodger are at the foot of the stairs.

FIRST LODGER:

I tell you I heard a scream up there!

SECOND LODGER:

So did I. Come on --!

The two men rush up the stairs, followed by Ma Flannigan.

82. EXT. DARK STREET SUE (FOG)

running TOWARD CAMERA coming out of the fog. Out of breath, she stops in f.g., looks back, sees nothing threatening. Recovered partially from her fright, she determines to go back to the rooming house and retraces her steps the way she came.

83. TRUCKING SHOT SUE (FOG)

FOLLOWING CAMERA along street, striving to pierce the thick fog. Midway of the block she stops and looks off BEYOND CAMERA.

84. WHAT SHE SEES (FOG)

A block away, the front of Ma Flannigan's house, now lighted ON ALL FLOORS but seen dimly in the fog. One of Ma Flannigan's lodgers bursts out of her door, followed by a girl lodger of previous scene.

GIRL LODGER:

There's a policeman down on the corner!

Male Lodger blows police WHISTLE.

85. BACK TO SUE (FOG)

who moves on toward the house, then comes to a sudden stop, her eyes starting from her head.

86. WHAT SHE SEES CLOSE SHOT THE MONSTER (FOG)

as he steps out of a dark doorway, the mist swirling about him in such a way that he looks like a disembodied nightmare, only that ghastly face showing as he moves TOWARD CAMERA. He also has difficulty seeing anything in the fog. He stops in immediate f.g., listening.

(CONTINUED)

Change in
Scene
Added
DIALOGUE

86 (Cont.)

From the thick fog that obscures his vision is HEARD the SOUND of quickly retreating footsteps of high-heeled shoes moving fast on the pavement. CAMERA AHEAD of the Monster through the fog as his own silent feet follow the sound of Sue's retreating footsteps.

87. TRUCKING SHOT SUE

Moving fast through the fog she throws a fearful backward glance, sees nothing, but senses the danger at her heels. Now she HEARS the clop-clop of a horse's hoofs on the street pavement off at her right (or left). She looks in that direction and sees:

88. EXT. STREET SUE'S VIEWPOINT (FOG)

A cruising hansom cab is dimly seen as it moves away from CAMERA going in the same direction Sue is following.

89. REVERSE ANGLE ON STREET. (FOG)

shows Sue as she leaves the sidewalk, runs after the cab AWAY FROM CAMERA.

SUE:
(calling desperately)
Cabbie - Cabbie!
(sobbing hysterically)
Stop - please stop!

90. CLOSE SHOT THE MONSTER (FOG)

He has heard Sue's call to the cabbie but for the moment has lost sight of his quarry. He stops, peering into the mist.

91. EXT. STREET CORNER (FOG)

Shows the cab as it disappears around the corner and presently Sue runs into SHOT and gives up the chase in despair. Trying to orient herself in the thick mist she moves closer to the gas street lamp on the corner and looks up at the street name on the lamp.

92. CLOSEUP STREET LAMP

The street name faintly showing: "NINTH STREET".

93. BACK TO SUE

Now she knows where she is. She throws another backward glance, then starts out at a brisk walk, disappears into the fog.

94. CLOSE SHOT THE MONSTER (AS BEFORE)

listening. Now, far off, he HEARS the FAINT SOUND of Sue's footsteps as she hurries away. Implacably he resumes the chase.

DISSOLVE TO:

95. EXT. MA FLANNIGAN'S HOUSE

NIGHT (FOG)

Now there are lights in all the windows and a small crowd typical of the neighborhood is gathered at the high brownstone stoop as a police bicycle squad in their blue uniforms and with high gray helmets, moustaches, et al, come dashing out of the fog, stop before the rooming house and dismount. The Officer in command exits into the house with several of his officers. The other officers proceed to take charge of the crowd.

DISSOLVE THRU:

96. INT. UPPER HALL OUTSIDE CATHY GRAY'S ROOM

A group of curious and excited lodgers, in various stages of dress and undress, are near the door, held back by the POLICEMAN on duty there.

97. INT. CATHY'S ROOM

The body of the girl, now covered with a sheet, is still lying on the bed. SERGEANT SHANE, in plainclothes, is in charge. One other POLICEMAN is in the room. Shane is questioning Ma Flannigan.

SHANE:

Did you find her?

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

MA FLANNIGAN:

No, it was one o' my roomers, a friend o' Cathy's, Sue Allen.

SHANE:

Where is Miss Allen?

MA FLANNIGAN:

I don't know. We heard her scream, but when we went lookin' for her she was gone.

SHANE:

Have you checked your roomers? Are they all in?

MA FLANNIGAN:

All but Sue Allen.

SHANE:

When the Lieutenant gets here he'll want a statement from each one of you.

(to Policeman)

See that nobody leaves the house.

The Policeman nods and exits to hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

98. EXT. STREET CLOSE SHOT SUE (FOG)

Her breath coming in gasps, now actually running as she nears her goal - but realizes the Monster is close behind her.

99. CLOSE SHOT MONSTER EXT. STREET

following Sue by the SOUND of her footsteps which come faintly, deadened by the thick fog a hundred feet or so ahead of him. Suddenly the SOUND of Sue's footsteps CEASES. The Monster continues for a few paces, then stops, listens, peers about him trying to see her.

100. CLOSE SHOT SUE

hiding in a doorway - listening for the approach of her pursuer. There is a soft, slithering SOUND from o.s. which indicates to her that he is near and she draws back into the doorway.

101. OVER SHOULDER SHOT (SUE'S SHOULDER)

shows the figure of the Monster, dimly seen in the mist, as he slowly passes where she is hidden.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
33.

102. CLOSE SHOT SUE (FROM FRONT AS BEFORE)

as she reaches down and pulls off both her shoes, grasps the instep of each shoe with the heel free as if it were a weapon.

103. CLOSE SHOT MONSTER SHOOTING ALONG STREET

He is a few doors beyond Sue's hiding place. His eyes are darting here and there as he listens for some sign of her movement. Then, dimly, she is seen to leave her hiding place at his rear and with a light flurry of skirts, dash across the street in her stocking feet and disappear into the fog. Her pursuer's back has been turned to her at this instant but he has sensed, if not heard, her passage. He follows, is swallowed up by the fog.

DISSOLVE THRU:

104. EXT. ANDREWS HOUSE

NIGHT (FOG)

in a different and better neighborhood than the one you have left. Sue enters along street, still fearful of pursuit, rings the doorbell, waits in mounting anxiety, rings again, gasps as she sees something o.s.

105. WHAT SHE SEES

Out of the fog a shape is taking form, dark and sinister, coming TOWARD CAMERA.

106. BACK TO SUE

SUE:

(cries out as she beats on the door)

Change of
BUSINESS

Scott! Scott!

MRS. ANDREWS, Scott's mother, opens the door and Sue rushes in.

107. MED. SHOT INT. HALL 27 LAFAYETTE STREET

The ground floor hall of a modest dwelling. As Sue enters she grabs the door from Mrs. Andrews and flings it shut. Meantime SCOTT ANDREWS enters hall. He is young, a sculptor, whose studio is on the premises.

MRS. ANDREWS:

Sue! We haven't heard from you for so long.
We've been worried about you.

ded
ALOGUE

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
34.

107 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

(then reacting to Sue's disheveled
appearance - her stark terror)

Sue! What's wrong - what happened to you?

She leans against the door, hardly able to speak at first.

SUE:

Wait - I'll tell you -- Cathy Gray, a girl
in the rooming house, was murdered - I found
her - the man who killed her was there in her
room - I got away but he ran after me on the
street.

(Scott starts to open the door but
she flings herself against it, slides
the bolt shut)

No, Scott - No -- don't go out there --!

She is sobbing as Mrs. Andrews leads her away from the door,
Scott following.

MRS. ANDREWS:

It's all right - don't cry, Sue - you're
safe now....

DISSOLVE TO:

108. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CITY MORGUE

NIGHT (FOG)

It is well past midnight now and somewhere in the distance
a steeple clock BOOMS the hour with TWO STROKES. A
Policeman walking leisurely along his beat reaches an iron
gate, or some other vehicle entrance, glances up at the sign
on one of the gateposts, which reads: "MORGUE". Hearing
the strokes of the distant clock, the Officer takes out his
turnip-like watch and, striking a match, checks his time-
piece with the clock. As he passes on OUT OF SHOT:

DISSOLVE THRU:

Change in
BUSINESS
and
DIALOGUE

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/14/53
35.

109. INT. OF MORGUE SURGERY

NIGHT

An autopsy has been performed on Cathy's body, which lies on the operating table covered with a sheet. Near the head of the table are the POLICE MEDICAL EXAMINER and a SURGEON in white. LIEUTENANT MARK BRENNAN, in plainclothes, is there with SERGEANT JIM SHANE. In b.g. you see an INTERNE. Also two MORGUE ATTENDANTS are standing by. A POLICEMAN is on guard at the door.

MEDICAL EXAMINER:

(to Surgeon, indicating body on table)
When I arrived at the rooming house this girl had been dead for several hours. The immediate cause of death was strangulation.

SURGEON:

(nods)
The mark of a cord is still on her throat.

MEDICAL EXAMINER:

(continuing)
But my examination indicated she had first been given a drug.

SURGEON:

(nods)
You were right.

BRENNAN:

(to Surgeon)
What was it?

SURGEON:

Something to make her sleep, Lieutenant. Veronal, perhaps. I'll know as soon as we hear from the laboratory.

(turns to the two Morgue Attendants,
indicating body)
All right.

The Morgue Attendants roll a cart alongside the operating table, place the body on it and wheel it off scene.

BRENNAN:

(to the doctors)
How long would it take for such a drug to work?

SURGEON:

That would depend on how much it was diluted.

MEDICAL EXAMINER:

It was probably given to her in a drink.

SHANE:

That's how it's usually done.

110. TRUCKING SHOT INT. CORRIDOR

The Two Attendants wheeling the cart with covered body on it, along the corridor.

FIRST ATTENDANT:

Business is kinda slow tonight. Three suicides, two murders and a traffic case since nine o'clock - the feller that got hit by one of them automobiles.

SECOND ATTENDANT:

I didn't think them stinkin' things could go fast enough to hurt anybody.

FIRST ATTENDANT:

Give 'em time. They're gettin' better every day.

They have come to a door. One Attendant opens the door and holds it while the other wheels the cart through.

111. FULL SHOT INT. MORGUE

The room is almost in darkness, the only light coming from a window well upstage and at one side. You see, dimly, a row of slabs, waist high, on which bodies are lying covered with sheets. In each case the feet are exposed and tags are tied to the big toe on one foot of each body. The Attendants enter with the cart and roll it alongside an empty slab. They transfer the body to the slab, laying the neck on the block of wood which is there for that purpose.

FIRST ATTENDANT:

(lightly - to the body)

I hope you like it here, honey. It's the best we got.

The Attendants are about to exit, taking their cart with them. As they pass another slab in f.g., the sheeted figure lying there has a muscular reflex and rises to a rigid, semi-sitting posture.

SECOND ATTENDANT:

(frightened)

Hey! What's the matter with this one?

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

FIRST ATTENDANT:

You'll get used to that. The embalming fluid makes 'em jump.

He coolly pushes the body back into its proper posture.

FIRST ATTENDANT:

(indicating body)

She's one of the suicides. Just like a woman - they always have to have the last word.

The Attendants exit with their cart. Once the door is closed, it is deadly quiet in there, the long rows of sheeted figures showing ghostly in the dim light. Then - at the far end of the room - one of the sheeted figures is seen to stir on its slab. It half rises, from the waist up, and stays in that position supported by its hands as if it were listening.

112. CLOSER ANGLE ON THE SLAB REFERRED TO

The figure pulls the sheet from off its face - and you see it is the Monster. Now you note that his hands are covered with black gloves and you surmise that the "Intruder" of earlier scenes and this character are the same. He thrusts the sheet aside and his hat is found resting on his body. He claps the soft black hat on his head and swings his legs to the floor. Now he follows the CAMERA in a TRUCKING SHOT as he quickly glides along the row of slabs until he comes to the one where Cathy's body is lying. He strikes a match and examines the tag attached to her foot. He has found what he is looking for. He opens his coat and begins unwinding a strand of long thin rope from where it is wrapped around his waist. (You recall a similar action of an early scene and this identifies the man as the character who killed Burke). Now he begins wrapping the strands of rope about the sheeted figure on the slab.

113. EXT. DARK ALLEY REAR OF MORGUE

A covered delivery wagon, a one-horse affair, stands close to the building, barely seen in the darkness.

114. FULL SHOT INT. MORGUE

The sheeted body is now triced with the strong, thin cord leaving a length of the cord free from where it is knotted in the back and under the armpits. The Monster quickly carries it to the back window and lays it on the floor.

115. MED. SHOT AT WINDOW

As he opens the window, which has a single bar from top to bottom dividing its center, he leans out and gives vent to a soft WHISTLE. In answer to his signal, there is another whistle from the alley below. He lifts the body and passes it out of the window, feet first, lets it slip over the sill into space. Carefully he plays out the remainder of the rope, lowering the body.

116. EXT. DARK ALLEY (AS BEFORE)

shows the body being lowered down the wall of the building to a man who is waiting there near the wagon. In the dark this man's features are indistinguishable. He receives the body and quickly unknots his end of the rope.

117. CLOSE SHOT INT. MORGUE AT WINDOW

The Monster, retaining one end of the free rope, pulls it up and passes it around the upright bar so that it forms a double strand outside permitting him to slide to ground level.

118. EXT. ALLEY (AS BEFORE)

showing the Monster as he quickly slides down the double strand of rope, then jerks it free from the bar above. The other man has apparently placed the body in the wagon and is in the act of closing the vehicle's rear doors. The two men climb to the driver's seat and the wagon is driven away.

DISSOLVE TO:

119. MED. SHOT EXT. ENTRANCE TO BUILDING

A modest brass sign at one side of the entrance:

"DEPARTMENT OF POLICE - CITY OF NEW YORK"

and below that:

"300 MULBERRY STREET"

DISSOLVE TO:

120. CLOSE SHOT ON DOOR

On the glass upper half is: "DIVISION OF HOMICIDE"

DISSOLVE THRU:

121. INT. MARK BRENNAN'S OFFICE

Brennan, Sue Allen, Mrs. Andrews and Sergeant Shane. Brennan and Shane are on their feet, the others seated. Sue has told her story.

BRENNAN:

(to Sue)

Why didn't you report this to the police?

SCOTT:

She's doing that, Lieutenant.

SHANE:

Last night was the time to do it.

MRS. ANDREWS:

She was too frightened to come here then.

BRENNAN:

This is murder, Mrs. Andrews, the climax of a chain of murders. The body of Cathy Gray was stolen from the morgue last night.

The three react according to type.

SUE:

Oh, no -- ! Why should anyone steal Cathy's body?

BRENNAN:

We're as much in the dark as you are, Miss Allen. We had a similar case a few weeks back - Matthew Burke.

SCOTT:

I read about it.

BRENNAN:

And that isn't all. There have been strange disappearances. Patterson, a Deputy City Attorney, was one of them. We've found no trace of him.

(to Sue)

If we could have laid hands on that man you saw last night -- !

He picks up a notebook from his desk, indicates it as he turns to the Andrews.

BRENNAN:

This is the strangest description I've ever heard. How could a human being look like that?

SHANE:

(to Sue)

Are you sure you didn't imagine all this?

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

SUE:

I did see him - just as I described him. He was incredible but very real.

BRENNAN:

Could he be the same man who took Miss Gray to dinner last night?

SUE:

No - that's impossible. From what Cathy told me, her friend was very good looking.

SHANE:

(to Brennan)

That's what the landlady said - a man with gray hair.

BRENNAN:

(to Sue)

There's no use showing you any suspects.
(indicating notebook)
We have nothing like this on our list.

SHANE:

If we had, we'd send him to the crazy house!

BRENNAN:

I don't want you to leave town, Miss Allen. Where can we find you?

SCOTT:

At 27 Lafayette Street.

MRS. ANDREWS:

(rises, puts an arm about Sue)

Miss Allen will stay in our home, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN:

Make sure of that. She's our only witness. That's all, thank you.

As the Andrews and Sue start for the door:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

122. EXT. ALLEY IN BUSINESS DISTRICT

DAY

As scene FADES IN, a heavy truck drawn by a team of horses, and headed TOWARD CAMERA, blocks the view of the alley. As the truck passes OUT OF SHOT, CAMERA SWINGS with it and shows CLOSE SHOT of Sidney Wallace as he walks along alley looking for an address.

123. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT ALONG ALLEY

with Wallace, until he comes to a cellar entrance which is marked simply: "149 MADISON LANE". Wallace takes a letter from his pocket, consults it - this is the number he is seeking. He descends the stairs to the cellar door.

124. CLOSE SHOT WALLACE AT CELLAR DOOR

finds a bell-pull and gives it a pull. Somewhere from behind the door a BELL IS HEARD JANGLING. Presently the door is opened by IGOR, an odd-looking man with a strangely marked face.

WALLACE:

(shows letter)

I received a letter, giving this address, and signed: 'Professor Jarrod.' But I know the Professor is dead. Can you tell me who wrote this letter?

(no reply from Igor)

My name is Sidney Wallace.

IGOR:

(replies in a guttural gibberish that makes no sense in terms of human speech)

But he steps aside and indicates that Wallace shall enter. As Wallace goes in:

125. THE CAMERA BECOMES WALLACE

and MOVES into the cellar. The door is HEARD to close behind it. The cellar is spacious, lighted by gas jets that throw pools of illumination leaving the rest of the room in shadow. Barrels and boxes are stored along the walls, the boxes resembling rough pine caskets. There are work-benches and modeling stands. On the stands are clay figures in various degrees of completion. There are props of all sorts, stands of armor, ancient weapons, racks of period costumes for men and women. On one work-

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

bench is a large number of wigs mounted on wig-blocks. In the center of the cellar is a vat lined with metal and shaped like an oversized bath tub. At one end of the vat a platform supports a metal cauldron of a hundred gallons capacity, suspending it some five feet above the vat. Beneath the cauldron, a large gas ring burns with an intense blue flame, heating a liquid matter that simmers and steams. The CAMERA - being the eyes of Wallace - TURNS AND MOVES to one end of the cellar where a figure seated in a wheel chair, BACK TO CAMERA, is working with charcoal crayon on an oblong of cardboard - the model for a sign. As CAMERA nears this you read: "THE WORLD IN WAX - CHAMBER OF HORRORS - HALL OF FAME". The figure in the chair hears Wallace and Igor approaching. The chair is turned and you look into the face of Professor Jarrod, his features unchanged, his hair turned white. His hands are twisted, scarred, and he seldom shows them. A pair of crutches, thrust in a sheath on the chair, indicate that his limbs are crippled.

JARROD:

Mr. Wallace--!

126. MED. SHOT JARROD, WALLACE AND IGOR

Wallace, amazed, incredulous, instinctively offers his hand.

JARROD:

(about to grasp Wallace's hand,
thinks better of it, hides his own)

Forgive me. Shaking hands with me is an unpleasant experience. My hands are no longer hands.

His right hand is seen briefly as he "speaks" to Igor in deaf mute sign language. Igor nods and exits.

JARROD:

Igor is a deaf mute. He's one of my assistants.

(indicating the sign model on
which he has been working)

I'm going to open another wax museum, under a different name.

(smiles at the look on Wallace's face)

It startled you, eh? Seeing me here?

WALLACE:

That's an understatement! I thought you were dead.

JARROD:

Jarrold is dead.

(smiles)

I'm a reincarnation.

WALLACE:

When I read this letter and saw your signature I thought somebody was playing a joke on me. I still don't understand how you escaped from the fire.

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
43.

126 (Cont.)

JARROD:

It's a mystery to me too, Mr. Wallace. All I remember is that I tried to get out through my studio skylight. I failed at first - but - here I am!

WALLACE:

What a frightful experience!

JARROD:

Somehow I made my way to the house of a doctor -
(throws off the mood)
Oh, well - I have my limbs - though they won't bear the weight of my body.
(shows his claw-like hands)
As for my hands, they're no good to me as a sculptor. I can't control them now. But they serve for ordinary functions.

WALLACE:

But you're beginning again!

JARROD:

With the help of my pupils, yes. I'm rebuilding my exhibition from the ground up. I'm going to give the people what they want - sensation, horror, shock - send them out in the streets to tell their friends how wonderful it is to be scared to death!

CAMERA WITH JARROD AND WALLACE as Jarrod wheels his chair to where Igor, the mute, is working at a bench.

JARROD:

(as they go)

Let me show you one of my subjects. Do you recall the case of Kemmler, the first murderer to die in the electric chair?

WALLACE:

Yes -- ?

JARROD:

Igor is working on Kemmler's head.
(smiles - shakes his head)
This mute of mine has a strange obsession - every head he models takes on the shape of his own face!

127. INSERT CLAY HEAD OF KEMMLER ON WORK BENCH

The face taking shape there is indeed a replica of Igor's face.

JARROD'S VOICE:

I humor him in this case - for once the figure is for the chair the face won't matter.

Change in
DIALOGUE

Change in
DIALOGUE

Change in
DIALOGUE

128. BACK TO SCENE

JARROD:

Crimes of violence will be reproduced in wax and exhibited while they are still fresh in the public mind. What do you think of my scheme?

WALLACE:

I think it will succeed, commercially, though it doesn't sound like you. Have you turned your back on beauty?

JARROD:

(sighs - shows his hands -
quickly hides them again)

No - but I can no longer create it.

WALLACE:

I've never forgotten your Marie Antoinette.

JARROD:

(strangely intense)

Nor have I! She will be the leading lady of my new exhibition, but I'll have to find her first.

WALLACE:

Find her -- ?

JARROD:

A model, I mean. Yes, there will be beauty, for contrast if nothing else. But each subject must be taken from life. How can I convince my audience they're alive unless I believe it myself?

129. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR TO ANOTHER CHAMBER

shows LEON, another craftsman of the wax works, entering. Leon is in his thirties but his age is hard to guess for he wears a beard and mustache that hides much of his countenance. He is carrying a figure wrapped in a sheet.

130. BACK TO JARROD AND WALLACE

JARROD:
(who has seen Leon)
Here is something that will interest you,
Mr. Wallace!

CAMERA WITH THEM as Jarrod wheels his chair and Wallace walks
at his side.

JARROD:
(continuing)
One of my pupils is about to put a body in the
wax bath --

WALLACE:
A body --

JARROD:
Yes. The bodies are constructed separately, to
exact specifications, from reinforced plaster
of Paris...

They have arrived at the vat. Leon is there, placing the
sheeted figure on the cover of the vat, eyeing a thermometer
which gives the Fahrenheit heat of the boiling wax, adjusting
the flame under the cauldron, etc.

JARROD:
(continuing)
This is Leon, another of my pupils - Mr. Wallace.
(the two men acknowledge the
introduction with nods)
The wax is melted in the cauldron you see over the
vat, liquified and brought to a boiling point
so it will distribute itself evenly over the body.

131. CLOSE SHOT. OF LEON'S ACTION

He takes the wet sheet from the figure, which is that of a woman
minus head and hands. It is made of plaster of Paris, and ap-
pears much like the mannequins used in clothing display windows.
Leon turns a crank and the vat cover descends into the vat,
carrying the figure with it.

JARROD'S VOICE:
(during above)
The head and hands, tinted by my own secret
process, are attached to the body after it is
covered by its skin of wax...

132. CLOSE SHOT TOP OF CAULDRON

Showing its bubbling, steaming contents.

JARROD'S VOICE:
Now -- watch ...!

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

As he speaks, the boiling flesh-colored wax in the cauldron rises above the brim and finds an outlet by way of a chute. Steaming, hissing, as it comes in contact with the metal of the chute, it flows down the chute into the vat like white-hot lava, sluggish at first, then gaining speed.

133. CLOSE SHOT THE FIGURE LYING IN THE VAT

With the boiling stuff spraying over it, half-hidden in a cloud of steam, it changes color from the dead white of plaster of Paris to the pale pink of human flesh.

134. FULL SHOT AT VAT

Jarrood wheels his chair close to vat and peers into it.

JARROD:

She's about right now, Leon.

Leon turns off the gas under the urn and the flow subsides.

JARROD:

Drain off the surplus and let her cool.

CAMERA PANS with them as Jarrood wheels his chair away from the vat and Wallace moves at his side.

WALLACE:

I often wondered how that was done.

JARROD:

This is a method of my own, crude but adequate.

Once away from the vat, Jarrood stops his wheel chair.

WALLACE:

Have you found a home for your new museum?

JARROD:

This is it. The building upstairs, I mean. I'll continue to use the cellar as a work shop - cut a door here and there. It's an excellent location and the building can be leased at the right price. I have some capital but I need more. Thirty thousand, at least.

(smiles disarmingly)

That's why I asked you to come here.

WALLACE:

I'll think it over.

JARROD:

Good.

(calls off)

Oh, Leon! Open up Number 27!

(to Wallace)

Come this way, please.

Wallace follows JARROD OUT OF SCENE.

135. ANOTHER PART OF CELLAR

Where the oblong boxes are stored. Leon has placed one of them on its end. It is standing vertically. He is unscrewing its hinged cover as Jarrod and Wallace come in.

JARROD:

(to Wallace)

I told you I intend to exhibit scenes of violence.
(indicating the box)

Here's an interesting subject - a mystery
they're still talking about. All right, Leon.

As Leon starts to open the box -

136. CLOSE SHOT WALLACE AND JARROD

Wallace, standing behind the latter's chair, stares in amazement. Jarrod's eyes are burning with hatred.

WALLACE:

I saw that man's picture in the paper - this is
a remarkable likeness - but it can't be a
death mask...

JARROD:

No. It's from memory ...

137. WHAT THEY SEE

CAMERA MOVING IN SUDDENLY AND SWIFTLY shows the wax figure of Burke erect in the box, his head is twisted to one side.

JARROD'S VOICE:

He hanged himself in an elevator shaft....

FADE OUT.

PART II TO FOLLOW

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
48.

FADE IN

138. CLOSE SHOT MECHANICAL FIGURE OF "LITTLE EGYPT"
OUTER LOBBY OF NEW WAX MUSEUM NIGHT

Shot
and
ALOGUE
DED

As the BARKER'S VOICE IS HEARD he calls attention to the figure with the little white ball on the end of an elastic cord (later described), which SHOOTs INTO SCENE and lightly touches figure in its most vital points.

BARKER'S VOICE:

Here she is, Ladies and Gentlemen - "Little Egypt", Queen of the Harem, who danced at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893! Is she wax - or is she flesh and blood? See the world in wax - the Hall of Fame - the Chamber of Horrors! A cultural exhibition that will enlighten you, amaze you and freeze the blood in your veins!

Meantime CAMERA PULLING BACK shows open outer lobby of Jarrod's new wax museum. Besides "Little Egypt" there are other wax figures on display including the inevitable Policeman. A small crowd has gathered before the lobby, some buying tickets and going in. The BARKER, an elegant figure in evening attire and silk hat walks up and down haranguing the crowd that grows momentarily. He has a paddle to which a white ball is attached by an elastic cord, and as he talks he expertly directs the ball at any given object but stops it just short of striking the object. This startles and amuses the crowd. (AND THE AUDIENCE TO WHICH THE PICTURE IS BEING SHOWN, FOR WHEN HE STRIKES THE BALL DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA IT SEEMS TO COME STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FRAME).

BARKER:

(to people on sidewalk)
Look out - look out - look out! Keep your eye on the little white ball, Ladies and Gentlemen! It's light as a feather but it stings like a bee! Watch it - watch it, young lady - here it comes!
(he strikes the ball at a girl in the crowd and she squeals and jumps back as it seems about to hit her)
Oh-oh! It nearly kissed you that time!

139. CLOSE SHOT BARKER

BARKER:

(to man in crowd)
Careful, sir, keep your head down or I'll tap you on the chin! Look out - duck!
(the man does duck)

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
48A.

139 (Cont.)

FACING CAMERA now - speaking DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

BARKER:

That's a becoming hat you're wearing, Madam.

I wonder if I could clip a flower off it.

Hold steady now - don't move your head or
you'll lose the powder off your nose!

(the ball shoots out into audience
in theatre where film is being shown)

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.1)

BARKER: (Cont.)

Well, I declare, there's a youngster with
a bag of popcorn. Close your mouth, son,
it's the bag I'm aiming at, not your tonsils.
Here she comes!

(again the effect of
Bail out of frame)

Well, look at that! It's in the bag....!

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

140. OMITTED. (ANOTHER FULL ANGLE)

141. CLOSE SHOT WALLACE AND JARROD INT. INNER LOBBY

near the open doors, the latter in his wheel chair,
both in evening attire. They are listening to the Barker.

BARKER'S VOICE:

(HEARD from outside)

See the lovely sinners of ancient times -
Ladies and Gentlemen - beauties who died
in torture and on the block!

142. CLOSE ANGLE ON BARKER EXT. OUTER LOBBY

BARKER:

(continuing)

Visit our Chamber of Horrors and pass the
time of day with notorious murderers who
killed with the rope, the knife and the
axe! Thrills, chills and laughter for a
price within the reach of all!

143. CLOSE SHOT WALLACE AND JARROD INT. INNER LOBBY

listening to:

BARKER'S VOICE:

One hundred dollars in gold will be paid to any

(CONTINUED)

Change in
DIALOGUE

143 (Cont.)

BARKER: (Cont.)

adult who will spend the night alone in our
Chamber of Horrors! One hundred dollars in
gold!

Wallace and Jarrod move away from doors to outer lobby.
By now there is a good crowd in the inner lobby.

JARROD:

(laughing)

I hope you don't think I've gone too far -
hiring that fellow to pull the people in?

WALLACE:

(shrugs, smiling)

He makes it sound a little like a sideshow.

JARROD:

Let's try him for a week or two. Once we're
established we won't need that sort of thing.

They are moving OUT OF SHOT.

144. FULL SHOT INNER LOBBY

where there are several exhibits designed to fool the
patrons. Groups stop to look at them.

145. MED. SHOT

where a policeman (in wax) is standing near the entrance
to the main Exhibition Room. A POMPOUS OLD BOY steps up
to him.

POMPOUS OLD BOY:

(in confidential tone)

I say, Officer, can you tell me where?
(he whispers the rest of it in the
policeman's ear. There is no reply.
He looks a little indignant)
Eh? I beg your pardon -- ?

The Barker, passing at that moment, has witnessed this
with a grin.

BARKER:

(to Pompous)

On your left, sir, as you enter that door.

POMPOUS:

Oh - thank you - thank you very much!

With another indignant look at the officer, he goes in.

146. MED. SHOT

where a MAN IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE stands, immovable, as he sets his turnip-like watch. TWO NEARSIGHTED SPINSTERS, bespectacled, move in and look at him with wondering eyes.

FIRST SPINSTER:

Why it looks like a real man, doesn't it!

The man lifts his head and looks at her.

SECOND SPINSTER:

(with a little gasp)

It is a real man!

MAN:

(quietly)

You'd be surprised.

And he goes into the museum.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. INT. MUSEUM MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM

NIGHT

Jarrold, very distinguished in his evening attire, wheels his chair from one exhibit to another, lecturing to the crowd that follows him. Wallace is among the spectators. As you come in on scene they are approaching a scaffold where Nan Boleyn kneels at the block on which she is to lose her head - at her side the masked figure of the executioner with a huge broadsword in his hands.

JARROLD:

(as he rolls his chair to f.g.)

The historic figures I'm about to show you now will be more interesting when I tell you that their faces were molded from the original death masks now in the possession of certain European governments.

148. CLOSE SHOT OF GROUP IN WAX

JARROLD'S VOICE:

First, here is Anne Boleyn, second wife of King Henry VIII, and mother of Elizabeth 1st, with the executioner Henry borrowed from the French King - so Anne's head would be cleaved from her body without too much pain.

149. JARROD AND CROWD

as CAMERA LEADS them to another group.

JARROD:

(as they go)

Henry was a thoughtful husband. It was he who invented the short cut to divorce - a very bad pun I'm afraid. Here is another scene of historic violence

150. CLOSE SHOT OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY AND MARAT

The woman standing at the side of Marat's square bath tub in which he lies with a knife in his breast.

JARROD'S VOICE:

Charlotte Corday and Marat, one of the leaders of the French Revolution. The lady found him in his bath and plunged a knife in his heart.

151. JARROD AND CROWD

as they follow CAMERA to another exhibit.

Change in
BUSINESS

JARROD:

In these days when we hate out politicians we knife them with words - but Charlotte believed in more direct action.

They have come to an exhibit of the guillotine - a condemned man lying with his head over the basket and a masked figure of the executioner as he is about to let the knife fall.

152. CLOSE SHOT GUILLOTINE

JARROD'S VOICE:

During the French Revolution a certain doctor invented a labor-saving device that took the place of the headsman's axe. So successful was this machine in chopping off the heads of the French aristocrats that they named it after its creator. And here it is - the bloody guillotine!

Change in
DIALOGUE

153. JARROD AND CROWD

again in movement as they pass into the Chamber of Horrors.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
53.

153A. INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS

JARROD:

(entering)

The exhibits in this room will be added to as various crimes are committed. You'll read about them in your newspapers and see them enacted here in waxen tableaux.

New scene

They have stopped before a group showing a man being electrocuted in the electric chair.

153B. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

JARROD'S VOICE:

Twelve years ago the electric chair was first used in New York State - and here you see an authentic reproduction of the execution of William Kemmler, on August 3rd, 1890. Kemmler killed without mercy, and 2000 volts sent him to a higher court.

New scene

Now CAMERA MOVES TO:

154. CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER GROUP

A naked girl with a sheet thrown over her body being tortured on the rack. The wheels which operate the windlasses at either end of the machine are being turned by masked torturers. A judicial questioner stands watching the victim with a tablet in his hand, ready to write.

JARROD'S VOICE:

The torture of the rack. In this case Lady Anne Askew, an English noblewoman, accused of treason, is being put to the question.

155. JARROD AND CROWD

156.

JARROD:

Needless to say, she admitted she was a traitor. Who wouldn't under that sort of pressure?

The crowd follows him as he rolls his chair toward the Bluebeard exhibit.

Added
DIALOGUE

JARROD:

(more or less lightly)

And here, my friends, is that jolly old gentleman who was known as the modern 'Bluebeard'. Like his namesake, he killed not wisely but too well, and did away with eight wives.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
53A.-54.

(155 (Cont.)
(156

JARROD: (Cont.)

(continuing as he rolls his chair
to the next exhibit and the crowd
follows him)

Next door to him is a mystery of a more
recent date - Matthew Burke, the stock-
broker who was found hanged in the elevator
shaft of the building where he had his offices.
Was it murder or suicide? Only time will tell.

(quoting with a mischievous
glint in his eye)

'Foul deeds will rise, though all the world
o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes'!

DIALOGUE &
BUSINESS OMITTED.

157. OMITTED. (CLOSE SHOT GROUP)
158. OMITTED. (ANOTHER GROUP)
159. OMITTED. (CLOSE SHOT JARROD)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/20/53
55.

160. OMITTED. (JARROD AND HIS AUDIENCE)

161. OMITTED. (SINGLE FIGURE OF BOOTH)

162. CLOSE SHOT SUE ALLEN EXT. OUTER LOBBY OF MUSEUM NIGHT

as she waits near the box-office and CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Scott Andrews at the box-office buying tickets. Sue is better dressed than when you saw her last and her charming face is alight with curiosity - as Scott joins her, gives their tickets to the ticket-taker at the door and they pass into:

163. INT. INNER LOBBY

where some people are going out - a few are coming in - the latter groups stopping to view the lobby exhibits. Scott and Sue enter from outer lobby and stop before the figure of the Policeman.

SCOTT:

Like him, Sue?

SUE:

He looks exactly like my Uncle Rufus.

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

(laughs)

They have a policeman like this in the lobby of the Eden Musee. Haven't you been there?

SUE:

No.

SCOTT:

From what I've seen in the papers, this museum is even better. Anyway, we'll find out.

WALLACE'S VOICE:

(HEARD from o.s.)

Scott -- !

Scott turns and smiles with pleasure as Wallace ENTERS SHOT and grips his hand.

SCOTT:

Mr. Wallace! Sue, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Sidney Wallace - Miss Sue Allen.

WALLACE:

It's a pleasure, Miss Allen.

SCOTT:

I heard you were back in town.

WALLACE:

Then you should have looked me up.
(to Sue)

I expect great things of Scott. I consider him one of our most promising young sculptors. Has he been working hard?

SUE:

He never knows when to stop.

SCOTT:

Sue has been posing for me --

WALLACE:

Indeed? A lovely subject.

SUE:

Thank you.

SCOTT:

Not a professional model. She's a guest in our home. Sue's mother and mine were great friends.
(indicating museum)
Have you been inside, Mr. Wallace?

(CONTINUED)

"HOUSE OF WAX"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/29/53
57.

163 (Cont.1)

WALLACE:
(smiles)
Yes.

SUE:
Is it exciting?

WALLACE:
If anything, too much so, but I'm sure it will catch on. Jarrod, the man who owns the place, is a good friend of mine. You'll be interested in him, Scott. Let's go in.

Change in
BUSINESS

As they go in, others are coming out, among them Male Lodger and Girl Lodger of earlier scenes. Sue does not see them.

NEW
SCENE

163A. CLOSE SHOT GIRL LODGER AND MALE LODGER
who have stopped to look after Sue.

MALE LODGER:
That was Sue Allen -- !

GIRL LODGER:
Lookin' prosperous, ain't she!

MALE LODGER:
(indicating museum)
Wait'll she sees what we saw in there --
(puzzled, disturbed)
I don't get it -- !

They walk out to street.

164. FULL SHOT INT. MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM NIGHT

Owing to the late hour, a small and scattered crowd moving about. In b.g., Sue, Scott and Wallace are seen as they move from Louis XVI to the girl on the rack.

165. CLOSE SHOT SUE, SCOTT AND WALLACE

SCOTT:
You know, these figures are excellent.

WALLACE:
I thought you'd agree with me.

SCOTT:
They're not only well done, but they're good theatre.

WALLACE:
What do you think, Miss Allen?

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

SUE:

(looking at the girl on the rack)
They're very real. I know they're only wax,
but - it hurts just to look at that girl!

WALLACE:

Wait till you see the Chamber of Horrors.
I told Jarrod he should have a nurse on duty
there.

Sue looks off BEYOND CAMERA, sees something that catches
her attention. She is moving away toward this objective
as Scott speaks:

SCOTT:

(to Wallace)

Did you say Jarrod lost the use of his hands?

WALLACE:

Yes. His pupils did these figures, but he
supervised the work. His is the master mind.

SCOTT:

He surely knows his anatomy!

166. CLOSE SHOT SUE

Moving toward that which holds her attention, she comes to a
stop and her eyes grow wide in horrified fascination.

167. WHAT SHE SEES

The figure of Joan of Arc, in wax, bound to a stake and
with wood piled about her limbs ready for the burning. The
face of Joan of Arc is that of Cathy Gray. Joan's hair,
of course, is cropped in the traditional manner, while Cathy,
when you saw her last, wore her hair dressed in the mode of
the period - but it is Cathy's face.

168. BACK TO SUE

as she is drawn to the figure.

169. CLOSEUP JOAN'S FACE

emphasizing in CLOSE SHOT that this is more than a resem-
blance.

170. SUE AND JOAN

Fascinated, Sue fearfully touches one of the figure's hands, finds it cold, as she did that other time. A sob is torn from her throat.

SUE:

(a stifled cry)

Cathy -- it's Cathy -- !

171. CLOSE SHOT JARROD

He is in his wheel chair, rolling it TOWARD CAMERA. He stops in f.g. as he sees the above action.

172. JARROD'S VIEWPOINT SUE AT FIGURE OF JOAN OF ARC

as he sees her in profile. Now she turns to look toward her friends and he sees her full-face. (Note that the actress who plays Sue will be the model for the original Marie Antoinette.)

173. BACK TO JARROD

as he sees the face of his Marie Antoinette - discovering a reincarnation of his lost love.

174. MED. SHOT AT JOAN OF ARC FIGURE

as Scott and Wallace join Sue and both see that something is wrong.

(SCOTT:

Sue - are you crying?

She nods, unable to speak for the moment.

WALLACE:

What's wrong, Miss Allen?

SUE:

A dear friend of mine was murdered - and I found her --

(SCOTT:

(to Wallace)

She means Cathy Gray - the girl whose body was stolen from the morgue.

(puzzled - to Sue)

What made you think of her now?

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/15/53
60.

174 (Cont.)

SUE:
(indicating the figure)
That's her face, Scott - Cathy's face!

175. CLOSE SHOT JARROD

as he rolls his chair a little nearer.

SUE'S VOICE:
(continuing)
I know every line of it. I wake up at night
and see it. I can't get it out of my mind!

176. SUE, SCOTT AND WALLACE (AS BEFORE)

WALLACE:
Perhaps that's the reason you see a resemblance
in the face of this figure.

SUE:
It's more than a resemblance!

~~SCOTT:~~
It's wax, my dear -- !

SUE:
I know - I know that - but why should it be so
like Cathy -- ?

Jarrold rolls his chair into SHOT. Throughout his eyes never
leave Sue's face.

JARROD:
I think I can explain that.

WALLACE:
Oh, er --
(introducing them)
Miss Allen, Scott Andrews - Mr. Henry Jarrod.
(ad libbed acknowledgments)
You see, Miss Allen knew a girl who --

JARROD:
(nods)
I heard what the young lady said.
(to Sue)
This figure of Joan of Arc is a traditional
exhibit in wax museums. It was finished just
in time for our opening tonight. You're right,
my dear, this is more than a chance resemblance.
When I create an important figure I can't take
just any face. I saw the pictures of your

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

JARROD: (Cont.)

Cathy Gray in the newspapers. Her face fascinated me - and here she is - immortalized as the victim of an earlier crime.

(gently)

Do you really think she'd mind?

SUE:

(still troubled, but accepting this)

No -

(smiles tearfully in remembrance)

Cathy liked to 'dress up', as she called it, to imitate the actresses she saw in the theatre.

No - I don't suppose she'd mind.

JARROD:

Then I'm forgiven?

SUE:

There's nothing to forgive --

(looks up at figure)

But I can't understand it - she seems so real!

JARROD:

That's the finest compliment I've ever received.

Thank you, my dear.

(turns to Scott)

Did I hear your name correctly - Scott Andrews?

(SCOTT:

Yes, Mr. Jarrod.

WALLACE:

The young sculptor I've been telling you about.

JARROD:

So! Sidney showed me some photographs of your work. He's right - you have great promise.

What are you working on now?

(SCOTT:

I'm doing a head of Miss Allen.

JARROD:

Let me see your hands.

(Scott shows them - Jarrod nods in approval)

Yes. Mine were once like that. How I envy you! Mr. Andrews, would you care to do some modelling for me - some originals I have in mind?

(SCOTT:

Why, yes - I'd be honored!

(CONTINUED)

176. (Cont. 1)

JARROD:

Good! Come to see me tomorrow morning, and we'll make the arrangements. I think you'll like it here.

Even when addressing the others Jarrod has kept his eyes on Sue.

JARROD:

(continuing, to Wallace)

Sidney - I want you to look at this girl--

WALLACE:

(smiling)

With pleasure!

JARROD:

Who does she remind you of?

WALLACE:

You know, I've been wondering about that myself. I haven't known Miss Allen more than ten minutes, but there's something about her that --

JARROD:

That haunts you - as the face of my Marie Antoinette has haunted me!

WALLACE:

Marie Antoinette - of course! I should have seen it at once.

(to Sue)

A figure in wax - Mr. Jarrod's greatest work.

JARROD:

More than wax! She lived.

SUE:

You mean I look like she did?

WALLACE:

Exactly as she did.

JARROD:

Once in his lifetime every artist feels the hand of God and creates something that comes alive. So it was with my Marie Antoinette, and I loved her. She's gone now, horribly destroyed - but perhaps you can help me bring her back. Will you come to see me - soon?

SUE:

I'll be glad to.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.2)

JARROD:

You'll be welcome any time - no matter what I'm doing. And you, Mr. Andrews - in the morning?

SCOTT:

I'll be here. Very eager to begin!

JARROD:

Thank you. This has been an exciting day and I'm a little tired - so if you will forgive me, my friends, I'll say goodnight.

Ad libbed goodnights from Scott and Sue.

JARROD:

(to Wallace)

Oh, Sidney, one moment, please.

WALLACE:

(to Scott and Sue)

Excuse me. I'll be right back.

Wallace walks with Jarrod as the latter rolls his chair
OUT OF SHOT. Sue stands staring at the face of Joan.

(SCOTT:

(indicating figure)

Forget about it, Sue. You heard what Mr. Jarrod said.

SUE:

Yes.

(SCOTT:

Cathy's face was his inspiration. This is a portrait in wax.

SUE:

(held as if in a trance -
half-whispers)

But why should it seem so real?

DISSOLVE TO:

177. EXT. FLAT ROOF OF ONE-STORY BUILDING

NIGHT

The door of a shed-like entrance to the roof is opened and the Monster appears out of the blackness. He creeps to the edge of the roof, lies flat on his stomach, looks out and down.

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/15/53
64.

178. CLOSE SHOT MONSTER

His horrid face CLOSE as he searches the side of the building off scene.

179. HIS VIEWPOINT

The CAMERA HIS EYES as it spots a lighted window, one story from the ground. A window in a dwelling house.

180. CLOSE SHOT JUST OUTSIDE WINDOW

which is closed. Sue, in nightgown, comes to window, opens it, looks out into the night.

181. INT. SUE'S BEDROOM (IN ANDREWS HOME)

as she leaves window, puts out her light, crawls into her bed. Light from a distant street lamp angles into the room.

182. EXT. ROOF-TOP THE MONSTER

rises from his prone position, unwraps the rope of earlier scenes from about his waist. It has a weighted object on one end of it. Now he flings the rope up and beyond CAMERA. It falls short the first time and he tries again.

183. INSERT SHOT EDGE OF APARTMENT HOUSE ROOF

shows the hook, which is attached to the end of the Monster's rope, catch and hold fast on the upturned ledge of the roof.

184. EXT. ROOF-TOP THE MONSTER (AS BEFORE)

as he tests his rope - which extends tautly UP AND BEYOND CAMERA.

185. CLOSE SHOT SUE INT. BEDROOM

in her bed, asleep. CAMERA SWINGS and ANGLES ON the open window, moves CLOSE to it. Through the window the Monster can be seen on the roof-top across an areaway. Clinging to his rope, he perches on the edge of the roof, kicks off and swings across the areaway toward the window, plunging directly INTO CAMERA. As his feet land on the ledge and his hands grasp the sash of the raised window, his nightmare face FILLS THE SCREEN.

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

186. WIDER ANGLE

shows Monster silently creeping in through the window to the floor of the room. He looks toward the bed.

187. HIS VIEWPOINT SUE

now in the grip of a dream - moaning, turning and tossing on her pillows. DOUBLE EXPOSE over this a REPRISE of the scene in Cathy's room - the scene in which Sue first encountered the Monster. Her own SCREAM shocks her awake, and the DOUBLE EXPOSURE is BLOTTED OUT. But now she is sitting up in bed and she sees:

188. SUE'S VIEWPOINT

The Monster, at the foot of her bed, moving toward her.

189. FULL SHOT

as Sue, believing this to be a figment of her dream, SCREAMS again. The Monster, still clinging to the end of his rope, leaps to the window sill, and out, is seen briefly as he swings away toward the background roof-top. Now Mrs. Andrews, Scott's mother, rushes in through the door, a dressing gown over her nightclothes, goes to Sue, takes the girl in her arms.

MRS. ANDREWS:

What happened, Sue? Why did you scream?

SUE:

(hysterical with fear)

I saw Cathy again - and the man who killed her - he was right here in my room! I must have been dreaming --

MRS. ANDREWS:

(as she mothers the girl)

Of course you were, my dear!

FADE OUT.

PART III TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

190. INT. ATLANTIC GARDENS

DAY

A popular resort of the period - an INDOOR CAFE - with background dressing that gives it the appearance of a garden spot; potted palms and other foliage. At that time the music was furnished by a piano, (and Irving Berlin was one of the players,) but those who recall the spot surely won't find fault with an orchestra. Suggest you FADE IN on CLOSE SHOT on a line of DANCING GIRLS' legs, kicking straight into the EYE OF THE CAMERA:

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT

Then PULL BACK and show that this is cafe entertainment provided by a dancing group doing the can-can. CAMERA SLAMS WITH THIS, MOVING into VARIOUS ANGLES which cover not only the dance but establish the background. Presently, the CAMERA IN MOVEMENT comes to a table at ringside where Scott Andrews and Sue Allen are seated. Sue, who is primarily a small-town girl, is a little startled, a little doubtful, of the propriety of what she is seeing. Scott is enjoying her reactions. A MUSTACHED WAITER enters to their table with a huge stein of foaming beer and a sarsaparilla which he places before them. Also two plates which contain huge sandwiches, pickles, etc.

WAITER:

Lager for the gentleman - sarsaparilla for the lady - with two knackwursts on rye!

The Waiter EXITS SHOT.

SCOTT:

Enjoying yourself?

SUE:

(wide-eyed)

It is exciting. But do nice people come here?

SCOTT:

Of course. These Sunday matinees are very popular.

SUE:

It hardly seems proper - the way those girls show all their - talents --

SCOTT:

(laughs)

You never saw a show like this in Provincetown.

SUE:

Oh, no -- ?

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

Don't worry, darling. Your reputation's safe. You've been going around with the weight of the world on your shoulders, worrying about wax figures, seeing monsters in your dreams. You need something like this to bring you back to normalcy.
(He lifts his glass to her)

Prosit:

As they drink, the dancing girls are near their table again and CAMERA LEAVES the table and covers the dance, STAYING WITH IT until its climax and the exit of the dancing girls. Their exit carries them OUT near Scott and Sue's table and again you are in CLOSE SHOT on these two. From o.s. the MUSIC SEGUES into another number and CONTINUES OVER SCENE:

SUE:

(lost in thought - speaks suddenly)
Remember Mr. Jarrod said that he first saw Cathy's picture in a newspaper?

SCOTT:

(shakes his head - tolerantly)
Yes. What's wrong with that?

SUE:

But, Scott, I knew her so well! I remember every little expression - and they're all there.

SCOTT:

They would be. He's an artist.

SUE:

There's something else I saw that night at the museum. Cathy had a habit of wearing only one earring, and the lobe of her right ear was pierced for it. That's there, too! How could he see that in a photograph? How could he make her so real -- unless -- ?

SCOTT:

What -- ?

SUE:

(hesitates to say it)
Unless -- it is Cathy -- !

SCOTT:

(looks at her as if she were mad)
Now look -- you meet me at the museum tomorrow noon. I'll take you to Lieutenant Brennan's office, and I want you to tell him what you've told me. He's a policeman and he knows. He'll convince you

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/21/53
68.

190 (Cont.1)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

SCOTT: (Cont.)
once and for all that no such thing could
happen!

DISSOLVE TO:

191. EXT. ENTRANCE TO BUILDING (AS IN EARLIER SCENE) DAY
with sign:

"DEPARTMENT OF POLICE - CITY OF NEW YORK
203 MULBERRY STREET

DISSOLVE TO:

192. INT. MARK BRENNAN'S OFFICE (AS IN EARLIER SCENE) DAY

Brennan seated at his desk - Scott and Sue seated nearby.
Sue is speaking as you come in on scene:

SUE:
(to Brennan)
I know it sounds fantastic - but you asked me to
tell you everything.

SCOTT:
(to Brennan - indicating Sue)
You can see this idea has become an obsession. An
unhealthy one, if you ask me!

Brennan meticulously, and thoughtfully, rearranges articles
on his desk, before he replies.

BRENNAN:
You say Jarrod's a cripple?

SCOTT:
(nods)
He uses a wheel chair. He can walk with crutches
but not very well.

BRENNAN:
Such a man came here and asked permission to see
the police photographs of Cathy Gray.

SCOTT:
(to Sue)
You see? That's how it's done. Every detail is
studied to make the subject's features true to
life.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

(CONTINUED)

192 (Cont.)

SUE:
(stubbornly)
Why should Joan of Arc's right ear be pierced for
an earring?

SCOTT:
Why not? They wore them then.

SUE:
Two - not one.

BRENNAN:
(rising - to Sue)
I'm afraid that what you suspect is impossible.

Sue and Scott rise, ready to go.

SUE:
It isn't a suspicion. I can hardly explain it -
it's more of a fear - an intuition.

BRENNAN:
Intuition isn't of much use to the police. Facts
are what we need. Suppose you forget about this
and let us do the worrying?

SUE:
You mean you'll investigate it?

SCOTT:
(behind Sue's back, signals with a
significant nod)
Of course he does!

BRENNAN:
(smiles)
Yes - that's what I mean.

SUE:
(looks from one to the other, catches an
approving smile on Scott's face)
You both think I'm crazy.

SCOTT:
We think nothing of the kind!

SUE:
(to Brennan - resigned)
But it was good of you to listen, to be so patient.
Thank you very much. Goodbye, Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

BUSINESS
CHANGE

BUSINESS
CHANGE

1/17/53
70.

192. (Cont.1)

Scott opens the door for her and she goes out. With a shrug and a shake of the head to Brennan, Scott follows her. Brennan stands thinking, then in sudden decision goes to his desk and lifts his phone.

BRENNAN:

Brennan speaking. Shane there?... Put him on.
(pause)

Jim, I want you to go over to the City License Bureau and check on a man named Henry Jarrod. He opened a wax museum on 29th near Broadway ...Yeah. 'The World In Wax'. Dig up all you can. Get a list of his employees. Report to me here. ...Right.

As he hangs up:

DISSOLVE TO:

193. EXT. MUSEUM

DAY

Near midday, when business is slack. The Barker is not on duty yet. The ticket seller is in his box-office. There are a few people looking at the displays in the outer lobby.

DISSOLVE THRU:

194. INT. MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM

DAY

Several early patrons on hand, but for the most part the big, dimly-lighted room is empty - except for Tom Brennan and Jim Shane, who are standing before the figure of Joan of Arc.

195. CLOSER ANGLE BRENNAN, SHANE AND JOAN OF ARC

The two detectives curiously studying the figure. It is apparent they are not too impressed by the resemblance to Cathy. They have programs in their hands.

SHANE:

Yeah, that's a copy of her face, all right. But she didn't look like that the night we saw her in Ma Flannigan's rooming house.

BRENNAN:

Not so composed, perhaps.

SHANE:

No - poor kid. This feller, Jarrod, does a good job.

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

BRENNAN:

(with a smile)

Then you don't think Miss Allen's fears are justified?

SHANE:

Heck, no! Do you?

(Brennan shakes his head)

That's wax!

(indicating the figure)

How could it be anything else? Leave it to a skirt to dream up a crazy idea like that -- !

Brennan, looking off toward entrance, stops him, indicates entrance door with a nod.

196. CLOSE SHOT ENTRANCE DOOR TO MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM

Sue, coming in, stops to look at some figure near the door.

197. BACK TO BRENNAN AND SHANE

as they quickly move off scene.

198. SUE

CAMERA PICKS HER UP as she leaves the exhibit near door and CARRIES HER to Joan of Arc, MOVES IN FOR CLOSER ANGLE. Sue looks about, sees that she is practically alone, and unobserved. She steps up on the prop scaffold on which Joan is standing, lashed to her stake. She touches the cold, waxen face, looks closely at the lobes of the ears -- touches the hair to see if it is real. She is startled as she HEARS A VOICE from close o.s.

JARROD'S VOICE:

(gentle, with a touch of, shall we say, amusement)

So you did come to see me, my Marie Antoinette.

BUSINESS
CHANGE

As Sue reacts, and climbs down from her perch, Jarrod, in his chair, ENTERS SHOT. Leon is with him and the bearded man carries a square box under his arm. Igor is propelling Jarrod's wheel-chair.

JARROD:

(continuing - indicates the figure)

Or was it this you came to see?

SUE:

(upset)

I'm so sorry, Mr. Jarrod - I know I shouldn't touch the figures, but --

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/21/53
72.

198 (Cont.)

JARROD:

(smiling)

But you just can't help yourself. Don't let it trouble you.

(sees her glance at Leon)

Oh, I beg your pardon. This is Leon Averill and Igor - Miss Sue Allen.

(Leon and Sue acknowledge the introduction)

Igor isn't impolite -

(explaining Igor's silence)

He simply can't talk. Leon is an artist in his own right. It was he who did the waxwork on Joan of Arc. Does she still seem real to you?

SUE:

As life itself. Of course her hair is different, but that doesn't change her face.

(to Leon)

What puzzle me is - how you can get such detail from a photo.

(innocently)

Was Cathy wearing her earrings when the police photographed her?

JARROD:

(frowns - puzzled)

Earrings? I don't remember. Was she, Leon?

LEON:

No - no, I don't think she was. The police would remove all jewelry from the body.

SUE:

(hiding an inner excitement)

And yet you were careful to show that both her ears were pierced for them.

(indicating Joan - with a slight stress on the word 'both')

LEON:

(reacting to her praise)

Yes, oh yes! If I'd missed a detail of that sort, Mr. Jarrod would have been displeased. He insists on absolute reality.

SUE:

(she knows but one ear was pierced)

I can understand that.

Leon is about to go. Jarrod stops him with a gesture.

(CONTINUED)

Change in
DIALOGUE

198 (Cont.1)

JARROD:

One moment, Leon.

(to Sue)

I have something here that will interest you.

He takes the box from Leon, removes cover. Sue looks in box, starts, gasps.

199. INSERT THE BOX IN JARROD'S HANDS

As she sees what appears to be HER OWN HEAD lying on a bed of cotton in the box.

200. BACK TO SCENE

JARROD:

(watching her)

Your Mr. Andrews permitted us to make a cast of the head he did of you. Leon has just finished it in wax. Do you like it?

SUE:

(fascinated)

It's sort of a shock to see your own head - detached like that. I suppose it's a good likeness.

JARROD:

(his eyes still on her)

Andrews is clever, but like all modern sculptors, he has too much imagination. He would improve on nature.

(softly, as a lover would say it)

What I need for my Marie Antoinette is you. The real you. Nothing less will satisfy me.

(replacing the cover on the box, giving it to Leon)

Come to see me again, my dear.

With a smile and a nod he signals Igor, who rolls his chair out of scene, Leon goes with him. Sue exits toward lobby door.

DISSOLVE THRU:

201. INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS BRENNAN AND SHANE
standing before the figure of Matthew Burke.

SHANE:

Burke! You know this feller Jarrod's quicker at findin' these guys than we are.

BRENNAN:

That's what he says in his advertising.

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
OMITTED

change in
BUSINESS

201 (Cont.)

SHANE:

(indicating Burke)

Look at that - even the twist in his neck!
There's a case that beats me - where is
Burke? Who got him? Who'd want him?

BRENNAN:

We'd better find out. Did you read that
blast in the Morning World?

SHANE:

Yeah - dynamite.

BRENNAN:

The Chief had me on the carpet this morning.
First thing I know I'll be pounding a beat
up in the Bronx. Come here a minute, Jim --

CAMERA WITH THEM as they move to Lincoln assassination
group. A pause as Brennan studies figure of John Wilkes
Booth.

BRENNAN:

You knew Wilbur Patterson, the Deputy City
Attorney who disappeared.

SHANE:

Sure.

BRENNAN:

(covers Booth's mustache with his hand)

Take a look at this. Does Booth look like
Wilbur, or am I crazy?

SHANE:

Yeah - he does at that, if he had that brush
off his lip. The hair's different, of course,
but the features are something like Patterson's.
Maybe he looked like Booth anyway. I've seen a
lot of dummies in here that look like people I
know. That ape they got upstairs is the spittin'
image of the new Commissioner.

Leon comes along, carrying some tools in his hands. He sees
Brennan take his hand away from Booth's face and stops.

LEON:

Don't touch the exhibits, please. Can't
you read the signs?

BRENNAN:

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

1/17/53
75.

201 (Cont.1)

Shane is curiously studying Leon's bearded face.

SHANE:

(to Leon)

Hey, look, where'd you get the face for
this guy that shot Lincoln?

LEON:

From photographs.

SHANE:

(dissembling)

Yeah? Did they take 'em at that time?

LEON:

(contemptuously)

If you go to the City Library you'll find a
volume of Matthew Brady's photographs taken
during the Civil War.

Leon is about to go, but Shane stops him assuming the role
of a curious sightseer.

SHANE:

You work here?

LEON:

Yes.

SHANE:

You make these things?
(indicating figures)

LEON:

Some of them.

SHANE:

What's your name?

LEON:

Leon Averill. What's yours?

SHANE:

Jim Shane. I'm an engineer on the 9th Avenue L.
It was nice meetin' you.

With an indifferent shrug, Leon EXITS SHOT. Shane stands
looking after him.

SHANE:

You know me, Tom - I'm not so good at names,
but I never forget a face. If I could take

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.2)

SHANE: (Cont.)
the muff off that one, I might place him.
It's been a long time

As he stands there beating his brains, Brennan watching him with a smile:

DISSOLVE TO:

202. INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS (AS BEFORE) DAY

Sidney Wallace stands looking out the window, as Tom Brennan and Jim Shane enter.

BRENNAN:
(as he enters)
Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE:
(who has turned from the window)
Yes.

BRENNAN:
(offers his hand)
I'm Lieutenant Tom Brennan. This is Sergeant Jim Shane.

WALLACE:
(as he shakes hands with both men)
Glad to know you.

BRENNAN:
Sorry I kept you waiting.

WALLACE:
That's quite all right.
(not too seriously)
But I'll confess I'm worried. This is the first time I've been asked to come to Police Headquarters.
(smiling)
What am I suspected of?

BRENNAN:
Nothing whatever. But perhaps you can help us. Won't you sit down?

WALLACE:
(doing so)
Thank you.

Brennan, as is his habit, paces the floor. Shane takes a chair at one side.

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.)

ALOGUE
ITTED

BRENNAN:

We found that your partner is the same Professor Jarrod whose museum on Twenty-fourth Street burned down some time ago.

WALLACE:

That's true.

BRENNAN:

Jarrod was reported killed in the fire. Apparently a slight mistake.

WALLACE:

Do you suspect him of some criminal act?

SHANE:

We haven't a thing on the guy.

BRENNAN:

But we'd like to know what happened to him after the fire. So would the insurance company.

WALLACE:

He told me that some doctor took him to a sanatorium in the country.

BRENNAN:

What do you know about Jarrod's employees?

WALLACE:

Well, there's Scott Andrews, a protege of mine --

BRENNAN:

Yes. We know him.

WALLACE:

Then there's Igor, a deaf-mute. And Leon Averill, who does the waxwork. Averill's an odd character, a periodical drunkard, but a fine artist. I've seen some sketches of his, one of the Saviour and His Disciples. Beautiful work. I'm afraid I haven't been much help.

During this speech Shane has shown an intense interest.

BRENNAN:

(pleasantly)

You never know, Mr. Wallace. Please don't say anything about this to your partner.

(CONTINUED)

ange in
ALOGUE

JE
ITTED

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/21/53
78.

202 (Cont.1)

ange in
ALOGUE

WALLACE:
I won't. I'd gamble on Jarrod. He's strange,
unpredictable, but he's a man of integrity.

BRENNAN:
I'm sure he is - and thank you very much.

WALLACE:
(as he goes out)
Not at all. Good-day, gentlemen.

As the door closes, Shane grabs Brennan's arm:

SHANE:
(excited)
Tom, I told you I knew that guy with the
whiskers! Remember the artist in Sing Sing
who painted a picture of The Last Supper on
the wall of his cell?

ange in
ALOGUE

BRENNAN:
Hendricks -- yes -- the papers called him a
genius and he was given a parole.

SHANE:
Yeah - sure! But when they turned him loose
he became a drunk. He broke parole a year
ago, and we've had him on the 'wanted' list
ever since!

BRENNAN:
Carl Hendricks.

SHANE:
That's him! Alias Leon Averill!

BRENNAN:
Could be. Bring him in.

SHANE:
(on his way out)
Can do!

DISSOLVE TO:

203. OMITTED. (EXT. ANDREWS HOUSE)

204. OMITTED. (INT. HALLWAY)

205. OMITTED. (EXT. ANDREWS HOUSE)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/21/53
79.

206. EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE TO MUSEUM CELLAR

NIGHT

(As shown in an earlier scene.) Leon Averill surreptitiously enters from door to cellar, locks it after him. It is apparent that the man is near nervous collapse; desperately in need of a drink. He hurries OUT OF SHOT.

207. FARTHER ALONG IN THE ALLEY

where it intersects the street. As Leon passes through SHOT, the figure of a man materializes from the dark spot where he was waiting, and watching, and follows Leon out. It is Shane.

DISSOLVE THRU:

207A. EXT. MUSEUM

NIGHT

NEW
SCENE

Igor standing near the entrance door, watching, as the last few patrons are leaving the place.

DISSOLVE THRU:

207B. INT. WORKROOM (AND STOREROOM)

NIGHT

NEW
SCENE

Just off the Chamber of Horrors. (As you have not seen this room before, it is necessary to plant its location. Suggest opening on portion of Chamber of Horrors, showing open door to workroom, then CAMERA MOVES THROUGH DOOR). In here there are props, standing wax figures covered with sheets, unfinished heads, etc. Discover Scott working at modelling-stand on a head in clay. Jarrod, seated in his chair, is watching as Scott's supple, expert fingers brings the clay alive. Jarrod looks at his own useless hands.

JARROD:

(indicating the clay model)

A little more bitterness in that face, my boy. Remember, this fellow has been badly used by the world, and he despises all the people in it. Deepen those lines at the corners of the mouth - not too much - there - that's better. What I wouldn't give for those fingers of yours!

SCOTT:

(continues working)

Thank you, Mr. Jarrod.

JARROD:

I'm sorry I've kept you so late tonight.

SCOTT:

Oh, that's all right. Miss Allen is meeting me here. It's her birthday. We're going to celebrate at Childs.

JARROD:

A charming creature.

SCOTT:

(as he works)

I was worried about her. The shock of finding that murdered girl gave her some strange ideas.

JARROD:

(quietly)

I know.

(CONTINUED)

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/21/53
79B.

207B. (Cont.)

SCOTT:

I took her to see Lieutenant Brennan at
Police Headquarters, and he set her right.
(stands off to view his work)
There - I think that's about it - don't you?

JARROD:

Yes - very good - excellent! Oh, Scott, before
you go, would you mind running over to Metzgers
for me -- ?

SCOTT:

Metzgers -- ?

JARROD:

The place where they make the artificial flowers?

SCOTT:

Oh, yes --

JARROD:

They're doing a background for this new group.
Take a look at it, will you? You know what I
want. Advise them about the color scheme. I'd
go myself, but --
(indicates his chair)
-- it's so hard for me to get about.

SCOTT:

(wiping his hands)
I know. I'll be glad to do it. I'll go
right now.

JARROD:

Thank you very much!

He turns his chair and watches as Scott gets his hat and
exits. Now there is a strange light in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

"THE WAX WORKS"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/21/53
80.

3. INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE

NIGHT

Brennan at his desk. Leon, on the verge of delirium tremens, standing before the desk in the custody of Shane. The contents of his pockets lie on Brennan's desk.

SHANE:

He's been on a bender. Look at him -
he's got the shakes so bad I expect to
see his teeth fall out.

BRENNAN:

(indicating objects on desk)
Is this all he had on him?

SHANE:

That's it.

BRENNAN:

(to "Leon")
Spend all your money, eh, Hendricks?

Brennan picks up a "hunting-case" pocket watch from among the objects on his desk.

BRENNAN:

A gold watch with a silver chain -- Hummmmm.....

(CONTINUED)

208(Cont.)

He is about to push the watch aside, then he takes a second look, pries open the back cover of the case with a paper knife. He silently hands the watch to Shane.

209. INSERT THE WATCH IN SHANE'S HAND

An inscription on the inner case that protects the works.

SHANE'S VOICE:

(reading inscription)

"To Wilbur Patterson - with affection
and admiration - City Attorney's Office.
December 25th, 1900"

210. BACK TO SCENE

as Shane returns watch to Brennan. Each of Leon's answers indicate rising hysteria.

BRENNAN:

(firing his questions)

Where did you get this?

LEON:

I found it.

BRENNAN:

Where?

LEON:

On the L.

BRENNAN:

What line?

LEON:

Third Avenue. Downtown!

BRENNAN:

When?

LEON:

I don't remember - months ago!

BRENNAN:

(to the others)

Book him on 'Suspicion of murder' --

LEON:

No! I found it, I tell you! I never
knew the man who owned it, never saw him!

(CONTINUED)

210 (CONT.)

BRENNAN:

Lock him up.

LEON:

(pleads desperately)

Please don't lock me in a cell! Can't
you see I'm sick? My nerves are shot to
pieces. Let me have one- just one little
drink before I --!

BRENNAN:

You'll get nothing - until you tell us where
you got that watch.

(with a nod to Shane)

Take him down.

Leon stifles a sob, stumbles, as Shane leads him out.

DISSOLVE TO:

211. EXT. MUSEUM

NIGHT

Now the lights in the outer lobby are OUT and the place appears deserted. A hansom cab pulls up to curb, Sue gets out, gives driver coins and he drives his cab out. CAMERA FOLLOWS Sue as she crosses to door of museum and looks up at a clock which is either on box office or on the wall.

212. CLOSE SHOT INT. MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM JARROD

in his chair, waiting in the semi-darkness, where he can see through the glass doors to the outer lobby, He reacts in suppressed excitement as he sees:

213. SUE (SEEN OVER JARROD'S SHOULDER) IN OUTER LOBBY

pacing impatiently, glancing again at the clock, turns toward the entrance doors. Now Jarrod quickly rolls his chair OUT of SHOT. Sue tries the entrance doors, finds them unlocked, comes on in. On the threshold of the exhibition room she pauses. Now she FOLLOWS CAMERA, slowly, across the darkened room, and suddenly finds herself standing in front of the figure of Joan of Arc - of Cathy. She cannot resist the impulse to dig with her nail at the waxen flesh of Joan's hand - compares the texture of the wax covering with that of the monk who holds the cross before Joan.

214. CLOSEUP INSIDE THE CLOSED DOORS TO OUTER LOBBY

A HAND, (gloved?) comes into SHOT, and locks the doors.

215. BACK TO SUE

Unaware she is locked in, HEARS a slight SOUND from the Chamber of Horrors, a CREAKING MOVEMENT. She moves into the semi-darkness of the Chamber of Horrors, (CAMERA WITH HER,) stops on its threshold.

SUE:

(calls quietly - in no alarm - yet)

Scott?

There is no answer. She looks off to one side:

216. WHAT SHE SEES

A shelf-like table, an exhibit, on which there is a row of weird heads, grotesque, forbidding.

217. BACK TO SUE

as she moves deeper into the room, just beyond the guillotine.

218. CLOSE SHOT THE ROW OF HEADS

The eyes of one of these is watching Sue - and you discover that this is Igor - as he comes from behind the table and glides off toward guillotine, to the rear of Sue.

219. BACK TO SUE AGAIN

SUE:

(calls - a little nervous now)

Scott --

She HEARS a movement behind her, turns to look.

220. GUILLOTINE

seen dimly - as the figure of Igor slips out of sight behind the hooded figure there. CAMERA CLOSER, shows Igor in hiding. He looks at the hooded figure, grins grotesquely, as he gets idea.

221. BACK TO SUE AGAIN

where she stands undecided. She starts to leave the Chamber of Horrors, reaches the arch, changes her mind, turns back into the Chamber - and as she repasses the guillotine, the hooded figure there falls in behind her, follows closely in TRUCKING SHOT. Once or twice she senses a presence, stops, and each time the figure steps to one side and becomes part of the atmosphere of the place. Presently she reaches a door in a far corner of the room, tries the knob, finds the door unlocked, passes through it, leaving it open, calling:

SUE:

Scott! Are you in here -- ?

222. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR (CHAMBER OF HORRORS SIDE)

as the hooded figure silently closes the door and locks it.

223. INT. WORKROOM (AND STOREROOM)

of earlier scene. Again semi-darkness. Sue stands there looking at the strange props, the weird sheet-draped figures. An insistent "tap - tap - tap - tap" SOUND holds her attention. It is like the beating of a tiny drum. She moves through the room looking for the source of the

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)

SOUND - comes to the clay head that Scott was modelling; a staring, bitter face; passes it and reaches a deep sink fastened to the wall. Here the SOUND is LOUDER. She looks into the sink.

224. CLOSE SHOT SINK

in which a pail with a cloth tied tightly over its open top stands beneath a leaking faucet. The water dropping in a regular beat on the drum-head-like cloth makes the sound.

225. BACK TO SUE

who turns away from the sink and retreats toward the door of the room. Midway there she stops and her eyes start from her head as she looks off and sees:

226. CLOSEUP

The head of a woman with a tortured face hung by her hair to a nail on a post.

227. BACK TO SUE

Recovering from her fright, she moves quickly to the door through which she entered, but now she finds it locked! She struggles with it, fear conquers her; she beats on the door with both hands:

SUE:
(crying out)
Scott! Scott -- !

Another door opens and Sue turns in new terror, but sees Jarrod rolling his chair in from what is apparently a ramp that leads to a lower floor. As he sees her, he smiles, stops in the doorway as if in astonishment.

JARROD:
Well, what a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here, Miss Allen?

SUE:
(in relief)
I'm looking for Scott. I was to meet him here tonight. Somebody locked me in this room.

JARROD:
By mistake, of course. And you were frightened, eh? I don't blame you.

(CONTINUED)

"HOUSE OF WAX"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/22/53
86.

227 (Cont.)

SUE:

(laughs nervously)

I was afraid I might have to spend the night in here. Do you know where Scott is?

JARROD:

Oh, yes - yes. He's in our cellar workshop. He'll be finished soon. Would you like to go to him?

SUE:

If I may --

JARROD:

Why not?

(indicating a third door)

That way, my dear. He's expecting you.

SUE:

Thank you.

When she has made her exit through door indicated he rolls his chair to the door and locks it.

228. EXT. OUTER LOBBY SCOTT

As he walks in from the street, expecting Sue to be waiting there, looks about, peers through the closed doors into the museum, compares his watch with the time shown on the clock, walks up and down impatiently.

229. INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE (AS BEFORE)

Brennan, Shane, TWO PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES, a UNIFORMED JAILER and Leon. Leon, now a pitiable object, on the borderline of delirium tremens, is pleading with Brennan.

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

LEON:

You've got to do something for me - I
can't stand it any longer - I can't - --!

Sobbing, he beats his clenched fists on the back of a chair.

230. CLOSE SHOT TWO DETECTIVES

Leon's SOBS HEARD o.s.

FIRST DETECTIVE:

He's beginning to break.

SECOND DETECTIVE:

I've never seen an alcoholic hold out this long.

231. BACK TO SCENE:

As Leon does break, slips to his knees, on the floor, clinging to the chair as he confesses.

LEON:

All right - all right - I'll tell you what
I know! Patterson was murdered because he
looked like Booth --!

BRENNAN:

You killed him --!

LEON:

No, not I - Jarrod - at the wax works. Jarrod's
hands were no good to him so he took his subjects
from life --

BRENNAN:

But you helped him --

LEON:

As an accessory, yes, after the fact --

BRENNAN:

What about Burke?

LEON:

He's there - in wax - it was he who set the
old museum afire. Jarrod came out of it alive,
but insane --

BRENNAN:

And Cathy Gray --?

(CONTINUED)

"HOUSE OF WAX"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/22/53
88.

231 (Cont.)

LEON:

Yes, yes - Joan of Arc - that's Cathy!
She's there with all the rest of them.
The whole place is a morgue. He'll do
the same thing to Sue Allen if he ever
gets his hands on her. You'd better stop
him now, before he kills again!

Brennan nods to the jailer, who pulls Leon to his feet,
as the others led by Brennan, rush out.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

232. EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

NIGHT

As Brennan, Shane, the two detectives and several uniformed
officers run out, pile into a waiting police wagon of the
period and drive away at a gallop with the bell CLANGING.

DISSOLVE TO:

"HOUSE OF WAX"
FINAL

CHANGE
1/22/53
89.
NIGHT

233. FULL SHOT INT. CELLAR UNDER MUSEUM

SHOWING all the paraphernalia recalled from an earlier scene. Low key lighting leaves the place in deep shadow here and there. The huge gas ring under the cauldron is burning and its flickering flame, added to the steamy mist from the wax melting in the cauldron, suggests a touch of Dante's Inferno. Sue is there, forlornly wandering through the strange place, headed for the stairs.

234. CLOSER ANGLE SUE

As she nears the stairs Jarrod rolls his chair in through the opening near the foot of the stairs. Now Sue senses danger, is intuitively warned to get out of the place.

JARROD:

(looks about as he comes in)
Where's Scott?

SUE:

He's not here.

JARROD:

(indicating the street door, up on the landing)
Ah, then he must have stepped out for a moment, but he'll be back.

(a mounting excitement underlies his speech and manner. He has moved his chair between Sue and the stairs)

This is the workshop where I recreated Joan of Arc, the subject you found so like your Cathy Gray.

(indicating the cauldron and vat)

It's an interesting process and if you'll have patience with me I'll show you how it's done. Come with me, my dear --

SUE:

No - thank you - I must find Scott--!

She is moving to pass around him and get to the stairs, but as he replies he maneuvers his chair to herd her away from that escape.

JARROD:

But he'll find you, my child. Surely you're not afraid of me?

SUE:

No - no, of course not...!

235. EXT. OUTER LOBBY SCOTT

Impatiently glancing at the clock, he produces his keys and goes into the inner lobby.

236. INT. INNER LOBBY

Scott hurries in and goes to wall-phone of the period. He is about to lift the receiver when he HEARS, faintly, Sue's SCREAM. He rushes into main exhibition room.

237. INT. EXHIBITION ROOM

Scott, entering, HEARS Sue SCREAM again, rushes toward Chamber of Horrors - but there Igor meets him, bars his way, violently shaking his head, motioning him back. Scott would fling Igor aside but the latter shows an unexpected strength, hurls him back with vicious judo chops. Scott crashes into an armored figure that falls. He leaps to his feet with the figure's weapon in his hands, a halberd, a heavy thing topped by a spear-head, with an axe and a hook below the spear. He rushes Igor.

238. INT. CELLAR JARROD AND SUE

She is backing away from the man as he rises out of his chair and stands erect and virile, moves toward her, all semblance of his sane self gone.

JARROD:

Everything I have ever loved has been taken from me, but not you, my Marie Antoinette, for I will give you eternal life--!

He seizes her by the arms. As she tries to fight him off, he presses his face close to hers, seeking her lips. She beats at his face and it cracks under her blows, a waxen mask that falls away, taking with it the skilfully designed wig and beard revealing the horribly mutilated face of the Monster. Sue screams and faints. He lifts her in his arms and tenderly lays her on the movable cover of the waxing vat.

239. INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS SCOTT AND IGOR

Scott fighting Igor back toward the door to the workroom, the latter striving to dive in under the slighter man's thrusts and seize the weapon.

240. INT. CELLAR JARROD AND SUE

Jarrold, bending over the unconscious girl is loosening

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

her blouse at the neckline.

JARROD:

You shouldn't have done that, my Marie Antoinette. That look of horror spoils your lovely face. What if it should show - even through the wax....!

241. INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS SCOTT AND IGOR

as the latter parries a thrust of the halberd with his arm, grabs the weapon, wrenches it out of Scott's hands, breaks the shaft, retains a part of the heavy oaken shaft as a club. Still Scott moves in to attack.

242. EXT. STREET

The police wagon, its team on a dead run, speeding through SHOT, BELL CLANGING.

243. INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS SCOTT AND IGOR

Now they are near to the door to the workroom. Scott's futile battle ends as he is beaten down with the club in Igor's hands.

244. INT. CELLAR JARROD AND SUE

The wax in the cauldron boiling, giving off a cloud of vapor that fills upper part of SHOT. Sue lies on the movable top of the waxing vat with a sheet loosely flung over her body, giving the impression that she is nude underneath, her wrists and ankles secured to the movable cover of the vat by iron clamps. She is conscious now, but paralyzed by fear. As Jarrod speaks he turns the crank that lowers the movable top of the vat into the vat itself, carrying Sue with it.

JARROD:

The end will come quickly, my sweet. There is a pain beyond pain, an agony so intense that it shocks the mind into instant oblivion. We'll find immortality together, for they will remember me through you.....!

245. EXT. MUSEUM

SOUND of the police wagon's BELL approaching. A PASSERBY or TWO halting in curiosity.. The wagon speeds in to the curb and Brennan and his group of police pile out. Some rush into the museum with Brennan, smashing one of the glass doors - others exit off to one side, as if toward alley entrance.

246. INT. EXHIBITION ROOM

as Brennan and his officers pour in. At the arch to the Chamber of Horrors they are met by Igor who, wildly excited, mouthing gutturally, would stop them, but he is quickly overwhelmed and his wrists are handcuffed behind his back. Meantime, Brennan questions him:

BRENNAN:

Where's Jarrod? -- Where is he? -- Come on, tell me -- !

This is interrupted by the SHOUT of one of the men, who has exited into Chamber of Horrors:

VOICE:

Lieutenant -- !

Leaving Igor in the custody of an officer, the others rush into Chamber of Horrors.

247. INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS

The officer who shouted bending over the unconscious Scott, as the others run in. As Brennan drops to one knee at Scott's side the latter begins to revive:

BRENNAN:

Andrews - Andrews! Where's Jarrod -- ?

Scott weakly indicates the door to the workroom. From there is faintly HEARD a piercing CRY from Sue.

248. INT. CELLAR JARROD AT THE VAT

anxious, nervous, as he eyes the thermometer.

249. CLOSE SHOT THE CAULDRON

The boiling wax bubbling near the top.

250. CLOSE SHOT SUE HEAD AND SHOULDERS ONLY

in vat - her face set in an agony of terror - her eyes turned up toward the spot from where the flow of wax will come.

251. INT. WORKROOM BRENNAN, SHANE, DETECTIVES

and uniformed police - as some rush the door to the cellar stairs with an improvised battering-ram - while others are working on the door to the ramp. The door to the cellar stairs gives with the first blow - the lock is shattered and the door crashes open with the impact of the second.

252. FULL SHOT INT. CELLAR

as Brennan, Shane and the others pour onto the landing at the head of the stairway. Some rush down the stairs, others leap the railing to the cauldron platform and thence to the floor, all converging on Jarrod, who fights the first attackers like the madman he is.

253. CLOSE SHOT THE CAULDRON AND THE CHUTE THAT EXTENDS DOWN TO VAT

CAMERA SHOOTING UP THE CHUTE as the wax starts to overflow the edge of the cauldron and roll down the chute INTO EYE OF CAMERA (toward Sue)

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT:

254. FULL SHOT

Brennan dashes to the vat, reaches down into it, frees Sue and lifts her body out, with the sheet covering her, as the boiling wax cascades down into the vat. Meantime Jarrod, escaping his would-be captors, clambers up the ladder that leads to landing and alley door. He reaches the alley door as it is crashed open and several policemen swarm in. Eluding them he makes for the door that opens to the workroom - but through that door there comes another officer. The latter's blow hurls Jarrod back against the landing rail - the rail smashes under his weight - and his body plunges backward into the cauldron of boiling wax.

255. EFFECT SHOT AT CAULDRON

As Jarrod's body strikes and submerges the fiery stuff in the cauldron shoots in the air with an EXPLOSIVE SOUND, the room is filled with a cloud of steaming vapor, and great blobs of the hissing wax are hurled directly into the EYE OF THE CAMERA.

DIMENSIONAL EFFECT:

256. CLOSER ANGLE BRENNAN AND SUE

as Brennan wraps his own coat about the girl, places her in a chair -

FADE OUT.

THE END