

**Plan Nine From Outer Space  
The Musical**

by David Jacklin

a tribute to

“the worst movie of all time”,

**Plan Nine From Outer Space**

Original movie written, produced and directed

by Ed Wood

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**10<sup>th</sup> Draught**

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**THE CHARACTERS**  
*(in general order of appearance)*

**Non-doubeable characters**

JEFF TRENT, a pilot and husband of Paula Trent  
DANNY, a co-pilot and friend of Jeff Trent (doublable)  
EROS, a soldier from the spaceship  
INSPECTOR CLAY, who is first a police inspector, then a dead guy, then a zombie/vampire.  
Must be large/strong.  
LT. HARPER, of the Los Angeles police  
LARRY, a rookie police officer  
KELTON, another patrolman  
COL. EDWARDS, in charge of dealing with UFOs and other things that don't exist

PAULA, wife of Jeff Trent  
TANNA, his second in command and would-be lover  
VAMPIRA, the dead wife of the Old Man, who becomes a zombie/vampire  
EDITH, an air hostess (stewardess) (doublable)

**Doubleable characters**

CRISWELL, a psychic/entertainer/TV personality with wavy white hair  
RULER, of the planet the spaceship comes from  
OLD MAN, who is first a mourner, then a zombie/vampire  
Gravedigger 1, who is first a worker, then a zombie/vampire  
Gravedigger 2, who is first a worker, then a zombie/vampire  
Woman Mourner, at the funeral of the Old Man  
Man Mourner, at the funeral of the Old Man  
REV. LYNN LEMON, who presides over funerals  
GEN. ROBERTS, of the U.S. Air Force  
A group of people who are, variously, bystanders, mourners, zombies and teens.

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**PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE**

The Musical

Act One

*(MUSIC: No. 1 – The Science Fiction Overture. As the music changes to a vamp, lights up on CRISWELL, at his desk. He speaks as the music continues under.)*

CRISWELL: Greetings, my friends. We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives. And remember, my friends, future events will affect you in the future. You are interested in the unknown, the mysterious, the unexplainable. That is why you are here. And now, for the first time, we bring to you the full story of what happened on that fateful day. We are giving you all the evidence, based only on the secret testimonies of the miserable souls who survived this terrifying ordeal – the incidents, the places. My friends, we cannot keep this a secret any longer. Let us punish the guilty, let us reward the innocent. My friends, can your heart stand the shocking facts about Plan Nine From Outer Space?

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*(END OF MUSIC: No. 1 – The Science Fiction Overture. Segue in tempo to MUSIC: No. 2 – Plan Nine from Outer Space.)*

COMPANY: PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
GHOSTS AND MONSTERS ALL OVER THE PLACE.  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
NIGHTMARE DREAMS YOU JUST CAN'T ERASE.  
IF PLAN NINE WAS SO FREAKIN' GREAT,  
TELL ME, HOW BAD WERE THE OTHER EIGHT?

*(Inside cockpit of airplane, two pilots)*

CRISWELL: A sleek modern airliner cruises over the California landscape at 20,000 feet. Little do they know what is about to befall them.

DANNY: QUARTER TO FOUR. YUP, RIGHT ON TIME.  
THERE'S THE OL' SAN FERNANDO VALLEY  
LOOKIN' FINE.

JEFF: RADIO IN FOR LANDING INSTRUCTIONS, DANNY.

DANNY: Right, Jeff.  
BURBANK TOW'R,

AMERICAN 8-1-2, OVER.  
BURBANK TOW’R,  
AMERICAN 8-1-2, OVER.  
WOULDN’T SURPRISE ME, HE WAS  
SLEEPIN’ THIS TIME OF THE MORNING.

TOWER: ‘MERICAN 8-1-2, THIS IS BURBANK TOWER.  
IF I WERE ASLEEP, YOU’D NEVER GET ON THE GROUND!  
THE WAY YOU FLY,  
YOU MIGHT BE STUCK UP THERE FOR GOOD. OVER.

JEFF: He got you that time, Danny.

DANNY: BURBANK TOWER, AMERICAN 8-1-2, REQUESTING —

*(Cockpit shakes, JEFF and DANNY struggle to control the aircraft, then look out window to see a flying saucer)*

COMPANY: PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
END OF TIME FOR THE HUMAN RACE.  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
BIGGEST THREAT THAT WE’LL EVER FACE.  
WAIT TILL YOU HEAR  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

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TOWER: 8-1-2, THIS IS BURBANK TOW’R, OVER.  
8-1-2, THIS IS BURBANK TOW’R, OVER.

DANNY: Holy Mackerel.

TOWER: 8-1-2, ARE YOU IN TROUBLE? OVER.

COMPANY: IT’S COMING NEAR!  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

*(Enter EDITH, the flight attendant. They speak in the stop time sections of the music.)*

EDITH: Trouble?

DANNY: Take a look for yourself.

EDITH: What in the world . . . ?



DANNY: That's nothing from this world.

TOWER: 8-1-2, THIS IS BURBANK TOW'R, OVER.  
8-1-2, THIS IS BURBANK TOW'R, OVER.  
8-1-2 —

JEFF: STAND BY, BURBANK TOWER.

*(They speak in the stop time sections of the music.)*

Do you suppose the passengers saw it?

EDITH: Most of them are asleep. But it was quite a jolt, Jeff.

JEFF: Get them ready for landing. Keep it quiet until we get instructions.

EDITH: Right. *(She exits.)*

JEFF: Okay, Danny. Do we call this thing in?

DANNY: Yeah, but they'll think we're nuts.

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JEFF: I think we're nuts. Call it in.

DANNY: BURBANK TOW'R, AMERICAN 8-1-2.  
BURBANK TOW'R, AMERICAN 8-1-2.  
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, BURBANK TOW'R.

JEFF & DANNY: IT'S COMING NEAR – PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

COMPANY: PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
GHOSTS AND MONSTERS ALL OVER THE PLACE.  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
NIGHTMARE DREAMS YOU JUST CAN'T ERASE.  
IF PLAN NINE WAS SO FREAKIN' GREAT,  
TELL ME, HOW BAD WERE THE OTHER EIGHT?

WAIT TILL YOU HEAR  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 2 – Plan Nine From Outer Space.  
Lights change. MUSIC: No. 3 – The Shadows Of Grief/A  
Time To Live. A small group of mourners stand by a grave,*

*silently. One by one, they take their leave, until, at last, an OLD MAN stands alone by the grave-side. Lights on CRISWELL at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: A small group of mourners stand by a grave, silently. One by one, they take their leave, until, at last, an old man stands alone by the grave-side.

EV'RYONE ON EARTH KNOWS THAT LIFE IS BRIEF.  
QUIET AGONY BINDS US IN THE SHADOWS OF GRIEF.  
EV'RYONE ON EARTH KNOWS A TIME WILL COME;  
THERE'S A TIME FOR DEATH AND YET  
THERE'S STILL A TIME TO LIVE.

TIME WE SO LONG SHARED  
BECOMES A SHROUD OF GLOOM.  
EMPTY MOMENTS PAIRED  
WITH SILENCE IN OUR ROOM.  
DAYS LOCKED INSIDE  
WITH THE SHADOWS OF GRIEF  
SHUT US OFF FROM THE THOUGHT THAT  
THERE'S STILL TIME TO LIVE!

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*(The OLD MAN leaves. Two GRAVEDIGGERS enter and begin to fill in the grave. There is a strange sound and a pulsing glow in the air.)*

GRAVEDIGGER 1: D'you hear anything?

GRAVEDIGGER 2: I thought I did.

GRAVEDIGGER 1: Don't like hearin' noises. 'Specially when there ain't s'posed to be any.

GRAVEDIGGER 2: Yeah, sorta spooky-like.

GRAVEDIGGER 1: Maybe, we're getting' old.

GRAVEDIGGER 2: Whatever it is, it's gone now.

*(The newly-filled grave begins to move and they drop their shovels and back away.)*

GRAVEDIGGER 1: That's the best place for us, too: gone!

GRAVEDIGGER 2: Yeah, let's go.

*(They begin to back away, but VAMPIRA rises from out of the grave, fixes her gaze on them.)*

BOTH: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

*(VAMPIRA moves slowly toward the men, who back away. They all exit, then a terrifying scream is heard.)*

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

*(Lights change and the OLD MAN walks aimlessly. Lights on CRISWELL at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: SUNDOWN OF THE DAY. SUNDOWN OF A HEART.  
SHADOWS OF HIS GRIEF  
ECHO WHERE SPIRITS MUST PART.  
GRIEF OF ENDLESS LOSS, ENDLESS AGONY.  
THERE'S A TIME FOR DEATH  
AND YET THERE'S STILL A TIME TO LIVE.

*(Grief-stricken, the OLD MAN walks off-stage and is promptly hit by a car. The MOURNERS return to the cemetery.)*

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COMPANY: *(As they gather.)* SKIES, WHICH ONCE WERE BLUE,  
ARE ENDLESS DAYS OF GREY.  
FLOW'RS SHE LOVED AND GREW,  
NOW FADING WHERE THEY LAY.  
SHATTERED BY LOSS,  
THE OLD MAN'S ANGUISH BURNED;  
CLOSED THE DOOR TO THEIR HOME,  
NEVER MORE TO RETURN.

*(The MOURNERS gather again, this time in front of a small mausoleum. VAMPIRA watches from the shadows. Lights on CRISWELL at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: At the funeral of the old man, unknown to his mourners, his dead wife was watching.

WOMAN MOURNER: First his wife, then he.

MAN MOURNER: Tragic.

WOMAN MOURNER: Tell me something. Why was his wife buried in the ground, and he sealed in a crypt?

MAN MOURNER: Something to do with family tradition. A superstition of some sort.

WOMAN MOURNER: Oh.

MAN MOURNER: Well, it's getting dark. We'd best be on our way.

CRISWELL: Then, as two of his mourners left his final resting place.

*(WOMAN MOURNER discovers the bodies of the GRAVEDIGGERS.)*

WOMAN MOURNER: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Look!

CRISWELL AND  
COMPANY:

EV'RYONE ON EARTH KNOWS A TIME WILL COME;  
THERE'S A TIME FOR DEATH AND YET  
THERE'S STILL A TIME TO LIVE.  
THERE'S STILL A TIME TO LIVE.

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*(END OF MUSIC: No. 3 – The Shadows Of Grief/A Time To Live. The cemetery, night-time. Flashing of police lights OFF. Inspector CLAY comes on, followed by Patrolman LARRY.)*

CLAY: Who found them?

LARRY: Those two over there.

CLAY: You get their statement?

LARRY: Yeah, much as we could. They're pretty scared.

CLAY : Finding a mess like this oughta make anyone frightened. Have one of the boys take them back to town. Harper, you take charge.

LT. HARPER: Okay, Inspector.

CLAY: Medical examiner been 'round yet?

LARRY: Just left. The morgue wagon ought to be along most any time.

LT. HARPER: What're you gonna do?

CLAY: Look around a little.

LT. HARPER: Once you get beyond those lights, you won't be able to see your hand in front of your face.

CLAY: I'll get one of the flashlights from the patrol car.

LT. HARPER: You be careful, Clay.

CLAY: I'm a big boy now, Johnny.

*(CLAY walks offstage.)*

LT. HARPER: Looks like a bobcat tore through them.

LARRY: Say, Lieutenant, d'you get that funny odour?

LT. HARPER: How could I miss it? *(Old-style siren.)* Oh, that'll be the morgue wagon  
now.

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*(Lights change. Outside the Trent home, JEFF Trent is sitting on the patio as PAULA comes in with a tray of drinks.)*

JEFF: That's the fifth siren in the last hour.

PAULA: Oh, something's happened down at the cemetery. A lot of police cars and lights.

JEFF: Yeah, I got stopped on the way past but I didn't see anything. You think they've arrested a bunch of those teenage hot-rodders for tearing up the roads there?

PAULA: They don't go into the cemetery to tear up the roads. And neither do their girlfriends.

JEFF: Oh! Well, whatever it is, the morning paper will carry the whole story.

*(They sit and stare up, relaxing.)*

PAULA: You seem to still be up there somewhere.

JEFF: Maybe I am.

PAULA: I don't think I've ever seen you in this mood before.

JEFF: I guess it's because I've never been in this mood before.

PAULA: Something happen on your flight?

JEFF: Yeah.

PAULA: What? *(He doesn't answer.)* Jeff? What happened?

JEFF: *(Looks at her and grins.)* I saw a flying saucer.

PAULA: A flying saucer? You mean the kind from up there?

JEFF: Yeah, or its counterpart from down here. It was shaped like a huge cigar. Dan and Edith saw it, too. When it passed over, the whole compartment lighted up with a blinding glare. Then there was a tremendous wind that practically knocked us off our course.

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PAULA: Did you report it?

JEFF: Oh, yeah. Radioed in immediately and they said "Keep it quiet until you land." Then, as soon as we landed, big army brass grabbed us and made us swear to secrecy about the whole thing. Oh, it burns me up. These things have been seen for years. They're here; it's a fact. And the public ought to know about it.

PAULA: There must be something more you can do about it.

JEFF: Oh, no, there isn't; not if I want to keep flying. What's the point of making a fuss? Last night I saw a flying object that couldn't possibly have been from this planet, but I can't say a word. I'm muzzled by army brass! I can't even admit I saw the thing!

*(There is a brief pause while the pair look slowly and nervously to the audience. MUSIC: No. 4 - A Time To Live, Reprise. From OFF, we hear several gunshots in rapid succession, followed by a male scream. JEFF's reaction is to cover PAULA with his body.)*

CLAY: *(OFF.)* AAAAH!

PAULA: Jeff!

JEFF: What the . . . ?

*(Lights change back to cemetery. HARPER and LARRY run on opposite. They find CLAY's body. LARRY checks his pulse)*

LT. HARPER: Is he dead?

LARRY: Yeah. He's messed up as bad as those two back there. S'pose that saucer or whatever it was had something to do with this?

LT. HARPER: Your guess is as good as mine, Larry. But one thing's sure. Inspector Clay is dead . . . murdered . . . and somebody's responsible!

LARRY: You're in charge now, Lieutenant.

LT. HARPER: Yeah, guess I am. Kelton.

KELTON: Yes, sir?

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LT. HARPER: Get on the radio. Tell the coroner he's gotta make another trip out here.

KELTON: What 'bout the lab boys?

LT. HARPER: Well, who do you think we left back at the car, boy scouts? Come on, Larry.

*(CLAY'S FUNERAL. The MOURNERS gather for a third time.)*

REV. LYNN LEMON:        GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN  
                                 THAN HE SHOULD LAY DOWN HIS LIFE.  
                                 LAY HIM TO HIS REST AND  
                                 END HIS EARTHLY STRIFE.

WORDS CANNOT END  
EACH ONE'S GRIEF FOR A FRIEND,  
WHEN WE THINK THAT WE NEVER  
WILL SEE HIM AGAIN.

The bell has rung upon a great career. Now we lay him to his rest: a rest well deserved, but so premature.

COMPANY: EV'RYONE ON EARTH KNOWS A TIME WILL COME;  
THERE'S A TIME FOR DEATH AND YET  
THERE'S STILL A TIME . . .  
THERE'S STILL A TIME . . .  
THERE'S STILL A TIME TO LIVE.

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 4 – A Time To Live, Reprise. Lights up on CRISWELL at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: It was at that exact point in time, many light years across the vast reaches of space, that the fate of the Earth was being decided.

*(Lights change to inside a spaceship. An . . . er . . . "alien", the RULER, is seated on a "throne". Enter EROS and TANNA. They salute in a spacey fashion.)*

RULER: Space Commander Eros. Why have you returned?

EROS: We had to come here to Space Station 7 for regeneration. We're returning to the planet Earth immediately thereafter.

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RULER: You have your report? What progress has been made with Plan 8?

EROS: We attempted to contact government officials.

TANNA: They simply refused to believe in our existence.

EROS: It's been absolutely impossible to work through these Earth creatures. Their minds are too narrow; their souls are too controlled. We have been forced to abandon Plan 8.

RULER: What plan will you follow, now?

EROS: *(A beat.)* Plan 9.

*(A musical sting.)*

RULER: Plan 9? Ah, yes! Plan 9! Remind me?

TANNA: Long-distance control electrodes shot into the pineal pituitary glands of the recently deceased – in short, the apparent resurrection of the dead.

RULER: Ah, yes! One of my better plans. Have you attempted this as yet?



TANNA: Yes, Excellency.

RULER: And the results so far?

TANNA: We have successfully raised two.

RULER: Just two?

EROS: We shall be just as successful on more.

RULER: The living . . . they have no suspicion of your movements?

EROS: We had to dispose of three: two labourers and one “policeman”.

RULER: What is that?

TANNA: One who controls the behaviour of others through possession of a shiny badge and consumption of a food item called “doughnuts.”

RULER: Strange.

EROS: Indeed. None of the risen have been seen, yet. At least, not by anyone who

still remains alive.

*(All three laugh evilly, then cut off abruptly.)*

RULER: It's too bad it must be handled this way. However, it must. Far better to kill a few now than permit them, with their meddling, to destroy the entire universe! Those whom we take from the grave will pave the way for our ultimate success.

EROS: Yes, Excellency.

TANNA: We feared Your Excellency wouldn't take our report this well.

RULER: Had you been dealing with our own people, my reaction would have been very different.

EROS: You mean . . . ?

RULER: *(He pulls out a ray-gun and displays it.)* Vaporization – instant and complete. However, in my great wisdom, I understand the difficulties of dealing with the Earth race. *(He returns the ray-gun to its holster.)* Very well. Continue on. Report to me in two Earth days.

*(The RULER rises and exits.)*

TANNA: What do you think will be the next obstacle the Earth people will put in our way?

EROS: We have only one problem with them: they can think.

TANNA: But those we're using cannot think.

EROS: Of course not. They are the dead, brought to a simulated life by our electrode guns.

TANNA: You know, it's an interesting thing to consider that the Earth people, that is, the living who *can* think, are so frightened by the dead, who cannot.

EROS: Very curious. Prepare the ship for launch! We leave as soon as regeneration is complete.

TANNA: Yes, Eros.

EROS: Space Commander Eros.

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*(He exits, leaving TANNA on her own. MUSIC: No. 5 – Space Love. Others in “space” outfits appear in the shadows to sing with her.)*

THE OTHERS: | OOH, OOH! OOH-WAH!  
| OOH, OOH! WAH!

TANNA: | OOH, WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH-OOH-OOH!  
| OOH, WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH!

SPACE LOVE! IT'S THE HARDEST LOVE OF ALL.  
SPACE LOVE. UP IN ORBIT, HE CAN'T FALL –  
SPACE LOVE! – FOR THE UNIVERSAL CALL:  
SPACE LOVE. I'M IN FREE-FALL:  
SPACE LOVE!

UP HERE, BEYOND THE SKY,  
MY TEARS WON'T FALL DOWN FROM MY EYES.  
THEY FLOAT AND WILL NOT DRY–

THE OTHERS: WON'T DRY!

TANNA: SPACE LOVE! LEAVES ME SIGHING TO THE STARS.  
SPACE LOVE. KEEPS ME SAILING OFF SO FAR.  
SPACE LOVE! TAKES ME OUT WHERE PLANETS ARE –  
SPACE LOVE. UP IN ORBIT–  
SPACE LOVE!

I KNOW I LOVE HIM SO,  
BUT HE'S IN APOGEE TO ME.  
I CAN'T FIND, FIND MY  
| PERIGEE.

THE OTHERS: | PERIGEE!  
| OOH, WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH!  
| WAH-OOH-OOH-OOH! WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH!

TANNA: | OOH, WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH-OOH-OOH!  
| OOH, WAH-OOH! WAH-OOH!

SPACE LOVE! ALL MY ROCKETS ARE ABLAZE –  
SPACE LOVE – TO PUT OUR BOOSTERS INTO PHASE.  
SPACE LOVE! ALL MY SPACE-GUNS SEND LOVE RAYS –  
SPACE LOVE. UP IN ORBIT –  
SPACE LOVE! I'M IN FREE-FALL –  
SPACE LOVE! LEAVES ME FLOATING –  
SPACE LOVE!  
SPACE LOVE!

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*(END OF MUSIC: No. 5 – Space Love. EROS re-enters with charts or equipment. He pauses and looks at the COMPANY, all still in their Space Love final positions.)*

EROS: The atomic power source is fully regenerated. Have your readied the ship for launch?

TANNA: *(After exchanging glances with the COMPANY.)* Yes?

EROS: Very well. To stations! Stand-by for launch sequence. We now prepare to astonish the Earth!

*(MUSIC: No. 6 – Plan Nine From Outer Space, reprise. The COMPANY in “space” suits sing. Lights change as they do.)*

COMPANY: PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
IF PLAN NINE WAS SO FREAKIN' GREAT,  
TELL ME HOW BAD WERE THE OTHER EIGHT?

IT'S COMING NEAR – PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 6 – Plan Nine from Outer Space,  
reprise. Lights on CRISWELL at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: As the evening shadows began to gather over America, good people across the nation were startled to look up into the sky and find objects that should never have been there.

*(MUSIC No. 7 – It's A Saucer. The COMPANY, now  
ordinary human citizens, react to seeing flying saucers.)*

COMPANY: COMIN' HOME, IT'S A MESS ON THE ONE-OH-ONE.  
FRIDAY TRAFFIC, JUST THE SAME FOR EV'RYONE.  
SOUTH TO HOLLYWOOD,  
MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD HOME.

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THINKIN' FRIDAY NIGHT,  
THINKIN' OF WHAT'S AT HOME.  
BACK TO YOU AND US.  
YOU AND NO TELEPHONE.

YOU AND ME AND NO ONE TO MAKE THREE –  
ALL ALONE.

What's that!

IT'S A SAUCER!

FLYIN' SAUCERS ARE FLYIN' OVER US!  
BUG-EYED MONSTERS FROM THE DRIVE-IN MOVIES! OH!  
BUGS OVER HOLLYWOOD!  
WON'T MAKE IT HOME TONIGHT!

*(Sequence in which UFOs fly over Hollywood, and people  
get scared.)*

BELTWAY TRAFFIC, MOVIN'  
JUST LIKE A SNAIL PARADE.

NOSE TO TAIL, CATCHIN'  
BEAMS AS THE SUNLIGHT FADES.  
SOUTH TO ANNANDALE,  
RIDIN' THE FOUR-NINE-FIVE.

What's that!

IT'S A SAUCER!

FLYIN' SAUCERS ARE FLYIN' OVER US!  
BUG-EYED MONSTERS FROM THE DRIVE-IN MOVIES! OH!  
BUGS OVER WASHINGTON!  
WON'T MAKE IT HOME TONIGHT!

THERE COMES A TIME  
IN EACH MAN'S LIFE,  
HE CAN'T BELIEVE  
IN HIS OWN EYES.

FLYIN' SAUCERS OVER HOLLYWOOD!  
SAUCERS OVER WASHINGTON – D.C.!

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What's that?

What's what?

Up there!

Up where?

IT'S A SAUCER!

FLYIN' SAUCERS ARE FLYIN' OVER US!  
BUG-EYED MONSTERS FROM THE DRIVE-IN MOVIES! OH!  
BUGS IN THE SKY AND I  
WON'T MAKE IT HOME TONIGHT!

CRISWELL:

From his headquarters in Washington, Colonel Tom Edwards, in charge of saucer field activities, was about to make the greatest decision of his career. He made that decision.

*(COL. EDWARDS appears and looks through his binoculars as stock footage from WWII shows men firing large rockets that when fired at the UFOs seem to be no*

*more than firecrackers.)*

ARMY CONVOYS TAKE TO THE FIELD  
AND ROCKETS QUICKLY FLY  
THROUGH THE NIGHT,  
BUT THE THINGS FROM THE HEAVENS  
STREAK ON AND OUT OF SIGHT.

WHAT DO THEY WANT?  
WHERE ARE THEY FROM?  
WHERE ARE THEY GOIN'?  
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?

IS IT A WAR OF THE WORLDS WITH THE  
BODY SNATCHERS LIKE THEM?

WHAT'S THAT!

WHAT'S WHAT?

UP THERE!

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UP WHERE?

WHAT'S THAT!

IT'S A SAUCER!

FLYIN' SAUCERS ARE FLYIN' OVER US!  
BUG-EYED MONSTERS FROM THE DRIVE-IN MOVIES! OH!  
BUGS IN THE SKY AND I  
WON'T MAKE IT HOME TONIGHT!

FLYIN' SAUCERS IN THE SKY!  
OUTER SPACE MONSTERS! OH, MY!  
FLYIN' SAUCERS! I WON'T BE HOME TONIGHT!

WHAT'S THAT!

*(End of MUSIC No. 7 - It's A Saucer. Outside the Trent house. JEFF and PAULA enter; JEFF is dressed in his pilot's uniform and PAULA carries his overnight bag.)*

JEFF: *(After looking up at the sky for a moment.)* I still think you ought to go into

town and stay with your mother until I get back.

PAULA: Most men try to *keep* their wives from going home to Momma.

JEFF: That's not the point.

PAULA: That's all the point there's going to be. This is our home and nothing's going to take me from it. Now toddle off and fly your flying machine, and if you see any more flying saucers, tell them to pick another house to buzz.

JEFF: Oh, forget about the flying saucers. They're up *there*, but what happened in that cemetery was too close for comfort.

PAULA: The saucers are up there; the cemetery's out there. But I'll be locked up in *there*. Now off you go, into your wild blue yonders. Don't worry about me.

JEFF: You're the only thing I do worry about. You promise you'll lock the doors immediately?

(MUSIC: No. 8 - Your Pillow By My Side.)

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PAULA: WHEN I'M SO LONELY, NEEDING YOU ONLY,  
DREAMING OF YOU WHILE YOU TAKE TO THE SKIES.  
ALONE IN THE MIDNIGHT, WASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT,  
I SLEEP WITH YOUR PILLOW BY MY SIDE.

WHEN I NEED SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST DREAMING,  
MORE THAN A DREAM CAN EVER PROVIDE.  
YOUR WARMTH, STILL BESIDE ME, SEEMS TO PROVIDE ME.  
I SLEEP WITH YOUR PILLOW BY MY SIDE.

WHEN I'M ALONE IN THE NIGHT-TIME CHILL,  
WHEN I'M ALONE, I CAN FEEL YOU STILL.  
WHEN I'M AWAKE WITH MY EYES SHUT WIDE,  
I SLEEP WITH YOUR PILLOW BY MY SIDE.  
I SLEEP WITH YOUR PILLOW BY MY SIDE.

JEFF: STAY INSIDE; AND LOCK THE DOOR  
AND I'LL SEE YOU THURSDAY MORNING.  
BE SURE TO KEEP THE YARD LIGHT ON,  
TO KEEP THE GOBLINS AWAY.

CHECK UNDER THE BED SO THE MONSTERS CAN'T EVER  
CREEP INTO YOUR DREAMS,

AND SLEEP WITH MY PILLOW BY YOUR SIDE.  
| SO, SLEEP WITH MY PILLOW BY YOUR SIDE.

PAULA: | I'LL SLEEP WITH YOUR PILLOW BY MY SIDE.

JEFF: You know I'm not leaving here until I hear you lock the front door.

PAULA: All right, darling. I may even lock the side door.

*(They exit. The airplane cockpit, as before; DANNY is at the controls. EDITH enters through the curtain.)*

EDITH: Hi, Silence. You're mighty quiet this trip.

DANNY: Huh?

EDITH: You two haven't spoken ten words since takeoff.

DANNY: Huh?

EDITH: There are thirty-three passengers back there who'd be grateful if you two were awake up here.

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DANNY: It's just Jeff. He's worried about Paula, with those murders in the graveyard and those strange things flying over the house.

*(Enter JEFF, through the curtain.)*

EDITH: Well, I haven't figured out those crazy skybirds yet but I'll give you fifty to one the police have solved the cemetery thing by now.

JEFF: I hope so.

EDITH: You two are practically still on your honeymoon. Why don't you radio in and have them patch you through to her?

DANNY: 'Way ahead of you, Edie. On the comms, right now, Jeff. Hey, Edie, how about you and me balling it up in Albuquerque?

EDITH: Silly boy, we land at 4 am. Albuquerque's strictly a nine o'clock town.

DANNY: Well, I'm sure we can find something to do.

EDITH: I'll bet.



*(Lights up on PAULA in the Trent bedroom, sleeping. A phone rings. She gropes for the phone, picks up the receiver.)*

PAULA: Hello? Jeff! I thought you were in the air. Sure, I'm all right. I just fell asleep. I'm all right! Okay. I love you, too. Goodnight.

*(She hangs up the phone.)*

JEFF & PAULA: WHEN I'M SO LONELY, NEEDING YOU ONLY,  
DREAMING OF YOU WHILE (I) YOU TAKE TO THE SKIES.  
ALONE IN THE MIDNIGHT, WASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT,  
(PLEASE) I SLEEP WITH (MY) YOUR PILLOW  
BY (YOUR) MY SIDE.

DANNY: How 'bout Albuquerque, Edie?

EDITH: I can't resist your charm, Danny Boy. I'm sure we'll find something to do.

JEFF & PAULA: SO, (PLEASE) I SLEEP WITH (MY) YOUR PILLOW  
BY (YOUR) MY SIDE.

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*(END OF MUSIC: No. 8 – Your Pillow By My Side. Lights up on CRISWELL at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: Residents near the cemetery paid little attention to the crack of thunder and the flash of lightning that split the night. *(FX: a crack of thunder and a flash of lightning.)* But from the blast, came the moving figure of a dead old man.

*(MUSIC: NO. 9 – Near The Cemetery. Lights change to the cemetery and the OLD MAN walks out of his mausoleum, now dead and vampirey. He stops at a grave and VAMPIRA emerges from it. They move slowly toward the Trent house. TEEN BOYS and GIRLS enter in 2d cutout 50s-style hot-rods. They “park” facing the audience.)*

THE GIRLS: NEAR THE CEMETERY, THE BOYS ALL LIKE TO GO.  
MAMA SAYS BE WARY, BUT HOW DOES MAMA KNOW?  
NEAR THE CEMETERY, LATE ON FRIDAY NIGHT,  
IT'S ALL KIND OF SCARY, BUT IT FEELS SO RIGHT!

*(The OLD MAN and VAMPIRA continue their slow progress toward the Trent house.)*

THE BOYS: NEAR THE CEMETERY, PARKED THERE OUT OF SIGHT.  
PLAYING BACK SEAT BINGO. IT'S MY LUCKY NIGHT!  
NEAR THE CEMETERY, JUST US TWO ALONE.

*(Each couple clinches and begin to disappear down onto  
the seat, petting.)*

IT'S ALL NICE AND SCARY, BUT WHAT COULD GO WRONG?

*(The GIRLS heads appear, somewhat mussed.)*

THE GIRLS: STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPING –

*(The BOYS reappear, also mussed.)*

CREEPING PAST MY KNEE, WHERE IT OUGHTN'T TO BE?

*(The BOYS begin to pull away from them.)*

WAIT! YOU REALLY LOVE ME?

IF YOU SAY YOU DO,  
THEN I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT.

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*(The couples disappear again. The OLD MAN enters the  
Trent house, finds PAULA sleeping and chases her out,  
screaming.)*

THE TEENAGERS: NEAR THE CEMETERY, WHERE GHOSTS AND GOBLINS HOWL.

THE GIRLS: THE BOY I'M GOING TO MARRY.

THE BOYS: THE GIRL I LOVE FOR NOW.

THE TEENAGERS: NEAR THE CEMETERY, NO ONE NEAR TO SEE.  
NICE AND SOLITARY, JUST MY (GIRL) BOY AND ME!

*(PAULA is chased through the graveyard by the OLD  
MAN. VAMPIRA steps out of the trees, joining the chase.  
The BOYS heads suddenly appear.)*

THE BOYS: STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPING –  
CREEPING 'ROUND MY WHEELS.  
WHAT'S THE BIG FRACKIN' DEAL?

*(The GIRLS arms appear, beckoning the BOYS.)*

WAIT! YOU SAID YOU LOVE ME?  
WHO CARES WHAT'S OUT THERE?  
YEAH, I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT.

*(PAULA runs through, followed by the OLD MAN and VAMPIRA. The TEENS heads all reappear.)*

THE TEENS: STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPING?  
SOMETHING I CAN'T SEE;  
SOMETHING THAT SHOULDN'T BE!  
WAIT! IT'S GETTING CLOSER!  
SOMETHING FROM THE FOG CREEPING UP, SILENTLY.

*(PAULA comes on, backing away from the ghouls. As she does, she passes over CLAY's grave and CLAY's hand suddenly comes out of his grave and grabs her ankle. She, of course, stumbles and falls down. CLAY rises from his grave to stand over her as the OLD MAN and VAMPIRA appear, but suddenly the headlights of all the cars come on. The ghouls react to the light and begin to back away, as PAULA, of course, faints.)*

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STOP! (STOP!) STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPING?  
(STOP!) STOP! STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPING?  
STOP! (STOP!) STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPING?  
STOP!

*(The ghouls, overcome by the light, all "run" away. The TEENAGERS come to PAULA's aid)*

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 9 – Near The Cemetery.)*

THE TEENAGERS: Mrs. Trent! Mrs. Trent! What's wrong? Did you see those things? What were they? Are you all right, Mrs. Trent? Where'd they go? (Etc.)

*(They pick up PAULA, who is slowly recovering.)*

We should take her to the hospital. We should call the police! I've never been so scared in my life. What were those things? Where did those things come from?

ONE TEENAGE GIRL: I'm never coming near this place again.

ONE TEENAGE BOY: Really? Never?

ONE TEENAGE GIRL: *(Teasing him.)* Aww!

*(MUSIC: No. 9a – Near The Cemetery, Transition. They exit, with PAULA. Lights change to interior of EROS's space ship. EROS watches a screen. TANNA stands by.)*

EROS: The ones we have raised are approaching. They'll be at the hatch in a moment. You can open it now, Tanna. Be careful! Turn off the animation electrodes quickly when they enter. They can't tell us from anyone else – they'll attack us, too, if you don't.

*(One by one, the OLD MAN, VAMPIRA and CLAY shamble into the spaceship. As each sees EROS and TANNA, they begin to attack them, but TANNA cuts off their electrode juice and they lapse into catatonia.)*

TANNA: Dead yet not dead.

EROS: Alive yet not alive – but perfect tools for our plan.

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TANNA: We must report back to the mother-ship, quickly.

EROS: Of course. Engage the Atomic Space engines!

*(Suitably spacey-rockety sound effect (with smoke?). Lights change. Up on two policemen (LARRY and KELTON). The TEENAGERS crowd around. )*

TEENAGE GIRL: There was three of them! I tell you they were out there! We all saw them!

TEENAGERS: Yeah! Yeah! We saw 'em! Yeah!

TEENAGE BOY: It's right there! In the cemetery!

TEENAGERS: Yeah! Yeah! In the cemetery! Yeah!

LARRY: And what were they? It's tough to find something you don't know what you're looking for.

TEENAGE BOY: Just go out to the cemetery and see for yourself!

LARRY: Go out there? This time of night? I was off duty an hour ago.

TEENAGE GIRL: But, you've got to go! They attacked Mrs. Trent! We all saw it.

TEENAGERS: Yeah! Yeah! We saw it! Yeah!

KELTON: From what I'm smelling on your breath, you could see anything.

TEENAGE BOY: Well, what about Mrs. Trent? She didn't have anything on her breath. She claims to have seen them, too.

LARRY: She was hysterical.

TEENAGE GIRL: She was frightened.

TEENAGE BOY: . . . and in a state of . . . what do you call it? . . . shock! But, don't forget the bruises where that ghoul grabbed her.

2<sup>ND</sup> TEENAGE GIRL: And, that torn nightgown!

TEENAGE BOYS: *(Grinning.)* Yeah!

LARRY: Should we go look, do you think?

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KELTON: Ah, don't ask me any questions. I'm a hired hand, just like you.

LARRY: What were you kids doing out there, anyway?

TEENAGE GIRLS: *(After exchanging glances.)* Homework.

TEENAGE BOY: Yeah, physics.

KELTON: Physics?

TEENAGE BOY: Sure! Gravity. You know: the attraction of heavenly bodies.

LARRY: Aww! Get out of here! Go home!

TEENAGE GIRL: But, what about . . . ?

KELTON: Scram, before we lock you up for drinking underage.

*(The TEENAGERS exit, grumbling.)*

TEENAGERS: Just 'cause they think we're kids. You'll be sorry. So, what do we now? I'm not going back there. Aw, come on! No! Take me home. Aw. . . (Etc.)

LARRY: So, what do we do with this?

KELTON: Bump it to Lieutenant Harper. Let him decide. I'm just a hired hand, remember?

*(Lights change to CRISWELL, at his desk.)*

CRISWELL: Meanwhile, in a secret office in the Pentagon, in Washington DC.

*(GENERAL ROBERTS stares out a window, until a knock is heard.)*

GEN. ROBERTS: Come in, Colonel Edwards! Close the door. At ease, Colonel.

COL. EDWARDS: Thank you, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: I understand you've been on the ground for many of these, uh, space attacks.

COL. EDWARDS: I'm in charge of field operations, sir.

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GEN. ROBERTS: You've seen these things yourself?

COL. EDWARDS: Yes, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: You believe they are . . . well, flying saucers, Colonel?

COL. EDWARDS: Yes, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: You realize there's a government directive stating that there is no such thing as a flying saucer?

COL. EDWARDS: Yes, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: Do you stand by your statement, knowing it's against direct orders?

COL. EDWARDS: Well, uh, yes, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: This could mean a court martial.

COL. EDWARDS: General Roberts, how am I supposed to hold down my command if I'm not allowed to believe in what I'm shooting at?

GEN. ROBERTS: Fair enough. Very well, Colonel. There *are* objects flying in our skies –

COL. EDWARDS: Flying objects?

GEN. ROBERTS: Unidentified ones. We need an acronym for that. But, there's no doubt about it. They've been there for some time.

COL. EDWARDS: You mean – they really are there?

GEN. ROBERTS: I thought you were convinced of that!

COL. EDWARDS: Thoroughly convinced – but that doesn't mean I'm not crazy. Quite a sight, aren't they, sir?

GEN. ROBERTS: They must have a reason for their visits.

COL. EDWARDS: Visits? Are interceptor missiles the usual way of welcoming visitors?

GEN. ROBERTS: We haven't always fired at them. For a time, we tried contact by radio: no response. Then they attacked a town. A town where people died.

COL. EDWARDS: I didn't know that, sir.

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GEN. ROBERTS: Of course, you didn't.

COL. EDWARDS: To think, I've been fighting beings from outer space – flying saucers.

GEN. ROBERTS: Remember, Colonel. Flying saucers are only a rumor.

COL. EDWARDS: Of course, sir. We've just been doing some practice firing at the clouds.

GEN. ROBERTS: But! We've now had contact with them.

COL. EDWARDS: Contact? By radio? They speak our language?

GEN. ROBERTS: Well, not quite. Radio messages, yes: from their space ships. For a long time, it was just a lot of jumbled noise, but now, we have GIBBERISH.

COL. EDWARDS: Gibberish?

GEN. ROBERTS: The Global Integrated Bubble-Balanced Electronic Recurring-Instance Sound Harmonizer: GIBBERISH, an electronic brain that breaks down any language to our own.

COL. EDWARDS: General, uh, what's this all got to do with me?

GEN. ROBERTS: Well, you've been in charge of saucer field activity for a long while. I think it's about time you heard these recordings. Do you agree?

COL. EDWARDS: Agree? Lead me to them!

GEN. ROBERTS: Good! Let's go to the telemetry room.

*(Lights change to The Trent home. JEFF helps PAULA into the house.)*

PAULA: I tell you I'm all right, Jeff.

JEFF: I'll decide that.

PAULA: You will, will you?

JEFF: I'm not leaving your side until all of this nonsense is cleared up.

PAULA: Thank you, sweetheart, but you've got to go in to work.

JEFF: I've booked off.

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PAULA: Jeff, they need you.

JEFF: They don't need me as much as I need you. I lost Cathy because I wasn't there; I won't lose you.

PAULA: Thank you, darling.

*(There is a pause.)*

Jeff? Do you still miss her?

JEFF: Paula.

PAULA: No, seriously, darling. She's been gone four years. Do you still miss her?

JEFF: I love you. You know that, don't you?

*(MUSIC: No. 10 – The Lost Roses Of Her Cheeks.)*

PAULA: I do. But, I don't think I'd like it if you didn't think about her once in a while.



JEFF:                   THOUGH THE YEARS ARE PASSING,  
                              MARKED WITH MOMENTS FLASHING,  
                              I STILL KNOW TOMORROW'S  
                              WHERE I'LL FIND MY PEACE.  
                              THOUGH I'VE FOUND MY COMFORT,  
                              THOUGH I'VE LOST MY SORROW,  
                              STILL I CAN REMEMBER  
                              THE LOST ROSES OF HER CHEEKS.

                              YEARS AGO, I FOUND HER.  
                              YEARS AGO, I LOST HER.  
                              HOW COULD I HAVE LOVED HER  
                              AND LOCK MY HEART AWAY?

                              TIME CAN HEAL THE ACHING;  
                              STOP MY SOUL FROM BREAKING,  
                              STILL I CAN REMEMBER  
                              THE LOST ROSES OF HER CHEEKS.

                              WHILE THE TEARS WERE FALLING,  
                              WHILE THE LOSS WAS CALLING,  
                              I STILL KNEW THAT, SOME DAY,  
                              I'D FIND WHAT MY HEART SEEKS.  
                              THOUGH THE HURT HAS FADED,  
                              GRIEF FOR LOVE IS TRADED,  
                              STILL I CAN REMEMBER  
                              THE LOST ROSES OF HER CHEEKS.

                              YEARS AGO, I FOUND HER.  
                              YEARS AGO, I LOST HER.  
                              HOW COULD I HAVE LOVED HER  
                              AND LOCK MY HEART AWAY?

                              TIME CAN HEAL THE ACHING;  
                              STOP MY SOUL FROM BREAKING,  
                              STILL I CAN REMEMBER  
                              THE LOST ROSES OF HER CHEEKS.

                              I KNOW . . .

JEFF & PAULA:       LIFE IS MOVING FORWARD.

JEFF:                   I KNOW . . .

JEFF & PAULA: . . . LOVE HAS FOUND ITS DAY.  
WE KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TOGETHER  
FILLS US IN SO MANY WAYS.

JEFF: YEARS AGO. I FOUND HER.  
YEARS AGO, I LOST HER.  
HOW COULD I HAVE LOVED HER  
AND LOCK MY HEART AWAY?  
  
TIME CAN HEAL THE ACHING;  
STOP MY SOUL FROM BREAKING,  
STILL I CAN REMEMBER  
THE LOST ROSES OF HER CHEEKS.

JEFF & PAULA: THE LOST ROSES OF HER CHEEKS.

PAULA: I'm glad. *(A beat.)* Just don't make a habit of it.

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 10 – The Lost Roses of Her Cheeks.  
A light flashes and a space-shipy roar is heard. JEFF pulls  
PAULA down and covers her with his body until it is over.)*

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At ease, marine. You can let me up, now.

JEFF: *(Rising and helping her up.)* What do you suppose that was?

PAULA: Whatever it was, it's no stranger than the other things happening around  
this cemetery.

JEFF: More spooks like the kids were talking about.

PAULA: I saw them too, Jeff.

JEFF: Yeah. Spooks, huh?

PAULA: You never know where you'll find them. So, marine. You want to come  
into the bedroom and check under the covers for me?

*(He grins and they hold hands as PAULA leads him inside.  
Lights change. In the graveyard, LT. HARPER and LARRY  
are snooping about. MUSIC: No. 10a – It's A Saucer,  
Underscore. KELTON comes running in.)*

KELTON: Lieutenant, Lieutenant! Did you hear that?

LARRY: How could we help it?

KELTON: Know what it was?

LT. HARPER: No more than you do.

LARRY: If it weren't for orders, I'd get out of here right now.

LT. HARPER: I know what I think it was: a flying saucer.

LARRY: What makes you say that?

LT. HARPER: You remember the noise we heard the other night?

LARRY: We were knocked to the ground – how could I forget?

LT. HARPER: Exactly, but you're not remembering that sound.

LARRY: There, you're wrong, Lieutenant. I'm with the fact the sound is similar, but what about the blinding light?

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LT. HARPER: Well, haven't you heard? Many times a saucer hasn't had a glow, or a light of any kind for that matter.

LARRY: That proves it. It's a saucer!

*(A brief pause while they look slowly and nervously toward the audience and back.)*

What next, Lieutenant?

LT. HARPER: Well, there sure ain't nothing here. The only spirits those kids saw tonight were those I smelled on their breath.

LARRY: Yeah, I hadn't thought of that. I guess that's why you're a detective lieutenant and I'm still a uniformed cop.

LT. HARPER: Sometimes it's only the breaks, Larry. In the meantime, let's get –

KELTON: Maybe this doesn't mean much, but, uh, Larry and me found a grave that looks like it's been busted into.

LT. HARPER: What? Where?

KELTON: Why, uh, why . . .

LT. HARPER: Come on, man, out with it. We haven't got all day to waste.

KELTON: Uh, just over there beyond the crypt.

LT. HARPER: All right, show us the way!

*(MUSIC: No. 10b: It's A Saucer, Transition. Lights change.  
We see CLAY's grave.)*

KELTON: Look, here it is, Lieutenant.

LT. HARPER: Yikes! It's been broken into all right.

LARRY: Strange. If someone had broken in, the dirt should all be piled up here somewhere. This looks like it's all fallen into the grave.

LT. HARPER: Larry, you'll be out of that uniform before you know it.

LARRY: Do we have the right to look down there, Lieutenant?

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LT. HARPER: Ah, technically no.

LARRY: Technically?

LT. HARPER: We shouldn't investigate any further without the permission of the next of kin, but, this spot looks familiar, though.

KELTON: Let's go talk to the next of kin!

LT. HARPER: How? How do we know who the next of kin are?

LARRY: I see what you mean: the gravestone's down there.

LT. HARPER: I guess, somebody's got to find out whose grave it is.

KELTON: How?

LT. HARPER: By going down and finding out!

KELTON: Are you sure you mean that, Lieutenant?

LT. HARPER: If I didn't mean it, I wouldn't have said it. Somebody's got to go. *(He*

*stares at KELTON.)*

KELTON: Why not the rookie?

LT. HARPER: ‘Cause I’m telling you to do it.

LARRY: Scared?

KELTON: Why do I always get hooked up with these spook details? Monsters, graves, bodies . . . oh, all right. *(He climbs down into the grave. Out of sight:)* Casket's here – it’s open!

LT. HARPER: Can you read the name on the casket?

KELTON: It's too dark. Give me a flashlight.

LT. HARPER: How 'bout a match?

KELTON: Let me have ‘em! *(Matches are tossed down.)* It's – Inspector Clay's grave! *(KELTON clammers from the grave in haste.)* But he ain't in it!

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*(MUSIC: No. 11 – Eros Calling Earth. GEN. ROBERTS and COL. EDWARDS enter. GEN. ROBERTS points to a tape recorder.)*

GEN. ROBERTS: What you’re about to hear, Colonel, is top secret. I mean, *top* secret. The President hasn’t even been briefed on this.

COL. EDWARDS: The *President* hasn’t been briefed . . . ?

GEN. ROBERTS: Need to know, Colonel. Need to know.

COL. EDWARDS: And, you’ve decided I need to know.

GEN. ROBERTS: Yes, I believe you do.

EROS ON RECORDING: THIS IS EROS, CALLING EARTH,  
A SPACE SOLDIER FROM YOUR GALAXY.  
YOU ARE HEARING ME THROUGH THE DICTOROBIT'RY.  
YOU NOW UNDERSTAND THAT WHICH I NOW SPEAK.  
EROS CALLING EARTH!

*(The lights change to include a shadowy image of EROS.)*

EROS: *(His live voice slowly takes over.)* THIS IS EROS, CALLING EARTH,  
SINCE LONG BEFORE YOUR TIME BEGAN,  
WE'VE BEEN FAR BEYOND  
WHAT YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.  
EONS LONG SINCE PAST,  
WE KNEW WHAT YOU NOW GRASP.  
EROS CALLING EARTH!

DO YOU STILL BELIEVE WE CAN'T EXIST?  
THOUGH WE'RE HERE AS PROOF, YOU STILL INSIST  
THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE –  
HOW CAN YOU STILL BE SO PERVERSE?  
EROS CALLING . . .  
EROS CALLING EARTH!

WE HAVE COME TO WARN YOU NOW,  
BUT YOU GREET US WITH YOUR GUNS.  
WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE FOR  
YOU'VE DESTROYED THE PEACEFUL ONES.

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YOU ARE ON THE VERGE OF KILLING  
EV'RYONE AND EV'RYTHING.  
THIS WILL BE YOUR FINAL WARNING —

EROS CALLING . . . EROS CALLING EARTH!  
EROS CALLING . . . EROS CALLING  
EROS CALLING EARTH!  
EROS CALLING EARTH!

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 11 – Eros Calling Earth.)*

GEN. ROBERTS: That's the end of that one. Atmospheric conditions in outer space often interfere with transmitting.

COL. EDWARDS: Atmosphere? In space?

*(A brief pause while they look slowly and nervously toward the audience and back.)*

How many of these recordings do you have, General?

GEN. ROBERTS: An even dozen up to now. This was the last one. We received it over a month ago.

COL. EDWARDS: Do you think they mean business?

GEN. ROBERTS: We can't afford to take any chances. You ever been to Hollywood?

COL. EDWARDS: Oh, a couple of times. A few years ago.

GEN. ROBERTS: You'll be there in the morning. Just a few minutes from Hollywood, in the town of San Fernando, reports have come in of saucers flying so low the exhaust knocked people to the ground. There have even been claims of saucer landings and spooks wandering about. Your job is to attempt to contact them. Find them, Colonel. See what in hell it is they want!

COL. EDWARDS: All right, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: *(Handing over a sealed case.)* These are confidential reports, Colonel. Read them over carefully on the plane, turn them over to Air Force intelligence in Los Angeles. They'll have further orders for disposition.

COL. EDWARDS: Yes, sir.

GEN. ROBERTS: Colonel Edwards?

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COL. EDWARDS: Sir?

GEN. ROBERTS: Good luck.

COL. EDWARDS: Thank you, sir. I have a feeling I'll need it.

*(Lights change. Inside the spaceship. EROS, TANNA abase themselves as the RULER enters, with ceremony.)*

EROS: We are nearly ready to report, Excellency. We would have returned to the mother-ship shortly.

RULER: I told you to report in two days. You are many days late.

EROS: It was unavoidable. The electro-magnetic conditions were poor.

RULER: You should have transmitted as soon as conditions permitted.

EROS: We were sure that the humans were intercepting our transmissions. Suspicion has fallen upon our movements. Our ships have been viewed near the point of operations.

RULER: And what has this extra time gained, Eros?

EROS: We have successfully raised three of the dead ones.

RULER: Three!

EROS: A small start that will quickly grow to a major success.

*(The RULER's hand strays to his vaporization ray-gun as he thinks. EROS and TANNA watch in fear. Finally, he moves his hand away from it.)*

RULER: Permit me to see one.

EROS: *(To TANNA.)* Bring in the big one. Use your small electrode gun.

TANNA: The small electrode gun has been malfunctioning.

RULER: See that it doesn't. *(TANNA exits.)* I have taken two ships from your command.

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EROS: But . . . that will leave only my ship.

RULER: I have need of the other ships elsewhere. The plan is far from successful, and you, Eros, must prove it an operational success before more time, energy, and ships may be spent on it.

*(TANNA brings in CLAY, who immediately starts after the RULER. CLAY gets his hands around the RULER's throat.)*

RULER: Stop him, Tanna! Turn off your electrode gun! No! No! Stop him, Tanna!

TANNA: I can't get! It's jammed!

RULER: Stop him, you fool!

EROS: Drop the gun to the floor, Tanna! The metal floor will break the contact!

TANNA: *(Drops the gun and CLAY goes passive. Gasping.)* That was too close!

RULER: Yes, it was. I will not suffer incompetence – *(His hand goes to his ray gun, then away from it.)* – much longer. Bring the giant here that I may get a better look at him.



EROS: Make sure your electrode gun is in working order before pointing it at him.

TANNA: *(Picks up the gun and checks it.)* Whatever made it jam must have been cleared by the fall.

*(She aims the "gun" at CLAY who slowly approaches the RULER.)*

RULER: Yes, he's a fine specimen. Are they all this powerful on planet Earth?

EROS: This one is an exception, Excellency.

RULER: What are the other two like?

EROS: One is a woman, the other an old man.

RULER: An old man, you say?

EROS: Yes, Excellency.

RULER: This gives me a plan. Put the big one away.

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EROS: Take him back to the holding room.

*(TANNA uses the "gun" to take CLAY off.)*

RULER: The old one must be sacrificed. Re-land on Earth. Send the old one to where those who have been interfering are found. Then cut off the electrokinetic animation ray and turn on your ship's decomposition ray. The result will astound the interferers, divert their attention until you have gained other recruits from the cemetery.

EROS: Yes, Excellency. It will be done.

RULER: Report to me when this has been accomplished. Let nothing stand in your way, Eros.

*(MUSIC: No. 12 – The Bell Has Rung.)*

You know what is at stake should your mission fail. We cannot allow the humans to continue in the course they are on. *(TANNA returns.)* We must take drastic measures and we must do so now.

THE BELL HAS RUNG. THE TIME HAS COME.

THE END IS NOW. THE END FOR SOME.  
THE BELL HAS RUNG, AND, COME WHAT MAY,  
WE'LL BREAK THEIR HEARTS AND HOPES TODAY.

EROS: THE BELL HAS RUNG. WE MUST NOT FAIL.  
AGAINST THE END, THE RISK MUST PALE.  
THE BELL HAS RUNG. THERE IS NO TIME,

EROS/RULER: WE'VE HEARD THE CALL, THE ANTHEM'S CHIME.

TANNA: THE EARTH IS EDGING NEAR  
TO THAT WE FEAR; OUR PATH IS CLEAR.  
WE'LL FORCE THEM TO BELIEVE,  
AND TO OBEY!

TANNA & EROS: THE BELL HAS RUNG! WE MUST SUCCEED!  
OR DEATH AWAITS – WE'LL BURN AND BLEED!  
THE BELL HAS RUNG! THE END'S BEGUN.  
WE'LL CONQUER ALL – OR LIFE IS DONE!

ALL THREE: WE'LL MARCH AGAINST THE EARTH,  
WITH HORRID LEGIONS OF THE DEAD.  
THEIR DEAD WILL MAKE THEM DREAD  
THE COMING HORROR.

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THE BELL HAS RUNG. THE TIME HAS COME.  
THE END IS NOW. THE END FOR SOME.  
THE BELL HAS RUNG. THE CORD IS STRUNG.  
THEIR SONG IS SUNG. THE BELL HAS RUNG!

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 12 – The Bell Has Rung. Lights to  
black.)*

**END OF ACT ONE**

**Plan Nine From Outer Space, The Musical**  
Act Two

*(MUSIC: No. 13 - Entr'Acte. Lights up on the TRENT HOME. The TEENS are gathered, sitting or lounging in pairs around a fire. DANNY and EDITH are also sitting, arms around each other. MUSIC: No. 14 – That's Why I Hold You (In My Arms).)*

DANNY: AT THE END OF THE DAY,  
WHEN THE DAWN'S FAR AWAY,  
AND I WANT YOU TO STAY,  
WON'T YOU STAY IN MY ARMS?

WHEN THE SKIES START TO GREY,  
AND THE STARS COME TO PLAY,  
STAY RIGHT HERE,  
STAY RIGHT HERE, IN MY ARMS.

DON'T YOU KNOW:

DANNY & THE

TEEN BOYS:

ONE DAY, IT COULD ALL BE GONE,  
ONE DAY, WHEN THE WORLD HAS MOVED ON,  
ONE DAY, IT COULD ALL BE GONE,  
THAT'S WHY I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS.

EDITH:

WHEN THE LAST GLIMMERS FADE  
AND THE STARS ARE ARRAYED  
LIKE THE EVENING'S PARADE  
I'LL BE HERE IN YOUR ARMS.

TEEN GIRLS:

ALL THE PLANS THAT WE'VE LAID  
ALL THE HOPES THAT WE'VE PRAYED  
I'LL HAVE STAYED  
I'LL HAVE STAYED IN YOUR ARMS.

EDITH & THE

TEEN GIRLS:

DON'T YOU KNOW:  
ONE DAY, IT COULD ALL BE GONE,  
ONE DAY, WHEN THE WORLD HAS MOVED ON,  
ONE DAY, IT COULD ALL BE GONE,  
THAT'S WHY I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS.

DANNY & THE

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TEENAGE BOYS: THE STARS, THE SKY, THE MOON,  
COULD ALL DISAPPEAR.  
IT ALL COULD VANISH SO SOON,

EDITH & THE  
TEEN GIRLS: I'LL BE SAFE IN YOUR ARMS.

ALL: AT THE END OF THE DAY,  
WHEN THE DAWN'S FAR AWAY,  
AND I WANT YOU TO STAY,  
WON'T YOU STAY IN MY ARMS?

WHEN THE SKIES START TO GREY,  
AND THE STARS COME TO PLAY –

DON'T YOU KNOW:  
ONE DAY, IT COULD ALL BE GONE,  
ONE DAY, WHEN THE WORLD HAS MOVED ON,  
ONE DAY, IT COULD ALL BE GONE,  
THAT'S WHY I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS.  
THAT'S WHY I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS.

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*(END OF MUSIC: No. 14 – That's Why I Hold You (In My Arms). As the song ends, LT. HARPER and COL. EDWARDS enter. JEFF and PAULA react with caution to their entrance. JEFF taps DANNY on the shoulder and nods toward EDWARDS. DANNY rises.)*

DANNY: Know what, gang? I think it's time we took this to the malt shop.

TEENS: Malt shop? Nowheresville! What is this, 1940? How uncool is that? I ain't going to no malt shop! That's strictly squares-ville! L-7!

DANNY: Everybody up! We're going to the malt shop – on me! C'mon, Edie.

EDITH: Danny?

*(DANNY nods toward HARPER and EDWARDS.)*

Oh. All right, everybody! Up and at it! The malt shop closes in half an hour.

TEEN BOY: It ain't a malt that I want.

EDITH: Then you can have a shake. Dig it, daddy-o?

TEEN BOY: Word from the bird!

*(The TEENS groan and grumble but are moved off.)*

TEENS: *(Variously, as they exit.)* Thanks, Mrs. Trent. Mr. Trent. Nifty bash. Later, 'gator. Glad you're feeling better, Mrs. Trent. Catch ya on the flip side. Thanks. Bye.

DANNY: *(To JEFF.)* Should I come back, later?

JEFF: No need. See you in the cockpit.

DANNY: All right. Watch what you say.

*(EDITH and PAULA exchanges hugs, then DANNY and EDITH exit, following the TEENS. MUSIC: No. 15 – There's Something Out There.)*

JEFF: What can we do for you, gentlemen?

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LT. HARPER: MISTER AND MISSUS TRENT, THIS IS COLONEL EDWARDS.  
HE'S COME DOWN FROM WASHINGTON  
TO ASK YOU FOLKS SOME QUESTIONS.

COL. EDWARDS: PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISTER AND MISSUS TRENT.

PAULA: Colonel.

JEFF: Hello.

COL. EDWARDS: TELL ME, MISSUS TRENT, OF YOUR STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
THE NIGHT YOU SAW YOUR MONSTERS  
AND YOUR FLYING SAUCER.  
IN YOUR OWN WORDS, WOULD YOU, MISSUS TRENT?

PAULA: I HOPE I NEVER SEE SUCH A SIGHT AGAIN.

COL. EDWARDS: PLEASE CONTINUE, MISSUS TRENT.

PAULA: I LOOKED UP TO SEE THIS THING  
APPROACHING ME IN MY OWN BEDROOM.  
WHAT IT WAS . . .

I JUST KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE –  
SOMETHING OUT THERE, ALL RIGHT.

I RAN OFF BLINDLY,  
WAND'RING INTO THE NIGHT

COL. EDWARD: IT'S A CAUTION, MISSUS TRENT!

PAULA: I LOOKED BACK AND  
SAW THIS MONSTER,  
MOVING THROUGH THE FOG AND MIST.  
IT'S OUT THERE.  
I JUST KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE –  
SOMETHING OUT THERE, ALL RIGHT.

COL. EDWARDS: COULD IT HAVE BEEN AN ANIMAL?

PAULA: NO, IT WAS HUMAN SHAPE.

COL. EDWARDS: COULD IT HAVE BEEN SOME SWAMP-GAS VAPOUR?

PAULA: WHAT SHAPE DOES SWAMP GAS TAKE?

+JEFF: DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE,  
SOMETHING OUT THERE TONIGHT!

JEFF: SHE WOULDN'T MAKE THIS UP!

COL. EDWARDS: No, no, no!

JEFF: LISTEN, COLONEL EDWARDS,  
MAYBE UP IN WASHINGTON,  
YOU CAN SIT AND LAUGH AT US –

COL. EDWARDS: NO! I BELIEVE YOU, MISTER AND MISSUS TRENT!

JEFF: I REPORTED ONE MYSELF, YOU KNOW.

COL. EDWARDS: WHY DIDN'T I KNOW THAT?

JEFF: ARMY BRASS PUT A LID ON IT.

COL. EDWARDS: AND THE AIR FORCE GETS NOTHING BACK.  
WHAT DID YOU SEE?

JEFF: IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN.

COL. EDWARDS: WELL, HUMOUR ME.

JEFF: IT ENCOMPASSED THE PLANE.

IT WASN'T HOT.  
IT WASN'T COLD.  
IT'S LIKE A FORCE  
HAD TAKEN HOLD.  
WE VEERED OFF COURSE,  
AND WE WERE PULLED  
TOWARD THE GROUND.  
WE BARELY MADE IT OUT ALIVE!  
I JUST KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE, TONIGHT!

COL. EDWARDS: | WELL AFTER YOUR DESCRIPTION I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT,  
MYSELF!

PAULA: | LIGHT BLINDED ME SO BADLY I COULDN'T SEE A THING.

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JEFF: | WE ONLY FELT THE PRESSURE, PUSHING US TOWARD THE  
GROUND.

LT. HARPER: | WHEN THE GLARE LEFT US, WE SAW A GLOWING BALL  
DISAPPEARING.

COL. EDWARDS: WHERE'D IT GO?

PAULA/JEFF/HARPER: TO THE CEMETERY.  
THERE'S BEEN LOTS OF STRANGE THINGS HAPP'NING THERE.

ALL: I DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT IT WAS,  
I JUST KNOW THERE'S . . .  
I JUST KNOW THERE'S  
SOMETHING OUT THERE, THERE'S  
SOMETHING OUT THERE, THERE'S  
SOMETHING OUT THERE, TONIGHT!

COL. EDWARDS: This is the most fantastic story I've ever heard.

JEFF: Every word of it's true!

COL. EDWARDS: That's the fantastic part of it.

LT. HARPER: Hey, do you hear something? *(Calling off.)* You see anything out there, Kelton?

KELTON: *(Off.)* Too dark, Lieutenant. But something's startin' to stink awful bad!

ALL: THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE, TONIGHT!

*(END OF MUSIC No. 15– There's Something Out There. On the end of the music, shots are fired off-stage.)*

KELTON: *(Off.)* AAAAH!

LT. HARPER: What the . . . ?

*(The OLD MAN enters, walking slowly with his cape coving his face.)*

PAULA: That's it! That's the thing that chased me! Jeff! *(She flings her arms around JEFF for protection.)*

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*(HARPER and EDWARDS pull out pistols and shoot at it. There is an odd sound and weird light as the ship turns on its decomposition ray, and the OLD MAN suddenly collapses into a pile of bones and cape.)*

COL. EDWARDS: What do you make of that?

LT. HARPER: You got me! It didn't look that way a minute ago.

PAULA: Oh, Jeff. It's horrible!

JEFF: It's all right, Paula. It can't hurt you now.

LT. HARPER: Oh, in the excitement, I forgot all about Kelton. *(He exits, then returns supporting KELTON.)* He'll be all right in a few minutes.

KELTON: *(Faint.)* Did you see that thing? Did you get it?

LT. HARPER: We got it. Or something did.

KELTON: What was it? It wouldn't fall – I fired every bullet I had.

LT. HARPER: So did I. So did Colonel Edwards. It wasn't anything we did that stopped it.



COL. EDWARDS: You saw that light, too? What power could do that – turn animated flesh into a pile of bone?

KELTON: Some sort of disintegration ray.

COL. EDWARDS: Now, you're talking cheap science fiction.

KELTON: Well, ain't we?

*(A brief pause while they all do a slow, nervous take to the audience.)*

LT. HARPER: I don't know what it was or what happened to it, but unless that bag of bones can reassemble itself, it's nothing to worry about now.

PAULA: Where would a thing like that come from?

COL. EDWARDS: That's the cemetery, that way?

JEFF: Just a block over. Through the woods.

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COL. EDWARDS: We should take a look.

LT. HARPER: Colonel, I've been out there so often I think I've taken a lease on the place.

COL. EDWARDS: Not a long lease, I hope.

LT. HARPER: What? Oh! Not funny. But, you're right. I can't help but feel the answer's out there, somewhere.

COL. EDWARDS: Will Mrs. Trent be safe?

LT. HARPER: Mrs. Trent, I think you'd better stay here.

PAULA: Not on your life!

LT. HARPER: Modern women . . .

PAULA: No, we've been that way all through the ages. Especially in a spot like this.

LT. HARPER: Kelton!

KELTON: Yes, sir?

LT. HARPER: Stay close to Mrs. Trent.

KELTON: All right, Lieutenant.

JEFF: Stay close to the officer, Paula.

PAULA: I'd feel safer with you.

JEFF : The Lieutenant's in charge.

PAULA: I don't like it, but I guess there isn't much I can do about it.

LT. HARPER: *(To JEFF.)* You have a gun?

JEFF: No. I don't care for them.

LT. HARPER: Know how to use one?

JEFF: *(A slight pause.)* Four years in the Marine Corps. Gaudalcanal.

LT. HARPER: That right? Iwo Jima, here. *(Taking out a second pistol.)* Take this.

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JEFF: You think we'll need that?

LT. HARPER: You can never tell until you do. *(JEFF takes the gun.)* Let's get going.

JEFF: There's a path through the woods, here.

COL. EDWARDS: Straight to the graveyard?

JEFF: Yeah.

PAULA: What do you expect to find there?

LT. HARPER: There's only one answer to that, Mrs. Trent: we'll know when we find it.

*(MUSIC: No. 15a – The Zombie Walk, Preparatory. They exit. Lights change to the spaceship. EROS and TANNA are watching the television screen.)*

EROS: They'll discover our ship soon.

TANNA: You're going to let them find us?

EROS: It's the only way. These are the same men who have been so close so often. They must be halted before they can inform others about us.

TANNA: But there are others, as well! The female and the slow one.

EROS: They'll be taken too. Send the big one to get the woman and the stupid policeman. Then – release all of the risen! It's time for zombies to walk!  
*(The music cuts off.)* Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!!

*(MUSIC: No. 16 – The Zombie Walk. Lights change to the cemetery. Shuffling figures, led by VAMPIRA, come out of the shadows among the graves. They sing individually at first, then together for the choruses and third verse.)*

VAMPIRA: WHEN THE NIGHT IS DARK AND COLD  
AND WHEN THE STORMY CLOUDS HAVE ROLLED  
ACROSS THE MOON AND BLOTTED OUT THE SKY –

WHEN THE MISTS COME ROLLING IN  
AND WHEN THE ICY BITTER WIND  
COMES MOANING FROM THE GRAVEYARD, SO WILL I!

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WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO  
WHEN THE SPOOKS ARE AFTER YOU?  
TAKE A GLASSY STARE,  
WAVE YOUR ARMS UP IN THE AIR:  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

THE ZOMBIES: COMING THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD DANK,  
(Except VAMPIRA) SHUFFLING, MOANING, COMES THE STANK,  
THE SCENT OF ZOMBIE COMING FROM THE GRAVE.

THERE'S THE SOUND OF STUMBLING FEET,  
SLOWLY MOVING TO THE BEAT,  
SLOWLY REACHING FOR THE THING THEY CRAVE.

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO BUT  
BECOME A ZOMBIE, TOO?  
LIVING DEAD REMAINS,  
HUNGRY FOR DELICIOUS BRAINS!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

ALL THE ZOMBIES: DO THE ZOMBIE!  
IT'S THE DANCE THAT'S KILLIN' EV'RYONE!

(MALE VOICE: MWAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!)  
DO THE ZOMBIE!  
SLOWLY SHAMBLE, STUMBLE; NEVER RUN.  
(FEMALE VOICE: MWAA-HA-HA!)  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR LEFT, THEN  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR RIGHT.  
DON'T FORGET TO SNARL AND  
GIVE THEM ALL A FRIGHT.  
RISE UP FROM YOUR GRAVE AND THEN  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

*(Dance break. The ZOMBIES are shuffling their way  
toward the house and, eventually, shuffle out the back of  
the house, through the audience, dribbling and snarling as  
they go.)*

WHEN THE NIGHT IS DARK AND COLD  
AND WHEN THE STORMY CLOUDS HAVE ROLLED  
ACROSS THE MOON AND BLOTTED OUT THE SKY –

PERUSAL COPY ONLY CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS  
WHEN THE MISTS COME ROLLING IN  
AND WHEN THE ICY BITTER WIND  
COMES MOANING FROM THE GRAVEYARD, SO WILL I!

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO  
WHEN THE SPOOKS ARE AFTER YOU?  
TAKE A GLASSY STARE,  
WAVE YOUR ARMS UP IN THE AIR:  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

DO THE ZOMBIE!  
IT'S THE DANCE THAT'S KILLIN' EV'RYONE!  
(MALE VOICE: MWA-HA-HA-HA-HA!)  
DO THE ZOMBIE!  
SLOWLY SHAMBLE, STUMBLE; NEVER RUN.  
(FEMALE VOICE: MWA-HA-HA!)  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR LEFT, THEN  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR RIGHT.  
DON'T FORGET TO SNARL AND  
GIVE THEM ALL A FRIGHT.  
RISE UP FROM YOUR GRAVE AND THEN  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

*(The ZOMBIES shamble off into the darkness and are gone. END OF MUSIC No. 16 – The Zombie Walk. Lights change: down on the space-ship; up on CLAY's grave. LT. HARPER, COL. EDWARDS and JEFF enter, with flashlights.)*

LT. HARPER: Inspector Clay's grave is right over here.

COL. EDWARDS: The one you told me was broken into? Looks to me more like someone had broken out.

LT. HARPER: That's what I thought, but – look, Colonel, some things just can't happen.

COL. EDWARDS: Yeah, well, after that apparition that was draped across the Trent's patio, I would say we should keep our minds open to anything.

LT. HARPER: Look, Colonel, I'm a policeman. I deal in facts. But, I'll bet my badge, right now, we haven't seen the last of those weirdies.

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*(MUSIC: No. 17 – The Zombie Walk, Reprise. As the men talk, VAMPIRA and the ZOMBIES appear behind them.)*

JEFF: You know, maybe we're barking up the wrong tree.

LT. HARPER: One thing a policeman learns, Mr. Trent, is patience.

COL. EDWARDS: Where's the burn spot you mentioned?

LT. HARPER: Right over there – look at that!

*(The ZOMBIES shamble closer. Something glows behind the trees.)*

What the heck are they?

JEFF: They're not a welcoming committee!

COL. EDWARDS: Start backing away, but move carefully.

*(From OFF, we hear the sound of screams.)*

KELTON: Ahh . . . ahhhhhhhhh!

LT. HARPER: Kelton!

PAULA: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

JEFF: Paula!

*(They run OFF. VAMPIRA and the ZOMBIES follow at a zombie-like pace.)*

THE ZOMBIES: DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE! (DO THE ZOMBIE!)  
IT'S THE DANCE THAT'S KILLIN' EV'RYONE!  
(MALE VOICE: MWAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!)  
DO THE ZOMBIE! (DO THE ZOMBIE!)  
SLOWLY SHAMBLE, STUMBLE; NEVER RUN.  
(FEMALE VOICE: MWAA-HA-HA!)  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR LEFT, THEN  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR RIGHT.  
DON'T FORGET TO SNARL AND  
GIVE THEM ALL A FRIGHT.  
RISE UP FROM YOUR GRAVE AND THEN  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

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*(VAMPIRA and the ZOMBIES have exited after the men.  
END OF MUSIC: No. 17 – The Zombie Walk, Reprise.  
Lights change to the spaceship. EROS and TANNA are at  
the controls.)*

EROS: *(Looking at a visor screen.)* They're just outside. The risen have herded them toward our ship perfectly. You can send the risen back to their resting places now, Tanna, and then open the outer hatch. I shall turn on the dictorobitary, so that we may understand their speech. *(He and TANNA push buttons on the control panel, then EROS chuckles.)* Come closer, my friends. A moment or two more and you will be the first live Earth people ever to enter a celestial ship.

*(LT. HARPER, COL. EDWARDS and JEFF become visible, from outside the ship, on the visor screen. Their faces are “fish-lensed” by the camera.)*

LT. HARPER: Wow! Boy, how could anything that big hide for so long?

COL. EDWARDS: *(Tapping on the hull.)* Never heard metal sound like that before. What do you see?

LT. HARPER: Only my reflection. Must be some kind of one-way glass.

COL. EDWARDS: How do you get into this thing?

JEFF: I'm not sure I want to find out. Where did those . . . those things go?

COL. EDWARDS: Back where they came from, whatever they were.

LT. HARPER: They're zombies! Don't you watch bad horror movies?

*(A brief pause while they all look slowly and nervously toward the audience.)*

COL. EDWARDS: The dead don't rise from their graves, Lieutenant.

LT. HARPER: And, space-ships don't land in cemeteries, but here we are.

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*(A sound of some sort of motor.)*

Look out!

*(Lights change as a hatch opens in the ship. COL. EDWARDS approaches it.)*

JEFF: You goin' in that thing?

COL. EDWARDS: That's what we're here for.

JEFF: I don't know. The way these things speed around, we might just get in there and pfft! Off it goes.

COL. EDWARDS: That's a chance we'd better take.

JEFF: Well, I take a chance every time I step on an airplane. Might just as well see what the inside of one of these looks like.

COL. EDWARDS: Guns at the ready?

LT. HARPER: I tell you one thing for free: if a little green man jumps out at me, I'm

shooting first and asking questions later.

*(The men disappear from the visor screen and EROS switches it off.)*

TANNA: They're in the outer chamber now. Eros, do we have to kill them?

EROS: Yes.

TANNA: It seems such a waste.

EROS: Far better to kill a few now than permit them, with their meddling, to destroy the entire universe.

TANNA: You're always right, Eros.

EROS: Of course, but those are not my words. Those are the words of the Ruler.

*(EROS and TANNA make the spacey salute. COL. EDWARDS, JEFF and LT. HARPER enter the spaceship, guns at the ready. They see EROS and TANNA.)*

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LT. HARPER: *(Pointing his gun at them.)* Now, you two stay right where you're at.

EROS: We will do as you command – for the moment.

LT. HARPER: No “for the moment” about it. You just do as I tell you.

EROS: You do not need guns. They would be of no use to you, now.

LT. HARPER: I've seen them be mighty useful on flesh and blood, and you two look like you've got both.

EROS: True, they would be effective upon us – *if* you were to have the opportunity to use them. *(He raises a hand to the controls.)*

JEFF: Mister, if you don't get away from that control board, I'll show you just how effective they can be.

EROS: Shall we talk now, or wait? Your friends will be here shortly.

LT. HARPER: What friends?

EROS: Those you left at the vehicle.



JEFF: Paula! If you've done anything to Paula . . . !

COL. EDWARDS: Easy, Trent.

EROS: Oh, I assure you, no harm has come to her. Would you like to see?

*(EROS reaches for some controls and JEFF shoots at the control board.)*

JEFF: Next time you try that I won't aim at the board.

EROS: You're a headstrong young man. I was only going to turn on the televisor so you could see her movements.

LT. HARPER: Go ahead, pal, but move very carefully.

*(EROS moves some controls and CLAY appears, carrying PAULA in his arms.)*

JEFF: Paula!

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LT. HARPER: Inspector Clay!

JEFF: You fiend!

*(JEFF jumps at EROS and tries to strangle him. The two grapple with each other. TANNA and COL. EDWARDS separate them. MUSIC: No. 18 – I? A Fiend?)*

EROS: I? A FIEND?  
I'M A SOLDIER OF OUR PLANET!  
I? A FIEND?  
WE ARE NOT YOUR ENEMY!

WE CAME HERE  
WITH ONLY GOOD INTENTIONS.  
WE CAME HERE  
TO TALK – TO ASK YOUR AID.

COL. EDWARDS: Our aid?

EROS: YES. YOUR AID  
FOR THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.

WHY WOULD WE EVER WISH YOU HARM?

BUT YOUR GOVERNMENTS OF EARTH  
REFUSE TO EVEN LISTEN!  
ALL THE GOVERNMENTS OF EARTH  
WON'T ADMIT TO OUR EXISTENCE!  
EV'RY GOVERNMENT ON EARTH  
WON'T ADMIT THEY HEARD OUR MESSAGE.

THOUGH THEY'VE SEEN US,  
THEY STILL REFUSE —  
THOUGH THEY'VE HEARD US,  
THEY STILL REFUSE —  
TO LISTEN TO THE WARNING CALL.

COL. EDWARDS: What is so important the you want to contact the governments of Earth?

EROS: IDIOTS!  
ALL YOU OF EARTH ARE IDIOTS!

JEFF: Now, hold on, buster!

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EROS: IDIOTS!  
ALL YOU OF EARTH ARE FOOLS!

FIRST THERE WAS  
A HARMLESS FIRECRACKER,  
THEN YOU MADE  
YOUR STUPID HAND-GRENADES.  
THEN YOUR BOMBS,  
RAINING DOWN FROM AEROPLANES,  
BUT STILL YOU WERE NOT SATISFIED!

NEXT YOU MADE THE ATOM BOMB —  
SPLIT THE VERY ATOMS —  
THEN YOU ADDED HYDROGEN —  
SET THE AIR ITSELF ON FIRE!  
STUPID IDIOTS OF EARTH!  
THE NEXT STEP'S SOLARONITE.

AND WHEN YOU FIND IT,  
YOU'LL SEAL YOUR FATE —  
'CAUSE WHEN YOU FIND IT,  
IT'S MUCH TOO LATE

TO LISTEN TO THE WARNING CALL.

COL. EDWARDS: What do you mean “solaronite”?

EROS: Explosion of actual particles of light.

COL. EDWARDS: That's impossible!

EROS: We've known of it for centuries. Your scientists will stumble upon it sooner or later, but the primitive minds you possess will not comprehend its strength – until it's too late.

LT. HARPER: You're talking ‘way above our heads.

EROS: Your scientists are working *now* on harnessing the sun’s rays! Do you think they cannot do as I have suggested?

JEFF: Why, a particle of sunlight can't even be seen or measured.

EROS: Can you see or measure an atom? Yet you can explode one.

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COL. EDWARDS: So what? With a solaronite bomb, America would be stronger than ever.

EROS: You see? Stupid minds! Stupid!!

JEFF: That's all I'm taking from you!

*(JEFF leaps at EROS, again.)*

COL. EDWARDS: Let him finish!

LT. HARPER: Get back here, ya jerk!

*(LT. HARPER pulls JEFF away from EROS.)*

EROS: IT'S MEN LIKE YOU WHO HAVE  
FORCED THIS ACTION ON US.  
MEN LIKE YOU MEAN THAT  
ALL MEN SOON MUST DIE!

USE YOUR MINDS!  
THE ONES THAT YOUR GOD GAVE YOU.  
USE YOUR MINDS!  
AND TRY TO THINK IT THROUGH!

IF YOU FIND THE SOLARONITE EXPLOSION,  
IT'S GOING TO DESTROY YOUR WORLD!

LT. HARPER/JEFF/  
COL. EDWARDS: What!

EROS: BUT SOLARONITE WILL CAUSE  
THE FINAL CHAIN REACTION;  
LEAPING BACKWARD EV'RYWHERE  
THAT THE LIGHT IS SHINING FROM.

FIRST YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM GOES,  
BURNING IN A VAST EXPLOSION,  
THEN IT FLASHES OUT TO THE STARS  
WHERE THE CRADLES OF ALL LIFE ARE.  
IT'S THE DESTRUCTION OF THE UNIVERSE!

LT. HARPER/JEFF/  
COL. EDWARDS: Don't be a fool! That can't happen! You're think we're stupid?

EROS: THOUGH YOU'VE SEEN US —  
YOU STILL REFUSE.  
THOUGH YOU'VE HEARD US —  
YOU STILL REFUSE  
TO LISTEN TO THE WARNING CALL!  
LISTEN TO THE WARNING CALL!  
LISTEN TO THE WARNING CALL!

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*(END OF MUSIC No. 18 – I? A Fiend?)*

LT. HARPER: *(A beat. He levels his gun at EROS.)* Under California law and by authority of the City of Los Angeles, I'm placing you two under arrest. Come along with us.

EROS: Come with you? Where?

LT. HARPER: The police station, for starters.

EROS: Aaaaahahahahahahahaha!

LT. HARPER: He's mad.

TANNA: Is it mad to destroy in order to save yourselves? To save others? You have done this. You have destroyed other countries to save yourselves! How

then is it mad that one planet would destroy another that threatens the existence of all!

LT. HARPER: That's enough! You've had your chance.

EROS: Too late! Plan Nine is in motion. *(To COL. EDWARDS)* You think, when you have the solaronite reaction, you'll be all-powerful! But, you will have nothing! – and neither will the universe. All that out there – the stars, the planets – will all be just an empty void. You must be stopped. You will be stopped! Our satellites are now in place. I have but to flip this switch and millions of the dead will rise from their graves to overwhelm you all! Plan Nine is about to be implemented! Look out there.

*(The visor screen shows CLAY still holding PAULA)*

LT. HARPER: Jeff.

EROS: He would kill in seconds if I so choose. The animator beam is inactive at the moment, but all it will take is for me to flip this switch – *(TANNA moves his hand to a different switch.)* – I mean, this switch. Now, do as I say!

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*(Lights change to KELTON by the patrol car. LARRY comes in.)*

LARRY: What happened to you?

KELTON: How come you're all alone? I asked for lots of help!

LARRY: You sounded drunk or something on the radio.

KELTON: If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I would never have believed it!

LARRY: Believed what?

KELTON: It was horrible! He almost broke my shoulder!

LARRY: Look, make sense or we'll never get to the bottom of this. Now, what happened? Somebody slug you?

KELTON: Oh, yeah.

LARRY: Who slugged you?

KELTON: Inspector Clay.

LARRY: *(A beat.)* What?

KELTON: Inspector Clay – only not like we remembered him. Well, his grave was busted into, right? Or was it, maybe, busted out of?

LARRY: Next, you'll tell me you saw his skeleton jumping around.

KELTON: Not his, but we saw another pile of bones, earlier.

LARRY: Now, I know you're off your rocker.

KELTON: All of us saw, the Lieutenant, the Colonel, everybody!

LARRY: Where's the Lieutenant, now?

KELTON: In the woods, somewhere. I was left here to guard Mrs. Trent. Then Inspector Clay showed up and the next thing I know, I'm on my back, staring up at the stars. That's the second time tonight and I'm getting darned tired of it! And, Mrs. Trent is gone!

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LARRY: Which way did the Lieutenant and the others go?

KELTON: Oh, uh, that way.

LARRY: Come on!

*(MUSIC: No. 18a – The Zombie Walk, Underscore. LARRY and KELTON are working their way into the cemetery. CLAY is standing with his back to them, holding PAULA.)*

LARRY: Holy cow! Look there. It's Inspector Clay all right, no mistaking that.

KELTON: And he's got Mrs. Trent!

LARRY: *(Fumbling for his.)* Get your gun out.

KELTON: From all I've seen tonight, guns won't do any good. Clay is dead – dead! – and we buried him. How do you kill somebody that's already dead? But, there he stands! That other one earlier, I emptied a full load into him – nothing!

LARRY: I'm seeing it – that's the only reason I'm listening to you. Look, hurt him or

not, we've got to try something. I've got an idea. *(He takes out his nightstick.)* I'm going to sneak up behind him and whop him over the head. That oughta make him move. Follow me? Even when Clay was alive, he couldn't run fast enough to catch me. I'm betting being dead has slowed him down a lot, so when he drops Mrs. Trent and chases me, you grab her and run like lightning in the opposite direction.

KELTON: And if he doesn't drop her and chase you?

LARRY: I didn't say it was a perfect plan. Got a better one, Brainiac? 'Cause I'm open to suggestions.

KELTON: Go on and whop him.

*(LARRY sneaks up behind CLAY and whops him with the nightstick. CLAY falls and drops PAULA. KELTON runs over to PAULA, who is out cold. LARRY looks with surprise at his nightstick.)*

That worked better than I thought it would.

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KELTON: *(Patting PAULA's cheek and rubbing her wrists.)* Hey, lady! You all right?

*(DANNY and EDITH run on, glancing behind them as they run.)*

LARRY: Now, who the heck are you two?

DANNY: There were . . . things chasing us! Back there!

EDITH: They were horrible. You wouldn't believe . . . !

LARRY: You wouldn't believe what I can believe! Where are they?

DANNY: I don't know. We were parked in the cemetery and they came out of nowhere!

LARRY: What were you doing in the cemetery?

EDITH/DANNY: *(They look at each other then at LARRY.)* Homework.

LARRY: Aww, nuts!

KELTON: She's coming 'round.

EDITH: *(Going over to her.)* Paula!

PAULA: *(Recovering quickly.)* Oh! I'll be all right. Where's Jeff? Where are the others?

KELTON: *(Pointing to the woods.)* In there.

*(They look into the ominous woods. Lights change to the interior of the ship.)*

EROS: Your men have felled the big one. This could only happen because the animator ray is off. He'll walk again when I turn it on – and this time, he'll kill!

LT. HARPER: Hold it, right there!

*(EROS reaches for the switch. LT. HARPER grabs EROS' hand and pulls it away. EROS fights back. TANNA tries to intervene and is pulled away by COL. EDWARDS. JEFF tries to grab EROS, but is knocked down.)*

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*(Lights change to outside the ship where LARRY, PAULA, KELTON, DANNY and EDITH are trying to find a way in.)*

LARRY: Suppose the Lieutenant is in that thing!

PAULA: Suppose my husband is in that thing!

KELTON: Suppose there are martians in that thing!

*(Inside the ship, the fight is still going on. JEFF is still dazed; TANNA beats at COL. EDWARD's chest; LT. HARPER and EROS are fighting a battle royale. In the process, equipment is smashed and a fire starts.)*

*(Music: No. 19 – Everything's On Fire. The fight continues. EROS is knocked down by LT. HARPER, who helps JEFF to his feet and heads for the door of the ship.)*

TANNA: EV'RYTHING'S ON FIRE!

LT. HARPER: Come on, let's go.



TANNA: EV'RYTHING WILL BURN!

LARRY: *(Outside.)* Open up in there, open up!

TANNA: EV'RYTHING WILL PERISH IN AN  
ALL-CONSUMING PYRE!

EV'RYTHING WILL FRY!

COL. EDWARDS: *(To LT. HARPER.)* Get that door open.

TANNA: EV'RYTHING MUST DIE!

JEFF: I wouldn't know one switch from another!

TANNA: EV'RYTHING IS RISING TO THE  
BURNING POINT AND HIGHER!

*(She grabs the controls and COL. EDWARDS pushes her  
away, then finds the switch that opens the door.)*

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PAULA: *(Outside.)* Jeff! Jeff!

TANNA: EROS, WAKE UP! HELP ME  
GET THIS IN FLIGHT!

EROS, WAKE UP! HELP ME  
TAKE OFF TONIGHT!

COL. EDWARDS: *(Still working controls.)* Get out of here, Trent!

COL. & TANNA: EV'RYTHING'S ON FIRE!

LT. HARPER: What are you doing, Colonel?

COL. & TANNA: EV'RYTHING WILL BURN!

TANNA: | EV'RYTHING WILL PERISH IN AN  
| ALL-CONSUMING PYRE!

COL. EDWARDS: | I'M GOING TO SMASH THIS MIND RAY,  
| BREAK THIS SPACESHIP FLIER!

TANNA: | EV'RYTHING WILL FRY!

COL. EDWARDS: | GOTTA STOP THIS GUY . . .

LT. HARPER: *(To COL. EDWARDS.)* This thing could blow!

TANNA: | EV'RYTHING MUST DIE!

COL. EDWARDS: | . . . TAKING TO THE SKY!

JEFF: Colonel, now! Let's go!

COL. & TANNA: EV'RYTHING IS RISING TO THE  
BURNING POINT AND HIGHER!

*(The men run out of the ship. TANNA rushes to the controls.)*

TANNA: EROS, WAKE UP! HELP ME  
GET THIS IN FLIGHT!

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EROS, WAKE UP! HELP ME  
TAKE OFF TONIGHT!

EV'RYTHING'S ON FIRE!

*(EROS recovers and rushes to assist TANNA. Lights change to outside. JEFF, PAULA, LT. HARPER and COL. EDWARDS are recovering from their ordeal. LARRY, KELTON, DANNY and EDITH help them. CLAY is motionless on the ground. Sound effect of a spaceship takeoff.)*

DANNY: *(Pointing into the sky.)* Look at that baby go!

JEFF: Wouldn't I like to fly that?

PAULA: *(Arms around JEFF.)* No! I want you firmly on Earth, Jeff.

EDITH: *(Arms around DANNY.)* Ditto!

LT. HARPER: I wonder if that's the last we'll see of them?

COL. EDWARDS: *(Thoughtfully.)* Perhaps, but, sooner or later, there'll be others. We must be

ready for them.

PAULA: Look! It's on fire!

COL. EDWARDS: It's losing altitude!

JEFF & DANNY: It's out of control!

*(We hear EROS and TANNA's voices on the radio. The others look around to find the source.)*

EROS: *(OFF.)* EROS, CALLING EARTH!  
EROS, CALLING EARTH!

LARRY: Listen! On the prowl car's radio.

EROS: EROS, CALLING EARTH

COL. EDWARDS: He speaking through that . . . what did he call it? The dictorobitary.

EROS & TANNA: *(OFF.)* IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD. OH, CAN'T YOU SEE?  
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD FOR YOU AND ME.

WE CAN'T FIGHT IT, ANYMORE.

WE CAN'T FIGHT IT, ANYMORE.

WE CAN'T FIGHT IT, ANYMORE!

EROS, CALLING EARTH!

EROS, CALLING EARTH!

EROS, CALLING . . .

*(A bright flash of distant light . . .)*

LARRY: *(Throwing his arms over his eyes.)* Holy cow!

JEFF: *(Throwing his arms around her.)* Paula!

*(. . . followed by a huge explosion. The group on the ground are thrown flat. Slowly, they rise, except for CLAY, who is now a pile of bones. END OF MUSIC: No. 19 – Everything's On Fire. JEFF examines PAULA for injury.)*

PAULA: Easy, marine. I've been through worse than that, tonight.

COL. EDWARDS: I've never seen an explosion of that size.

KELTON: Do you think they got out of it?

LT. HARPER: Not a chance.

JEFF: And, that's the end of that.

PAULA: Not quite. There's still that vampire thing, that woman –

EDITH: – and those other things that were roaming around!

LT. HARPER: Hey! That's right! There's them other zombies running loose.

COL. EDWARDS: And my guess is, when we find them, they'll look like him. *(He points to CLAY's skeleton on the ground.)* With the ship and the electro-ray gun gone, they'll return to what they were.

LT. HARPER: Dead?

COL. EDWARDS: Dead.

JEFF: We've got to hand it to them though; they're far ahead of us. That's a terrible thing, that solaronite.

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COL. EDWARDS: Terrible. *(He suddenly becomes energetic.)* I have to report back to Washington. There's no time to lose. We must discover the solaronite reaction before the other side does. We cannot allow a solaronite gap. *(He looks up.)* Beings from outer space. What might we have learned from them, had they only come in peace?

*(Lights change to CRISWELL, at his desk. MUSIC: No. 20 – God Help Us In The Future/Plan 9, Reprise.)*

CRISWELL: MY FRIENDS, YOU'VE SEEN THE STORY, NOW.  
ARE YOU SO SURE IT IS NOT TRUE?  
ON YOUR WAY HOME, YOU'LL PASS SOMEONE,  
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW IT –  
BUT THEY'LL BE FROM OUTER SPACE.

MANY BELIEVE THEY'RE WATCHING, NOW.  
CAN YOU ASSUME WE ARE ALONE?  
SOME OF US LAUGH AT OUTER SPACE.  
BUT THEY'RE STILL WATCHING!  
GOD HELP US . . . IN THE FUTURE.

COMPANY: PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
GHOSTS AND MONSTERS ALL OVER THE PLACE.  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!  
NIGHTMARE DREAMS YOU JUST CAN'T ERASE.  
IF PLAN NINE WAS SO FREAKIN' GREAT, TELL ME  
HOW BAD WERE THE OTHER EIGHT?

THE TEENS: WATCH IN THE SKY.  
WATCH ALL AROUND.  
THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOU NEVER DREAMED OF  
TO BE FOUND.  
YOU COULD FIND TRUE LOVE.  
FIND IT IN A DARK CEMETERY! OR  
MAYBE YOU'LL FIND  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

THE ADULTS: 'ROUND THE WORLD,  
HEAR THE VOICE OF DOOM!  
THERE ARE RAGING WARS;  
THERE'S ATOMIC BOOMS!  
BUT THE GAPING TOMBS  
WARN US WE MUST BE WARY!  
IT'S COMING NEAR,  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

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*(Sung in stop-time sections.)*

EROS/TANNA/RULER: THE BELL HAS RUNG!

THE COMPANY: IT'S A SAUCER!

SOLO BASS: WON'T MAKE IT HOME TONIGHT!

THE TEENS: STOP! WHAT IS THAT CREEPIN'?  
CREEPIN' 'ROUND MY KNEE (CAR) –

JEFF/PAULA: THE LOST ROSES OF HER –

THE COMPANY: WE ONCE LAUGHED AT THE AEROPLANE,  
AT THE AUTOMOBILE, AT THE CHOO-CHOO TRAIN.  
IF WE DARE LAUGH, NOW,  
GOD HELP THE HUMAN RACE!

NOW THAT WE'VE HEARD

PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

NOW THAT YOU'VE HEARD  
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE!

*(END OF MUSIC: No. 20 – God Help Us In The  
Future/Plan 9, Reprise. Lights down to black. MUSIC: No.  
21 – Bows And Finale Ultimo. After bows, the COMPANY  
sing.)*

DO THE ZOMBIE! (DO THE ZOMBIE!)  
IT'S THE DANCE THAT'S KILLIN' EV'RYONE!  
(MALE VOICE: MWAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!)  
DO THE ZOMBIE! (DO THE ZOMBIE!)  
SLOWLY SHAMBLE, STUMBLE; NEVER RUN.  
(FEMALE VOICE: MWAA-HA-HA!)  
SHUFFLE TO YOUR LEFT, *(SHUFFLE!)*  
THEN SHUFFLE TO YOUR RIGHT. *(SHUFFLE!)*

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DON'T FORGET TO SNARL *(AAAARRGGH!)*  
AND GIVE THEM ALL A FRIGHT. *(EEEE!)*  
RISE UP FROM YOUR GRAVE AND THEN  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK! *(DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!)*  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK! *(DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!)*  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK! *(DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!)*  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK! *(DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!)*  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK! *(DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!)*  
DO THE ZOMBIE WALK!

*(The COMPANY shamble off into the darkness and are  
gone. END OF MUSIC No. 21 – Bows And Finale Ultimo.  
Lights to black. MUSIC: No. 22 – Audience Playout.)*

**END OF MUSICAL**