Welcome, readers... welcome to the Vault of Horror! This time I have a tale for you that even puzzles me, stretch out comfortably, now... and cover yourselves with deep black dirt to keep warm! I wouldn't want you to catch cold from this chiller I call......

HORROR HOUSE!

Now listen, Henry! Either you get your stories in on time or you look for another publisher! This business of being late has got to stop!

Okay, Boss! Okay, you're right! But it's not my fault! Friends are always barging in on me... throwing parties... in my apartment! I can't get rid of them!

Well, either you get rid of them... or I'll get rid of you!

Okay, Boss! I promise. I won't be late again. I'll outwit them... somehow!
At home again, Henry Davidson sits at his typewriter...

I have a terrific plot for this next horror story! If only I'm not interrupted! Hang it all! There's the doorbell!

Hiya, Henry, old boy! Thought I'd bring the gang over! Haven't seen you in a couple of days!

Oh, no! Don't let us bother you, Henry, if you're busy! You go right ahead and work, dahling?

Hey! Where's your liquor, Henry? Oh, I bet you say that to all the girls...

Henry! You old meany! Why haven't I seen more of you?

Look, Henry! I got a terrific story for you! There's this guy, see...

Well, that does it! I can't take anymore of this! If they like my apartment so much, they can have it! I'll just pack up my clothes and typewriter...and leave!

Leaving so soon, fellah? Can't say I blame you! The guy who lives here sure is stingy with his drinks!

Some hours later...

I should have done this long ago! I'll find some quiet place here in the country where I won't be disturbed and...Hey...

That house! It's perfect! Just what I need! Why, I bet I could write sensational horror stories with all that mood and atmosphere! I'll buy it!
Later, at a real estate agent's office in town...

YOU...YOU WANT TO BUY MILLFORD MANOR BUT... NOBODY WANTS TO BUY THAT HOUSE! IT'S... IT'S HAUNTED!

HAUNTED? HA! HA! WHAT NONSENSE! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS HOUSES REALLY BEING HAUNTED! I'LL BUY IT RIGHT NOW!

...AND AT THE GENERAL STORE WHILE BUYING FOOD...

MILLFORD MANOR? GLORY BE, STRANGER! ARE YE DAFT? DON'T YE KNOW THAT PLACE IS HAUNTED?

DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE THOSE OLD WIVES' TALES. HA! HA! WELL, I MAY WRITE GHOST AND HORROR STORIES, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO BELIEVE 'EM!

AH...I'M ALL SET! PLENTY OF FOOD, TYPE-WRITER RIBBON, PAPER... THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT! I CAN'T WAIT TO BEGIN WRITING!

BY CANDLELIGHT, HENRY WORKS ON HIS LATEST STORY. HARDLY DOES HE TAKE TIME OUT TO EAT AND SLEEP, SO ENTHUSED IS HE... THE DAYS PASS.... FINISHED! AND IN RECORD TIME, TOO! AH! I KNEW THIS PLACE WAS PERFECT FOR ME, THE MINUTE I SAW IT!

THIS IS THE BEST STORY I'VE EVER WRITTEN! BOY! WON'T MY BOSS BE SURPRISED? WHA... SOMEONE AT THE DOOR...

HIYA, HENRY, OLD BOY! THOUGHT YOU'D LOSE US BY HIBERNATING, EH?

YOU NAUGHTY BOY! HOW COULD YOU DESERT US LIKE THAT? YOU MUST COME BACK TO THE CITY, HENRY! YOU SIMPLY MUST!

RETURN TO THE CITY? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'VE FOUND A HOME HERE, AND HERE I STAY!

BUT... BUT HOW CAN ANYONE LIVE IN A GLOOMY OLD PLACE LIKE THIS? IT'S... IT'S AWFUL!
Nonetheless, here I stay! I'm driving to the city to deliver a manuscript. Anyone care for a lift?

Er... no, thanks, Henry! We'll look around for awhile!

Sure! We'll see you when you get back!

He's gone!

Boy! Have I an idea! I know how we can get Henry back to the city for $600! Now, listen! Here's what we do...

A few hours later...

It was a job trying to get these sound effects records, and this phonograph, but I got them!

Swell! I've hidden loudspeakers in every room, nook and cranny in this dump! Ted's down the cellar setting up a control panel he got hold of!

Jean got all the sound effects records, Ted, and I've finished wiring the house!

Oooo! This control panel is ready to go! When Henry gets back, he'll get the surprise of his life!

Sure! Ha ha! We'll give him such a scare, he'll never want to see this place again! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Shh! I hear his car pulling up in front of the house!

Hello! Ted? Jean? Anybody here? Hmm... guess they're what's that over there? A note by my typewriter...

Mr. Henry—

Sorry we couldn't wait any longer, but this place is too scary!

It's Haunted! Jean
HA! HA! HA! HA!

Oh, this is rich! I've finally gotten rid of them! They'll never bother me anymore! HA! HA! HA! This house... HA! HA! HA! Haunted! What a laugh!

Okay, Jean. He must have read the note by now! Scream right into the mike... loud and scary!

EEEEE-EK-KK

My gosh! A scream! Sounds like it came from upstairs!

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

Imagination? I hear footsteps! Coming up the stairs! Coming toward me!

I can hear the steps! Someone... Something is coming up the stairs! I can hear it... but I can't see it!

Stop! Go away! Stay away from me!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! I'll bet he's scared stiff! Get that rattling chains record ready!
WHY...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? CHAINS RATTLING ALL AROUND ME! MOANS...SHRIEKING! I'M... I'M GOING CRAZY! THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

RATTLE! RATTLE! THUMP! CLANK! RATTLE!

GOT TO KEEP CALM! LOOK IN EVERY ROOM! THOSE... THOSE SOUNDS! WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?

SEARCHED EVERY ROOM...ALL EMPTY! YET THOSE WEIRD NOISES...ALL AROUND ME! THE CELLAR...I HAVEN'T SEARCHED THE CELLAR!

HELP! GHOSTS! SPOOKS! THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED! HELP!

HA! HA! HA! HA! TED, YOU WERE A RIOT IN THAT SHEET! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE!

HE TORE OUT OF HERE... SO FAST! HA! HA! HA!

I... TED... TED, LOOK! LOOK!

WHY... WHAT IS IT? IT'S COMING TOWARD US! NO! NO! STOP! KEEP BACK! STAY AWAY!

YAAAAAGHHH!
A FEW HOURS LATER, HENRY RETURNS... WITH THE CONSTABLE AND HIS DEPUTIES...

Good lord! It's a man! But... his face! I look at his face!

It... it has no... no flesh! Like something has eaten...

Constable! Come inside! Quick!

We found him... just like that!

Ted! It's Ted! The one outside must be Roger! But where's Jean?

Confounded it! Okay! Okay! Just help me get my type-writer and clothes! I'll go and... say! What's that in the driveway?

Hmpf! Control panel... sound effects records! They tried to scare me into returning to the city!

... only their little plan backfired! Just what did happen. We'll probably never know!

Henry returns to the city where the gang still whoop it up! Only now Henry enjoys it... he doesn't like being alone anymore!

Great Scott! She's aged twenty years! She must have seen something horrible beyond words to make her the babbling lunatic we see!

Jean!

Listen! Someone laughing! Sounds hysterical!

Ha! Ha! Ha! C'mon!

Hmpf! Control panel... sound effects records! They tried to scare me into returning to the city!

Hmpf! Control panel... sound effects records! They tried to scare me into returning to the city!

Henry returns to the city where the gang still whoop it up! Only now Henry enjoys it... he doesn't like being alone anymore!

Heh, heh, heh! Well, readers, did you like my amusing little tale? I hope so! To this day no one knows what evil is possessed by that horror house? Heh! But if you want another story... Heh! Just read on!
INTRODUCE MYSELF? I AM THE OLD WITCH. WHEN THE VAULT-KEEPER ASKED ME TO BREW UP A SPINE-TINGLING YARN IN MY CAULDRON AND PRESENT IT TO YOU IN HIS MAGAZINE, I COULDN'T REFUSE! (I AM HIS GOULFRIEND, YOU KNOW!) THIS STORY IS ONE OF MY VERY BEST. I CALL IT...

TERROR IN THE SWAMP!

AS THE TWO MEN IN THE FLATBOTTOM BOAT SLIDE SLOWLY UPSTREAM, DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE HEART OF THE DREADED OKEFENOREE SWAMP...THE DANK, MURKY STILLNESS IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED...

NU-LOO-O-O-O! YOU TWO...

LOOK, SAM! THAT OLD GUY ON THE BANK IS WAVING TO US...

COME AASHORE! DON'T GO ON ANY FURTHER! I BED YOU...
PLEASE don't go PAST THIS SPOT... PLEASE! PLEASE!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLD MAN? You mustn't go ON INTO THE SWAMP! You'll NEVER COME OUT ALIVE IF YOU DO!

Look, Strangers! We've heard ALL ABOUT THIS SWAMP! All about people who go INTO it and are NEVER SEEN again!

But we think it's ALL NONSENSE! I've mapped our trip so far! It'll be a simple matter to retrace our steps...

NONSENSE, Eh? Gentlemen! I warn you! The Legend of the Okefenokee is REAL! I know! You'll never come out alive... Unless you let me guide you!

Oh, I get it now! Lookin' for a Fast Buck... That's all! No, no! You're wrong! I'll do it for nothing!

Just what is it in this swamp that people are so afraid of? Only I know what actually is...

Tell us, Olo Man! What is it? Come into my shack... and I'll relate the whole story...
They had a dream, these three. They were going to solve the problem that had baffled science for centuries! They were going to solve the secret of life...

ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, THREE PEOPLE CAME TO THIS PART OF THE OKEFENOKEE... THREE SCIENTISTS! ONE WAS MIDDLE-AGED, ONE WAS A YOUNG WOMAN, HIS DAUGHTER, AND THE THIRD... A YOUNG MAN... THE GIRL'S FIANCEE...

YES, MARIE! AFTER ALL, WE WOULD RECEIVE A GREAT DEAL OF CRITICISM! TO CREATE LIVING MATTER... TO CREATE LIFE... IS SOMETHING THAT IS CONSIDERED BEYOND THE REALM OF SCIENCE...

SO YOU SEE, MARIE, WE MUST SEPARATE OURSELVES FROM SOCIETY... AT LEAST FOR A WHILE...

AND SO, PROFESSOR CARL WARD, MARIE WARD AND ROBERT COLBY SET TO WORK, BUILDING A LABORATORY... HERE... HERE IN THE OKEFENOKEE...

AT LAST... WE ARE FINISHED!

NOW WE CAN UNPACK OUR EQUIPMENT... ALL OUR APPARATUS... AND BEGIN OUR WORK!

PERHAPS... ELECTRICITY, FATHER? PERHAPS IF WE SHOCKED THIS COMBINATION OF COMPOUNDS AND ELEMENTS... THE LIVING PROCESS WOULD BEGIN...

WE WILL TRY IT, MARIE! WE WILL TRY EVERYTHING! THE CONDITION OR STIMULANT IS WHAT WE MUST DISCOVER...

THE SPARK OF LIFE, EN, PROFESSOR?

EXACTLY! WE ARE LACKING A CERTAIN CONDITION! A CERTAIN STIMULUS!

PERHAPS... ELECTRICITY, FATHER?

PERHAPS IF WE SHOCKED THIS COMBINATION OF COMPOUNDS AND ELEMENTS... THE LIVING PROCESS WOULD BEGIN...

WE WILL TRY IT, MARIE! WE WILL TRY EVERYTHING! THE CONDITION OR STIMULANT IS WHAT WE MUST DISCOVER...

THEIR EXPERIMENT BEGAN...

WE KNOW WHAT PROTOPLASM... LIVING TISSUE... CONTAINS! WE HAVE ANALYZED IT AND WE KNOW EVERY CHEMICAL... IN ITS PROPER PROPORTION... AND YET... WHEN WE PLACE THEM TOGETHER... COMBINE THEM... THEY DO NOT BEGIN TO... LIVE! THERE IS ONE "ELEMENT" MISSING...
In the days and weeks that followed... they tried everything...

This time we'll try 004 micro-volts! If it doesn't work... electricity as we know it is not the answer! Ready?

What do you see, Robert? No sign of life, Professor! Experiment 2147, failure!

For four long months, the three scientists worked... tried... failed...
X-ray, 10,000 volts! Experiment 702, failure!

Radium... exposure... 3 seconds at 2 inches...

Experiment 1043, failure!

Infra-red! Uranium! Failure!
Ultra-violet! Failure!
High-frequency sound-waves...

It's useless!! Useless!!

No! No! Don't professor Ward!!
IT LIVED. The small mixture of chemicals and basic elements began to live! A simple form of life... with no structure. Just a shapeless, amoeba-like mass of living protoplasm!

AND THEN... IT HAPPENED! There, in the dank, dark waters of the swamp, in the heat... and the stench... and the dampness... IT HAPPENED! Unknown... unexplained... the condition that they had tried for five long months to create... came about...

It lived... it drifted along... coming to rest near a rotting log...

And still it grew, uncontrolled... bigger, bigger! It moved about now... out of the water onto the land... enveloping and absorbing everything in its path...

SLOWLY THE BEAKER SANK... and the mixture spread over the surface of the still water...

LAZILY... it drifted along, coming to rest near a rotting log...

AT FIRST, it remained small, feeding on microscopic organisms. But then, as it grew... larger and larger... it sought larger food. Small fish... insects! It enveloped them... as an amoeba does... secreting digestive juices that dissolve the victims into a form more easily absorbed...
A scientist talking like that? What's come over you, Colby? I don't know. Only I'm getting out... before it's too late...

What are you saying, exactly what I mean? I'm quitting this. This thing we're trying to do... it's... won't.

What are you satins, exactly what I mean? I'll quit this... this thing I'm trying to do...

Are you coming with me, Marie? But but Bob!

You see, Marie? He's turned out to be a sniveling coward! Go on, Colby, get out! A true scientist is never afraid of anything!

Are you coming, Marie? My place is here, Robert. With my father and our work, you'd better go.

Colby turned and left! He crossed the rickety walk from the house over the swamp to the bank! Suddenly he heard a terrified scream.

'EEEEE... EEEE... EEEE...'

What the...

What he saw made his blood freeze, his hair stand on end! The laboratory was collapsing into a mass of quivering writhing living matter.

'No! No! It can't be...''
So you see gentlemen, that is what awaits you in the deep, dark depths of the Orefenkees! The life that they had helped to create, and that had destroyed Professor Ward and his daughter, waits to destroy you...

That's quite a yarn, old timer, but if you don't mind, I find it hard to believe.

Yeah! Let's go Sam.

Remember, gentlemen, I warned you! You see, my name is Robert Colby.

Sure, old man. Sure!

The two men push their flatbottom boat out into the stream. Their laughter drifting across the stagnant, silent water. Slowly, they make their way upstream.

Colby? He said his name was Colby! That was the name of the young scientist that escaped the thing... Sam!! Look!!

What? Why no, no! It's... the thing...
THIS IS THE STORY OF A STRANGE CLUB... AND A STILL STRANGER INITIATION! I CALL THIS TALE... A

REPORT FROM THE GRAVE

My story begins on a dark night, at the home of Fred Coombe, the town undertaker...

Gentlemen! As President of the Vault-keeper's Club, I hereby call this meeting to order! As you all know, we are gathered here to initiate a new member into our horror club to replace poor old Willy Balm, who died suddenly last month...

The Executive Committee has decided upon a suitable initiation! Our prospective member... Mr. Warren Lake... will, at the stroke of midnight, enter Fairhaven Cemetery and proceed to exhume the body of our late departed member!
NO! I'M AGAINST IT! THE WHOLE IDEA IS REVOLTING! IT IS NOT THE PURPOSE OF THIS CLUB TO SUBJECT PEOPLE TO SUCH A HORRIBLE ORDEAL!

LISTEN TO VARDY! SINCE WHEN DID YOU GET SO HIGH AND MIGHTY, VARD?

I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S RIGHT, THAT'S ALL!

ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! I'LL PUT IT TO A VOTE! ALL IN FAVOR OF THE INITIATION?

The prospective member of the VAULT-KEEPER'S CLUB turns and leaves the assembly, horror and terror on his pale face...

Haw-haw! Take it easy, Warren! Give my regards to ol' Willy!

Don't be too nervous, Lake! After all... what harm can a stiff do?

Sorry, Vardy! You're outnumbered! The initiation stands! You'll find a spade in my garage, Mr. Lake!

Don't be too nervous, Lake! After all... what harm can a stiff do?

All hands but one go up!

As the last stroke of twelve dies away, the rusty gate of Fairhaven Cemetery squeaks open...

There's... really no reason... to be... frightened! I... I wonder if joining the club is... worth all... GULPS! This?

Warren Lake, prospective member of the VAULT-KEEPER'S CLUB... makes his way slowly over the soft, silent earth and stops before a rather new-looking headstone...

This is it! William Balm, born... July 9th, 1922... died... July 2, 1950... well, I might as well begin...

Please do not interrupt until I have finished! Upon unearthing the body, the prospective member will note the time upon the dead member's watch! He will then report back here to us! If having set up poor Willy's funeral, will know if Mr. Lake has fulfilled his mission!
Quickly Warren scampers from the yawning Black Cavern he has dug, and breathlessly begins to shovel the dirt back into the battered casket.

Hmph! Some...practical...joke...no doubt?

At about three a.m., Warren Lake again enters the home of Fred Coomes...

Well, Mr. Lake? Did you note the time...

What are you talking about? Just tell us the time on poor Willy's watch and you'll...

Aw, cut it out, Fred! That corpse didn't have a watch...or a drop of flesh, either!

What? You heard me! There was nothing but a bunch of rags and bones in that coffin! Looks like somebody's moved the tombstone!
And... if you don't believe me, look for yourselves!

"No! I don't think we ought to! Something tells me..."

The rest of the Vault-Keeper's Club shouts down Vardy's objection, and they proceed to Fairhaven Cemetery.

"There! This is Willy's grave. All right! I remember the location well!"

"And it's been freshly dug, too! Maybe Lake wasn't kidding! Let's see!"

Anxious hands start to dig, and soon..."There's the coffin! Why, that's not the coffin! Willy was buried in!"

...And this isn't Willy! I would judge this person to have been dead for more than fifty years!

Looks like someone's pulled a switch..."Someone who had something to hide..."

All eyes turn to the one called Vardy...

"Why did you object so strenuously to digging up Willy's body, Vardy?"

"Why... I..."

"You were his roommate, and you discovered his body, didn't you?"

"You murdered Willy, didn't you?"

"And you weren't you, Vardy?"

"Why... I..."
NO! NO! I didn’t... He was taking out your girl... She broke her engagement with you...

You were angry... No... No... You poisoned him...

And... I never questioned that his death was anything but natural!

That’s all right, dog! We all thought so...

Talk, Vardy! Tell us!

Tell us or we’ll... we’ll... You’ll what!

You haven’t anything on me! You can’t prove a thing! Go ahead! Find Willy’s body! Go ahead! There’s the cemetery! Go dig up all the graves... Haw... Haw...

Why, you murdering...

Suddenly, from far across the tombstones, comes a dull report... a thud... as if from below the ground...

What was that?

Look!

Sounded like a muffled explosion!
Good lord! That headstone toppled over... And the grave’s cracked open... No! No! Somebody grab Vardy! The rest of you come with me! I think I know what that was! Okay, Vardy! Don’t try anything!

Gentlemen! I strongly suspect that under this cracked grave, we will find the body of Willie BLM... Where Vardy hid it...

Look at this! The casket’s splintered! Somebody call the police! I’m going to request an autopsy!

There’s no need, gentlemen! I confess! I poisoned him! I hated him! He stole my girl! And if you hadn’t thought of this stupid initiation, I would have gotten away with it!

Willy was very helpful in telling us where he was buried! It would have been awful to have had to dig up the whole cemetery to find him!

The vault-keeper’s club sets to work digging again... By the way, Fred, just how did that explosion happen? Simple! I must admit it’s all my fault! In my twelve years of undertaking, I never before made such a mistake! I neglected to drill holes in the casket to allow the gases from the decomposing body to escape! When the pressure built up...

Poof!

There’s no need, gentlemen! I confess! I poisoned him! I hated him! He stole my girl! And if you hadn’t thought of this stupid initiation, I would have gotten away with it!

Willy was very helpful in telling us where he was buried! It would have been awful to have had to dig up the whole cemetery to find him!

Seems like Lake, here, ought to be allowed to join the club anyway, Fred... Even though he didn’t actually fulfill his mission!

Gee! Now we’ll have another vacancy to fill when they execute Vardy! Say... Perhaps you’d like to apply?
COME NOW, TO A CARNIVAL... TRAVELING FROM TOWN TO TOWN... AND I WILL SHOW YOU AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT CALLED...

**BURIED ALIVE!**

It is a seedy, two-bit carnival with the usual freaks and novelties...

**Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! See Zobo... the living corpse! Zobo... who stays under six feet of earth... BURIED ALIVE... For eight hours...**

**Bah! It's a phoney! They pump air to 'im!**

After the crowds have gone and the midway is deserted...

**Okay, Sam! The joint's closed! I'll dig you out, now!**

**Hungry up, Rita! I'm hungry' and I've just about used up all the oxygen...**

**Another SUSPENStory**

**THE VAULT OF HORROR!**
Rita spades away the loose dirt over the great zoro... 

Where you goin', Rita? I'm just gonna take a walk... that's all!

Rita saunters away up the darkened midway... 

Seems to me she's been walkin' a lot lately! I'll follow her tonight...

Sam... the great zoro... tails Rita to the highway...

Hop in, Rita! You look good tonight! I feel good. Paul! Let's go someplace and dance!

So... that's the score? That no-good dame... she's two-timing me!

Enraged, Sam returns to his tent... and waits! About three in the morning, Rita comes in...

Where ya been? An' don't lie to me! I saw you with that dude in the flashy convertible! So that's the thanks I get for takin' you off the streets!

All right! Go 'head! Talk your way out of this... if you can!

I'm doin' it for us Sam. You an' me! I got a plan... and when we're through, our ganny days'll be over! We can get married like you want!

Make it good. Listen, will you? I got this guy on a string! I told him you an' me were married but that I'm tired of you! He's rich, Sam! He can be taken for plenty! Here's my plan...

Wait, Sam! I can explain!
SUSPICIOUSLY, SAM LISTENS AS NITA UNFOLDS HER DIABOLICAL SCHEME...

AN' THEN YOU BUST IN... AND WHEN HE SLUGS YOU, YOU FLOP AND START THAT SHALLOW-BREATHING OF YOURS! HE'LL THINK HE KILLED YOU... AN' THEN I'LL GET HIM TO BURY YOU! LATER, I'LL COME DIE YOU UP! WE'LL BLACKMAIL HIM FOR PLENTY!

HE'LL THINK YOU'RE DEAD AND HE'LL PAY OFF TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM SCANDAL! HOW'S IT SOUND?

SOUNDS OKAY, NITA? ONLY YOU GOTTA GET ME OUT IN LESS THAN AN HOUR! I CAN'T LAST MORE THAN FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES...

...IT WON'T BE LIKE THE SHOW! I WON'T HAVE A COFFIN... I'LL BE IN OIRT AND I CAN ONLY LAST FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES WITH THE AIR IN MY LUNGS!

DON'T WORRY, SAM! I'LL GET YOU OUT IN TIME! THEN YOU AN' ME... WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET!

THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN NITA'S SCHEME IS TO TAKE PLACE...

HOP IN, NITA! I LET THE SERVANTS OFF TONIGHT! HOW ABOUT COMING TO MY PLACE?

WHY THAT'LL BE NICE... PAUL... NICE AND OOZY!

PAUL DRAWS NITA TO HIS PALATIAL ESTATE...

WELL, NITA! THIS IS IT! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

PAUL... JUST BEAUTIFUL!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, NITA! I'VE DREAMED ABOUT THIS MOMENT...

SO ARE YOU, NITA! LET ME GO...

PAUL'S LIPS CLOSE ON NITA'S AS THE DOOR OPENS...
I'll teach you to fool around with my wife...

Paul! It's my husband... and he's got a knife!

Everything goes exactly as planned! Sam falls, striking his head...

He... he's dead!

Good Lord! You're right! He is dead!

What'll we do, Paul? What'll we do?

Good! Lord! You're right! He is dead!

What'll we do, Paul? What'll we do?

No, Paul! Wait! No one knows he was coming here! I'll report him missing! They'll never suspect you!

Do you think it would work, Rita?

What'll we do, Paul? What'll we do?

And so, Paul and Rita carry Sam, feigning death by controlled "shallow-breathing", to a deserted part of the estate...

Bury him deep, Paul... very deep... deep enough, so he'll smother to death... and then I can operate alone...
As the last shovel-full of earth is patted down, a shadowy figure peers from behind the bushes...

So that's why he let us go for the night! He's with a woman!

All right, Rita! It's done? Let's go!

Meanwhile, the shadowy figure has followed Paul and Rita back to the house...

No one will ever find him out there, Paul! You're safe!

Him? They musta buried somebody back there.

And back in his crude grave...

It's time...and she isn't here! She...she never intended to dig me up! She...she planned it this way! Rita! Rita!

Suddenly the stillness above...Sam is shattered by the sound of a spade...striking the soft earth...

He's rich enough! I could go away! We'll pay well! I've got something on him now! I'm going to see who it is he killed!
Sam, now near unconsciousness from lack of air, tries desperately to hold on...

**HURRY...HURRY! I'M GOING EVERYTHING... BLACK...**

Then... with one last effort, he pushes himself through the dirt remaining over him...


The frightened servant... screaming hysterically... scurries away into the night...

**NO...NO... POOR SAP! HE THOUGHT I'D BE A CORPSE! HAH! AND SO DOES RITA...**

---

**Back at his tent at the carnival, Sam waits for Rita...**

Wench! I'll... kill her! Oh-oh! Here she comes...

Sam!

You thought I was dead, huh, Rita? You thought you had it all planned? No, Sam, no! I... I couldn't get away from him! He just brought me back! I was comin' in for a shovel... now!

---

**Oh, Sam! I thought I was too late! But... now we're okay! He... he's scared stiff! He'll pay plenty!**

C'wan, Rita! We gotta pack our stuff! The show's movin' tonight! Help me get the "box" in the station wagon...

The "box" is Sam's coffin, where he spends eight hours every day, buried alive! For ten cents, you can look down a glass tube and see him in it!

**Okay, Sam? Everything's stowed? Get in, Rita! Let's get goin'?**
For an hour they drive! And then Sam turns off the highway into a dark, dank, swampy area...

Sam? This isn't the road! It is for you, honey!

The last road? You thought you'd let me die... Eh? Well... We'll see how you like being buried alive!

Sam! Let me go! Let me go... 

Forging Rita into the "box", Sam nails the lid shut...

I lay in there every day, Rita! Every day while you planned to get rid of me...

No, Sam! No...

Sam picks up the box and carries it to the edge of a strange-looking pool...

Now you're gonna die in there, Rita! I'm gonna drop you into this quicksand! They'll never find you, Rita! Never!

Have mercy, Sam...

Sam stands on the edge and drops the coffin into the breathing sand...

Good-bye, Rita! Good... Yaaaahhhh!

No! No...

As the coffin, heavy with Rita's struggling body, plunges into the putrid, stench-filled bog... Sam follows...

My coat... I nailed up my coat!

The heavy "box" quickly disappears beneath the surface of the quicksand... and soon after...

Rita... help me... I... I... cough... choke... glug... nnnmph...

...Sam and Rita are buried alive... for the last time...