

THE WAXWORKS



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Settings: Paul Leni.

Makers: Neptun-Film A.-G.

Agents:

WIKING-FILM A.-G. · BERLIN · LEIPZIGER STR. 114

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D r a m a t i s P e r s o n a e :

Haroun al Rashid	Emil Jannings
Ivan the Cruel	Conrad Veidt
Jack the Ripper	Werner Krauss
The Dramatist	} Wilhelm Dieterle
Assad, pastrycook	
A Russian Prince	
A young girl	Olga Belajeff
The Show Proprietor	John Gottowt



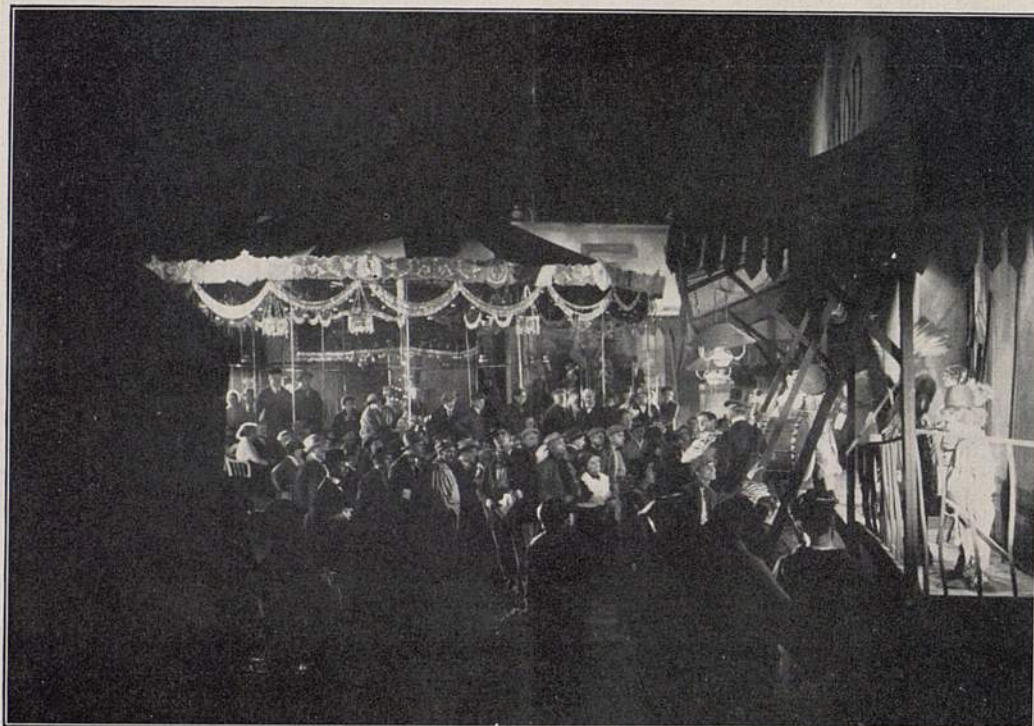
anted: A dramatist, paid by the hour.« The furious poet in his attic pushes away the paper. All those dreams of fame and fortune, of love and beauty — bought for money like any other commodity.

But hunger gnaws. He looks down through his attic window on the brilliantly lighted fair below, on the roundabouts and tents, among which the merry crowd is thronging. And suddenly, he is among them.

Who may be this young and fair girl on the swing, with her flowing hair and childlike laughter? A magic attraction draws him toward the lovely creature but suddenly he feels a sharp blow on his head — the swing has struck him. On recovering, he finds himself in the arms of the young girl. To explain why he came, he refers to the advertisement, and she, delighted, takes him by the hand and leads him to her father, the show proprietor, for it was he who advertised for a dramatist. What he wants is a description of

his wax works, his master pieces, above all »Jack the Ripper«, »Haroun al Rashid« and the Czar »Ivan the Cruel«. Less the lure of his money than the desire to be near the young beauty with whom the poet has fallen in love at first sight, prompts the poet to accept. He sets to work immediately, but he has hardly written the first few lines when he forgets time and space and becomes »Assad« the pastrycook and the young woman beside him is his wife, »Maimune«.

The poet's pen is flying over the paper.



The bright lights of the stalls illumined the fair by night



HAROUN AL RASHID was the most powerful of rulers. He had 365 wives, one for each day in the year.

One day, he was playing chess on the roof of his palace when he noticed a nasty smoke coming from the hut of Assad the pastrycook. »Bring me hither the head of Assad« he orders between two moves, and the Visier with his myrmidons hurries to Assad's hut to fulfill the order. Here, he sees Maimune, the fair young wife of Assad. Surprised, he forgets the errand on which he came and returns to his master to tell him of the young wife's beauty. Night, falls. As is his habit, Haroun al Rashid secretly leaves his palace in disguise to make love to the pastrycooks wife.

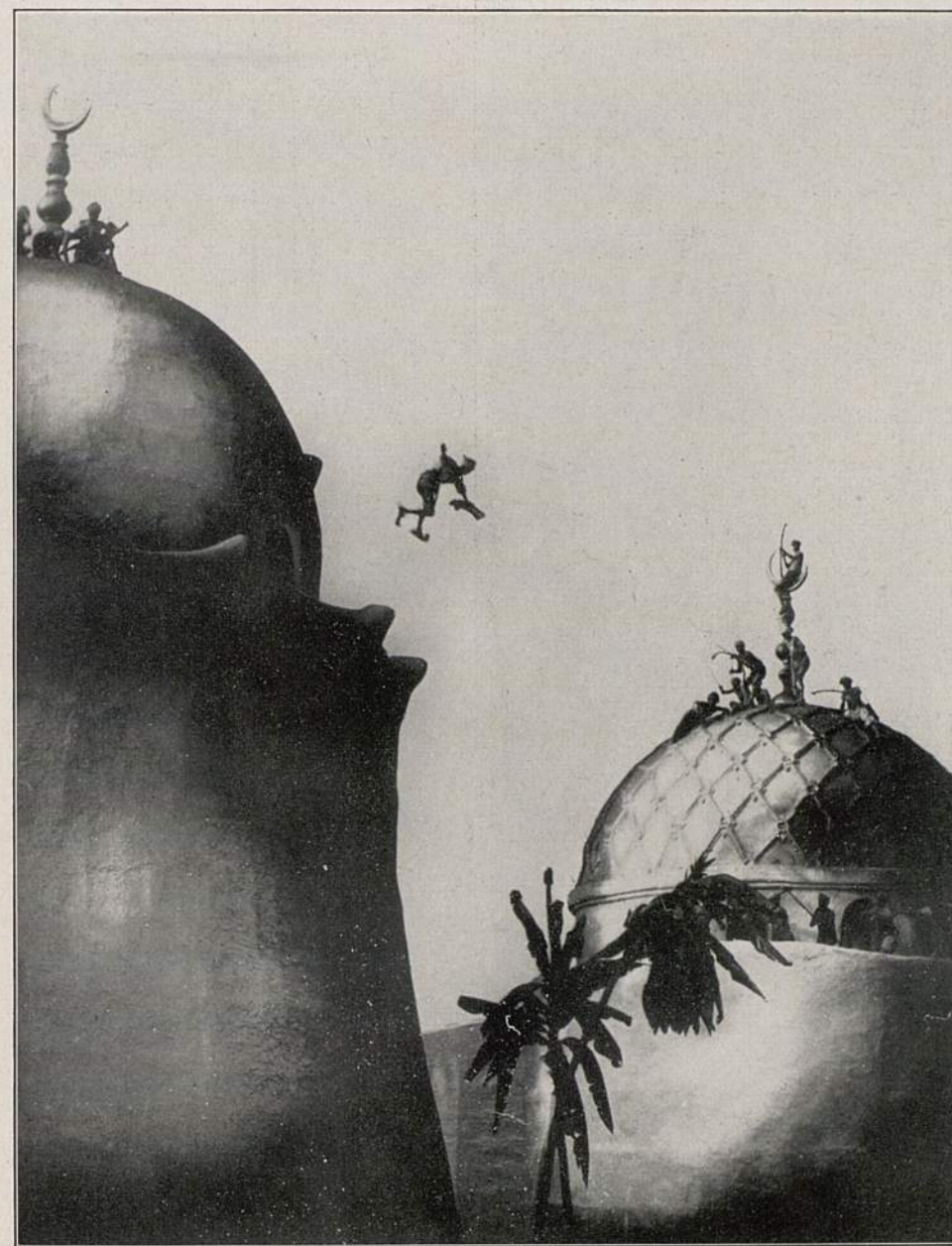
His wife is quarreling with Assad because he with his pasty hands has soiled her best dress. To pacify her, he promises her everything and anything, sheer impossibilities, even the ring of who Haroun al Rashid which fulfills every desire. Maimune derides him and he goes away to show her what he can do. Maimune goes to bed and feigns to be asleep when she hears the door turning on its hinges. She believes that Assad has come back but suddenly Haroun al Rashid is standing before her. He tells her who he is and Maimune, won by his kind ways, tells him the sad story of the dress.



Terches lit the towers of the palace — —



The pursuers stealthily crept along the wall of the palace



Suddenly, ath the last moment Assad plunged from the tower of the palace into the depths



Maimoune, the wife of the pastrycook

In the mean time, Assad has deceived the watchmen and has got into the Caliph's bedroom. He sees the magic ring on his hand and cuts off the sleeping man's arm. He is pursued but climbs the cupola of the palace and with a reckless leap down a palm tree, escapes from his pursuers. Arriving at his hut in a breathless state, he finds the door locked. Maimune, dreading her husband's jealousy, conceals the Caliph in the baking oven. Assad rushes in and brings Maimune the arm of the Caliph — whom he has slain, as

he believes — with the magic ring glittering on one of the fingers. The pursuers arrive. Maimune runs to the baking oven and tells the Caliph what is going on. He explains the mystery: When he goes on adventures a wax figure is placed in his bed.

Maimune seizes the wax arm, turns the magic ring and wishes the murdered Caliph alive again. And, to the amazement of the pursuers, the Caliph, streaming with perspiration and black with soot, steps out of the baking oven. Delighted with the fortunate issue of the bad business, the Caliph names Assad the king of the pastrycooks and reconciles the couple.

The poet has completed his first story and reads applause in the eyes of his fair companion. For the next story, he looks about among the wax figures and notices the Czar Ivan the Cruel.



The Caliph's bedroom



Assad and his wife



The pursuers suddenly appeared from all directions



UVAN WAS CRUEL, mistrusting and superstitious. After a bad night, he goes to see his Court poisoner. The poisoner has invented a new poison with which it is possible to fix to a second the moment when the victim will die. The poisoner shows the czar, with an hour glass that the poisoned person dies exactly when the last grain of sand has run out.

His astrologer cautions the czar against the poisoner as the latter might poison the czar himself. The czar orders his myrmidons to seize the poisoner. The poisoner feels that he must die but in his hatred against the czar he writes on an hour glass the name of Ivan and three crosses below.

Returned to the palace, the czar receives the visit of a nobleman who invites him to his daughter's wedding. The czar suspects an attempt to lure him out of the Kremlin and to murder him. He accepts the invitation but under the condition that the nobleman should assume the czar's dress while the czar should dress as the nobleman. When the sledge passes a convent, an arrow flies and kills the nobleman who is mistaken for the czar. The sledge stops at the nobleman's house, the young couple and the guests welcome the czar with salt and bread. At first they think that the czar is dead but he makes himself known to them and, laughing, points to the nobleman's dead body. The bride is in despair and embraces her father's dead body but the czar compels her to return to the festival. Like lifeless figures, the guests dance to the music, the czar marking the time by clapping his hands. Unnoticed, the bride makes a sign to the bridegroom to be silent and flees from the room to her father's dead body. But she is seized by cossacks and dragged to the Kremlin. In terror, she awaits

the czar's return. The czar, in the meantime, has been waiting for her in the Kremlin. He orders her to be brought before him. The girl, in terror, kneels before the czar. The czar, looking at her, says: "Half of my empire shall belong to you."



The unhappy girl gazed in terror at the czar



Half of my empire shall belong to you --

her fate in the czar's bedroom. The czar appears in night dress, staring at her with lascivious eyes. But as he embraces her, she strikes him across the face with a knout. The czar turns livid with fury and thinks out a terrible revenge for the indignity done to him. He points at a window through which the bride sees her bridegroom on the rack of torture. To save her beloved, she decides to yield to the czar's desires. Suddenly, the czar's physician rushes into the room, crying



«Thou art poisoned, oh czar!» They have found the hour glass with the three crosses. Mad with terror, the czar leaves the bride and runs into the chamber of torture. There, he sees the hour glass on which his name is written. Slowly the sand runs out. He implores the poisoner for an antidote, offers him his empire and his crown, but in vain. The poisoner has poisoned himself and no man can help the czar. To save his life, the czar holds the hour glass upside down and turns it up again, until he drops dead.

The young unsuspecting girl was arrayed in her rich bridal costume



The czar himself beat time to the music of the dancers — —



The end of the wedding in the chamber of torture — —



ired over his work, the poet falls asleep over the story of Jack the Ripper, the most terrible criminal of all times. The wax figures perform a mad dance, Haroun al Rashid, panting and coughing, as if he had just left the baking oven, the czar Ivan the Cruel, looking about for fresh victims, Jack the Ripper pursuing the show proprietor's daughter, the poet's beloved. He embraces her and attempts to flee from the terrible Jack. Suddenly, he sees the murderer at arm's length before him. He tries to shield the girl with his own body when Jack draws his dagger and runs it into the poet's breast. The poet wakes in terror but it was only his lead pencil which he touched with his breast in his sleep. Two soft arms embrace him and two lips, softer still, reward him for the sufferings he underwent in his dream.



a door opened softly — — —



Through the quiet of the streets Jack gruesomely wondered — —

