

Plan 9 From Outer Space!



Criswell
Predicts

Greetings, my friends. We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I will spend the rest of our lives. And remember, my friends, future events such as these will affect you in the future.

You are here because you are drawn to the mysterious, the unknown. My friends, the full story of what transpired that fateful day is only now being told; all the evidence is based only on the secret testimony of those miserable souls who survived. My friends, we cannot keep it a secret any longer. Let us punish the guilty; let us reward the innocent. My friends, can your heart stand the shocking facts of Grave Robbers from Outer Space?!

Scene 1: All of us know there is a time to live and a *time* to die
But at times like these, we still *tend* to cry.
The *old* man in black is weeping a lot
Seems his wife is interred in this *plot*
The minister from his *bible* does read
(But not aloud – is he up to speed?)
The gravediggers start their mournful task
But then they hear a *very* strange blast
Time for you to take a closer look
The place to start is this poor woman's nook
Sorta spooky like, but just take a deep swallow
If this plot line you are to follow
Penny for your thoughts, if north you think
From this path you must not shrink
It soon becomes a *ranch pequito*
But you don't need to travel incognito
The blind won't tell tales on you
But near their gate you find a clue
You must climb up to the top of this hill
To find what gives gravediggers a chill
You can't come up *empty*, for you well know
That you need a clue to know where to go

Scene 2: Ooooh, that really was most unpleasant
Seems like someone else is present
For when that light flashed overhead
You soon found the gravediggers dead
Did anyone else see that bright light?
Perhaps on an early morning *flight*?
Whatever it was made a loud noise too
And kicked up a wind that really blew
At least, thank god, it's light again
The night came and went, all of a sudden!
Investigation is the key
To learn the source of this mystery
The trail leads north, so don't delay
Ignorance is not the way

Scene 3: Now I think progress has been made
Seems like aliens have chosen to invade
What do they want? Why are they here?
And what are they doing to our ecosphere?
The army brass just wants them to disappear
And so has called in the bombardier
The colonel is ordered to bring down the aliens
With anti-tank guns and nuclear weapons
He makes the most fateful decision of his career
And orders the men to fire into the atmosphere
"They must have a reason for their visits" he ponders,
"But that would indicate visitors!" his aide wonders!
"Are big guns the usual way to welcome?"
Not when dealing with alien scum!
They attacked a town, a small town it's true,
But a town of people who now are through
Covered up by higher echelon
Any natural disaster could be "their" goings-on!
If the aliens' plan you're to extrapolate
You must try instead to communicate
Back on the path in the same direction
Careful to avoid extraterrestrial detection
The army makes their stand in a big field
For massive weapons they must yield
You'd think they'd bring flowers to these visitors
Instead they're treated like biting critters
Listen to your tape to learn the location
They left a musical indication

Scene 4. Good God, was that an atom bomb detonation?
Does the Army not know about radiation?
Even the U.S. Army brass
Is capable of falling on its ass
At any rate, it seems to make no difference
The UFOs survived our Department of Defense
Back in the 'burbs, hero Jeff still stews
He tells his wife the alien news
She's a little surprised, but not shocked
She promises to keep all doors locked
It's a quaint little house, all painted yellow
The neighborhood is less than mellow
It's up north, through old redwoods
Many miles to avoid the hoods
Children there will laugh and play
And amuse themselves with games all day

Scene 5: What a charming house! Almost Victorian
But you're no architectural historian
You can see why Jeff wants to stay here
To protect his cute home and wife so dear
While the flying saucer has him perplexed
The situation is more complex
The gravediggers weren't the last to die
The body count is piling high
The old man's death was innocent
Hit by a car – just an accident
But his crypt turned up empty soon
So the police sent out their best buffoons
Before long the chief was dead as well
Who's responsible? No one can tell
The situation is Grave, and you know it's best
To follow this trail as it heads west
You're in A-one form when you pass tall shapes
A moderate change from old landscapes
You can't quite tell – are others mourning?
Best pay heed to this ancient warning
"Remember now as you pass by
As you are now, so once was I
As I am now, so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me."

Plan 9 Little Clues

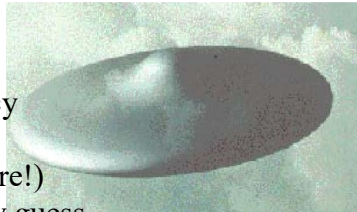
(leads to Novato airport)

2. Her **grave** is empty! What could this mean?!?
Is somebody planning something obscene?
And **what** became of our grave digging friends
Who weren't afraid to leave loose ends?
Though leads are few, you must pursue
And bid your sanity a fond adieu
The Gals will take you back to the binary way
At the wineries you will **not** play
Chip's middle **name** will take you there
But you won't have to go up in the air



(leads to Town Center Hill Park, Petaluma)

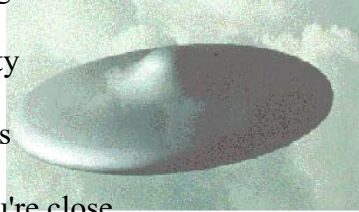
3. Manly pilot Jeff Trent spilled his guts
A few on hand thought he was nuts
But army brass took him seriously
And told him to pledge absolute secrecy
"Flying saucers shaped like cigars"
(His plates must be shaped really bizarre!)
Though he is muzzled, you can quickly guess
The army will go to extremes to suppress
To get the truth, you must move quickly
Before the situation gets too prickly
Loyalty to a president should steer you west
Until you hit flowers if you know what's best
Jeff left just one clue behind
It will help if you can unwind
Stop the army cannons before it's too late!
Lest any knowledge dissipate



(leads to Scandia?)

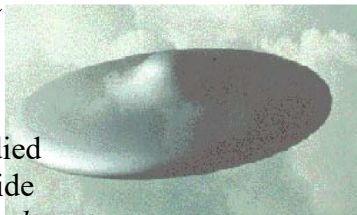
4. This cannon's no match as you can see
For __uperior alien techonology
Even an atom bomb just glanced
They'll be back given half a __hance
Now we have radiation here at home
While the visitors continue to ro __m

Time to check i__ with Jeff and his wife
 Enjoying their quiet suburban life
 Though Jeff can't __eny he senses trouble
 His w__fe feels safe in their h__ppy bubble
 If the freeway is __ull, just keep petalling north
 The boulevard helps you s__lly forth
 You'll drive a few __les, out of the city
 Enjoy the __and! Isn't it pretty?
 __ou'll want to see big ol' California trees
 Under and over highways, it's a breeze!
 I__ you're in the Park, yo__'ll k__ow you're close
 Though the house is __ute, the n__ighborhood is gross
 What's this? A blo__de Viking s__rikes a pose
 B__ quick befo__e you are exposed



(found at Scandia, leads to Sebastopol cemetery)

5. I think by now you've figured out
 What this clue is all about
 It's time to learn about the *plot*
 (Yes there is! Think I forgot?)
 The old man was sixty when he died
 And fifty-six was his blushing bride
 Once you're west, you'll see tall *poles*
 Then to the Bay you should roll
 In less than a mile, one can enter only
 Not a place for the sad and lonely
 A patriotic turn will do you proud
 Pass the crypts that do enshroud
 Our perfect globe does mark the way
 You'll take a lichen to it right away
 Many stones are old, but one does presage
 With an mysterious macabre message
 You'll need will of iron to push ahead
 Be careful now of where you tread



<u>19</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>12</u>
	<u>13</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>12</u>	
			<u>12</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>14</u>			

3 5 13 5 20 5 18 25



- er + c



- CH



- i + um



- e + a



Plan 9 Little Script

Scene 1 – a cemetery, near a mausoleum. [This scene is **optional** if we're short of time]

Girl: How sad. First his wife, then he. Why is his wife buried in the ground, but he in this crypt?
Man: Some sort of family tradition.
Minister: Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Mourners walk away, then blinding flash of light. Suddenly, Vampira appears around the corner, and walks into the mausoleum. Toy flying saucer floats across plain paper.

Scene 2 – interior of space station

Excellency comes in w/ a very fey wave. Both Commander Eros and Cadet Tanna give chest salute.

Excellency: What progress has been made?
Eros: We have successfully raised 3 of the dead ones.
Ex: Let me see one.

Tor enters, walking zombie-like. Keeps walking, backing Eros into a corner.

Eros: Turn off your electrode gun, Tanna! He's close enough!
Tanna: It's jammed!
Excellency: Drop your gun to the floor, Tanna. It will break contact.

Tanna throws gun to floor; Tor freezes with arms dropped, but still grimacing.

Excellence: He's a fine specimen. Are they all this powerful on earth?
Eros: No, this one is exceptional.
Excellency: Bring me the other two. Check your gun first, Tanna.
Tanna: It's working all right now.

Vampira and Bela with cape covering face enter, then stand zombie like.

Excellency: You are not making progress quickly enough. I will have to re-assign two of your ships.
Eros: But that will leave me with only the one! Well, Tanna, it's time to pull out all of the stops. Your Excellency, we have not only risen the earth dead, but we are beginning to train them as well. Hit it!

Tanna hits music button; 3 zombies dance to "Pretend We're Dead".

Excellency: Continue on with Plan 9, then. Their own dead will be used as evidence of our existence! If they still do not believe, you must sacrifice the old one. Use the disintegration ray in front of the living. Where do you intend to carry out your plan?

VERSION I:

Eros: We plan to complete the raising of the California dead first. Are you still sending our signal to Washington?

Excellency: Yes, and it's curious. They seem able to translate our message, but incapable of understanding our intent or responding to us. I would love to know what they are thinking, since we are obviously superior to them in every way.

Eros: Yes, to be a grabzlack on the wall, so to speak. But surely you don't mean that they think they can destroy us?

Excellency: This planet is occupied by a stubborn race. You would be amazed at what they think. Why even now, a top general of their Pentagon is briefing a colonel on our message in the northern part of the Pacific coast.

Eros: How do you know these things?

Excellency: I know many things, Eros. I know they plan to attack us from the AIR, but it will be unsuccessful.

Eros: Should I change my plans to intercept them?

Excellency: No, continue with your plan. They are in an isolated area near a river with smaller, inferior machines. We can watch them drive west on the river from here, then see them turn north on the slush. Oh, if only they would follow the signs for their planes... but their minds are too small to comprehend. I'm afraid they will arrive too late, and see only the fence.

Eros: Your Excellency looks tired. Should we bring out the dead ones again?

Excellency: *Just waives hand... Cue music ... dancing zombies... fade out*

VERSION II:

Eros: We plan land our ship in the far north, above a little town named for some British people. We will station ourselves on a little highway of ancient large trees.

Excellency: And you're sure no one will see your movements?

Eros: Quite sure, your Excellency. We took the precaution of supplying alcoholic beverages as a front. In that way, their juvenile minds become impaired, memory functions diminish, and they are believed by no one, despite our large, odd shape.

Excellency: Good work. Remember, only sacrifice the old one, not the strong one.

Eros: Oh no, we will definitely keep the STRONG one for our future plans. He will be quite safe upstairs in the back, while we prepare all preparations in the front.

Excellency: Carry on, and report back in 20 or 30 earth minutes. And bring out the dead ones again – I like to see them dance.

Cue music ... dancing zombies... fade out