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# Dr. Phibes Rises Again

By Robert Fuest

The incredible legends of  
the abominable Dr Phibes  
began a few short years ago. All  
them are, unfortunately, true.  
It was here, in London's  
fashionable Maldine Square,  
whence Phibes ventured out to  
work his diabolical revenge  
against those responsible for the  
death of his beloved wife Victoria  
and the destruction  
of his own face,  
making it necessary to talk through  
an ingenious mechanism in his neck.  
My wife existed only six minutes  
on the operating table.  
You murdered her.  
When the acid reaches him, he  
will have a face like mine.  
The minds of Scotland Yard were  
baffled as the murders continued,  
each more fiendish than the last.  
And in his basement of his mansion,  
none could hear his flamboyant  
songs of triumph and revenge,  
played on his organ and by his  
ingenious clockwork musicians.  
We have got to find Phibes.  
Only by a stroke of amazing luck did  
the police seek out Maldine Square.  
But the fiendish Dr Phibes was  
prepared for such an emergency,  
and, building his face anew,  
he entered the crypt, where he  
had enshrined his beloved wife,  
incredibly maintained neither  
alive nor completely dead.  
And there Phibes placed himself  
in suspended life, like her,  
until it would be time for  
Phibes to rise again.  
It's as if he disappeared  
off the face of the earth.  
Phibes lay in darkness three

years, until the moon,  
coming into proper conjunction  
with the eternal planets,  
shone upon the golden moon of the crypt,  
pulsing with a fantastic life of its own.  
Lifeblood then flowed  
back into Phibes,  
great wheels and motors  
sprung into motion,  
and Dr Phibes once more  
walked upon the Earth.  
Victoria, for three years  
I have rested beside you.  
Tonight, the glorious moon has  
risen to the exact position  
which last occurred  
2,000 years ago,  
signalling the opening  
of this crypt  
and the beginning of our  
greatest adventure.  
We shall embark to  
the land of Egypt,  
where, years ago, in a mountain  
overlooking the Valley of the Pharaohs,  
I did prepare for us  
a wondrous shrine  
unknown by any living man.  
There, my beloved, awaits the  
key to resurrection for you  
and eternal life for both of us.  
And, once again,  
I call on you, Vulnavia.  
Come one more time,  
my trusted aide.  
Join me and my beloved,  
for we have work to do to  
bring her back to life.  
Thank you, my dear, for  
answering my call.  
Upstairs, in my safe, is a  
most precious map of papyrus,  
the way to a Pharaoh's tomb,  
beneath which flows each 2,000

years the River of Life.  
We must make haste and find  
the river at its flood.  
Let us go upstairs and  
prepare for our journey.  
No! No!  
While I slept in sweet oblivion,  
who dared destroy my house?!  
The safe.  
The safe!  
Could it still be here?  
There!  
What fiend has taken it?!  
Only one who seeks eternal  
life as I do. Biederbeck!  
The papyrus. And yet,  
paradoxically, worthless.  
Yes, Ambrose, worthless.  
For without my interpretation of the  
translation it has no value or significance.  
Three years it took me to come upon  
this grand and final realisation.  
It was the one... the one piece  
I had searched for my whole life.  
May I, Biederbeck?  
Ah.  
So this is the papyrus that  
I've read so much about.  
I've made no secret of it.  
When they demolished a  
house in Maldine Square,  
it came into the hands of a dealer who  
contacted me, knowing of my interest.  
This seems to be almost a matter  
of life and death to you.  
You're a strange man.  
Acclaimed as one of the most brilliant  
minds in the Western hemisphere,  
- yet you seem obsessed with...  
- Yes?  
The spiritual, the  
mythical aspect of life.  
Of course I'm obsessed with life.  
And somewhere in Egypt that

obsession will be answered.  
This... This is all hypothesis.  
Five years ago I  
toured the whole area.  
Indeed, Ambrose.  
And nothing.  
I remember looking down  
upon the whole valley.  
That, my friend, was  
your greatest mistake.  
You looked down. Did it never  
occur to you to look up?  
- The sky?  
- Exactly.  
That's where the answer lies.  
The stars.  
The moon.  
The sky is the key.  
While you look down, I look up. The rings  
of Saturn, when were they discovered?  
- Beginning of the 18th century.  
- Exactly.  
And yet, look here.  
See? Plainly marked.  
And that map is 5,000 years old.  
And this.  
Only a fragment, but  
what significance!  
It's a page from the log of a Phoenician  
ship. Notice the positioning of the stars.  
A chart more sophisticated than anything  
we allowed for in our calculations.  
And, finally, this.  
The Temple of Ibiscus.  
- That's where we're going.  
- What do you hope to find?  
If there's treasure, gold, it's yours.  
I'm seeking something more.  
- What more do you want?  
- I like to think he wants me.  
I can tell by your face, you've forgotten.  
We're dining with Princess Rica.  
I'm sorry. I'll go up and change.  
Make Ambrose a drink, will you?

- When are you two going to?  
- Get married? You'd better ask Darius.  
Perhaps after this trip.  
Sometimes it's like... as if he's  
going to Egypt for my benefit.  
Every day he grows more preoccupied with  
something. I wish I knew what it was.  
Oh, Ambrose, I don't want to go!  
- But I thought you wanted to go.  
- No, I wasn't talking about tonight.  
Well, are we ready?  
Here we go, then.  
Huh! Come along, my dear.  
At least the meal  
should be interesting.  
We should get a good  
claret, anyhow.  
Darius, we can't keep the princess  
waiting. Blue blood, you know.  
So, once more I have been forced  
to kill for you, Victoria,  
only that you may live again.  
For here, where mystic  
lines converge,  
we'll find the door that separates  
the living from the dead!  
I see.  
Has he any known relatives  
in this country, sir?  
It would seem most unlikely.  
May I ask how long has he  
been in your employment?  
- That is academic. The papy...  
- That may be...  
Don't interrupt me!  
It damned well is so.  
The papyrus is missing, and that's all I'm  
concerned about. Not this postmortem.  
Now let's get our priorities right. A man  
has been senselessly killed, murdered.  
All right, so he has. But I  
have been senselessly robbed.  
Curious as that may seem, the latter is  
all that I care about. Do you understand?

Find the papyrus, and that will lead you  
to the killer. But find the papyrus first.  
You have 24 hours.

Now, this papyrus, who exactly would  
know that it was in your possession?  
Any interested party. I made  
no secret of its purchase.  
But it would interest only a few scholars...  
all, I assure you, above suspicion.

No, Trout, what you are looking for  
is a common thief who was surprised.  
A man who pierces the skull of  
another man with a golden snake?  
That's not a common  
thief, sir. With respect.

- With respect, what are you suggesting?  
- That it was a calculated act.

By a man who knows the  
true value of the papyrus?  
Yes, sir.

No force in all the  
world can stop us now.  
For in a mountain range  
where Pharaohs once reside,  
a palace I have built  
beneath the stone.

And there we'll wait until the great  
appointed tide reveals a secret door,  
through which we'll find new life.

And now, bon voyage to all of us.  
With you, Victoria, safe in your  
sealed abode, we drive to Southampton.  
Then Channel, then the open sea.  
Come, Vulnavia, we sail!

Ah, sweet Victoria, what happy  
times of years ago I think of now.  
It won't be long, my love,  
before we've reached our goal.  
And moving, breathing, you in  
my arms again and I in yours.  
In Egypt I shall find the key,  
the key to the elixir of life.  
June 1st. At sea, bound for Egypt.  
I'm taking three drops

of my elixir of life.  
The vials are almost empty.  
If I fail in Egypt, I am doomed.  
"Awaken, O sick one!  
Thou has slept."  
"They have lifted thine head  
toward the horizon. Appear!"  
"Thou art justified against those  
that sought to do thee harm."  
One of my favourite passages  
from The Book of the Dead.  
All relating to the divine incarnation  
and the phenomenon of rebirth.  
Singularly appropriate, Ambrose.  
Our voyage has now begun, Vulnavia.  
Though brief, the time aboard this  
ship will seem too long, I know,  
so eager are we to arrive in Egypt  
and complete the preparations  
I began long years ago.  
Here, in the mountain  
marked on this papyrus,  
beyond corridors which led once  
to a Pharaoh's hidden tomb,  
awaits the key to  
resurrection and to life.  
I shall decipher it!  
Nothing, nothing will stop me now!  
I must tell Victoria, hidden safe  
below away from curious eyes.  
We have but three short weeks  
until that glorious day.  
How would you pinpoint the most  
important part of the globe?  
Rocks erode and fall.  
Sand changes daily, hourly.  
Rivers flood, twist,  
form new courses.  
Topographically, the world is in  
a perpetual flux. But the sky...  
The sky remains the  
one constant factor.  
What are all these theories  
of yours leading up to?



They're not my theories alone.  
Ancient civilisations knew  
about this, capitalised on it.  
To what end?  
The return of the  
life force, Ambrose.  
As I say, they're not my theories.  
They're 3,000 years old.  
Let me show you another aspect of this.  
Where's that model of the mountain?  
- In the hold.  
- Then I'll tell you tomorrow.  
But, Biederbeck, I won't be able  
to sleep. I must know, tonight.  
I'll get it. Have you discussed  
this with anybody else?  
Of course not.  
And, Ambrose, I forbid you to  
tell anyone of this conversation.  
Probably one of these.  
Let's see now.  
No. No, that's not it.  
Huh!  
Not quite the kind of  
model I'm looking for.  
It might just be  
stored in here, sir.  
Empty, I suppose.  
Pity.  
Ah! That looks more like it. Yes.  
Thank you very much. I mustn't  
keep you from your duties.  
- I could quite easily just...  
- I can manage by myself.  
- As you say, sir.  
- Thank you. Good night.  
Good night to you, sir.  
What the hell?  
Come in.  
- Biederbeck.  
- Yes, Captain?  
I'm sorry to be the  
bearer of bad news.  
I have made two sweeps and

found no trace of your friend.  
Very well, then. That's that.  
I'm afraid that we must  
face up to the fact that...  
Well, time is running  
out, Mr Biederbeck.  
No doubt you'll resume  
your normal course.  
Good heavens, no!  
Naturally, I intend to use  
my every power to find him.  
We shall search until  
dawn, if necessary.  
But you said yourself, there's  
no hope. It's been two hours.  
This delay is intolerable.  
Please bring your  
ship around, Captain.  
I remind you that the navigation  
of this ship is my responsibility.  
I shall, of course, bear  
your suggestion in mind.  
- Was he a good swimmer?  
- I have no idea, Captain.  
I suppose he never...  
How can I put this?  
I supposed he never  
touched the bottle?  
Then how'd he get in there  
in the first place?  
The blighter must have  
drunk his way in.  
I come back from leave and the  
first thing I find is this!  
Oh? What's that, then, sir?  
"The Gloucester Squirt murder."  
"The Gloucester Square murder."  
I can hardly read your writing.  
"On arrival, I discovered the  
man's body surrounded by..."  
- Balls.  
- Look here, Trout!  
- On the snooker table, sir.  
- What?

Oh.

"...balls on the snooker table."

"Cause of death was apparently  
by a small gold... snake"?

"...which entered  
the man's left ear,  
and, having pierced the skull,  
reappeared through the right."  
In one ear and out the other, sir.

"Death, it would appear,  
was... instantaneous."

Brilliant! Why was his employer, the main  
witness, allowed to leave the country?

It was a delicate matter,  
involving a difficult gentleman.

You're dealing with a more difficult  
one now! Do you know what time it is?

- After one.

- I've been waiting since nine!

I was called out last night.

- Where to?

- Er, what's it called? Fawley.

- Never heard of it.

- It's at the mouth of Southampton Water.

A man's body had been washed up.

- Fallen overboard?

- In a sense, sir.

Men fall overboard all the time.

That's what the locals are for!

This one was inside a bottle, sir.

- Do what?

- He was inside a bottle.

Glass, it was. About  
seven feet long.

Corked?

To Egypt, and our arrival here.

My compliments to you, Vulnavia.

You have done wonders  
with the local fish.

But we must not dally.

While Victoria safely sleeps, we  
must hasten to the caves within  
and learn what time has wrought  
since last I ventured there.

See, Vulnavia!

Not a thing has been disturbed.

Some minor decorating,  
some touching up,  
and it will seem like home.

Lights!

Music, Vulnavia!

A song of celebration.

Unveil the band.

- We're looking for a madman, sir.

- You've bloody well found one!

Do you realise that this  
is Saturday afternoon?!

We thought we'd have a little  
talk with you in private...

We do appreciate you coming  
at such short notice, Mr?

Lombardo. I didn't have much option with  
a police car rolling up outside my club.

Frightful intrusion! And, as I  
say, on a Saturday afternoon.

- Well, it is a rather delicate matter, sir.

- Oh?

- We've, um...

- We've found a body.

- I didn't know you'd mislaid one. Whose?

- Ambrose's.

- The man who fell off the...

- Ah, him!

Yes, sir.

If it's about insurance, it's much too  
early for me to commit. I mean...

Well, it seemed pretty obvious  
that he was... pissed.

- We're loath...

- I beg your pardon?

loath to involve anybody  
else at this juncture.

But we have a strong reason to  
believe that he was murdered.

- Murdered?

- Killed.

Yeah, I got that.

Shoved the old boy off, eh?

- Did you know the gentleman?  
- Not intimately, but professionally.  
He went on cruises to the Middle  
East. He was an archaeologist.  
Digging around in the dirt.  
Like you chaps.  
- Quite.  
- This may seem an obvious question, sir,  
but on this passenger list was there  
anyone you'd describe as at all...  
how shall I put it... odd?  
The whole ruddy lot of them.  
No, that's a slight exaggeration.  
No, I wouldn't say  
exceptionally odd.  
Oddish?  
Well... is that it?  
For the time being. Thank you.  
If you should have second thoughts,  
we would like to hear from you.  
All right, you can rely on me.  
We do have a lot of eccentric  
people on these tours.  
- It takes all sorts.  
- Incidentally, there was a woman...  
Oh, well. Another  
story, another time.  
Whatever they ask for, we  
try to keep them happy.  
- We get chaps wanting pianos.  
- Really, sir?  
I suppose if it helps  
the old thing along.  
Quite so, sir.  
We are grateful for...  
Do you know, on this last trip,  
a fellow wanted an organ.  
Well, I'll be off.  
Would you say that again, sir?  
Well, I'll be off.  
No, no, no. Just before that, sir.  
- The organ?  
- That's it.  
I think he was

probably an organist.

The girl stipulated that  
it be a cinema organ.

- Which girl?

- The girl who did the booking.

Was her employer's name Phibes?

Phibes? No, Smith.

Get a hell a lot of Smiths.

Smith, thank God for that. Thank you.

That was a nasty moment.

- This girl who did?

- Don't waste the man's time.

- Did you see the man at all?

- No, I didn't. I just saw the girl.

She was a very beautiful girl.

Very tall. You'd have liked her.

There was something strange.

I suppose she was an entertainer.

Of course. Fellow's on the boards.

Wanted a bit of practice.

- Did he take anything else?

- Organ music, bound to suit those Arabs.

Clockwork musicians, life-size clockwork  
musicians. That isn't all they took.

They took a lot. I've got  
the details in my office.

I'd like to come along and take  
a look. You didn't see the man?

No, I didn't see the man. I just saw the girl.

She did the lot. She did the paying and...

- Did she pay by cheque?

- No. Cash.

- Return fare?

- No, single.

Single. One-way.

Maybe... he won't come back.

It's Phibes, all right, sir.

And he always comes back.

You know the saying:

Build a better mousetrap and the  
world will beat a path to your door.

Every time we've built a better mousetrap,  
sir, Phibes has built a better mouse.

What the hell's that?

Nothing to do with me, sir.

Are you sure it's not one of your?

What do you mean, one of mine?

Oh.

So sorry, I must have  
dropped right off.

- May we ask why you're here?

- I've come to see Mr Waverley.

Would you like me to go, sir?

- I'm Waverley.

- Oh, isn't that nice?

Such a sweet man showed me in.

I'm an Ambrose, you know.

- Ambrose? You're?

- Cousin of the late Harry.

We were very sorry about that.

It must have been a great shock.

Not all that close, I'm afraid.

We kept in touch occasionally.

I thought he was a  
mysterious old bird.

Can you tell us anything that  
might be of any help, Miss... er?

- Am... brose.

- Ambrose.

Did anybody bear him a  
grudge, or anything?

Er, it's hardly likely, isn't it? He spent  
most of his time leaping round the world.

It's possible, I suppose, though.

Hm.

Just before you came in I took the  
liberty of looking at this map.

That's not where they're  
going at all, you know.

- Who?

- Biederbeck and that lot.

Now... here.

This is much more likely.

- Where the devil is everybody?

- Mr Biederbeck, I'm Hackett. I imagine...

The instructions were for everyone to wait  
until I arrived at the base camp. Everyone.

Hm.

Well?

Stewart and Baker couldn't wait.

They've gone off to the mountain.

- To do what?

- They were getting a bit impatient.

- And Shavers?

- Oh, he's around.

- Hackett.

- Come on.

- Come on where?

- You stay here and rest. Come on.

No man should go near that mountain  
alone. Nobody knows what's in there.

Sleep on, my sweet Victoria,  
for regal claws of sacred birds  
guard well your place of rest.

For those poor fools that dare  
intrude, the penalty is death.

Argh!

Did you have a good dinner?

Do you realise what this is?

A secret room, hidden from  
view so long as it is flooded.

But now, as the moon  
rises towards a zenith,  
the waters have receded and  
they flow underground,  
perhaps into the hidden  
River of Life itself.

Somewhere through there,  
Vulnavia, awaits our answer.

What Pharaoh of what forgotten  
dynasty rested here,  
before he drifted on the bosom of  
what stream beneath these stones  
to find eternal life?

A secret compartment  
beneath the sarcophagus,  
large enough to hold Victoria.

What other secrets lie within?

A key.

An actual key!

How ironic and how clever.

When I find the lock it



fits, I'll have the answer.

- Shavers! Baker! Where are you?

- Straight ahead, Biederbeck!

- Just what do you think you're doing?

- Oh! Er...

It's just a preliminary sortie.

- On whose authority?

- Didn't realise we needed permission.

Stewart, when you're older,  
perhaps you'll respect authority.

You might keep in mind that  
you're a member of my team.

And, er, is this  
your mountain, sir?

- I regard it as such, yes.

- Are we to take that literally, sir?

You may take it however you wish.

But I give the orders.

Any explorations will be planned  
and led by me. Understood?

You know, we're not  
exactly amateurs here.

If discoveries are to be made, it'll require  
individual effort and intellectual freedom.

There are no prima donnas here.

Discoveries will be made by the  
team, under my directions.

Then perhaps you'll be so kind as to  
enlighten us. Where is all this leading to?

- In good time.

- Darius?

- Not now.

- It's usual for all information to be pooled.

- I've no doubt, but you will...

- It's rather urgent.

- What is it?

- I have a little... discovery of my own  
that I think you ought to see.

You mustn't let this upset you.

Upset me? A man has  
just been killed.

You're in the desert,  
not taking tea in Mayfair.

Curious as it may seem, you

don't have to remind me.

I've drunk lots of tea in Mayfair  
without finding bodies at my feet.

Would you just trust me?

- Trust?

- Yes, trust.

How far is that gonna get me? Or us?

How can I? You don't trust me.

What's that supposed to mean?

It's clear to me, you don't  
trust me and you won't tell me.

Your attitude has changed. Suddenly  
human life means nothing to you.

- Have I ever said that?

- No. But I just have.

You're so callous now.

- Is that what you really think?

- Do you honestly care what I really think?

Of course I do.

It's just that I...

- It's just that I can't explain it.

- What's holding you back?

I mean, it's that, isn't it?

Why does that big mountain  
have so much hold over you?

What is it that goes on in there?

How lovely she looks, my darling,  
on her way to her last brief  
sleep before awakening.

She shall rest where  
none can find her.

I am protecting you, Victoria,  
from those who would discover us.

I shall eliminate  
them all, one by one.

Yes,

even Biederbeck himself,  
if need be, my beloved.

In this secret compartment, made  
by artisans millenniums ago,

you shall rest like  
the princess you are.

For when the moon next comes full,  
the waters of the Nile and the tides

within the seas will somehow meet,  
and life will flow within your  
veins and love within our hearts.  
Er, we've got enough trouble around  
here without you dreaming up more.  
That kind of trouble  
I can take any time.  
Yes, well. She belongs  
to Biederbeck.  
- Don't we all?  
- Yes. But some more than others.  
As you have nothing better to do,  
perhaps you'll unload the other truck.  
Er, what truck?  
Hackett's truck.  
Get a good night's sleep.  
You still haven't told me  
what you expect to find.  
- Tomorrow.  
- Now, Darius. I'd like to know now.  
Tomorrow.  
What the hell's going on?!  
You're mad.  
You're bloody mad!  
For God's sake, man, I'll die!  
If music be the food  
of love... play on...  
Give me excess of it...  
No.  
Here with a loaf of bread  
beneath the bough,  
a book of verse, a glass of beer...  
That's Omar Khayym, sir. Yes.  
I'm a bit apprehensive  
about finding the others.  
- Do you think you know where we are?  
- Trout, I don't think, I know.  
- I don't think you know either, sir.  
- Keep your place, Trout.  
Sorry, sir.  
Now, then.  
Cairo is, erm...  
over there.  
And by the same token,

the Red Sea is over there.

- In that direction...

- Yes?

- England.

- Yeah. Yeah, quite so, sir.

How do we find the mountain range where Biederbeck and Phibes are headed?

There are times when I worry about you.

All we have to do is to ask someone.

- Out here, sir?

- Why not? Bound to be somebody.

- Ah, there! There's somebody.

- Where, sir?

Erm...

Three dunes east. Hop to it, man. Start the tank.

- Hackett, I need you.

- What's all this about?

I've sent Baker and the workmen up there.

- Why are we taking the truck?

- Just get in!

We broke through a wall, found a gold sarcophagus.

Already, underground waters have begun to rise.

Somewhere within this maze of tunnels a new river will crest, along which we will glide, through gates which will be revealed to us, Vulnavia.

The gates which can be unlocked only with the silver key.

Come! I must tell Victoria.

Those devils! To take from me the two treasures of my life?!

I shall get them back.

Who tries to stop me will die!

It certainly is a remarkable find.

How he knew it was there beats me.

He went straight to it.

- I think it calls for a celebration.

- Yes. Champagne?

Yes.

A key!

Why a key?

Oh, I don't know, but something's been biting him.

Who's this, then?

Darius.

Stewart's back.

Don't let him go away.

I'll be out soon.

He's not going anywhere.

Please, you must come now.

I suppose we'd better take him down.

Why? I don't understand.

Who could conceive of such a bizarre way to kill?

A man called Phibes, sir.

Dr Anton Phibes.

They have taken you from me, my sweet Victoria.

But fear not, for I

shall recover you,

and they will suffer for this outrage with their lives!

With Stewart, he's

now killed four men.

- Recently. If you care to go further back...

- Trout.

Yes, but why? What possible reason could he have?

Well, Biederbeck?

The papyrus.

If he stole it, it means we have the same goal, the same purpose.

- No, that's impossible.

- Impossible?

Impossible or not, we must get back to civilisation.

Yeah, especially the young lady.

Yes, I'm afraid you're right. Baker, first thing tomorrow, take Diana out of here.

- The rest can follow later.

- And your good self, sir?

There's one thing I

must do before I leave.

- If you value your life, you'll...

- That's precisely why I'm staying.

A remarkable man.

I hardly know him, but I've never met anyone more completely dedicated.

That poor girl. What she must have gone through in the past few days.

Why the hell did he bring her out?

Curiously enough, I think she was the reason he came here in the first place.

- Listen, Diana...

- I'm listening.

You're my whole life, everything.

Please, darling, if nothing else, you must know that.

I'm beginning to wonder if I do know anything about you.

I can't tell you any more.

I mean, not that you'd understand.

But the mountain must be the key to it.

Possibly, Trout, but it's all purely academic.

Now, we only got as far as an inner chamber,

but it looked as though there's a warren of tunnels.

Every move I make, this whole affair, concerns our future together.

Well, if it's anything like now, it's going to be pretty awful.

It won't be. I promise you.

- It's just that I...

- What? What were going to say?

- I...

- Say it.

It's just that these next few hours are of desperate importance to me.

This expedition isn't really the reason we came here, is it? There's something else.

- We could search the mountain and...

- Search it?

One needs a warrant to make

a search. You should know that.

I know, but...

We can't charge into somebody  
else's mountain. This isn't Hyde Park.

Baker.

Sleep in the sarcophagus tent tonight. Be  
ready to leave in the morning with Diana.

What is it Shakespeare says, sir?

Thus unconscious doth make  
strange bedfellows of us all.

Don't worry, Trout.

Do you know what I'm dying for?

What, sir?

A nice, big, warm...

What?

Glass of milk.

- Would you like me to get one?

- No. That's all right.

Dear girl, man the machine.

What's going on?

Help. Help!

Argh!

Argh!

Get me out!

- At least we're sure of one thing.

- Hm?

- Nothing can happen on a night like this.

- Yes.

Victoria,

those who have tried

to take you from me,

so have they paid

the terrible price.

This water, placid now,

is but a calm deception.

For beneath this mountain,

when moon and water reconcile,

the secret River of

Life will be revealed.

The key!

Where is the key?!

What's the matter?

Where's Baker?

Baker.

Poor devil.

Quite.

He's taken the sarcophagus.

But I still have the key.

That storm last night, Phibes  
must have used that as cover.

- Used it? He probably summoned it!

- All the Arabs have gone.

I don't blame them. I say, I don't blame  
them! It's the obvious thing to do!

- I found the truck up by the mountain.

- And the sarcophagus?

- Oh, well, that's gone.

- Just as I expected.

But what were they doing there?

I mean, who drove the truck up there  
in the first place? Where's Baker?

He had a bad night, sir.

Come along, Biederbeck.

I'm still staying.

Look here, I have a responsibility.

You have a moral responsibility but, as far  
as I'm concerned, no actual jurisdiction.

- I'm staying.

- But no one's got the better of Phibes.

To our knowledge he's already killed  
15 men. You can't hope to win.

Don't speak of hope to me,  
Trout. I mean to win.

Hackett, with Baker gone,  
you take Diana out of here.

If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'd  
like a word with her before she leaves.

Darling, would you come with me?

- Hackett, put her suitcase in the truck.

- Come along, Trout. Strike camp.

Yeah. We ought to get these tents  
down too, and be on our way.

What about Baker? Should  
we dispose of his body?

I don't know about his body. We  
should give his head a decent burial.

Listen.

It's the Scottish Fusiliers!



My God! It makes you  
proud to be British.  
Out here? How marvellous!  
Yes, it's probably  
some desert patrol.  
Britannia's cloak covers a  
large section of the globe.  
We must tell them about the others.  
I mean, that way, they'll be safe.  
Yes, that's true enough.  
But I mustn't leave you.  
I'll go with you, Mr Hackett.  
What?  
Er, no. No, but you're  
absolutely right.  
A platoon of that lot ought  
to put Phibes in his place.  
Don't go anywhere.  
Hackett!  
He has nothing to say, sir.  
Where's Diana? My God,  
Phibes must have her!  
- You've no chance!  
- He'll kill you like the others!  
I'm not like the others. Phibes may put  
the fear of God in you, but not me.  
Now, stay out of my way!  
Oh, dear, dear, dear. He really  
is being a trifle heavy-handed.  
He's being bloody offensive! If it  
wasn't for Miss Trowbridge... Come on.  
Biederbeck!  
Wait!  
- After him.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Phibes!  
- So, we meet at last, Biederbeck.  
- Where is she?  
- Waiting. As we all must wait.  
Play your foul games with me. If ever  
a man deserves to die, it's you.  
You cannot threaten the  
dead with death, my friend.  
Only with life, eternal life.

So that's it, the key.

- My key.

- No.

I've searched for years.

The Temple of Ibiscus, the River  
of Life. It's mine, Phibes!

Then your beloved will die, for  
only the key can save her now.

You lie. The key controls  
the gates, nothing more.

The key controls the gates and much  
more... the life of your Diana.

And you have only three  
minutes to use it.

Now... save your Diana.

Diana!

Diana!

Observe, my sweet Victoria,  
that as the sacred  
waters drain away  
the final revelation is before  
us... the gates to eternity.

Go, Vulnavia,  
and let our victim know the  
full measure of our wrath!  
What an amazing thing.

Don't do that.

- Sir?

- Fellow's toenail.

What we really need, sir, is a ram.

Yes.

You have so little  
time, Biederbeck.

- What kind of fiend are you?

- The kind that wins, my friend.

It is a pity, in a way.

We have so much in common.

- You flatter yourself.

- I think not.

For years I have had  
one terrible obsession...  
to find the River of Life.  
Once used by the Pharaohs of Egypt,  
it lies beyond those gates.

A river that gives new life,  
again and again and again.

- Why do you think I came here?

- You have all the life you need.

No more, Phibes. The elixir that  
gave me youth for 100 years is gone.

This vial, this vial has sustained me  
for many years, suspended time and age.

- But no more.

- How long?

How many years?

Too long to remember. Too long  
to throw it all away now.

I, too, have searched, Biederbeck,  
but not for myself.

For my Victoria.

I offer you the same goal...

the life of your beloved.

But hurry.

When the bough breaks, my friend...

It could be a trick. Why should

I trust you, of all people?

Not me. The ancient artisans

who built these chambers.

When those gates are unlocked, the  
waters from Diana's pool will drain out  
and she will be free.

Save her. Don't be a fool!

Soon it will be too late!

- For whom?

- For us all.

Especially Diana.

Every second brings her  
closer to a terrible death.

Can you pay that price, Biederbeck?

The key!

- The devil take you, Phibes.

- The devil take me?

Not for some considerable  
time, I trust.

Now, if Biederbeck went through there  
and he was running pretty fast...

- Well, I'll be blowed!

- And then...

Now wait a minute. Phibes must be out first, otherwise we would have...

Yes, I think...

I think I've got it.

- We'll get her out all right.

- Phibes has finally failed, eh?

No. He's won.

Come on, Trout.

Come, Vulnavia, your work is done.

Join us on the other side.

What's that?

Nothing.

Phibes!

Wait!

Phibes!

Phibes!

Phibes, I beg you,

let me come with you!

Phibes, for once have mercy!

Don't worry, darling. It's

not the end of the world.

Somewhere over the rainbow

Bluebirds fly

Birds fly over the rainbow

Why, oh, why can't I?