DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Anne Rice

You are Anne Rice, a well known author. Your popularity began some years ago, when your novel Interview with a Vampire became a minor classic, and sparked a revival of interest in vampire-fiction. You produced several sequels, though you have not been fully satisfied with any of them. Currently you are almost regretting your success. You sold the movie rights to your vampire novels, and were thrilled to learn that a movie was actually being made. Unfortunately, the directors don't seem to understand your characters.

You had privately promoted your friend, the singer and actor Sting, for the role of Lestat, but the studio chose to cast Tom Cruise in the role. You don't dislike the man as an actor, but a French vampire born in the eighteenth century he is not. This whole affair has put you in a rather poor mood toward film directors and personnel in general.

You are a private person, though you did open your house in New Orleans recently for a national television show. You prefer to spend time with your teen-aged son, and other intimates in your favorite city, than ramble around the country.

Nevertheless, you have increasingly been driven by your publishers to attend signings, and do appearances on television (and even radio), as well as parties such as this one where "important" people gather. You were not altogether reluctant to attend this gathering, however: there are quite a collection of "names" in the horror film industry here, and you very much hope they will be able to give you advice on exerting positive influence on the Frankenstein's monster of a movie that your work has spawned.

Your popularity has allowed you to bring some of your more "unusual" writings into the mainstream. You have written several books of borderline hardcore "erotica" under the name A. N. Roquelaure. Primarily this work was bondage tales centering around the story of Sleeping Beauty, and Exit to Eden, a marginally less pornographic work written as Anne Rampling. All of the work now appears under your real name, which leads to some interesting questions about your private life.

In general, you maintain that this is your own business. You told TV viewers in your recent interview that your fantasies were much more interesting than your real life, but....

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

George R. R. Martin

You are George R. R. Martin, a well known author of fantasy, and television screenplays. Your large size and burly appearance gives some people pause, and there is no doubt that you enjoy playing the role of unreformed hippie, and survivor from the sixties.

You are a marginal outdoorsman, and you do enjoy wandering, but at heart you are very much an intellectual. You are accounted a decent chess player, and your friend, the author Roger Zelazny, based the chess playing character of Martin in his short story Unicorn Variations, on your own personality.

You do enjoy challenges, even risks, but you are also a polished author and a good businessman. You have tried not to allow publishing pressures to compromise the unyielding blackness of most of your literary vision. You write depressing stories full of bleak and desperate characters, who usually come to bad conclusions. You have tried your hand at several genres other than fantasy - you published a mainstream fiction novel called Armageddon Rag, in which you drew extensively on your college and post college experience in the protest era of the late sixties. You published a novel of vampire fiction called Fevre Dream, which has remained obscure. Your most resounding success has been as the editor of the bizarre Wildcards series of short stories, in which many different authors came together to construct stories in a shared alternative universe.

Your brightest future, though, is television screenwriting. You have written screenplay adaptations of numerous science-fiction and fantasy works, and your income and security have increased as the Star Trek/Star Wars era has made that business lucrative on the shiny screen. You are currently engaged in developing a science-fiction television series for a major network, which you hope will earn you a definitive reputation in the world of media.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Dr. Frankenstein

You are Dr. Frankenstein, the grandson of Dr. Victor Frankenstein, that German professor who studied the re-animation of human life. Like all your predecessors, you went to medical school, and earned a degree in medicine, then became a teacher of medical science at a prominent University in Germany. In general you disparaged the efforts of your ancestor, and thought little of their primitive tampering into the secrets of animation.

When your father died, you inherited the Frankenstein estate, castle, servants, and of course your ancestor's experimental notes. You were intrigued at their thoroughness (as well as the obsessively correct and punctilious Germanic style in which they were composed.)

After some time, it became clear to you that it was indeed possible to create a living being by reanimating dead matter, and you began to prepare the sophisticated electrical equipment that would be necessary. Unfortunately your first experiment was a complete failure. Your foolish servant had supplied you with a brain for your "construct," but had taken the mentally deficient brain as a moron. Not even the eventual rise of your "construct" to the office of Vice-President of the United States could console you for the terrible deficiencies of the experiment.

Your next thought was to animate a human woman, and in this regard, you were very successful. You constructed from several deceased young beauties, a perfect (or nearly perfect) young woman, and used your sophisticated electrical machinery to bring her to life.

The results were certainly impressive. She is intelligent, graceful, and does not at all resemble the shambling, slobbering, sexually depraved wreck that was your first experiment. Unfortunately she came to resent your control over her, and eventually, during an argument, cried out "You didn't make me!" You've never had a better straight line in your life, and could not stop yourself from responding "as a matter of fact, I did!"

This caused her to become slightly concerned at the level of dependence in your relationship, an element which you had not altogether allowed for. The whole "creator - creation" relationship was a little unsettling to be sure. She's currently not in a very good mood towards you, though you are hoping that will change...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Bride of Frankenstein

Your name is Sarah, and you are the creature of Dr. Frankenstein. The Doctor is a brilliant, but slightly socially retarded man, who studied medicine for his entire life, and eventually learned the secret of reanimating the dead. His first experiment was not very successful...in fact he occasionally becomes enraged when you discuss it with him.

You've seen all the notes of course. For some time, you thought you were merely a recuperating amnesiac, until in the heat of a quarrel over Frankenstein's attempts to control you, you cried out "You didn't make me!," to which the Doctor glibly replied "as a matter of fact I did." He supplied you with the relevant notes, and you slowly learned the horrible fact that you are a woman who was never born, that you are, in fact, a hodgepodge (well, collage to be polite) of parts from other dead women. Actually, you have to admit he did a rather nice job, but there is definitely something creepy about being a construct built of dead people. That sort of thing can really lower one's self esteem.

You became rather upset with Dr. Frankenstein, and suggested that it was time to re- evaluate the dependency level in your entire relationship. The whole "creator - creation" thing is very unsettling to say the least. At the moment you are not very well disposed to the Doctor, though in fairness, he did create you, and he was never particularly unpleasant to you, except when he was angry. German temper you know...

You definitely think it is a good idea to get out and associate with people who are not specifically associated with your creation, if only for a stabilizing point of view.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Dr. Herbert West

Your life's work has been a success, though there are many who doubt it. They do not know the secrets that you have discovered, and you will not allow them to discover your secrets until your reputation is assured!

There are many brilliant young medical students, but none as daring as yourself. Where other doctors feared to tamper with the borderline between life and death, you recognized that it was a purely scientific process - that the life and death of cells could be chemically controlled. And that the process of "death" was reversible.

You spent your last years as a student developing a powerful reagent - a reactive substance which, when injected into dead cells, caused them to become active once again. You experimented, of course, because as a mere student you knew that if others discovered your process, they would eventually steal it from you. You trusted only your house mate, a clumsy milquetoast of a medical student, who was of only marginal use to you.

You experimented first on cats (annoying household pests...of more use alive than dead), and eventually on human body parts. You began to discover the essential principles of animation, but before you could publish, you needed more data. In particular you found that the process worked imperfectly on human corpses. The body was reanimated, but the brain was not fully functional, leading to depraved, and even mentally retarded, behavior. All perfectly scientific an normal, and nothing to be afraid of, though some of the reanimated "creatures" did get out of control, causing you to leave Arkham, in Massachusetts, for a Nicaraguan battlefield, where you were free to practice your skills.

You have established that your reagent is more effective at restoring life if it is applied shortly after death, than a long period afterwards, but beyond that, you have not been able to establish how to combat the mental "defects" which plague the reanimated individuals. Nevertheless, you administer your reagent to nearly any corpse you find, in order to improve understanding of the process.

You are nearly ready to begin your final experiment, the reanimation of a human woman made from the body parts of several deceased women. In effect a completely new being, created entirely by you!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Abdul Al-Hazared

You were born in the ancient city of Sana in what is now Yemen, during the period of the Ommiade Caliphate. It was an exciting time to be alive. The religion of the prophet had rolled over the lands of Arabia and Persia like a wave, and a new culture began to rise. Speaking Arabic, driven by the incredible beauty of the poetry of the Prophet Mohammed, art and culture flourished in a barren land that had contained nothing but the bones of the desiccated and dying Parthian Empire.

You were handsome and strong, a minor noble of a princely house. From Sana, ships sailed forth on voyages of exotic discovery that would later be remembered as the voyages of Sinbad. Yemen is an ancient land, more ancient than most realize. Separated from the rest of Arabia by the Anvil of God, the Yemen coast is cool and arable. Two thousand years before your time, the land was known as Sheba, and a Queen reigned here so powerful and beautiful that the Israelite King Solomon was enraptured by her.

If Solomon knew the arts of magic, then Sheba was from where he learned them. What secrets are not hidden in the towers and houses of Yemen, beneath its three thousand year old streets and alleys? Heresy yes...but the rhyming of the Prophet was but a foolish canticle next to the poetry that was hidden in this city. The first men rose as slaves of the Gods of Babylon, and after they were freed from captivity, it was here that they fled to make their records of those ancient and awesome powers from beyond the stars.

You learned their secrets, and sacrificed nothing. You wrote the poetry of those beings whose very tongue could make most men lose their reason. But you never lost your sanity or your perspective. They called you obsessive, launched foolish plots against you, as if the power of their poor prophet could protect them from the awesome might of HAZTUR, of SHUB-NIGGURAUTH, of CTHULU, of all those powers who were ancient when Ur and Nisibis were young.

You recorded your secrets in 714 A.D., by writing Al-Azif which they feared as blasphemous. They said that you were devoured by the unholy forces which you called upon, that your young promise was extinguished in darkness, but there is no truth in that. You gave yourself unto them, became a part of them, that you might learn more!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Stephen Spielberg

You are Steven Spielberg, without question the greatest director of all time. You made ET, the Extra-Terrestrial, which was the largest grossing movie of all time, exceeding George Lucas' Star Wars. Recently, a movie finally exceeded the gross of ET. That movie was your own Jurassic Park. Boy were you upset...(yeah right).

You have produced some really scary stuff. Your first made for television movie was a terrifying story about a man pursued across the desert by a demonic semi-truck. But you learned early on that true terror wasn't what audiences wanted. What they really wanted was something moderately terrifying, interspersed with cute kids, and plenty of saccharine. So you learned to adapt your visions, until they were ready for the 12 to 60 audience, and could gross millions. You may not be the "master" of terror, but you are certainly the master of special effects.

You love SFX. Gel filtered light, animatronic monsters. And most of all, scenes where attractive women scream while being groped by corpses, skeletons, or anything else terrifying. Heh heh. Not that you are not a perfectly normal guy. Really, you are just an average family fellow, making perfectly nice movies...really...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

George Lucas

It wasn't exactly your ambition to become a great director. You spent a fair amount of time in the orient in your youth, and what you really wanted was to compose epics. But it became increasingly clear that print was dead, and that eventually led you to make your science-fiction story Star Wars into a movie - the medium of the current day.

You are more thoughtful than most directors, and rightfully so. During your appearances on the PBS adaptation of Joseph Campbell's work on Heroes, you could not help but realize that you had, in many ways, achieved your goal. You had written the American National Epic, the modern equivalent of Beowulf, or The Aeneid.

You have dabbled in movie making ever since, out of curiosity, or to raise some money. But to you, it is really just a medium for a larger story. Your fans have waited many years for the appearance of a sequel to the Star Wars trilogy, and they will have to wait a while longer. Some of the special effects you will need haven't even been invented yet, though they should be by 1999 or so, when your project is ready.

You are more than a director, though you try not to brag about it. While fellows like Spielberg adapt their material for an audience, you have adapted the audience for your material. You are a consummate artist and story teller, and if Hollywood occasionally considers you a flash in the pan, they would do well to remember that you single handedly changed the face of the motion picture industry.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Jason

Personality isn't much your style. Where some great monsters like Count Dracula have oozed with charm, you have preferred to skulk in the shadows, rarely appearing in your own films until very late. You frequently have manifested through others, such as your mother. Theoretically you are some kid who was killed by his cruel peers, a hockey player, whose symbol is a hockey mask. You walk the surface of the earth stalking...well really anybody...to inflict revenge for your terrible death. If Banquo's ghost was the epitome of refined revenge in a high tradition, you are sort of the Hockey-playing equivalent. Rather dim, direct, brutish, and to the point.

You like to kill people in interesting ways, especially after they have sex. You aren't much on conversation, though that depends a little on who you are possessing. At heart you are just another dumb canuck goalie, looking for a fight to break up the monotony of haunting everyone for eternity. Revenge isn't much of an issue with you...just an excuse to start some mayhem.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

The Werewolf

You were once a normal person, before the horrible change that overtook you. You were bitten by a great creature, which stalked you from the alleys in the big city and left you for dead.

It was not until much later that you realized what you had become. On the nights of the full moon, you stalk the earth, hunting for human prey - you are loup garou, a werewolf.

You try to have a sense of humor about the whole thing. You have a normal personality, but over the years the lupine within you has grown more pronounced, leading to occasional outbursts of violence, and interesting conversational twists ending in growling. This has actually not hurt your sex life, though there are occasionally those embarrassing mornings where you try to remember who you were with the night before, what you did, and whether there is likely a homicide charge against you for it.

Once facet of this has been an obsession with wolves. You are interested in all of them...Siberian, Timber, etc., and will talk about them, at considerable length to anyone who slows down enough to listen.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

The Mummy

You were an Egyptian priest during the reign of the great and powerful emperor Ramses II. You were entombed in a great temple, with a powerful curse laid upon you by the other priests, that if the great Pharaoh's rest was disturbed, you must stalk the earth forever seeking revenge.

That really hasn't proven practical. You considered trying to murder every single member of the Fellows of the Royal British Museum, and the New York Metropolitan Museum...but then you started getting into tourists, and touring collections. Really there just wasn't much of a limit.

Fortunately, you have the ability to take the form that you had in life...a little short and swarthy, but not too bad if you say so yourself. Only occasionally do you feel the urge to wrap yourself in ace athletic tape, or Charmin, and stalk the streets going AHHHHHHHHHHHH.....with a dry breathy rasp. Unfortunately, October 31st is one of those occasions.

It's rather perverse really. But everyone has their strange side, no?



DEAD MAN'S PARTY

V. C. Andrews

You write horror of a sort. The trashy romance novel type, with evil relatives, dark secrets, illegitimate children, and incest. Lots and lots of incest. Uncles and nieces who turn out to be brother and sister, five novels later, getting married and having children that get locked in an attic and fall in love. Ten-year-old girls getting raped and shut away from the world. Rape, scandal, blackmail, and deception. Sure, it's not Stephen King, but it's certainly horrifying.

Rumors of your death have been greatly exaggerated. At least, that's what you tell people. Before dying, you published Flowers in the Attic, Petals on the Wind, If There Be Thorns, Seeds of Yesterday, Garden of Shadows, and My Sweet Audrina. Since then, you've published two more series of books. Flowers in the Attic has been made into a movie. Your name has become a commodity, and your novels are seen in grocery store shelves everywhere.

A sure sign that you're somebody (in Hollywood anyway) is being invited to the "Dead Man's Party," Vincent Price's annual Halloween kegger. You're pleased to be an invited guest here, and you want to make sure everyone is aware of your importance. This is going to be a lot of fun.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Cthulu

You're known by fans of horror as a dark, loathsome and horrifying creature, one of the old ones...an Elder God. But after all the mutations, insanity, and dank fetid smells, it's Miller time. You've heard that Vincent Price throws a kegger like no one else, and it's time to let your tentacles down. With your usual flair for fashion, you've donned your favorite party neckties and you look mahvelous. Dressed to kill, one might say, if it weren't your night off (a little Elder God humor there), with a fine Cuban cigar clutched in your tentacle...er, hand. The only fly in the ointment is that Abdul Al-Hazared guy - you wanna talk to him about this crap he's written about your family...some rag called the Necronomicon.

You gave up universe-domination as a dead game a long time ago, but then some of your less imaginative buddies slipped you a mickey. For a few aeons you slept it off in R'leah, wigging out human sensitives with psychic echoes of your dreams. But it goes both ways. You were awakened by transcendent vibes coming from a band jamming in the Bermuda Triangle above you. They are the Bulldaggers, from Bugtown, a dimension of permanent anarchy (and a rich creative environment). You joined their lineup playing synthesizer.

You have different action in different dimensions; in Bugtown you're a non-human synth player in a human "art-rock" group, on this earth you're still a respected and feared Elder God. This is one of your rare appearances here; you hope there won't be any fanboys or groupies. If you have to use your powers on this plane it could attract... unwanted attention.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Freddie Kruger

It's a hell of a life. Sure, your face resembles nothing more than meatloaf or maybe some badly spoiled cottage cheese, but showbiz is showbiz, no matter how you slice it. Nubile young teenage girls, their plump budding flesh ripe for the picking, are yours whenever you want them. Young boys sometimes, too, when the going gets tough. Of course, you simply rend them to pieces with your long, scalpel sharp, homemade steel fingernails, but hey...different strokes for different folks, right?

That's why you're here. Vincent Price throws the most unusual parties, with the most unusual guests. You've pulled on your very best filthy red and green sweater, and you're ready to party and pick up babes.

Wes Craven, a movie director, even made up some half baked reason for you to commit murders. The honest fact is that you are just a pervert who enjoys tearing young flesh to pieces and watching the blood flow. Especially after the victims have had sex. There's nothing more satisfying than inducing pain in lustful teenagers.

Your favorite victim has always been Nancy, since the very first movie. You have to kill her, because her parents burned you to death. She was strong enough to fight you, and has never had sex in any of your films. Still, it's a wonder she's lasted this long. You're working on it...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

"Vlad Dracul"

Your real name is Albert Derwood. You heard that Vincent Price was throwing this Hallowe'en party and inviting all these cool celebrities, and thought it would be a great idea to come as The Real Dracula! After all, who's ever seen him? And everybody wants to believe he exists... All you gotta do is put on an accent and a lot of airs; talk about the various book and movie -- no, that's "cinematograph" -- versions, what was crap and what was right... yeah, you're halfway there. And if somebody asks details you don't know, you'll either make it up, or throw your head back and laugh it off.

Yeah, they ought to fall for that.

If you play your cards right, you could be a paid consultant for one of these kooky horror writers and directors (they're always throwing money around). It'll be excellent.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Buffy

Your name is Buffy, and you're a Valley Girl. You're also a vampire slayer. You are soooo sure. It was really a bummer learning how to kill vampires. Totally gross, too. You have to, like, drive a stake through their hearts! Omigawd!

Anyway, you come from a long line of vampire slayers, which gives you a certain advantage. Unfortunately, it also means you get killer cramps (like double PMS or something) when you are near real vampires. It's a bitch, but it's a job. You can do killer somersaults, too.

Someone told you about Vincent's kegger and you managed to get invited. After all, you are a cute teenaged girl! You're mostly here to have a good time, but if any "business" comes up, you're prepared.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Manservant Hecubus

You work for Sir Simon Mulligan, Master of Funk! and Evil!, and host of the TV show "Pit of Darkness." By allowing yourself to be part of the act, you help Sir Simon with the show. You promote EVIL by revealing the end of movies, refusing to participate in card tricks, and pretending to fall for Sir Simon's "Sleep of Ages" routine. He thinks he can cast a sleep spell, which is okay, since you need a nap anyway. It's hard to fit your job into a busy schedule of drinking and avoiding work.

Sir Simon thinks he should have been invited to this party, because of his stupendous EVIL. He thinks you lost his invitation. You don't remember, because you were drunk that day. It doesn't matter what day, because it's a good bet you were drunk. The two of you snuck in, or would have snuck in if anyone was checking invitations.

You plan to have a good time, meet new and EVIL people, drink, promote EVIL, and serve Sir Simon if there's no way out of it. It's unfortunate that whenever Sir Simon calls you, you seem to teleport to him. Or maybe it's just cheap special effects. That, combined with your amazing ability to stare at others as if you were half asleep, are sure to make you the life of the party. You need to find the refreshments table.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Kali

Millions know and fear you as the blood drinking Hindu goddess of death, and sometimes consort of Shiva... but when the working day is done, you just wanna have fun. Yes, though you wear a necklace of men's heads and spend your days in the grim workings of mortality, you like to let your hair down sometimes. Your old American friend Vincent Price throws a fine party (and he hasn't got much time left on earth) so you jumped at the chance. You've taken on this human form for the occasion as your traditional aspect is too terrible for even demons to behold (or too beautiful-humans swoon and leap into bonfires at the sight). You really want to relax, have a few brews, talk about old times, maybe pick up a cute guy or two. There's been a lot of work in all the wars, massacres, starvation, and disease lately, and you just want a night off for once in a century... (If somebody tries to make you go back to work before you're finished R &R, you'll be plenty pissed. Let somebody else take care of it for a change.)

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Lestat du Lioncourt

You are the vampire Lestat. You're immortal, more or less. The light of the sun, the sustained heat of a fire -- these things might destroy you. But then again, maybe not.

You're six feet tall, which was fairly impressive in late Eighteenth Century France, when you were a young man. It's not bad now. You have whitish-blonde shoulder length hair, translucent grey eyes, a short narrow nose, and a generous, sensual mouth. Your fingernails look like glass. You're beautiful, and you know it.

Made immortal by an outcast vampire, you are yourself very much the renegade. You embrace everything forbidden. Most forbidden of all was your mother, Gabrielle. She was dying of tuberculosis, and you couldn't stand it. Much of your beauty came from her. So you made her immortal, too. It bothers you that she prefers solitude and the company of books to your brilliant company.

America calls you a Rock Superstar. MTV shows your videos regularly. No one knows that what they see on film is makeup -- your own skin doesn't leave an image on camera. You've been the subject of several books ghostwritten by Anne Rice, including your own autobiography, The Vampire Lestat. A movie is being made from one of them, starring Tom Cruise - impossible! - as you.

As a horror great, you were invited to the Dead Man's Party, hosted by Vincent Price. A fine old man, that one. You wonder sometimes if he's a vampire, too. Certainly He's provided drinks that will prevent the urge to - dine - on his mortal guests. You are delighted and intrigued.

Unlike many vampires, you enjoy the company of people. You love a good party, rock music, dancing, and the sound of mortal blood rushing through the veins. Your heightened vampire senses always make parties a delight. There are other vampires here too, and you look forward to meeting and dancing with them.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Gabrielle du Lioncourt

You are a vampire. You're immortal, more or less. The light of the sun, the sustained heat of a fire -- these things might destroy you. But then again, maybe not.

You became immortal in late Eighteenth Century France, when you were dying of tuberculosis. Your son, Lestat, made you. It's not a bad life. At least, you are free of the bonds of conventional society, and your husband, whom you hated when he was still alive. It gives you pleasure to know that you are free of him, and free of all male restraint. Now you do as you please, which mostly includes roaming the world in men's clothing observing the foolishness of other beings.

You have whitish-blonde hair, which you cut every night. It grows back during the day as you sleep. You also have translucent grey eyes, a short narrow nose, and a generous, sensual mouth. Your fingernails look like glass. You're beautiful, and you know it. Your son's beauty is as your own.

America calls your son a Rock Superstar. He loves people. Sometimes you are jealous, but tonight you are simply amused. As a vampire, your heightened senses will make this party so much more amusing. The colors are delightful, and the guests look delicious.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Michael

Sleep all day, party all night...it's fun to be a vampire.

Once you were just a teenager in Santa Clara, California -- the murder capital of the world. Your mom got divorced and you were new in town, looking for new friends. The Boardwalk was a cool place to start. It was a life, but this is better.

Okay, it's not all fun and games. You have to kill other people to live. Hanging upside down in a damp cave every day can be a real drag. Once you really wanted to stop this...to kill the "head vampire." But really, you were pretty relieved to find out that it wasn't that nerdy guy Max, who was dating your mother. What a geek!

You don't know who the real "head" was, and you don't care. Star took you, killed you, and made you what you are today. A sexy stud who can keep going all night long!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Star

"If you want your ear pierced, I'll do it."

What a great line! It works every time. It brought Michael to you for a first kill, and many more after. Not that you always share the gift...Michael was special.

You were a half-vampire before Michael. When you helped to kill Max, you thought you'd killed the "head" vampire. You were wrong, which isn't surprising in a place like Santa Clara, California. Eventually you gave in to your cravings, took Michael and became what you are today. A party girl who always dances 'til dawn.



DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Sir Simon Mulligan, Master of Funk! and Evil!

You are so EVIL you can barely stand it. Really. You exist to promote EVIL. That's why you host your TV show, "Pit of Darkness," from your diabolical laboratory. That's why you're invited to this exclusive little party.

Well, okay...you weren't exactly invited, but you're sure it was just an oversight. Surely as the prime promoter of EVIL in Hollywood, you would be first on the guest list at a Halloween party hosted by Vincent Price. You told your Manservant Hecubus, who is compelled to come when you call him from no matter where, to find your invitation. He couldn't. You're sure he lost it, the fool.

You fiendishly entered the premises without an invitation. Your stupendous EVIL has given you many diabolical abilities, which aided you in this mission. You've whipped up a little spell called "Sleep of Ages." It's a biggie - if you place your fingers over a person's closed eyes and chant "Seva Leba Keti," you can cause the person to have, well, closed his eyes. You also have a gaze so piercing that people will notice you are staring at them, and you can make a really nifty mystic sign of EVIL. If anyone had been checking for invitations, you really would have stunned them with your power.

Well, you'll show them. You'll prove you're the most EVIL man here. That'll teach Vincent Price what happens when you forget to invite EVIL to a party!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Stephen King

You are the greatest horror writer in the modern world. Everyone knows your works: Carrie, The Shining, Firestarter, The Dead Zone, Christine, Pet Sematary, Needful Things...and of course fine movies like Children of the Corn, Maximum Overdrive, Creepshow...no one knows you. That's okay - you like it that way. You're invited to the biggest, most prestigious Hollywood party, and no one recognizes you. Not bad.

Especially when you consider that you wrote about your own personal nightmare in Misery. You are really afraid of one day meeting your "biggest fan," someone who will try to make your novels come true. You'd rather not think about that too much.

One of your favorite hobbies is making cameo appearances in your own movies. You find this hilarious -- like in Creepshow, when you played some bumpkin who gets covered in space moss -- that was a hoot. You're really fond of mocking a twangy redneck dialect. Or a Maine accent. You're not picky.

You love Rock 'n' Roll -- you like to play guitar, though it's fortunate that you keep writing books for a living. You also like to make people think about things that they'd really rather not think about. At Vincent Price's Kegger, that may be easier than usual. You can have a good time, and forget all about your fat wife and loathsome kids back home in Maine. You're looking forward to a fine evening...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Ambrose Bierce

You were born in Ohio in 1842, and you had more than your fair share of impact on the Union into which you were born. You fought for it during the Civil War on the Union side, and saw action at Chickamaugua and Shiloh, two of the bloodiest battles in human history. You were seriously wounded at Kenesaw Mountain in 1864, and mustered out with the rank of Major.

You spent most of the rest of your life as a newspaper writer in California, England, or finally Washington D.C., aside from an unsuccessful period spent as a prospector. You were no ordinary newspaperman though. You were famous for your bitter attacks on dishonest politicians, bores, clergymen, and any other pretenders or frauds. No one escaped the cynical lashing of your pen.

You broke dozens of friendships, and alienated both your wife and children. When you were not busy demolishing some pretentious fool, you gave vent to the dark side of your nature, writing horror and ghost stories. Not since Poe had there been an American author who was so darkly inspired. It mystified you that anyone could witness the horrors that you had, and not be obsessed with death and horror.

You lived to see the invention of movies, but not of talkies, which is probably just as well. You would never have relinquished creative control. Feh! You made your way to Mexico in 1913, tired of life in the United States...tired in fact of life. There was a revolution underway led by Pancho Villa, a man who was at least honorable.

You are generally believed to have died in the siege of Oijanaga in 1913, but you did not. You have some vague memory of staying at a very good hotel, but other than that, everything seems to be a blank until recently. You made your way back to California, where you found that things were even worse. You have been considering suing for your copyrights, since you are manifestly not dead. You struck up an acquaintance with Vincent Price, who is as cynical as yourself, and were invited to his party. Since your social calendar isn't exactly crammed with events, you decided to attend.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Nick Night

You were born in the previous century, and made your way into the American West, and Mexico. You found a career for yourself in "archaeology" which is to say robbing tombs and selling the loot to establishments like the Peabody museum. The rules were a lot less well defined back in the 1800's.

In Mexico, you fell victim to a curse that you knew about only from legend. You became a vampire, cursed forever to live only by drinking the blood of your fellow humans. It was an unpleasant existence. Sure you were dashingly handsome, and women fell prey to you easily. But slaying your dates on a regular basis put a real crimp in your ability to form a long-term relationship.

You began attempting to find a series of sacrificial cups from an Olmec temple in Yucatan which might be able to break the curse upon you. This has been your life quest, but you don't expect it will end anytime soon. It has given you a wide ranging knowledge of antiquities, though.

You made friends with a law enforcement official, and eventually confided your troubles to him. He managed to make arrangements with a hospital blood bank. Now every morning, before you go to bed, you microwave a cup of human blood. It isn't the same as drinking from a victim, but it keeps you alive, and you don't have to risk killing people.

You work as a police officer for the LAPD. It allows you to keep tabs on other, less ethical, vampires, and in general do some good to make up for your depredations. You drive a 1971 Cadillac, because it has the largest trunk of any car ever manufactured. This provides a handy place to sleep during the day, since you cannot tolerate direct sunlight at all.

Naturally, in California, you have made many friends in the Movie industry, and they wrangled you an invitation to Vincent Price's party. There may be several other vampires here, and it is incumbent upon you to convince them to change their murderous ways...or else. You wish that the party were being held in an area where you have legal jurisdiction, but alas, it is not. You also wish you had taken the time to eat before you came here, as you find yourself a bit hungry....

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Igor

You are the assistant to Herr Doctor Frankenstein, one of the world's greatest living physicians. You are a hunchback, with a tendency toward dry, deadpan humor. Sometimes your practical jokes get out of hand. When Dr. Frankenstein sent you to get a brain for his first undead creation, you picked out the brain of a mentally deficient moron. Even the subsequent rise of his creation to the office of Vice-President of the United States has not caused Dr. Frankenstein to forgive you.

You try to be a good servant. You don't intentionally sabotage Dr. Frankenstein's plans. It is just that when you see an opening, you can't resist a joke or prank. Who wants to be a straight man all the time?

You have tried to be good to Dr. Frankenstein's latest undead creation though. A beautiful human woman...boy would you...uhm. Ah. Yes, you are devoted to them both...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Renfield

The master calls to you. You first met him in Transylvania, when you were sent as a solicitor to the castle of Prince Vlad Dracul, a Wallachian nobleman. He was an immensely noble and fascinating fellow, and he drank your blood and enslaved you. You came back to England apparently devoid of reason, but you were his advance agent. Already you wildly desired to devour life, any kind of life, even insects.

He never came, but apparently he had granted you eternal life. You were released when the Thatcher government took power and turned out the inmates of the asylums to save money on the National Health program. Since then, you have wandered the earth, devouring life, and hoping to find Dracula, your master, to complete your transformation into Nosferatu.

In the meantime, things aren't all bad. You hang out a lot at the Insect Club, and no one thinks better of it. You came to Vincent's party because you had heard that Dracula might be here. There is a fellow saying he is Vlad...but...is it just you or does he not have the power of fascination he once did?

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Matthew Allen Carter

You are Matthew Allen Carter, A. Looney. Uh...that is "a loony". You attended college at George Washington University, but you were not so much interested in education as in seeing who you could terrify with the dark secrets of the abyss which you have seen and which few others can view without the loss of their sanity.

Freaking out on drugs was one of your primary forms of entertainment. You married an attractive young girl who was enchanted by your mystery. Emily Breezewood, the daughter of a prominent senator. You abused her unmercifully, and had your chickenshit lawyer, Gary Morant, cut her loose in the divorce proceedings - setting her up for an adultery charge to make sure that she got nothing.

If only Gary had been a better lawyer. He might have been able to keep that asshole Grant Cochran from stealing all of your best work. You don't care much for Grant...come to think of it, you don't care much for anyone, except those few people who might forward your career as a psychic, despite your history of violent attacks on television personalities.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Vincent Price

Ahh...life has never been better. You have a wonderful gothic mansion (which reminds you a little bit of Yale University) and plenty of friends. Your party tonight will be one of the social occasions of the year.

If only you hadn't had that little problem with Dr. Gonzales. The poor fool thought to reveal the details of your seventh face-lift to your adoring public. You tried to be reasonable, and convinced your friend Elvira to seduce the poor fellow. When that didn't work, you seduced him for good measure, and then counter-blackmailed him.

Unfortunately, he was insistent, and decided to break into your house, disguised as a power company technician. You spotted him hiding behind the shower curtain, and stabbed him through it. It was such a lovely scene. You opened the curtain, and commanded him to recite the requisite lines "alas I am slain." When he didn't, you bludgeoned him to death (your psychologist says you should work on your temper).

You began to cut the body up, and wash the blood stained clothes you were wearing, but you had company coming over. You removed the head so no one would know who the deceased fellow was, and stashed the other body parts out of sight. That should suffice, as none of these people is known for stirring intellectual abilities.

Besides...no one would dare to face you down in your own house. Still they could make trouble later, if you don't throw them off the track.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Michael

You never wanted to move to Santa Carla, the "murder capital of the world" but your mother got divorced, and your family moved back to live with your spooky and iconoclastic taxidermist Grandad.

You became involved with a young vampiress named Star...she didn't tell you she was a vampire on the first date, not until you had consumed blood, and become a member of the gang of vampires that prowled the Santa Carla boardwalk.

You had some good times, but eventually you started freaking out, and when your own brother condemned you as an undead monster, you knew it was time to do something other than wear Ray-bans in the daytime. With the help of the Frog brothers, you exterminated the vampires, including your mother's date (something which didn't make her happy at all).

For a while things went back to normal, but it seems that "once bitten" you are never quite the same. Lately you've been having minor levitation spells, dizziness, sensitivity to sunlight, and you don't think its being caused by antibiotics...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Edgar Frog

Collecting comic books and staking evil bloodsucking undead monsters is your line of work. You live in Santa Carla, the murder capital of the world, though lately since you staked the head vampire "Max" and the bloodsucking Brady Bunch that were his "boys" things have gotten better. You can walk the streets at night again...because the Frog Brothers are on patrol.

You got wind of some hideous undead creatures attending the fashionable party of Vincent Price, and crashed the gate. You need to begin the process of checking all the possible vampires here, without arousing suspicion of course. The usual tests...can they tolerate holy water (you have a phial), do they have a reflection, like garlic, etc. This fool Price has already invited them all into his house.

So here you are. It appears that you can't just demolish the evil creatures wholesale though...Vincent only allows a ritualized combat called "dueling." Fortunately, a Frog brother is ready for any kind of combat!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Dan Quayle (Frankenstein's Monster)

You have always felt bad that you were such a disappointment to "dad," Dr. Frankenstein. He had worked for years to give life to a corpse, but he sent his clumsy servant Igor to get a brain for the body he was attempting to revive, and Igor retrieved the brain of a mentally deficient moron.

After it became clear what a loss you were, Dr. Frankenstein cut you loose. You came to the United States, and tried to get a job touring as a "Howdy Doody" look alike, but his popularity was waning. Eventually you were forced into the only career that was suitable for an undead moron. Politics.

You eventually rose to become Vice-President of the United States, despite the fact that you are a hopeless half-wit, and an undead monster. Perhaps if someone tightened the bolts sticking out of the side of your head...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Allan Frog

Collecting comic books and staking evil bloodsucking undead monsters is your line of work. You live in Santa Carla, the murder capital of the world, though lately since you staked the head vampire "Max" and the bloodsucking Brady Bunch that were his "boys" things have gotten better. You can walk the streets at night again...because the Frog Brothers are on patrol.

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So here you are. It appears that you can't just demolish the evil creatures wholesale though...Vincent only allows a ritualized combat called "dueling." Fortunately, a Frog brother is ready for any kind of combat!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Bunnicula

Hop hop hop hop hop.

Nudge, nudge nudge nudge VNUDGE!

Thump.

Hop!

Vnudge.



DEAD MAN'S PARTY

H.P. LOVECRAFT

You are Howard Philip Lovecraft, the deranged Boston author of fantasy stories whose gripping tales of horror in the 1920's and 30's eventually became classic. Of course that was a little late to do you much good, but so it goes.

You lived your life in mortal terror, which is probably why you expressed it so well. You were mentally and emotionally disturbed. You had a dread of old family curses brought on by the prevalence of hereditary syphilis in your family. You had a dread of illness brought on by your own poor health. Until you were five, you thought you were a little girl. Your mother wanted a little girl, and continued to occasionally dress you as one even after you learned at age five that you were a boy.

You had a short miserable life. Your one love was writing, and you spun thousands of tales of horror, many of them centering on the Massachusetts town of Arkham, and the horrors of the Great Old Ones - horrible beings from beyond the stars. You could see and sense these terrible things. Unfortunately, money for such writing was scarce, and even when you could sell stories, you preferred to spend hours writing letters to your friends. You were a dweeb, and your only real friends were your literary correspondents.

Eventually the dark terrors from beyond seized you and dragged you into death. You seem to have achieved a kind of literary immortality though, for here you are. You heard that your deepest, most horrible nightmare, CTHULU himself, was going to be at this party. Not having an invitation, you snuck in to see. You couldn't resist the opportunity to confront your deepest fear, even if it drives you further into the abyss of madness...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

CORKY WITHERS

You are Corky Withers. Your best friend is Fats. Fats is a dummy. Not as in stupid. As in, he is a wooden and plaster man, which you support on your right knee, and animate with your hand.

You practiced for a year to be a magician, and you were good. You had really started when you were a kid. You could do tricks, shuffle with the best of them. But the problem is, nobody cared. Your opening night act was a disaster, you contemplated suicide. Everyone has seen card tricks -- they aren't exciting. No one really cares.

Then you met Fats, by accident, wandering through FAO Schwartz. Within a year, you were back. Fats was everything you needed in a partner. He had a constant sarcastic patter that was a counterpoint to your innocent straight lines. You appeared on talk shows, played big theaters, became a personality, a well known stage magician. Corky Withers, and Fats. Your agent, the Postman, loved it.

The problem is that Fats is alive. Fats is just as much alive as Corky...maybe more so. And he doesn't care for the idea of you forming any lasting associations with anyone else. He's as jealous as any other partner, and he doesn't have a sex drive. On the outside it looks fun. Fats interrupts you with smart remarks, and can't be shut up, it seems like you two are the best of buddies. The fact that you never go anywhere without Fats, and that he takes part in all your conversations is a little spooky to some people....

...like you.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

VLAD DRACUL

You are Prince Vlad, Voevod, or Warlord, of Wallachia. In your prime you were sometimes known as "Dracula," the son of the dragon, after your father, Vlad Dracul, who was visited with the Order of the Dragon.
Throughout your life, you fought the Turks. For a while you were their prisoner. In the days of 15th century Romania, this was a common enough situation. Your brother was also their hostage, and turned Moslem, eventually he became your enemy.

You had good friends as well. Janos Hunyadi, the King of Hungary, who was your patron, though you were his prisoner for a while as well. Stephen the Great was your cousin, and ally, but your territory was on the border, and it was only a matter of time.

You committed many atrocities. You slew wealthy Saxon burghers who did not support your campaigns. You impaled a Moslem army outside of Tirgoviste as a symbol of your defiance. You also reared churches and defended the faith, though you eventually lapsed from the Eastern Orthodox faith of your birth to Roman Catholicism, the religion of your liege Janos Hunyadi.

You led expeditions against the Turks that hurt them, and you dealt them one of their only great defeats. Eventually, you were slain in a bitter battle with your brother. But you had slain too many men, washed yourself in too much blood. You rose from the grave as an undead spirit, condemned forever to wander the earth by night seeking the blood of the living.

All in all it isn't a bad way to get along. You've been living abroad since the 1890's though your first attempt to come to England was a disaster. But Romania has been too bloody for even a proud Christian Prince like yourself. Cesascu was such a putz. If he had been a real man, when the population rose against him, he would have killed every tenth one of them and plunged the country into a bloodbath unrecorded in human history. But no, he missed the opportunity...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

NANCY

You're not the average movie screamer; after all, you've survived through several "nightmares" on Elm Street. Now you plan to stay awake, for the rest of your life or until Freddie Kruger is killed -- whichever comes first. Caffeine, methedrine...you don't care what it takes. You want to stay awake and alive.

Freddie Kruger is the monster who haunts your sleep. He was a demented child-murderer years ago, when you were just a little girl. He kidnapped children and tortured them to death in vile, heinous ways. A group of parents, including your own, trapped him in a warehouse and burned him to death. So he shouldn't be back, should he?

This creep killed your best friend, her boyfriend, and your boyfriend. Then you brought him back from your dream and tried to burn him to death, again. He returns again and again in your dreams, and the dreams of any child living on Elm Street. There aren't a lot of kids left. And so, whatever you do, you won't fall asleep.

You're not the usual vapid movie screamer. You don't let the killer catch you with your pants down, and you don't even scream all that much. Unfortunately, it doesn seem that director Wes Craven has set you up to be a victim. Everyone you know is dead...or asleep.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

DR. HANNIBAL LECTER

Fine dining is one of the last surviving bastions of civilization in this god-forsaken world. Manners are an almost total loss; so when rude people impose on you they become main courses. A census taker once tried to quantify you; you ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice Cianti. You were a famous psychiatrist with papers in prestigious journals until you were found out by a cop who understood serial killers because he was half insane himself. Though not demented you might admit to being "inhuman", as most so-called humans are herds of cattle or pigs, and your intelligence and morals are incomprehensibly beyond them.

You spent a few years in the keep of the pompous and nonmedical Dr. Chilton, an irritating and ill-bred turnkey for the state held "criminally insane". (What a ridiculous term; make up your minds!) When Jack Crawford from the FBI's Behavioral Sciences sent his pet student Clarice Starling for help with the girl-skinner Buffalo Bill, Chilton's incompetence allowed you to escape. With your clues in exchange for her painful secrets, Clarice tracked and killed Billy in his lair, just before he was to harvest. An apt pupil; you can almost feel how she lost her innocence and submitted to blood lust.

After devouring Chilton in his Federal Protection in the Caribbean, you wandered around seeking civilized people. Vincent Price is one of the few that survived your exacting standards. Though he's had to do debased things to get by (so have you), he retains courtesy, dignity, and taste. As you've altered your appearance, prints, and teeth, you feel free and charmed to accept his party invitation, and come as yourself. He warned you some of his guests are a bit wild, but it's an honest wildness. Also, if anyone DID cross the line, he'd have entertaining rules to cover it. A good party is promised.

Bon Appetit!

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

RICHARD MUNDARRE

Yes! That mystery man behind The Freak Show television series and Dark Carnival magazine may be getting old, but it doesn't slow him down any. Will he confirm rumors of an upcoming revival of The Freak Show?

You are the sort of person of which Hollywood is all too full: warm and civil, yet vicious and back-stabbing when it suits you. You are an entrepreneur of the surreal and grotesque, and your best material is stolen from real life. Over the years you've provided safe haven to lots of people and things that ought not exist, then exploited them for their secrets. Charles Fort's got nothing on you. You're the kindly old uncle who WOULD nail a child actor's foot to the floor, not just threaten it...

You produced The Freak Show television series from 1957-1961, and later ran Dark Carnival magazine from your personal domain, Ringmaster Studios. At this point in time you're a floating celebrity (like Vincent or Orson Wells), considering a remake of The Freak Show series.

At the present you're fairly well set up, with residuals from the many syndicated reruns of the old Freak Show around the world. You have quite a collection of props; a good many of the items used in the original television series sit in a vault in your basement. You're especially interested in Vincent's noted collection of bric-a-brac, and if you could find ways to con or squeeze a few choice pieces out of him the night will be quite successful.

And then there's your air of weirdness, which has served your ventures so well. You've no special abilities yourself, save being able to find the unusual and control it by hook or by crook. But that's enough in many cases... Perhaps this evening's affair could provide some new raw talent for your comeback.

Among your other bizarre achievements, it has been given to you to know the time and circumstances of your own death. Maybe you'll announce it so they'll remember you better than that corny hack, Rod Serling.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Sistrasa

You ran away and waited tables to escape dull rural life and arranged marriage. You gave yourself to a charming but mysterious nobleman to pull yourself up in the world. When you discovered he was a vampire, you insisted on his dark gift for the power and freedom from petty human concerns.

You became his lady, and hunted together for a time. Then he made you hunt alone posing as a peasant girl to avoid notice. Ironically, he failed to keep a low profile, and was killed by a mob of self-appointed vampire hunters. He'd carefully paid off the Church, the Inquisition, and local government, and then this happens!

Enraged, you spent a century killing them, their families, and anyone who had ever heard of them. After the initial carnage, at your hands, of those directly responsible, you introduced plague rats into the area. This remarkably both covered your tracks and finished your task.

Since then, you've bobbed in and out of human history. You've met others of your kind but never make lasting attachments. You are a lone hunter. The World Wars were sort of interesting, but it's been a little too peaceful since. The Yugoslavian breakup wars look interesting, but you hear that's Vlad Dracul's territory (a big name -- you'd like to meet him someday).

Lots of big names are expected at this party. Undead and monstrous Kinfolk from all over. And some of those authors who write those charming little fairy tales about your kind. It looks like it could be fun...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Tobias Zoomer

You were a wild journalist specializing in being part of the story. Those were fast strange times, and you moved in fast strange ways. When a mysterious killer stalked your whacked out New Age Society, possibly drug related, you moved in for a critical closer look. How ironic that you should become a victim of this demented sociopath, while under the influence of drugs no less.

Excellent work, Zoomer! That's getting involved in the story, all right! What do you do now, now that you're dead? Pretty much the same routine. Snoop into trouble, go to parties, trade wild stories, fall down dead drunk (that's a joke, son). Most of your associates are crusty old hard drinking writers too: H.L. Menken, Sam Clemens (he just wrote the kiddie books for money), Eddie Poe,and a buncha others that didn't get famous but just kept cranking out the bylines until their livers melted down...

Poe invited you to this party Vincent Price is throwing. Usually you have trouble mixing with the living, but the ectoplasm is especially thick around Vincent's house; you can talk, be fairly solid, and best of all: imbibe! You're looking forward to covering this event.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Lizzie Borden

"Lizzie Borden took an axe, and gave her father forty whacks. When she saw what she had done, she gave her mother forty-one."

That's what they say about you, even though you were found innocent. The annoying thing, of course, is that your sister did it. Sure, you watched, but you weren't the one actually committing patricide and matricide, in one fell swoop. Oh well, it was only a stepmother and you hated her anyway. The house was getting pretty crowded, and you figured you could use the privacy.

Still, the way your sister swung that axe...you fantasized about the feel of the blade pressing past the soft tissue and into the bones...splitting and tearing them apart, watching the blood flow...the vision haunted you for the rest of your known life, along with your reputation.

Fortunately, rumors of your death have been greatly exaggerated, and times have changed. With the advent of tabloid television like "Hard Copy," "A Current Affair," and "America's Most Wanted," you're now something of a celebrity. Naturally Vincent Price invited you to his party. You're not allowed to kill guests at random, but clutching your axe tightly in your hand makes for interesting conversation. There are so many people here with whom you have so much in common...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Elvira

You're just a surfer ghoul, or a Valley ghoul as the mood strikes you, back from the grave and ready to party. Ever since you started hosting a bad movie show on California TV, your name has been known to the horror set. You even advertise Coors beer every Halloween. It's pretty cool.

Vincent Price is a close...er, personal friend. You and he have had a thing going for a while, though you suspect you're not his only lover. No big deal. That's the way they play it in Hollywood!

After his last facelift, Vincent asked you to seduce his plastic surgeon, Dr. David Gonzalez. You think he wanted to keep the guy in good spirits (heh, heh) so he wouldn't talk about the surgery. Vincent doesn't want anyone to know about the facelift, because he'd rather not reveal his true age. No problem. You're sure you'll do the same thing someday.

Anyway, you and Doctor David had a fine fling going there. You sent him lovenotes and everything. It was a good time. You thought about writing a lovenote to Vincent, to see if it would revitalize the flame, but stopped halfway. It was, like, why bother? If he wants you he'll show it, and if not, there are plenty of other rich men around.

Sometimes you think people find you sexy not just because of your curvaceous body, but also because they are afraid of you. That's okay -- you just hope this party is as good as the last one...

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Wednesday Addams

"I'm dressed up as a psycopathic killer -- they look like everybody else."

Vincent Price invited you to his party because he shares the same interests as you. Death, pain, darkness, torture...you want to tell everyone about these special interests. The best way, you've found, is walking up behind them quietly and asking something like, "Do you believe in God?" It's a hit at parties every time.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Teenage screamer

You've decided it would be totally cool to crash this party and hang out with these awesome celebs. So you are gonna wind yer way around, act like you Came With Someone or Know Somebody or maybe even ARE Somebody, and flirt, and drink (but not 'til you hurl like last time) and all the stuff your parents would never go for. You hope it's a fun Halloween party and not scary or creepy, cuz sometimes like you really can't deal with that.

You are a stereotypical screaming victim. This does not necessarily mean you will be killed, but you might. You will certainly be imperiled, menaced and chased by fiends, psychos, or monsters. Go with the flow. Act stupid and helpless, run around the house incompetently screaming and whining. It's YOUR 15 minutes in the spotlight. Hey, we didn't invent this awful stereotype, we're just exploiting it. Eventually, real combat may ensue; either you die pitifully or live to continue mindless partying.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Morticia Addams

You are a beautiful woman, and you know it. Your loving husband, Gomez, tells you so everyday. Sure, some people might find your home life a bit unusual, with the rack upstairs and Uncle Fester's lab in the basement, but you don't care. When Gomez speaks French to you it all fades away. He just turns you into a puddle of desire.

Besides, what's so unusual about your children's marked fascination with death? Doesn't everyone clip flowers from their garden? Admittedly, most people don't just cut the buds off, but you like to consider yourself a unique and original woman. After all, aren't those the type of people who get invited to Vincent's party?

And you do so enjoy Mr. Price. He's such a charming man. Almost as charming as Gomez. And his house! You must ask Gomez to build crypts in your backyard immediately.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Gomez Addams

You are the notorious Gomez Addams, the current head of the Addams family. You live in a huge, dark, foreboding mansion, with your wife Morticia.

You like living in a run down, spider-web encrusted, shambles. Your "family values" are a little different than those of most families. Where some families embrace all that is good and wholesome, your family thrives on all that is dark, evil, menacing, and generally...well eerie.

Not that you are a bad lot. You get along well, at least with each other, better than most families in fact. You have your macabre hobbies, and your passion for your dear wife (especially when you speak French). You love your children, and assist them in generally terrorizing the neighborhood whenever possible.

In short you are very much like most other American fathers...a twisted sado-masochistic monster, with delusions of grandeur.

The only difference is that you admit it.

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

Wilbur Whateley

Hehehehee... yor human kin hev bin knowed as sorcerers in th hills behind Arkham for cent'ries as these folks rekin time. Yor Ma wus Lavinia Whateley an yew never knowed her too well afore she wuz sacrificed a year ago to celebrate yor third birthday. But yor other folk is aoutside o' normal time. They's th'Old Ones, an yer real Pa is none other than th' Key an Guardian Of Th' Gate Yog Sothoth! Ia!

Well anyhaow, yew cac'late that th' stars are gunna be right this Hallows at the standing stones in Vincent Price's yard. Yor true folk will sweep th' earth clean of human folk an Deep Ones an even Cthulu who forsaked his own kind. If'n yew can find a gal virgin t' slaughter in th' Aklo Aklo ritual afore midnight, yor Pa'll move into this here plane an give yew th' earth t' dispoil 'n millions o' shogoths to boot. It'd just be a sin t' hafta wait another year.