

# NIGHT STALKER

“The M Word”

EPISODE 112

Written by  
Darin Morgan

Directed by  
Tony Wharmby

PREP DRAFT      11/11/05

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NIGHT STALKER "THE M WORD" PREP DRAFT 11/11/05

CAST LIST

CARL KOLCHAK  
PERRI REED  
JAIN McMANUS  
TONY VINCENZO

GUY MANN  
RANGER  
WHITLEY  
ANN  
BABYCAT  
MANAGER  
DR. RUMANOVITCH  
SHERIFF  
STONER #1  
STONER #2  
TOM SANCHEZ (non-speaking)

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

BEACON

/ WHITLEY'S DESK  
/ ANN'S DESK  
/ VINCENZO'S OFFICE  
/ PHOTO DEPARTMENT  
/ KOLCHAK'S DESK

KOLCHAK'S MUSTANG

PARK RANGER'S RESIDENCE

MOTEL

/ MANAGER'S OFFICE  
/ ROOM  
/ CRAWL SPACE  
/ BATHROOM

FREE CLINIC

MONSTER DONUT

REED'S APARTMENT

EXTERIORS:

MOUNTAIN TRAIL

/ LAIR  
/ SECLUDED AREA

MOTEL

/ PARKING LOT

BACK ALLEY

PINK'S

PARK RANGER'S RESIDENCE

MONSTER DONUT

CEMETERY

TEASER

EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT (STOCK)

An ominous full moon hangs in the night sky, portending only one thing -- this episode's gonna have a monster in it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

Somewhere in the foliage, heavy guttural BREATHING is heard, as two silhouetted figures (hunched shouldered, wild, out-of-control hair) appear in view. As these creatures (monsters?) begin GRUNTING, they come through a clearing, revealing only a couple of STONERS (#1 and #2), giggling stupidly.

STONER #1

Dude, don't make me laugh like that  
-- the glue almost came out my  
nose! Whoa -- look at that moon!

STONER #2

Dude!

Stoner #2 has looked up, but in the wrong direction. Stoner #1 nudges him towards the "real" moon, which causes Stoner #2 to do a double take. They stare hypnotically for a while.

STONER #1

Dude, what would you do if I turned  
into a werewolf right now, and tore  
your head off?

STONER #2

How would you get home?

STONER #1

I'd take your car.

STONER #2

Werewolves can't drive.

STONER #1

I'd only be half wolf. The "were"  
half would still know how to drive.

STONER #2

A stick shift?!

Stoner #1 nods, defeated. Suddenly, a non-human SHRIEK and a human SCREAM, erupts o.s. The stoners exchange nervous looks before heading towards the noises. Parting through some shrubbery, they come upon a tableau of terror.

A man (PARK RANGER) is being attacked by a ... well, we don't get a good look at it, but the man-size creature looks reptilian, resembling a horned lizard (including, obviously, some occipital horns). Its features also have a humanness to them, in the manner of Jack Pierce's classic Universal make-up designs of yore. In short -- it's a MONSTER!

STONER #1 & #2

Dude!

The Monster, belting out a hiss-like SHRIEK, releases its victim, and darts straight towards the stoners, who dive for safety. After a moments pause, with neither one of them hurt, they regard each other.

STONER #2

Did that just happen?

Stoner #1 gets up, and followed by his colleague, moves to the blood-covered attack victim, kneeling down over him.

STONER #1

Dude, are you okay?

RANGER

Yeah, I think so.

STONER #2

Dude, are you okay?

RANGER

Yeah, I'm all right.

STONER #2

Dude, are you okay?

STONER #1

Dude, he just said he's okay.

STONER #2

No, not this dude -- *this* dude.

Stoner #1 and the Ranger now look over and see that Stoner #2 is addressing another person lying nearby.

STONER #1

Dude, I don't think that dude's okay.

CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL the exposed rib cage of this other, LIFELESS VICTIM. His upper torso appears ... devoured.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICERS mix with POLICE OFFICERS as the dead body is lifted into an ambulance by EMTs. A small crowd of BYSTANDERS (HIKERS, MOUNTAIN BIKERS) looks on in concern.

The Park Ranger, a ruggedly handsome man with a wide gap in his front teeth, leans against his truck, still shaken from his attack, but robust enough to answer questions from REED.

RANGER

I was informing him the trails were closed after sundown, and started lecturing about how dangerous it was to be hiking up here alone at this time of the night, when ... wouldn't you know it?

REED

When did you first see the lion?

RANGER

To be honest, I never did. Cougars ambush their prey from behind -- I now know from experience.

REED

What were you doing while the lion was attacking the hiker?

RANGER

I'm afraid I was unconscious. I only came to later. I just wish I could have done more to save him.

REED

You were trying to warn him, and you risked your life to do it. That makes you a hero in my book.

RANGER

I was just doing my job. And I'd be dead now, too, if it weren't for those kids. They're the heroes.

CUT TO:

STONER #1

I don't think of us as heroes.  
We're more like anti-heroes.

STONER #2

We don't have any actual powers.

Standing in a different area of the crime scene, the stoners answer questions from Reed.

REED

What were you two doing up here so late at night?

STONER #1 & #2

Uhm ... nothin'.

REED

Did either of you get a good look at the lion?

STONER #1

We keep telling 'em it wasn't a lion, but the cops are like, "Aw, shut up, ya hippies." Yeah, they called us "hippies!"

REED

If it wasn't a lion, what was it?

STONER #1

Dude ... it was a monster!

Out of thin air, notebook in hand, CARL KOLCHAK materializes.

KOLCHAK

Did somebody just say, "Monster?"

STONER #2

(raising hand)

I did.

KOLCHAK

What did this monster look like?

STONER #1

It was huge and scaly, and had fangs dripping with blood, and claws, and it had three eyes!

STONER #2

Dude, that thing only had one eye.

STONER #1

I saw three. Maybe when you looked at it, the other two were blinking.

KOLCHAK

Did it have a tail?

STONER #2

Did what have a tail?

REED

Kolchak ... why? Why must you  
always leap to the most  
preposterous angle?

KOLCHAK

Why call it preposterous before all  
the facts are in? You don't even  
know if this thing has a tail.

REED

A person was attacked in an area  
where mountain lions live. Why  
drag a ridiculous monster into this  
very human tragedy?

KOLCHAK

What makes it any less a tragedy if  
a monster was involved? Besides,  
the witnesses say it was a monster.

REED

You're going to take the word of  
these two?! They don't even know  
we're talking about them right now.

Reed pauses, letting the Stoners stare back as blankly as  
cows, proving her point.

KOLCHAK

That doesn't mean what they're  
describing doesn't actually exist.

REED

Sure, but on what planet?

STONER #1

You know, I'm not sure about the  
tail, but it had some gnarly horns.

KOLCHAK

This thing sounds reptilian.

STONER #2

Extremely reptilian.

As Kolchak jots this down, Reed rolls her eyes and moves away, crossing to the GRIEVING MOTHER, who is being supported by a FAMILY MEMBER, as they stand by the ambulance.

REED

Hi, I'm Perri Reed of the Beacon.  
I'm so sorry for your loss, and I  
know this is a difficult time, but  
could I get a few words about your  
son, or possibly a picture ....

As Reed continues off with the Mother, CAMERA HOLDS on a nondescript, middle aged man (GUY MANN) crossing through the scene. Wearing an unusually designed tie, as well as a light blue-striped seersucker coat and white shoes (reminiscent of a certain TV character of the 70's), he holds his head in his hands, obviously distraught.

GUY

Why? Why? Why? Why?

CUT TO:

Kolchak, in mid-interview with an annoyed SHERIFF.

SHERIFF

Kolchak, why must you always leap  
to the most preposterous angle?

KOLCHAK

All I'm asking is why aren't you  
taking their claims serious?

SHERIFF

Those kids had enough airplane glue  
on 'em to build the Spruce Goose. I  
cut them some slack, because they  
saved that ranger's life.

KOLCHAK

Why not at least have a sketch  
artist make a drawing of what  
they're describing?

SHERIFF

Because it would just look like a  
heavy metal album cover!

O.s., off in the brush, a COMMOTION is heard. The Sheriff hustles over, with Kolchak on his heels.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL/LAIR - DAY

Not a cave, but simply a secluded area, off the beaten path. The lair is piled high with HUMAN REMAINS, most reduced to SKELETONS, but some are naked and half-devoured.

Animal Control and Police stare down at the scene in horror, and as the Sheriff, Kolchak, and then Reed, join them, their expressions conform with the others. Everyone is too aghast to speak. Well, not everyone:

STONER #2

Dude, that'd make an awesome album cover.

INT. BEACON - WHITLEY'S DESK - DAY

A political cartoon depicting the evolutionary progress of Man. A fish crawls out of water, continues up through animal and Neanderthal stages, reaching Modern Man, who is diving back into the water, labeled, "Intelligent Design Pool".

WIDER TO REVEAL

Cartoon is being drawn by a cynical old coot named WHITLEY. Kolchak approaches his drafting board.

KOLCHAK

Excuse me, Mr. Whitley? I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if I might ask for a favor?

WHITLEY

Would it involve me drawing?

KOLCHAK

Actually, it would.

WHITLEY

Then forget it. If there's anything I hate to do -- it's draw.

KOLCHAK

But ... you do it for a living.

WHITLEY

You call this living? Who are you, anyway? How'd you get in here?

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak. I'm a crime --

WHITLEY

The monster guy?!

KOLCHAK

Uhm, well ....

WHITLEY

You're the guy that writes all those cockamamie stories, right? I love your crap! What do you need me to draw? Not a monster?!

KOLCHAK

Well, I have a description of an unknown creature --

With a dramatic flourish, Whitley sweeps away his current work, and eagerly grabs a fresh sheet of paper. Kolchak hands him his open notebook, which Whitley consults.

WHITLEY

Say no more! Just give me a couple minutes. Hey, hold on -- does this thing have one eye or three?

KOLCHAK

Split the difference. Give it two.

INT. BEACON - ANN'S DESK - DAY

A nice, pleasant female reporter, ANN, types at her desk, as Reed approaches, like one does with a colleague you've met, but rarely interact with.

REED

Hi, you're Ann, right? With the nature section? I'm Perri, over on crime. I was wondering if you could provide me with a contact about mountain lions. I'm working on the attack story.

ANN

Sure. I just talked to this guy at Fish and Game. I'm doing a side story -- what to do if you're ever attacked, safety precautions, etc.

She jots down a name and number, and hands it to Reed.

REED

Thanks, I appreciate it.

Reed heads towards her desk, and Ann resumes typing for a beat, before Kolchak appears.

KOLCHAK

Excuse me -- Ann, right? I'm Carl  
Kolchak, over on --

ANN

The monster guy?

KOLCHAK

(pause)

If you had to speculate, what  
animal would you say this most  
resembles?

Kolchak hands her Whitley's drawing. It's a fairly accurate  
likeness of the Monster, but it's depicted as wearing a top  
hat and monocle, and devouring several tiny picketers.

ANN

Why's it wearing a top hat?

KOLCHAK

It's supposed to represent big  
business, devouring labor unions --  
look, just ignore that part.

ANN

It sort of looks like a horned  
lizard. Most people call them  
horny toads.

KOLCHAK

Do they ever get to be man-size?

ANN

Uhm, no. They're more like this.

She holds out her hand, as if holding one in it. She then  
proceeds to shake her head to Kolchak's following questions:

KOLCHAK

Do they attack humans? Are they  
poisonous? Are you sure they don't  
ever get to be man-size? Okay ...  
well, thanks for your help.

As Kolchak heads away, Ann, trying to be "helpful" --

ANN

They shoot blood out their  
eyeballs.

KOLCHAK

(pause)

Look, I know I'm getting a rep around here for writing the "weird, quirky" stories, but you don't have to patronize me.

ANN

I'm not. They really shoot blood out their eyeballs. It's a defense mechanism.

Kolchak considers this. He nods his thanks, moving off.

INT. BEACON - VINCENZO'S OFFICE - DAY

Reed and Kolchak sit across from Vincenzo, vetting their stories. He runs a red marker through a line in Reed's copy.

VINCENZO

Let's hold off on this bit until they've i.d'd the other bodies. Nice work, Perri.

He hands her back her copy, with only the one sentence red-lined. Vincenzo picks up Kolchak's piece, and immediately starts red-lining, much to Kolchak's consternation.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Now, Kolchak ... one eye or three?

Kolchak opens his mouth to begin his explanation, but Vincenzo doesn't wait before resuming his red-lining.

VINCENZO

Are you aware you used the "M" word in this?

KOLCHAK

The "M" word?

VINCENZO

"Monster." Kolchak, an intelligent adult only wants to see the word "monster" when reading fairy tales to their kids, or political blogs. Don't ever use it again. In fact, don't use any of the "M" words: "monster," "manimal," "werewolf" --

KOLCHAK

Werewolf is with a "w".

VINCENZO  
Don't use it anyway!

Vincenzo hands back Kolchak's copy. Every single sentence has been red-lined.

KOLCHAK  
Well, what word do I use, if there really is a monster out there?

VINCENZO  
You don't have to worry about that dilemma, Kolchak. It'll never rear its ugly head.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Monster rears its ugly head. With a slightly seedy motel in the b.g., the Monster -- seen from behind, and in silhouette (its horns give it away) -- rises slowly from the bottom of the frame. A CLICKING NOISE emits o.s., and the Monster whips its head in that direction.

The clicking comes from the stiletto heels worn by BABYCAT, a streetwalker walking the street in front of the motel.

MONSTER'S POV - BABYCAT

From behind a parked car, watching as Babycat eyes passing cars. Stalkingly, the CAMERA creeps towards her, but stops, darting behind another parked car, as a CUSTOMER pulls up to the curb, and Babycat leans into his passenger window.

We watch as Babycat flirts, for quite a while. CAMERA TILTS DOWN, revealing the Monster's clawed hand and scaly arm, around which is a wristwatch (which it then shakes, irritably.) TILT BACK UP to see the car pull away, leaving Babycat alone on the sidewalk. As she turns her back, CAMERA rushes towards her. At the last second, Babycat turns around.

As her eyes widen in fear, she SCREAMS. As she desperately swings at the oncoming attacker, and her purse fills the frame --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

KOLCHAK

Looks like you gave it a pretty good shot.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we've been looking at Kolchak through the hole punctured in Babycat's purse. She displays it for Kolchak and Reed, as Animal Control Officers search the b.g.

BABYCAT

I hit him right in the horn. What else could I do? Me, a damsel in distress, attacked by a dragon, with no knight in shining armor to protect me.

KOLCHAK

Which way did it go?

BABYCAT

I told those animal control people it slithered towards the motel, but they just ignored me. They think I'm on crack.

REED

Are you?

BABYCAT

Sure, but that's no reason to be rude.

Kolchak shows her his political cartoon sketch.

KOLCHAK

Does this resemble the "dragon" you saw?

BABYCAT

Well, it wasn't wearing a top hat and monocle.

KOLCHAK

Ignore that part.

BABYCAT

It was only wearing underwear.

Kolchak is unsure how to respond, so Reed does for him.

REED  
Boxers or briefs?

BABYCAT  
Tighty whities. I can't wear them  
myself. I need room to stretch.

She puts her arm seductively through Kolchak's. He pauses.

KOLCHAK  
You're not a "damsel", are you?

BABYCAT  
(to Reed)  
Oh, he's quick. He must be one of  
your better reporters.

REED  
(shrugs)  
So, did it have one eye or three?

INT. BEACON - VINCENZO'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincenzo red-lines another Kolchak story to death, as a frustrated Kolchak, and Reed, look on.

KOLCHAK  
Just because "she" was a he doesn't  
mean he didn't see what she said  
she saw.

VINCENZO  
That's not what I'm objecting to  
about the story.

KOLCHAK  
What are you objecting to?

VINCENZO  
The story. A deadly gigantic horny  
toad has come down off the hills,  
and is stalking prey in the city?!

KOLCHAK  
Tony, how many people are going to  
have to die before you run this?

VINCENZO  
Hmm, three. Carl, while you were  
working on this "piece", some  
actual news broke. Fortunately, I  
have a professional journalist on  
staff who doesn't find attending  
police press conferences demeaning.

KOLCHAK

What happened?

REED

They discovered the victims' personal effects -- wallet, backpacks, clothing -- neatly stashed away in a shallow grave, close to where the bodies were found. This wasn't an animal, or monster, attack. A human did this.

KOLCHAK

Not necessarily. This creature might have human-like intelligence--

VINCENZO

(under his breath)

Kol-chak!

REED

Carl, if such a creature did exist, don't you think someone, somewhere, would have encountered it before?

KOLCHAK

We've only recently captured the first pictures of giant squids, which have been around for --

VINCENZO

Kolchak!

(regaining composure)

Carl ... I'll make a deal with you. If you get an exclusive, no-holds-barred interview with this brainy, man-eating beast, I'll publish it. But until then, I don't want to hear another word about monsters!

An out-of-breath McManus appears in the doorway.

MCMANUS

Kolchak, Animal Control just got another call about your monster!

Kolchak springs out of his chair, but stops. He looks back at Vincenzo, with the eagerness of a teenager asking his dad for the car keys. A silent pause. Vincenzo shoots a glance at Reed, who remains stoic. Vincenzo looks back at Kolchak, before dropping his head into his hands. The instant he does, Kolchak is out the door. He reappears, addressing Reed:

KOLCHAK  
Are you coming?

She looks at Vincenzo, who is shaking his head, still in his hands, and she shakes her head as well. As Kolchak bolts --

INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - NIGHT

Kolchak and McManus drive in search of the unknown. (Note: **Bold** indicates words that will drift across screen.)

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
How do you find something that  
might not exist, or if it does  
exist, exists only in **nightmares**?

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Behind some buildings that are under minor construction (scaffolding, a port-a-potty, etc.), Kolchak and McManus listen to a frustrated Animal Control Officer. The Officer gets in his truck, and drives off, leaving the journalist to begin their own search of the area.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
Sightings of a "**monstrous-sized**  
animal" provide proximity, but  
closeness doesn't count in the  
**darkness** of our souls.

MONTAGE

Series of shots of Kolchak and McManus driving and walking down various back alleys.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
When others are too afraid to face  
the face of **fear**, its up to the  
**stalkers** of the night to search the  
dark **shadows**, looking for a pair of  
eyes to peer back out. The  
**monsters** of our nightmares never  
sleep, so their pursuers can never  
rest, can never relent, can never --

EXT. PINK'S - NIGHT

Kolchak's v.o. abruptly stops, allowing Kolchak and McManus, standing at the side counter of Pink's hot dog stand, to eat their chili cheese dogs in peace. After a couple bites --

INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - NIGHT

Kolchak and McManus resume their search.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
-- cease the chase. But **Dangers**  
lurk around every **corner**.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

McManus is walking down the original back alley.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
Your prey considers you prey, and  
thinks you're the evil menace. On  
this murky battlefield ...

Annoyed, McManus looks over at Kolchak, who is revealed to be dictating into his portable tape recorder.

KOLCHAK  
... who stalks who, and for which  
side is fear rooting --  
(notices McManus' look)  
What?

MCMANUS  
You were doing that all night. Are  
you going to do it all morning,  
too?

KOLCHAK  
It sometimes helps me get down my  
first drafts.

MCMANUS  
You mean your rough drafts, right?  
That was just a very rough ...  
outline kind of thing, right?

Shooting McManus a look, Kolchak clicks off his tape recorder. The two continue walking down the dark alley.

MCMANUS (CONT'D)  
You know, you have to come up with  
a name for this thing. You can't  
just keep calling it "The Monster."

KOLCHAK  
Why not?

MCMANUS  
That's Frankenstein! It's taken.  
Besides, you need something that'll  
capture the public's imagination.  
That's probably why Vincenzo hasn't  
run any of your stories.

KOLCHAK

You think that's the reason?

MCMANUS

How about ... "Lizardo"? Only you spell it with a "y", to make it more exotic. Or with three "z"'s -- one for each eye. "Another bloody rampage by Liz-z-zardo!" That would sell some papers.

KOLCHAK

I think I'll wait 'til we catch it, then just ask it what its name is.

MCMANUS

Wouldn't it be weird if it said it's name is "Lizardo?" That'd be pretty creepy.

KOLCHAK

Not as creepy as this.

McManus follows Kolchak's look down to the ground, where, partially obscured by debris, is a naked, partially devoured dead body. Kolchak bends down to inspect it.

KOLCHAK (CONT'D)

It looks like it's found a new lair.  
At least, we know it's been here.

As McManus takes a picture, the flash illuminates the alley, where a distant figure suddenly darts away. Kolchak and McManus take off in pursuit. They reach the end of the alley, but the figure is gone.

Cautiously, they begin searching about, slowly breaking off, spreading out in different directions.

As McManus heads down a dark side alley, he flashes some pictures, just to light his way. A silhouetted figure slowly rises behind him. McManus continues on, unaware of the entity encroaching from behind.

Just before he is pounced upon, McManus turns around. He speed shoots his camera, causing a STROBE-LIGHT look at the SHRIEKING Monster lunging at a SCREAMING McManus.

KOLCHAK

Immediately, runs towards the SCREAMING, racing down the side alley, until suddenly freezing in his tracks.

McManus lies on the ground, motionless, covered in blood.

Kolchak kneels down beside him, touching his face. McManus slowly opens his eyes.

KOLCHAK  
Are you all right? What happened?

MCMANUS  
Lizardo.

The sound of a DOOR SLAMMING emits from the outer alley. Kolchak helps McManus up, and they resume their pursuit.

Out in the main alley, by the construction work, STRANGE NOISES are heard coming from within the port-a-potty.

Cautiously, the two approach the john. Kolchak grabs a nearby pallet, ripping out one of its wooden planks (it retains a bent nail at the end of it), and wielding it as a weapon, Kolchak reaches for the door, as McManus readies his camera.

Kolchak yanks open the door, and rears back to use his board-with-a-nail-in-it club, as McManus speed shoots his camera.

Sitting in the port-a-potty, with his pants around his ankles, reading a copy of The Beacon, is a human man. The man glimpsed in Act One, Guy Mann.

Kolchak and McManus share looks of confused disappointment.

GUY  
Uhm ... do you mind?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BEACON - PHOTO DEPARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE -- STILL PHOTO of ... well, it's hard to say. The photo is such an extreme close-up, the image is abstract.

KOLCHAK (O.S.)  
What am I looking at?

MCMANUS (O.S.)  
I'm ... I'm not sure.

ANOTHER STILL PHOTO -- this one is extremely out of focus.

KOLCHAK (O.S.)  
What the hell is that?

MCMANUS (O.S.)  
I ... I don't know.

WIDE TO REVEAL Kolchak and McManus (whose shirt is splattered with dried blood) examining Jain's photos at his terminal.

KOLCHAK  
Are they all like this?

MCMANUS  
This one is kind of in focus.

He clicks up a photo (which we don't see).

KOLCHAK  
That picture might be illegal.

MCMANUS  
It does sort of look like that,  
doesn't it?

KOLCHAK  
For all you can tell from these,  
this thing could be the Loch Ness  
Monster.

Seemingly out of this air, Vincenzo materializes.

VINCENZO  
Did somebody just say, "Monster?"

KOLCHAK  
Tony, something is definitely out  
there. Here's our proof.

Vincenzo squints, trying to decipher the images.

VINCENZO

These look like a five year old  
took them.

MCMANUS

Hey, even Robert Capa's D-Day  
photos were a little blurry. I was  
under attack!

VINCENZO

(re: bloody shirt)  
What the hell -- ? Are you okay?

MCMANUS

Yeah, I'm fine. I don't actually  
have any wounds or anything.

VINCENZO

Where'd all this blood come from?

KOLCHAK

Hey -- maybe that's the monster's  
blood! It might have shot some out  
its eyeballs.

Vincenzo stares at Kolchak. A long, silent pause. Slowly,  
carefully, Vincenzo backs away. He continues walking  
backwards, eventually turning the office corner, and exits.  
Kolchak resumes right where he left off.

KOLCHAK

Don't wash that shirt. We need to  
get that blood analyzed.

Reed enters, carrying a folder.

REED

The police just i.d.'d that body  
you guys found --  
(sees photo)  
Is that what I think it is?

MCMANUS

Maybe.

REED

None of the pictures came out?

MCMANUS

All except this one.

McManus clicks up a photo of Guy sitting on the toilet.

REED

Who is that?

KOLCHAK

We thought we had cornered the monster. It turned out to just be this guy.

REED

Get a load of his tie.

KOLCHAK

Tie? Look at that jacket. Yikes.

Reed opens her folder, and pulls out a photograph.

REED

This is a photo of one of the victims found at the mountain trail. It looks like they're wearing identical ties.

MCMANUS

Could be just a coincidence.

REED

Sure, but ... am I imagining it, or ... wasn't this guy there, at the crime scene that morning?

KOLCHAK

I don't recall seeing him.

REED

Why would you -- you weren't looking for anything with just two eyeballs.

(to McManus)

Can you print me this picture?

(to Kolchak)

I want to go show this to that Park Ranger. See if it triggers anything.

KOLCHAK

That's not a bad idea. Can you also show him the sketch. That might trigger something, as well.

Kolchak tries to hand her the monster sketch, but she just looks at it, before looking straight back at Kolchak.

REED

No.

INT. PARK RANGER'S RESIDENCE - DAY

In a plain, simple, all-American home, Reed, displaying the photo of Guy, and Kolchak, displaying his sketch, sit across from the slightly befuddled Park Ranger.

RANGER  
Why is it wearing -- ?

KOLCHAK  
Ignore that.

RANGER  
Okay. So ... you're asking me if I was attacked by a giant horny toad?

The Ranger looks at Reed for help. She holds up her photo.

REED  
Perhaps you've seen this man before, on the trails?

RANGER  
It's not ringing any bells, but ... wait a second -- are you telling me this is the guy that killed all those people?

REED  
He's merely a person of interest.

RANGER  
It's hard to believe someone who looks like this, could be such a monster.

REED  
You know, if you're at all open to the idea, I'd love to come back sometime, for a longer interview about what it's like to survive an attack by a serial killer, who's still on the loose.

RANGER  
Oh, sure, anytime. It really has affected me in ways I --

KOLCHAK  
What did you do with your bloody shirt?

RANGER  
What bloody shirt?

KOLCHAK

The night you were attacked. Your shirt had blood all over.

RANGER

I ... threw it away. I didn't want any reminders of that awful night.

KOLCHAK

The police didn't want it as evidence?

RANGER

Evidence of what? The blood was obviously from that poor hiker that was killed next to me.

KOLCHAK

Not necessarily. That blood might have come out the monster's eyeball.

The Ranger stares at Kolchak like he's a crazy person. Kolchak looks to Reed for help, but she's looking at him exactly the same way. After an awkward, crazy-filled pause --

KOLCHAK

I'll wait outside. Thanks for your time, sir.

Kolchak gets up and leaves.

REED

I'm sorry for that. He's ... really more of an intern.

EXT. PARK RANGER'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Kolchak sits in his car, jotting down some notes, as Reed comes out of the house, and gets in the car.

REED

That was unprofessional, Carl.

KOLCHAK

Can I do an interview with you about what it's like to be a reporter writing a puff piece about a serial killer survivor?

REED

How is that a puff piece?!

KOLCHAK

Aw, it's human interest.

REED

So anything that would be of interest to a human being, you consider a puff piece?

KOLCHAK

I just prefer stories with a bigger scope, that's all.

REED

Bigger -- as in giant horny toads?

KOLCHAK

They're horned lizards.

REED

You're just bitter because he didn't confirm your monster theory.

KOLCHAK

I don't need him -- I got my confirmation right here.

From below his seat, Kolchak holds up a blood shirt.

REED

What is that?

KOLCHAK

His bloody shirt. I "borrowed" it from his trash can.

REED

You went through his garbage?! That's tabloid journalism.

KOLCHAK

It's only tabloid if you're digging up dirt on someone. I dug up evidence. If this blood matches the blood on McManus' shirt -- we've got a monster on our hands!

REED

You've got more than a monster on your hands.

Kolchak sees the smudge of gunk on his hand she's referring to. He gives it a whiff, and as he reacts in horror --

INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - NIGHT

Kolchak, alone, cruises down the same back alleys and streets as in the previous Act, listening to his police scanner.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
The pursuit continues. The night providing cover for the **inscrutable** creature, hiding somewhere in our subconscious. But morning sheds light on even the most elusive.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Kolchak questions a couple of POLICE OFFICERS, who give the appearance that this was a call of no consequence. As they get into their patrol car, Kolchak heads towards the office.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
Another incident, at a previous sighting, offers the promise of capture, but, alas, when it's revealed to be a mere misunderstanding, hopes are dashed. Or are they?

INT. MOTEL - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The more-than-slightly seedy motel manager is dipping a washcloth into a bottle of rubbing alcohol. Wincing, he dabs the cloth on one of several minor cuts on his face, and then takes a hit of the bottle, as Kolchak enters.

MANAGER  
Sorry, we're full. No vacancies.

KOLCHAK  
What about the room the guy who did that to you was staying in? I hear he's skipped off.

MANAGER  
That room needs repairs now, and -- hey, who the hell are you, anyway?

KOLCHAK  
Carl Kolchak, L.A. Beacon.

MANAGER  
A reporter? Look, I'm not pressing any charges, and I don't want no publicity from this, so please, go.

KOLCHAK

There was mention of a "monster"?

MANAGER

He had the nerve to call me that, right before he conks me on the head with a chair. I only asked him to pay his bill. That makes me a monster?

KOLCHAK

Of course not.

MANAGER

Obviously. Now, please -- go away or I'll kill you.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Kolchak heads back to his car, but notices the door of one of the rooms is ajar. He walks over, and peeks inside.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Amongst general dishevelment, an upended chair lies next to a shattered, full length mirror. Kolchak enters, taking a closer look around. From the night table, he picks up a pill bottle, prescribed to "Guy Mann" by a Dr. Rumanovitch. He pockets it, and notes a crumbled bag from "Monster Donut".

Kolchak approaches the mirror. After studying a shard, he sticks his head through the frame, finding a crawl space behind the wall. As Kolchak steps "into" the mirror --

INT. MOTEL - CRAWL SPACE - DAY

The crawl space is tall enough to stand erect in, but is so narrow that Kolchak must shuffle sideways to navigate it.

After shuffling down this claustrophobic corridor, Kolchak arrives at another mirror. This provides a direct view into another motel room, where a half-naked Babycat is getting dressed, while "her" CLIENT (TOM SANCHEZ) sleeps in bed.

Kolchak continues on, and reaches the end of the crawl space, where he finds a door handle. As he turns it --

INT. MOTEL - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

At the front desk, the Manager turns around, and is unpleasantly surprised to see Kolchak stepping into the back of the office, through the crawl space door.

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak, L.A. Beacon.

MANAGER

What the hell were you --?

KOLCHAK

Relax, sir. I'm a news reporter. This ain't news. When people check into a place like this, they expect the manager to be a peeping tom. It's part of the amenities.

MANAGER

That's a ... a security feature --

KOLCHAK

Of course, my loyal readers down at the police station might find this story interesting, but me -- I'm more into ... human interest.

MANAGER

Would this interest you enough?

He tries discreetly sliding some \$20 dollar bills towards Kolchak, who stops the slide with the prescription bottle.

KOLCHAK

I'm interested in this "Guy Mann," the guest you got in the fight with. What really happened?

MANAGER

(pause)

You won't believe me.

KOLCHAK

Try me.

INT. MOTEL - CRAWL SPACE - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Standing in the crawl space, the Manager looks through the two-way mirror, watching Babycat and her client sleep.

MANAGER (V.O.)

Early this morning, I was checking on ... the security of my guests.

Sidestepping down the crawl space, the Manager comes to another mirror. He peers into a much darker room. A rustling occurs under the bed cover. Suddenly, from the bottom of the bed where the feet should be, an appendage sticks out. Could it be ... a claw?!

The Manager squints, trying to make out the body, as it crawls -- literally -- out of bed, and across the floor, to the window. The body reaches up, parting the blinds. A beam of morning sunlight bursts through, illuminating the monstrous image of ... the Monster!

The Manager SHRIEKS in horror, as the Monster SHRIEKS in pain. The Monster closes the blinds, and writhes across the floor, towards the mirror, going out of view. The Manager cranes his neck, hoping to get another look at this thing.

Suddenly, a claw SLAMS against the mirror. It tries grabbing hold, but slides down and off, out of view again. A pause, as the Manager stands motionless, frozen in fright.

Suddenly, a human hand SLAMS against the mirror. The hand grabs a hold of the frame, supporting a human man, who, wobbly, rises to his feet. The man staggers back to the window, and opens the blinds again. The light revealing -- GUY. He appears to be in pain, but of the metaphysical sort.

GUY

Why? Why?! Why!?!?

He shakes his fists at the heavens, knocks a few things over, then, like an enraged animal, runs to the bathroom, going out of the Manager's view.

The Manager anxiously awaits for Guy to re-appear. He waits for quite a while. O.s., various INDISTINGUISHABLE NOISES, along with some GRUNTS and GROANS, make the wait seem interminable.

Guy re-appears, but his demeanor has completely transformed. Fully dressed, with a cup of coffee in his hand, he crosses to the door, opens it, brings in the complimentary copy of the L.A. BEACON, sits down and starts reading.

Perplexed, the Manager watches this guest, who so recently appeared to be some kind of monster, now sits sipping his morning coffee like any normal person.

Suddenly, Guy re-erupts in psychotic fury. He punches his newspaper, and tosses his coffee across the room. He upends the table, and starts trashing his room. Just as suddenly, Guy freezes. He's looking straight at the Manager.

The Manager becomes unsettled, as Guy slowly stalks towards him, with a look filled with pure hatred.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals that Guy is staring at his own reflection. He touches his own face in revulsion.

GUY

Why?

He suddenly grabs the chair, and hurls it at the mirror. The Manager SCREAMS as the chair SMASHES through, and CRASHES into him. Guy stares in stunned surprise, as the bleeding, semi-conscious Manager falls forward into the room.

MANAGER

Monster! Help me, he's a monster!

As Guy dashes out of the room --

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Disturbed by simply recounting the incident, the Manager downs another gulp of rubbing alcohol. Kolchak shows him the monster sketch, and the photo of Guy.

KOLCHAK

Is either one of these what you saw  
in that room?

The Manager looks over both pictures.

MANAGER

They are one and the same!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. FREE CLINIC - DAY

KOLCHAK

I'm a monster. At night, when the moon comes out, I turn into ... a lizard-like monster that feeds on human flesh.

Kolchak sits in an examination room that doesn't look entirely hygienic, much like its physician, DR. RUMANOVITCH. Elderly, perpetually sweaty, and with an Eastern European accent, his role models were Sigmund Freud and Peter Lorre.

RUMANOVITCH

Hmmm, it must be going around. Just the other day, I saw a patient suffering a similar affliction.

KOLCHAK

Really? Who was this person?

RUMANOVITCH

Some nut. I'm afraid I can't discuss my other patients. You'll just have to wait for my book.

KOLCHAK

Dr. Rumanovitch, would it be possible for me to contact this person? To ... start a support group --

RUMANOVITCH

I don't believe in group therapy. You must confront your demons -- or in this case, your monsters -- alone. With a therapist. Which reminds me of what I told this other patient.

(pause)

It's an old fairy tale about a constable, whose village is being tormented by a dragon. He tries to kill this creature, but nothing can stop it. Finally, he visits a gypsy witch doctor, who tells him the only way to kill this monster is to take a lance of green glass, and stab it in its appendix.

KOLCHAK

Why glass? And why it's appendix?

RUMANOVITCH

These old myths, the monster must be destroyed by some form of penetration -- a wooden stake, a silver bullet. Our ancestors were as concerned about male potency as we are. Now, please, no further interruptions. He makes this lance of green glass and confronts the monster, stabbing it in its appendix. But as the monster starts to die, the constable realizes ... he's been looking at a mirror! He was the monster all along, you see!

(pause)

As fairy tales go, it's imbecilic. But illustrates my point.

KOLCHAK

Which is?

RUMANOVITCH

It is easier for us to believe in monsters, than believe monsters are in us. Specifically, the cerebellum.

Grabbing a model of the human brain, he removes the cerebral cortex, only to reveal a pill bottle inside. After swallowing a couple pills, he points to the neuroanatomy.

RUMANOVITCH (V.O.)

The cerebellum regulates our bodily functions, and is sometimes referred to as our reptilian brain. You see where I'm going with this.

KOLCHAK

Not really.

RUMANOVITCH

Our reptilian brains still cause us to do things -- base, animalistic, things -- that our "higher" minds can't comprehend. Thus, we create, like our myth-making forefathers, excuses for our own abhorrent behavior.

(MORE)

RUMANOVITCH (cont'd)  
"Oh, no, it wasn't I who gave that  
little girl a lobotomy, it must  
have been some terrible monster!"  
But there are no monsters out  
there. There never have been.  
They've always resided in here --  
(taps his brain)  
-- and possibly here --  
(touches heart)  
-- and maybe here.  
(points to his appendix)

KOLCHAK  
Not everything can be reduced to  
psychology.

RUMANOVITCH  
That's what you think.  
(after snide giggle)  
You know, Mr. Vincenzo, you strike  
me as someone suffering from any  
number of delusions but this  
turning into a monster is not one  
of them. Yes?

KOLCHAK  
(pause)  
I'm trying to find this other  
patient. I figured you wouldn't  
give me access to his files, so --

RUMANOVITCH  
You posed as a fellow sufferer,  
hoping I'd provide information on  
him, yes? But I saw through the  
subterfuge!  
(after triumphant giggle)  
Here's his file.

Rumanovitch tosses a file to Kolchak, who is momentarily  
taken aback by the gesture, but he quickly scans it.

KOLCHAK  
This is useless. Hardly any  
information has been filled out.

RUMANOVITCH  
This is a free clinic. Our  
clientele is not the most  
forthright. Did you really think  
"Guy Mann," wasn't a pseudonym?

KOLCHAK

Can you at least offer a possible suggestion where I might find him?

RUMANOVITCH

I recall he was obsessed with death, as these types usually are. He probably habituates places associated with death: cemeteries, funeral parlors, the free clinic.

KOLCHAK

You mean, here? This free clinic?

RUMANOVITCH

Did I say, "the free clinic?" Talk about your Freudian slips!

INT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Guy takes a bite out of a cream-filled donut, while sitting at a booth, piled high with various donuts. He is being eyed by Reed, who is at the counter, speaking on her cell phone.

REED

Kolchak, I can't believe I'm about to utter the following words, but: I've found your lizard-man. He's at the Monster Donut on Gower.

KOLCHAK (O.S.)

Can you stall him 'til I get there?

REED

It looks like he'll be here a while, but I'll try my best.

Reed closes her phone, and approaches Guy.

REED

Excuse me, I'm sorry to bother you, but I just had to tell you how much I love that tie.

Guy stares up at her in confusion. He absentmindedly wipes his mouth with his tie, then holds it out.

GUY

You mean this thing?

CUT TO:

EXT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Kolchak pulls into the parking lot, and seems to leap out of the car before its even parked. As he runs inside --

INT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Kolchak enters, only to find no one there, and the place trashed. Donuts, coffee, food trays, etc., litter the floor. After Kolchak takes a moment to take this in, the DONUT CLERK nervously pops his head up from behind the counter. Then Reed peeks out from below the booth's table.

REED

Is he gone?

KOLCHAK

Is he gone?! You were supposed to keep him here. What happened?

REED

I was having a polite conversation with him, when he suddenly threw a fit, and ran out of here.

KOLCHAK

Why?

REED

That's what he kept screaming:  
"Why?! Why?!"

KOLCHAK

Why didn't you follow him? He's our story!

REED

No, Carl, he's your story. I just got a call from Vincenzo. The police have announced a press conference -- the rumor is they've arrested the murderer in this case.

KOLCHAK

How could they have done that when the killer was just here? And you let him slip through your fingers!

REED

Carl, there's something you don't seem to understand. I'm a crime reporter, not a crime-fighter. My job isn't to solve crimes, it's to write about them.

KOLCHAK

Sounds to me like you're a crime-stenographer.

REED

I'd be more insulted by that if it wasn't coming from someone chasing a horny toad man/monster, who just threw a tantrum in a donut shop.

KOLCHAK

Which way did he go?

As Reed points off --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CLOSE on a statue of St. George, slaying a dragon. WIDER TO REVEAL Guy, in abject depression, studying the figure, amongst the statuary in a cemetery.

Kolchak's Mustang pulls up on the cemetery roadway. Kolchak gets out, and, grabbing some flowers off a grave, heads towards Guy, stopping a few headstones down from him.

Guy glances over at Kolchak, who puts down the flowers as if visiting that grave. Kolchak nods at him, but Guy simply turns away. After a pause, Guy SIGHS wearily.

GUY

Why?

KOLCHAK

I'm sorry? Did you just say something to me?

GUY

No. I just said, "Why?"

KOLCHAK

Why?

GUY

Because I don't understand. We go through all the drudgery and heartbreak of life... just to end up here?

KOLCHAK

It doesn't seem to make much sense, does it?

GUY

It doesn't make any sense. Nothing will ever make sense to me again.

KOLCHAK

I don't want to get too personal, mister, but ... you sound like someone who ... needs to get something off their chest. If you need to talk to someone ....

GUY

I only found out a couple days ago ... we die. I always knew to avoid death, I just didn't know you can't avoid it forever. It bothered me a lot at first, but since then -- I've really come to appreciate the phrase: "Rest in peace."  
(closes eyes dreamily)  
Man, I can't wait. Rest in peace.

KOLCHAK

Excuse me again, but ... you sound like ... well, you're not planning on ... doing anything rash are you?

GUY

Rash? No. I'm just going to kill you. Are you ready?

No, Kolchak was not ready for this response, nor is he ready when Guy pulls a Heineken beer bottle out of his coat pocket, SMASHES the end against a tombstone, and with the jagged edge, lunges at Kolchak, who barely leaps out of the way.

After a few feints, Guy charges at Kolchak, causing him to tumble backwards over a tombstone. Oddly, rather than attacking while Kolchak is on the ground and vulnerable, Guy tosses the broken bottle down near Kolchak.

Kolchak gathers his senses, and seeing the broken bottle, he grabs it, as he springs to his feet. Guy now strangely resumes his attack.

GUY

I'm gonna kill you!

Guy clutches Kolchak around the throat. Kolchak moves to stab Guy, but suddenly stops. Guy strangles him a bit more, before trying to help Kolchak defend himself. Grabbing Kolchak's bottle-wielding hand, he pulls the bottle towards his own lower abdomen.

GUY

Defend yourself, you idiot!

Just as it is about to pierce Guy, Kolchak manages to let go of the bottle, which falls harmlessly to the ground. Guy stops chocking Kolchak, and crumbles to the ground, SOBBING.

KOLCHAK

I know what your trying to do. The green glass, the appendix. But I won't do it. I won't kill you. I want to help you.

GUY

You can only help me by killing me! Please -- put me out of my misery!

KOLCHAK

(pause)

Okay. I'll do it. I'll kill you.

Guy gets to his feet, and profusely shakes Kolchak's hand.

GUY

Oh, thank you, thank you. You're the only kind person I've ever met.

KOLCHAK

But before I kill you, you have to answer me something.

GUY

What?

KOLCHAK

Why?

This gives Guy pause. Not sure if he can explain it all, or if he even wants to, he takes a deep breath. Then, he reaches into his inside coat pockets, and pulls out a couple bottles of beer. He hands one to Kolchak.

GUY

This could take a while.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Sitting on a bench with Kolchak, Guy studies the monster sketch, nodding in recognition.

GUY

It's accurate. Corporations are really sticking it to the unions.

KOLCHAK

Ignore that. Is this what you look like, when you transform into a ... horned lizard?

GUY

Horned Lizard? They're like this!  
(holds out hand)  
It's funny -- I don't know what I'm called, or if I look like this. I've never seen myself. I guess I'm a Giant Horned Lizard.

KOLCHAK

Well, how long have you been a ... "were-lizard?"

GUY

Only a couple of days. I remember the night it began. I was just minding my own business. No, I wasn't even doing that much. I was just ... simply ... alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

Looking as carefree as Tom Sawyer, the Monster lies on the ground, staring up at the stars, with a grass stalk sticking out of his mouth.

A RUSTLING NOISE, o.s., causes him to sit up like a prairie dog. He scurries into the top soil, practically vanishing, just before two men (the teaser Victim and Park Ranger, whose identity we don't want to emphasize) appear, grappling to the death, and crashing to the ground next to the unseen Monster.

The Monster watches with one eye that is not submerged under the soil, as the Ranger starts killing the Victim.

GUY (V.O.)  
Instinctively, I knew not to move,  
but when the predator started  
devouring his prey ... I panicked.

The Monster springs up from the ground, strikes a terrifying  
attack pose, and belts out a SHRIEK.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Guy is in the identical pose, now looking not-so-terrifying.

KOLCHAK  
And then you attacked him?

GUY  
No, I shot blood out my eyeball at  
him. It's my defense mechanism. I  
was trying to scare him off, but it  
just made him more rabid.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

The Man (Ranger) bites the Monster's neck. The Monster  
SHRIEKS IN PAIN, and wriggles free. It runs away, straight  
towards the Stoners, who SCREAM and dive to the ground,  
causing the Monster to SCREAM and run away in the opposite  
direction.

GUY (V.O.)  
I managed to escape with my life,  
not knowing how much my life had  
changed, until the next morning.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - SECLUDED AREA - DAY

Naked, Guy sleeps buried in the top soil. He awakes.  
Shielding his eyes from the sun, he notices his hand. It's  
now a human hand! He stares at it with horror. He checks  
his other hand, then the rest of his body. He touches the  
bite mark on his neck.

GUY (V.O.)  
My transformation was not only  
physical, but mental. I was now  
... thinking, not merely reacting.  
Then I reacted.

Guy starts pounding his fist into the ground, looking not  
unlike Charlton Heston at the end of Planet of the Apes.

GUY  
Why?! Why?! Why?! Why?!

GUY (V.O.)

As my mind raced on, I became aware of my own thoughts, and suddenly I had my first epiphany of self-consciousness:

Guy suddenly stops pounding his fist, and sits bolt upright.

GUY

I'm naked.

Looking about, he spots a backpack partially buried beneath the brush. He goes over, and finds clothes, wallet, and watch inside. As he begins dressing:

GUY (V.O.)

Even though I'd never worn such things, I somehow knew how to put them on. And then, I became overwhelmed by an unnatural, irrational, psychotic desire. I fought against it as best I could, but I had lost control over myself. Now, nothing could stop me.

Guy is knotting his tie. A crazed look comes over him. He clutches his head in pain, struggling to not give in, but the crazed look overtakes him again, and as he tightens his necktie, he breathes heavily, like a blood-lusting beast.

GUY (V.O.)

I was going to go and hunt down ... a job!

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

A reprise of ACT ONE, as a distraught Guy walks through the crime scene, not noticed by both Reed and Kolchak.

GUY

Why? Why? Why?

GUY (V.O.)

Compelled by these unseen forces, I walked straight down into town.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

KOLCHAK

Wait. Wait a second. First of all, you're claiming a man attacked and bit you?

Guy pulls back his shirt collar, revealing a strange scar, much too small to be a human bite mark.

GUY

It doesn't look like a bite mark, because I looked different when the rabid man bit me.

KOLCHAK

But ... you're saying you were this monster to begin with, and then, after being bit, you turned into a man? That doesn't make any sense!

GUY

None of it makes sense. I mean -- why a job? I didn't even know what a job was, but I had to have one.

EXT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

CLOSE -- "Help Wanted" sign in a storefront window. A hand grabs the sign, but then another hand grabs that hand, as if to stop it. WIDER TO REVEAL both hands belong to Guy, who struggles with himself -- literally -- over control of his own will. The "human" part wins, and Guy, with sign in hand, enters the Monster Donut Shop ("Home of the Godzilla Claw").

INT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Wearing apron, hat, and phony smile, Guy serves a PATRON.

GUY (V.O.)

And I found one right away. By day's end, I was manager.

GUY

Thank you. Have a nice day!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

KOLCHAK

How? I mean, just filling out a job application ... with no social security number, references ...?

GUY

I now possessed the one Darwinian advantage humans have over all other creatures: I can "b.s." my way through anything. It's better than camouflage.

KOLCHAK

You wouldn't be "b.s.-ing" me right now about all this, would you?

GUY

Maybe. I don't even understand half the things I'm saying to you.

KOLCHAK

That's ... disconcerting.

GUY

Imagine it from my end. Even worse is what I did after work. I checked into a motel, and spent the rest of the day ... watching TV.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Guy, wearing only white briefs, eats donuts and drinks beer while watching TV. (On the screen -- STOCK FOOTAGE of people engaged in some stupid physical activity, like a tug-of-war.)

GUY (V.O.)

At first, I watched a reality show about people who had been on other reality shows, competing with each other to get on a new reality show. But then I found something less pornographic:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Guy watches PORN. Empty beer bottles are littered about. He gets up out of bed, and stumbles to the door.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Guy steps out of his room, and sees Babycat plying her trade on the sidewalk.

GUY (V.O.)

Eventually, I stepped out for some air, and that's when I saw her. It was mate-for-life at first sight.

In a love trance, Guy walks out towards Babycat.

GUY (V.O.)

But as I went out to introduce myself, a change came over me.

Guy stops, and looks down at his crotch. As he pulls away the elastic top of his briefs --

GUY'S POV - HIS OWN CROTCH

Underneath his underwear, (besides being genital-less) his skin has transformed into that of a lizard's. The LIZARD SKIN TRANSFORMATION spreads up his belly and down his thighs, and his hands become claw-like.

GUY

Ecstatic as he transforms.

GUY

All right!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

GUY

I turned back into myself, I guess because the sun had gone down, or the moon had come out. I don't really get how that all works. Anyway, I was back to normal, but completely disoriented. I tried to return to the safety of my roost.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

From behind a parked car, the Monster, in white briefs, dashes back towards the motel, in the direction of Babycat, who turns, SCREAMS, then CONKS it on the head with her purse. The Monster staggers towards its room.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

GUY

Why would she do that to me?

KOLCHAK

She thought you were attacking her. Or rather, him. She was a man.

GUY

She had transformed into a man?!

KOLCHAK

No, he's a transvestite. A man who dresses like a woman.

GUY

Why would a man do that? That's the craziest thing I've ever heard.

(beat)

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)  
So, anyway, after I turned back  
into a Giant Horned Lizard, I fell  
asleep peacefully in my motel room.  
Until ... the next morning.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Sunlight streams through the blinds, onto a body in bed,  
completely under the covers. The ALARM CLOCK RINGS. A  
clawed monster hand pokes out of the blankets, and pounds on  
the clock, but the alarm continues. The claw retracts under  
the covers.

The body rolls over, tossing off the blankets to reveal an  
entirely human Guy. He shuts off the alarm, yawns, and sits  
on the bed groggily, like any human starting his day.

GUY (V.O.)  
Inescapably, I fell into the  
routine of human existence, even  
though I understood none of it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

Guy shaves his face, howling in pain after each razor stoke.

GUY (V.O.)  
Why shave hair that was just going  
to grow back again?

Guy applies roll-on deodorant under his arms, then continues  
on, rolling it across his chest, down his belly, around his  
back, up his neck, over the top of his head.

GUY (V.O.)  
Why cover your natural scent with  
some other manufactured scent?

Guy sits on the toilet, unraveling some toilet paper.

GUY (V.O.)  
Why ... well, why bother?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sitting in a chair, now fully dressed, Guy reads the Beacon.

GUY (V.O.)  
Why read the morning paper? To  
find out what happened to people I  
didn't know, doing things I didn't  
care about, in places I'd never be?  
And what idiot writes the film  
reviews?

INT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Guy is behind the counter, all smiles and friendliness, filling an order for a ANOTHER PATRON.

GUY (V.O.)

I went to work. Having previously been obsessed with getting a job, now that I had one, all I could think about was quitting. Finally, the conflict resolved itself.

GUY

That's it -- I quit! Make your own damn coffee!

Guy suddenly explodes in a furious rage, tossing several trays of donuts, before ripping off his apron and hat (which he punches), and climbs over the counter.

INT. FREE CLINIC - DAY

Guy sits listening to Dr. Rumanovitch, who is displaying his brain model.

GUY (V.O.)

I realized I needed help. I sought medical attention, but all I got were useless meds, and ancient myths about Dragon-men and the Super-Ego. It was all so humiliating, that I then became consumed by a feeling I had never before known -- revenge! I wanted to kill the son of a bitch that did this to me!

Guy suddenly tosses his chair across the room, then SCREAMS at the heavens in a vengeful rage. Rumanovitch pulls out a hypo-needle, but Guy flees by leaping out the open window. Rumanovitch shrugs, then injects himself with the sedative.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

GUY

So I tracked down the guy who had bit me -- the man responsible for turning my life into a living hell.

KOLCHAK

How did you find him?

Guy taps his nose, and SNIFFS. Kolchak looks incredulous.

KOLCHAK (CONT'D)

You tracked down someone in the city of Los Angeles by your sense of smell?

GUY

Yeah, I can see how that would be the one part of my story that's hard to believe, but the proof is ...I found him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Crouching behind the port-a-potty, Guy spies on the killer (Ranger), forcibly escorting ANOTHER VICTIM down an alley.

GUY (V.O.)

When I laid eyes on him, I wanted to tear him apart, limb by limb.

Guy removes his jacket and shirt, spits in his fists, and stalks towards the alley, ready to rumble. But when he gets there, his mouth falls open in shocked horror. He covers his mouth with one hand, while the other clutches his sensitive stomach.

GUY (V.O.)

But before I could, he started doing the same to someone else.

Down the dark alley, we see only a hint -- but it's enough -- of the killer viciously attacking his victim.

GUY (V.O.)

Never had I witnessed such brutality. In the wild, I've seen some harsh things -- hell, I watched coyotes eat my mate -- but this was so ... unnecessary. I was so transfixed, I didn't even notice when I transformed.

The Monster, in the same exact position and posture that Guy was in, continues watching the killer in horror.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

GUY

After returning to normal, I lost my taste for vengeance. I found refuge behind a trash bin, but come morning, some guys chased me into a port-a-potty. I don't know why.

KOLCHAK

That was me.

GUY

I thought I recognized you! Isn't that funny? Oh, god -- I squirted your friend with eyeball blood. I was just trying to scare him away. Please apologize to him for me.

KOLCHAK

He didn't take it personally.

GUY

Good. Well, after that, I didn't know what to do about my life, so ... I went back to my motel and watched porn all day.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

GUY (V.O.)

You'd think there'd be a limit to how long a man can watch strangers fornicate, but you'd be wrong. Mercifully, night finally fell.

Watching porn in bed, Guy points the remote, and notices his hand is transforming. Zapping off the TV, he lays his head on the pillow. With a relieved smile on it, Guy's face transforms into the Monster's. Immediately, he begins SNORING peacefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

(Reprising Act Three) Guy is trashing his room. He hurls the chair at the mirror, causing the Manager to fall into the room. Guy dashes out.

GUY (V.O.)

Unmercifully, morning rose again. I found a man was living behind my mirror. Why? I didn't bother to find out -- things were weird enough already.

INT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Guy sits at his booth, suicidally eating donuts.

GUY (V.O.)

Needing to clear my head, I went and got some donuts. Maybe it was the cream talking, but I couldn't help but think: what was the point of Life, if living it only made you want to be dead? That's when I decided to end mine. But as I contemplated how, and began considering the doctor's story about green glass and appendixes, a strange thing happened ....

Reed approaches Guy's booth.

REED

Excuse me, but how'd you like to take these donuts back to my place, and show me what these holes are for?

Sticking her finger through the hole of a glazed donut, she takes a seductive bite. Cue the bass-heavy PORN MUSIC:

INT. REED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reed and Guy theatrically hump on the couch.

REED

Oh my god -- you're an animal!  
Don't stop! Don't stop!! DON'T --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

KOLCHAK

Stop. That did not happen.

GUY

I know it's hard to believe by looking at me, but apparently I'm terrific in the sack.

KOLCHAK

No. What you just told me was a lie. I know -- for a fact.

Kolchak stares Guy down, who sheepishly averts his eyes.

GUY

Okay ... you got me. Ever since becoming a man, I exaggerate my life to make it sound more interesting. Why?

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)  
Why should I care what you, or  
anyone, think of my sexual prowess,  
or lack thereof?

KOLCHAK  
Go back to the woman in the donut  
shop. What really happened?

GUY  
She asked me a bunch of questions,  
then she told me donuts were bad  
for you. Did you know that? I got  
so upset. The one thing in this  
godforsaken life I like, and it  
turns out --

Guy has pulled out a pack of cigarettes, and put one in his  
mouth. As he brings out a lighter, Kolchak shakes his head.

GUY  
Not cigarettes, too? You got to be  
kidding me? Why?!

As Guy leaps up and furiously crushes his cigarettes, a  
CLICKING NOISE emits from Kolchak's coat pocket. A pause.

GUY  
What was that?

KOLCHAK  
Nothing. So, after the donut --

Guy reaches into Kolchak's pocket, pulling out a tape  
recorder. Guy looks at Kolchak for an explanation.

KOLCHAK (CONT'D)  
I'm a reporter. For The Beacon.

GUY  
Wait a second -- you're not Carl  
Kolchak? The monster guy?! You  
weren't going to kill me at all,  
were you? You just wanted to write  
a story about me, to sell your  
stupid papers!

KOLCHAK  
I assure you, my intentions --

GUY  
Your intentions were to exploit me!  
You know how I know? 'Cause you're  
a Homo sapien! You're the most  
selfish, cruel, hideous creatures  
on the planet.

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)  
I'm not the monster! You're the  
monster! *J'accuse, Monsieur*  
*Kolchak!*

Guy SMASHES the recorder against the bench, and bolts.  
Kolchak makes a move to get up and follow, but hesitates, and  
then merely watches as Guy dodges past headstones, scaring  
other CEMETERY VISITORS, as he keeps yelling back:

GUY  
Monster! Monster! Monster!

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. BEACON - KOLCHAK'S DESK - DAY

Dejected, Kolchak shuffles through McManus' out-of-focus pictures, like if he looked at them enough, the whole thing would finally make sense. Vincenzo approaches.

VINCENZO

You missed the press conference today, Kolchak. Lucky for me, Reed was there to cover your ass.

KOLCHAK

What was the big announcement?

VINCENZO

The victim found in the alley, and the ones on the mountain trail, were all killed by the same person.

KOLCHAK

We already knew that!

VINCENZO

But we didn't know that's what they were going to say. That's why it's important to go to these things. Where were you?

KOLCHAK

Getting an exclusive no-holds-barred interview with my monster. Don't worry, I'm not writing it. It turned out to be this guy claiming he was a monster that turned into a man, not a man who turned into a monster.

VINCENZO

Maybe I'm stupid -- not for thinking this, but in asking it -- what's the difference?

KOLCHAK

I guess there isn't any, but ... and he did provide explanations for ... but it was all too ... well, not crazy, but ... silly. I'm sorry, Tony, I feel foolish.

VINCENZO

Don't, Carl. I knew this monster thing was just a phase you needed to get through. Now that you have, you can focus on this serial killer piece. It's a big, juicy story a good reporter like you can really sink his teeth into.

Kolchak's eyes suddenly widen. He hurriedly flips through the pictures, finding the one he's searching for -- an extreme close-up of ... a bite mark?

KOLCHAK

That's it! I couldn't see it before, because I didn't know what I was looking at. It's a bite mark! You can even make out the space in the two front teeth.

VINCENZO

Looks more like a butterfly to me.

KOLCHAK

If he was telling the truth, he was bit by the Park Ranger!

VINCENZO

The Park Ranger? Reed is out on an interview with him right now.

KOLCHAK

Tony, call the cops! Send them over there!

Kolchak sprints towards the elevators.

VINCENZO

Why?!

KOLCHAK

Exactly!

EXT. PARK RANGER'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Kolchak pulls up, stopping at full speed. He leaps out, and races into the house.

INT. PARK RANGER'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Kolchak rushes in, but suddenly stops. Before him is a tableau of criminal arrest: Several police officers have their guns aimed at the Park Ranger, squirming face down on the floor, as Reed restrains his arm behind his back, while grinding her knee into his spine. The Sheriff is cuffing him. McManus stands off to the side flashing pictures.

Everyone freezes, and looks over at Kolchak. He pauses, before pointing at the Ranger.

KOLCHAK  
He's the killer.

A beat, then everyone resumes their actions. The Police lift the Ranger off the floor, and start escorting him out. As he passes by Kolchak --

KOLCHAK  
Why'd you do it?

RANGER  
Why? Why not?

As they remove him, Kolchak approaches Reed, who is jotting down notes, and "kissing" the cuts on her knuckles.

REED  
It's like I was telling you all along, Kolchak -- it wasn't some weird monster that was killing and devouring these people, it was just a normal, human being.

KOLCHAK  
I had Tony call the cops when I figured out he was the killer.

MCMANUS  
She called the cops.

KOLCHAK  
How'd you figure out he did it?

REED  
We got the tests back from that shirt you stole. The blood on it came from the victim found in the alley, not the one on the trail.

KOLCHAK

Well, that's not figuring it out --  
that's hard evidence. That's  
practically cheating.

REED

I kept my appointed interview with  
him, and started pinning him down  
with some innocuous question. Just  
before the police arrived, he  
figured out I was on to him, and he  
went after us.

MCMANUS

(karate chopping)  
You should have seen her, Kolchak.  
Biff! Bang! Pow!

REED

(shrugs modestly)  
A reporter can't be content just  
writing about crime. Sometimes,  
you got to bust some heads.

MCMANUS

Hey, how'd you figure out he was  
the killer?

KOLCHAK

It only occurred to me after  
interviewing the monster.

REED

You finally found him, huh?

KOLCHAK

Yeah, and wait 'til you hear his  
story. He was already a --

REED

Save it, Kolchak. I've got an  
exclusive to write. Besides, this  
stinks of human interest to me.

She struts out, and McManus, throwing more karate chops,  
follows her, leaving Kolchak in the room alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

In the Mustang, Kolchak cruises around, on the lookout.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
Once in your grasp, even the most  
desired catch can escape,  
necessitating the pursuit again.

INT. MONSTER DONUT - DAY

Kolchak shows Guy's photo to the head-shaking Donut Clerk.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
But where to search, when all the  
places you've previously spotted  
your prey prove fruitless?

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kolchak shows Guy's photo to Babycat, who shakes her head  
while trying to put her arm through Kolchak's.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
You must start over. From the very  
beginning --

As Kolchak drives up the fire road, his headlights catch Guy  
walking up the trail. Kolchak gets out, and rushes up to  
Guy, who is taking off his shoes and socks.

KOLCHAK  
Hey, they caught the killer!

GUY  
What do I care?

KOLCHAK  
But you were right about it. I  
doubted you, because ... well, some  
of what you said sounded absurd.

GUY  
Are you kidding? It all sounded  
absurd! Because everything is  
absurd. I mean, look at this  
thing!

Guy yanks the tie off his head, holding it up for display.  
Dropping it to the ground, he shakes his wristwatch, and  
struggles to get it off.

GUY

Can you get this off me? Like this  
isn't absurd -- living your days  
according to an arbitrary construct  
of time intervals?!

Kolchak removes the watch, which Guy then tosses into the  
darkness. As Guy starts taking off his jacket --

KOLCHAK

What ... what are you doing?

GUY

This is when I'd normally  
hibernate. A whole season of  
resting in peace! I'm praying --  
even though this whole "God" thing  
seems like the biggest absurdity --  
that I stay asleep even if I  
transform. You want this?

Guy offers his jacket to Kolchak, who takes it, ever-so-  
gingerly. Guy rips off his shirt, and takes off his pants  
and underwear (o.s., 'natch), then starts walking away.

KOLCHAK

But ... I still have so many  
questions to ask you.

Seen from the waist up, Guy keeps walking, nearing the edge  
of the headlight beam, as he looks back at Kolchak.

GUY

Answer them yourself. You  
understand this as much as I do --  
which is not at all. Good night!

Guy turns and walks on. Just when we should see his naked  
butt, we don't -- it is covered by a tail. As the rest of  
Guy's body begins to transform into the Monster, he  
disappears into the darkness.

Kolchak stands alone, holding his new jacket, staring off  
into the shadows.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

Mysteries abound in our universe.  
Unfortunately, the only witnesses  
to this one were **druggies,**  
**perverts, serial killers,** and  
**journalists.** Who'd believe any of  
'em?

DISSOLVE TO:

Kolchak sitting on the hood of his car, dictating into his tape recorder, which is scotch taped back together.

KOLCHAK

Maybe no one would believe it  
anyway. The very idea of a  
monster, in this day and age,  
living amongst us, is preposterous.  
But is it any more preposterous  
than the very idea of ... us? The  
mystery of Life will always --

The tape recorder starts CLICKING, and GEARS are heard GRINDING. Kolchak gives it a whack with his hand, causing the batteries to fly out, and the whole machine falls to pieces. Kolchak sighs wearily.

KOLCHAK

Why?

As he looks up to the heavens for an answer, TILT UP, revealing there are no answers up above, only the moon, still hanging ominously in the night sky.

THE END