

THE NIGHT STALKER

VAMPIRE

CAST

CARL KOLCHAK  
TONY VINCENZO  
CATHERINE RAWLINS  
SYLVIA MORRIS  
BYRON SHERMAN  
LIEUTENANT MATTEO  
FAYE KRUGER  
MILES DU PRE  
DEPUTY SAMPLE  
POLICEMAN  
OPERATOR  
GIRL  
ICHABOD GRACE  
ANDREW GARTH  
LINDA COURTNER  
STACKER SCHUMAKER

BITS:

ELENA MUNOZ  
BELL HOP  
HUGO MALTZ  
"GODZILLA GANG"

NOTE:

CHANGE ALL REFERENCES TO  
SMIRK AND THE FEVER TREE  
TO: THE LEROY POWERS BLUE  
BAND.

SETS

INTERIORS:

JET  
INS OFFICE  
VINCENZO'S OFFICE  
GARTH'S CAR  
GARTH'S APARTMENT  
BEL-AIR MANSION  
KOLCHAK'S CAR  
KOLCHAK'S HOTEL ROOM  
AL'S BAR  
STACKER'S LIVING ROOM  
PUBLIC PHONE  
ANSWERING SERVICE SWITCHBOARD  
APARTMENT HOUSE  
BARSTOW IMPOUND GARAGE

EXTERIORS:

FREEWAY EXCAVATION  
SUNSET STRIP  
STREET  
L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT  
BEL AIR MANSION  
KOLCHAK'S HOTEL  
FREEWAY  
RESIDENTIAL STREET  
GROUP OF TREES  
PARKING LOT

THE NIGHT STALKER

VAMPIRE

FADE IN

1 INT. JET - REAR TOURIST SECTION - DAY

1

Just one row of seats and a window showing blackness beyond. Kolchak sits in the window seat, coat off, extremely tired and ruffled. His papers and notes are spread on the seats beside him, and on the tray table, near the remnants of a plastic jet meal. He listens to his recorder.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

They were tearing up an old road to lay more freeway. It was a few miles south of Las Vegas.

Kolchak switches the machine to record, sits back, his face reflecting the harrowing nature of his recollections. He sighs, speaks into the mike.

KOLCHAK

The Highway Department's digging would be a help to thousands of motorists. But to some other people, it would turn out to be a nightmare....

2 EXT. FREEWAY EXCAVATION - NIGHT

2

A small foreign sedan limps into frame on a flat tire. An attractive young woman gets out of the car, stares at the flat in desperation, fearfully takes in the darkened landscape.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

May 2, 8:15 p.m. Airline stewardess Elena Munoz missed the detour sign and blew a steel belted radial on a jagged rock. She cursed the power of advertising....

The girl moves to the trunk and clumsily takes out a jack. She suddenly grimaces in pain, looks down at: (X)

2-A HER HAND

2-A

She's cut her finger. Small, but painful...exuding a few droplets of blood. (X)

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

She had no idea how cursed her evening really was....

2-B THE GIRL

2-

She hastily wads some Kleenex around the cut, then angrily and amateurishly inserts the jack under the car. Pan to ground nearby. The soil trembles and something begins to emerge... the black silhouette of a hand.

3 ANGLE - GIRL

3

hearing the sound, turning uneasily, reacting in paralyzed horror to:

4 ANGLE - HANDS

4

Now free up to the wrist. It is spectral, clawish, pawing the air feverishly.

5 ANGLE - GIRL

5

as a piercing shriek breaks from her mouth and she finds the will to move. She runs, trips, gets up, keeps running.

## KOLCHAK'S VOICE

When Miss Munoz returned with Sheriff's deputies, they found nothing...just excavated earth. Elen Munoz' name was placed on the crank list.

6 INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

6

Kolchak is seen at his desk, listening intently to Swede Brytowski, a sporty, tropically spiffy, razor-cutted man with a deep tan. Brytowski's face is grim, serious. In b.g. a busy office -- ringing phones, teletype clatter, etc.

## KOLCHAK'S VOICE

I, along with the rest of Chicago, was suffering through the hottest muggiest spring anyone cared to remember. Jim "The Swede" Brytowski, an old reporter buddy from Las Vegas, had stopped in to say hello.

(beat)

He was being transferred from Vegas to Cincinnati...and he happened to mention something that made me forget the hot weather for awhile. In fact, for an instant, it sent an icy chill down my spine.

## SWEDE

(stentorian tones,  
careful diction)

Three deaths so far. And it's all in the way the police out there are handling it.

6. CONTINUED

KOLCHAK  
(fanning himself  
with a piece of  
paper, nods)  
The careful use of words that aren't  
words. The blank stares....

SWEDE  
(nods)  
The lid is on the pot but you can  
sure smell something cooking.

KOLCHAK  
The murders have been in Vegas?

SWEDE  
(shakes his  
head)  
West. Erie, Goodsprings....

In b.g. Ron Updyke has been seen leaving his desk, looking for something. He's somewhat irritated.

UPDYKE  
(calling out)  
Anybody seen the assignment roster?

There's a general negative response. Kolchak hasn't even heard him. He's fanning himself, deep in thought.

KOLCHAK  
(puzzling it)  
On the road to L.A.....

Updyke has looked over, seen Kolchak's paper fan. He comes now to the desk, takes it out of Kolchak's hand and straightens out the crumples, shakes his head in annoyance. He moves off a bit and rears.

Kolchak starts fanning with another paper.

SWEDE  
The talk around the coroners offices  
is the bodies were missing inordinate  
amounts of blood. If I wasn't  
taking this anchorman job in Cincinnati,  
I'd have followed the story down to  
the ---

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

(interrupts,  
excited)

Blood? Wait. What do you mean  
talk? How reliable is it?

Before Swede can answer, Updyke looks over.

UPDYKE

Pardon me. I just heard you mention  
you're an anchorman. I don't want  
to be nosey but that pays very well,  
doesn't it?

KOLCHAK

(excited, impatient)

You're being nosey. Later, uptight.  
Go ahead Swede. The blood....

UPDYKE

I have a masters. Would I need one  
specificially in Communications  
Arts to get a decent TV news job?

Kolchak sighs, fulminates as the talk goes on.

SWEDE

(shrugs)

I don't have a masters in anything,  
alot of it's what you know...and let's  
face it....

(curt pride)

...how you look.

KOLCHAK

(irritation  
breaking out)

What about how you sound? You used  
to have a Bronx accent.

SWEDE

(embarrassed)

I took a few voice lessons, yes.  
You have to, Carl.

UPDYKE

Most people tell me they can't  
detect an accent in my speech.

KOLCHAK

(exasperated)

Really? Let's hear you say good-bye.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED - 3

6

Updyke nods politely, to Swede, moves off with a dirty look for Kolchak, crosses to the wire machines.

KOLCHAK

(quickly)

Go on about the murders. The missing blood. Your sources reliable?

SWEDE

Very, they....  
(trails off;  
looks past  
with concern)

Kolchak turns, looks.

7 THEIR - POINT OF VIEW - VINCENZO

7

He's just climbed the stairs and is talking with another man.

8 BACK TO SCENE

8

SWEDE

I thought you said on the phone Vincenzo was taking a long lunch hour.

KOLCHAK

He was. So what? Go on with your story.

SWEDE

I still owe him a hundred and fifty bucks from Vegas.

(rises)

You have a rear exit, Carl?

KOLCHAK

The firestairs -- but wait ---

SWEDE

See you, Carl.

(leaving)

Take my advice. Get a haircut and a new suit and move up into TV news. The only way to fly....

He exits quickly, leaving Kolchak frustrated. Updyke comes back, carrying a teletype. He's disappointed.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

UPDYKE

(looking after  
Swede)

I wanted to talk to him some more  
about television.

Kolchak nods disgustedly. Updyke indicates the teletype in  
his hand.

UPDYKE

You think we have problems with  
this heat. Four of the reporters  
in the Los Angeles office were in  
an accident. The station wagon  
rolled over and they're hospitalized....

KOLCHAK

(takes paper;  
reads)

Nobody critical...good....

UPDYKE

New York wants somebody from this  
office to go out there and do a  
piece on Amerta Mera the fifteen  
year old guru. It's a big thing.  
He's getting married.

KOLCHAK

(thinking, really)

In L.A. ?

Updyke nods moves off, taking the teletype with him. Kolchak  
sits, his mind turning over what he's heard. He glances up  
at:

9 HIS POINT OF VIEW - VINCENZO

9

Moving from the stairs into the office proper. Updyke meets  
him, shows him the teletype. Vincenzo reacts in disgust,  
comes into the office, Updyke following.

10 KOLCHAK

10

The wheels turning...beginning to issue forth an idea. He  
quickly puts paper in his typewriter begins to type intently,  
keeping one eye on Vincenzo.

10-A VINCENZO AND UPDYKE

10-

Vincenzo has the teletype in his hand and is moving toward  
Kolchak's desk.

CONTINUED

VINCENZO

(angry; to  
Ron)

What do they think I am? The Job  
Corps? I'm understaffed too.

UPDYKE

I could go. I'm not all that busy.

VINCENZO

(reaches Kolchak's  
desk)

Carl....

KOLCHAK

(typing hard)

Please, Tony. Don't ask me. I  
heard about the troubles in L.A.  
It's a rough break, but I'm up to  
my eyeballs here. I can't cover  
the wedding.

VINCENZO

(puzzled, intent  
on the rear exit)

No, listen -- was that Swede Brytowski  
I saw heading out?

KOLCHAK

No. One of my stringers. Very  
secretive guy....

VINCENZO

(still looking  
off)

Looked just like the Swede. You  
know, he still owes me five hundred  
bucks from Vegas.

Kolchak glances up, goes back to his typing.

VINCENZO

What are you working on?

KOLCHAK

The welfare fraud thing. It's  
really getting interesting. So  
I'm asking you...please don't pull  
me off of it now.

VINCENZO

(thinking)

There's no real time pressure for  
that story....

KOLCHAK

(stridently)

But I'm into it, now. What's the sense in breaking my stride?

VINCENZO

(containing his anger)

If you don't mind, Carl, I'll make the decisions about utilization of manpower around here.

UPDYKE

I've read a few things on transcendental meditation. I think I could handle the story pretty well....

KOLCHAK

(quickly; authoritatively)

Which books you read, Ron? The Murti book? The Harris and Lopato work? 'A Sense of Self' by Uvanda?

UPDYKE

(confidence shaken)

Just the Murti book...and some articles. I've never heard of the others.

Kolchak sits back, thinks it over, makes a skeptical face Vincenzo watches. Finally, Kolchak nods.

KOLCHAK

(goes back to typing)

The Murti book is fine, Tony. It'll give him enough superficial knowledge to handle the story. I'd say send Ron.

VINCENZO

Oh, you would?

KOLCHAK

(typing, hardly listening)

Sure. Could you guys carry this discussion on somewhere else. I want to get this paragraph right....

VINCENZO

(after beat)

Carl, I think you should go....

10-A CONTINUED - 3

10-

KOLCHAK

(angrily)

Come on! Doesn't anyone around here  
have a sense of what's important?

VINCENZO

(now angry too)

We haven't got time to discuss it.  
The interview with Amerta Mera is  
all set up! You have to be on a  
plane today!

KOLCHAK

I'm just not going, that's all.

VINCENZO

(with angry  
finality)

You will go out to Los Angeles!  
You will give the story your best  
effort and you will keep me posted  
while you're out there. Now, that's  
it!

He turns and stomps off, notices Updyke's disappointment.

VINCENZO

(miffed)

I'm sorry, Ron.

He moves off and Updyke shrugs, heads back to his desk.

10-B KOLCHAK

10-

Quickly getting his things from his drawer, a smile of satis-  
faction hidden from the others in the office.

11 EXT. SUNSET STRIP

11

picking up a car parked at the curb. We are shooting past the  
figure of Andrew Garth.

12 INT. CAR - NIGHT - CLOSER ON GARTH

12

Garth is late thirties, big muscled, cruelly handsome. Much  
of his face is lost in shadow but his eyes search the sidewalks  
with anticipation. They focus on what he is looking for:

13 GARTH'S POINT OF VIEW - CATHERINE RAWLINS

13

a slim dark-haired girl, mid-twenties, moving past darkened  
doorways. Much of her is lost in shadow as well but clearly

13 CONTINUED 13

she is beautiful, leaning against the wall of a Strip boite.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

May 6. 11:15 p.m. Los Angeles' fabled Sunset Boulevard. While I was dozing on a cross country flight, Catherine Rawlins, twenty-five, was stopped on the street by someone she hadn't seen in three years....

14 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 14

Garth moves out of the car, talks to the girl.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

...but a lot had changed in three years....

15 INT. GARTH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 15

dark, silent, large sliding doors to a balcony overlooking the Marina. Lights twinkle beyond. The door opens and Garth ushers Catherine in. His beefy arm still around her, he leads her to the window, the hint of a smile on his face. They watch the harbor a minute, then he turns her toward him, roughly moves his mouth toward her lips.

16 ANGLE - FLOOR 16

Two scuffling pairs of feet. The struggle is violent.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

...a whole lot....

17 ANGLE - THE APARTMENT 17

as the two blurred figures, locked in a death struggle, crash to the floor.

18 ANGLE - FRONT DOOR 18

as a key grates in the lock. The door opens revealing Linda Courtner (thirty, attractive) who enters with a heavy bag of groceries.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

The same night. Twelve thirty a.m. Linda Courtner returned home early with a splitting headache to the apartment she shared....

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED 18

Closing the door, Linda glimpses something behind the couch, moves toward it fearfully. She reacts in horror to:

18-A HER POINT OF VIEW - BODIES ON FLOOR 18-

In deep shadows -- Garth and Catherine -- one is draining the life from the other's neck. The live one whirls, looks at Linda. It is Catherine -- her eyes livid, burning, fangs bared, blood dribbling down her chin. She hisses.

18-B LINDA 18-

screams in horror; her groceries crash to the floor. Catherine pounces on her.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

The pain of Linda's headache was nothing compared to the agony she experienced before she died....

19 and 20 OMITTED 19 and 20

21 EXT. L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY - STOCK 21

as a jumbo jet lands.

21-A-1 EXT. KOLCHAK'S HOTEL - DAY 21-A-

Kolchak drives up in a rented car. The doorman signals a bellhop who starts taking his baggage...suitcase, gym bag and typewriter. Kolchak gives his keys to the doorman, enters the hotel.

21-A INT. KOLCHAK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 21-

as Kolchak enters followed by a bellhop who lugs his typewriter, bags and other gear. The bellhop opens the blinds, turns on the radio to a dreadful muzak station as Kolchak pokes around the room, makes an expression of critical judgement that says so-so. The bellhop waits for his tip as Kolchak wrinkles his nose at the musical selection, flips the dial to a news station. Tipping the bellhop, Kolchak examines a batch of phone messages, shakes his head, dials the phone.

KOLCHAK

(sighs)

Yes, operator. I have to call my mother. Person to person...

CONTINUED

21-A CONTINUED

21-A

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(beat)

Tony Vincenzo. 312 -- 555-8842.  
Yeah....

Kolchak waits, undoes his tie, then something on the radio causes him to sit up straight.

NEWSCASTER

...and in Barstow, Sheriff's deputies today reported finding the body of Goodsprings resident, David Mitchell in a stolen car. It is believed that Mitchell fell asleep in the auto and then succumbed to the high desert temperatures which sometimes reach 125 degrees at mid-day. Mitchell's body, deputies stated, was in a severely dehydrated condition, with vital fluids all but gone....

Kolchak stares at the radio, his wheels turning. Suddenly:

KOLCHAK

Operator, cancel the call. Thanks.

Kolchak quickly gets his things, exits.

22  
thru OMITTED  
29

22  
thru  
29  
(X)

30 INT. BARSTOW IMPOUND GARAGE - DAY

30

Kolchak is standing with Sheriff's Deputy Sample (countrified). Sample holds a hostile-looking police dog on a short leash. A tow truck lowers a car to the ground, following Sample's hand signals. The car is the one belonging to the stewardess in las Vegas and all its windows are taped and papered over.

KOLCHAK

Mr. Sample, what time does your coroner think Mr. Mitchell died?

SAMPLE

(cold; after  
a beat)

'Bout five a.m. Five-thirty. Probably lost consciousness long before.

The tow truck moves off and Kolchak moves toward the car. The dog interposes, growls. Kolchak smiles, then peers at the car.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

What time does the sun comes up around here.

SAMPLE

(sarcastic)

In the morning. Early.

KOLCHAK

Like what? Five a.m.? Five-thirty?

SAMPLE

Why? What of it?

KOLCHAK

I believe Mr. Mitchell was murdered about that time. Then the killer couldn't stand the sun coming up so he taped the windows to wait for nightfall.

SAMPLE

(annoyed)

You been chewing mescal? Who said he was murdered? He died from exposure.

(X)

Sample regards Kolchak staring thoughtfully at the car.

SAMPLE

And what's all this malarkey about sunlight? Mitchell stole the vehicle in Vegas. He was gonna repaint it, so he taped the car.

(X)

KOLCHAK

What was he gonna repaint? The inside? That's where it's taped.

Sample casts a furtive glance at the car, hasn't got a response. Kolchak moves around the car, causing the dog to growl. Kolchak steps back a bit, nods as he looks at the car.

KOLCHAK

Mr. Mitchell didn't steal this car, he was probably just an innocent hitchhiker. He got a lift from Vegas right into the next world....

(X)

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED - 2

30

SAMPLE

Boy, you're one of those fellows  
just loves to hear himself talk,  
aren't you?

KOLCHAK

(turns, smiles)

No, I'm a Reporter. I like to hear  
other people talk.

(more serious)

Like I have one more question for  
you? Were there two punctures on  
Mitchell's throat?

Sample, uneasy, regards him for a hard beat.

SAMPLE

Don't know. But the last nosey  
fellow came through Barstow, some-  
body gave his tires some punctures.  
Never did catch the vandals.

Kolchak shakes his head, smiles.

KOLCHAK

It's been nice talking with you,  
Mr. Sample. Thank you very much.

He gives a small wave, moves toward his car which is parked  
off to the side. Sample watches sullenly.

30-A EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - DAY

30-

Kolchak approaches in a rented sedan.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

My trip had been very illuminating.  
But unless I had something to show  
on Amerta Mera and transcendental  
meditation, Vincenzo would do some  
serious meditating on having me  
fired....

(X)

Carl gets out of the car, watches somewhat puzzled as a  
limosine pulls out of the drive and away. He moves past an  
OPEN HOUSE sign to the mansion's front door. He prepares to  
knock, then sees the door is ajar, so he pushes it open, enters.

(X)

30-B INT. MANSION - DAY

30-

As Kolchak comes in, peers around. The place is futuristically  
decorated. There is no one in sight. Then Kolchak is startled  
by a sound.

CONTINUED

30-B CONTINUED

30-1

FAYE'S VOICE

If this is too small for you, you might like the old Basil Rathbone place....

Kolchak turns to see Faye Kruger (late thirties, attractive) enter with a nattily dressed couple. Faye holds a clipboard, sees Kolchak, looks him up and down appraisingly, smiles automatically.

FAYE

Feel free to browse. I'll be right with you.

(to the couple)

I think this is just a dandy at five twenty five, five. But you're the ones who have to live in it.

The woman looks around the place.

WOMAN

We'll think about it.

FAYE

Of course, but please do go see the Rathbone. It's right up the block ...It's a charmer.

(hands the man  
a business card)

The people leave and Faye approaches Kolchak.

FAYE

(gestures  
expansively)

It has eight bedrooms, four and a half baths. The fireplaces are all Etruscan marble, the floors are peg and groove.

KOLCHAK

Wait, wait. I'm not looking for a house.

FAYE

(now colder)

No. You didn't have that buyer look.

KOLCHAK

I was supposed to meet here with Amerta Mera. I'm late....

CONTINUED

CHANDRA  
(Indian mixed  
with Oxford)

Indeed....

Faye and Kolchak turn to see Indian man descending the stairs. He wears an immaculate free flowing white suit, simple beads and carries a shoulder bag into which he is inserting papers. His face is calm, expressionless, his gaze piercing.

KOLCHAK

Mr. Chandra, I hope? I'm Kolchak.  
I spoke with you briefly on the  
phone from Chicago....

CHANDRA

Yes, you did. And I told you, that  
if you wished to speak with My Most  
Perfect Master, you will be here  
by noon of today.

KOLCHAK

I'm sorry...I was delayed unavoidably...  
I thought maybe I could still talk with  
Amerta Mera?

CHANDRA

As your delay was unavoidable, so now  
is your disappointment. He has just  
gone to meet the faithful in Dallas.

(smiles warmly)

Following this, he will join his  
bride and they will go into seclusion  
for several months.

KOLCHAK

When will I get another chance?

CHANDRA

(shrugs)

In time, no doubt....

KOLCHAK

In time for my deadline?

Chandra merely looks at him with patient pitying condescension -- one of the unenlightened. He gives a small smile and shrug, turns to Faye.

CONTINUED

CHANDRA

Thank you for all your help, Faye.  
(takes her hand)  
I know the Master appreciates it.

FAYE

Good-bye Chandra. My best to everyone.

He bows slightly, exits. A beat of silence as Kolchak looks after him hopelessly. Faye smiles a little.

FAYE

They're not too concerned with earthly pressures...the daily grind....

KOLCHAK

They should meet my boss. He could turn Bhudda into a chain smoker....  
(smiles)  
Apparently Mr. Chandra doesn't find you too earthly.

FAYE

(shrugs)  
I'm friends with the whole inner circle. I leased Amerta Mera this house when he first came here from India. Now I'm going to sell it. I don't think it's overpriced.

KOLCHAK

I wouldn't know.  
(extends his hand)  
Carl Kolchak. INS.

FAYE

(looks at the hand coldly, doesn't shake)  
When are you bureaucrats going to stop hounding that poor man? He only came to this country to try to bring some peace and love. Just because his followers give him of money -- freely -- is no reason to badger him. Its either you or the immigration people, or ---

KOLCHAK

No, no, wait. I said INS, not IRS.

FAYE

Oh.

CONTINUED

30-B CONTINUED - 4

30-B

KOLCHAK

INS is a news service.

FAYE

(pleased)

Oh? I've never heard of you. But isn't that something. You know I studied journalism at North Carolina State. I was a reporter too for awhile on the Greensboro Republican.

(sighs)

Then I got involved in a bad marriage and all that ended.

(brightens)

I'm Faye Kruger.

KOLCHAK

I'm supposed to be doing a feature on Transcendental Meditation, but now I missed the interview and I -- well, I'm not really too interested in the subject.

(X)

FAYE

Why not? It's quite fascinating. Amerta Mera and I had many talks about it while he was leasing.

(X)

KOLCHAK

(wheels turning)

Would you care to have dinner, Faye?

FAYE

So you can pump me about Amerta Mera and write your article?

(X)

KOLCHAK

Well...pump isn't the right word....

FAYE

Sure it is.

KOLCHAK

(smiles)

Maybe we can do a little better than pumping. Ever thought of going back into journalism?

30-C INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - DAY

30-C

as Faye and Carl drive along. The car radio is playing under. Kolchak also fiddles with a portable police radio.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

Of course I'd proof what you wrote. Just show you some minor points of style. You'd sign my byline and cable it off to Chicago.

FAYE

Sign your byline?

KOLCHAK

Just at first, of course. As soon as they see how good you are, I'll use every bit of influence I have with my editor to bring you in as a syndicated columnist.

30-D ANGLE - FAYE

30-D

Gives him a look, has a feeling she's being conned.

FAYE

Is he really that high on you?

30-E WIDER

30-E

Kolchak nods.

KOLCHAK

He's up in the ionosphere over me.

Faye suppresses a smile, knows he's just talking. Kolchak turns to her as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

KOLCHAK

Does the deal seem equitable to you?

Faye considers, very tempted to say yes. Suddenly Kolchak turns down the ever crackling police radio, turns up a news broadcast.

NEWSCASTER

(filtered, excited)

This is Pete McKeel...Radio 102's mobile unit here at the scene of a vicious double murder at 3200 Windsor Place. The bodies were discovered some time this morning. I've tried to get a comment from Lieutenant Jack Matteo of the Los Angeles Police Department but so far he's declined....

CONTINUED

30-E CONTINUED

30-

NEWSCASTER (Cont'd)

(beat, some  
confusion)

...apparently they've already  
arrested some suspects in the case...

Faye and Kolchak regard each other. Faye shakes her head.

NEWSCASTER

(filtered)

...the police crews are finishing  
up. I can say this...after covering  
a lot of homicides...this is unusual.  
I can't see much blood on the premises --  
if any...I've just had word the  
police will hold a briefing for the  
press right here at the scene...any  
minute...maybe we'll know more then....

KOLCHAK

(accelerates)

Start your story, Faye. You're a  
journalist.

30-F EXT. KOLCHAK'S HOTEL

30-

Kolchak's car speeds up to the entrance, jerks to a stop.  
The doorman opens the door for Faye and she gets out.

KOLCHAK

(gives Faye  
his key)

Room 202! Start without me...!

With a quick wave, he speeds off, leaving a puzzled Faye  
and an even more puzzled doorman.

30-G INT. GARTH'S APARTMENT - DAY

30-

Lt. Matteo (tall, lanky) addresses a room full of reporters  
in patient careful tones.

CONTINUED

30-G CONTINUED

30-

MATTEO

...acting on tips furnished by police informants, we arrested the two suspects a few hours ago.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Oh, second apartment on the left.  
Sorry....

The last part is delivered as Kolchak enters, yelling back out into the corridor. He turns with a feeble smile for the many stoney faces who crane to see what's causing the commotion. Matteo glares as Carl bumps his way in, ducks behind reporters in the last row.

MATTEO

(resumes coldly)

The two suspects are both admitted members of Dark Star Coven, a group of Satan worshippers.

KOLCHAK

(trying to look innocuous)

Captain?

MATTEO

(brusquely;  
looking around)

Lieutenant.

KOLCHAK

How do you explain the loss of blood in the victims?

MATTEO

That information's already been released over the air, hasn't it? We're on to other things...Mr. uh ---

KOLCHAK

You mean the suction device found in the suspects' possession? That would take quite a bit of time to use, wouldn't it?

This causes a stir among the reporters.

CONTINUED

30-G CONTINUED - 2

30-

FIRST REPORTER

(thinks)

Yes, Lieutenant...I mean, do you believe the suspects hung around the murder scene all that time?

WOMAN REPORTER

Why didn't they just take the bodies with them? Do the draining in the safety of their home where you caught them?

Kolchak looks around, nods.

MATTEO

(surprised at the aggressiveness; caught off guard)

These people don't have much presence of mind. They're deranged.

KOLCHAK

(whispers to Woman Reporter)

Has he said whether he thinks these murders are connected to the one earlier this week in Erie or the others east of here?

FIRST REPORTER

(after over-hearing)

Do you feel there's a connection between these murders and the one in Erie ---

MATTEO

(interrupts, angrily)

Our department is looking into all leads. If a connection is found we'll release news of it. If it will serve a purpose.

KOLCHAK

(trying to lose himself in the crowd)

According to the papers, the murdered man was very large, a former stunt man. It would take a killer of immense strength to subdue such a man, wouldn't it?

CONTINUED

MATTEO

(looking for  
that voice

Constantine Praxanos, one of our suspects, is six-two, two hundred and fifty pounds. That strong enough for you?

WOMAN REPORTER

There must have been quite a struggle.

(looks around)

But there doesn't seem to be much evidence of that.

Kolchak smiles as the reporters start buzzing. Matteo checks his notes, addresses the room, ignoring the question and trying to speak above the voices.

MATTEO

Now Doctor Kornbaum, our police psychiatrist, believes these murders were ritual in nature. Satan worshippers of the type we arraigned often serve human during sabats....

KOLCHAK

Exactly what marks were on the bodies? Were they beaten? Bruised?

SECOND REPORTER

Lieutenant, where was the suction device attached?

MATTEO

We're withholding certain specific facts...facts only an involved party could verify....

Matteo sees the reporters growing restive, sees his smooth briefing deteriorating.

KOLCHAK

Is there any truth to the rumor that the only marks were two punctures on the neck...sort of... vampire style?

The room breaks out in a buzz and now Matteo's eyes find Kolchak, causing even him to shrivel a bit.

30-G CONTINUED - 4

30-

MATTEO

Just what paper do you work for?

KOLCHAK

(exiting quickly)  
Manchester Guardian....

31  
and OMITTED  
32

31  
an  
32

33 INT. KOLCHAK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

33

The dressing table and bureau have been turned into an office. Papers are strewn around. Crumpled rejects dot the floor. Faye bangs away at Kolchak's typewriter. She hardly looks up as Kolchak enters, out of breath, hot, and rumpled but full of feverish energy. He carries with him his portable police band radio that emits a constant stream of crackling police calls throughout the entire scene.

KOLCHAK

Hi. Did I get a call from Las Vegas?

FAYE

(intently typing)  
I don't know. You told me not to answer the phone.

Kolchak sets down his radio, picks up the phone, dials.

KOLCHAK

(hurriedly)  
Operator, I want to call Las Vegas.  
Area code 702 -- 555-4776.  
(to Faye)  
How's the story coming?

FAYE

Fine. Really fine. I read some snatches to the room service waiter and he seemed intrigued. When are you going to proofread it?

KOLCHAK

Soon as I finish up here...  
(into phone)  
Frank? How you comin' on that missing persons' list? You had plenty of time. I drove all the way back from Barstow...I been running around here! Try!  
(waits; fingers tapping)

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

31

FAYE

(intently at work)

Carl, how do you spell magically?  
One L or two?

KOLCHAK

(hardly listening)

Two. Two.

(into phone)

Eighty-seven people? Listen, can  
you cable the list to me? Of  
course collect. Thanks, Frank.  
I owe you.

Kolchak hangs up. He moves to Faye to look over her shoulder  
as she types. Suddenly the phone rings. He and Faye regard  
each other. Kolchak looks very worried.

33-A INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE

33-

Vincenzo holds the phone to his ear, tapping impatiently on  
the desk with a pen. Finally, the phone at the other end is  
picked up and Kolchak's voice is heard as if from under the  
ocean. The buzzing and static of the connection are very bad.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Hello?

VINCENZO

(holds phone away  
from ear a bit)

Kolchak?

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Hello? Operator?

VINCENZO

Kolchak, I could hear you a lot  
better if you'd take that submarine  
sandwich out of your mouth.

KOLCHAK

Tony? What did you say? This is  
a really bum connection....

33-B INTERCUT KOLCHAK

33-

He has a towel wrapped around the receiver mouthpiece and is  
holding an electric razor above it, moving it in a circle.

CONTINUED

33-B CONTINUED

33-

VINCENZO

How'd the interview go with Amerta Mera?

KOLCHAK

She did, huh?

VINCENZO

(yelling)

I said Amerta Mera!

KOLCHAK

Right here at the hotel! They have a little place off the lobby called the Char-pit! It's cheap!

VINCENZO

(loud but slow;  
enunciating  
clearly)

The guru, Carl! Did you get what we need? How was the interview with the guru?

KOLCHAK

A T-bone! Overcooked! But the chocolate mousse was passable!

VINCENZO

(exasperated)

Just get the story on the wire and get it fast! And it better be a real jewel!

The last part of his speech is drowned out as Kolchak moves the razor right into the towel, shouts. The noise blasts in Vincenzo's ear.

KOLCHAK

This hotel is too close to the airport! There's another 747 coming over and I can't hear a thing! What? Right! Bye!

There's a click and Vincenzo hears the line go dead. He hangs up, buries his head in his hands.

33-C END INTERCUT

33-

Kolchak switches off the shaver, sits back, sighs. Faye gives him a headshake and a small smile, but her concentration is really on her work.

CONTINUED

33-C CONTINUED

33-

FAYE

Carl, when you use its as in 'has oft times lost its own charm,' do you put the apostrophe before the S or after?

Kolchak looks up, a fearful expression dawning on his face.

KOLCHAK

Oft times? Oft?

He moves toward her, then stops dead, something coming over the ever present police radio catching his ear.

POLICE RADIO

(Matteo)

Matteo...Unit One Baker, Nevada, checking out. I'm at 3200 Windsor Place. Will be away from unit forty-five minutes to an hour. Code 27....

Kolchak worries this over in his mind.

KOLCHAK

(muttering)

3200 Windsor Place...?

Kolchak suddenly grabs his camera, police radio and recorder and hat, heads for the door.

FAYE

When are you going to proofread this?

KOLCHAK

Proof it yourself and then get it on the wire. The address is by the phone.

(stops, looks back, deliberating)  
Do you have any more 'ofts?' Or any 'dost thous' or 'narys?'

FAYE

(laughs)  
I'd never use 'dost thou.'  
(serious)  
But yes I have a 'nary.' What's wrong with it?

CONTINUED

33-C CONTINUED - 2

33-C

## POLICE RADIO

...Roger, Lt. Matteo. Copy you  
at 3200 Windsor Place, Code 27.

## KOLCHAK

(he is hearing  
the radio)

It went out with methinks. Lose  
the nary and the ofts and put it  
on the wire.

He dashes out.

34 EXT. STREET - DAY

34

as Kolchak's car drives along.

35 INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - DAY

35

as he takes in the Southern California landscape. He smiles,  
seeing:

36 HIS POINT OF VIEW

36

The Hollywood sign.

37 OMITTED

37

38 HIS POINT OF VIEW

38

The giant cross atop Cahuenga Pass.

39 KOLCHAK

39

shrugs, smiles.

40 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

40

as Kolchak's car zips up the ramp, speeds off.

41 INT. GARTH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

Where Andrew Garth and Linda Courtner met death. Kolchak peeks in the unlocked door, sees Matteo, by himself, frowning intently as he inspects a living room closet. Hearing Kolchak's entry, Matteo turns.

MATTEO

Well, my English friend. I was hoping very much you'd be back in Manchester by now.

KOLCHAK

Having a spot of trouble with the old Spitfire.

MATTEO

(hard)

What're you doing in L.A. What's your name?

KOLCHAK

Kolchak. I'm a reporter, for INS in Chicago.

MATTEO

Well, Lord Kolchak, we have enough home-grown reporters. Your help isn't needed.

Kolchak shrugs, peeks into the nooks and crannies of the living room.

KOLCHAK

You act like you need help. You're still fretting over the scene of a murder when your people have been all through it and you've got two suspects in jail.

MATTEO

I'm a compulsive worrier. Okay?

Kolchak now looks in the closet which Matteo was inspecting, moves some of the hangers around.

MATTEO

Keep your hands off.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

KOLCHAK

You know, if you're worried the two warlocks you arrested might be innocent, I'd say you have good reason to worry.

MATTEO

Is that right? And why is that.

KOLCHAK

Because the victims were slaughtered for food by a vampire. A real one.

Matteo can't help a cold chuckle. He shakes his head.

MATTEO

One of the reasons I went into police work is because I thought I'd meet all kinds of people... interesting people. That's the truth...

(harder)

But you're not interesting. You're just idiotic.

Kolchak sidles toward the bedroom, Matteo follows.

42 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

Kolchak enters, opens a drawer. Matteo comes up behind, slams it.

KOLCHAK

I went to Barstow. Talked to a sheriff's deputy. I asked him if the victims out there had puncture marks on the neck and the truth was hanging out all over his face.

Kolchak looks at Matteo's face but it gives away nothing. Kolchak is impressed.

KOLCHAK

Very good. But you know that Linda Courtner and her boyfriend had them.

CONTINUED

MATTEO

(cold smile)

If I knew that. I would have told the press. What's causing you to have this fantasy?

KOLCHAK

(looking in an open closet)

If your thinking isn't too hidebound, you can see the pattern in all the killings.

(smiles)

You know about the blacked out car in Barstow!

MATTEO

(shrugs)

From what I hear of it, it's grand theft auto.

KOLCHAK

(opens a jewelry box)

Then you didn't hear enough. The car was taped on the in ---

Matteo now really angers, slams the lid of the box down.

MATTEO

I have one thing to tell you, Kolchak. Get that Spitfire cranked up and take off into the fog. Do it today.

He moves toward Kolchak who starts backing out of the room.

MATTEO

And on your way home, drop your vampire story off in Transylvania.

They enter, Kolchak getting inflamed.

KOLCHAK

This vampire didn't come from Transylvania. It came from Las Vegas!

MATTEO

You try to put one word of this nonsense on a teletype and you're back in the Windy City before you have time to pull your hat down tight!

KOLCHAK

(urgently)

Forget the teletype! That's only important to me! What's important to you and everyone else in this city is that you stop the vampire! Kill it! And unless you start thinking of it as a vampire...you will never kill it. You will never catch it!

MATTEO

(whisks the door open)

Get outta here....

KOLCHAK

It has superhuman strength so ---

MATTEO

Get out!

Kolchak shakes his head as Matteo glares at him.

KOLCHAK

-- You can only hold it at bay with a cross. You kill it with a stake through the heart --

(as Matteo opens his mouth; Kolchak yells)

I know. Get out!

He does. Matteo slams the door.

43-A INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

43-

H.A. Gingrich (forties, balding) sits on a tarp spread over the floor, dabbing at the wall with a small brush. He looks up as Kolchak leans over him.

KOLCHAK

Are you the manager?

GINGRICH

(paints)

Also the painter, plumber, gardner....

KOLCHAK

Did you know about Linda Courtner?

GINGRICH

(closed mouth)

Some.

Kolchak thinks, decides to try something. His tone becomes more officious.

KOLCHAK

You haven't been talking to any re-

43-A

CONTINUED

41

GINGRICH

Nope. Police gave me strict orders.

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak.

(curt, flips his  
wallet open and  
closed in a flash)

INS. Glad to see your complying.

GINGRICH

(impressed)

Oh? Well, glad to help you any  
way I can.

Gingrich is a little nervous -- a nice guy faced with  
authority. Kolchak smiles reassuringly but officiously.

KOLCHAK

Now, most of the women's clothing  
and accessories are missing from  
Mrs. Courtner's apartment. Any  
ideas who might have taken them?

GINGRICH

None at all. It's odd isn't it?  
I mean -- two men have been arrest-  
ed ---.

KOLCHAK

(thoughtful)

That's what we're trying to resolve.

(pretends to write)

Could you describe any of the clothes?  
Or jewelry? Maybe it could be traced.

GINGRICH

(hard pressed)

Gee, she had so many clothes...a  
lot of expensive things. Needed  
them in her work I guess.

KOLCHAK

What kind of work did she do?

GINGRICH

Her hours were terrible. Coming  
in late, going out late. Some kind  
of entertainment thing, hostessing  
or something. Graces' Catering  
Service was the name of the firm  
I believe.

KOLCHAK

Why do you say entertainment? Was  
she a performer?

CONTINUED

43-A CONTINUED - 2

43-

GINGRICH

(shrugs)

Guess so. My wife heard her talking about doing stunts one time.

Kolchak is thoughtful.

KOLCHAK

Stunts?

GINGRICH

Whatever it was, she sure made a lot of money at it. Always dressed to kill, like I say. Supported that bum she lived with -- no offense to the dead....

KOLCHAK

(it's beginning to make sense)

You sure she didn't say tricks? Not stunts?

GINGRICH

(thinks; nods his head)

Sure. My wife misunderstood. I never would have picked Mrs. Courtner as that kind of woman. Boy, my wife...

(shakes his head again)

I guess because her sister went off to be in show business we naturally assumed....

KOLCHAK

(perks at this)

Her sister left Hollywood to get into show business? Where?

GINGRICH

Las Vegas. She was gonna be a showgirl, but then she disappeared. Mrs. Courtner was very upset ---

KOLCHAK

(very excited)

What was her name? The sister?

GINGRICH

(surprised at the reaction)

Catherine. But the ---

CONTINUED

43-A CONTINUED - 3

43-

KOLCHAK

(grabs his arm)  
Catherine Courtner?

GINGRICH

No, no. She never got married  
that I knew. The family name was...  
(thinks, nervous  
as Kolchak presses  
him)  
Stallings? No -- Rawlins. Rawlins.

Kolchak quickly writes this down, hurries away feverishly.  
Gingrich is now suspicious.

KOLCHAK

Thanks! Thanks a lot!

GINGRICH

Hey! Wait! You don't know the  
first thing about Mrs. Courtner  
do you? Let me see your credentials  
again!

Kolchak is already gone.

44 INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

44

on the beautiful legs of Catherine Rawlins walking the plush  
carpet on silver platform sandals. Widen to reveal her  
leonine body moving fluidly under a clingy evening dress.  
We are behind her as she makes her entrance. Men stare,  
watch her pass as she toys with a long silk scarf around her  
neck.

45 ANGLE - ICHABOD GRACE

45

hoisting a big tropical drink to his mouth, catching sight  
of Catherine, following with her eyes. He breaks off his MOS  
conversation with the bartender, goes into deep thought,  
watching:

46 ANGLE - CATHERINE

46

She sits at a table, her face partly lost in the shadow of a palm. A waiter approaches and she orders, MOS. Soon after, a handsome middle-aged man approaches her table, smiles, sits.

47 ANGLE - ICHABOD

47

He doesn't like this. It's time to make his move. He ranges his wiry muscles, straightens his jacket and sashays toward Catherine's table.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

May 8. 8:10 p.m. Ichabod Grace,  
businessman, entrepreneur...was  
about to make an investment...  
more of a takeover than a merger.

(X)

Ichabod places a hand on the man's shoulder, smiles at Catherine. He makes a gesture at Catherine, a gesture at the chair the man is sitting in, then indicates with a contemptuous flick of the hand that the man should split...topping it off with a bit of pimp bod; English. The man rises angrily. He might make a fight of it...but Ichabod's icy white smile and the way he yanks the man by his tie, causes the would-be scrapper to bluster, wheedle...slink off meekly.

48 CLOSER

48

as Ichabod sits, leans back with a big grin for Catherine. He starts laying an MOS rap on her.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Ichabod's terms were fair. His  
pitch persuasive.

Ichabod takes an expensive alligator bound notebook from his pocket, flips through it. He shows it to Catherine and flips through again.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Ichabod thought he had added  
another filly to his stable of  
trotters.

Ichabod comes to a page and points emphatically, shows it to Catherine. A vixenish smile on her face, she nods and they rise. Ichabod allows her to walk out...a little behind him and to his left. He savors the pride of ownership, the stares of the men in the bar.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

In Ichabod's parlance, his new  
acquisition was called a fox. He  
had no way of knowing she was actually  
more closely related to the bat....

48  
thru  
54

OMITTED

4:  
th:  
5:  
(  
5:

55 INT: KOLCHAK'S HOTEL - DAY

as a frazzled Kolchak enters, ravenously reading a long yellow telegram, carrying his ever present, ever crackling police portable.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

I picked up the missing persons' list from Las Vegas at the desk....

Kolchak's eyes widen as he reads.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

A Miss Catherine Rawlins was number fifty-six on the sheet. She'd been arrested a few times for prostitution. Late in 1970 at the age of twenty-five she'd been listed as a missing person.

He sits on the edge of the bed, stares away from the list thoughtfully.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Two things were now clear. She was no longer missing...nor could she now be considered a person.

Kolchak takes out the phone book, goes to the yellow pages. But just then, the phone rings. Kolchak dashes for his shaver

55-A INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE

55-

He's on the phone, hears the other end click on, hears the buzz and holds the phone away from his ear.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Hello?

55-B INTERCUT KOLCHAK

55-

VINCENZO

(shouts above noise)

When I brushed my teeth this morning, Kolchak, you were still alive. But then I started shaving and the whole world ended for you.

KOLCHAK

What? I can't hear you....

VINCENZO

(matter of fact)

Turn the shaver off, Carl....

55-B CONTINUED

55-1

Kolchak closes his eyes, meekly switches off the shaver.

VINCENZO

All right. Now where have you been?-  
Why the games? Why haven't you  
returned my calls?

KOLCHAK

I haven't been in the room. I've  
been working...

(glances at  
the list)

And it's paying off.

(thinking fast)

You know there's more to this  
meditation than I thought. There  
are alot of interesting side roads.  
I've been following up....

VINCENZO

Is that right?

(reads)

Well, first I have a few questions  
about the Amerta Mera interview  
itself.

KOLCHAK

Could I call you back on that?

There is a tapping at the hotel room door and Faye peeks in,  
smiling, sees Kolchak on the phone, goes to the desk.

VINCENZO

No.

(reads, sarcastic)

Does Mera's mansion really have  
copper pipes throughout?

KOLCHAK

Copper pipes?

Kolchak motions frantically to Faye, who takes the story from  
the desk, hands it to him.

KOLCHAK

(reading quickly)

Yes. A lot of these old mansions  
have...copper pipes....

VINCENZO

Fascinating. And it has low mainte-  
nance grounds, a Spanish tile roof  
and a separate adobe cabana?

CONTINUED

55-B CONTINUED - 2

55-

KOLCHAK

(reads, nods)

Right, Tony.

Faye's hopeful smile fades as she realizes from Vincenzo's shouting and Kolchak's expression that the interview has not pleased him.

KOLCHAK

I thought that was interesting.

VINCENZO

(exploding)

And I thought I got my wires crossed with Better Homes and Gardens. I didn't send you there to interview real estate....

KOLCHAK

I thought it might be a new angle. But if you don't like it, I'll have a rewrite on the way tomorrow.

(looking at

Faye)

Like I say, there are so many interesting facets to this -- so many possible angles ---

VINCENZO

You will have a rewrite on the way tomorrow. But today, you will go out and buy yourself a dictionary....

KOLCHAK

(fearing the worst)

A few typos in the piece?

VINCENZO

These aren't typos. You could stand trial for crimes against language. Example: How do you spell magically?

KOLCHAK

Two L's.

VINCENZO

I'm not talking about the L's. You've got a j here instead of a g. M-a-j-i-c-k-a-l-l-y. And that's only the beginning.

(beat)

If another story comes through looking like this, it will be the end.

CONTINUED

55-B CONTINUED - 3

55-B

KOLCHAK

(sighs)

Got it.

VINCENZO

Good. You can go on and finish  
your shave now.

He hangs up disgustedly, tosses the story aside.

End Intercut

Kolchak gives Faye the best smile he can muster.

FAYE

He didn't like it, did he? He  
wants a rewrite....

KOLCHAK

No, no. He was quite excited  
about it. He doesn't want a  
rewrite, really. Just a...polish.

FAYE

But I could hear him shouting....

Kolchak has now picked up the phone book and is now going  
through it again.

KOLCHAK

Editors shout alot. You have to  
get used to it.

FAYE

(takes out notes)

I'll look it over. See if I can  
tighten it up.

Kolchak nods, peruses the yellow pages. He doesn't find what  
he wants.

KOLCHAK

Faye? Someone was telling me about  
a company called Grace's Catering  
Service, but it's not listed in the  
book. Ever heard of it?

FAYE

(thinks)

No...no, I haven't.

KOLCHAK

(puzzled; flips  
pages)

Maybe it'd be listed under restaurants?

No response from Faye. She's reading, pencilling. Kolchak  
brightens as his finger traces a page. He dials the phone.

55-C INT. AL'S BAR - DAY

55-

Ichabod sits at the bar, hoisting a drink. The phone rings and he reaches over the bar, picks it up.

ICHABOD

Afternoon. Grace's Catering  
Service....

55-D INTERCUT KOLCHAK

55-1

KOLCHAK

Catherine Rawlins, please....

ICHABOD

She's not here right now. I can  
take a message.

KOLCHAK

(excitement growing;  
playing it by ear)  
Well...can you tell me where she  
is? How I can reach her?

ICHABOD

You can reach her through me. That's  
about it. You can tell me what you  
want.

KOLCHAK

(now comprehending)  
I see. I'd like her to serve me  
something hot. That possible?

ICHABOD

That's what we're here for.

KOLCHAK

Could she come to my hotel room?

ICHABOD

Hold on...  
(checks book)  
After eight. Okay?

KOLCHAK

No later? Like around four a.m.?

ICHABOD

(checks book)  
Can't do.

KOLCHAK

(sighs, checks  
watch)  
Okay. After eight.

CONTINUED

55-D CONTINUED

55-1

ICHABOD

Gimme your room number, where you're at, and your first name.

Ichabod writes it down as Kolchak gives it to him.

ICHABOD

All right. You got an appointment.

End Intercut

Kolchak hangs up, glances up at Faye who is looking at him quizzically.

FAYE

If you're tired of room service food, you should have told me. I could've made a casserole or something....

KOLCHAK

(smiles nervously)

No...It's something special I'm in the mood for....

FAYE

Well, you forgot to tell them what it was.

Kolchak peers at the phone. Awkward silence.

FAYE

(nervous laugh)

Silly, isn't it? Two adults, fencing around about a thing like that. I knew it wasn't food. I was just embarrassed...but still noseey.

Kolchak nods, smiles. They still don't know what to say to each other.

KOLCHAK

It's...not what it seems, either though.

Faye shrugs as if she couldn't care.

FAYE

(after a beat)

About the rewrite...should we ---

KOLCHAK

(checks watch)

That'll have to wait till tomorrow.

CONTINUED

SS-D CONTINUED - 2

55-

FAYE

I'm worried, Carl. Your editor expects a rewrite and I was hoping you'd help me.

KOLCHAK

(smiles expansively)

I will, I will. Tomorrow. We'll really turn out something fantastic... tomorrow.

FAYE

Tomorrow...

(hesitant)

Please take this as the friendly advice it's meant to be....

Kolchak nods, peers at her quizzically.

FAYE

You have a good career going. Don't let it go down the drain in some obsessive quest to prove your virility. I've seen that happen to too many good men.

KOLCHAK

(insistently)

Faye, it's not....

He trails off, seeing from her expression that she'd never believe him. She smiles in understanding, heads for the door.

FAYE

I'll come back when you're not so pressured....

KOLCHAK

(suddenly remembers something)

Faye....

She turns and he crosses to her at the door.

KOLCHAK

Could you give me your lipstick?

Faye peers at him with concern a beat, then takes a calm warm tone.

FAYE

Carl, is it something we could talk about? Maybe I could help you in some way.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

(hurriedly)

We will talk. I'll explain every-  
thing. But right now, can I please  
just have your lipstick?

Faye shrugs, and, as if against her better judgment, reaches  
into her handbag and gives him the lipstick.

KOLCHAK

Thank you.

Faye just nods, leaves. Kolchak moves toward the closet,  
takes out a gym bag, opens it. From it, he takes a mallet  
and stake, and a crucifix. He hefts the mallet, shudders.  
He then moves to the back of the door and with the lipstick  
begins drawing a large red cross, the breadth and length of  
the door. Camera moves in on this large cross.

56

thru

70

OMITTED

56

thr

70

71

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

71

Tight on small crucifix held in a hand. Widen to reveal Kolchak  
sitting in a chair by the door. He stiffens at a knock on the  
door, moves through the near darkness to a position next to  
door.

KOLCHAK

Who is it?

GIRL'S VOICE

Grace's Catering.

KOLCHAK

Door's open...come in.

72

ANGLE - DOOR

72

It opens and a lithe female body with long hair is silhouetted in the light from the hallway.

GIRL

(low, sultry)

Carl?

KOLCHAK

Yes...come in.

The girl moves through the doorway.

73

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

The girl's form moves into the room. Kolchak takes a deep breath, readies a crucifix in his hand.

GIRL

Can't we have some lights?

KOLCHAK

I'd prefer not to.

GIRL

(turning)

Okay. Anyway you like it.

She loosens a scarf around her neck, tosses it toward the bed, moves toward Kolchak. He turns on the flashlight suddenly, holds it behind the crucifix. The girl is young, pretty, not Catherine. She stares at the crucifix in Kolchak's hand, at the cross on the door.

GIRL

All right. What freako scene is this?

Kolchak does not answer but brings the crucifix closer with trembling hands.

GIRL

(watching him  
warily)

You okay?

Kolchak stares at her, lowers the crucifix.

CONTINUED

GIRL

(picks up her  
scarf; impatiently)  
Well what do you want?

(glances at  
crucifix)

Is it The Vicar and Milkmaid?  
Rasputin's Pajama Party?

KOLCHAK

You're not Catherine Rawlins...

GIRL

You're not Marcello Mastroianni,  
but you don't hear me crying about  
it, do you?

KOLCHAK

Where is Catherine?

GIRL

You're all flattery, aren't you,  
Father?

KOLCHAK

Wait. You don't understand. I  
didn't want Catherine to come here  
for reasons of...the....

(nods toward  
bed)

This is very important. I have to  
find her....

The girl looks up and down, shrugs.

GIRL

Ichabod sent her off on another  
gig at the last minute. What does  
that witch have that I don't?

KOLCHAK

(smiles)

Believe me, dear, you don't want  
to know. Who's Ichabod?

GIRL

(incredulous)

Ichabod Grace: The main man. My  
sugar mack...Catherine's too....

KOLCHAK

You know where she lives?

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED - 2

73

GIRL

That creep doesn't talk to anybody.  
I don't know anything about her  
except she uses four pounds of  
rouge and pancake on her face...

(shakes her head)

And guys pay for that....

KOLCHAK

She has to use it. She's not well.  
How can I find Ichabod?

GIRL

You're gonna find him steamin'  
when he hears I came up here and  
didn't get paid. Two hundred dol-  
lars, sweetcheeks...

(Kolchak is stunned;  
she smiles)

Welcome to Hollywood, sailor....

74 INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

74

Kolchak is talking with a hostile Ichabod Grace.

GRACE

I don't have to answer questions  
like that about my business. That's  
an invasion of the laissez faire  
principle of free enterprise. Dig,  
chump?

Kolchak throws a newspaper on the bar with a headline pro-  
claiming the death of Garth and Linda Courtner.

KOLCHAK

Linda Courtner used to work for you,  
didn't she?

ICHABOD

Maybe. So what?

KOLCHAK

So Catherine Rawlins murdered her.

ICHABOD

Says who? Why'd she want to do  
that?

KOLCHAK

They were sisters. Catherine had  
reasons. You wouldn't understand.

ICHABOD

Sisters? You're crazy.

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

Am I?

(thinks)

What've you seen Catherine wearing?  
I'll bet some of her clothes are  
the same as Linda Courtner's.

Ichabod muddles this, becomes uneasy.

ICHABOD

You know...maybe there is some  
family resemblance. I never no-  
ticed it. And that Catherine,  
she's wierd....

KOLCHAK

You could be considered accessory  
to murder. Where is she?

ICHABOD

(regains some sass)

Talk to my lawyer.

KOLCHAK

You talk to your lawyer. You're  
withholding information in a killing.

ICHABOD

(thinks, squirms)

I sent her over to Stacker's pad,  
man.

KOLCHAK

Stacker?

ICHABOD

Don't you follow football, chump?  
Clayton 'Stacker' Schumaker of the  
L.A. Rams. His teammates fixed  
him up with a little surprise for  
winning the exhibition game today.  
Paid five cookies....

KOLCHAK

Were does Stacker live?

(no response)

Accessory...to murder....

Ichabod whines, glares, finally takes out his book.

75  
thru OMITTED  
79

75  
thr  
79

80 INT. STACKER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

80

dark, leathery, a jock's expensive bachelor pad. The only light is cast by a flickering fire in the fireplace. One wall is floor-to-ceiling glass doors. Stacker Schumaker lies on his back on a bearskin rug as Catherine (her face lost in shadow) fondles his hair, kisses his neck. He groans with pleasure.

81 TIGHT ANGLE - STACKER'S FACE

81

His eyes suddenly go buggy in fright and agony. He tries to push Catherine off him.

82 WIDER

82

as Catherine pins him to the floor effortlessly, sucks the life from his body. His feet flail feebly...go limp. Sounds of a car arriving o.s. followed by door slamming, giggling and heavy footsteps. Catherine is oblivious. A few seconds later, four beefy linesmen led by Hugo Maltz tiptoe to the window, giggling, holding Vodka bottles. They peer in at the love scene, snicker uncontrollably. Catherine goes on with her draining which looks like kissing.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

10:43 p.m. Tackle Hugo Maltz, and the famous Rams 'Godzilla Gang' arrived at the home of Stacker Schumaker to give their amorous teammate what Maltz had called 'one hellacious surprise.' The surprise was all theirs....

Catherine now hears them, lifts her head, looks, fangs bared.

83 ANGLE - MALTZ AND FRIENDS

83

Maltz' boozy smile turns to a look of unease, he slides open the door.

84 WIDER

84

Catherine rises as the buffaloes enter. She moves around the couch catlike, as the confused bulldozers stare. Maltz moves to Stacker, reacts in horror. A guard dives for her and is sent flying by one shot of her arm. Two others move for her and she hisses, seethes, scratches one with her long nails.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

84

He holds his cheek in horror. Hugo Maltz grabs her arm from behind, but she whirls, breaks the arm, smashes him against the mantle. He plops to the floor, comatose. As the three remaining jocks close on her, she erupts in a-fury. Bodies are hurled and grunts ring out as the furniture is smashed in an incredible melee, surpassing anything these men have seen on the gridiron.

85 ANGLE - GLASS DOOR

85

as Kolchak races up, begins taking pictures. He moves into the room, ducking flying furniture.

86 WIDER

86

as Catherine picks up a huge man hurls him through the glass door. Kolchak takes out his crucifix, tires to wade into the fray, is knocked down by a stumbling linesman. Catherine knocks another beeper to the ground, picks up a heavy chair, smashes him with it. The last man, she kicks and punches to a motionless sack. She then turns her attention to:

87 KOLCHAK

87

scurrying back, crucifix held high.

88 CATHERINE

88

She spits, seethes, holds a hand in front of her face protectively, but keeps on coming...albeit slower. She backs Carl against a wall, slashes at him, just missing. He thrusts the cross out; she flinches back with an animal yowl. Police sirens o.s. and then cars in the driveway. Catherine hears them, steps quickly back as Kolchak jabs the cross at her. Snarling with hate, she turns, runs out the door. Kolchak slumps to the floor, looks up feebly as two officers enter with guns drawn, react to the wreckage in amazement.

89 INT. STACKER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

89

The place is a shambles. The bodies are gone -- now just chalk outlines. Matteo is fishing through the ashes of fireplace with a poker as Kolchak watches. Police are at work in the b.g.

KOLCHAK

It got kicked in there during the fight.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(watching hope-  
fully)Careful. The pictures might be  
okay.

Matteo spears the burned, twisted camera on the poker, offers it to Kolchak who opens the back and stares at the blackened, split film cartridge woefully, tosses it back into the fireplace.

KOLCHAK

Those pictures would have shown....

MATTEO

(interrupting;  
disgusted)

Yeah, I know. A woman...

(gesturing at  
the room)Kolchak, a woman did all this?

KOLCHAK

Your men chased her for three  
blocks. Ask them what they saw.

MATTEO

They saw someone with long hair.  
Probably a male member of the Dark  
Star Coven. They all have long  
hair.

KOLCHAK

Are they all built like Veronica  
Lake? Can they juggle the Godzilla  
Gang singlehanded?

MATTEO

Ever heard of karate? Kung-fu?

KOLCHAK

What I saw wasn't kung-fu or chow  
mein or any of that. It was a  
female vampire! She has super-  
human strength!

MATTEO

(coldly furious)

I don't have superhuman patience,  
Kolchak. And what I do have is  
all used up.

KOLCHAK

I'm not asking for your patience.  
Just your intelligence. Her name  
is Catherine Rawlins. She is --

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

she was -- Linda Courtner's sister.  
Check that out. She disappeared  
from Las Vegas a few years ago.

MATTEO

Thousands of people disappear every  
year. Is Amelia Earhart going to  
turn up as a vampire too?

KOLCHAK

Catherine Rawlins must have been  
bitten and killed by a vampire in  
Las Vegas.

(agitated)

Find her! Kill her! She was a  
high priced hooker and she still  
operates that way! Use your  
resources!

MATTEO

I'm going to use my power. On  
you.

(indicates room)

You waded into a mess and now  
your head's in a vice.

Kolchak sighs, envisioning the worst and at that moment, an  
officer brings Matteo the phone. Kolchak wearily sits.

MATTEO

Chicago?

The officer nods. Kolchak shrinks back in the chair as Matteo  
takes the phone.

MATTEO

Hello? Mr. Anthony Vincenzo?

90 INT. VINCENZO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - TIGHT ON VINCENZO IN BED 90

He's tired, angry, frazzled.

VINCENZO

Yes, yes....

91 INTERCUT MATTEO AND KOLCHAK 91

MATTEO

Lt. Jack Matteo. L.A.P.D.

VINCENZO

(groans)

It's Kolchak, isn't it?

MATTEO

Yes, sir. Did you authorize this man to come out to Los Angeles to cover a murder story?

Kolchak closes his eyes.

VINCENZO

(steaming)

I authorized him to do a story on the upcoming wedding of a fifteen year old guru.

MATTEO

That's not what he says.

VINCENZO

Very little he says has any correlation with the way things are.

MATTEO

(angrily)

We're finding that out.

(beat)

He's in serious trouble, Mr. Vincenzo. We found him on the scene of a multiple homicide. He's a material witness and if we want to, we can make him alot more things..

VINCENZO

I'd rather not even hear about it. He's on his own.

MATTEO

No, your company isn't legally responsible for him. But I'm telling you I don't ever want to see any reporters from your office in Los Angeles again.

Vincenzo shakes his head in exhausted disgust.

MATTEO

I'm also strongly advising that you urge him to take the path of least resistance. Or alot of this flak is going to fly right back to Chicago.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED - 2

91

VINCENZO

Please, Lieutenant. There's no reason for that. Let me speak to him.

Matteo hands the phone to Kolchak, who braces himself for what's to come.

KOLCHAK

Hello, Tony.

VINCENZO

I'm tired of it, Kolchak! Fed up! My brother-in-law has a fourteen year old kid he always had to go and bail out of juvenile hall! But I got you! And you're worse!

KOLCHAK

They're just pressuring me, Tony. What they're doing isn't even fair.

VINCENZO

Whatever it is, you do it. Or so help me, Carl, you haven't got a job here.

KOLCHAK

But it's an incredible story ---

VINCENZO

I mean it, Kolchak. I'll fire you. I won't have any choice. You've lied, connived and weaseled. You belong on the unemployment line!

KOLCHAK

Vincenzo, I was there in the flesh when the killings happened! It was a....

He trails off, knowing this will make matters much worse.

VINCENZO

It was what?

(no response,  
angrily)

You there? Kolchak? It was what?

KOLCHAK

(sighs)

Some say it was a couple of warlocks.

CONTINUED

VINCENZO

I don't know what you're talking about and I don't care. Just remember this. Whatever you do next, INS is not behind you. INS is only behind a story on Amerta Mera, which -- incidentally -- INS better get, or you're lined up at window A!

KOLCHAK

Thank you, INS. I understand.

Kolchak hangs up.

VINCENZO

Kolchak? Kolchak?

End Intercut

KOLCHAK

(to Matteo)

Oh, I'm sorry. Was there something more you wanted to tell him?

MATTEO

I'm telling you: be on a plane by six o'clock this morning.

KOLCHAK

I don't know if I could make that ---

MATTEO

Then we'll carry you right onto the plane and stuff you in your seat.

(beat)

Now, it's either that, or you're in a legal tangle a machete won't cut through.

KOLCHAK

You must partly believe what I say, or you wouldn't be so afraid that I could start a panic.

MATTEO

(to an officer)

Balaban, give Mr. Kolchak a ride to his hotel. He's tired of our smog. He's going home.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED - 4

91

KOLCHAK

(as officers grab  
him)

Wait a minute ---

MATTEO

(to officers)

And if he won't get in the car,  
jam his tie in the door and drag  
him.

The officers lead Kolchak away.

92 EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

92

In Hollywood, lined with apartment buildings, decaying old  
homes on large lots. Kolchak's car pulls into view moving  
slowly down the street.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

It took just three hours to find  
the house that Catherine was...  
using. The multiple listing  
described it as baronial retreat...  
a secluded handyman's special.

93 INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR

93

His gaze moves from house to house as he cruises the street.  
He stares at one house, a cold terror moving over his face.

94 EXT. THE HOUSE

94

set back from the street in the shadows of the street lights.  
It is surrounded by a ring of columns, irregular, swaying.  
The lawn is overgrown with weeds, spotted with litter.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

It was actually a decayed, turn  
of the century mansion waiting  
to be replaced by a condominium  
and it would appeal to a special  
type of client...someone uncon-  
cerned with earthly comforts. And  
it was secluded. Who would go  
near it? Only a vampire, or some-  
one looking for her.

- 95 EXT. THE STREET 95  
Kolchak's car drives past the house and out of sight.
- 96 EXT. A SLOPE - NIGHT 96  
Kolchak is walking down a sharp incline carrying a bag in one hand, a gasoline can in the other. He skids, slides on the loose dirt, stops on a leveled clearing. He looks around carefully, sets the can against the base of a post, moves away with the bag.
- 97 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 97  
kneels on the ground next to the bag, opens it. He takes out a mallet and stake, tucks them under his belt, pushes a crucifix into his pocket. He takes a flashlight from the bag, examines the lens which has been taped over leaving clear the form of a cross. He tests the flashlight, is thoughtful for a moment, leaves.
- 97-A EXT. THE HOUSE 97-  
grim, foreboding. Kolchak moves from pillar to pillar toward the house.
- 97-B ANGLE - KOLCHAK 97-  
cautiously moving toward the house under the cover of the colonade. He stiffens at a movement in the shadows, looks at the house furtively.
- 97-C KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 97-C  
The house is gabled, shadowed, wrought iron ornamental bars cover each window and door. As Kolchak watches, a cat walks out of the shadows, scampers across the lawn.
- 98 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 98  
Sighs with relief. He begins to move on, steadying himself on the wooden trellis above the columns. The rotted wood gives way under his touch, a startled cat hisses, snarls, as Kolchak freezes, cowers under the shower of rotted wood fragments.

-A ANGLE - FOLLOWING KOLCHAK 98-A 98-B  
 moving away from the columns toward the house. He bumps into a bird bath, winces, continues. He stops at the wall of the house for a moment, then begins walking around it. As he turns a corner, he sees an oblong box sitting in the shadows near a row of metal garbage cans. The box looks like a packing crate. 99

-B ANGLE - KOLCHAK 98-B  
 He stands over the crate thoughtfully, readies the cross and the flashlight as he hears sounds coming from inside the box. He lifts the lid slowly. As it groans open, he turns on the light. 100  
 ure

-C INSIDE THE BOX 98-C  
 It is filled with newspapers, rats, their eyes glinting in the light of Kolchak's flashlight. Several rats scamper out through the open lid. 101

-D ANGLE - KOLCHAK 98-D 102  
 Startled, he steps back, knocks over two garbage cans, tries to stop them as they roll away, trips, falls.

-E FOLLOWING THE CANS 98-E 103  
 as they clatter and bang down the driveway toward the street. he  
 title.

-F ANGLE - KOLCHAK 98-F  
 lying on the lawn wincing at the interminable rumble of the cans. The sound fades, stops. Kolchak stands, winces again at a final crash. He waits, moves back to the house. 104

-G ANGLE - KOLCHAK 98-G  
 He is standing under a window covered with grill work. The lower edge of the window is several feet above his head. Kolchak moves to the bird bath, wheels it to a position under the window, stands on it, shines the flashlight through the window, looks in. 105

-H CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 98-H  
 Peering inside intently, he stiffens as the grill work over

- 98-H CONTINUED 98-H
- the window groans under his weight, his balance on the bird bath gets wobbly.
- 99 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 99
- As the bird bath topples from under his feet, he clings to the grill work as his feet dangle, search for a foothold. Kolchak glances in the direction of the driveway. He gasps, stifles a scream.
- 100 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 100
- In the shadows of the far end of the driveway a slender figure appears to be moving toward the house.
- 101 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 101
- as he drops to the ground, crouches, stares at the driveway.
- 102 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 102
- The shadow he saw is gone.
- 103 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 103
- stares at the driveway thoughtfully, looks around, assumes he is imagining things. He stands up cautiously, relaxes a little. He walks to the front of the house, stops at the front door, examines the grill work that protects it.
- 104 ANGLE - CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 104
- working over the rusty lock. He pauses at the sound of a snarl. He listens, assumes it's another cat, continues working on the lock.
- 105 ANGLE - CATHERINE 105
- several feet behind Kolchak. As she moves toward him, her lips part exposing her fangs. She raises her arms to grasp him. She snarls.

106 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

10

realizes it is not a cat. He takes the crucifix from his pocket, turns to face her as she pounces on him, pins him helplessly against the iron grill work. Kolchak struggles as he waves the crucifix behind her ineffectively. As her mouth moves close to his throat, he drops the crucifix down the back of her dress. Catherine screams, writhes in agony as the crucifix burns into her flesh. She releases Kolchak as she tears at her dress.

107 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

10

running, scampering up earthen steps holding his flashlight. He looks back with a look of terror, continues climbing with renewed determination.

108 ANGLE - CATHERINE AND KOLCHAK

10

She follows Kolchak up the side of the hill, gaining steadily. He pauses when she comes close, turns the flashlight with the cross-shaped beam at her, runs as she recoils from the light. From an angle we can see that the back of her dress is partly burnt out. As Kolchak reaches the crest of the hill, he looks back, searching for Catherine. She has circled ahead of him, knocks the flashlight from his hand as he turns.

109 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

10

Dodging away from Catherine's grasp, he rolls down the slope, tumbling, sliding, coming to rest at the cleared, level spot next to his bag, the cans. He sits up quickly, looks up, jumps to his feet in terror.

110 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

110

Catherine is closing the distance between them in great leaps. She lands at the edge of the clearing, snarls, extends her arms to leap on him.

111 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

111

Tosses aside a gas can, fumbles with a pack of matches, lights one, tosses it, ducks.

112 WIDER - THE CROSS

111

explodes in flame.

tke #41811

61  
(X)

113 ANGLE - CATHERINE

11

screams as the flaming cross looms in front of her. She holds her arms over her face, falls to her knees.

114 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

11

watching her in the light of the flame. He takes the stake and mallet, moves toward her.

115 ANGLE - CATHERINE

11

lying on her back in the light of the cross. As Kolchak approaches with the mallet and stake.

116 ANGLE - THE HILL

11

A group of policemen led by Lieutenant Matteo approach Kolchak. We hear the o.s. sound of mallet vs stake. Kolchak has the mallet in his hand as Matteo approaches and kneels over the remains of Catherine, looks at the gas can, the mallet and stake, stares at the glowing cross. He snaps handcuffs over Kolchak's wrists, leads him away.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Matteo had a detective tailing me but he lost me about the time Catherine found me. I wasn't particularly hard to find after that. It was just a question of following the light.

117 EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

11

showing the cross burning in the darkness on the side of a hill.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

I was told it could be seen from the Sunset Strip...West Los Angeles.

118 THE CROSS - WIDER

11

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

It was a local landmark so I had to pay for another one and I didn't mind at all...I just couldn't think of a way to get it on the expense account.

119 INT. JET - NIGHT

119

as the seat belt sign goes on above Kolchak's head and he starts to buckle up, still listening to his recorder.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

(beat)

They booked me for murder...just like I thought they would. But then, after twelve hours...they let me go. They never did say why. But as I was sitting in Lieutenant Matteo's office waiting for execution, I happened to see a coroner's report on Catherine Rawlins.

Kolchak switches off the machine, thinks, presses record.

KOLCHAK

(checks his notes)

I quote the coroner. 'The tissue structure of this individual appeared to be that of a woman who had been dead at least three years...This is a medical conundrum, for which I have no explanation.'

(awed)

Three years....

Kolchak switches off the machine, stares down into the blackness out the window.

FADE OUT

THE END