THE NIGHT STALKER

VAMPIRE

CAST

CARL KOLCHAK
TONY VINCENZO
CATHERINE RAWLINS
SYLVIA MORRIS
BYRON SHERMAN
LIEUTENANT MATTEO
FAYE KRUGER
MILES JU 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
FADE IN

INT. JET - REAR TOURIST SECTION - DAY

Just one row of seats and a window showing blackness beyond. Kolchak sits in the window seat, coat off, extremely tired and rumpled. 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....

EXT. FREEWAY EXCAVATION - NIGHT

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:

HER HAND

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

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.

ANGLE - GIRL

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

ANGLE - HANDS

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

ANGLE - GIRL

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.

INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

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

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

KOLCHAK
The murders have been in Vegas?

SWEDEN
(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.

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

THEIR - POINT OF VIEW - VINCENZO

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

BACK TO SCENE

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
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:

HIS POINT OF VIEW - VINCENZO

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.

KOLCHAK
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.

VINCENZO AND UPDYKE
Vincenzo has the teletype in his hand and is moving toward Kolchak's desk.
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
 stil 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?

VINCENTZI
(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
(going 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.

VINCENTZI
Oh, you would?

KOLCHAK
(typing, hardly listening)
Sure. Could you guys carry this discussion on somewhere else. I want to get this paragraph right....

VINCENTZI
(after beat)
Carl, I think you should go....
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.

KOLCHAK
Quickly getting his things from his drawer, a smile of satisfaction hidden from the others in the office.

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CLOSER ON GARTH
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:

GARTH'S POINT OF VIEW - CATHERINE RAWLINS
a slim dark-haired girl, mid-twenties, moving past darkened doorways. Much of her is lost in shadow as well but clearly
CONTINUED

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....

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
...but a lot had changed in three years....

INT. GARTH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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.

ANGLE - FLOOR

Two scuffling pairs of feet. The struggle is violent.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
...a whole lot....

ANGLE - THE APARTMENT

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

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

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....

CONTINUES
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

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

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 OMITTED

20

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

as a jumbo jet lands.

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

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

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...
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.

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.

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.

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....

CONTINUED
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, somebody 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
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....

Carl gets out of the car, watches somewhat puzzled as a limousine 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.

30-B INT. MANSION - DAY
As Kolchak comes in, peers around. The place is futuristically decorated. There is no one in sight. Then Kolchak is startled by a sound.
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
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, expression-
less, 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.
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
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.

FAYE

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

KOLCHAK

(wheels turning)
Would you care to have dinner, Faye?

FAYE

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

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?

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

CONTINUED
KOLOCHAK

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?

KOLOCHAK

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

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

FAYE

Is he really that high on you?

30-E WIDER

Kolchak nods.

KOLOCHAK

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.

KOLOCHAK

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
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

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

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

CONTINUED
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.
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 overhearing)
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.
MATTEO
Just what paper do you work for?

KOLCHAK
(exiting quickly)
Manchester Guardian....

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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
CONTINUED

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

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

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

CONTINUED
VINCENTZ
How'd the interview go with Amerta Mera?

KOLCHAK
She did, huh?

VINCENTZ
(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!

VINCENTZ
(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!

VINCENTZ
(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

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
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.'
 seriou
But yes I have a 'nary.' What's wrong with it?

CONTINUED
33-C CONTINUED - 2

POLICE RADIO

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

KOLCHAK

(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

as Kolchak's car drives along.

35 INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - DAY

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

36 HIS POINT OF VIEW

The Hollywood sign.

37 OMITTED

38 HIS POINT OF VIEW

The giant cross atop Cahuenga Pass.

39 KOLCHAK

shrugs, smiles.

40 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

as Kolchak's car zips up the ramp, speeds off.
INT. GARTH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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 worryer. Okay?

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

MATTEO
Keep your hands off.

CONTINUED
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.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
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.
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 vam-
pire story off in Transylvania.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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 non-
sense on a teletype and you're back
in the Windy City before you have
time to pull your hat down tight!

CONTINUED
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 staké through the heart --
(as Matteo opens his mouth; Kolchak yells)
I know. Get out!

He does. Matteo slams the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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-
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?
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 ---
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)

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.

INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

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.

ANGLE - ICHABOD GRACE

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:
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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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....
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

INT: VINCENZO'S OFFICE

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

Hello?

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

INTERCUT KOLCHAK

VINCENTZO
(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....

VINCENTZO
(matter of fact)
Turn the shaver off, Carl....
Kolchak closes his eyes, meekly switches off the shaver.

VINCENTO
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 a lot of interesting side roads. I've been following up....

VINCENTO
Is that right?
(reads)
Well, first I have a few questions about the Amanta 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.

VINCENTO
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....

VINCENTO
Fascinating. And it has low maintenance grounds, a Spanish tile roof and a separate adobe cabana?
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 c. M-a-j-i-c-a-l-l-y. And that's only the beginning. (beat)
If another story comes through looking like this, it will be the end.
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.
ICHABOD
Afternoon. Grace's Catering Service....

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.
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 nosey.

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
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 everything. 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.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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.
ANGEL - DOOR

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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?
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....

INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

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.
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 noticed 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.
INT. STACKER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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.

TIGHT ANGLE - STACKER'S FACE

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

WIDER

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 hellaticious surprise.' The surprise was all theirs....

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

ANGLE - MALTZ AND FRIENDS

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

WIDER

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.
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 gocks 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.

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

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

KOLCHAK
scurrying back, crucifix held high.

CATHERINE
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.

INT. STACKER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY
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.
KOLCHAK (Cont'd)
(watching hopefully)
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 superhuman 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?

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

He's tired, angry, frazzled.

VINCENTO
Yes, yes...

INTERCUT MATTEO AND KOLCHAK

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

VINCENTO
(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.

VINCENTO

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

MATTEO

That's not what he says.

VINCENTO

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 a lot more things.

VINCENTO

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 a lot of this flak is going to fly right back to Chicago.
VINCENTZ

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.

VINCENTZ

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.

VINCENTZ

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 ---

VINCENTZ

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.

VINCENTZ

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 - 4

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.

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

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.

INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR

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

EXT. THE HOUSE

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 unconcerned with earthly comforts. And it was secluded. Who would go near it? Only a vampire, or someone looking for her.
EXT. THE STREET

Kolchak's car drives past the house and out of sight.

EXT. A SLOPE - NIGHT

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.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

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.

EXT. THE HOUSE

grim, foreboding. Kolchak moves from pillar to pillar toward the house.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

cautiously moving toward the house under the cover of the colonade. He stiffens at a movement in the shadows, looks at the house furtively.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

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.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

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.
ANGLE - FOLLOWING KOLCHAK

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.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

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.

INSIDE THE BOX

It is filled with newspapers, rats, their eyes glinting in the light of Kolchak's flashlight. Several rats scamper out through the open lid.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

Startled, he steps back, knocks over two garbage cans, tries to stop them as they roll away, trips, falls.

FOLLOWING THE CANS

as they clatter and bang down the driveway toward the street.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

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.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

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.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

Peering inside intently, he stiffens as the grill work over

CONTINUED
the window groans under his weight, his balance on the bird bath gets wobbly.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

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.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

In the shadows of the far end of the driveway a slender figure appears to be moving toward the house.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

as he drops to the ground, crouches, stares at the driveway.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

The shadow he saw is gone.

ANGLE - KOLCHAK

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.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

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.

ANGLE - CATHERINE

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
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, with an agony
as the crucifix burns into her flesh. She releases Kolchak
as she tears at her dress.

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

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

112 WIDER - THE CROSS
explodes in flame.
ANGLE - CATHERINE
screams as the flaming cross looms in front of her. She holds her arms over her face, falls to her knees.

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

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

ANGLE - THE HILL
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.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT
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.

THE CROSS - WIDER

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.
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 exe-
cution, I happened to see a
coronor's report on Catherine
Rawlins.

Kolchak switches off the machine, thinks, presses record.

KOLCHAK
(checks his notes)
I quote the coronor. '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 black-
ness out the window.

FADE OUT

THE END