PRODUCER: Paul Playden

THE NIGHT STALKER

THE RIPPER

by

R. Borchert

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY
THE NIGHT STALKER:

THE RIPPER

Darrin McGavin as Carl Kolchak
Simon Oakland as Tony Vincenzo
Jack Grinnage as Ron Updyke
Ken Lynch as Capt. Warren
Beatrice Golen as Jane Plumm
Ruth McDevitt as the Old Woman
Marya Small as the Cassseuse
Roberta Collins
Ike Jones
Donald Mankooth
Clint Young
and
Mickey Gilbert as The Ripper

Director: Allen Baron
Teleplay: Rudolph Borchert
Based on characters created by Jeff Rice
Producer: Paul Playdon
Photography: Donald Peterman
Art Director: Raymond Beal
Music: Hal Mooney
Editor: Robert Leeds
Broadcast Friday, September 13, 1974
THE NIGHT STALKER

THE RIPPER

CAST

CARL KOLCHAK
TONY VINCENZO

RON UPDYKE
CAPTAIN WARREN
JANE PLUMM
EDDIE - MAIL ROOM BOY
UNDERCOVER POLICE WOMAN
DETECTIVE CORTOZZO
WAX MUSEUM CURATOR
2 WOMAN MUSEUM PATRONS
ELDERLY WOMAN
BAR DANCER
BEAUTY CONTEST ENTRANT
BARTENDERS
TWO MASSEUSES
MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE
AND... THE RIPPER

SILENT

REPORTER
POLICEMEN
JAIL INMATES
2 MASSEUSES
TAC SQUAD OFFICERS
MUSEUM TOUR GROUP
THE NIGHT STALKER

THE RIPPER

FADE IN

1
OMITTED

1-A
EXT. CHICAGO - DAY - WIDE SHOT - STOCK

as we pick up an El, moving along track. Pan with it.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
If by chance you happened to be
in the Windy City between May twenty-
eighth and June seventh of this
year, you would have had very good
reason to be terrified.

1-B
INT. EL CAR - DAY - STOCK

as Kolchak rides in seat, looking out window, talks into
tape recorder.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
During this period Chicago was
being stalked by a horror so
frightening, so fascinating that
it ranks with the greatest mysteries
of all time. It's been the subject
of novels, plays, films, even an
opera...now get the facts.

2
INT. A BAR - NIGHT

sleazy, crowded. A girl runs from the stage bar to the
sound of applause holding a sequined costume to her chest.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
May twenty-first, three a.m. across
the state line at Werner's Boom-
Boom Room, in Milwaukee. Ellen
Perry, dancer...whatever...had
just done her last number....
2-A  INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT
Ellen sits in front of a makeup mirror, sighs, begins removing an eyelash.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
It was really Ellen's last number.

CLOSE ON A MAN'S SHOES
They are of leather with pearl buttons, conservative tweed trousers brushing the tops as the man moves from behind a screen and across the dressing room.

CLOSE ON ELLEN
As she sees the form in the mirror, opens her mouth to scream as a hand clamps over it, a knife glints as her head is jerked back.

THE BAR
A sleazy neighborhood place. A shadowed man works his way toward door through the crowd of hardhats.

BARTENDER
Hey Mac! You gonna pay your tab or what?
(as man ignores him)
Harry! Grab that guy!

Some bruisers grab the man and a fight ensues. The bartender vaults over the bar, hits the figure across the head with a length of pipe, to no effect. As he swings pipe again, he's picked up by the shadowed man, heaved across barroom with great force. The man exits.

5-A  EXT. STAGE DOOR - NIGHT
A pretty girl exits, her expression glum, disappointed. By the door, a sign: MISS PHYSICAL THERAPIST CONTESTANTS ONLY.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
Three days later. Again Milwaukee. Debbie Felder was twenty-two, five nine, weighed one twenty. Her hobbies were breaking horses and collecting bone china. Debbie wanted to be successful...she should have settled for being alive.
5-B EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT
as Debbie continues walking down alley to where it enters into the street.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
Debbie wasn't happy about losing the Miss Physical Therapist title.

5-C ANGLE - DEVIL'S HEAD

A carved, grinning satanic head sits perched on top of a shiny black cane. Debbie's footsteps approach.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
She had hoped the publicity would help her career.

5-D CLOSE ON DEBBIE
head down, disappointed, as she continues to walk.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
Debbie got the publicity but it didn't do much for her career.

5-E CLOSE ON CANE

as a gloved hand pulls satanic handle, unsheathing long, surgical blade.

5-F CLOSE ON DEBBIE
As she looks up, her eyes suddenly widen with terror....

5-G OMITTED

5-H HER POINT OF VIEW - FIRE ESCAPE
A shadowed figure is poised with knife, ready to leap.

5-I DEBBIE
terrified, she turns to run.
5-J  FIRE ESCAPE

as the figure leaps, lands in front of her. She screams.

5-K  CLOSE ON BLADE

slashing through the darkness.

6  thru  OMITTED

11

12  INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincenzo and Kolchak have paused at a critical point in their argument. Kolchak paces the floor, arms flailing, Vincenzo watches him, his face twisted in cold fury.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

May 25, 1973. Tony Vincenzo and I were debating my coverage of the robbery at First County Bank and Trust where thieves had managed to escape with one hundred thousand dollars. For reasons I have never been able to understand, Vincenzo has always confused my reporter's ingenuity with what he calls high-handed lunacy.

KOLCHAK

I did not state that I was a police officer.

VINCENZO

You acted like the Police Commissioner. You commandeered a private automobile...you had six people under arrest.

CONTINUED
Outside, the low rumble of an approaching El can be heard. Kolchak raises his voice, competing with the sound.

KOLCHAK
They were interfering. It was because of them I missed the biggest story of the year...besides, it was a citizen's arrest. I have that right.

VINCENZO
(bellowing)
I have a few rights, too. I plan to exercise one now.

The El passes by outside, creating such a racket that speech is useless. Both men wait for it to pass.

12-A EXT. INS OFFICE - DAY - STOCK
as El rumbles by, passes off into the distance.

12-B INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE
as quietness returns. Vincenzo continues slowly.

VINCENZO
Last night, in one brief moment of total madness, you managed to tear asunder many of the ties that this newspaper has built with the police department and with Captain Warren, who hates you, by the way... a lot.

KOLCHAK
Give me the bottom line.

VINCENZO
Miss Emily went on vacation this morning.

Kolchak tries a laugh, gives up, stares carefully at Vincenzo.

Vincenzo nods once, his Mediterranean features set with the determination of a glacier.

13 KOLCHAK'S DESK - LATER
Eddie, smiling, dumps a stack of envelopes on Kolchak's desk.
13 CONTINUED

EDDIE
Good morning, Miss Emily.

KOLCHAK
Go play with your pimples.

Kolchak glares at the boy, forces a smile as Vincenzo stops at his desk.

VINCENZO
How's it going?

KOLCHAK
(painfully)
Did you ever read these letters?
(picks one up, reads)
When a person has been doing something rather personal with another person and she finds out the same thing has been going on with other persons, many of which are personal friends or related, what is a person to do?

VINCENZO
Certainly. You get a few screwballs but most of those people are sincere. They're bewildered, confused. They want simple, honest answers...hospun, grass roots.

KOLCHAK
I get it: don't go for a Pulitzer Prize.

VINCENZO
Right. And answer every letter with a return envelope.
(a hint of sympathy)
It's just for a week, Carl, 'til Emily gets back.

Kolchak sighs disgustedly as he watches Vincenzo leave, returns to his letters. Begins reading.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
The three dumbest things in the world are you, your column and your paper. I am overwhelmed by the accumulated dumbness.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

Kolchak looks away from the letter with an expression of despair.

Ron Updyke, thirty-five, stops at Kolchak's desk on the way to Vincenzo's office. He is dressed conservatively, impeccably. He looks down at Kolchak disdainfully.

RON
Hang in there...
(a giggle)
Miss Emily.

Kolchak watches him leave.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
I am prepared to love all of humanity...with just one exception:
Ronald 'Uptight' Updyke.

Kolchak opens another letter, glances at Vincenzo's office.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

Vincenzo is listening to Updyke carefully, nodding. He smiles and Updyke giggles.

KOLCHAK'S DESK

Kolchak looks away, winces at the sound, tries to concentrate on the stack of letters, reads.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
Dear Emily, since I last wrote you the man across from me at the South end of Wilton Park has come back.
He is up to his old tricks: prowling around at night in that foolish costume and looking right through me with his x-ray eyes. Can he kill me with his eyes or will they only make me sterile?

Kolchak throws the letter down disgustedly, slips into his jacket, takes his camera and tape recorder from a drawer. Vincenzo seeing his exit, leaves Ron, moves quickly out of his office.

VINCENTO
Where're you going?
(no response)
Where're you going?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

KOLCHAK
Cruise around the Loop... see what's happening.

VINCENTO
What's happening is the Miss Emily column, not the Loop!
(no response)
Kolchak!

Kolchak is out the door and gone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

On an overfilled trash can stencilled CHICAGO DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION. Laura Maresco (young, attractive) walks into frame carrying a teddy bear.

KILCHAK'S VOICE
Miss Laura Maresco, age twenty-four, a masseuse. She was fond of stuffed animals and had been given one as a gift by an exceptionally satisfied customer. She was anxious to get home and find a place for it in her bedroom.

As Laura moves out of frame, pan back to pick up a pair of pearl button man's shoes following her and the tip of a swinging cane.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
Miss Maresco would never sleep in her bed again....

Man's feet hurry out of frame. Sounds of a struggle.

ANGLE - GROUND

as the teddy bear, slashed and gushing stuffing, bounces to the concrete.

EXT. STATE STREET - NIGHT - STOCK

following Kolchak's car as it moves with the heavy evening traffic.
CLOSE ON KOLCHAK - STOCK

as his eyes search the street, the buildings, the cars around him. He dials a police band radio receiver as he drives, moving from call to call with casual interest. He holds on a station, listens intently.

THE RADIO VOICE
...code five, code five, all cars respond...homicide suspect on building at intersection of Laramie and Pulaski...detain all matching description....

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - STOCK

Kolchak's tires squeal, the antenna whips as he speeds ahead of the line of traffic, swings in a wide arc from the center lane, makes a right turn in front of braking, honking cars.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK - STOCK

driving his car fast, smiling with anticipation.

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

Two police cars block the narrow alley that separates two buildings. Two officers search the doorways and docks with flashlights while the police car spotlights play over the fire escapes, the upper level windows. Kolchak's car skids to a stop next to the police cars, he jumps out, camera in hand.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

adjusting his camera, moving to the center of the action as he looks around, up to the top of the five story building, gapes, begins a shout.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

A man, being chased by a policeman along rooftops, comes to the edge, jumps, drops through space from five stories and lands on his feet a dozen yards in front of Kolchak. As the man turns to run he is picked up in a spotlight beam, policemen converge on him. He grabs the nearest policeman, slams him to the ground as another beats him on the back with his night stick.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

Kolchak darts into the fight with his camera, is knocked back by a flying policeman, recovers, moves in again, dodging snapping the camera.

A policeman advances on the man holding a can of mace spray. As officers step back, he directs a spray at the man who grabs the can, crushes it, flips the policeman onto a patrol car hood.

As the patrol cars close in from the opposite end of the alley, the man runs directly toward Kolchak, leaps over his head as Kolchak screams with alarm, rolls into a ball protectively. He sits up quickly as patrol cars from the far end of the alley pull up, stop. Kolchak looks after the man, stunned, incredulous.

INT. THE PHOTOLAB – NIGHT

Kolchak stares at a row of prints drying on a line. He shakes his head, signs.

KOLCHAK

Nothing’
(to Eddie)
What’d I do wrong?

EDDIE

The pocket strobe light you got won’t reach over twenty feet... so you just got a lot of headlights.
(stares at the prints)
Some good shots of the back of his head.

KOLCHAK

(brusque)
Send them up to me when they dry.

EDDIE

You want these?
(recoils from Kolchak’s glare)
Whatever you say.

INT. KOLCHAK’S DESK – NIGHT

Kolchak is typing furiously as Vincenzo stops in front of his desk holding several sheets of paper. Kolchak looks up, stops typing.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

VINCENTO

Carl, I think you've lost the tone of Dear Emily. These answers are a little terse...almost cynical.

Kolchak nods distractedly as he reads the story in his typewriter.

VINCENTO

Like this one.

(reading)

Dear Exhausted, you have an X-rated boy friend. Tell him to clean up his act or get booked in another house.

(shakes his head)

That's just not Emily.

Vincenzo watches Kolchak as he types, stares at him suspiciously. He walks around the desk, reads over his shoulder. He stares at Kolchak angrily.

VINCENTO

What do you think you're doing?

KOLCHAK

Nothing. Just writing the greatest news story that will ever cross your desk. And I'm an eye witness.

Vincenzo rips paper from typewriter, reads.

VINCENTO

Late last night, the brutal murder of Miss Laura Maresco, twenty-four, took place in an alley near...

(he tears up the paper)

No! No! You're not on that story. That story's been assigned! You're Miss Emily! Remember? Miss Emily!

KOLCHAK

Assigned? To who?

(slowly)

You didn't? You couldn't?

VINCENTO

I did and it's his story. You might learn something from Ron Updyke. He has a good grasp of the principles. He was financial editor for five years.

CONTINUED
KOLCHAK
Financial editor? Interest rates
bankruptcies, soy bean futures?
What's that got to do with news?

Vincenzo is staring across the office with an expression of
curiosity. Kolchak follows his stare.

RON UPDYKE
is walking to his desk. He is pale, distracted. He sets
his brief case on the desk, slumps in his chair, stares
blankly at the wall.

Kolchak and Vincenzo exchange glances, walk to Ron's office.

OMITTED

ANGLE - RON'S DESK
He looks up as Vincenzo and Kolchak approach. He shakes his
head, sighs.

RON
It was horrible...horrible.

VINCENZO
Did you get some background on the
murdered girl?

RON
She's dead...throat cut. Her head
was nearly severed from her body.

KOLCHAK
That from the coroner's report?

RON
I got it from a reporter from the
Kerald. He actually saw the body.

Kolchak and Vincenzo exchange questioning glances.

VINCENZO
What have you been doing, Ron?

RON
I went to where she was...murdered.
It was...
25-A CONTINUED

Horrible?

KOLCHAK

Exactly.

RON

Vincenzo glances at Ron, at Kolchak who is shaking his head hopelessly.

26 OMITTED

26-A EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - STOCK

Kolchak hurries in.

27 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Police Captain Warren is addressing a group of reporters, slightly impatient as he finishes up the meeting which has been in progress longer than he had hoped.

WARREN

...and that is about all we have in the way of positive information on the homicide at this time.

28 PANNING THE REPORTERS

as they close their notebooks, get ready to leave.

29 HOLD ON JANE PLUMM

She is thirty, bright, intelligent eyes set on a moon face. Jane is fat, possible obese under the brightly colored caftan that lays over her body like a spinnaker.

30 THE CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR

opens quickly as Kolchak barges into the room, stops, closes the door softly behind him. He stands against the wall, listens.

31 JANE

glances at Kolchak reprovingly, winks.
KOLCHAK
nods, leans back, watches Warren.

WARREN
...in the meantime, a description
of the suspect is being circulated
and we can expect some developments
in forty-eight hours.

Warren nods, turns to leave as Kolchak raises his hand.

KOLCHAK
Question, question....

WARREN
stops, winces as he recognizes the voice, pretends not to
hear and attempts to close the meeting.

WARREN
Good day, gentlemen.

KOLCHAK
(very loud; hand
pumping)
Question, question....!

WARREN
(not even looking
at Kolchak)
Yes, Mr. Kolchak,

KOLCHAK
Can you explain how the suspect
jumped off a four story building?
And survived?

WARREN
There are a number of possible
explanations: his fall might have
been broken by something...he might
have jumped from a lower floor...
the fire escape.

KOLCHAK
But he didn't! I was there! I
saw him jump four floors. And
there's more to it than that! He
made scrap metal out of a patrol
car and....

CONTINUED
WARREN
Don't you worry about our patrol cars. As I think Mr. Vincenzo explained to you, you're not the Police Commissioner. I have given you all I have on the subject.
(makes eye contact with Kolchak)
Thank you, gentlemen.
(turns to leave)

JANE
(looks around puzzled; loud)
I'm no gentleman. And what about the letter? When can I publish it?

WARREN
(as he walks)
When it comes out of analysis, you'll be the first to know.

KOLCHAK
(to Jane)
Letter? What letter?

JANE
A letter from the Ripper.

Warren is almost out the door. Kolchak now shifts his attention to him.

KOLCHAK
Letter from the Ripper? Why have you got it?

WARREN
Because it's evidence, Mr. Kolchak, evidence!

KOLCHAK
Well, if it's from the Ripper, then it's also news, Captain Warren! What makes it so special? All the papers have been receiving crackpot Ripper letters.

WARREN
This may shock you, Mr. Kolchak, but we withheld from the press —
CONTINUED - 2

WARREN (Cont'd)
terrible I know -- certain things
the Ripper did to Miss Laura Maresco's
body. The letter Miss Plumm received,
clearly spelled out what those things
were.

(very softly)
Do you grasp the implication? Now,
Miss Plumm's newspaper has agreed
to withhold the letter in the name
of responsible journalism.

(staring at Kolchak)
May I expect the same consideration
from you all?

The reporters nod vigorously. Kolchak nods agreement, adds
a conditional shrug.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

as Kolchak and Jane cross to it.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
Jane Plumm is...fat. She talks a
lot about water retention...big
bones...but I have to believe the
six or eight meals a day with snacks
in between...to keep up her strength
has a lot to do with it. And Plumm
is a reporter. We have mutual
respect...mutual trust.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Kolchak and Jane enter, beat a party to a booth.

JANE
I don't trust you, Kolchak. You'd
double-cross your grandmother for
a story.

(smiles)
What have you got to trade?

As soon as Jane sits, she digs into a relish tray, eats.

KOLCHAK
All right.

(conspiratorially)
There were five murders in Milwaukee
with the same m.o.

(waits)
Well, what did the letter say?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

JANE

No deal. I know all about the Milwaukee murders.
(bites)
What else have you got?

KOLCHAK

How about a bag of Dear Emily letters?

Jane grabs a passing waiter by the arm, orders.

JANE

Tongue sandwich, triple decker.
Side of fries. Macaroni salad.
Root beer float... two scoops.
And a piece of pecan pie.

Waiter glances at Jane's bulk, nods, shifts his gaze to Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

Chile.

The waiter moves off and Jane turns to Kolchak.

JANE

My editor wants a series of features on the murders but I can't come up with an angle. You know the kind of junk we print... lurid... sensational. Got any ideas?

Kolchak stares at her in silence. He looks away.

JANE

(smiles)
Okay. Besides what Warren was talking about the letter also had a P.S., a rhyme. And now a pretty girl will die, so Jack can have his kidney pie.

KOLCHAK

I don't get it.

JANE

The girl that was murdered last night in the massage parlor...
(chewing)
The murderer cut out her kidneys.
KOLCHAK
(watches her eat)
Oh.

JANE
Like the original Ripper. There have been a lot of these mutilation murders...all over the world. It's a contagious psychosis. That's my theory and I've checked it out with a few psychiatrists. There's a definite pattern to the killings. They seem to come in bunches.

KOLCHAK
Hookers?

JANE
Mostly. Some semi-pros. There was an Italian that specialized in flower girls.
(slicing meat)
Dismembered five of them.

KOLCHAK
How about this for an angle: Cannibalism!

JANE
Cannibalism.
(impales a chunk of steak on her fork)
I like it.. Thanks.

Kolchak smiles.

EXT. STATE STREET - NIGHT

Low angle shot of the sidewalk showing the lower legs and feet of pedestrians as they pass. Holding on the Victorian pearl button boots as they stop, turn.
UP FROM THE SIDEWALK

to a sign reading, SULTAN'S PALACE MASSAGE PARLOR.

INT. THE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

over a man's caped shoulders to a masseuse. She is dressed in sequinned harem pants, talks with a mechanical enthusiasm as she explains a printed board on the wall behind her.

THE MASSEUSE
You can have the hot oil rub with or without the vibrator and sauna... there's also the regular massage with talcum...

The man's arm moves into view. With his cane, he makes a selection.

THE MASSEUSE
(smiles, points)
If you'll wait in the room on the right... I'll be right with you.

THE MASSEUSE
watches the man walk past her to the room. She stares at him with a tinge of jaded curiosity, shrugs, taps on a door near the entrance.

THE MASSEUSE
Cheryl: Watch the desk. I got a customer.
(leaves)

HOLDING ON THE DOOR

as Cheryl comes out. She is dressed like the other masseuse. She sits on a couch, opens a magazine. She turns the pages listlessly, looks up at the sound of a girl's laughter. She goes back to her magazine as the laughter becomes softer, brittle. The sound changes to a moan of terror, building quickly to a muffled scream.

CHERYL

tosses aside the magazine, runs quickly to the room, opens the door, rushes inside.
CLOSE ON CHERYL
uncontrolled terror at what she sees. She screams.

EXT. THE MASSAGE PARLOR - LATER
The babble of voices is heard as Ron Updyke nervously and reluctantly flashes his press card to a uniformed policeman at the door.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT
Following Ron as he walks past a hysterical masseuse being questioned by detectives... a middle-aged patron in a towel woefully giving a statement to a detective. Ron walks down the hall to the room, glances inside.

THE ROOM
filled with police photographers, detectives, print men dusting furniture. Ron follows the stare of several detectives who are reading a message scrawled on the wall in blood. Ron takes out a notebook, copies the message. He turns from the wall, his gaze locks on the body of a masseuse.

RON'S POINT OF VIEW
A hand sticking out from behind the waterbed.

RON
He goes a little pale, breaks his stare, turns, walks to door.

EXT. THE MASSAGE PARLOR
as Kolchak rushes up to the entrance, holds his press card on the policeman, is held back by an outstretched arm.

KOLCHAK
Carl Kolchak, INS.

THE OFFICER
One of your men is inside already.

KOLCHAK
Different department.
(glances at the restraining arm)
Look, Captain Warren and I....

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

THE OFFICER

I got orders.  

(very firm)

You're obstructing the entrance.

Kolchak stares at the officer, backs away. He stands on the sidewalk looking around for something, someone to interview, anything. He turns his head toward the sound of auto horns, looks with interest.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

A car is angled in the right hand lane, steam pouring from the radiator, cars bunch as they pull around the stalled vehicle.

EXT. THE CAR

Kolchak glances at the damaged front end as he walks around the car. A couple sit in the car staring through the windshield. Kolchak walks to the driver's side, begins flagging cars around.

KOLCHAK  

(to the driver)

Need some help?

THE DRIVER

We called the auto club, thank you.

KOLCHAK

What happened?

DRIVER'S WIFE

Oh, boy, do I want to hear this.  

(mocking)

Tell him.

THE DRIVER

(slowly)

I was driving along...maybe thirsty.  

A man ran out in the street and smack...I hit him.

WIFE

In a cape yet....

KOLCHAK

(looks around  

quickly)

Where is he?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

THE WIFE

Tell him.

THE DRIVER

He walked away,
(to his wife)
You're right...nobody would believe it.

Kolchak walks to the front of the car, kneels in front of the buckled bumper, the crumpled radiator. He plucks a small piece of cloth from the jagged metal, stares at it, looks up the street thoughtfully.

INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

Kolchak sits at his desk typing, his intensity indicates he is not answering Dear Emily queries. He looks up as the mail boy drops a stack of envelopes on the desk. Kolchak looks around the office, crams the envelopes in a desk drawer already packed with unopened letters. He forces the drawer closed as Vincenzo stops at the desk, looks it over.

VINCENTZ

Column up to date?

KOLCHAK

(sadly)
 Poor are ye of little faith.
 (continues typing)

VINCENTZ

(sets a newspaper on the desk)
 Your girlfriend: Jane Plumm.
 (taps the column) That's a feature lead?

KOLCHAK

(reading)
 The Ripper Murders: A Psychopathic Cannibal?
 (agrees) That's good. She was looking for an angle. It's a shame our friend Uptight couldn't come up with something like that.

VINCENTZ

She's offered to meet the Ripper... guarantee his safety...on his terms.
KOLCHAK

If he's smart he'll meet her any place but a restaurant.

Vincenzo smiles, moves on to his office as Kolchak turns the pages of the paper, stops at an item, is thoughtful.

CUT TO

INT. THE WAX MUSEUM - DAY

Close on the face of Jack the Ripper: hideous, twisted in a permanent expression of hate.

CAMERA BACK

to show the scene of the Ripper holding an enormous knife at the throat of a terrified young girl. They are dressed in period costumes.

Kolchak stands away from a tour group that crowds against a restraining rope in front of the scene and records the museum Curator who mechanically narrates a familiar explanation.

CURATOR

...the Ripper struck in the Whitechapel District of London, all of his victims being killed within an area a quarter mile square.

KOLCHAK

Before you mentioned other Rippers? Who? When?

CURATOR

Joseph Vacher was the French one. He began killing in Paris a short time after the London Ripper disappeared.

(wanting to get off the subject)
Paris. Now that brings us to a very interesting killer. Blue Beard. But before we get to him here's another man who also had a nasty habit of dispatching his wives.

He points off to wax models of Anne Boleyn with her head on the block, behind her stands Henry the Eighth; imperial, arrogant. Kolchak continues staring at the Ripper, thinking.

CONTINUED
FIRST WOMAN
(looks at Anne)
Poor baby!

SECOND WOMAN
(to Henry)
What a pig. He really thought he was something.

KOLCHAK
Was that the last? Were there any other Rippers?

CURATOR
There was a German Ripper, Otto Ziegler, and of course two Russian Rippers, Vladimir....

KOLCHAK
Were any of these Rippers caught?

The tour group is beginning to get impatient, a woman glares at the Curator.

SECOND WOMAN'S VOICE
C'mon!

CURATOR
The German....

KOLCHAK
Ziegler....

CURATOR
Ziegler. Yes, Otto Ziegler.

FIRST WOMAN
You advertised forty-three killers. We've seen two...two! And our bus leaves in fifteen minutes.

CURATOR
In one second, madam...
(stops; an inspiration)
Maybe you ladies would find this interesting.
(loudly to all of them)
After they caught the German Ripper they tried to hang him. But he wouldn't die quickly enough.

CONTINUED
CURATOR (Cont'd)
So the hangman had to pull on his feet. And mysteriously enough, the body was later stolen.

KOLCHAK
Stolen...
(shrugs, puzzled)
Strange --
(beat)
Was Ziegler the only one they caught?

CURATOR
(thinks)
No. In fact, there was a New York City Ripper -- most people aren't aware of that. He was caught, but escaped from prison.

FIRST WOMAN
(pure disgust)
Ripper Shmipper!

She turns, storms off. The tour group looks at each other, grumbles and follows suit. The Curator makes no attempt to stop them, but just stares at his departing audience. A silence settles in.

CURATOR
(sighs)
Yes, sir...?

KOLCHAK
Everyone of these Rippers sent notes. Were they always in rhyme?

As the Curator answers he goes around closing the drapes on the exhibits and turning off the lights.

CURATOR
(wearily)
Yes, sir.

The Curator moves off, disappears into the darkness. For a second Kolchak pensively stares off into space.

KOLCHAK
Now there was an Italian that did in five. And the London Ripper, he also killed five. What about the others....?
CONTINUED - 3

He looks up expecting an answer, instead he's greeted only by empty silence.

CUT TO

INT. A RESTAURANT BOOTH - NIGHT

Jane Plumm sits across from Kolchak, talking as she eats.

JANE
You think you get screwball letters in the Dear Emilys? I'm personally checking out guys who claim to be the Ripper.
(bites)
I'm up to number nineteen.

KOLCHAK
You're taking foolish chances, Plumm.

JANE
It's worth it. I'm getting a feature by-line and I'm meeting some interesting guys. Weird but interesting.

KOLCHAK
(concerned)
That rag you work for...how can they let you do things like this?

While Jane chews, Kolchak looks worriedly at her, shakes his head disapprovingly.

JANE
(smiles)
You sweetheart...you're worried about me.

She digs into her purse, takes out a bottle of saccarhine plus cookies, candy, jelly beans and all her cosmetics before bringing out a pearl handle pistol.

JANE
Don't...Cause this'll stop a love crazed moose in his tracks. So it should be enough to stop Jack.

CONTINUED
KOLCHAK
I'm not so sure. All these Rippers, they operate the same way. It's almost like they were the same man.

JANE
That'd make him older than your suit and that's saying a lot.

KOLCHAK
I'm serious....

JANE
C'mon, that'd make him over a hundred and thirty years old. It's a simple contagious psychosis. Have I told you about my theory?

KOLCHAK
Just lissen, there was a German Ripper, one of many. They tried to hang this guy and they had problems.

He digs out photos, displays them.

KOLCHAK
You see these...these are shots I took of our Chicago Ripper.

(points; bubbling)
You see?...There.

JANE
Where? What?

KOLCHAK
The scar on his neck. A rope burn.

JANE
Could be a rope burn...could also be a nasty sun burn.

KOLCHAK
(trying a new tack)
All of these Rippers have killed five victims without exception. You yourself said your Italian flower girl guy killed five.

JANE
So?

KOLCHAK
So, he has two victims to go. And if he follows his pattern, he'll get them both tonight.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

JANE
Not before I get my story. I'm meeting three potential Rippers tonight. And besides he's not going to kill anyone...he promised.

KOLCHAK
That's just great.

JANE
No, it's true. He sent me another poem. Same thing that was on the massage parlor wall. Jack is resting...be reborn...to finish up on Wednesday mor.

KOLCHAK
He wrote a note like that once before...in London...then he struck a day early in exactly the same place.

Jane looks at him sweetly, then smiles and explains as though to a child.

JANE
Yeah, Kolchak...but that was the Jack the Ripper.

INT. SULTAN'S PALACE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Kolchak stands inside the entrance reading the selection board on the wall. Two young women in harem costumes watch him without expression.

KOLCHAK
(like a tourist)
I'll try number seven.
(laughs, alone)
My lucky number.

A girl leads him down the hallway to a room, holds the door open for him.

INSIDE THE ROOM

It is the same room where the two girls were murdered earlier. (X) only cleaned up. Kolchak sets his camera and recorder on a chair.

The girl stares at Kolchak thoughtfully. She goes to a closet, returns with a clothes hanger, hands it to him.

CONTINUED
Kolchak nods. He unbuttons his shirt, kicks off his shoes. He watches the girl as she walks to the chair, examines his camera and recorder. He takes off his shirt, unbucks his belt, pauses, stops.

KOLCHAK
Look, I'm not here for a massage. I think something is going to happen tonight...probably right here in this room...

THE GIRL
And you want to be here...with the camera and the recorder.

KOLCHAK
Right. If there's someplace I can wait...where I wouldn't be in the way.

THE GIRL
Where you could watch?

KOLCHAK
Exactly.
(studies her expression)
Don't get the wrong idea. Look, I'm Carl Kolchak....

THE GIRL
I'm Officer Cortazzo. (clicks handcuffs on his wrists)
You're under arrest. Shame on you, Kolchak. (over her shoulder)
Okay, Phil.

A Detective comes in from the adjacent room, searches Kolchak over his protests, drapes his shirt and jacket over his shoulders.

THE GIRL
Lewd proposal. He wanted to watch me with someone.

KOLCHAK
(to the Detective)
Phil, you know me.

THE DETECTIVE
Sure. Hi, Kolchak. I always thought you were straight.
CONTINUED - 2

A protest by Kolchak is interrupted as he is jerked toward the door by the Detective. His shoes pushed into his chest. The girl holds his camera and recorder gingerly, regard him with disgust.

THE GIRL
These are his, too, Phil.

Kolchak cannot really believe all this. He smiles, begins an explanation to the girl as he is pulled out of the room by the Detective.

THE GIRL
(as he leaves)
Warren's going to love this.

Kolchak fumbles with his shoes, tries to pull his shirt around his naked shoulders. He looks guilty and knows it.

THE REAR OF THE MASSAGE PARLOR

Several patrol cars are parked in the darkness of the alley. One pulls up to the rear door as Kolchak is pushed through the door ahead of the Detective. Kolchak is pushed into the back seat, the door closes, the police car pulls away.

CUT TO

INT. THE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

The undercover policewoman who arrested Kolchak is watching a man in the mirror of the room.

HER POINT OF VIEW

The man is moving toward her as she stands at the mirror, her hand resting in an open drawer. As the man approaches her, he turns the shaft of the cane, unsheaths a knife. The girl turns quickly, a pistol in her hand, fires. The man keeps advancing toward her, knife poised.

THE DETECTIVE

explodes into the room, jumps on the man's back, is thrown off, landing against the wall.

THE GIRL

fires once more at point blank range before she is lifted and hurled across the room, landing on top of the Detective. They scramble to their feet as:
69  TWO POLICEMEN

    carrying riot guns rush into the room. They aim, fire, as
    the man runs out of the room. They follow.

70  THE ROOM

    As policemen run through in pursuit of the man, the Detective
    stands up painfully, helps the girl to her feet.

71  EXT. REAR OF MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

    as the man explodes through a door, into an alley where a
    police car waits. A cop leaps toward the man and is knocked
    back. The man flies around the car and down the alley.

72  POLICE CAR

    as the driver slams it in gear, backs up, swings around, pursues
    the man down the alley.

73  ALLEY ENTRANCE

    as the man lunges toward street, a second police car screeches
    in from the street. The man is now trapped between two cars
    driving at him. He leaps onto second car, scrambles over it
    and exits alley into the street. The car backs up, gives
    chase. First police car follows suit. A second later, two
    more patrol cars streak past alley entrance, sirens blaring.

74  OMITTED

75  INT. ANOTHER POLICE CAR

    Kolchak winces as he listens to the police radio from the back
    seat.

    RADIO VOICE

    ...Suspect has left the massage
    parlor area and is proceeding north
    along Division Street...request
    assistance....

    Kolchak smiles, fumbles for his camera as the police car makes
    a U-turn, hits the siren.

    CUT TO
75-A EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The steel superstructure of a building surrounded by a plywood perimeter. Police cars race through the gate.

75-B ANGLE - KOLCHAK'S POLICE CAR

as it skids into scene and officers leap out. Kolchak gets out, looks up, sees:

75-C THE RIPPER

running along superstructure, chased by several officers, making his way down. Police gun fire ricochets on steel behind him, near heavy electrical cable.

75-D ANGLE - INSULATOR

a porcelain cable anchor. It's splintered by a police bullet and cable flies off.

75-E ANGLE - CHAIN LINK FENCE

enclosing heavy electrical equipment. Severed cable falls, snags on fence.

75-F POLICE VAN

as it brakes and TAC squad men in flak jackets pile out, begin firing up at man as he descends superstructure.

75-G THE MAN

He leaps from a beam, smashes through scaffolding into midst of TAC squad, takes them on.

75-H KOLCHAK

still handcuffed, barefoot, shirtless, dancing across gravel to snap pictures of the melee.

75-I THE MAN

He breaks free of TAC squad, runs. They pursue and he turns, grabs an iron girder, flings it, scattering them.
shooting through chain link fence marked DANGER - HIGH VOLTAGE. Heavy electrical equipment and severed cable in f.g. Man runs toward fence while police fire in b.g. As he leaps onto fence, sparks dance at his hands and feet and at cable end. He's thrown back onto ground, stunned, weakened. Police close in warily.

Kolchak is taking his valuables from an envelope, putting them in his pockets as Warren and Vincenzo watch.

WARREN
(to Kolchak)
Hope our accommodations were to your liking.

Kolchak smirks, examines his camera with an expression of horror.

KOLCHAK
My film.
(holds it up)
You exposed my film.

WARREN
So? We open all containers.

KOLCHAK
(furious)
But I had pictures of the Ripper.

WARREN
You can take some more at his arraignment.

KOLCHAK
You're kidding. You really believe this is a run of the mill psychotic and that you can just arrest him?

CONTINUED
WARREN
(smiles)
Yes I do.

KOLCHAK
Well, he's not -- you can't -- and you never will.

Vincenzo fearing that another one of Kolchak's fanciful legends is about to be aired slumps wearily into a chair.

VINCENZO
Oh, no....

KOLCHAK
He doesn't just think he's the Ripper...he is Jack the Ripper. Heard of Jack the Ripper?

WARREN
(still smiling)
Let me see if I understand you. Are you saying our Ripper is the same one that killed those seven women in London in the 1880's?

KOLCHAK
1888, to be exact. And it was five women. It's always been five women. He killed five women in the Place Pigale in Paris in the summer of 1889. In fact, during the last eighty years he has killed and mutilated over 70 women in twenty-five major cities. Everywhere from Vladivostock to Milwaukee.

WARREN
(still smiling, turns)
Pete, you'd better tell Doc Harris to stand by...we may have a nut that needs certifying.

KOLCHAK
For once, be a cop instead of an ostrich. Check the record. The facts. In Germany they tried to hang him...and couldn't. On August 28, 1904 a twelve man, crack shot Athenian firing squad tried three times to execute him.
KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(beat)
Just examine his stay in Chicago. He has killed three women, jumped off a four story building, was hit by a car doing forty miles an hour and took on the city's finest TAC force in a tooth and nail confrontation.

(beat)
Now can you still sit there and say this is an ordinary man and that you can arrest him...

WARREN
(confident, smiling)
Yes, I can safely say that Kolchak....

KOLCHAK
(boiling)
Then you must be sitting on your brains.

Warren checks his anger, still manages to smile.

WARREN
Your superman is upstairs...on the maximum security floor.

CUT TO

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Moving down a row of cells occupied by sleeping inmates to a solid steel door at the end. The door has a small, rectangular opening from which two eyes look out. Slowly, the sound of angry breathing is accompanied by the groan of steel as the heavy door buckles under enormous pressure from within.

CUT TO

INT. WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

KOLCHAK
I'll forget the phony arrest. I'll even forget the destruction of my film but you've got to let me see him.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

WARREN
You know, you're making awfully loud noises for someone who just got out of the slammer.

KOLCHAK
(blocks Warren's path)
I want to see that prisoner.

VINCENZO
(wearily)
Kolchak?

WARREN
Kolchak, he's in maximum security. Know what maximum security means? Nobody goes in...and nobody goes out.

As Warren faces Kolchak, a police officer enters excitedly.

THE OFFICER
That prisoner...he just broke out of maximum security.

Warren, Kolchak and Vincenzo regard each other, stunned.

OMITTED

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Pull back from close on pay phone to reveal Kolchak on one, Vincenzo on another. Outside in the corridor, considerable activity.

KOLCHAK
Yeah, I'm still holding operator....

VINCENZO
(to Carl)
Jane's paper hasn't heard from her since this morning.

KOLCHAK
(thrusting the phone at him)
Here. Talk to this guy when he gets on....

VINCENZO
About what? What?

KOLCHAK
The chair...the electric chair. Find out when it first came into use. You were a reporter once, ask some questions. Dig.
Vincenzo grumbles, takes the phone as Kolchak sees Warren approaching with other officers.

KOLCHAK

Bob...
(Warren casts a sharp look)
Captain Warren....

WARREN

You still here? You must like it. Maybe you should spend a night in the slammer.

KOLCHAK

Stop it, will you! Just listen! You're going on a wild goose chase trying to shoot this guy down.

WARREN

We did it once, we'll do it again.

KOLCHAK

You did it once and he smashed down a steel door and escaped! How'd he do that?

WARREN

He had an accomplice on the outside.

Kolchak throws up his arms in despair. Warren starts to walk on, Kolchak grabs his arm.

KOLCHAK

The only thing that can make a dent in this guy is electricity. (turns to Vincenzo)
What's happening? Does he know when? Give it to me:

VINCENZO

(to Kolchak, sharply)
Will you just wait a minute. (into phone)
No, not you, Mr. MacAdam, it's someone else.

KOLCHAK

(to Warren)
I talked to some of your TAC squad men. It was that fence! That electrified fence was the only thing that stopped him! (to Vincenzo)
Have you got it? Have you got it? CONTINUED
VINCENZO
(looks up, cups phone)
1908.

KOLCHAK
In 1908, in New York, they caught a Ripper...

WARREN
I don't have time for this!

KOLCHAK
You better make time. 'Cause time is something this guy's got plenty of. If you don't stop him now he'll go on forever. He'll finish in this city. Then maybe it's back to London for another go round there.

WARREN
You're an absurd man, Kolchak.

He now continues moving on, Kolchak starts shouting after him.

KOLCHAK
It's electricity! That's the answer! The only time he ever got scared was in 1908 in New York City. Wanna know why?
(no answer, he turns to the nearest person, Vincenzo)

'Cause they were going to put him in an electric chair, that's why.
(as he moves to second phone and starts dialing)

The rest of those guys went to their deaths smiling.

He waits several beats, cooling down some, then speaks into the receiver.

KOLCHAK
Mrs. Plumm, Carl Kolchak. Jane there?
(listens)

Yeah, well, I'm getting worried too, Mrs. Plumm. Any idea where she might have gone?
CONTINUED - 3

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)
(cups phone,
turns to Vincenzo
who has a pad and
pencil)
Take this down. Take this down.
Belmont Harbor, the Fire Department
Pier on the Chicago River...and
Wilton Park.

and

OMITTED

EXT. WILTON PARK - NIGHT

A sign reading WILTON PARK is barely discernible under a
street light through the pea soup fog.

Jane Plumm is standing next to the sign, smoking a cigarette.
She looks at her watch, shrugs disgustedly, waits.

The figure of a man appears behind her, inside the park.
She sees it, sighs impatiently.

JANE
That you, Jack?

CUT TO

OMITTED
INT. INS OFFICE

Vincenzo stops at Kolchak's desk, glances through the pages in the out basket, seems pleased, a little suspicious.

RON
(walks up)
I've got a rough on my Ripper feature for you.

VINCENZO

Good.
(looks around)
I wonder where the letters are?
The ones for these answers?

RON
Might they be filed?

Vincenzo sighs, opens a desk drawer apprehensively, opens it, watches unopened envelopes pop out and cascade to the floor. He sits at the desk, opens more drawers. They are all jammed with Dear Emily letters, unopened, unanswered.

VINCENZO
(a threat)
Kolchak!
(a snarl)
Kolchak!

EXT. WILTON PARK - NIGHT

Kolchak drives through the heavy fog, circling the park, peering into misty lanes, deserted areas beneath the glowing street lights. He stops the car, stares at the sign. The sign reads WILTON PARK and in smaller letters, SOUTH.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

remembering something important. He accelerates the car, speeds away.

INT. INS OFFICE - NIGHT

Vincenzo is reading typewritten sheets as Ron watches proudly.

RON
What do you think?

CONTINUED
VINCENTZ

It reads more like an expose on massage parlors.

RON

That's my angle: What really goes on inside a massage parlor. The excessive sensuality, the suggestive costumes. They have mirrors on the ceilings.

VINCENTZ

What about the murders?

RON

Frankly, there's not much say about them. No one even cares to discuss it and I can certainly see why.

Vincenzo stares at Ron, through him to Kolchak who darts across his field of view toward his desk. As he watches Kolchak, he smiles diabolically.

Kolchak runs to his desk, frantically opening drawers, filing cabinets. He looks up at the sound of Vincenzo's voice.

VINCENTZ

(glaring)

Have you lost something?

KOLCHAK

The letters. The Dear Emily letters.

VINCENTZ

I suppose you expect another chance.

KOLCHAK

(slowly)

I'll do anything. Just give me back the letters.

VINCENTZ

They're in my office....

Vincenzo watches with pleasure as the apparently repentant Kolchak rushes past him and into the office, searching for the letters. He finds a mail bag, unknots the string.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

VINCENTZ0
All right, Carl. I'm going to let you try it once more.
(stern)
But this time....

Vincenzo's look of approbation turns blank as Kolchak dumps the contents of the bag on the floor, drops to his knees, scatters letters over the office as he searches. He finds the letter he wants, holds it up triumphantly. He looks at Vincenzo, at the letters scattered over the office.

KOLCHAK
(leaving)
Don't touch anything. I'll be right back.
(from the doorway)
I'll take care of everything.

Vincenzo stares after him, expressionless, past anger, past hope, suddenly very weary.

EXT. WILTON PARK SOUTH - NIGHT

Following Kolchak as he walks down the sidewalk, checking house numbers against the one on the envelope he holds in his hand. He stops in front of a house, looks up at it.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

The house is old, shadowy in the midst. A figure watches him from a picture window above him.

Kolchak moves up the steps, knocks on the door. He is immediately outlined by bright flood lights.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
(old, through a speaker)
What do you want?

KOLCHAK
(squinting)
I'm Carl Kolchak. Independent News Service. I'm here about your letter to...Emily.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Hold up some ID.

Kolchak holds up his press card. The lights dim, bolts and locks disengage, the door swings open.
INT. THE HOUSE

The woman is seventy years old. She motions Kolchak in, locks the door behind him.

THE WOMAN
This is really more than I expected.
I read that column every day.
(walks to the window, beckons)
Over here.

The woman sits herself on a stool behind a telescope mounted on a tripod, aims it.

THE WOMAN
(focusing)
This is all you do for Miss Emily?

KOLCHAK
(looking out)
Do?

THE WOMAN
You know. Check out weirdos.
(moves aside, points to the eye piece)
There's his house...old x-ray eyes himself.

Kolchak leans down, squints into the telescope.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

Hazy in the mist, the faint light from the street. It is old, badly kept, surrounded by a patchy hedge. The quarter view shows a fish pond and a sagging grape arbor at the back of the house.

THE WOMAN
Never see him in the daytime...
just goes out at night.

KOLCHAK
Was he out last night?

THE WOMAN
(refers to a notebook)
At ten twenty-two.
THE WOMAN (Cont'd)
(hands him
the notebook)
I've got him clocked for the last
month.

Kolchak studies the dates carefully, nods significantly.

THE WOMAN
Mean anything?

KOLCHAK
Yeah. The dates and times match
up with some...crimes.
(reads)
What happened last night?

THE WOMAN
He met this girl right down there
in the park.

KOLCHAK
What did she look like?

THE WOMAN
(thinks)
Fat.

KOLCHAK
Is that the best you can do?

THE WOMAN
(thinks again)
Very fat.

Kolchak turns from the window, looks around the room.

KOLCHAK
Can I use your phone?

THE WOMAN
Don't have one.

EXT. BUILDING SUPPLIES STORE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

In the f.g. Kolchak is standing inside a public phone booth
dialing. His car is parked in the b.g. at the loading dock.

KOLCHAK
(into the phone)
Vincenzo...listen to me. This is
the big one...it'll make up for
everything...don't hang up...
KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(screaming)

Vincen....
(hangs up)

Kolchak walks to the car as a clerk pushes a rolling bin to the car.

Kolchak glances at the bin, unlocks the trunk, stares at the phone booth.

CLERK

Have a beef with your wife?

KOLCHAK

No. My editor.
(sneers at the phone)
He's waiting for me to call him back. I usually do...but this time I'll handle it alone. I don't need him...He needs me.

CLERK
(agrees completely)

Right, ace.
(warily, waves check)
I need to see some I.D. for this check.

Kolchak takes out his wallet and clerk copies a number onto the check. Kolchak seems to be reconsidering an earlier, possibly impetuous decision. He stares at the phone booth defiantly.

KOLCHAK
(to the phone booth)

You can sit by the phone all night, Vincenzo.
(into his ear)
The next time you see me, I'll be dropping this story on your desk...gift wrapped.

Kolchak takes his driver's license back, his face set in a determined smile. He begins unloading things from the bin to his trunk -- heavy gloves, spools of electrical cable, rubber hose, heavy snips, a broom.

CUT TO

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

panning from the back of the house. The house is dark,

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

ghostly in the misty light from the street...paint peeling off in strips...rain gutters hanging loosely from the eaves. A screen door hangs on a single hinge at a rear door off an open porch. Moving past sagging steps across the littered grounds...past a sagging grape arbor, laced with dead vines...along the high wall enclosing the yard and past a rotted fish pond, empty of water, choked with weeds.

ANGLE ON KOLCHAK

He is staring up at the front of the house, searching for a sign of movement, of anything. He reaches down, picks up a rock from the ground, tosses it underhand on to the porch. He steps back as the clatter breaks the silence.

ANGLE ON THE GAZEBO

as Kolchak peers around the other side. He picks up another rock, throws it through a window, freezes at the sound of broken glass.

CLOSE ANGLE - KOLCHAK

as he turns the spigot of a rusted outdoor faucet to which a plastic hose is attached.

CLOSE ANGLE - KOLCHAK

In darkness, running a length of thin wire low to the ground, pulling it taut between two trees with his gloved hands.

THE PORCH

Kolchak gingerly tests his steps across the rotting boards. He takes a step, crashes through a board, looks around in terror as he tries to pull his leg out. He pries up the board with his hand, extricates himself, works his way to the door.

CLOSE ON THE DOOR

Kolchak touches the knob slowly, carefully. The door eerily swings open slowly, creaking on rusty hinges. Kolchak pushes the door fully open, peers inside.
KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

Old furniture, cobwebs, torn, rotted curtains. A stairway curls up from the center of the room to the second story.

FOLLOWING KOLCHAK

as he walks into the house, across creaking boards, to the base of the stairway. He moves up several steps, looks up, gasps in horror. As he turns to run, the bannister snaps and Kolchak rolls down the steps to the floor.

ANGLE ON KOLCHAK

as he scrambles to his feet. He looks up the stairway, sighs.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

A stern, patriarchal face glares at him from a painting on the landing.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

He listens, looks around, shrugs. Following him as he goes up the stairs. He has relaxed somewhat as he reaches the second floor, begins looking into rooms off the hall. He pauses at one door, twists the knob, pushes, moves on to the next room, looks inside. Kolchak smiles with satisfaction.

THE ROOM

Small, personal effects scattered over it. Kolchak walks through the room, stares with wonderment at a cape lying on the bed. He examines it, compares it with the piece of cloth from the car that struck the man at the massage parlor. He smiles as they obviously match.

ANGLE ON KOLCHAK

He stands at a dressing table, picks up several blood-stained knives, a sword cane. He smiles at his reflection in the dressing table mirror. His smile fades as he sees something else:

CLOSE SHOT

on the tips of leather pearl button shoes protruding from under a curtain.
KOLCHAK

unsheaths the sword, backs toward the door. He stops, moves toward the curtain with a surge of courage, sword extended. He probes with the sword, brushes the curtain aside, smiles at the empty shoes. He stares at the sword, moves along wall, desk, trips over a footstool in the darkness.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

as he clatters to the floor beside the bed, sees the lifeless face of Jane Plumm staring at him. Her body is partially under the bed, head sticking out. Her eyes are open, her dress bloodstained. It takes all Kolchak's composure not to scream.

KOLCHAK

stumbles to his feet, moves back from the bed, staring, horrified. He turns away, walks out of the room.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CLOSE ON THE SHOES

as they stop in front of the door, open it, step inside. The floor creaks as they move toward the stairway.

KOLCHAK

stops on the stairway at the sound of steps. He back up the stairway carefully, staring down with dread.

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

The shadow of a man; ominous, terrifying, relentless.

FOLLOWING KOLCHAK

as he moves he moves back into the room as the man turns up the landing. He looks around desperately...hides behind a curtain strung across a doorless closet. Kolchak holds his breath as the man enters.

ANGLE ON THE MAN

from behind him as he walks directly to the curtain, sweeps it partially aside.

Kolchak, rigid, as the man's hand darts by his face, takes a coat hanger.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

The man folds his cape over the hanger, thrusts it back into
the closet across Kolchak's face. It is more than he can stand.

Kolchak screams as he explodes out of the closet, ducks under
a lunge by the man, is out through the door, down the stair-
way.

FRONT DOOR

as Kolchak races to it, pulls knob. The knob comes off in his
hand and Kolchak feverishly tries to stick it back on pin,
can't. Heavy footsteps above, o.s. Kolchak tosses knob,
dashes out of frame.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

as Kolchak comes leaping through a ground floor window, falls
to ground in a clatter of broken glass, staggers to his feet.
The man appears with blade on balcony above him, jumps, lands
right behind Kolchak who has broken into a run.

KOLCHAK

racing toward rear of house, the man close at his heels, his
knife slicing the air behind Kolchak's neck. Kolchak runs
toward pond, leaps.

ANGLE - GROUND

as Kolchak's feet clear taut wire stretched between trees.

WIDER

as Kolchak lands on pond bank, almost loses balance. The man
right behind, trips on wire, stumbles into pond. Kolchak grabs
a electric cable from ground, tosses exposed ends into water.
Ripper seathes, hisses, as sparks shoot from cable and he
trembles in grip of high voltage.

KOLCHAK

grabs wooden broom handle, holds it lance-like, rams Ripper
in chest as he tries to climb from electrified water. Ripper
grabs plastic hose which extends into water, tries to pull
himself out on it.
120-G SIDE OF HOUSE

The spigot is near a rusted fuse box where Kolchak's cable is attached. Sparks fly from the junction box. Hose pulls taught on spigot, finally snaps.

120-H POND

Ripper falls back into pond as hose goes slack. He grabs end of broomstick, pulls. Kolchak totters on the pond bank, one of his feet almost touching charged water. The man rises, weakened by constant electrification, tries to climb from pond. Kolchak rams him again and he falls back, rears and hisses as spark-flashes shatter the darkness.

120-J THE MAN

drops to his knees in the electrified muck, groans, falls forward, sinks beneath surface of pond scum. Silence.

120-K KOLCHAK

sags wearily, stares at murky water.

120-L FUSE BOX

spitting, sparking, starting to short flames. Flames catch on blistered paint, rotted wood. Fire quickly grows larger, fills frame.

120-M EXT. EL - DAY - STOCK

as Kolchak wearily descends stairs, moves along street toward INS office.

121 thru 124 OMITTED

125 INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

Kolchak enters, sits at his desk, switches on recorder, listens.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

And here is a strange post-script...when they drained that pond, they found nothing...nothing but some old clothes. For some reason,
KOLCHAK'S VOICE (Cont'd)
the police suddenly decided they
wanted those. I suppose they still
have them. The fire was a big one
...a six alarm. A blast furnace
couldn't have done a better job...
everything gone...the house...my
story...the evidence...like they
say, ashes to ashes.

The tape recorder clicks as the tape runs out. Kolchak snaps
it off, finishes his notes in long hand.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
(as he writes)
No...wait. One thing survived
the inferno. I had to sneak off
with it.

He takes an object from his desk, stares at, sets it down.

CLOSE ON THE OBJECT
A leather shoe with pearl buttons, half of it burned away.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
There's enough of it left to read
the name of the maker: Peele's
Footwear, London, S.W. 1. They're
still there but they don't make this
style shoe anymore.
(drops it in
the waste basket)
It was discontinued over seventy
years ago.
(thoughtful)
Seventy years ago.

Kolchak closes the notebook, stretches wearily.

KOLCHAK
(to himself)
How could you explain it? Who
could explain it?
(disgustedly)
Who'd care?

Kolchak picks up his recorder, his camera.

KOLCHAK
I'd better check out the Loop.

Kolchak walks out of the office.
Camera holds on the discarded shoe.

FADE OUT