

PRODUCER: Paul Playdon

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THE NIGHT STALKER

THE WEREWOLF

Written by
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THE NIGHT STALKER

THE WEREWOLF

CAST

CARL KOLCHAK
TONY VINCENZO
EDITH COWLES
MEL TARTER
WENDY
BLAISE MARIN
LOIS PRY SOCK
NADINE GRIFFIN
SAILOR

GRIBBS
RADIO MAN
LEONARD HONIG
STEWARD
CAPTAIN JULIAN WELLS
HALLEM
OPERATOR
DR. ALAN ROTH

BITS:

BERNHARDT STIEGLITZ
WAITER
MAJOR VERHAGEN
BARTENDER
JUNIOR OFFICER
EMILIO LA PALMA
JIMMY LIN

THE NIGHT STALKER

THE WEREWOLF

SETS

INTERIORS:

TAO TAO RESTAURANT
QUONSET HUT
WIRE SERVICE ROOM
VINCENZO'S OFFICE
INS. OFFICE
HANSEATIC:
COMPANIONWAY
KOLCHAK'S CABIN
BATHROOM
STEIGLITZ' CABIN
BAR
SHIP'S CASINO
SMALL BALLROOM
BRIDGE
FORWARD HOLD
RADIO ROOM
LOUNGE AREA
PHONE BOOTH
FIRST CLASS POOL
C DECK
STORAGE ROOM
SHIP'S HOSPITAL
CAPTAIN'S STATE ROOM
BLAISE'S CABIN
SHAFT ALLEY
ENGINE ROOM
STOREROOM

EXTERIORS:

FROZEN TUNDRA
QUONSET HUT
CHICAGO (STOCK)
PIER (STOCK)
SEA (STOCK)
HANSEATIC:
PROMENADE DECK
AFTER DECK
BRIDGE AREA
DECK NEAR MAIN DINING ROOM
DECK
MAIN DECK
RADIO SHACK
COMPANIONWAY DOOR
COMPANIONWAY
SKY (STOCK)

THE NIGHT STALKER

THE WEREWOLF

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 INT. TAO TAO RESTAURANT - LATE AT NIGHT 1

A local, but authentic, Chinese restaurant. Unchanged since the '30's. The dinner crowd has long gone, but the bar is still open and two customers stubbornly hang onto their drinks and their conversations. Camera picks up tray of Chinese dishes, follows it, as a waiter takes it to a rear booth.

2 ANGLE - REAR BOOTH AND KOLCHAK 2

Kolchak, alone, seated, feet stretched out, tie undone, hair frazzled, weary, frustrated and scribbling notes on a manuscript. Waiter sets dishes down, takes tray and moves off. Kolchak absently begins feeding himself forkfuls of egg roll as he pushes play button on a cassette.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Admittedly the story you are about to read is bizarre...incredible. Those who wish to avoid being unsettled -- those who wish to avoid thinking -- they will label it insane. And though you the reader would find these facts almost impossible to substantiate, that does not change their nature. Facts they are. I know. I saw them happen.

Kolchak sets his fork down, switches off play button, presses record.

KOLCHAK

End Forward. Chapter One.
(pauses; consults notes)

Greenland. November 2, 1973. The date is significant.

3 EXT. FROZEN TUNDRA - DAY - STOCK 3

Icy terrain. A storm is blowing great gusts of ice and snow across the land. Barely seen through the swirling mist, the sun.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

...For an event was taking place which occurs only in the polar regions and then only once a year. The sun was setting and would not rise again until February 9.

4 EXT. SMALL QUONSET HUT - DAY

4

a huddled, parka dressed figure struggles to the quonset hut door and opens it.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

For all six members of the DEW line radar station, nicknamed Blitzen, it had been a long day... four months long.

5 INT. QUONSET HUT - DAY (MOS)

5

Two tired, but happy, bearded faces look up from their radar console as the third man enters, begins shedding parka.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

All eagerly awaited November 3, the day when they could go home. But for five of the men, November 3 would never come.

6 EXT. QUONSET HUT - NIGHT

6

Gathered near the hut's entrance a small band of men, some holding sun guns, others camera and recording equipment.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Major Verhagen, Belgian Army Signal Corps, leader of the relief team, later filed an official report....

7 ANGLE - MAJOR VERHAGEN - HAND-HELD CAMERA

7

follows him as he moves to quonset hut door. His facial features are obscured by furry parka hood and snow goggles as he speaks into a lavalier mike. His large gloved hand points to the ground. Camera tilts down, sun guns following it. On ground, large reddish, black stains and the half revealed body of a man. Camera jerkily tilts back up to Verhagen, continuing now to quonset hut.

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

7

Camera and sun guns swing around. Now harshly illuminated a frozen corpse sitting upright in the snow.

8

INT. QUONSET HUT - NIGHT

8

as hand-held camera plays around the dark room, sun guns illuminating broken furniture, snow coming in from a smashed window. Here and there in contorted positions, the bodies of three men. Verhagen enters shot, continues talking animatedly mos.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Five of the men had died from severe throat and chest lacerations. One could only be identified by fingerprints. A sixth technician was found alive, but in such a state of shock he was unable to give any information.

KOLCHAK

Major Verhagen's appraisal of the deaths was quote "...I believe that these deaths could have been caused by eskimos...possibly drunk on whiskey our men had given them. Or perhaps by a starving sled dog team.'

9

ANGLE - CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER

10

showing large photo of ambulance attendants placing body in ambulance and in b.g. police.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

December 11, 1973. Bucks County Pennsylvania. Horrified local authorities investigated the gruesome deaths of four area residents ...the Rockwell family. Mother, father and the two children.

10

NEWSPAPER PHOTO

10

showing the farm...newsmen and police officials standing around.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

All had been discovered strewn
around their isolated farm, their
bodies mutilated.

11 NEWSPAPER PHOTO

11

of a distraught elderly grandmother being supported by friends,
two coffins in f.g. Caption reads: HEAVY BURDEN FOR GRAND-
MOTHER.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

An official coroner's report
stated they had been dead three
days. Cause of death...attack by
wolves.

(flat)

Fact. In the entire history of
this continent there has never been
one documented case of attack by
wolves on a human being.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Fact. The last sighting of a wolf
in Buck's County occurred in 1948.

12 EXT. CHICAGO - DAY - STOCK

12

Snow piled deep on the curb, black slush in the gutter. Windy
gusts of biting sleet causing pedestrians to walk hunched over
like trolls.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

That year, Chicago was having one
of the worst winters in it's history....

13 INT. WIRE SERVICE ROOM - ANGLE - CHRISTMAS TREE

13

Scrawny, mangy pine. Shreds of silver tinsel along with cheap
plastic balls and ornaments hang limply from lifeless branches.
Sooty cotton barely conceals the metal stand which is crookedly
holding the tree up. A dour-looking woman in her fifties,
Edith Cowles, joylessly takes the tree apart, stuffing the
ornaments, tinsel and sooty cotton into a box for next year.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

...but Christmas had been merry.

14 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

14

behind his desk, leaning back in a chair, feet propped up...
not a care in the world. He smiles expectantly, looks over at:

15 ANGLE - KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW - VINCENZO'S OFFICE

15

The glass enclosure festooned with ersatz holly and Christmas bunting. Inscribed across the glass in white globulous letters, JOY TO THE WORLD. Beyond, Tony Vincenzo can be seen, anything but joyous. While the audio portion cannot be heard, we see him barking into the phone, his words raining down upon the receiver like hammer blows. At this point a janitor enters frame and begins to soap off the Christmas greeting.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

While it's difficult to imagine that huge Easter Island head bedecked with red hat and white whiskers, Tony Vincenzo, our managing editor, had performed admirably as Santa Claus at our office party.

16 WIRE SERVICE OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

16

Kolchak at his desk, waiting. Miss Cowles at hers, busily engaged in needlepoint.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Unfortunately a tidal wave of Asian flu had reduced his staff to just me and...

Edith's needle going slack as she nods off.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

...Edith Cowles, our resident bridge expert and founder of the 'My Favorite Riddle' column.

Vincenzo's voice bellows out from his office startling Edith.

EDITH

My, my, this atmosphere of constant friction. I find it so upsetting.

KOLCHAK

(nods)

He certainly doesn't look like old Saint Nick now, does he?

EDITH

Terrible the way he works himself into a lather. It's not good for a man his age.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

Edith looks at Vincenzo, now reaching a furious climax on the phone.

EDITH

You know what would do Mister Vincenzo a world of good -- a vacation. A chance to repair the soul. To replenish the well. If only he'd stop screaming and go away somewhere.

17 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE

17

As Vincenzo blast into the phone.

VINCENZO

It's easy for you to tell me to stop screaming, but I was all packed, ready to go away.

He listens for a few more beats and then hangs up drained and resigned.

18 INT. INS. OFFICE

18

as a deep, heavy silence settles in broken only by the loud ticking of the clock and an occasional wheeze from Miss Cowles. Kolchak glances through the window, observes Tony elbows on desk, head in hands. Carl looks at his watch, silently counts off the seconds..five, four, three, two, one....

VINCENZO

Kolchak! Get in here!

Kolchak bounds out of his chair, a glowing smile on his face.

19 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - DAY

19

As Kolchak enters, Vincenzo squirms uncomfortably and looks past Carl, not wanting to pop the question.

VINCENZO

How's that flu of yours?

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

Me? Bug never got me.

VINCENZO

(hopefully)

Thought I heard you mention something about a temperature... or a queasy stomach or something the other day.

KOLCHAK

(chirping)

No, no, no, no.

VINCENZO

(eyes him
for a beat)

How come you never get sick, Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

(shrugs)

I guess I live right.

Vincenzo swivels in his chair, the prospect of asking Kolchak agonizing him.

VINCENZO

(choking on it)

Awright. You got it.

KOLCHAK

(innocently)

Got what?

VINCENZO

What are you gonna do? Rub it into me now? You know what. The Hanseatic. The one week, all expense paid cruise assignment. That's what.

KOLCHAK

(butter wouldn't
melt in his mouth)

Oh, that? Oh, I thought you were expecting to go on that. We bought you the planter's hat for Christmas.

CONTINUED

Kolchak points off to a plantation owner's hat with large, multicolored head band, sitting on top of a file cabinet. Vincenzo has risen and with his back to Kolchak, struggles to put his golashes on. His response is a barely audible mutter. Kolchak moves in closer.

KOLCHAK

Pardon....

Vincenzo turns and throughout he struggles to put on the golashes, a large muffler, a fur-lined overcoat, gloves and hat. A horrid blizzard blows beyond the window.

VINCENZO

They're coming. That's what I said. They're coming.

KOLCHAK

Who? The British?

VINCENZO

No. The accountants! And some big macher from New York. We're going to be going over figures and expenses for the next ten days. And I'm gonna have to go through something they call a management seminar.

KOLCHAK

That's a rough break. Everything in order for the big audit?

Vincenzo gives him a "watch it" look for a long beat, then turns, thumps back to his desk and takes several papers from a top drawer.

VINCENZO

(throwing them down,
one at a time)

Plane tickets. Tickets for the boat. Travelers checks.

Kolchak picks them up, smilingly examines them.

VINCENZO

Don't get the idea this is a vacation. I want to see stories. Incisive. Thought provoking. They've billed this as a swinging singles cruise. I want to see the trip laid bare...the pretensions, the expense, the heartbreak, the joy if there is any.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED - 3

19

Throughout the latter part of this he has clumped to the door and opened it. He stops, adding another topic to Kolchak's list.

VINCENZO

And the ship, the Hanseatic. It's the scrap heap for her after this last trip. Uh -- so do a coupl'a pieces with nostalgic flavor.

(stops, angrily)

Why should I have to tell you this. You're supposed to be a professional.

The room falls silent. Vincenzo glances at his planter's hat, wondering if he should volunteer it. No, he'll be damned if he'll go that far. He turns to go, then stops, adds a parting comment.

VINCENZO

And don't go bananas, Kolchak. Just some, nice simple stories about the people aboard the boat.

With this he turns, marches through the office, without breaking stride and without even looking at her, he barks at Miss Cowles.

VINCENZO

Are we going to get any riddles today, Miss Cowles?

Edith wakes a flustered start. As Kolchak continues to watch Vincenzo exit....

20 EXT. HANSEATIC PROMENADE DECK - ANGLE - SMALL CROWD 20

gayly throwing confetti and streamers.

21 EXT. PIER - DAY - ANGLE - HANSEATIC - STOCK 21

guided by tugs, the giant luxury liner pulls away, a million streamers dangling from its decks.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

The Hanseatic had been built in the early thirties. A floating anachronism, nine hundred feet long, she could sleep two thousand.

22 CLOSE ON SERIES OF STILLS

22

showing the Hanseatic from earlier days. Extravagant, flamboyant people enjoying leisure amidst the depression. The great and the near great...the famous and the infamous. The only remembrance of their glamorous lives are a group of fading 8 x 10's: Churchill, a woman bedecked in a fur coat walking her afghan on the promenade deck, an American polo team crossing to beat the tar out of the British, Wallace Simpson lounging on a deck chair, Ribbentrop playing shuffleboard, combat troops exercising on their way to the European theatre.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

She had survived U boat attacks...
dive bombers...wild parties. But
she had not survived the airlines....

23 EXT. SEA - DAY - HANSEATIC - STOCK

23

clearing the harbor, heading for the open sea.

24 INT. COMPANIONWAY - DAY

24

Jostling his way through a tide of passengers, Kolchak lugs his typewriter, bag, camera and battered suitcase...finds his room.

25 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - DAY

25

Kolchak enters, looks around the cramped quarters, shrugs, sets his stuff down on the lower of two bunks. Opening his suitcase, he stops, hearing a gale of raucous laughter coming from the bathroom. Several seconds later, Mel Tarter, emerges; a large, beefy, forty-year-old man who wears a perennial smile. Dressed in flowered shirt, shorts, flappy thongs, Mel has, around his neck, an elaborate necklace from which hangs a church key. He extends a ham-hock hand, pumps Carl's furiously. Carl looks into the bathroom, expecting, someone else to come out. No one does. Mel never explain whatever's funny.

MEL

(through a continual laugh)

Hey, what you say? Put it there, man.

CONTINUED

MEL (Cont'd)

(pointing to an
adhesive name
tag on shirt front)

Mel Tarter. Where's your name tag?
Gotta have a name tag.

KOLCHAK

I'm not a regular customer. I'm
a reporter.

MEL

Oh. Reporter? Member of the fifth
column, hey?

KOLCHAK

The fifth column was the Nazi spy
ring. You mean Press? That's the
fourth estate.

MEL

(not listening)

Yeah. Right.

as Mel wastes no opportunity to use his church key. Ducking
into the bathroom he removes two bottles of beer from a sink-
ful of half thawing ice cubes. Clutching them both in his
hand, he deftly removes their caps in one easy graceful
movement and shoves one at Kolchak.

MEL

Have a hit. Awright. I already
been around the ship and back
again. Usual breakdown. Forty
percent are deevorced, fifty percent
are deceased but ten percent are
deelightful. It's those ten per-
cent we're interested in.

KOLCHAK

(sinking onto
bed)

Awright.

Mel downs his beer, starts to go into the bathroom.

MEL

Ready for another hit?

Before Kolchak can answer, a giggle and faint knock turn his
attention to the door. Standing there in her bikini, trying
hard not to look thirty-eight, is Wendy. It's difficult to
decide which category she belongs in.

WENDY

Hi. I'm Wendy. Mel Tarter here?

CONTINUED

Mel pops out from the bathroom, bottle caps flying and immediately embraces Wendy in a bear hug.

MEL

Awriiight.

(admiring her suit)

Wow. Look at that swim suit. Look at what's in it! You know why they call it a bikini...?

KOLCHAK

(to himself)

Because Bikini's where they set off the atom bomb.

Mel hugs the girl tighter shaking her as though with the impact of an explosion.

MEL

(loud)

'Cause that's where they set off the atom bomb.

At this point, a shrill whistle sounds twice.

MEL

Hey, last call for the Lobster Bash. You comin'...?

(he stops)

Say, never did catch your name.

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak.

WENDY

Where's your name tag Carl?

MEL

He's a reporter, pumpkin. You know, the fifth column.

KOLCHAK

The fourth estate.

MEL

Yeah. Right.

WENDY

(sizing up Carl,
announcing)

Nadine Griffin...

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED - 3

25

MEL

That chick I met up near the Grog Shop ..?

WENDY

Yeah. Right.
(indicates Carl)
He's perfect.

MEL

Yeah. You'll love Nadine, man.
She'll really turn your train around.
Coming up?

Carl backs off, feigns weariness.

CARL

I'll join you in awhile. I just got off a plane from Chicago, hopped in a cab and raced down to the pier. I need a shower.

MEL

(excited)
Chicago. Awright. You know, I was in the Loop....

Whistle blasts twice again. Wendy and Mel start to exit.

MEL

Hey, man we'll have to sit down and have a long rap about Chi.

And with this Mel and Wendy exit. Carl watches them go, breathes a heavy sigh of relief. Maybe this isn't going to be so pleasant after all. He takes off his coat, rises and enters the bathroom.

26

INT. BATHROOM

26

as Kolchak whisks curtains aside to turn on shower handle. He stops dead.

27

ANGLE - KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

27

The entire tub is filled with nothing but ice and bottles of beer.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

(weakly)
Awright.

28 INT. COMPANIONWAY - CLOSE ON 28

A dented, battered aluminum suitcase. Benhardt Steiglitz grips it firmly and with his back to camera moves down the hallway looking for his cabin number.

29 ANGLE - CABIN 29

next to the door the number 220. Steiglitz' shoulder enters frame. (NOTE: Steiglitz' face will not be shown until so indicated). Opening the door, he enters.

30 INT. STEIGLITZ' CABIN - DAY 30

as the door opens surprising a short, dumpy, carefully-coiffed man in his forties... Blaise Marin. Caught in the act of unpacking, he whirls, pivoting on his platform shoes, his pleated bell-bottom slack flaring.

BLAISE

(guardedly)

This is two twenty. Are you two twenty....?

Steiglitz nods. Blaise looks him up and down appraisingly.

BLAISE

Well, then I guess we're roomies.
Come in, come in.

Blaise holds up his plastic name card.

BLAISE

I'm Blaise Marin. I see you're not wearing yours either. Good for you.

(he tosses it into
waste paper basket)

I think the whole concept is tacky.

Blaise suddenly reaches down the back of his shirt and fluffs his hair. The action results in small flecks of confetti drifting to the floor.

BLAISE

Will you look at that? Some woman, not watching what she was doing, just let go of a whole handful down my neck.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

Under this Steiglitz has begun to unpack. Blaise purveys the clothes as they come out of the bag; his attention suddenly grabbed by an 8x10 photograph. He picks it up, studies it.

31 ANGLE - PHOTO

31

showing six parka-dressed men against an Arctic background. In the distance, a DEW line radar station.

32 BACK TO SCENE

32

as Blaise finds Steiglitz amongst the group.

BLAISE

My, what an interesting tableau.

(tickled)

Oh, and there's you. All bundled up.

(shivers)

Brrrrr What were you ever doing up there? Hope you didn't go voluntarily.

Blaise laughs as Steiglitz reaches out and takes the photo, puts it back in his suitcase.

BLAISE

I just loathe the snow... the cold. After twelve years in New York.

(stops)

Do you know New York?

(no apparent response from Steiglitz)

Well, George and I -- George Fennel -- we own a small antique store at Third and Sixty-Fifth. We're small but we're very choosy about what we handle. Well, at least I am.

(miffed)

George used to be. But lately he doesn't care about anything. And sulky?? Go near him in a morning and he'll bite your head off.

Under this Blaise has gone back to unpacking. He petulantly throws a shirt down.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

BLAISE

I need this vacation as much as you do.

Begin pan to Arctic picture in Stieglitz' open suitcase.

33 ANGLE - PICTURE

33

Moving in on picture, toward Stieglitz' face, much of it hidden by his furry parka muzzle. Moving in to the cold eyes peering out at us

BLAISE'S VOICE

Believe you me... from now on, this boy is just out for the laughs...

Still moving in closer to Steiglitz' eyes but the facial image becomes progressively grainier. until it's lost in a blur.

34 EXT. HANSEATIC - NIGHT - STOCK

34

A moving castle of lights on the high seas emitting a mixture of very soft, ersatz Hawaiian and loud, ineptly played rock and roll.

35 INT. BAR - NIGHT

35

A small bar off the promenade deck, packed to the rafters. A sweating, harassed bartender is shaking himself silly with a martini blender, hard pressed to meet all the insistent, demanding patrons.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

10:15 P.M. Every dramamine pill had been bought, traded or taken. Those not suffering from mal de mer were dressed to the nines and determined to have a high time on the high seas

36 INT. SHIP'S CASINO - NIGHT

36

Small, barely accommodating the row of six slot machines that make up the entire gambling facilities of the ship. Here too, a crowd eagerly presses to get to the handles.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

The cruise's advertising brochures boasted gambling on board.

37 ANGLE - MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

37

with her own private stool, seated before one of the slots. Her hands are already mint black. She wears a monotonous smile as she looks all around her, juggling a drink with one hand, while pulling the handle with the other.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Mrs. Lois Prysock, of Las Vegas, was an addicted gambler with a hundred dollar a day habit. Her pastor and friends urged her to take the cruise as an attempt at cold turkey. None of them had bothered to read the brochure.

(beat)

Before the night was over Mrs. Lois Prysock would lose sixty dollars in dimes...and her life.

(flat)

The time was exactly 10:22. The moon had just risen off the star-board bow.

Mrs. Prysock, feverishly rummages through a straw bag with ALOHA...HAWAII written on the side. She becomes panic stricken as she can't find what she wants.

MRS. PRYSOCK

(to a man nearby)

I've got more dimes in my cabin. I know I do! You can have my place but you gotta give it up when I get back. Okay?

The man nods, steps up to the machine as Mrs. Prysock races from the casino.

38 EXT. AFTER DECK - NIGHT

38

Mrs. Prysock scurries along, rounds a corner, steps out of a pool of light into darkness.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - MRS. PRYSOCK

39

as she stops dead in her tracks, listens. A guttural lowing is heard causing Mrs. Prysock's face to wrinkle in uneasiness. She takes a few tentative steps toward the sound...peeks...but then unaccountably is grabbed from behind and whipped out of frame by the black blur of a large arm.

40

ANGLE -- BAG

40

as it drops to the deck scattering its contents. Mrs. Prysock's whimpers are drowned out by a horrific growling and tearing. Mrs. Prysock's sandal clad feet dangle and wiggle above the flooring as something shakes and mauls her. The sandals fly off and her kicking feet scatter the contents of her ALOHA BAG. and then hang limp and lifeless.

41

ANGLE - FROM THE WATER

41

as the tiny form of Mrs. Prysock's body is flung out into the air, then falls some one hundred feet in a wide arc toward camera.

42

INT. SMALL BALLROOM - NIGHT

42

Camera pans the raucous activity. Middle-aged men with "longish hair," sporting mod clothes and a plastic veneer of being "with it." Women, slightly paunchy, laughing a little too gaily. Some dancing, others, wall flowers, making a great show of clapping time to the music and drinking Harvey Wallbangers.

43

ANGLE - NADINE GRIFFIN

43

Thirty-five, dressed in a svelte, slinky cocktail dress that somehow doesn't do a thing for her. She is laughing so hard she screams. As Nadine's laughter slowly subsides she brings her head back and we see that one of her false eyelashes is askew. In fact through out the following we will see that Nadine has a great deal of trouble with her eyes. They are constantly watering, itching, causing her to blink and dab at them with Kleenex.

KOLCHAK

Nadine Griffin. A high school Italian teacher. My roommate, Mel Tarter, had maneuvered an introduction, then quickly vanished.

44

TWO SHOT KOLCHAK AND NADINE

44

Widen to reveal Kolchak seated across from Nadine who now tries to keep her shoulder straps from falling off. Across her shoulders, a red lobster-like burn.

NADINE

Oh, you're a panic, Carl. Anyone ever tell you that?

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

One person in particular?

NADINE

(fears being crushed)

Oh? Somebody you're stuck on?

KOLCHAK

No. Somebody I'm stuck with.

NADINE

(fears growing)

Oh. A wife?

KOLCHAK

Worse. An editor.

Nadine now begins in earnest to dab at her eyes with a handful of wadded tissues.

NADINE

Oh, that's right. Mel said you were a reporter.

(stops, looks at Kleenex)

Oh, these contact lenses and these tissues, they just fall apart. Have you got a handkerchief, Carl?

Kolchak hands her his napkin. She takes it, continues daubing anew while picking up on her previous thought.

NADINE

That must be terrific -- a reporter. Traveling to all those glamorous places... seeing glamorous people... doing glamorous things. One of my favorite movies is, 'Too Hot To Handle' with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. He was a reporter and she was an aviatrix. They had all these adventures. They fell in love. They went up the Amazon River where there was a headhunting tribe. Is it anything like that?

KOLCHAK

(nods)

Especially the head hunting.

She laughs gaily. Kolchak brings up a tape recorder, sets it on table.

KOLCHAK

Do you mind? I'm here to do a story.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED - 2

44

NADINE

(flattered; starts
composing herself as
though sitting for a
portrait)

Oh, no. Go right ahead. Ask me
anything. Just pretend I'm Myrna
Loy. Ask me something exciting.

KOLCHAK

Okay. Let me see...you were born
in East Orange New Jersey...

(thinks)

...uh, how long have you been
teaching high school Italian?

NADINE

Well, let me see. I went to
Patterson State College in '59.
Or was it '60. No it was '59, and
I'll tell you how I remember. I
got mononucleosis in '59...or did
I get it in '58.

Kolchak clears his throat, shifts uneasily, then grabs his
recorder, begins fiddling with it.

KOLCHAK

Oops, run out of tape.
(makes a big deal
of patting his pockets,
rises)

I'll be back in about an -- I'll
be back shortly. I've got some
cassettes in my cabin.

Kolchak moves off quickly and exits before Nadine can question
or object.

45 EXT. BRIDGE AREA - NIGHT - HAND HELD CAMERA

45

moves toward closed bridge doors. Over sound track, heavy
breathing and low guttural growl. From inside the bridge,
conversation.

46 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

46

Three men, a helmsman and two junior officers, are at their
stations, their faces illuminated by the light from the various
instruments they are monitoring. Hearing a sound near the door,
all turn to look.

47 THEIR POINT OF VIEW 47

the door and the darkness beyond the glass. The sound has stopped. Then, suddenly, the door is ripped from its tracks.

48 BACK TO SCENE 48

the three men, frozen in fear and horror. Throaty growling grows louder.

49 EXT. DECK NEAR MAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT 49

Kolchak approaching, stopping, realizing that the ship's whistle has been blowing for some time. He then spots anxious Captain Julian Wells, forties, no nonsense New Englander, exiting the dining room, dabbing at his mouth with a napkin a grim-faced aide hurrying along behind. Whistle continues blowing over.

50 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 50

Watching them exit, his nose for news starts to twitch. He turns, and at a leisurely pace, follows.

51 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 51

as Wells and aide appear in the doorway, stop dead. Wells mouth tightens as he surveys the scene. The aide turns away, sickened, claps a clenched fist over his mouth.

52 WELLS' POINT OF VIEW 52

three bodies strewn around the bridge in a mass of torn charts and upended equipment. A stunned Junior Officer, pulls the helmsman's body off the whistle control and stark silence descends.

53 EXT. DECK - NIGHT 53

Kolchak enters area below bridge, sees Wells quickly descending stairs, issuing brusque MOS orders to his aide. They split up each hurrying in different directions.

54 ANGLE - STAIRWAY 54

as Kolchak moves to bottom, begins to saunter up. A beefy sailor comes down toward him from bridge. Both stop and regard each other.

SAILOR

You're not allowed up here.
Captain Wells orders.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

(buddy-buddy)
Lissen, I was helmsman on the Yorktown... back in '44. You know how it is. Once it get's into your blood... I just wanna get up on the bridge one more time. I spoke to Captain Wells.

SAILOR

That right? The Yorktown?

Kolchak gives him a wink.

SAILOR

Great old ship. But she went to the bottom in '42.

KOLCHAK

What'd I say? Did I say '44? I meant ---

SAILOR

Out.

(pointing)

Down.

Kolchak stares up at the man's unbending look, shrugs, turns to descend, but at that moment, two Junior Officers come bounding up the stairs with Dr. Alan Roth, the ship's tense, panicked physician. There's a traffic jam on the steps as the officers and Roth try to hurry around Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

Scuse me... scuse me....

The officers shove Kolchak aside and Roth goes bumping through, giving Kolchak an incensed look.

KOLCHAK

(noting Roth's black bag)

Trouble, Doc? What is it?

Kolchak tries to follow them up, but the sailor blocks him with his arm. Kolchak reluctantly moves downstairs, touches his hat to the sailor.

as Kolchak begins to wander back down the promenade deck, looks up, hearing the heavy running footsteps of several men on the deck above him. Kolchak follows the sound aft.

56 EXT. AFTERDECK - NIGHT 56

Kolchak, puzzled, walking backwards, suddenly looks down feeling water slosh beneath his feet, now turns, see:

57 ANGLE - SAILOR 57

hosing down the deck at the spot where Mrs. Prysock was attacked. The water mixes with blood.

58 KOLCHAK AND SAILOR 58

as Kolchak nears the spot.

KOLCHAK

What happened? Accident?

The sailor ignores him, shuts off water, rolls up hose, starts to exit.

KOLCHAK

Hey! That was blood! Somebody seriously hurt?

The silent sailor walks off into darkness. Kolchak, now really puzzled, begins to walk back to promenade deck, starts moving faster, breaks into a run.

59 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - NIGHT 59

as the door flies open, Kolchak races in and grabs his camera, begins loading it. As silence settles into the room the sound of a beer bottle being opened is heard from the bathroom, then Mel Tarter's raucous belly laugh. Kolchak gives it a quick glance, then rises and bolts out with loaded camera and recorder.

60 INT. COMPANICNWAY - NIGHT 60

Kolchak moves down the deserted hallway, stops, listens. For the most part the ship is quiet. Strains of Hawaiian music waft in from one of the ballrooms upstairs. From way off the sound of a muffled gun shot. Kolchak fixes the direction, races off.

61 INT. FORWARD HOLD - NIGHT 61

a scene of pandemonium and noisy terror. One burly cargo hand holds his head, dazed, while four others try to bludgeon with ax handles what can only be described as the vague form of a beast.

- 62 ANGLE - BEAST 62
In the shadows, catapulting, springing, leaping over and around his would be captors leaving them confused and defenseless. Erect, his massive arms flail and his clawed hands slash.
- 63 ANGLE - WARRANT OFFICER 63
aims a gun, fires several times point blank. But the beast keeps coming, knocking aside a huge cargo handler.
- 64 ANGLE - CARGO HANDS 64
holding a powerful fire hose, while another turns on the pressure. An explosive water jet breaks from the nozzle.
- 65 ANGLE - BEAST 65
taking the water blast straight on, his features lost now in spray. He turns, catapults off and exits.
- 66 INT. COMPANIONWAY - NIGHT 66
as Kolchak races through a door, runs toward the forward hold. As he nears the door, two crew members exit with a dazed and babbling cargo hand stretched out on a litter.
- KOLCHAK
What happened to this guy?
(to the hand)
What happened? You okay?
- The man babbles in fright and pain as he's carted off. Kolchak tries to follow but his way is blocked by Chief Boatswain's mate, Gribbs (stern and beefy) who comes out of the hold, looks at Kolchak sternly.
- GRIBBS
You must be lost. This whole area's off limits to passengers.
- KOLCHAK
But what happened? I heard gunshots.
- GRIBBS
No, you didn't. The cargo shifted. A couple of guys got hurt. That's all.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

KOLCHAK

Cargo shifted?
pushes against
Gribbs;

Well, I'd better check on my
surfboard. It might have gotten
crushed.

GRIBBS

(holding him
back)

We'll be checking on all damage,
sir.

(beat)

Now, why don't you give me your
name and your cabin number....

KOLCHAK

(thinking fast;
trying to look
important)

Harvey Wells. The Royal Suite.

GRIBBS

Any relation to the captain?

KOLCHAK

You bet. I'm his son. You'd
best let me in there...

(reads name tag)

...Gribbs.

GRIBBS

Knows it's
nonsense.

I'm sure your father will be re-
porting to you personally.

He shoves Kolchak away and slams the door. Kolchak fumes
and heads off back where he came from.

67 EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

67

Kolchak emerges, looks around. Everything seems calm and
normal. From the ballroom waft the sounds of Hawaiian
guitars and laughter. Kolchak frowns, puzzled, moves off
down the deck toward the bow. Hearing voices above he
looks up, sees:

68 ANGLE - RADIO SHACK

68

where Wells and some aides hurry out, deep in conversation.
They move down the stairs and disappear into a doorway.

69 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

69

He thinks then hastens toward the stairs, climbs up, moves to the radio shack, enters.

70 INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

70

The harried radio man looks up from his controls, rises to block Carl's way.

KOLCHAK

(eyes stacks
of cables)

Hi. I came up here to file a story -- Carl Kolchak, INS, but -- boy, you look busy. What's all the activity about?

RADIO MAN

(pushing him back
through the door)

No stories going out tonight, pal. Having some trouble with the equipment.

As Kolchak is prodded back out the doorway, he sees an automatic lying on the man's desk.

KOLCHAK

What's the gun for??

RADIO MAN

(cold smile)

Big swimming regatta in the pool tomorrow. I'm the starter.

KOLCHAK

Pool's closed.

He shuts the door in Kolchak's face. Kolchak pounds on the door, then turns, hurries down the stairs.

71 EXT. PROMENADE DECK - NIGHT

71

as a furious grumbling Kolchak stomps toward an officer at the far end. A voice from the shadows stops him.

NADINE'S VOICE

Buona notte...Carlo.

Kolchak stops, peers into the darkness, sees Nadine sitting by herself in a deck chair. She's had a couple.

CONTINUED

