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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.

54 CONTINUED

54

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.

55 ANGLE - DECK

55

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

NADINE

Did you get your tapes?

CARL

No, I got a little sidetracked.
I'm going there now. I'll be
back in an -- I'll be back shortly.

NADINE

(dramatic)

No. Wait. Look at me, Carl.

He looks, glances anxiously toward the officer, doesn't know
what he's supposed to see.

NADINE

(smiles)

Don't you get it? The ship? The
deck chair? It's just like 'Now
Voyager' with Bette Davis. A won-
derful movie, wasn't it?

KOLCHAK

Oh...yes...one of the greats....

NADINE

She was moldering away. And then
she went on the cruise. That's
where she met Paul Henreid. It
changed her life....

KOLCHAK

Didn't it though?

(hurrying off)

Look, I don't have time to explain
but I'm right in the middle of
another story. Gotta run.

Nadine leaps up, hurries along beside him.

NADINE

Maybe I could help you. Type...

(hopefully)

...or maybe you could bounce some
ideas off me.

Kolchak moves faster, smiling, shaking his head.

KOLCHAK

No, no, it's just paper work.

Dull, dull.

Then he stops, looks off toward the radio room, then back at
Nadine.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 2

71

KOLCHAK

You know...you could be a great help to me.

NADINE

(excited)

Oh, I'd like that.

72 ANGLE - DECK

72

as Kolchak and Nadine come around a corner. She looks very nervous and concerned.

NADINE

Oh, I don't think I'd like that. I mean a ship has rules...just like a high school.

KOLCHAK

Remember 'Across the Pacific'? Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor?

NADINE

(already thrilled)

Certainly. They were on a freighter. Sidney Greenstreet and Benson Fong were the two Axis spies. Horrid people....

KOLCHAK

Exactly. You recall when Mary Astor created a diversion so Bogie could slip into Benson Fong's stateroom and steal the codes?

NADINE

(troubled)

That never happened in 'Across the Pacific'. I've seen it at least eight times on TV....

KOLCHAK

(lying)

Oh yeah, well they cut that sequence on most stations. But I tell you, it's one of the most exciting parts of the picture.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

NADINE

Gee, it sounds it....

Nadine stands a moment, envisioning the mysterious possibilities. But then her face becomes troubled, uncertain. Kolchak peers at her hopefully.

KOLCHAK

Bogie. And Mary. Together they made the world safe for democracy.

Nadine deliberates, giggles nervously.

73 INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

73

as the radio operator adjusts some dials while sorting papers, takes down a message.

NADINE'S VOICE

Yoo-hoo....

The operator looks up, sees Nadine peering in the door, dabbing at her eyes with a Kleenex.

NADINE

Could you help me? Please? I've dropped a contact out here somewhere and I can't see a thing.

RADIO MAN

Lady, I'm snowed under here.

NADINE

I could fall on the stairs and break my neck.

The disgusted operator rises, moves toward the door, exits. Seconds later, Kolchak enters stealthily. He quickly peruses the room, moves to the desk. Spotting a stack of carbon-copies messages, he peers through them. His eyes bug out and he quickly jots some notes.

74 EXT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

74

as Kolchak exits and slips down the stairs. In b.g. Nadine and the radio operator are searching on their hands and knees for her contact lens. As she see Kolchak clear the landing, her hand quickly darts toward the flooring.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

NADINE

Bravissimo! I've got it!

She quickly turns her back and pretends to affix the lens in her eye.

RADIO MAN

I didn't see anything. Where was it?

NADINE

(hurrying away)

Your eyes must be worse than mine.
Molto grazie.

The man stares after her suspiciously.

75 EXT. DECK - NIGHT

75

Kolchak hurries along, reading his notes, muttering, thinking.

KOLCHAK

...will take minimum thirty-six hours to check all passengers for possible police or psychiatric records. Maintain security and strict silence on board....

Nadine comes running up, panting.

NADINE

Carl?

KOLCHAK

(involved with his thoughts)

Hmm? Yes? Thanks for what you did back there.

NADINE

It was intriguing. Fun!

KOLCHAK

(stunned; muttering)

They're thinking of turning the boat around and going back to L.A.

Nadine begins to laugh uproariously, hangs onto the rail.

NADINE

Oh, Carl. You're a panic. What's this supposed to be? Like 'The High and the Mighty' with John Wayne and --

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

NADINE (Cont'd)
(she stops, reaches
toward her eye)
My lens fell out...It really fell
out.

She turns, looks to Kolchak who is now way ahead and entering
the lounge.

76 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

76

as Kolchak enters, tries to cross hurriedly to a phone booth.
Mel intercepts.

MEL
(to friends)
Hey, my main man from the fifth
column.
(to bartender)
A hit for my friend.

KOLCHAK
(waving him off)
Rain check. Rain check.

MEL
Trying to track down, Nadine...?
Carl waves him off, moves into a phone booth.

77 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

77

Carl gets in, picks up phone, talks quickly.

KOLCHAK
Operator, I want ship to shore.
I want to speak to a Tony Vincenzo,
INS offices in Chicago. I have the
number here.
(comes up with a
slip of paper)
Area Code 418, number's 273-4873.
(beat)
That's all right, operator, I'll
wait.

78 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

78

A slide projector is being run by Leonard Honig, the big
masher from New York: imperious, condescending, supremely
efficient. He clicks off slides showing brisk, spanking
clean wire service offices...hard-working, but grim-looking
personnel.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

HONIG

And here you see our office in Atlanta. Now Hutchins down there has been able to develop a rapport with his subordinates. Volleyball is a part of every lunch hour. However, Hutchins leaves no doubt as to who is the boss.

He clicks onto the screen a photo of a building being demolished.

HONIG

Now this is Denver. They couldn't cut it...so we shut 'em down. Waste...inefficiency...sloppiness. I think here in Chicago we're getting into the Denver situation.

Underneath this Miss Cowles taps timidly on the glass.

MISS COWLES

I'm sorry to interrupt, Mr. Vincenzo, but it's Mr. Kolchak calling from the Hanseatic via satellite.

HONIG

Satellite? This is just the kind of waste I'm talking about. You have wire machines so your people in the field can communicate with you and yet this Cormack calls by phone from somewhere in the South Pacific. There's a radio room on that boat for sending wires.

VINCENZO

(squirring)

I know Carl, Mister Honig. He wouldn't do this unless he had something very important to say.

MISS COWLES

I already accepted the charges. Was that wrong?

79 INTERCUT KOLCHAK IN PHONE BOOTH

79

He waits, tapping his fingers...suddenly hears shouted orders o.s. He opens the door, peers out, sees a group of crewmen and an officer run past. Kolchak drops the phone, leaves it dangling on its cord as he runs off. Vincenzo picks up his phone.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

79

VINCENZO

Carl? What's the problem?

(no response)

Carl? Carl? You there?

Vincenzo waits through a beat of silence, then the ship's whistle bellows three times in his ear. Honig hears it too and looks down his nose at a squirming Vincenzo, grabs the phone.

HONIG

What are you doing Cormack?

Playing games?

At the other end, Mel Tarter has noticed Kolchak's quick departure and has moved to the phone booth and picked up the receiver.

MEL

Hey, man who is this?

HONIG

This is Leonard Honig. What is the nature of this call?

MEL

Hey, man where you at?

HONIG

I'm here at the INS office in Chicago. You placed the call.

MEL

(using the church key)

Chicago? Hey how's everything back at the stockyards? Don't let 'em hand you a lotta bull.

A look of stunned incredulity floods over Honig's face. He turns, looks at Vincenzo.

HONIG

Yes, I think we're definitely into the Denver situation here.

80 INT. FIRST CLASS POOL - NIGHT - C DECK

80

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

The first class pool. It was no longer in service. But two couples from Wayne, Indiana, after drinking too much, decided they simply had to swim there. They should have gone to bed.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

80

A man bobs face down in the water. Reverberating off the walls, shouts of pandemonium. A woman in swim wear screams and cringes in terror as a huge dark assailant grabs her, flings her to the floor. A second woman runs to a door and panics finding it locked. At this moment a crewman, armed with an axe, runs in. The animal turns, rises to the challenge and suddenly jumps to a corner of the pool in an amazing burst of agility. Once there he leaps on the now stunned crewman, easily batting aside the man's weapon and resistance.

81 WOMAN

81

still trying the door, she turns now, attempts to run the length of the pool to another exit. Shoeless, she slips and falls on the wet surface. The beast, now finished with the crewman turns. Trapped, the woman has no recourse but to back up a flight of stairs to a balcony landing.

82 BALCONY ABOVE POOL

82

As the woman slowly backs up the stairs, the beast just below her, also advancing slowly. She arrives at the top, backs all the way to a door, tries it, but its also locked. As the beast closes in....

83 LOWER LEVEL - KOLCHAK AND CREWMEN

83

entering from a far entrance. Kolchak immediately raises his camera, starts clicking off photos of the man in the pool. Then his attention rivets on the balcony as a scream is heard. The beast in silhouette now appears, the woman's body above his head. With one tremendous heave he sends it flying down, through scaffolding to the floor below.

84 CLOSER ON CREWMEN AND KOLCHAK

84

pistols and jaws go slack as the killer jumps to the floor, stands his ground, his low growling bouncing off the tiled walls. The group starts to fan out and approach the beast.

85 KOLCHAK

85

maneuvering to try and get a better angle. Behind him a wiry little crewman, Emilio La Palma, enters wielding a heavy wrench, babbling in Italian and making a brave show of going everywhere but into the fracas. Suddenly the body of a crewman comes hurtling toward Emilio and Kolchak. Carl can't get out of the way in time and he falls to the tile floor where he stays, out cold.

86 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - DAY

86

Kolchak lies asleep on the bed, a bandage on his head. The sound of an empty beer bottle rolling on the floor wakes him. He sits up with a groan, gingerly rubs his head, looks around confused. Instinctively, Carl reaches for his camera on the night table, sees that it's open. No film. He mutters a curse, then winces with a shot of pain. A horrid droning sound turns his attention to:

87 MEL TARTER

87

Snoring, belching, half hanging off his bed, a beer bottle still clutched in one hand, a bikini top in the other. A feathered party hat lies crumpled beneath his cheek. On the floor, below the bed, an empty beer bottle rolls on the floor with the motion of the ship -- the noise that woke Kolchak. Kolchak enters frame, shakes Mel.

KOLCHAK

Mel? Mel?

Mel's only response is an unconscious belch. Kolchak turns, rubbing his head, exits.

88 INT. COMPANIONWAY - C DECK

88

Kolchak approaches the pool door, still rubbing his head, tries the door but finds it locked. Supporting himself on the wall, he moves along till he spots a steward.

KOLCHAK

Hey...steward. Lissen...what happened in the pool last night?

STEWARD

(smoothly)

Pool? Pool's closed, sir.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

KOLCHAK

(too pained to
argue; adopting
another tact)

Oh, yeah, that's right. Lissen,
last night, some crew guy set me
up with someone. I had a fantastic
time. I'd like to show my appre-
ciation, only I can't remember this
guy's name. He was short. Italian.

STEWARD

(thinks)

You must mean La Palma, Emilio La
Palma...but he doesn't speak any
English.

Kolchak exits leaving the man unanswered.

89 INT. C DECK - DAY

89

La Palma spews forth a torrent of impassioned Italian, gestic-
ulating fiercely with a wet mop. Pull back to reveal Kolchak
and Nadine, dodging spray. Nadine shivers in a bathrobe and
bare feet. La Palma finishes his speech, dips mop into pail,
begins swabbing the floor.

NADINE

He can't disobey the captain's
orders and divulge any information
pertaining to the safety of the
ship...this goes all the way back
to the Italian Navy in World War
Two where he served with honor.

KOLCHAK

We're in business. Offer him five
bucks.

Nadine makes the offer in Italian and La Palma launches into
an insulted operatic refusal, threatening Kolchak with the
wet mop.

NADINE

It's an infamia, he says...a disgrace.
He'd deal with you physically except
that you have that bandage on your
head.

KOLCHAK

Ten bucks.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

Nadine makes the offer and now La Palma goes into a babbling fury.

KOLCHAK

Twenty five.

(Nadine translates;
La Palma keeps
shouting)

Fifty...and that's it!

La Palma's fury subsides and he slumps sadly, muttering.

NADINE

He says he'd never do this except
that his mother back in Naples is
on the verge of death. He has to
send money....

KOLCHAK

(finishing it)

...or she'll be evicted from the
hospital. Yeah.

Kolchak forks over the bills to La Palma who eagerly pockets them, then motions for Kolchak and Nadine to follow.

90 INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

90

Kolchak and Nadine enter the dark, cramped room filled with broom mops and junk. La Palma follows, checks the companion-way for eavesdroppers, shuts the door. On the back of the door are hundreds of pinups. La Palma immediately starts gushing information in an excited whisper, punctuated by wild gestures. Nadine translates as he speaks.

NADINE

He really didn't get to see too much
of the fight. The maniac ran out
soon after he arrived. He was sent
to get the doctor. People were
badly hurt.

KOLCHAK

Who? Who were they?

Nadine can hardly get the question in, La Palma is talking so much.

CONTINUED

NADINE

...A Mrs. Lopat, 418, and a Mr. McKeel, 280...they were both taken to the ship's hospital...

(listens)

They also found another man down the hall from the pool...but he was okay -- just dazed...

(La Palma babbles
some more)

He doesn't know his name...but he's in cabin 220.

KOLCHAK

What about the killer? What happened to him?

This is the first time Nadine has heard that word. She looks at Carl both curious and a little scared. She turns to La Palma, begins to translate. The Italian starts talking animatedly and crossing himself several times. But before Nadine can translate, the door suddenly opens, startling all. Gribbs stands in the entranceway, his features sternly appraising Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

Hi there. Gribbs, isn't it? Well, Gribbs, you're probably wondering what we're all doing in here. Actually, it's really very simple ---

GRIBBS

You! Follow me. Now!

KOLCHAK

Okay. Sure. Fine.
(easing out of
the closet)

May I ask where we're going?

GRIBBS

Your dad wants to have a father and son talk.

The pool is clean, drained and bears no scars from the evening before. Captain Wells stands at the far end of the pool, talking with other officers. Kolchak enters with Gribbs. Wells turns, appraises Carl, who surveys the cleanup crew at work.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

KOLCHAK

Nice job. Everything ship shape.
(looks at Wells)
Captain Wells...? I'm glad we
could have this little get together.
There are a lot of questions ---

Wells raises his hand so authoritatively that it compels
silence.

WELLS

Mister Kolchak, you are to understand
and comply with the following for the
duration of this voyage: One, you
are to cease annoying crew members
in the performance of their duties.
Two, you are to desist fomenting
trouble amongst your fellow passen-
gers. And three, you are to stop
representing yourself as my son.
(appraises Kolchak
for a beat)
That's all. Dismissed.

Wells turns to go. Gribbs starts to lead Kolchak off, but
Carl pulls away, confronts Wells.

KOLCHAK

Maybe you're not aware of this,
Captain, but I'm a news reporter.
I work for the Independent News
Service in Chicago. News. The
Press. You've heard of freedom of
the press.

WELLS

I'm fully aware of all the articles
of the Constitution of the United
States, Mister Kolchak. Are you
fully aware of the articles of
Maritime law? Article forty-three.
The Captain of the vessel shall have
full and sole authority over all
passengers and crew therein. And
shall in the event of a crisis take
whatever measures he deems necessary
to insure that all persons aboard
act in compliance with the best
interest of the vessel.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

Crisis. You said crisis. You admit then that there is something very wrong aboard this boat.

WELLS

(correcting)

Ship.

KOLCHAK

Boat -- ship -- tub! I was down here last night. I saw something incredible for a second, but I did see it.

WELLS

(thinks)

There was a disturbance -- yes. But the matter is well in hand now.

KOLCHAK

Disturbance? I saw someone -- some thing -- rip the stuffing from your crew like they were rag dolls. Right now, there's standing room only in the ship's infirmary and there are three bodies on ice in the refrigerator of the ship's main kitchen. All had been gashed -- gouged, torn limb from limb. Whatever you've got aboard this boat, Captain, is not well in hand!

WELLS

(coldly)

Article forty-seven, Revised Maritime Code. Should any person or persons fail to comply with the Captain's directives, he or they shall be placed under bodily restraint for as long as the Captain deems necessary.

(small smile)

It used to be called putting a man in irons, Mister Kolchak. Now while we don't have that outmoded means of bodily restraint at hand, I'm sure the ship's engineer could jury-rig a suitable substitute.

(turns to an officer)

Isn't that so, Mister Hallem?

CONTINUED

HALLEM

Gribbs here could fashion something out of some chains and a couple of marlinspikes.

GRIBBS

(nods)

Take me about fifteen minutes, sir. Want me to get on it?

KOLCHAK

What are marlinspikes?

GRIBBS

(matter-of-factly)

Mean things. Metal -- pointed like a shark's tooth.

WELLS

(holds up his hand)

Let's hope you'll never have to find out, Mister Kolchak. Now I suggest you just do what you came on board to do. Interview the dentists, the school teachers, the aging stewardesses.

Underneath this, a crewman enters, hands Hallem an envelope. Wells observes.

KOLCHAK

Well, that's getting more difficult all the time. You see, at least one schoolteacher...

(consults notes)

...a Mrs. Lois Prysock...has been missing for sixteen hours. She was last seen leaving the gambling casino.

WELLS

(looks at Gribbs)

I think you'd better make up a set of those irons, Mister Gribbs... just in case.

(beat)

Carry on.

Gribbs takes Kolchak by the arm, leads him off. Wells returns to his officers, indicates envelope Hallem is holding.

WELLS

Those them?

Hallem nods, shows Wells several photographs.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED - 4

91

HALLEM

Mister Kolchak isn't going to win
any prizes for photography.

(soberly)

But his subject matter is certainly
startling.

Wells takes the photos, stares at them dumbstruck.

92 EXT. DECK - DAY

92

A sprinkling of people seated in deck chairs. A few others
sun themselves. In the back, skeet shooting. Facing us, two
people playing shuffle board. One of them, Blaise Marin.
His movements testify to what his face reflects, that Blaise
has one of the worst sunburns on record.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Two of the people Emilio La Palma
mentioned were off limits in the
ship's hospital. But I was able
to track down one of the occupants
of cabin two twenty.

Kolchak enters frame, moves to Blaise Marin who is just giving
a disgusted grunt because his shuffleboard piece has been
knocked off.

KOLCHAK

Mister Marin....

BLAISE

(to his partner)

Hey, that's not fair, I saw you put
your foot over the line. My piece
goes back and you subtract five
points.

(to Kolchak)

Yes?

Blaise moves to the shuffle board line, prepares to shoot.

KOLCHAK

Were you down by the pool area last
night?

BLAISE

Do my eyes look red?

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

(confused)

No.

BLAISE

Well, then, there's your answer.
Chlorine burns my eyes. I don't
swim.

(curious)

Where'd you get that campy suit?

Kolchak looks at his clothes, shrugs.

BLAISE

(to partner)

Are you keeping score? Don't try
any cute stuff.

KOLCHAK

Your roommate -- was he down by
the pool?

BLAISE

Am I my brother's keeper? How
would I know, he's a cold fish.
If you ask me, I'd say he spent
too much time up there at the
North Pole.

(shoots, makes
a few points,
giggles)

Certainly, no one could have been
sweeter than me. Last night I
went to all the trouble of setting
up a foursome for wist --

(turns to partner
for corroboration)

-- You remember. And that big bozo
just wandered off without so much
as a by-your-leave. How's that for
gall?

KOLCHAK

Do you know where I could find him
now?

BLAISE

(muttering)

I've done nothing but bend over
with invitation. He's just like
George -- worse.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

George -- ?

BLAISE

(snapping)

George Fennel. Boy, I always get the winners, don't I? But look, I should have known. All these foreigners have their strange quirks.

(turns to partner)

My turn?

KOLCHAK

Foreigner? Why? Where's he from?

BLAISE

Cornwall.

KOLCHAK

What's his name?

BLAISE

(irritated)

Fennel. George Fennel. Aren't you listening?

KOLCHAK

Where can I find Mister Fennel?

BLAISE

(shouting)

New York. He's minding the store. What's wrong with you?

KOLCHAK

No. I mean, your cabinmate. Where can I find him?

BLAISE

Oh, he's somewhere around the boat.

(looks at his friend, snidely giggles)

Probably down in the bilge.

KOLCHAK

(disgusted)

Mister Marin, what is your roommate's name?

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED - 3

92

BLAISE

(miffed)

Steiglitz. Bernhard Stieglitz.
But for God's sake, don't call
him Bernie.

Blaise steps up to shoot again, then suddenly stops, gives
Kolchak a hard questioning look.

BLAISE

Just who are you? Do I know you?
Why are you asking all these per-
sonal questions?

Three short blasts of a whistle interrupts the conversation.
Blaise hands his shooting stick to Kolchak.

BLAISE

I thought I'd never hear that lunch
whistle toot. I'm famished. I
just hope it isn't seafood. I
couldn't look another crab in the
face.

He and his partner sally forth to the dining room.

93 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

93

as he turns, moves through a companionway door.

94 INT. LOUNGE AREA - KOLCHAK

94

crossing to a phone booth, entering.

95 INT. PHONE BOOTH

95

as Carl picks up the phone, dials operator.

KOLCHAK

This is Carl Kolchak. I want ship
to shore.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, Mister Kolchak, but all
the lines are busy, please try
later.

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

KOLCHAK

They've been busy for the last two hours.

The phone goes dead. Kolchak sits back in the booth, thinks, looks out through the hole in the door, reacts seeing:

96

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

96

Nadine's face peering in, mouthing "Bon Giorno, Carlo."

97

INT. LOUNGE

97

as Carl slowly exits the phone booth.

NADINE

I've been so worried. What did those men do to you?

KOLCHAK

What most guys in uniform do. They tried to act like they knew what they were talking about.

NADINE

(very confidential)
Carl, there's something terribly wrong aboard this ship. I think we have reason to be very worried. That little man, La Palma, he really carried on after you left. In fact the only thing I could think of to explain what he told me, is that Italians fantasize a great deal.

KOLCHAK

What did he say?

NADINE

He kept saying Lupu a Mano. Over and over. At first I thought I misunderstood but he kept saying it.

KOLCHAK

That means wolf doesn't it ---

NADINE

Lupu means wolf and that would be strange enough. But Lupu a Mano means werewolf

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED

9

KOLCHAK

Nadine, I'm going to need some help. Remember that movie with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd.

NADINE

(interrupts)

'This Gun For Hire.' Yes, but you don't have to walk me into it, Carl. I want to help you.

KOLCHAK

(scribbles a number)

Okay. They're jamming the phones on me. Call this number. Ask for Tony.

98 EXT. DECK - DAY - CLOSE ON HAND

98

showing the scarred bite marks. We are in back of the chair. The hand feverishly grips the armrest. A scream is heard as Bernhardt Stieglitz wakes from a nightmare, sits up shaking. A steward approaches.

STEWARD

Are you all right sir?

Stieglitz rises, pushes the man aside and walks off dazed, camera following. He moves by a companionway door from which emerges Kolchak. The two pass right in front of each other. We lose Stieglitz and pick up Kolchak who hurries along, his hands full of books.

99 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

99

Kolchak enters, moves to the phone booths. He peers inside questioningly at Nadine who shrugs, signals that she hasn't gotten through yet. Kolchak moves off.

100 INT. SHIP'S HOSPITAL - DAY - CLOSE ON SCARRED HAND

100

Widen to reveal Dr. Alan Roth nervously examining the scars, tilting his head to get the full use of his bifocals.

ROTH

It seems to me it's healed very nicely. Nothing unusual. When did you say this wolf bit you? Five or six months ago?

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

ROTH (Cont'd)

(looks up; Stieglitz
has nodded)

Well, I think it's highly unlikely
this wound could be causing these
black out spells you're complaining
of. If it were hydrophobia...rabies
...the symptoms would have manifested
themselves long before now, surely.

Roth looks up, peers into Stieglitz' eyes with a penlight.

101 ANGLE - VERY TIGHT ON EYES

101

Deep set, cold, unblinking...bloodshot. The tiny light beam
plays over them.

ROTH'S VOICE

Did you have a little too much to
drink last night, Mr. Stieglitz?
(plastic smile)

Those tropical concoctions they
serve in the Maui Grille are very
sweet. Sugar and alcohol's a deadly
combination.

102 ANGLE - ACROSS THE ROOM

102

A seriously injured woman patient lies on a bed, half her
face and head swathed in thick bandage. Her one eye is peering
at Stieglitz, as if she sensed something terrible about him.

103 BACK TO SCENE

103

Stieglitz' head is turned in her direction staring. Roth
takes his pulse.

ROTH

(business-like
sigh)

I think these black outs are probably
due to a combination of things...
a little too much grog...a little
too much sun...And the abrupt
transition from Greenland. That'd
be a bit much for anyone's
constitution.

Roth rises, moves to a cabinet, takes out a bottle.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

ROTH

I'd advise that you stay out of the sun for a few days...

(pours pills into an envelope)

...and take ten milligrams of salycilate -- two of these aspirin -- every four hours.

Roth hands Stieglitz the envelope. Stieglitz is still staring over at the woman and she at him. A moan of delirious anxiety escapes her. Roth glances over, speeds things up with Stieglitz.

ROTH

If these black outs and nightmares persist, I think your best course would be to see a neurologist... or perhaps a psychiatrist...when we dock in Honolulu. I can recommend several good men there.

Stieglitz rises and wordlessly moves to the door. Roth gives him a queer look as he exits.

ROTH

Remember to take those aspirin. And don't hesitate to see me in the morning if you notice any other symptoms.

The woman is now quite upset. Roth moves to her solicitously with a hypo.

104 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - DAY

104

Carl has books and papers spread all over his bunk. He's pouring through them furiously, making notations. The door flies open and Mel comes in, clutching a beer bottle in one hand and Wendy in the other.

MEL

Hey, there's my main man now...

(stops dead seeing Kolchak reading; to Wendy)

Pumpkin, get us a couple hits, will ya?

Wendy moves off to the bathroom to fetch the beer.

MEL

(concerned)

What are you doin' man? Cramming?

CONTINUED

MEL (Cont'd)

There ain't no exam tomorrow. You
got to mellow out...

(pops the beer that
Wendy hands him)

Here, man, have a hit....

Carl ignores him as Wendy peers over his shoulder at the
book Carl holds.

WENDY

Look what he's into Mel.

(to Kolchak)

You a dog fancier?

Mel now peers over at the book.

MEL

No, pumpkin. He's getting ideas
for the fancy dress ball, right
Carl? What are you comin' as?

KOLCHAK

(nose in his
books)

Member of the fifth column.

MEL

No man, it's not a come-as-you-
are scene. It's a fancy dress
ball. Costumes. It's tonight,
amigo.

KOLCHAK

There won't be any fancy dress
ball tonight.

MEL

Sure there is. They just announced
it.

WENDY

Yeah. I'm coming as Lady Godiva.

MEL

And I'm coming as Peeping Tom!
Awright!

Mel shakes Wendy, ogles her figure.

KOLCHAK

(somberly)

Mel, you've reconnoitered the ship.
Are there any priests on board?

CONTINUED

Stunned silence. Mel and Wendy regard each other with alarm.

MEL

Hey, Carl...c'mon. Nadine's cute, but you don't have to go for a life sentence. Gettin' spliced ain't the purpose of this cruise. Gettin' your rocks off is.

KOLCHAK

This has nothing to do with getting spliced or getting rocks off, Mel.

MEL

Good, man. 'Cause me and Wendy, we had that marriage scene for about ten years. It's nowhere.

KOLCHAK

(incredulous)

Let me understand this. You two were married? To each other?

MEL

Right on. But we got divorced about three years ago. Been having a ball ever since.

Kolchak impatiently comes between them.

KOLCHAK

I'm very happy for you. But about this priest...is there one on board?

MEL

Hey, Carl...what would a priest be doing aboard this ship of fools??

WENDY

(thinks)

Wait Mel. What about what's his name?

MEL

Who? Oh, yeah. Him...that's right...

(to Kolchak)

There's a cat on board was telling me he flunked out of divinity school. Would that help you?

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED - 3

104

KOLCHAK

(thinks hard
about it)

Does he know Latin?

MEL

I don't know. He seemed to be more
into the romance languages last
night.

(big guffaw)

KOLCHAK

(impatiently)

Just get him. Could you? Have
him meet me on C deck. Near the
ping-pong room. About an hour.

MEL

(shrugs)

Okay. Will do.

Kolchak gathers his things, rushes out.

MEL

(ogling Wendy)

Hey, punkin...before we go find
Father what's-his-face, why don't
you try on your Lady G costume for
me? Awright!!

(sees Wendy
long face)

Hey pumpkin, whatsa matter?

WENDY

(moodily)

Gee, Mel...you made those ten years
of our marriage sound awful....

105 INT. LOUNGE - DAY - PHONES

105

Nadine is visible in the booth...still waiting. Kolchak
approaches with a babbling reluctant La Palma. He opens the
door.

NADINE

I haven't been able to get through
yet, Carlo. Chicago's having some
kind of horrible blizzard. Alot
of lines are down.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

(indicates La
Palma)

I've given the Admiral here another fifty bucks but he's kicking up some kind of a fuss. I can't communicate with him. Tell him I need some silver. As much as he can get.

Nadine translates and La Palma babbles.

NADINE

He says he can get you knives and forks from the ship's dining room. As many as you want.

KOLCHAK

No, no. Not silverplate. It has to be genuine silver. Sterling.

Nadine translates and La Palma abruptly falls silent. Suddenly La Palma raises his finger, gets an idea. He babbles.

NADINE

The only silver he knows about on board is the Captain's buttons. On his dress uniform.

KOLCHAK

Ask him how long it'll take him to get them.

Nadine translates. No response from La Palma. He just stares at Kolchak with disbelief.

KOLCHAK

Okay. I'll take care of that myself.

(points to a
list)

Ask him to get me these things here. And this thing...I'll help him with that.

Kolchak flies off and Nadine takes the list, begins translating it. A look of pure amazement comes over La Palma's face. Suddenly the phone receiver is heard.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

We're ready with your call now, ma'am.

NADINE

(to La Palma)

Andiamo, andiamo. Molto grazie.

She waves him off and he exits.

106 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON HUGE LEDGER

106

The mammoth book is slammed shut by Leonard Honig who looks at it with distaste...emits a pained sigh.

HONIG

And I think the less said about this the better.

He gets up and lugs three more huge ledgers to the table as Vincenzo blanches.

HONIG

(strained humor)

Well, let's take a peek at another Doomsday book...

(turning musty pages)

I don't know if you're aware of this uh -- Tony, but the Chicago School of Business has an excellent night extension program. Payroll Tax Report 115B is very good. Excellent man teaching Workman's Comp and disability.

(smiles)

If you have any trouble getting in there, I can pull a few strings.

Vincenzo, fighting to stay awake, rises, checks his watch.

VINCENZO

That sounds very interesting, Mr. Honig. Let me sleep on it....

Honig now checks his watch.

HONIG

Oh. Yes.

Vincenzo moves toward the door, smiling, nodding. He turns the lights out. Honig moves to the projection screen....

HONIG

Thank you...

(pulls down screen)

Now if you'll help me with the projector we'll be able to move right into the graphs and charts from the time and motion study done in Dallas.

CONTINUED

Vincenzo sinks weakly into a chair. Miss Cowles appears at the window. Honig motions for her to come in. He points to a huge stack of heavy ledgers.

HONIG

Yes, Miss Cowles, you can take those ledgers back now. We're through with them. And then afterwards, if you'd like to join us for this T and M study, you're more than welcome.

MISS COWLES

Oh, I don't have time for that right now Mr. Honig. I have to get the keys to the reference room. I have to find out about mutilation attacks.

Vincenzo, who has hardly been listening, now perks up in alarmed interest and mouths to himself, fearfully.

VINCENZO

...Kolchak....

HONIG

Mutilation? Is this for one of your riddles? Or is this a personal project being done on company time?

MISS COWLES

Neither. It's for Miss Griffin. Miss Nadine Griffin.

HONIG

(looks through papers)

Griffin? Griffin? How are you spelling that?

(to Vincenzo)

There's no Nadine Griffin working here. Is this a hidden account?

MISS COWLES

Oh, she doesn't work for us. She's a school teacher from East Orange New Jersey. She's on the phone.

HONIG

(very alarmed)

She's not calling from New Jersey collect is she?

CONTINUED

MISS COWLES

Oh no. From the Hansiatic -- collect.

VINCENZO

(nods; eyes closed;
mouthes silently)

Kolchak....

HONIG

(swivels his chair
around, levels his
withering gaze at
Vincenzo)

Are we to be the butts of another
of Mr. Cormack's pranks?

VINCENZO

(really scared)

As I was trying to explain last
night, I think they probably had
some trouble with the switchboard
wires on the boat. Getting them
crossed. That happens ---

HONIG

(interrupts; to
Vincenzo)

Put this Miss Griffin on the blower.

Underneath this, Miss Cowles has gotten the keys from a hook
board near Vincenzo's desk and exited. Vincenzo throws a
phone switch. Intercut Nadine.

HONIG

Miss Griffith. You are speaking
to Leonard Honig. Junior Vice
President of Contemporary
Communications Corporation, parent
company of INS.

NADINE

Bouna notte Leonardo.

HONIG

You are probably the innocent
victim of a practical joke, Miss
Griffith. Please put Mr. Cormack
on the line.

NADINE

I don't know any Mr. Cormack. I
think they got the lines crossed
at the switchboard.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED - 3

106

There's a clicking and clatter as Miss Cowles comes on the line.

MISS COWLES' VOICE

Miss Griffin? There were multiple slayings in Bucks County Pennsylvania.

(starts to read)

'The gruesome deaths of the Rockwell family, mother, father and two children....'

HONIG

(cuts in)

Is that quite all Miss Cowles?

MISS COWLES

No there were other murders in Bucks County and then...oh yes, there was a smiliar occurence in Greenland. Again a grisly multiple slaying. Oh, but there was a survivor there.

HONIG

Are you finished, Miss Cowles?

MISS COWLES

No. All the victims in Greenland were NATO technicians, including the survivor.

Under this, Vincenzo had been silently and sneakily tugging on his galoshes and huge overcoat, hat and muffler. He now steals toward the door, slips out, hearing Honig yell ---

HONIG'S VOICE

I demand that you put Mr. Cormack on this line!

107 INT. CAPTAIN'S STATE ROOM - DAY

107

A stuffy, nautical motif. A closet door can be seen open. Careful sounds of snipping can be heard, intermittently broken by impatient ripping noises. After several seconds, Kolchak emerges, his pockets stuffed with buttons. As he closes the closet door, the outer door opens and Kolchak quickly sits in a chair, crosses his legs, picks up a copy of AHOY magazine, begins reading avidly. Captain Wells enters, stops dead at seeing Kolchak.

CONTINUED

WELLS

(thunderstruck)

Where's my valet? How did you get in here?

KOLCHAK

Before you clap me in irons, Captain, I think you'd better hear me out.

WELLS

Clap you in irons? I'll have you keel hauled for this.

KOLCHAK

You seem to be fond of living in the past Captain. So maybe you'll appreciate what I'm going to say. Very simply, you haven't got a psychotic killer on board, you've got a werewolf.

WELLS

Really? I suppose next you'll be wanting me to turn the ship around so we won't sail off the edge of the world.

KOLCHAK

What's going to happen to this ship is much worse than that.

WELLS

Article twenty two, revised maritime codes. Should a passenger or passengers, exhibit to the Captain's judgement an unbalanced state of mind, the Captain may so order that said passenger should be put ---

KOLCHAK

(finishing it)

-- to sleep. Yeah, I know. Now will you stop with that nonsense.

WELLS

No, you're the one to stop with the nonsense. Now, I won't deny we've had trouble. My officers concur with me that we had a psychotic killer on board.

CONTINUED

WELLS (Cont'd)

Most likely a stowaway. And in view of the fact that the attacks have stopped either one of three things have happened. One, the man fell overboard. Two, he committed suicide...or three he sustained wounds and crawled off to the bowls of the ship to die.

KOLCHAK

...Or four, he is very much alive and waiting for the sun to go down.

WELLS

The sun?

KOLCHAK

(rustles through papers on Wells' desk)

Here, this is precisely the time when he'll attack again. Ten twenty-eight.

(looks at Wells)

That's when the moon is going to come up, Captain. The full moon.

Wells presses an intercom button.

WELLS

Have Mister Hallem and a security party come up here, please.

KOLCHAK

I'm not nuts! You've seen the shots I took the other night! Was that a psychotic killer? You've talked to your own crewmen. Are they nuts? And you've probably talked to the people down in the infirmary. I have. Now unless you want to pack more corpses into the ship's freezer you'd better stop playing Captain Bligh and start being the commander of this ship.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(beat)

Let me put it in your terms,
Captain -- you are to understand
and comply with the following:
All security parties are to be
armed with silver bullets. Genuine
silver bullets. Not silverplate.
These bullets must have been blessed
by a priest not in English...but
in Latin. And by moonrise every
passenger must be confined to
quarters. Or are you still planning
on having the masquerade ball?

WELLS

I hadn't thought about cancelling
it.

KOLCHAK

Well, I can tell you who the
judges are going to give the first
prize to, only I think he'll prob-
ably take their arm off with it.

WELLS

Where did you find out all this
treacle?

KOLCHAK

From books in your own library.

WELLS

From the fiction rack...or in the
children's section?

KOLCHAK

What's about to happen tonight
won't be fiction and it won't
be childish.

Halleem and a security party enter.

WELLS

Take him below.

KOLCHAK

(shaking off their
hands)

That won't be necessary. I can
promise you you'll have no trouble
from me tonight. You can do what-
ever you want, I'm going to be
locked in my cabin.

CONTINUED

WELLS

It's too late for that, Mister
Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

If you put me somewhere against
my will and something happens to
me tonight, they'll have to write
a new chapter in the maritime codes.

Wells' confidence wavers a bit. He gives a brusque gesture for Hallem and his men to let Kolchak go. Kolchak gives him a grim smile and nod, exits. As soon as Kolchak is gone, Wells fishes in a drawer, takes out the photos and studies them.

WELLS

(taut)

Mr. Hallem, ask Mr. Royer how much
time we'd buy if we changed course
now and tried to outrun the rising
moon.

(sees Hallem's
look)

No, cancel that. What's the time?

HALLEM

(checks watch)

0800, Sir.

WELLS

(sighs)

Almost time for the Captain's Formal
Dinner.

WELLS

(thinks)

We'll have to carry on with that.
No sense in starting a panic.

Taking off his jacket, he moves to the closet and without
looking, takes out and begins to don his dress uniform coat.

WELLS

I'll give you a list of orders I
want carried out immediately ---

He stops dead, looks down aghast as his fingers feel for buttons
that aren't there. Every piece of fruit salad has been stripped
from the coat, leaving a mass of threads and torn pockets.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING THREE SHORT SCENES WILL BE SYNOPSISIZED.

108 INT. C DECK - NIGHT

108

Kolchak meets with the divinity school dropout and Mel Tarter. In faltering Latin, the divinity student blesses the Captain's buttons. Kolchak then meets Emilio La Palma who has procured a skeet gun, shells, a large pot and a large acetylene torch from the engine room.

109 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - NIGHT

109

Kolchak surprises Mel and Wendy as they embrace when he and Emilio lug in the huge torch and other wares. As Kolchak sets to work melting down the buttons, Nadine enters and reports to him the findings of her phone call: that a mutilation attack occurred in Greenland and there was one survivor. Kolchak will recall Blaise's remark that his roommate was in the North Pole. Kolchak interrupts his work on the bullets to go to:

110 INT. BLAISE'S CABIN - NIGHT

110

It is empty when Kolchak arrives. He pokes around and finds the Arctic photo which sends chills up his spine, since the full moon can be seen peeking through the porthole. The door opens suddenly and he whirls in terror to see Blaise in a fury at having his room violated. Kolchak will try to explain the terror that is stalking but Blaise has him evicted. Kolchak goes back to his room. Blaise steps into a shower as:

111 EXT. SKY - NIGHT (STOCK)

111

The moon rises in full flower.

112 INT. BLAISE'S CABIN - NIGHT

112

A miffed Blaise comes out of the bathroom, hair wet, wrapping a towel around him. He hears a sound at the door.

BLAISE

Now what is it??

(moves to door)

Who is it? What do you want?

The sounds grow louder, the door starts to shake. Blaise moves back, cringing.

BLAISE

Bernie? I'll open the door if you'll just wait a sec....

Suddenly the door is smashed inward and the blurred form of the werewolf rushes in. Blaise screams, shrieks, darts for the bathroom, but the werewolf grabs him by his wet hair. Blaise is flung upon the bed, then the beast ounces on top of him. They roll off the bed onto the floor in a mass of torn blankets. Blaise gives one final shriek.

113 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - NIGHT 113

A bureau has been turned into a work bench. The acetylene torch is going full blast as Kolchak melts down the silver buttons in a heavy kitchen pot. Nearby stand several skeet shotgun shells, their pellets removed, the paper uncrimped and waiting for the silver dum-dums to be inserted. Carl works feverishly.

114 EXT. COMPANIONWAY DOOR - NIGHT 114

Gribbs and a crewman, both carrying guns, rush out the door, hear noises above. They look up at:

115 ANGLE - FRONT FUNNEL 115

as the creature climbs toward the top, stops, turns near the gigantic ship's whistle. Bullets ricochet off the metalwork as he peers down, slaving, growling. Directly behind his head...the full moon in the black sky. Gribbs and the three crewmen are joined by another and all fire up at the beast. It does no good. He merely rages all the more. The firing stops as all men look up awestruck. At that moment the ship's whistle blows and the creature holds his head, shrieking in pain. Another blast and he goes wild, leaps onto a guy wire and slides down past Gribbs and his men.

116 DECK 116

as the creature drops from the cable, knocks aside a deckhand, races toward a door.

117 INT. KOLCHAK'S CABIN - NIGHT 117

Carl pours the last of the silver into a rough ball, choking on the smoke of the burning mold. He drops the bullet into an open shell casing, crimps it. He now has several bullets. Grabbing the skeet gun, he races out the door, jamming the shells in the gun.

118 INT. SHAFT ALLEY - NIGHT 118

Gribbs and a group of crewmembers cautiously move along the dark, silent alley, playing flashlights along the huge machinery. Hearing splashing and growling, they aim a flashlight beam, see the creature, crouched in bilge water. He leaps to the top of the shaft, then dives into the midst of his attackers as they blast away at him. Shouting and screaming, the men put up a futile defense against the beast who rips, slashes, tosses them aside. He catapults up and over them toward the engine room.

- 119 ANGLE - GRIBBS 119
Shirt bloodied and torn, he pumps away at a shotgun to no avail.
- 120 INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT 120
The beast crouches atop a turbine, holding the body of a burly stoker. Oilers and engineers, joined by Gribbs, fire up at the beast who merely springs over their heads to a huge pipe. Lost in billows of steam, the beast makes a poor target for their guns. He suddenly leaps out of the vapors, seizes a beefy oiler who fights back with a crusher of a wrench. The man is lifted overhead, flung into the others.
- 121 ANGLE - DOOR 121
as Hallem and Wells enter, mouths agape at the noisy spectacle of terror. Hallem carries a large flare-gun, races toward the melee....
- 122 CONTROL PANEL 122
as the beast throws off a group of crewmen. Hallem aims the flare-gun, fires. The magnesium charge strikes the werewolf in the chest, burns and sizzles. He shrieks, his momentum slowed, and bats at the flare with his paws. His face is fully illuminated by the flickering blue-white light, revealing his rabid eyes and bloodied chops. The flare burns out, and the werewolf leaps upon Hallem, kills him, then lunges toward the door.
- 123 EXT. C DECK - NIGHT 123
as Kolchak races along toward the sounds of gunfire, carrying his skeet gun, shoving spare shells in his pocket. As he passes the pool door, rounds a bend, he stops dead, sees:
- 124 ANGLE - CORNER 124
The hand of a dead man protrudes from an intersecting passageway...the hand clutches a church key.
- 125 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 125
horrified, saddened...he turns, hearing a sound, sees:

- 126 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE WEREWOLF 126
slinking down the corridor, untouched by the bullets fired by Wells and engine-room personnel who are in b.g.
- 127 WIDER 127
With palsied hands, Kolchak brings the gun to his shoulder... fires. The werewolf turns in anger as the bullet zings off a bulkhead above him. Kolchak fires again, misses. He tries to pump the gun, but it's jammed. He throws the gun down, runs for dear life as the werewolf lunges after him.
- 128 ANOTHER ANGLE - C DECK 128
dark, abandoned. Kolchak rounds a corner, races toward camera. Seconds later the beast follows. Kolchak tips over a set of lockers which crash across the companionway. The werewolf trips, rolls, springs right to his feet. Panic stricken, Kolchak struggles to reach the nearest door, the creature right at his heels. Carl flings open the door, dives in.
- 129 INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT 129
Kolchak slams the door behind him, screams as the werewolf's bulk flies full against the door. In a terrified frenzy, Kolchak piles boxes, boards, furniture against the door as the werewolf snarls, pounds, attacks the wood. Carl watches the door buckle, begin to snap. Instinctively, he grabs an axe...holds it before him...then sees:
- 130 HIS POINT OF VIEW - KEYHOLE 130
large opening...of the old fashioned variety. The wood around it quivers and shakes.
- 131 KOLCHAK 131
He fumbles in his pocket for a skeet shell, moves fearfully toward the door. Jamming the shell in the hole, facing out, he hammers at it with the pointed end of the axe.
- 132 EXT. COMPANIONWAY - NIGHT 132
The beast splinters the door in full rage.
- 133 INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT 133
Kolchak hammers at the firing cap with no success. A clawed hand smashes through the wood near his head. The door buckles...

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED 133

then suddenly the shell explodes. The door flies inward on top of Kolchak who slithers away in fright, then sees the werewolf seething, holding his side. The beast drops to the floor, rolls out into the companionway in intense pain. The creature stumbles to its feet, staggers away, whimpering. Kolchak follows.

134 EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT 134

The dying werewolf gasps for air as it crawls out a doorway toward the rail. Kolchak follows wide-eyed, feeling around his neck for a camera that isn't there. The beast rolls on the deck, tries to lunge for a lifeboat but doesn't make it. It claws the canvas covering...then with a canine scream, it drops.

135 ANGLE FROM WATER 135

as the yowling creature plummets toward camera.

136 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 136

pressed against the rail, mouth agape, looking down at:

137 ANGLE - SIDE OF SHIP AND WAKE (STOCK) 137

Black swirling water. There is no sign of the beast. The sea has swallowed him.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

The body was never recovered.
When the old ship was scrapped,
all evidence was scrapped along
with her.

138 INT. TAO TAO - NIGHT 138

Chairs have been placed upside down on the tables and Carl is the last customer. Jimmy Lin and a waiter hover off to the side, anxious for Carl to leave. Kolchak listens to the tape recorder.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Of the eleven crewmen and four
passengers attacked by the beast,
it is not known how many actually
died. The injured? Well, they
disappeared. Rumor has it to
Switzerland...to undergo treat-
ment for a rare blood disease.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

138

Kolchak switches off the machine, checks his notes, presses RECORD and speaks.

KOLCHAK

The shipping line would only admit to having had a psychotic stowaway on board. The killer had fallen overboard after being cornered by ship's officers. All traces of Bernhardt Stieglitz vanished. His baggage was gone and his name could not be found on any passenger manifest. NATO officials claimed that no such man had ever existed in her organization and any attempt to publish a werewolf story about such a man would be met with the heaviest legal artillery. Vincenzo, always gun shy, conveyed that message to me in no uncertain terms. So here the story sits. For good I guess...

(thinks; looks
over at Jimmy
Lin)

Yeah, I'm going, Jimmy.

Kolchak smiles wearily, collects his things. Bidding goodnight to Jimmy, he exits.

THE END