

PRODUCER: Paul Playdon

PROD. #41804
June 28, 1974 (F.R.)
Rev. 7/5/74 (F.R.)
Rev. 7/12/74 (F.R.)

THE NIGHT STALKER

THE RIPPER

by

R. Borchert

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

THE NIGHT STALKER:

THE RIPPER

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

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

THE NIGHT STALKERTHE RIPPERCAST

CARL KOLCHAK
TONY VINCENZO

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

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SILENT

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

THE NIGHT STALKER

THE RIPPER

FADE IN

1 OMITTED 1

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

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

1-B INT. EL CAR - DAY - STOCK 1-B

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

2 INT. A BAR - NIGHT 2

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

May twenty-first, three a.m. across the state line at Werner's Boom-Boom Room, in Milwaukee. Ellen Perry, dancer...whatever...had just done her last number....

(X)

2-A INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

2-

Ellen sits in front of a makeup mirror, sighs, begins removing an eyelash. (X)

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

It was really Ellen's last number.

3 CLOSE ON A MAN'S SHOES

3

They are of leather with pearl buttons, conservative tweed trousers brushing the tops as the man moves from behind a screen and across the dressing room.

4 CLOSE ON ELLEN

4

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

5 THE BAR

5

A sleazy neighborhood place. A shadowed man works his way toward door through the crowd of hardhats. (X)

BARTENDER

Hey Mac! You gonna pay your tab or what? (X)

(as man ignores him)

Harry! Grab that guy!

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

5-A EXT. STAGE DOOR - NIGHT

5-A

A pretty girl exits, her expression glum, disappointed. By the door, a sign: MISS PHYSICAL THERAPIST CONTESTANTS ONLY.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Three days later. Again Milwaukee. Debbie Felder was twenty-two, five nine, weighed one twenty. Her hobbies were breaking horses and collecting bone china. Debbie wanted to be successful...she should have settled for being alive. (X)

5-B EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

5-

as Debbie continues walking down alley to where it enters into the street.

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

5-C ANGLE - DEVIL'S HEAD

5-C

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

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

5-D CLOSE ON DEBBIE

5-D

head down, disappointed, as she continues to walk.

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

5-E CLOSE ON CANE

5-E

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

5-F CLOSE ON DEBBIE

5-F

As she looks up, her eyes suddenly widen with terror....

5-G OMITTED

5-G

5-H HER POINT OF VIEW - FIRE ESCAPE

5-H

A shadowed figure is poised with knife, ready to leap.

5-I DEBBIE

5-I

terrified, she turns to run.

5-J FIRE ESCAPE
as the figure leaps, lands in front of her. She screams.

5-J
()
()

5-K CLOSE ON BLADE
slashing through the darkness.

5-K
()
()

6
thru OMITTED
11

6
th:
11

12 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - DAY

12

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

KOLCHAK

I did not state that I was a police officer.

VINCENZO

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

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

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

KOLCHAK

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

VINCENZO

(bellowing)

I have a few rights, too. I plan to exercise one now.

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

12-A EXT. INS OFFICE - DAY - STOCK

12-

as El rumbles by, passes off into the distance.

12-B INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE

12-

as quietness returns. Vincenzo continues slowly.

VINCENZO

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

KOLCHAK

Give me the bottom line.

VINCENZO

Miss Emily went on vacation this morning.

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

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

13 KOLCHAK'S DESK - LATER

13

Eddie, smiling, dumps a stack of envelopes on Kolchak's desk.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

EDDIE
Good morning, Miss Emily.

KOLCHAK
Go play with your pimples.

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

VINCENZO
How's it going?

KOLCHAK
(painfully)
Did you ever read these letters?
(picks one up,
reads)

(X)

When a person has been doing something rather personal with another person and she finds out the same thing has been going on with other persons, many of which are personal friends or related, what is a person to do?

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

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

VINCENZO
Right. And answer every letter with a return envelope.
(a hint of sympathy)

It's just for a week, Carl, 'till Emily gets back.

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

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

(X)

CONTINUED

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7
(X)

13 CONTINUED - 2

11

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

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

RON

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

Kolchak watches him leave.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

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

14 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

14

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

15 KOLCHAK'S DESK

15

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

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

VINCENZO

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

CONTINUED

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8
(X)

15

15 CONTINUED

KOLCHAK

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

VINCENZO

What's happening is the Miss Emily column, not the Loop!

(no response)

Kolchak!

Kolchak is out the door and gone.

15-A EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

15-A

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

KILCHAK'S VOICE

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

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Miss Maresco would never sleep in her bed again....

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

15-B ANGLE - GROUND

15-

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

16

EXT. STATE STREET - NIGHT - STOCK

1

following Kolchak's car as it moves with the heavy evening traffic.

17 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK - STOCK 1

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

THE RADIO VOICE

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

17-A EXT. STREET - NIGHT - STOCK 17-1

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

18 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK - STOCK 18

driving his car fast, smiling with anticipation. (X

19 EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT 19

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

20 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 20

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

21 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 21

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

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

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

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

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

22 INT. THE PHOTOLAB - NIGHT

22

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

KOLCHAK

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

EDDIE

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

KOLCHAK

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

EDDIE

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

23 INT. KOLCHAK'S DESK - NIGHT

23

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

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

VINCENZO

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

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

VINCENZO

Like this one.

(reading)

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

(shakes his head)

That's just not Emily.

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

VINCENZO

What do you think you're doing?

KOLCHAK

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

Vincenzo rips paper from typewriter, reads.

VINCENZO

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

(he tears

up the paper)

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

KOLCHAK

Assigned? To who?

(slowly)

You didn't? You couldn't?

VINCENZO

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

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED - 2

23

KOLCHAK

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

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

24 RON UPDYKE

24

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

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

25 OMITTED

25

25-A ANGLE - RON'S DESK

25-A

He looks up as Vincenzo and Kolchak approach. He shakes his
head, sighs.

RON

It was horrible...horrible.

VINCENZO

Did you get some background on the
murdered girl?

RON

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

KOLCHAK

That from the coroner's report?

RON

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

Kolchak and Vincenzo exchange questioning glances.

VINCENZO

What have you been doing, Ron?

RON

I went to where she was...murdered.
It was....

(X)

CONTINUED

km	#41804	13	
25-A	CONTINUED		25
		KOLCHAK	(X)
	Horrible?		
		RON	
	Exactly.		
	Vincenzo glances at Ron, at Kolchak who is shaking his head hopelessly.		
26	OMITTED		26
			(X)
26-A	EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - STOCK		26-
			(X)
	Kolchak hurries in.		(X)
			(X)
27	INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY		27
	Police Captain Warren is addressing a group of reporters, slightly impatient as he finishes up the meeting which has been in progress longer than he had hoped.		
		WARREN	
	...and that is about all we have in the way of positive information on the homicide at this time.		
28	PANNING THE REPORTERS		28
	as they close their notebooks, get ready to leave.		
29	HOLD ON JANE PLUMM		29
	She is thirty, bright, intelligent eyes set on a moon face. Jane is fat, possibly obese under the brightly colored caftan that lays over her body like a spinnaker.		
30	THE CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR		30
	opens quickly as Kolchak barges into the room, stops, closes the door softly behind him. He stands against the wall, listens.		
31	JANE		31
	glances at Kolchak reprovngly, winks.		

32 KOLCHAK

32

nods, leans back, watches Warren.

WARREN

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

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

KOLCHAK

Question, question....

33 WARREN

33

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

WARREN

Good day, gentlemen.

KOLCHAK

(very loud; hand pumping)

Question, question...!

WARREN

(not even looking at Kolchak)

Yes, Mr. Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

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

(X)

WARREN

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

(X)

KOLCHAK

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

(X)

CONTINUED

WARREN

Don't you worry about our patrol cars. As I think Mr. Vincenzo explained to you, you're not the Police Commissioner. I have given you all I have on the subject.

(makes eye contact with Kolchak)

Thank you, gentlemen.
(turns to leave)

JANE

(looks around puzzled; loud)

I'm no gentleman. And what about the letter? When can I publish it?

(X)

WARREN

(as he walks)

When it comes out of analysis, you'll be the first to know.

KOLCHAK

(to Jane)

Letter? What letter?

JANE

A letter from the Ripper.

(X)

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

KOLCHAK

Letter from the Ripper? Why have you got it?

(X)

WARREN

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

(X)

KOLCHAK

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

(X)

WARREN

This may shock you, Mr. Kolchak, but we withheld from the press --

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED - 2

33

WARREN (Cont'd)

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

(very softly)

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

(staring at Kolchak)

May I expect the same consideration from you all?

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

33-A EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

33-A

as Kolchak and Jane cross to it.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

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

34 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

34

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

JANE

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

(smiles)

What have you got to trade?

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

KOLCHAK

All right.

(conspiratorially)

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

(waits)

Well, what did the letter say?

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

JANE

No deal. I know all about the Milwaukee murders.

(bites)

What else have you got?

KOLCHAK

How about a bag of Dear Emily letters?

Jane grabs a passing waiter by the arm, orders.

(X)

JANE

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

(X)

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

(X)

KOLCHAK

Chile.

(X)

The waiter moves off and Jane turns to Kolchak.

(X)

JANE

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

Kolchak stares at her in silence. He looks away.

JANE

(smiles)

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

KOLCHAK

I don't get it.

JANE

The girl that was murdered last night in the massage parlor...

(chewing)

The murderer cut out her kidneys.

CONTINUED

KOLCHAK
(watches her eat)

Oh.

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

Hookers?

JANE

Mostly. Some semi-pros. There was an Italian that specialized in flower girls.

(slicing meat)

Dismembered five of them.

KOLCHAK

How about this for an angle:
Cannibalism!

JANE

Cannibalism.

(impales a chunk
of steak on her
fork)

I like it.. Thanks.

Kolchak smiles.

(X)

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

36

UP FROM THE SIDEWALK

36

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

37

INT. THE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

37

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

THE MASSEUSE

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

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

THE MASSEUSE

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

38

THE MASSEUSE

38

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

THE MASSEUSE

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

39

HOLDING ON THE DOOR

39

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

40

CHERYL

40

tosses aside the magazine, runs quickly to the room, opens the door, rushes inside.

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20
(X)

41 CLOSE ON CHERYL 41
uncontrolled terror at what she sees. She screams.

42 EXT. THE MESSAGE PARLOR - LATER 42
The babble of voices is heard as Ron Updyke nervously and
reluctantly flashes his press card to a uniformed policeman
at the door.

42-A INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT 42-A
Following Ron as he walks past a hysterical masseuse being
questioned by detectives...a middle-aged patron in a towel
woefully giving a statement to a detective. Ron walks down
the hall to the room, glances inside.

43 THE ROOM 43
filled with police photographers, detectives, print men
dusting furniture. Ron follows the stare of several detectives
who are reading a message scrawled on the wall in blood. Ron
takes out a notebook, copies the message. He turns from the
wall, his gaze locks on the body of a masseuse.

44 RON'S POINT OF VIEW 44
A hand sticking out from behind the waterbed.

45 RON 45
He goes a little pale, breaks his stare, turns, walks to door.

46 EXT. THE MESSAGE PARLOR 46
as Kolchak rushes up to the entrance, holds his press card on
the policeman, is held back by an outstretched arm.

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak, INS.

THE OFFICER

One of your men is inside already.

KOLCHAK

Different department.

(glances at the
restraining arm)

Look, Captain Warren and I....

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

THE OFFICER

I got orders.

(very firm)

You're obstructing the entrance.

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

47 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

47

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

48 EXT. THE CAR

43

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

KOLCHAK

(to the driver)

Need some help?

THE DRIVER

We called the auto club, thank you.

KOLCHAK

What happened?

DRIVER'S WIFE

Oh, boy, do I want to hear this.

(mocking)

Tell him.

THE DRIVER

(slowly)

I was driving along...maybe thrity.

A man ran out in the street and

smack...I hit him.

WIFE

In a cape yet...

KOLCHAK

(looks around

quickly)

Where is he?

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

THE WIFE

48

Tell him.

THE DRIVER

He walked away.

(to his wife)

You're right...nobody would believe it.

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

49 INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

(X)

49

(X)

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

VINCENZO

Column up to date?

KOLCHAK

(sadly)

Poor are ye of little faith.

(continues typing)

VINCENZO

(sets a newspaper on the desk)

Your girlfriend: Jane Plumm.

(taps the column)

That's a feature lead?

KOLCHAK

(reading)

The Ripper Murders: A Psychopathic Cannibal?

(agrees)

That's good. She was looking for an angle. It's a shame our friend Uptight couldn't come up with something like that.

(X)

VINCENZO

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

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

KOLCHAK

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

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

CUT TO

50 INT. THE WAX MUSEUM - DAY

50

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

51 CAMERA BACK

51

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

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

CURATOR

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

(X)

KOLCHAK

Before you mentioned other Rippers?
Who? When?

CURATOR

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

(wanting to get
off the subject)

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

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

CONTINUED

FIRST WOMAN

(looks at Anne)

Poor baby!

SECOND WOMAN

(to Henry)

What a pig. He really thought he was something.

KOLCHAK

Was that the last? Were there any other Rippers?

CURATOR

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

KOLCHAK

Were any of these Rippers caught?

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

SECOND WOMAN'S VOICE

C'mon!

CURATOR

The German....

KOLCHAK

Ziegler....

CURATOR

Ziegler. Yes, Otto Ziegler.

FIRST WOMAN

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

CURATOR

In one second, madam...

(stops; an
inspiration)

Maybe you ladies would find this interesting.

(loudly to all
of them)

After they caught the German Ripper they tried to hang him. But he wouldn't die quickly enough.

CONTINUED

CURATOR (Cont'd)

So the hangman had to pull on his feet. And mysteriously enough, the body was later stolen.

KOLCHAK

Stolen...

(shrugs, puzzled)

Strange --

(beat)

Was Ziegler the only one they caught?

CURATOR

(thinks)

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

FIRST WOMAN

(pure disgust)

Ripper Shmitter!

(X)

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

CURATOR

(sighs)

Yes, sir...?

(X)

KOLCHAK

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

(X)

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

CURATOR

(wearily)

Yes, sir.

(X)

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

KOLCHAK

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

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED - 3

51

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

CUT TO

52
thru OMITTED
6052
thr
60
(X
61

61 INT. A RESTAURANT BOOTH - NIGHT

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

JANE

You think you get screwball letters in the Dear Emilys? I'm personally checking out guys who claim to be the Ripper.

(bites)

I'm up to number nineteen.

KOLCHAK

You're taking foolish chances, Plumm.

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

(concerned)

That rag you work for...how can they let you do things like this?

(X)

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

JANE

(smiles)

You sweetheart...you're worried about me.

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

(X)

(X)

JANE

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

(X)

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

KOLCHAK

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

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

I'm serious....

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

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

He digs out photos, displays them.

KOLCHAK

You see these...these are shots I took of our Chicago Ripper.
(points; bubbling)
You see?...There.

JANE

Where? What?

KOLCHAK

The scar on his neck. A rope burn.

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

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

JANE

So?

KOLCHAK

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

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED - 2

61

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

That's just great.

JANE

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

KOLCHAK

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

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

JANE

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

62 INT. SULTAN'S PALACE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

62

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

KOLCHAK

(like a tourist)

I'll try number seven.

(laughs, alone)

My lucky number.

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

63 INSIDE THE ROOM

63

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

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

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

6

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

KOLCHAK

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

THE GIRL

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

KOLCHAK

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

THE GIRL

Where you could watch?

KOLCHAK

Exactly.

(studies her
expression)

Don't get the wrong idea. Look, I'm Carl Kolchak....

THE GIRL

I'm Officer Cortazzo.
(clicks handcuffs
on his wrists)

You're under arrest. Shame on you, Kolchak.

(over her shoulder)

Okay, Phil.

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

THE GIRL

Lewd proposal. He wanted to watch me with someone.

KOLCHAK

(to the Detective)

Phil, you know me.

THE DETECTIVE

Sure. Hi, Kolchak. I always thought you were straight.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 2

63

A protest by Kolchak is interrupted as he is jerked toward the door by the Detective, his shoes pushed into his chest.

The girl holds his camera and recorder gingerly, regard him with disgust.

THE GIRL

These are his, too, Phil.

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

THE GIRL

(as he leaves)

Warren's going to love this.

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

64 THE REAR OF THE MESSAGE PARLOR

64

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

CUT TO

65 INT. THE MESSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

65

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

66 HER POINT OF VIEW

66

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

67 THE DETECTIVE

67

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

68 THE GIRL

68

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

sk #41804 31
(X)

69 TWO POLICEMEN 69
 carrying riot guns rush into the room. They aim, fire, as the man runs out of the room. They follow.

70 THE ROOM 70
 As policemen run through in pursuit of the man, the Detective stands up painfully, helps the girl to her feet.

71 EXT. REAR OF MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT 71
 as the man explodes through a door, into an alley where a police car waits. A cop leaps toward the man and is knocked back. The man flies around the car and down the alley.

72 POLICE CAR 72
 as the driver slams it in gear, backs up, swings around, pursues the man down the alley.

73 ALLEY ENTRANCE 73
 as the man lunges toward street, a second police car screeches in from the street. The man is now trapped between two cars driving at him. He leaps onto second car, scrambles over it and exits alley into the street. The car backs up, gives chase. First police car follows suit. A second later, two more patrol cars streak past alley entrance, sirens blaring.

74 OMITTED 74

75 INT. ANOTHER POLICE CAR 75
 Kolchak winces as he listens to the police radio from the back seat.

RADIO VOICE

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

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

CUT TO

sk #41804 32
(X)

75-A EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 75-
The steel superstructure of a building surrounded by a plywood perimeter. Police cars race through the gate.

75-B ANGLE - KOLCHAK'S POLICE CAR 75-
as it skids into scene and officers leap out. Kolchak gets out, looks up, sees:

75-C THE RIPPER 75-
running along superstructure, chased by several officers, making his way down. Police gun fire ricochets on steel behind him, near heavy electrical cable.

75-D ANGLE - INSULATOR 75-f
a porcelain cable anchor. It's splintered by a police bullet and cable flies off.

75-E ANGLE - CHAIN LINK FENCE 75-E
enclosing heavy electrical equipment. Severed cable falls, snags on fence.

75-F POLICE VAN 75-F
as it brakes and TAC squad men in flak jackets pile out, begin firing up at man as he descends superstructure.

75-G THE MAN 75-G
He leaps from a beam, smashes through scaffolding into midst of TAC squad, takes them on.

75-H KOLCHAK 75-H
still handcuffed, barefoot, shirtless, dancing across gravel to snap pictures of the melee.

75-I THE MAN 75-I
He breaks free of TAC squad, runs. They pursue and he turns, grabs an iron girder, flings it, scattering them.

sk #41804

33
(X)

75-J WIDER

75-

shooting through chain link fence marked DANGER - HIGH VOLTAGE. Heavy electrical equipment and severed cable in f.g. Man runs toward fence while police fire in b.g. As he leaps onto fence, sparks dance at his hands and feet and at cable end. He's thrown back onto ground, stunned, weakened. Police close in warily.

75-K
thru
79

OMITTED

75-
th
79

80 INT. CAPTAIN WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

80

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

WARREN

(to Kolchak)

Hope our accommodations were to your liking.

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

KOLCHAK

My film.

(holds it up)

You exposed my film.

WARREN

So? We open all containers.

KOLCHAK

(furious)

But I had pictures of the Ripper.

WARREN

You can take some more at his arraignment.

KOLCHAK

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

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

8

WARREN

(smiles)

Yes I do.

KOLCHAK

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

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

VINCENZO

Oh, no....

KOLCHAK

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

WARREN

(still smiling)

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

KOLCHAK

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

WARREN

(still smiling,
turns)

Pete, you'd better tell Doc Harris
to stand by...we may have a nut
that needs certifying.

KOLCHAK

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

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED - 2

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(beat)

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

(beat)

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

WARREN

(confident,
smiling)

Yes, I can safely say that Kolchak....

KOLCHAK

(boiling)

Then you must be sitting on your brains.

Warren checks his anger, still manages to smile.

WARREN

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

CUT TO

81 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

81

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

CUT TO

82 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

82

KOLCHAK

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

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

WARREN

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

KOLCHAK

(blocks Warren's path)

I want to see that prisoner.

VINCENZO

(wearily)

Kolchak?

WARREN

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

As Warren faces Kolchak, a police officer enters excitedly.

THE OFFICER

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

Warren, Kolchak and Vincenzo regard each other, stunned.

83 OMITTED

84 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

KOLCHAK

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

VINCENZO

(to Carl)

Jane's paper hasn't heard from her since this morning.

KOLCHAK

(thrusting the phone at him)

Here. Talk to this guy when he gets on....

VINCENZO

About what? What?

KOLCHAK

The chair...the electric chair. Find out when it first came into use. You were a reporter once, ask some questions. Dig.

CONTINUED

Vincenzo grumbles, takes the phone as Kolchak sees Warren approaching with other officers.

KOLCHAK

Bob...

(Warren casts a sharp look)

Captain Warren....

WARREN

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

KOLCHAK

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

WARREN

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

KOLCHAK

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

WARREN

He had an accomplice on the outside.

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

KOLCHAK

The only thing that can make a dent in this guy is electricity.

(turns to Vincenzo)

What's happening? Does he know when? Give it to me!

VINCENZO

(to Kolchak, sharply)

Will you just wait a minute.

(into phone)

No, not you, Mr. MacAdam, it's someone else.

KOLCHAK

(to Warren)

I talked to some of your TAC squad men. It was that fence! That electrified fence was the only thing that stopped him!

(to Vincenzo)

Have you got it? Have you got it?

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED - 2

VINCENZO
(looks up, cups phone)
1908.

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

WARREN
I don't have time for this!

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

WARREN
You're an absurd man, Kolchak.

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

KOLCHAK
It's electricity! That's the
answer! The only time he ever got
scared was in 1908 in New York
City. Wanna know why?

(no answer,
he turns to
the nearest
person, Vincenzo)
'Cause they were going to put him
in an electric chair, that's why.

(as he moves to
second phone and
starts dialing)
The rest of these guys went to
their deaths smiling.

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

KOLCHAK
Mrs. Plumm, Carl Kolchak. Jane
there?

(listens)
Yeah, well, I'm getting worried
too, Mrs. Plumm. Any idea where
she might have gone?

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED - 3

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(cups phone,
turns to Vincenzo
who has a pad and
pencil)

Take this down. Take this down.
Belmont Harbor, the Fire Department
Pier on the Chicago River...and
Wilton Park.

84

85
and
86

OMITTED

85
and
86

87 EXT. WILTON PARK - NIGHT

87

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

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

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

JANE

That you, Jack?

CUT TO

88 OMITTED

88

89 INT. INS OFFICE

89
(X)

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

RON

(walks up)

I've got a rough on my Ripper feature for you.

VINCENZO

Good.

(looks around)

I wonder where the letters are?
The ones for these answers?

RON

Might they be filed?

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

VINCENZO

(a threat)

Kolchak!

(a snarl)

Kolchak!

90 EXT. WILTON PARK - NIGHT

90

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

91 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

91

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

92 INT. INS OFFICE - NIGHT

92
(X)

Vincenzo is reading typewritten sheets as Ron watches proudly.

RON

What do you think?

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

VINCENZO

It reads more like an expose on
massage parlors.

RON

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

VINCENZO

What about the murders?

RON

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

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

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

VINCENZO

(glaring)

Have you lost something?

KOLCHAK

The letters. The Dear Emily letters.

VINCENZO

I suppose you expect another chance.

KOLCHAK

(slowly)

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

VINCENZO

They're in my office....

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

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED - 2

92

VINCENZO

All right, Carl. I'm going to let
you try it once more.

(stern)

But this time....

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

KOLCHAK

(leaving)

Don't touch anything. I'll be
right back.

(from the doorway)

I'll take care of everything.

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

93 EXT. WILTON PARK SOUTH - NIGHT

93

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

94 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

94

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

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

A WOMAN'S VOICE

(old, through

a speaker)

What do you want?

KOLCHAK

(squinting)

I'm Carl Kolchak. Independent News
Service. I'm here about your
letter to...Emily.

(X)

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hold up some ID.

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

95 INT. THE HOUSE

95

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

THE WOMAN

This is really more than I expected.
I read that column every day.

(walks to the
window, beckons)

Over here.

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

THE WOMAN

(focusing)

This is all you do for Miss Emily?

KOLCHAK

(looking out)

Do?

THE WOMAN

You know. Check out weirdos.

(moves aside,
points to the
eye piece)

There's his house...old x-ray eyes
himself.

Kolchak leans down, squints into the telescope.

96

KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW

96

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

(X)

THE WOMAN

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

KOLCHAK

Was he out last night?

THE WOMAN

(refers to
a notebook)

At ten twenty-two.

CONTINUED

THE WOMAN (Cont'd)

(hands him
the notebook)

I've got him clocked for the last month.

Kolchak studies the dates carefully, nods significantly.

THE WOMAN

Mean anything?

KOLCHAK

Yeah. The dates and times match up with some...crimes.

(reads)

What happened last night?

THE WOMAN

He met this girl right down there in the park.

KOLCHAK

What did she look like?

THE WOMAN

(thinks)

Fat.

KOLCHAK

Is that the best you can do?

THE WOMAN

(thinks again)

Very fat.

Kolchak turns from the window, looks around the room.

KOLCHAK

Can I use your phone?

THE WOMAN

Don't have one.

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

KOLCHAK

(into the phone)

Vincenzo...listen to me. This is the big one...it'll make up for everything...don't hang up...

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED

97

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(screaming)

Vincen....

(hangs up)

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

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

CLERK

Have a beef with your wife?

KOLCHAK

No. My editor.

(sneers at the
phone)

He's waiting for me to call him back. I usually do...but this time I'll handle it alone. I don't need him...He needs me.

CLERK

(agrees completely)

Right, ace.

(warily, waves
check)

I need to see some I.D. for this check.

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

KOLCHAK

(to the phone booth)

You can sit by the phone all night, Vincenzo.

(into his ear)

The next time you see me, I'll be dropping this story on your desk ...gift wrapped.

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

CUT TO

98

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

98

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

CONTINUED

- 98 CONTINUED 98
- ghostly in the misty light from the street...paint peeling off in strips...rain gutters hanging loosely from the eaves. A screen door hangs on a single hinge at a rear door off an open porch. Moving past sagging steps across the littered grounds...past a sagging grape arbor, laced with dead vines ...along the high wall enclosing the yard and past a rotted fish pond, empty of water, choked with weeds.
- 99 ANGLE ON KOLCHAK 99
- He is staring up at the front of the house, searching for a sign of movement, of anything. He reaches down, picks up a rock from the ground, tosses it underhand on to the porch. He steps back as the clatter breaks the silence.
- 100 ANGLE ON THE GAZEBO 100
- as Kolchak peers around the other side. He picks up another rock, throws it through a window, freezes at the sound of broken glass.
- 100-A CLOSE ANGLE - KOLCHAK 100
- as he turns the spigot of a rusted outdoor faucet to which a plastic hose is attached.
- 100-B CLOSE ANGLE - KOLCHAK 100
- In darkness, running a length of thin wire low to the ground, pulling it taut between two trees with his gloved hands.
- 101 THE PORCH 101
- Kolchak gingerly tests his steps across the rotting boards. He takes a step, crashes through a board, looks around in terror as he tries to pull his leg out. He pries up the board with his hand, extricates himself, works his way to the door.
- 102 CLOSE ON THE DOOR 102
- Kolchak touches the knob slowly, carefully. The door eerily swings open slowly, creaking on rusty hinges. Kolchak pushes the door fully open, peers inside.

- 103 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 10
Old furniture, cobwebs, torn, rotted curtains. A stairway curls up from the center of the room to the second story.
- 104 FOLLOWING KOLCHAK 10
as he walks into the house, across creaking boards, to the base of the stairway. He moves up several steps, looks up, gasps in horror. As he turns to run, the bannister snaps and Kolchak rolls down the steps to the floor.
- 105 ANGLE ON KOLCHAK 105
as he scrambles to his feet. He looks up the stairway, sighs.
- 106 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 106
A stern, patriarchal face glares at him from a painting on the landing.
- 107 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 107
He listens, looks around, shrugs. Following him as he goes up the stairs. He has relaxed somewhat as he reaches the second floor, begins looking into rooms off the hall. He pauses at one door, twists the knob, pushes, moves on to the next room, looks inside. Kolchak smiles with satisfaction.
- 108 THE ROOM 108
Small, personal effects scattered over it. Kolchak walks through the room, stares with wonderment at a cape lying on the bed. He examines it, compares it with the piece of cloth from the car that struck the man at the massage parlor. He smiles as they obviously match.
- 109 ANGLE ON KOLCHAK 109
He stands at a dressing table, picks up several blood-stained knives, a sword cane. He smiles at his reflection in the dressing table mirror. His smile fades as he sees something else:
- 110 CLOSE SHOT 110
on the tips of leather pearl button shoes protruding from under a curtain.

- 111 KOLCHAK 111
 unsheaths the sword, backs toward the door. He stops, moves toward the curtain with a surge of courage, sword extended. He probes with the sword, brushes the curtain aside, smiles at the empty shoes. He stares at the sword, moves along wall, desk, trips over a footstool in the darkness.
- 112 and 113 OMITTED 112 and 113
- 114 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 114
 as he clatters to the floor beside the bed, sees the lifeless (X) face of Jane Plumm staring at him. Her body is partially under the bed, head sticking out. Her eyes are open, her dress bloodstained. It takes all Kolchak's composure not to scream.
- 115 KOLCHAK 115
 stumbles to his feet, moves back from the bed, staring, horrified. He turns away, walks out of the room.
- 116 EXT. THE HOUSE - CLOSE ON THE SHOES 116
 as they stop in front of the door, open it, step inside. The floor creaks as they move toward the stairway.
- 117 KOLCHAK 117
 stops on the stairway at the sound of steps. He backs up the stairway carefully, staring down with dread.
- 118 KOLCHAK'S POINT OF VIEW 118
 The shadow of a man; ominous, terrifying, relentless.
- 119 FOLLOWING KOLCHAK 119
 as he moves he moves back into the room as the man turns up the landing. He looks around desperately...hides behind a curtain strung across a doorless closet. Kolchak holds his breath as the man enters.
- 120 ANGLE ON THE MAN 120
 from behind him as he walks directly to the curtain, sweeps it partially aside.
 Kolchak, rigid, as the man's hand darts by his face, takes a coat hanger.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

1:

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

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

120-A FRONT DOOR

120-

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

120-B EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

120-

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

120-C KOLCHAK

120-C

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

120-D ANGLE - GROUND

120-D

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

120-E WIDER

120-E

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

120-F KOLCHAK

120-F

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

120-G SIDE OF HOUSE

120-

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

120-H POND

120-

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

120-J THE MAN

120-

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

120-K KOLCHAK

120-

sags wearily, stares at murky water.

120-L FUSE BOX

120-

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

120-M EXT. EL - DAY - STOCK

120-M

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

121
thru
124

OMITTED

121
thru
124

125 INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

125

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

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

And here is a strange post-script
...when they drained that pond,
they found nothing...nothing but
some old clothes. For some reason,

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

125

KOLCHAK'S VOICE (Cont'd)
 the police suddenly decided they
 wanted those. I suppose they still
 have them. The fire was a big one
 ...a six alarm. A blast furnace
 couldn't have done a better job...
 everything gone...the house...my
 story...the evidence...like they
 say, ashes to ashes.

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

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

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

126 CLOSE ON THE OBJECT

126

A leather shoe with pearl buttons, half of it burned away.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE
 There's enough of it left to read
 the name of the maker: Peele's
 Footwear, London, S.W. 1. They're
 still there but they don't make this
 style shoe anymore.

(drops it in
 the waste basket)
 It was discontinued over seventy
 years ago.

(thoughtful)
 Seventy years ago.

Kolchak closes the notebook, stretches wearily.

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

Kolchak picks up his recorder, his camera.

KOLCHAK
 I'd better check out the Loop.

Kolchak walks out of the office.

Camera holds on the discarded shoe.

FADE OUT

THE END