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THE NIGHT STALKER

(THE RAKSHASA)

"Horror In The Heights"

Participating Writers:

Jimmy Sangster
David Chase

THE NIGHT STALKERTHE RAKSHASACAST

CARL KOLCHAK
TONY VINCENZO
RON UPDYKE
EMILY COWLES

HARRY STARMAN
JO
BUCK FINEMAN
CHARLIE
OFFICER BOXMAN
OFFICER YORK
MR. GOLDSTEIN
MRS. GOLDSTEIN
FRANK RIVAS
INDIAN
POLICEMAN
OFFICER THOMAS
OFFICER PRODMAN

(X)

BARRY
RALPH LANE-MARRIOT
MR. CARTWRIGHT

BITS:

RABBI SCHULMAN
POLICEMAN
BOXMAN'S MOTHER
AMBULANCE ATTENDANT
GALLERY CUSTOMERS
SGT. ERNEST DA VITO

THE NIGHT STALKERTHE RAKSHASASETSINTERIOR:

KENTUCKY-MAID
PACKING COMPANY
PASSAGE
CARD ROOM
INS OFFICE
VINCENZO'S OFFICE
NEWSROOM
DARKROOM
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
INTERROGATION ROOM
PASSAGEWAY
INDIAN RESTAURANT
INDIAN'S ROOM
LANE-MARRIOT GALLERIES
UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE

EXTERIOR;

ROOSEVELT HEIGHTS
MOVIE THEATER
KENTUCKY-MAID PACKING
COMPANY
STREETS
ALLEY
INDIAN RESTAURANT
ALLEYWAY
ENCLOSURE
SUBURBAN HOME

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. CHICAGO - DAY 1
(X)

A shot of a seedy neighborhood.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

There are sections of Chicago the
guide books don't refer to. You
can't blame them....

2 EXT. STREET - DAY 2
(X)

A closer angle on the neighborhood. A few old people sitting
around on benches. (X)

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

...The guide books' function is to
sell the glamour and excitement
of our Windy City; and whichever
way you dress it up, old age is
neither glamorous nor exciting. (X)

3 INT. KOLCHAK'S CAR - DAY 3

a tracking shot. The apartment complex and the neighborhood
in the background. Kolchak is driving and talking into his
tape recorder at the same time.

KOLCHAK

Roosevelt Heights used to be a
plush neighborhood. But the plush
neighbors moved uptown, leaving
the old people. And old people
don't move easily...they become
set in their surroundings...their
friends live next door...they've
been going to the same store for
twenty-five years...and probably,
most important of all, they can't
afford to relocate, even if they
wanted to. The battle of fixed
incomes versus galloping inflation
never ends. But even inflation
took a back seat here in Roosevelt
Heights, as a far greater fear
overtook the residents...a terror
which effectively dwarfed every-
thing else. (X)

4 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 4

Harry, an old guy about seventy, clutching a brown paper bag, is moving along the dark dingy street. He is slightly furtive in his movements, occasionally glancing over his shoulder. There is no one about as Harry crosses the street.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

October fourteenth. One Harry Starman was about to break the law. He'd done it before...many times.

(beat)

Gambling on Friday night was forbidden by Hebrew law. So, to escape his wife and to escape going to temple, Harry and his cohorts took drastic measures....

5 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT 5

Harry moves toward the darkened building: the Kentucky Maid Packing Corp. He enters.

6 INT. FACTORY - HALLWAY - NIGHT 6

Harry enters. There are obviously kitchens here because there are half a dozen large garbage bins filled to overflowing. He heads down the corridor and suddenly shies back.

7 ANGLE 7

A couple of large rats duck from behind one of the garbage cans and scuttle away.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

There were other residents of Roosevelt Heights...the locals had tried to get rid of them a couple of times, but what with the fact that the garbage collection wasn't as efficient as it could have been, they hadn't been too successful.

8 ANGLE - HARRY 8

He looks after the departing rats distastefully; then he turns and goes in the door.

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

10

a smallish room with evidence that meat packing is the day-time business here: butcher's cut charts of hogs, etc. A card table in the center of the room, with three men seated around it. They are all as old as Harry; their names are Jo, Buck and Charlie. Buck wears a night watchman's uniform. They all look around as Harry comes in.

JO

You're late.

HARRY

I stopped to buy this...it's gone up in price again...you owe me fifty cents apiece.

He produces a bottle of wine from the bag he is carrying.

BUCK

YOU still owe me for the bottle I bought last week.

HARRY

No I don't...I paid you.

BUCK

You didn't.

HARRY

Yes I did...remember I told you I'd give it....

JO

(interrupting)

Are we going to play poker or aren't we.

Harry pulls up his chair, starting to unwrap the top of the bottle. Charlie is shuffling the cards.

CHARLIE

Penny ante...penny raises?

Harry is looking around.

HARRY

Glasses?

Buck gets to his feet, irritably.

BUCK

I'll get them...as usual...and you didn't pay me last week.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

He moves to the door, then turns back.

BUCK
Don't go stacking the deck while
I'm gone.

HARRY
Just get the glasses old man.

BUCK
I hate going down there...
(with disgust)
Bacon, hamhocks, pigs knuckles....

CHARLIE
So who told you to take the job
here anyway? And then tell lies
so you shouldn't lose out on
social security?

Buck grumbles, goes out.

HARRY
...senile old noodle.

Now he turns back to the others.

HARRY
Did I ever tell you guys 'bout
the time I played poker with Nick
the Greek....

CHARLIE
(bored)
Yes Harry....

HARRY
I was in Vegas...see....

11 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

11

Buck is coming down the passage. He passes large vats and
cooking equipment.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)
Buck Fineman...seventy-two-years
old. A cantankerous old geezer
...no one liked him much. But
they allowed him to play poker
with them once a week because he
was a terrible card player and
had been known to lose as much as
seventy-five cents in a single
evening.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

KOLCHAK'S (Cont'd)

Also, his part time job allowed
the group a safe hiding place for
their clandestine games of chance.
For Buck's case, this particular
night, it was too clandestine....

12 ANGLE - BUCK

12

as he moves toward the garbage strewn area where Harry
saw the rats.

13 ANGLE - DARK CORRIDOR

13

There is a strange shuffling sound.

14 ANGLE - BUCK

14

He moves more slowly, peers toward the garbage bins.

15 OMITTED

15

16 ANGLE - POINT OF VIEW

16

There is something in among a large grouping of garbage
cans...we get a momentary glimpse of what looks like a
very large man wearing a shaggy fur coat, back to camera.

17 ANGLE - BUCK

17

He squints slightly, trying to see better.

BUCK

Who's there?

18 ANGLE - BUCK'S POINT OF VIEW

18

The figure turns towards Buck, and we see that it is a Rabbi
...bearded, benevolent looking, elderly. He is looking
towards camera.

19 ANGLE - BUCK

19

He recognizes the Rabbi

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 19

BUCK

Hey...Rabbi Schulman...what are
you doing out here?

20 ANGLE - BUCK'S POINT OF VIEW 20

The Rabbi starts towards Buck.

21 ANGLE 21

shooting towards Buck, with the "Rabbi" in the f.g. But it
isn't what Buck sees. It is a squat, shaggy furred creature,
lurching towards Buck.

22 ANGLE - BUCK'S POINT OF VIEW 22

The Rabbi, smiling, moving towards Buck...arms outstretched
to embrace him.

23 ANGLE 23

as before from behind the "thing" approaching Buck, its
shaggy arms stretched wide. Buck smiles nervously,
sheepishly.

24 ANGLE - BUCK 24

BUCK

I don't know what kind of ter-
rible stories my wife told you
...but the games are only penny
ante. Wrong I know, but only
penny ante.

He steps forward, to be embraced by the Rabbi, walking past
camera out of shot, and we hear a horrendous, low throated
growl and a chomp of sound, followed by something that
sounds like a dog worrying a bone.

25 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT 25

a police car and an ambulance are parked; a few bystanders.
Kolchak's car drives up and he gets out, flashes his ID to
a cop at the door and enters the building.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Normally an old guy dropping dead
wouldn't get me to cross the road;

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

but things were pretty quiet that week, and there was something in the report that I'd picked up over my police radio, that didn't sound strictly kosher.

25-A INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

25-A

Kolchak enters the hallway, looks around, is attracted to a loud conversation off to the side. A policeman, York, is jotting notes, trying to make sense out of what Harry, Charlie and Jo are telling him, all talking at the same time excitedly.

CHARLIE

...I'm telling you we didn't hear a cry, officer. Everything was quiet like it should be at night....

(X)

HARRY

...that's how it is with heart attack. When it hits you you're dead.

(X)

JO

...life isn't bad enough without rats? Should we have to live with such tsuris?

YORK

Gentlemen, please. One at a time. And I'm sorry but I don't understand Yiddish. I'm catholic....

KOLCHAK

(to York)

What happened?

JO

(also to York)

Tsuris: Grief, trouble...!

He waves disgustedly at the cop who's attention is now more on Kolchak. The old men move off, conversing.

YORK

(still writing)

An old guy croaked.

KOLCHAK

You have a nice way with words. Think you're going to escape old age?

CONTINUED

25-A CONTINUED

25-A

The policeman glances up from his notebook.

YORK

Okay...an old guy 'passed on.'

KOLCHAK

What did he pass on of?

YORK

Who knows...old age...boredom.

A stretcher is coming from down the hall bearing a sheet-covered body. Kolchak moves toward it, camera ready.

(X)

(X)

YORK

Who are you?

KOLCHAK

Press.

YORK

I wouldn't, if I were you.

KOLCHAK

Son...I've seen more dead bodies than you've had hot dinners.

He moves over and lifts the sheet, just before the stretcher is moved out the door.

(X)

26 CLOSE SHOT - KOLCHAK

26

his horrified reaction. He swallows deeply.

27 ANGLE

27

York moves in, grinning nastily.

YORK

I warned you.

KOLCHAK

What happened to him?

York tucks away his notebook.

YORK

Apart from the old people, the other tenants around here are the rats. And rats get hungry.

CONTINUED

He nods at the ambulance men.

YORK

Take it out....

He watches as the ambulance starts away, then he turns back to Kolchak.

YORK

Anything else you wanna know?

Kolchak shakes his head.

YORK

Okay...you take care now.

And with another grin, he moves off, following the stretcher. Kolchak watches after him a moment, then he turns to look at the few spectators.

KOLCHAK

Anyone know...knew the deceased?

Harry is standing with Charlie and Jo.

HARRY

Sure...I knew him.

KOLCHAK

Who was he?

HARRY

Buck Fineman....

CHARLIE

His real name was Julius. Buck he got from the movies.

JO

(sadly)

He loved movies. You a reporter?

Jo then looks at Kolchak, quizzically, as if he might remember (X) him from somewhere.

KOLCHAK

Right.

HARRY

Then how about reporting for instance how come the health department don't get their cans down here and clear out the rats?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED - 2

27

HARRY (Cont'd)

It's not only here. You should see my apartment building around the block.

Jo has been staring at Kolchak thoughtfully. Now.

(X)

JO

(X)

Hey, speaking of health department ...don't I know you from somewhere? Did you maybe used to work for the health department?

KOLCHAK

(X)

(thinks)

Not me. My brother used to. He was in charge of printing up quaren-tine signs -- but that was years ago....

HARRY

(X)

So you gonna print something on the rats or not?

KOLCHAK

We've all got rats, old-timer. You should see the dump I live in.

HARRY

Rats that eat you before you can get yourself a decent Jewish burial?

KOLCHAK

You may have a point Mr...?

HARRY

Starman...Harry Starman. That's S T A R M A N....

He peers over Kolchak's shoulder to check that he is spelling it right.

HARRY

...I mean, like we've got all the problems we can handle already, know what I mean. Now on top of it...rats that'll chew you up before you're even cold.

Kolchak shows a spot of interest.

KOLCHAK

How long had...how long had he been dead?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED - 3

27

HARRY

We was playing poker. He left to get some glasses. Half an hour later, me and the guys went looking for him. That's how we found him... right, fellas?

Charlie and Jo nod vigorously.

KOLCHAK

Half an hour...!

Harry nods.

HARRY

Half an hour.

28 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - KOLCHAK

28

Vincenzo is holding a sheet of paper...Kolchak's story.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

VINCENZO

What do the police say?

KOLCHAK

Nothing...nothing official.

VINCENZO

Unofficial?

KOLCHAK

That it had to be longer than half
an hour for Fineman to be devoured.
That the old guys made a mistake...
they're getting senile.

VINCENZO

It is an old people's neighborhood.

KOLCHAK

Old doesn't have to be synonymous
with senile, Tony. Like how old
are you...?

Vincenzo looks up at him with a sickly smile at Kolchak's
joke, then glances down at the paper.

KOLCHAK

Imagine it. Here's all these old
people, hanging onto whatever
they've got left out of life, living
in this...this ghetto, with flesh-
eating rats breeding all around
them like...like rats.

VINCENZO

Put it on the wire.

(thinks)

But take out the bleeding heart
stuff.

KOLCHAK

Bleeding heart? Me? Where?

(reads quickly,
silently; then)

'...the tragic death of Julius
Fineman, age seventy-two...?' Is
it tragic that offends you?

VINCENZO

(nods)

Just make it '...the death of
Julius Fineman, age seventy-two....'

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED - 2

28

VINCENZO (Cont'd)

We don't want to imply that we're tossing bric-bats at the sanitation department for malfeasance or anything like that.

Kolchak stares incredulous, almost ready to laugh in dismay.

KOLCHAK

You're a real crusader, Tony.

VINCENZO

(defensive)

Listen, you've got a good angle. Get more on it; some damning facts and I'll go all the way with you and slam who's responsible.

KOLCHAK

Really? Gonna toss a few bric-bats? Or is that too rough? Maybe we can just pelt them with wet biscuits.

He thrusts another sheet of paper in front of Vincenzo.

KOLCHAK

Sign this for me.

VINCENZO

What is it?

KOLCHAK

I gave old Harry a few bucks.

VINCENZO

For what?

KOLCHAK

Come on...it won't do you any harm. Apart from his pension, he's got nothing.

Reluctantly Vincenzo scrawls his signature.

KOLCHAK

(sarcastic)

Thanks, Tony. You're Patrick Henry, Richard the Lion Hearted and Saint Teresa all stuffed into one big pin striped suit.

He takes the paper and starts out of the office.

29

OMITTED

29

30 INT. NEWS ROOM - NIGHT

30

Miss Emily is working on her mail. Kolchak passes her desk.

KOLCHAK

You're working late, Emily.

(X)

MISS EMILY

I'm helping out with the advice column...all these poor people... such problems. Look at this....

She hands Kolchak a letter...he glances at it.

KOLCHAK

All those woman hanging around. I should have such a problem. What are you going to tell him?

MISS EMILY

I hoped you might be able to suggest something.

KOLCHAK

Tell him to get his doctor to prescribe a course of hormone treatment
(shakes his head)
And him only seventy-three years old.

MISS EMILY

Is that your story?

KOLCHAK

It is.

He starts to move away.

MISS EMILY

May I read it?

KOLCHAK

Sure...but it's not going to help with any of this....

He indicates the letters on her desk.

MISS EMILY

I'll let you into a secret. I only took this job as a stepping stone to what I really want to do.

KOLCHAK

Which is?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

MISS EMILY

I'm writing a novel...a detective novel.

She pulls open a drawer and shows him surreptitiously, a half completed manuscript.

MISS EMILY

...I needed experience of life.
I'd become too insulated in that little place of mine. Another thing...here I can get to use the typewriter...and the paper is free.

Kolchak grins at her.

KOLCHAK

That's a good attitude for a professional writer, Miss Emily... believe me.

Kolchak hands his story to a night teletypist, gets his things and starts to exit.

31 EXT. STREET - THEATRE MARQUE - NIGHT

31

showing the contemporary sexual-violent film that is playing that night. Tilt down to the garth shabby street and an elderly couple leaving the theatre, walking towards camera, Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

If Vincenzo was going to give me a feature series on Roosevelt Heights, I'd need more background... lots more. But right now, I'd had enough. I was tired and I wanted to go home. Maybe if I'd done my job properly and gone back to Roosevelt Heights that evening, the Goldstein's would still be alive.

32 CLOSE ON GOLDSTEIN'S

32

They walk in silence for a moment. Then....

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

I didn't understand it.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

What?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

The movie.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

What's to understand with movies nowadays. They take their clothes off...that's all that matters. Jeannette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy never took their clothes off.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

(sighs)

Neither did we, really. We never had the lights on either.

(affectionate smile)

Now, when I look back, I'm not so sure it would have hurt.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(dour, embarrassed)

Come on, Miriam....

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Well would it have hurt? All that running in and out of the bathroom to put on pajamas...all the huffing and puffing and ceremony...

(smiles again)

What are you ashamed of?

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(exactly as before)

Come on, Miriam....

They reach a corner and he starts down the darkened side street.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Sol...where are you going?

MR. GOLDSTEIN

I'm taking the shortcut.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

I don't want to.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

What's with 'I don't want to.' We always take the short cut across the lot.

She follows him.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

32

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

That was before poor Mr. Fineman
...died.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

So what's that supposed to mean?
Buck Fineman is going to pounce
on you fresh from the grave?

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

You know what I'm talking about,
Mr. Fineman, God rest his soul,
didn't just die...he was killed.
Killed by the same wicked person
who's doing that all over the
neighborhood.

She points out.

33 ANGLE

33

Chalked on a wall is a large, crude swastika.

34 ANGLE - GOLDSTEIN'S

34

Mr. Goldstein makes an expression of disgust.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

That's kids Miriam...just kids.
Kids don't go around killing people.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Okay Mr. Wiseguy...so what did kill
Mr. Fineman?

MR. GOLDSTEIN

He died. He was pushing eighty...
he was entitled.

They have now reached an even darker, foul alley. Mr. Goldstein
starts down it.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Well I'm not taking the shortcut.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

Okay...so I'll have the cocoa on
the stove by the time you get home.

And he starts out into a dark alley. A moment, and she
hurries after him, grabbing his arm.

35 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

35
(X)

The lot contains a few piles of junk. It is dark and silent. (X)
Mrs. Goldstein grabs onto Mr. Goldstein's arm, and he pats
her hand protectively.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

You're a stubborn man, Sol Goldstein.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

My feet hurt.

They walk in silence for a moment, then a shuffle of sound
from close to them. Even Mr. Goldstein looks nervous a beat,
as Mrs. Goldstein grabs his arm tighter and they walk a little
faster.

36 LONG SHOT

36

the two of them coming down the dark lot. We see a couple (X)
more swastikas painted on walls in the b g.

37 CLOSE SHOT

37

The two of them. Mrs. Goldstein's eyes flick sideways. (X)
Nothing. They walk on, nearing the far side of the alley,
approaching a corner building. Then the sound of footsteps,
slow and measured, coming towards them from around the corner.
They glance at each other. Then bracing themselves, they
continue towards the corner.

38 ANGLE

38

They reach the corner, turn, stop, and look out with an ex-
pression of relief on their faces.

39 ANGLE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

39

Coming towards them, the solitary figure of a uniformed police-
man, stolid and dependable.

40 TWO SHOT - GOLDSTEINS

40

They glance at one another, vastly relieved. Back towards the
policeman.

MR. GOLDSTEIN.

Good evening, officer.

41 ANGLE 41

from behind the "policeman," towards the Goldsteins. But it isn't a policeman any longer; it is the same, ill-defined, squat, hugh, shaggy figure that Buck saw as the Rabbi.

42 CLOSE SHOT - GOLDSTEINS 42

They are smiling their welcome to the policeman.

43 ANGLE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW 43

The approaching policeman smiling, touching his hat brim in a friendly greeting. (X)

44 ANGLE 44

from behind the "thing." We see his arms sweep the Goldsteins into his embrace. A moment later, the Goldsteins have been dragged out of picture behind the corner; and we hear the same worrying noises and growls.

END OF ACT ONE

