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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 any-  
thing 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

ACT TWO

45

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - AMBULANCE AND POLICE CARS

45

In the background Kolchak's car drives up and he gets out. He is wearing pajamas under his jacket.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Someone called me in the middle of the night to let me know what had happened...more or less.

Kolchak moves over towards a policeman...the same one, York.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

I say more or less because that someone was too hysterical to make much sense...but the little that I could glean made it hard for me to sleep....

To the policeman, York....

KOLCHAK

Who 'croaked' this time?

YORK

Beat it, I'm busy.

KOLCHAK

Come on...just a name.

YORK

Goldstein...Mr. and Mrs.

He turns and starts away. Kolchak goes after him.

KOLCHAK

Mr. and Mrs...! Same as last time  
...all chewed to pieces?

YORK

(angrily)

I'm not a quiz show host. For one thing, they make better money than me.

York moves off. Kolchak glances around. Two stretchers coming towards the ambulance. Kolchak starts quickly snapping pictures. He becomes aware that Harry is trying to talk to him, bobbing around, following him.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

HARRY

Mr. Kolchak....

Kolchak moves on, snap, snap.

KOLCHAK

Hi Harry...shouldn't you be in bed.

HARRY

Who can sleep in such an atmosphere?  
I know who did it.

KOLCHAK

Yeah Harry...sure...do me a favor....

Harry gets in the way of one of the photographs.

KOLCHAK

...Get out of the way...

HARRY

Mr. Kolchak...I know who did it.

Kolchak stops, turns to Harry.

KOLCHAK

You do?

HARRY

Sure. I'm the one who called you.

KOLCHAK

Why didn't you announce yourself?

HARRY

(confused; a  
touch of senility)

Didn't I?

Kolchak looks around, then takes Harry's arm.

KOLCHAK

Let's talk Harry.

46 EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

46

A small, very scruffy Indian restaurant.

HARRY (v.o.)

He lives there...it's his restaurant.



47 TWO SHOT

47

Harry and Kolchak are on the opposite side of the street.

KOLCHAK

Who?

HARRY

The man who murdered the Goldsteins.  
The Hindu.

KOLCHAK

Why would he want to kill the  
Goldsteins?

HARRY

He's a Nazi, that why.

KOLCHAK

Excuse me Harry, but you usually  
don't find Hindu Nazis in any great  
numbers.

HARRY

Look...the Goldsteins were Jewish  
...right?

KOLCHAK

This is a Jewish neighborhood Harry.

HARRY

Sure it is...that's why he chalks  
up those swastikas all over the  
place.

KOLCHAK

How do you know it's him?

HARRY

Look...he moved in here a couple of  
months ago...just after the rats  
chewed up old Mrs. Reznik. And  
that's when the swastikas started  
to appear. I mean Mr. Kolchak, what  
sort of a nut opens an Indian  
restaurant in a Jewish neighborhood?  
Myself, I'm not too big on kosher  
chutney.

KOLCHAK

You've got a point.

HARRY

(nods)

Sure. He's here for something bad.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

HARRY (Cont'd)

I saw him the other night. He was painting swastikas all over the door and fence where he lives out back. He's crazy as a bedbug

(X)

(X)

KOLCHAK

Let's go see.

They start across the street.

48 ANGLE

48

A small alleyway runs down the side of the restaurant. They move down it. There is an eight foot wooden fence enclosure at the back of the restaurant, encircling a walk-in door and a large overhead truck door.

(X)

KOLCHAK

Here?

Harry nods. Kolchak drags up a packing case, climbs onto it and peers over the fence.

49 ANGLE

49

a small prescribed area, loaded with junk. On the doors, ornately painted swastikas.

(X)

50 ANGLE - HARRY AND KOLCHAK

50

Harry is looking up at Kolchak.

HARRY

Was I right or was I right?

KOLCHAK

You was right.

He glances up and down the alleyway, starts to clamber over the fence. Harry looks up at the fence, waves with disgust.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

HARRY

I can barely climb the stairs, not  
to mention a fence.

Harry sits down on the packing case.

51 ANGLE

51

Kolchak drops to the ground, moves toward the door. He lifts (X)  
his camera and starts photographing the swastikas all over the  
building.

52 ANGLE - HARRY

52

Harry, sitting, waiting, suddenly hears something. He glances  
up.

53 ANGLE - HIS POINT OF VIEW

53

Kolchak is standing at the end of the alleyway. Now he starts  
down towards him.

54 ANGLE - HARRY

54

He glances at the fence behind him, then back to the approach-  
ing Kolchak.

HARRY

Hey Mr. Kolchak...how did you get  
round there?

55 ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF FENCE

55

Kolchak is about to enter the garage building when he hears  
Harry's voice. He glances towards the fence...and at that  
moment....

HARRY (v.o.)

Mr. Kolchak...!!!

And this is followed by a terrible scream, and then the same  
worrying sound from the other side of the fence. Kolchak  
runs back towards the fence, and has trouble finding something  
to climb up on. Finally he does so, and he looks over.

56 ANGLE 56

From Kolchak's point of view we can see the legs of Harry sticking out from behind the packing case.

57 ANGLE 57

Kolchak clammers over the fence and drops to the ground. He turns towards the body of Harry, looking sick. Then there is a sudden sound off, and he turns quickly.

58 ANGLE 58

Standing at the end of the alleyway is an old, but impressive looking Indian. He utters something... spits it like a curse. (X)

INDIAN

...Rakshasa....

(X)

59 ANGLE 59

Kolchak starts towards the Indian, who now turns and runs. Kolchak reaches the end of the alleyway.

60 ANGLE 60

Kolchak looks left and right up the street; there is no sign of the Indian. Now he turns and starts back into the alleyway.

61 ANGLE 61

Kolchak comes back towards the body of Harry. He looks down, and then, almost reluctantly, he raises his camera to take a shot. Before he is able to, he is suddenly caught in a beam of light. He turns.

62 ANGLE 62

Coming towards him down the alleyway are two large cops, one carrying a flashlight.

KOLCHAK

Man...am I glad to see you two.

COP

I'll bet you are.

(X)

63 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

63

an establishing shot.

64 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

64

Kolchak and two plain clothed men, Thomas and Prodman.

THOMAS

OK Kolchak...lets have it one more time.

KOLCHAK

Come on fellas...this'll be the fifth one more time.

PRODMAN

So...? You've got nothing better to do, have you!

KOLCHAK

Are you kidding!

THOMAS

You and Harry went over this fence ...right?

KOLCHAK

I went over...Harry stayed outside.

PRODMAN

Why?

KOLCHAK

Why what?

PRODMAN

Why did he stay outside?

KOLCHAK

He was an old man: His fence climbing days were over.

(X)

THOMAS

Maybe he was scared of you.

KOLCHAK

Maybe you should have your marbles counted.

PRODMAN

Oh boy...I love a wiseguy.

CONTINUED

64

CONTINUED

64

THOMAS

Keep going Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

Again?(at his wit's  
end; walks it  
through)I dropped down over the fence! He  
was back there! I moved out a  
little and took some pictures then  
I heard him, scream ---

Kolchak utters a blood curdling scream.

65

INT. PASSAGE OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

65

Vincenzo is coming along the passage accompanied by a policeman.  
They hear this terrible yell, and Vincenzo hurries toward the  
interrogation room, the officer following.

66

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

66

Vincenzo and the officer enter. Vincenzo peers at the scene  
suspiciously.

VINCENZO

What's going on in here?

PRODMAN

Police business, that's what.

VINCENZO

Prodman, weren't you reprimanded  
for getting a little rough a few  
years ago?

PRODMAN

No! Never!

THOMAS

He was just giving testimony. Tell  
him Kolchak.Kolchak looks at him with a twinge of phoney fear, winces as  
he tries to move his arm.

KOLCHAK

That's right, Tony...just like  
this officer says....

Prodman steps forward, threatening. Kolchak flinches a little.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

VINCENZO

(shakes his head)

I'm surprised at you guys. Sur-  
prised and very disappointed.

KOLCHAK

Am I out, Tony?

VINCENZO

You're out.

Vincenzo produces a piece of paper for the cops. Kolchak  
gets to his feet.

(X)

KOLCHAK

So long fellas.

Kolchak moves toward the door. Vincenzo takes out a note pad. (X)

VINCENZO

(X)

(writing)

Prod-man...uh-huh...

(to Thomas;

sternly)

You're a new face...your name is...?

The two cops look at each other unbelievably.

(X)

66-A

EXT. STREET - DAY - STOCK

66-A

Kolchak drives along, puzzling something in his head.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

Reading between the lines of all  
the police hassling, their message  
came through...that poor Harry  
had died of natural causes and then  
been stripped of his flesh by rats.  
That theory has been passable in  
the case of Buck Fineman, specious  
in the case of the Goldsteins, and  
now in the case of Harry Starman,  
just too hard to swallow...

(beat)

After all, I had been there. I knew  
that Harry had been devoured in the  
short time it takes me to click  
off a couple of snapshots....

66-B

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

66-B

a stolid upper middle-class neighborhood. Kolchak's car  
drives up, parks behind an exterminator's truck which bears  
a large plastic beetle on the roof. Carl gets out of the car,  
crosses the lawn, toward:

66-C ANGLE - FRANK RIVAS

66-C

A middle-aged man in spanking white overalls who is moving through a manicured garden with a hose that feeds off a pump on the truck. He is finding gopher holes and spraying poison into them. An open lunch box sits on a stone bench, and Rivas' sandwiches and fruits sit nearby, half-unwrapped, half eaten.

KOLCHAK

Mr. Rivas?

Rivas, a downcast, sad-faced man, half-turns, glances without recognition, continues busily spraying.

KOLCHAK

Remember me? Carl Kolchak INS?

Rivas looks up absently, tries to place the face.

KOLCHAK

INS. You fumigated our office back in January. Foaches.

Rivas continues spraying, nods.

RIVAS

Oh, yes. I remember you. Still leaving those half-eaten donuts and bagel crumbs all over your desk?

(Kolchak shrugs)

Not much any exterminator can do for you if you keep up that behavior.

Rivas moves to a nearby hole, sprays.

RIVAS

Something I can help you with?  
Quickly? I don't even have time to break for lunch.

(X)

He reaches for his sandwich, takes a few hurried joyless bites, sets it down and keeps on spraying.

KOLCHAK

Your typical urban rat...how long does it take a pack of them to strip a good-sized carcass of meat?

RIVAS

I've had jobs in some of your big packing houses. Sometimes a pack of brown rats'll strip a whole beef carcass in twelve minutes flat.

CONTINUED



66-C CONTINUED

66-C

RIVAS (Cont'd)

(grim smile)

But then again, sometimes the joke  
is on them and they get caught in  
the grinding machinery.

(X)

Kolchak thinks about this, happens to look aside at:

66-D LUNCH BOX

66-D

Just a bit of fumes from the sprayer is drifting over and onto  
the sandwiches and fruits.

66-E BACK TO SCENE

66-E

as Rivas reaches for the sandwich, spraying with his free hand.

KOLCHAK

Hey...you got poison spray on that.

RIVAS

(down; apathetic)

What difference does it make? It's  
all loaded with chemicals and pre-  
servatives anyway.

(X)

KOLCHAK

(shrugs diffidently,

Twelve minutes for a steer?...But  
how about one minute for a human  
sized carcass.

RIVAS

When they're deprived of normal  
food they can do wonders...but one  
minute?

(thinks)

I think that's getting into the  
piranha category. Doesn't seem  
feasible to me.

Kolchak ponders this, nods...watches a little sickened as Rivas  
takes a few more bites of his lunch.

KOLCHAK

Thanks. Bon appetit....

Rivas nods joylessly, goes on chewing as Kolchak exits.

(X)

66-F EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

66-F

Kolchak's car pulls up and he gets out, peers into the dimly lit, little patronized restaurant, The Lakshmi.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

(rhyming)

What's the old song about the  
hotel up on the hill? 'That if  
the rats don't get you, then the  
bedbugs will...'

(beat)

If rodents weren't destroying the  
oldsters of Roosevelt Heights,  
then maybe it was a bedbug. Harry  
had said the Hindu Nazi was crazy  
as one....

Kolchak peers down into the darkness of the alley that flanks  
the restaurant, then he doubles back...hesitates a beat, then  
enters the place.

KOLCHAK'S VOICE

To paraphrase an old cliché, I  
don't know much about politics but  
I know what I like. And Nazi-ism  
I don't like. Where it breeds,  
death usually festers. I'd sooner  
have rats.

67  
thru  
73

OMITTED

67  
thru  
73

74 INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

74

A young Jewish boy, Barry, wearing an Indian outfit complete  
with turban is just putting some food down in front of Kolchak,  
who's the only customer in the place.

BARRY

There you go sahib...Mah - gum - bakh.

KOLCHAK

What is it?

BARRY

Beef curry.

He watches while Kolchak tries it.

KOLCHAK

Not bad.

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

74

BARRY

Wait till it starts doing the  
flaming sword dance in your colon.

KOLCHAK

Get many customers in here?

BARRY

Are you kidding? In this neigh-  
borhood? If it's not chicken soup  
and matzoh balls, forget it.

KOLCHAK

That's what I heard. Strange then,  
him opening this place.

BARRY

Crazy...but he's like that. I  
saw him talking to one of these  
old neighborhood guys. Know what  
he asks?

KOLCHAK

No.

BARRY

He asks does the old guy ever see  
any of his friends or relatives  
hanging around at night. The old  
guy says all his friends and rela-  
tives are dead. Know what the  
boss says?

KOLCHAK

Again, I don't.

BARRY

He says it doesn't make any dif-  
ference if they're dead or not...  
does he see them? Crazy, right?

KOLCHAK

Is the boss home.

BARRY

He's never home...and if you saw  
where he lived, you wouldn't ask  
why..

KOLCHAK

Ever hear your boss talk about some-  
thing like Rakshaska or Raka-shaka  
or Rak-something?

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED - 2

74

BARRY

Nope. All he ever talks about  
to me is washing my hands before  
I serve food to people.

(eyes narrow)

Why? What's all the questions?

KOLCHAK

I've only got one more really...

(beat; forgets

his thought as

his face darkens)

Where's the bathroom?

BARRY

The curry getting to you already?

It's out back, sahib.

KOLCHAK

Thanks....

He gets up and heads for the rear of the restaurant.

75 EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ANGLE IN BACK YARD

75

Kolchak comes from the restaurant building proper and looks down the alley that he was examining last night. Now checking that he is alone, he moves down the alley, scales the fence. Moving past the swastikas he crosses to the door. It's locked. With a piece of pipe from the ground, Kolchak jimmies the lock, enters.

76 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

76

Kolchak descends the darkened stairs, comes to a door, pushes it open tentatively.

76-A INT. ROOM - NIGHT

76-A

A spartan camp bed, a small shelf with personal stuff on it, and around the walls, tapestries, beautiful crimson tapestries with gold swastikas. They are everywhere. Kolchak steps right in, looks around, and then starts photographing everything.

77 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

77

A gate in front of the overhead garage door creaks open. We see the lower part of a man as he slips into the enclosure and closes the gate behind him. He starts towards the door. We see he is holding an old, carved, very elaborate crossbow. His foot hits a box.

78 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

78  
(X)

Kolchak turns at the sound, now looks around for somewhere to hide. Contemplates going under the bed, decides that it is no good. Finally he backs up against the far wall. A moment later the Indian appears in the doorway. He sees Kolchak, and his bow comes up...at the same time, Kolchak flashes his camera right into his face. Blinded, the Indian misses Kolchak and the short stout arrow, thuds into the wall inches from Kolchak's head.

79 CLOSE INDIAN

79

Still partially blinded, he is groping to string another arrow.

80 CLOSE KOLCHAK

80

as he takes off. He runs smack into the Indian in the doorway, knocking the old man off balance. And as the Indian falls, Kolchak is out of the door.

81 EXT. ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

81  
(X)  
(X)

Kolchak runs from the door to the place where he climbed the fence the night before. In a moment he is up onto a packing case and over the wall.

82 ANGLE - DOORWAY

82  
(X)

The Indian comes to the doorway looking out. He is nursing his right arm with his left hand. Looking out after Kolchak, he shakes his head, -- sinks against the wall in weary dismay... seems beaten, defeated as he mutters to himself in Indian, something that sounds almost like a prayer.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

83 INT. INS DARK ROOM/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DEVELOPING PAN 83

As a print image materializes...the old Indian holding his crossbow and ready to fire.

83-A KOLCHAK 83-A

Peers at the photo, takes it out of the pan and collects some others. He exits with them still dripping wet.

84 INT. INS OFFICE - NIGHT 84

Miss Emily is seated at her desk, leaning way back, thinking ...she gets an idea and starts to type at a hot clip. Kolchak comes in from the dark room past Vincenzo's office, where Vincenzo is having a conversation with Updyke. Seeing Kolchak, Vincenzo calls out.

VINCENZO

Carl....

Kolchak turns, sees Vincenzo beckoning him in, heads toward Vincenzo's office carrying his prints.

85 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - NIGHT 85

as Kolchak enters.

VINCENZO

(to Kolchak)

It seems like just recently you were making big noises about a series on the plight of old folks down in Roosevelt Heights. I haven't seen one written word about it yet.

KOLCHAK

(excited)

I was down there tonight. Something very weird is going on...it's coming together oddly, Tony.

(extends wet photo)

Here....

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

Vincenzo just stares down at his desk top a beat, then very flatly:

VINCENZO

You're dripping on my desk....

Kolchak moves the photo from over the desk and Vincenzo takes it looks at it.

85-A INSERT - PHOTO

85-A

The old Indian...dressed in the white jacket and blousy trousers of his country.

85-B BACK TO SCENE

85-B

Vincenzo studies the picture, shakes his head.

VINCENZO

It's a national disgrace. A man that age having to eke out a living as a busboy.

KOLCHAK

Those are East Indian clothes.

Vincenzo nods, squints to see better.

KOLCHAK

He tried to kill me, Tony. With a crossbow.

VINCENZO

A crossbow?

KOLCHAK

Yeah...

(shows him second photo)

That's where he lives. See those swastikas....

VINCENZO

Wait a minute, wait a minute...a crossbow?

KOLCHAK

Yes, for crying out loud! A crossbow. See there? It's blurry but you can sort of make it out in his hand....

CONTINUED

85-B CONTINUED

85-B

VINCENZO

(distressed, confused)

A crossbow and swastikas? And he's  
living in Roosevelt Heights?

KOLCHAK

Yeah but I've been doing a little  
reading. Apparently, the Nazis  
didn't invent the swastika. It's  
a Hindu sign...very old...used to  
ward off evil spirits.

VINCENZO

(thoughtful)

Ward off evil....

Updyke, who under the above has been in a down sort of day-  
dream, now muses aloud.

UPDYKE

You know, in the year 1066, the  
Saxons lost the Battle of Hastings  
because their crossbows were no  
match for the Norman longbows in  
terms of range and accuracy. In  
that way, two disparate cultures  
were melded.

It stops the conversation dead as a mackerel. Vincenzo and  
Kolchak both just stare at Updyke for a long beat. Vincenzo  
leans back in his chair, appraises Ron, then speaks in a tone  
of quiet incredulity.

VINCENZO

You know, Ron, in your own quiet  
way...

(thinks; then softly)

...you're a psychotic.

Updyke gets up angrily, leaves. Vincenzo watches after him,  
still amazed. His voice is tired, defeated.

VINCENZO

His non sequiturs are going to  
send me to a state institution....

KOLCHAK

(points to photos)

Tony, I heard this man say something  
about a Rakshana or Rakshaska...have  
you ever heard of anything like that?

CONTINUED



85-B CONTINUED - 2

85-B

VINCENZO

(absently)

I don't know, Carl. I want to  
finish up some work and then go  
home...

(beat)

I'm...suddenly very tired. Very  
tired.

He looks around at his surroundings hopelessly.

VINCENZO

And you're dripping on my desk again.

Kolchak takes the photos, leaves quietly as Vincenzo just  
stares out the window, shaking his head.

VINCENZO

(muttering to himself)

Indians...swastikas...the Norman  
conquest...Am I supposed to see  
God's design in all this...?

86 INT. INS OFFICE - NIGHT

86

Kolchak comes over to his desk, past Miss Emily, who has now  
peering in at Vincenzo who is still sitting motionless in his  
chair.

MISS EMILY

What's wrong with him?

KOLCHAK

(puzzled)

I don't know...how old is Tony?  
Fifty? Fifty-five?

MISS EMILY

Thereabouts.

(thinks)

Do you think...maybe it's time he  
had those hormone treatments him-  
self?

KOLCHAK

You know, I think you're right.

(beat)

Still working on your novel at this  
time of night?

MISS EMILY

Agatha Christie works at night.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

36

KOLCHAK

She also works on a hundred thousand dollar advance from her publisher.

MISS EMILY

(shrugs)

Struggling new artists have to pay their dues.

Kolchak nods, smiles, goes to this desk and starts thumbing through a large book on THE CULTURE OF INDIA.

87 OMITTED

87

88 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

88

Near the theater the Goldsteins' came out of. A police car coming down towards camera.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

March third. 12:15 A.M. Officers York and Boxman...twelfth precinct...making their normal rounds. They'd been told to keep an extra lookout since the events of the past couple of days. It would have been better for them if they hadn't.

The car rounds the same corner the Goldsteins' rounded, heads toward the alley.

89 ANGLE IN POLICE CAR

89

Boxman is driving, York is yawning.

YORK

What's the time?

BOXMAN

Two-thirty.

YORK

Man...this is a long night.

BOXMAN

Hey...over there...look.

The car stops and they look out.

90 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - ALLEY 90

We can see nothing other than the vague shadows and the outlines of piles of garbage.

91 ANGLE IN CAR 91

York is trying to spot whatever it was.

YORK

I don't see anything.

BOXMAN

Somebody's creeping around.

YORK

(irritably)

I'll take a look. Tomorrow night  
I drive. All night.

He gets out of the car.

92 ANGLE - ALLEY 92

York crosses to it, shining his flashlight.

93 ANGLE IN CAR 93

Boxman watching him.

94 ANGLE - YORK 94

Seeing nothing, he is about to turn back to the car, when he stops suddenly, swings his flashlight.

YORK

(calling)

Hey...!

95 ANGLE 95

The light has picked something out...moving...indistinguishable.

YORK (v.o.)

Hey...you there....

96 ANGLE 96

Boxman gets out of the car, collecting his nightstick.

97 ANGLE

97

Boxman joins York.

BOXMAN

What did you see?

YORK

Some guy over there.

Both shine their flashlights out.

98 ANGLE

98

A glimpse of a figure where the flashlights meet.

99 CLOSE YORK

99

His expression of surprise.

100 ANGLE

100

Caught in the flashlight...a stout old desk sergeant, looking (X)  
towards him.

101 CLOSE BOXMAN

101

His expression of surprise even greater than York's.

102 ANGLE

102

Exactly the same point of view...in the flashlight beams  
(where York saw the sergeant)...a middle aged woman. (X)

103 CLOSE BOXMAN

103

Mom...?

BOXMAN

104 CLOSE YORK

104

YORK

(baffled)

Sergeant Da Vito...your heart...  
you shouldn't be on duty out here.... (X)

105 ANGLE

105

The flashlight beam...the figure(s) gone.

106 TWO SHOT

106

The two cops look at one another.

YORK

What did you say?

BOXMAN

That's my mother out there....

He starts out.

YORK

Your mother...it was Sarge Da Vito.

He starts after Boxman, who is now out of shot. A sudden horrendous growl of sound...a chomp...and a warrying sound. York pulls up short, staring out of shot.

107 ANGLE - YORK'S POINT OF VIEW

107

The figure of the sergeant is bent over the supine figure of Boxman. Now he looks up towards camera. There is blood smeared on his face and hands. Now he starts towards York.

108 ANGLE - YORK

108

He stares a moment longer, then he grabs his gun from his holster.

YORK

Stay back, Sarge...please...don't come any closer....

He starts to fire.

109 ANGLE - WARREN

109

The bloodstained figure of the sergeant, as the bullets take him, and he still moves forward, unaffected.

110 ANGLE - YORK

110

He has emptied his gun. He turns and starts to run...panic stricken.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

Nobody learned about all this until much later. When they found York, he was teetering on the edge of a complete breakdown. On March 4, Sergeant Ernest Da Vito came off the sick list. He went to visit York. One look at Da Vito and York flipped completely.

110-A INT. LANE-MARRIOT GALLERIES - DAY

110-A

A stolid main-line showplace dealing only in antiques and objects d'art of India and Pakistan. Kolchak is trying to interest himself in the very expensive wares but is bored and impatient, casting glances at:

110-B ANGLE - RALPH LANE-MARRIOT

110-B

Sixties, impeccable in a Savile Row suit, a shock of white hair. He is in a deep discussion with a pair of customers over an antique wooden carving of the goddess Kali.

110-C WIDER

110-C

as Kolchak loses patience, moves to the group and hovers around the periphery, making Lane-Marriot nervous.

LANE-MARRIOT

I'll be with you straightaway....

He turns back to his customers.

LANE-MARRIOT

I doubt seriously, you'll find a better third century rendering of the goddess Kali anywhere in the world.

(nervous, stiff  
laugh)

I always like to say that the third century is when the cult of Kali flowered.

His customers laugh politely but Kolchak cannot suppress a faint groan. Lane-Marriot looks over severely and Kolchak quickly busies himself handling a vase. Lane-Marriot breaks away from his quarry.

LANE-MARRIOT

Excuse me...feel free to browse.

He approaches Kolchak, takes the vase from his hand and carefully sets it down. His tone is annoyed.

KOLCHAK

Mr. Marriot-Lane, I'm Carl Kolchak.  
INS. I understand you're one of the foremost authorities on Indian culture and I need some questions answered.

CONTINUED

110-C CONTINUED

110-C

LANE-MARRIOT

It's Lane-Marriot, not Marriot-Lane.

KOLCHAK

Sorry.

(thinks)

Let me see how I can go about this without putting the cart before the horse...

(thinks)

I'm trying to find out about something called a Rakshakera...or Raks...I didn't hear it too clearly when it was said.

LANE-MARRIOT

There's a plethora of Indian words beginning with those syllables.

KOLCHAK

I believe this Rak-thing might have something to do with eating human flesh.

His voice has, of course, carried and the two customers now turn and stare. Lane-Marriot reddens, leads Kolchak away, speaking sotto, looking over his shoulder.

LANE-MARRIOT

You're referring to the Rakshasa. But these are business hours, my good man.

KOLCHAK

Don't worry about that. I'm not needed back at the office. Could you give me the poop on this Rakshasa?

Again the customers look over. Lane-Marriot champs impatiently, sighs.

LANE-MARRIOT

A Rakshasa is a disciple of Ravana. Ravana, whose deeds were so horrible, he stopped the sun and moon in their course.

CONTINUED

110-C CONTINUED - 2

110-C

KOLCHAK

(thoughtful)

I had a date in college with a face like that.

LANE-MARRIOT

(angry)

Mr. Kolchak I value my time. If your intention is merely to be a music hall wag, please state so now.

KOLCHAK

I just thought it might ease some of the tension. I noticed before, you're a man who likes a good joke.

LANE-MARRIOT

(allowing himself just a touch of pride)

Now and again.

KOLCHAK

Please...go on....

LANE-MARRIOT

The Rakshasa are evil spirits who can possess men's minds and delight in...

(nervous, sotto)

...the consumption of human flesh.

Kolchak nods, his eyes growing wide as he mulls the information.

KOLCHAK

I had a run in with a very old Indian man, or Pakistani possibly. He tried to kill me with a cross-bow. Is it possible...

(shakes his head)

...he's a Rakshasa?

LANE-MARRIOT

Think, man, think.

(impatient)

I just told you the Rakshasa are spirits, myths. They are not real.

CONTINUED



110-C CONTINUED - 3

110-C

LANE-MARRIOT (Cont'd)

(beat)

However, the crossbow is the method prescribed in legend by which one destroys a Rakshasa...with arrows blessed by the divine Brahma himself.

Under this customers have edged closer, and during Lane-Marriot's crossbow discourse have begun to exchange smirks behind his back.

KOLCHAK

Then this old man was trying to kill a Rakshasa...or thought he was. Why would he take a shot at me?

LANE-MARRIOT

(regards Carl  
with distaste)

The chap's actions seem understandable to me, what?

KOLCHAK

(goes right  
past him)

That's all the Rakshasa are after?  
Eating people?

Lane-Marriot has begun to move off back toward his customers but Kolchak smoothly insinuates himself between, blocking him. Lane-Marriot fidgets, sigh.

LANE-MARRIOT

(his voice  
growing  
high-strung)

After Ravana, their leader was killed with an arrow blessed by the god Brahma, the Rakshasa lived on, leaderless. They drifted into a timeless limbo where according to legend, they send emissaries into the living world to see if the time is right....

He hears a small chortle, turns to see his patrons leaving the premises. Lane-Marriot closes his eyes in defeat, takes a deep breath.

CONTINUED

110-C CONTINUED - 4

110-C

LANE-MARRIOT

...to see if the time is ripe for  
their reappearance on the face of  
the earth.

KOLCHAK

And when is that?

LANE-MARRIOT

When the world has slipped to the  
edge of the abyss...mistrust,  
decadence...moral decline....

KOLCHAK

I see. In other words, they might  
be getting their marching orders  
right now.

Another customer walks in and Lane-Marriot heads toward  
him, brooking no resistance.

LANE-MARRIOT

You will excuse me, what?

KOLCHAK

I'll just hang around. Say, my  
boss might like this as a paper-  
weight. How much you getting for  
it?

He holds up a small ivory statue.

LANE-MARRIOT

Three hundred and seventy-five  
dollars.

KOLCHAK

(embarrassed)

Oh, Come to think of it, he has a  
sentimental attachment to the one  
he's got now. A little cottage  
with...

(makes sprinkling  
gesture)

...falling snow. Remember  
Citizen Kane?

LANE-MARRIOT

(openly testy  
now)

Yes, yes...

(almost  
stuttering)

Have a look see at that hanging  
over there. You may find it  
useful.

CONTINUED

110-C CONTINUED - 5

110-C

Kolchak moves off in the direction indicated. Lane-Marriot splits, relieved to have distracted Carl. Kolchak looks up in uneasy awe, takes a photo of:

110-D WALL HANGING

110-D

above a card reading A RAKSHASA CIRCA 1000B.C. The print shows a gorilla-like hideous fiend...squat, fanged...the half-eaten body of an Indian peasant in his talons.

111  
thru  
114 OMITTED111  
thru  
114

115 INT. VINCENZO'S OFFICE - DAY

115

Vincenzo is reading a story as Kolchak waits impatiently. Vincenzo's expression goes from puzzlement to disgust. He begins to shake his head ruefully.

VINCENZO

So this is it? A story that starts out on the rodent problems of lower income old folks...

(holds it between  
two fingers like  
a smelly dead fish)

...and degenerates into this drivel about an evil spirit who hails from New Dehli and makes sandwiches out of people....

KOLCHAK

It's a Hindu spirit. Has nothing to do with New Dehli ---

VINCENZO

(louder; right  
over him)

...and he appears to his victims as Carl Kolchak...but actually looks like Bonzo the Chimp with fangs!

He holds up a photo Carl took of the Rakshasa wall hanging.

KOLCHAK

He only appeared to Harry Starman as me, Tony! Why don't you read thoroughly?

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

KOLCHAK (Cont'd)

(grabs paper;  
points)

The Rakshasa have magical powers.  
They seduce the victim to death  
by taking on the image of someone  
the victim trusts....

VINCENZO

And poor Harry Starman trusted you?  
Obviously, Harry never had to  
depend on you to come up with a  
cogent story, something he could  
turn a profit on.

KOLCHAK

Tony, you've got to put this story  
on the wire. Now. If only one  
paper picks it up and prints it,  
some butchery may be prevented....

VINCENZO

Put this on the wire? Put my  
reputation up for ridicule? Put  
myself on unemployment?

KOLCHAK

Think about it for a moment, Tony.  
Consider the logic. Before Harry  
died, he called my name. He  
thought he saw me.

(beat)

That young cop...what's his name  
...York. The scuttlebut is he  
believes he saw Sergeant Ernest  
Da Vito...a guy who's a father  
figure to him! And Da Vito was  
on sick leave because of a coro-  
nary.

VINCENZO

The kid wiggled out when he saw  
what happened to his partner....

-----KOLCHAK

What did happen to his partner.  
Eaten by rats while York stood  
and watched? Come on...!

Vincenzo gets up in disgust, starts to put on his hat and  
coat.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED - 2

115

KOLCHAK

It's the way the Rakshasa works!  
He plucks images from the brain of  
those he wants to slaughter. Some-  
one the victim has no reason to  
fear....

Vincenzo exits angrily, Kolchak follows.

116 INT. INS OFFICE - DAY

116

Kolchak follows Vincenzo, carrying his story and photo.

KOLCHAK

The people in Roosevelt Heights  
should be warned. Look, even if  
the papers print it as a joke,  
it might make sense to some of  
those old people...worry them into  
being careful.

VINCENZO

Sure it would make sense to them.  
They're senile!

MISS EMILY

(looks up;  
sternly)

You may be my employer, but you're  
walking on eggs when you talk that  
way, buster.

VINCENZO

(frustrated)

I'm sorry...but this is a little  
much.

KOLCHAK

(shoves the  
material at him)

Tony, do it. Do it. Put it on  
the wire. It's very important.

VINCENZO

As far as I'm concerned....

He grabs the papers, crumples them and tosses them in the  
wastebasket.

VINCENZO

...it's Bedtime for Bonzo.

He storms out.

CONTINUED

(X)  
KOLCHAK

Where are you going?

VINCENZO'S VOICE

It's none of your concern.

Kolchak looks around hopelessly, sees Miss Emily peering at him. She speaks sotto, conspiratorially.

MISS EMILY

All I've been able to find out is  
that he's going to the doctor  
for...

(with emphasis)

...some shots.

Kolchak nods with understanding. Miss Emily nods with him. Kolchak starts collecting his things angrily.

KOLCHAK

Too bad I couldn't have caught him  
after his glands were back in  
order.

He grabs his hat and coat and hurries out. Miss Emily rises, retrieves the torn photo from the basket and dovetails the two pieces. She stares at the gruesome creature fearfully ...looks out after Kolchak with concern.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

118 OMITTED

thru  
120118  
thru  
120  
(X)

121 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

121

across the way from the Indian restaurant. Kolchak pads into frame, stops. He looks around, then crosses toward the restaurant, and then down the alleyway at the side.

122 ANGLE IN ALLEYWAY

122

He comes down the alleyway quietly, furtively, making for a point where he can climb the fence. He grabs a packing case and he moves it over to the fence. He starts to climb it, when he notices the large truck gate is open and swinging... creaking. Kolchak moves through it.

123 CLOSE - KOLCHAK

123

entering the enclosure, making for the walk-in door. He's unsettled by something...maybe the open gate, the neglected look of the place. He tries the walk-in door and that too creaks open. Warily, Carl enters.

124 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

124

Kolchak descends the dark, rotting stairs cautiously toward the Indian's room. There is the vaguest glimmer of light leaking out from beneath the door, a flickering light of a candle. Bracing himself, Kolchak starts towards it.

125 CLOSE - KOLCHAK 125

He stops, catches his breath, listening...looks around.  
There's a faint voice.

126 HIS POINT OF VIEW - CAVERNOUS BASEMENT 126

as he eyes sweep the dark vastness. Nothing untoward. But  
still that droning voice.

127 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 127

realizing the sound is coming from the Indian's room.  
Perspiring now, he starts towards the door again, trying to be  
even quieter. Finally he reaches the door, pauses a moment  
and then pushes it open gently, risking a look inside.

128 INT. INDIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 128

The Indian is lying on his cot, facing away from the door,  
praying in Hindu. The room is lit by a couple of candles.  
In his arms the old man holds a crossbow and some arrows.

129 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 129

moving stealthily into the room. He makes an inadvertant sound  
with his foot.

130 ANGLE - INDIAN 130

The Indian stiffens at the sound, does not look around...but  
his voice rises.

INDIAN

Great Brahma...creator of all  
creatures...I commend to you my  
unworthy soul.

And after that, nothing...he just remains there, braced for  
something...his hand feebly grips the crossbow. He winces (X)  
with great pain.

131 ANGLE KOLCHAK 131

moving carefully into the room.

KOLCHAK

(softly)

Sir? Sir? I don't mean you any  
harm



132 WIDER

132

as he carefully moves around the bed to face the Indian. The old man strains to look up at him, fumbles to bring up the crossbow into firing position. We now see that he is in terrible shape...shaking, sweating, bleary-eyed and feverish.

KOLCHAK

(raises his  
hand protectively)

No -- no! It's all right...I'm not  
the Rakshasa.

The Indian lowers the bow.

KOLCHAK

Kolchak...Carl Kolchak.

The Indian breathes a deep sigh of relief, collapses back down onto the bed. We see that his arm is in a crudely tied sling.

INDIAN

(chills; shaking)

Please...I wish to apologize for  
last night. I thought you were....

KOLCHAK

...the Rakshasa.

INDIAN

Yes...I'm sorry...

(amazed)

I never thought I'd be old...and  
yet, here I am.

(sadly)

My eyes don't serve me...my hands  
betray me...my courage is as shakey  
as my body. That's why I fired at  
you. Palsy and panic gripped me...  
I lost my head....

KOLCHAK

You're very ill. Looks like you  
have a fever. I've got a car out-  
side that'll get you to a hospital.

INDIAN

(grips Kolchak)

No. I have to remain here and try  
to complete my task.

Kolchak eerily examines the arrow tip on the loaded crossbow.

KOLCHAK

Hunting the Rakshasa?

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

132

INDIAN

It is my duty...I am a servant of  
Brahma. For sixty years now. I  
have roamed the world, seeking  
and destroying the Rakshasa wherever  
they appear.

Kolchak sits on the bed, fascinated.

KOLCHAK

Have you...gotten any?

INDIAN

(eyes glaze  
over; smiles)  
Oh yes...indeed...  
(darker)  
But not enough....

KOLCHAK

Sixty years...! How old are you?

INDIAN

I am nearly eighty. And I'm afraid  
I've destroyed my last Rakshasa....

The Indian indicates his arm.

(X)

INDIAN

For some time my left arm and leg  
have been of little use. Now...  
who knows what other ailment over-  
takes me?

(X)

(sighs; shrugs)

All I can hope for is to pass  
on these arrows to another of my  
kind.

(X)

KOLCHAK

Here in Chicago?

INDIAN

In Bombay....

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED - 2

132

KOLCHAK

Well...what about the Rakshasa here in Chicago. Is there any way he could be destroyed by police gunfire or flames or....

INDIAN

(shakes his head)

There's no way. And I've done all I could. Perhaps in a year or two my successor will find his way here. But there are many other places he will be needed first.

KOLCHAK

A year or two? Is there any way Chicago could be put nearer the top of the list...? Could we phone Bombay, maybe...?

The Indian shakes his head emphatically...turns away, dejected. Kolchak looks around anxiously, at a loss for what to do. Then a light comes into the old man's eyes, he looks up into Kolchak's face hopefully.

INDIAN

To combat the Rakshasa, one must be clear of mind...but most of all honest and brave.  
(excited)

Perhaps you....

He looks up into Kolchak's face, studies it...and his excitement dies down. Kolchak is puzzled, but it's clear that (X) whatever qualities the Indian is looking for...he doesn't see them in Carl's face.

INDIAN

Perhaps you had best go home.

KOLCHAK

You need a doctor. I'll bring my car around.

INDIAN

No. Just go. It's too dangerous for you to be around here. The Rakshasa knows I am helpless...I can sense him lurking nearby...waiting to strike at me...like the spineless cowards they all are....

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED - 3

132

He's growing more and more agitated...perspiration popping...  
making Kolchak upset and jittery...and concerned.

KOLCHAK

...Easy, pop, easy. We'll take  
care of you....

INDIAN

Just remove yourself from here...  
quickly...

(forces crossbow  
and arrows at  
Kolchak)

...and take these with you should  
you have to defend yourself....

There's a noise from the bowels of the warehouse beyond the  
door. The old man is becoming more incoherent but keeps  
forcing the archery equipment at Kolchak. Kolchak looks  
toward the door in fright.

INDIAN

Take them...they are blessed...and  
don't let yourself be fooled. If  
he appears, he will present himself  
to you as someone you know and  
trust...But you must shoot...shoot  
...or your flesh will be ripped  
apart.

KOLCHAK

(musters a smile)

There isn't anyone I trust.

INDIAN

(delirious)

Don't be fooled...his power is that  
he can find a person and deceive  
you...Go home and don't come back...  
you will be ripped as if by mad  
dogs....

He mutters off into unconsciousness and everything is very  
still. Kolchak tries to shake the old man awake.

KOLCHAK

Sir? Sir?

It's no use. Kolchak feels the man's pulse, tries shaking  
him again. It's deadly quiet. Just the old man's labored  
breathing. Kolchak looks around in fear and aloneness, doesn't  
know what to do.

133 HIS POINT OF VIEW - DOORWAY

133

open...and visible beyond the black void of the warehouse.

134 KOLCHAK

134

Now starting to sweat...he has to get out of there. Hesitantly and amateurishly he picks up the crossbow, stares at it in bafflement. He then tries to get the inert form of the Indian up into a sitting posture with the thought of carrying him. It's no use. He lays the man back down...shoulders the crossbow and moves toward the door.

135 INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

135

Kolchak edges out, looks both ways, moves toward the stairwell. As his foot touches the first step, he hears a rustling noise at the top. He backs up in terror, moves toward the bowels of the warehouse. The noises continue...driving him further back into the darkness.

136 ANGLE - UP THE STAIRWELL

136

Out of Kolchak's line of sight...two rats appear. It is only they who were causing the sounds.

137 KOLCHAK

137

He doesn't know this. His fear is pushing him farther back into the warehouse, away from the stairwell. He finds another door, tries it. It's locked.

138 WIDER

138

as Kolchak stealthily moves through the giant supporting pillars of the building, his bow held before him. Water is dripping down from overhead pipes and the place is dark and dank.

139 KOLCHAK

139

Hearing a sound, he stops. It's a gnawing, dragging sound. Kolchak whirls in terror, tries to zero in on it in space.

140 FROM BEHIND A COLUMN

140

as Kolchak moves toward camera, ready to fire the alien bow.

141 KOLCHAK 141  
terrified...finger gripping the trigger. He's moving toward  
a stack of old crates.

142 WIDER 142  
as a cat struggles out from behind the cases dragging the  
dead body of a rat. Seeing Kolchak, it screams, jumps.

143 KOLCHAK 143  
Panic overwhelms him and he fires blindly while jumping back  
at the same time. He topples against some crates stacked  
against the wall.

144 CAT 144  
running away. The arrow clangs the floor...missing by a  
mile.

145 KOLCHAK 145  
as he topples into the crates and a terrible hissing shriek  
is heard. He scrambles away, screaming, not looking back.

146 WIDER 146  
The hissing shriek continues and Kolchak whirls in terror,  
sees that his fall broke an old rotted steam pipe and steam  
is now escaping. Sinking to his knees in relief, Kolchak  
begins to fumble with restringing the bow. The string pressure  
is enormous. His arms straining, gritting his teeth, he care-  
fully surveys the ominous darkness around him.

147 thru 147  
156 OMITTED thru  
156

157 ANGLE - HIS POINT OF VIEW 157  
nothing. And then a sound off.

158 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 158  
His gaze swings sideways.

159 ANGLE - HIS POINT OF VIEW 159

Something is moving in the shadows, very faint, coming toward him.

159-A KOLCHAK 159-A

He notches an arrow, scuttles backward, bow poised.

159-B SHADOWS 159-B

Something is approaching...a figure, walking...slowly....

159-C KOLCHAK 159-C

He backs up against the wall.

KOLCHAK  
Stop...don't come nearer.

159-D FIGURE 159-D

It keeps coming...it is Miss Emily.

160 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 160

Squinting...incredulous...backed as far as he can go against the wall.

KOLCHAK  
(snaps; wary)  
What are you doing here?

He stands up fully.

KOLCHAK  
(calling)  
Miss Emily....

161 ANGLE 161

Miss Emily continues towards him, sees him and starts to smile a welcome.

162 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 162

KOLCHAK  
Emily...get out of here....

163 ANGLE - MISS EMILY 163

still walking towards him.

164 ANGLE 164

From behind "Miss Em" towards Kolchak, we see that it is the Rakshasa walking towards him...as it really is...squat, simian, slavering and no doubt wretched smelling.

165 CLOSE - RAKSHASA 165

Feral, beady eyes, fangs dripping in anticipation.

166 CLOSE ON KOLCHAK 166

He is about to yell at Miss Emily again, when he stops, still looking out.

166-A CLOSEUP - KOLCHAK 166-A

It hits him...is this Miss Emily or is it the Rakshasa.

KOLCHAK

What are you doing here? Answer  
me!

167 ANGLE 167

Miss Emily walking towards him.

MISS EMILY

I just had to follow you. You know all the haunts of criminals and I want some real life research for my novel.

168 ANGLE - RAKSHASA 168

As he really is.

169 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 169

Desperately confused.

KOLCHAK

I don't care about your novel...  
if you don't stop right there...  
I'm going to have to shoot you.



170 ANGLE - MISS EMILY

17

She smiles at Kolchak.

MISS EMILY

Carl...I just wanted to experience  
a case for myself. Put down that  
bow. You're scaring me.

171 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

171

Even more confused.

KOLCHAK

Then stop walking! I mean it  
Emily...I really mean it.

172 ANGLE

172

EMILY

Please, Carl. I'm frightened  
down here in this place.

From behind the Rakshasa, moving towards Kolchak, almost  
ready to touch him as he cringes against the wall.

173 ANGLE - KOLCHAK

173

KOLCHAK

Emily, please! Stop!

She's almost got his hand. He offers up a quick silent  
prayer, makes up his mind, and fires.

174 CLOSE - MISS EMILY

174

The arrow thuds into her chest. She grabs at it.

175 CLOSE KOLCHAK

175

Still not knowing whether he's shot the real Miss Em.

176 CLOSE MISS EMILY/RAKSHASA

176

Now she opens her mouth and utters an animal like howl of  
agony...and the image of Miss Emily starts to fuzz at the  
edges, and it is replaced by the Rakshasa.

177 CLOSE - KOLCHAK 177

watching...horrified and fascinated at the same time.

178 ANGLE - RAKSHASA 178

The transformation is almost complete now...the dying Rakshasa falls out of sight behind a pile of rubble.

179 ANGLE - KOLCHAK 179

He is rooted to the spot. Finally he pulls himself together. He runs off, trying to grab at his camera from where it is hanging over his shoulder.

180 ANGLE - RUBBLE 180

Where the Rakshasa fell...nothing other than the arrow and a puddle of black, muddy looking fluid.

181 CLOSE - KOLCHAK 181

looking down at the ground.

KOLCHAK (v.o.)

I'd like to have told Miss Emily that the Rakshasa appeared to me as her. According to the legend, it meant that I trusted her....

182 INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT 182

Kolchak is talking into his tape.

KOLCHAK

But then I would also have had to tell her that I shot a steel arrow straight into her heart...and that, I don't think she would have appreciated.

(mischievous  
smile)

But what's the difference. As long as we all trust each other so. Why should anyone's feelings be bruised?

Now he switches off the tape for a moment. To Miss Emily.

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED

182

KOLCHAK

You're looking very gorgeous this evening, Emily.

Miss Emily looks vaguely pleased with the compliment.

MISS EMILY

Thank you...I've got an appointment.

KOLCHAK

Business or pleasure.

MISS EMILY

Oh business....

At that moment they both look towards the door as a sprightly old guy about seventy-five comes in.

MAN

Miss Cowles? I'm Mr. Cartwright.

(X)

Emily nods, with a backward glance at Kolchak.

(X)

MAN

(to Kolchak)

It must be very nice working with this great lady. She gives the best advice...even medical advice. She's right on the button.

Miss Emily glances at Kolchak again, then nods, and takes the arm that the Man holds out for her. Kolchak looks after the departed couple, shakes his head, smiles, and then returns to his tape and switches it on.

KOLCHAK

Needless to say, Vincenzo wouldn't use my story. He told me I'd been hanging around with the old people too long...I'd developed sympathetic senility. The old Indian was taken to a hospital and then on March seventh, he disappeared. But there's been a rash of very messy killings in San Francisco recently...and everybody describes the killer differently. So he's probably out there on the West Coast right now, recovered, serving bad curry, and shooting a crossbow. Good luck to him....

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED - 2

182

He switches off the tape, thinks of something and switches it on again.

KOLCHAK

And if you happen to be walking  
along a lonely country road one  
night...and you see your favorite  
aunt coming towards you...good  
luck to you too.

He switches off and starts out of the office.

FADE OUT

THE END