

Kolchak's Monologues

Kolchak's opening monologue

Friday, February 4, 1977. When motorman Steven Andrews rear-ended the train in front of his, it threw several cars directly into rush-hour traffic less than a mile from my office. Eleven people died. I use that route every day, but, a slave to journalism, I was still at my desk that Friday evening. Forced to choose between a train landing on my car and an Anthony Vincenzo rant about the death of journalism, however, I'd choose the train.

The accident was initially attributed to a motorman under the influence of marijuana, until the toxicology reports came back negative. That downgraded it to every day Chicago negligence.

Until I got a tip to look into the witness reports.

The *real* witness reports.

Friday, March 11. You'll never believe what happened when I did.

Kolchak's end-game monologue

Item: With Zahra Yu unable to continue her nursing career, the death rate at Mary Thompson Hospital for Women returned to normal.

Item: Steven Andrews never was convicted of the El train accident. The marijuana cigarettes were never found, and corpses can't stand trial. They do make marvelous scapegoats, however, when the legal system refuses to believe the obvious.

Item: When they cleared out Zahra Yu's apartment they found several Malay treasures dating back to the seventeenth century. Historians were astounded. How did relics from an obscure Malay warrior-queen would appear in a nurse's effects on Chicago's Near West Side?

Say what you will about talking heads. Chicago has more than its share. But if actions speak louder than words, the actions of Zahra Yu, L.P. N., formerly Queen Kembang of Kelantan, are deafening.

The police won't admit to any connection. But I know. My colleagues know.

And now... so do you.