

PRODUCER: Dean Hargrove

PROD. #35001
May 22, 1972 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/5/72 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/6/72 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/16/72 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/19/72 (F.R.)

2

COLUMBO

THE SPECIALIST

by

Shirl Hendryx

LISTED
richard 2/18/73

COLUMBOTHE SPECIALISTCAST

LT. COLUMBO

BARRY MAYFIELD
EDMUND HIEDEMAN
SHARON MARTIN
MARSHA DALTON
HARRY ALEXANDER
DR. SIMPSON
ORDERLY
TOM
POLICEMAN
DETECTIVE PARKS
HANK
MAID
GLORIA
NURSE MORGAN
CLEANING WOMAN
PAUL

(X)

SETSINTERIORS

EMERGENCY ADMISSION AREA
TREATMENT ROOM
HIEDEMAN'S OFFICE AND CORRIDOR
HIEDEMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM AND CORRIDOR.
HIEDEMAN'S LABORATORY
OPERATING ROOM
HOSPITAL GARAGE
SHARON'S APARTMENT AND CORRIDOR
MAYFIELD'S OFFICE
MAYFIELD'S LIVING ROOM AND DEN
ALEXANDER'S APARTMENT
SURGICAL SUPPLY STATION

EXTERIORS

SHARON'S APARTMENT BUILDING
BUNKER HILL STREET
AMUSEMENT PARK
ALEXANDER'S APARTMENT BUILDING

COLUMBOTHE SPECIALIST

FADE IN

1
and
2

OMITTED

1
and
2

2-A EXT. LOS ANGELES BUSINESS AREA - DAY

2-A

An ambulance going through, siren on.

2-B INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

2-B

An ambulance attendant administering to Dr. Edmund Hiedeman, laid out on a stretcher. Hiedeman is in pain, but annoyed at the annoyance and indignity of being treated like a patient. He's in some pain, but fighting it. There is an I.V. in his arm, and the Attendant holds an oxygen mask over his face.

2-C EXT. LOS ANGES STREET - DAY

2-C

The ambulance moves through the quickly-parting traffic.

2-D INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

2-D

Hiedeman pulls away the oxygen mask.

HIEDEMAN

That's enough.

ATTENDANT

Doctor Hiedeman, I think you should....

HIEDEMAN

(interrupts)

I said that's enough.

2-E EXT. METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL - DAY

2-E

The ambulance races into the driveway and brakes to a stop at the emergency entrance.

3 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ADMISSION AREA

3

Establishing the tensions and busy no-nonsense atmosphere of a typical intake room -- waiting sick patients...over-worked interns...nurse, etc. Then center on entrance, as the door swing open and the ambulance attendants wheel in a gurney carrying Hiedeman. The I.V. is still in the arm, attached to the gurney. He is quickly wheeled past the admitting desk, down a corridor, into a treatment room.

ATTENDANT
(to admitting desk)
It's Dr. Hiedeman.

4 INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

4

Dr. Hiedeman is brought in; Dr. Simpson, a young, somewhat anxious intern, takes charge -- there is a nurse in the room with him, along with the two attendants -- Simpson directs traffic to get Hiedeman onto the table.

HIEDEMAN
I'm perfectly capable of making it
up myself, thank you.
(removes I.V.)
And get rid of this thing....

SIMPSON
Be careful, Dr. Hiedeman....

HIEDEMAN
What's your name, Doctor?

SIMPSON
Simpson, sir.

HIEDEMAN
How long have you been an intern
here?

SIMPSON
Four months, sir.

HIEDEMAN
Well, start your examination.

SIMPSON
Ah -- what's wrong with you,
Doctor?

Simpson takes his blood pressure during:

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

HIEDEMAN

I'm not going to make it that easy for you -- I'll give you my history and you tell me....

SIMPSON

Yes, sir.

HIEDEMAN

(quickly)

I've had a heart murmur first detected at age of fifteen. I became short of breath with exertion for the first time ten years ago and I developed chest pain with exertion two years ago.

SIMPSON

Did you ever have rheumatic fever?

5 INT. EMERGENCY AREA - DAY

5

on Sharon Martin, a nurse, about thirty-five. Not unattractive, but more business than pleasure. She hurries to the desk, asking nurse where Hiedeman is. We dolly with her, until she comes to door of treatment room, stops to see ---

6 TREATMENT ROOM - HER POINT OF VIEW

6

We see Hiedeman and Simpson, talking.

HIEDEMAN

...and for the last two years, due to the chest pain, I couldn't work a full day without taking a rest.
(beat)

7 RESUME - SHARON

7

shakes her head in dismay, enters.

8 OMITTED

8

8-A INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

8-A

HIEDEMAN

What's your diagnosis so far, Doctor?

CONTINUED

SIMPSON

You probably have aortic valve disease or mitral valve disease with additional coronary artery disease.

HIEDEMAN

It's aortic -- but that's a good diagnosis, Doctor.

Nurse Martin enters.

SHARON

Is this an emergency -- or a medical quiz?

SIMPSON

Severe chest pains -- he was brought in by ambulance.

HIEDEMAN

(to Sharon)

Sharon, don't start worrying. Dr. Simpson and I have this situation well under control.

SHARON

Doctor....

HIEDEMAN

(checking own
blood pressure)

Shhh.

(smiles; to Simpson)

Not too bad.

Sharon flags an orderly into the room.

SHARON

Get a wheelchair here immediately.

(to Simpson)

Is his room ready?

SIMPSON

Not yet.

SHARON

I'll take care of it.

She exits. Hiedeman gets up off the table.

SIMPSON

I think you'd better lie quietly.

CONTINUED

8-A CONTINUED

8-A

HIEDEMAN
(studies board)

Yes, sir...looks good. No evidence
at all of any tissue rejection.

Mayfield approaches him. Somewhere during this, Hiedeman
takes off the glasses, puts them down.

MAYFIELD

Have you given any more thought
about making an announcement.

HIEDEMAN

I don't see the need, really.
There's no real hurry. Don't be
so damned efficient, Doctor.

(beat)

If anybody wants me, I'll be in
my lab.

He goes out, leaves Simpson behind, agape.

8-B INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

8-B

Hiedeman enters, going through to lab.

9 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

9

A tall, thirtyish, cerebrally handsome man in a doctor's smock
-- Barry Mayfield. Something elegant about him, even in his
doctor's "work clothes". He's frowning at the telegram in
his hand. As Hiedeman enters, he reacts -- quickly stuffing
the telegram into his pocket as though he were afraid of
being caught.

MAYFIELD

What are you doing here? I
thought you went home.

HIEDEMAN

Oh, I was out for a drive, thought
I'd drop by and check on things.

He crosses to the monkey cages.

MAYFIELD

Everything is stable, so far.

CONTINUED

Hiedeman puts on glasses to read a clipboard report.

HIEDEMAN

Your patient here seems to be coming along better than I expected. Temperature back to normal.

MAYFIELD

Heartbeat is normal, as well. There are already rumors around that we're very close to solving the transplant rejection problem.

(smiles)

I've even had people ask me for the name of the drug we're developing to counteract rejection.

HIEDEMAN

I wouldn't let that bother you.

MAYFIELD

(pressing)

And, of course, Brechman and his group may beat us to it.

HIEDEMAN

(laughs)

There you go again...worrying about who gets the credit.

MAYFIELD

No, I just think we've done enough testing, that's all.

HIEDEMAN

Look, I'd love nothing more than to have you go in and try the full operation right now.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but I think we need further tests. In fact, speaking of the Germans, Brechman agrees with me. We've been exchanging letters.

Beat...then Mayfield shrugs.

MAYFIELD

If you say we must wait...we wait.

(beat; smiles)

You're a hard man to move, Dr. Hiedeman.

Suddenly, Sharon enters.

SHARON
(to Hiedeman)
Your room is ready, Doctor.

MAYFIELD
What room?

SHARON
(indicates Hiedeman)
He was just brought in -- severe
chest pains.

MAYFIELD
(to Hiedeman)
Why didn't you tell me?

HIEDEMAN
My pressure is fine now -- I
checked it myself. Besides....

MAYFIELD
Just a moment. As far as your
condition is concerned, I'll be
the doctor. Now you've been put-
ting off this valve operation for
weeks....

HIEDEMAN
(smiles again)
All right, all right. No further
arguments. Set up the operation.

MAYFIELD
(sighs)
Well...it's about time.
(to Sharon)
Arrange for the operating room.
Tonight, if possible.

An orderly comes through the door with a wheelchair.

SHARON
Into the chair, please, Dr. Heideman.

HEIDEMAN
I'm perfectly capable of walking
to my own hospital room.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED - 3

9

SHARON

I must say, you'd think a doctor
...particularly one of the coun-
try's supposed leading heart
specialists....

(X)

HIEDEMAN

Alleged leading heart specialists....

SHARON

...would have more sense. If you'll
pardon the opinion, Doctor.

(X)

She doesn't finish, just turning the chair for him to sit down,
as Hiedeman affectionately smiles at her and mutters something
about..."all right...all right..." Then, with the nurse's over-
concerned help, the old doctor eases into the chair. Sharon
nods. Then, as they start to move on, Hiedeman shakes his head.

HIEDEMAN

(to Sharon)

Well...after twelve years, you've
finally got me where you want me.

As the others grin, camera watches them exit. Then slowly
angle back onto Dr. Barry Mayfield. The smile is gone...the
warm casual look draining from his face. Slowly, he reaches
into his pocket...pulls out the telegram. Again he stares at
the message...something a little cold, perhaps almost chilling
for a moment about his face. It is as he finally returns the
message to its envelope, and is just in the process of licking
the flap to reseal it, that the door suddenly opens. As he
reacts quickly covering his actions:

10

thru

12

OMITTED

13

ANOTHER ANGLE

10

thru

12

(X)

13

showing Sharon standing in the lab doorway. For a moment,
she just stares frowning a little across at Mayfield and the
telegram...he just staring back, uncertain of just what she
has seen.

SHARON

(after beat)

Dr...Hiedeman forgot his glasses.

MAYFIELD

Oh.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

Beat...then Mayfield picks up the glasses from the lab table next to him...suddenly hands her both the glasses and the telegram.

MAYFIELD

You might as well take this up too
-- It just came in, might be important.

(changing; more
businesslike)

I'll be up to check him out in a few minutes. I want to get Bixler to stay around and assist on this one. You let me know when Hiedeman can be ready....

She nods slightly...but still just stands in her own thoughts. Mayfield watches her for a second...but then smiles...all warmth and sincerity.

MAYFIELD

Don't worry. We've replaced valves before. He'll come through fine.

Again she nods...then slowly exits.

14 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE LAB

14

As Sharon comes out. She pauses, takes the telegram and looks at it.

15 INSERT - TELEGRAM

15

With a slight pressure from her finger, the re-sealed flap comes open.

16 RESUME

16

Dr. Michaelson, an intern coming by, seeing the telegram in her hand, as she presses to re-seal it.

MICHAELSON

How's Hiedeman?

SHARON

Dr. Mayfield is operating this evening.

MICHAELSON

Is that the cable that came in for Hiedeman?

CONTINUED

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10
(X)

16 CONTINUED

16

SHARON

Yes -- why?

MICHAELSON

I just wondered if he got it all right.

SHARON

When did you give it to Dr. Mayfield?

MICHAELSON

About an hour ago.

SHARON

Thanks.

She moves off, preoccupied. The orderly shrugs it off, moves away.

17 OMITTED

17

17-A INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

17-

We dolly with Sharon as she walks through, some concern over the telegram.

17-B INT. HIEDEMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

17-

Hiedeman in bed, a black nurse putting another I.V. in his arm as Sharon enters -- the black nurse goes out, during:

HIEDEMAN

I never realized how much I hated hospital rooms -- until now.

SHARON

I can hardly wait until they get you sedated ---

Hiedeman laughs at that ---

HIEDEMAN

I'll bet you can't ---

SHARON

(hands him telegram)
Here -- this came for you.

He opens it, reads it. She wants to open up some conversation on this point, tentatively ---

CONTINUED

SHARON

From Germany?

HIEDEMAN

(reads)

Um-hum.

SHARON

From Dr. Brechman ---

HIEDEMAN

Yes -- he's accepted my offer to
come and discuss our projects.
Says here he feels we need
another year of tests, at least.

SHARON

It's not going to overjoy
Dr. Mayfield, is it?

HIEDEMAN

He may be impatient -- but
he'll understand in time.

SHARON

I'm glad you're so certain of
that.

HIEDEMAN

(reproving)

Sharon....

SHARON

When I went back for your glasses
-- I caught him reading your
telegram.

HIEDEMAN

Now really, Sharon. I know you
are not exactly fond of Dr.
Mayfield but....

SHARON

(interrupting)

Dr. Mayfield is an opportunist.
He's taking half of the credit
on a project that was yours from
the beginning, and he won't sit
still for your bringing in some....

CONTINUED

17-B CONTINUED - 2

17-

HIEDEMAN

(cut off)

Sharon -- I'm disappointed in you.
 Dr. Mayfield is a brilliant surgeon -- and he is invaluable on this project -- and I don't want to hear anymore about it.

SHARON

(chastened)

I'm sorry, Doctor.

HIEDEMAN

If he wasn't the best, I certainly wouldn't let him operate on me, now would I?

CUT TO

18 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - TIGHT ON

18

a hand jerking open the regulator valve on anesthesia tube. As there comes the hissing sound of gas, pull back slowly and angle to Edmund Hiedeman's unconscious face as he lies on an operating table...as:

MAYFIELD'S VOICE

Scalpel...Clamps....

Slowly angle on up to show the operating "team" busily occupied with surgery. Move in to emphasize Doctor Mayfield. Above the surgical mask his intense eyes and quick decisive command of voice and expression tell us that a "pro" is at work here.

MAYFIELD

...Suction...Hold it....

Angle further to pick up Sharon beside him. As he calls for instruments, she slaps them in his hand. But her eyes are even more worried...watching him...apprehensively looking from him to the operation.

19
thru
19-D

VARIOUS ANGLES

on other attendants about the table, as they intently do their jobs...finally centering on the attending surgeon as he frowns slightly at something Mayfield is doing...glancing up at the young surgeon.

19
thru
19-I

20 CLOSER ANGLE - MAYFIELD

20

His face is an impassive mask as he continues working...barking orders....

MAYFIELD

Lap sponge. Spread that retractor
a bit more.

(sharp glance
at Sharon)

I said...sponge!

Quickly she obeys....

21 BACK TO ATTENDING SURGEON

21

as his frowning face watches the maneuver. Then as his expression eases slightly, slowly camera angles onto Hiedeman's face again...silent...unconscious...then moves on to the "breath" bag. For a moment it keeps its even rhythmic beat. Then suddenly it begins to "suck" erratically.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE

22

as Mayfield and the other attendants glance toward the bag and the breath pressure needle. Quickly the anesthetist moves to the controls.

23 ANGLE - SHARON

23

as she looks from the controls to Hiedeman to Mayfield...her apprehension growing even as Mayfield coolly returns to his work.

MAYFIELD

(proffering hand)

Clamp....

She hands him a clamp. Mayfield inserts it...then proffers hand again.

MAYFIELD

Suture.

For a moment Sharon doesn't react...just staring concerned from him to the erratic breath bag. Suddenly he shoots her an annoyed glance.

MAYFIELD

What's the matter with you?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

SHARON

Sorry.

Quickly she hands him the proper instrument. He just stares at her for a moment...then turns back to his work.

24 ANGLE - ATTENDING SURGEON

24

as he watches...glances across toward the breath bag...then looks back at the operation. There's a tense, still moment. Then as the breath bag regains its rhythm, Mayfield finally stands up from the table...sighing deeply. The attending surgeon glances up at him...smiles...shakes head a little unbelieving.

MAYFIELD

He's all yours.

As he sighs again...turns, and starts away from the table.

25 ANGLE ON SHARON

25

She stands, looking from Mayfield to Hiedeman, her expression slowly changing from worry to confusion to relief.

26 ANGLE - MAYFIELD

26

standing off to one side now, regaining his composure from the ordeal he's just finished. As we hear the ad-lib commotion of attendants "wrapping up" the operation o.s. in the b.g., the assistant comes up to Mayfield...gives him a pat of admiration.

TOM

You made it look easy. Again.

MAYFIELD

(smiles)

I had some expert help. Thanks, Tom.

Mayfield stands for another moment. Then, as though sensing someone watching him, he glances around.

27 ANGLE PAST MAYFIELD

27

to show Sharon standing a few feet away, just watching. (Hiedeman has been wheeled on out now and the other attendants are fastly disappearing from the room.) Tentatively she smiles.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

SHARON

I...wanted to add my congratulations.

MAYFIELD

Thank you.

Beat...the surgeon studying her. Then he smiles a little.

MAYFIELD

You seemed a little uneasy today.

SHARON

(shrugs...laughs a
little at herself)

I did act a little as though it
were my first time out, didn't I?
I...I guess I was just a little
worried.

MAYFIELD

Afraid something might happen to
him?

(smiles)

I mean, the way you were watching
me....

SHARON

(shrugs...a
little ashamed)

I...I feel a little foolish.

Mayfield shakes his head...smiles.

MAYFIELD

Well, you needn't have worried.
I told you he'd come through fine.

He pulls off his gloves and moves across to a corner wash basin. He starts scrubbing his hands...the self-satisfied smile dying from his face...his eyes narrowing as he notices something o.s. Slowly camera angles with his gaze into a small mirror above the wash basin. Reflected in it, Sharon can be seen across the operating room, picking up a small piece of thread-like material from the floor. As Mayfield watches, she frowns at it oddly, feeling it between her fingers, looking across at several strands of similar material on her operating tray. Then suddenly sticking the piece of suture into her pocket, she moves out of the operating room.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE

28

as Mayfield jerks around, watching after her. Concernedly he reaches into the pocket of his smock...pulls out another small piece of the thread-like material, exactly like that which she picked up. Anxiously he feels around in his pocket for more -- but his hand comes up empty. Slowly the camera moves in, holding on his concerned face. Then:

CUT TO

29 INT. HIEDEMAN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT - ON SHARON

29

She frowns again at the small piece of thread material she holds in her hand. Then getting an idea, she picks up a telephone book...looks through, finding a number. Then picks up a telephone.

SHARON

(into phone)

Outside line, please.

She dials. Suddenly, a sound by the lab door. She starts to hang up the phone as:

30 ANOTHER ANGLE

30

showing Dr. Mayfield, having just come through the outer office door...staring across at her. He holds a small tray of bottles in his hand. For a long moment they just stare at each other in silence. Then Mayfield nods at the phone.... (X)

MAYFIELD

I didn't mean to interrupt...go ahead and finish your call.

She hangs up.

SHARON

The line was busy.

He puts the bottles down, goes to her.

MAYFIELD

What's the matter, Sharon. Are you feeling all right?

SHARON

(nervously)

Ah...I...ah....

CONTINUED

MAYFIELD

Sharon, tell me the truth. What's bothering you?

Suddenly she turns and holds out the piece of thread-material.

SHARON

What is this?

MAYFIELD

(shrugs)

It's suture. If I remember correctly, we do use suture to sew up in operations.

(holds out hand)

May I see it?

She instinctively pulls back her hand.

SHARON

It's suture all right. But I didn't bring this in on the operating tray.

(rubs it
between fingers)

And...I've handled enough suture to know what it feels like. This doesn't feel right.

MAYFIELD

(smiles)

Sharon...I don't understand. What is this all out?

She stares at him for a beat, then:

SHARON

If. Dr. Hiedeman dies, you take over the research project. Do your transplant operating...take sole credit.

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED - 2

30

MAYFIELD

Do you realize what you're saying ---

(X)

SHARON

Dr. Hiedeman survived the operation
 -- But what if you've done something
 during that operation that will
 cause him to die.

For a long moment Mayfield just looks at her. Then he breaks
 into a superior smile, patronizing.

MAYFIELD

Sharon, I know you aren't exactly
 fond of me. But I never realized
 that you were so obsessive.

(beat)

I suggest you have the suture checked
 out. You know, if you're so certain
 I've done something that's going to
 make loveable old Hiedeman suddenly
 drop dead in a few days, the police'd
 love to know.

(beat)

I suggest you take your suspicions
 to them.

He starts to leave, then stops to nod at the tray of small
 bottles on table.

MAYFIELD

But before you lose yourself in your
 hysteria, please mark and file these
 bottles -- and put them in the cooler
 tray.

He exits.

(X)

31

ANGLE - SHARON

31

as she stands a moment, a little unsettled by Mayfield's cool
 superior dismissal of the whole business. Frowning uncertainly
 she looks at the suture in her hand. She moves across to the (X)
 tray.

Sharon crosses back to the telephone, dials

(X)

32
 and
 33

OMITTED

32
 and
 33

33-A INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MAYFIELD

33

to show the extension light button on his telephone lit up. Quietly he moves to it, carefully picks up the receiver... listens. We don't hear everything...just the sound of Sharon's voice filtered through the phone...with a few words standing out: "...eight o'clock...tomorrow morning...."

34 INT. LAB

34

on Sharon as she urgently half-whispers into a phone...her hand scribbling the word, MAC, on a small telephone calendar note pad....

SHARON

Right. Yes...that's fine. Eight o'clock sharp. I'll be there.

35 OMITTED

35

35-A INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MAYFIELD

35-A

still frowning as he eavesdrops on the extension. Slowly he puts down the phone...camera moving in on his face as it changes to a picture of cold purpose.

CUT TO

36 INT. HOSPITAL GARAGE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

36

picking up the late night, empty, silent feeling of this huge parking complex. After a moment we hear the distant sound of footsteps echoing on concrete...and finally pick up the figure of Sharon as she approaches.

37 CLOSE ANGLE

37

panning with her as she moves past the parked cars...finally pausing by her own. Suddenly, as she takes her keys from her purse, there comes a sound only a couple of feet o.s. beside her. Startled, she glances toward it. Her face fills with terror. Desperately she starts to back away...but only succeeds in being trapped by her own car. As she starts to scream....

38

REVERSE ANGLE

on a figure looming above her...smashing down with a tire iron
It is Dr. Mayfield. He stands staring, breathing a little
heavily from his exertion. Camera slowly angles with his gaze
to show Sharon's body lying sprawled on the cement beside the
car. Quickly Mayfield glances around...stoops down and puts
her keys in his pocket. Then his gloved hands rifle her pocket
book...Inside he finds what he is looking for...a smile coolly
touching his face as he pulls the small piece of suture from
it.

(END DAY ONE)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

39 INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - EARLY MORNING - FULL SHOT 39

(BEGIN DAY TWO)

(matching the late night full shot)...except now the early morning light angles through the garage windows into the huge silent complex. After a moment, there comes the sound of an automobile motor. A car appears at the far end, approaching along the aisle of parking spaces (toward where we saw Sharon was parked).

40 INT. CAR 40

as the sleepy-eyed young Nurse driver glances at a couple of parking spaces, then wheels her car into one of them. Turning off the motor, she yawns a moment. Then gathering her belongings, she starts to open the door to get out. But she doesn't make it -- her face suddenly contorting into a look of horror at what she sees through the window. As she screams:

CUT TO

41 INT. ANOTHER AUTOMOBILE - EARLY MORNING - ANGLE 41

out window to a peaceful, silent, early morning suburban street scene. Angle to reveal that we are in Dr. Barry Mayfield's car. Sitting in the driver's seat, he anxiously checks the time on his wristwatch. Then, as he looks back out the window, to the entrance of an apartment building across the street, his handsome face concerned, worriedly waiting:

CUT TO

42 INT. GARAGE - ANGLE 42

on an exploding flashbulb, as a Police Photographer takes pictures of the death scene. Other patrolmen move the gathered spectators back and clear the area. As the photographer turns his attention to Sharon's car:

43 ANOTHER ANGLE 43

revealing the car's interior in complete disarray -- the seats pulled out, the glove compartment open with its contents strewn helter-skelter. As the camera flash goes off again and another policeman, carrying a lab technician's bag, moves in on the car.

(X)

His car driving into the garage, parking some yards away from the police activity, but close to a catering truck, around which some hospital employees are buying high carbohydrate snacks. Columbo approaches the driver-caterer, Phil.

COLUMBO

Excuse me -- how much for the apple.

PHIL

Twenty-five cents.

COLUMBO

Twenty-five cents for an apple?

PHIL

Right.

COLUMBO

What about this one.

PHIL

Same.

COLUMBO

It's a lot smaller.

PHIL

All apples are twenty-five cents.

COLUMBO

Then give me two hard-boiled eggs.

PHIL

(getting them)

That'll be forty cents.

COLUMBO

The price is no object -- I'm getting hungry.

Detective Flores comes up beside him.

DETECTIVE FLORES

Lieutenant Columbo -- over here.

Columbo walks with him.

COLUMBO

I wanted to pick up something -- my wife overslept -- and I didn't get any breakfast --

(beat)

Who was the victim?

CONTINUED

43-A CONTINUED

43-

DETECTIVE FLORES

Name is Sharon Martin, nurse at the hospital.

COLUMBO

How long has she been dead?

DETECTIVE FLORES

Looks like several hours. Another nurse found her on the way into work this morning.

They arrive at the scene of the crime. Columbo cracks one of the hard-boiled eggs on the car door rim, begins to peel it.

POLICEMAN

Oh, Lieutenant...?

As Columbo glances over, the Policeman nods at his dribbling eggshells.

POLICEMAN

Sir...We're trying to keep the area clean for evidence.

COLUMBO

Oh...yeah. Good idea. I'm sorry.

For a second he stares uncertainly at a piece of fresh-peeled shell in his hand -- then sticks it in his pocket, moves across to the closest Detective, Bolden. The man is carefully removing the contents of the dead woman's purse onto a cloth.

DETECTIVE FLORES

(noticing Columbo watching)

So far, the usual stuff.

(beat)

Looks like her keys are missing.

CUT TO

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. MAYFIELD'S CAR - TIGHT ON

45

a set of keys with a medallion initialed S.M. in Mayfield's hand. Widen to show the anxious surgeon watching out the window. His car radio is on, establishing the time by a news broadcast.

46 HIS POINT OF VIEW

46

The early morning street still sits in silence. No movement.

- 47 BACK TO MAYFIELD 47
- as he again checks his watch, nervously fidgets with the set of keys. Then suddenly he notices something through the window.
- 48 OUT CAR WINDOW 48
- to show an attractive young woman, Marsha Dalton, coming out of the apartment building across the street. She hurries away along sidewalk. (X)
- 49 ANGLE - MAYFIELD 49
- He turns off the radio. Quickly he slips on a pair of gloves. (X) Then, once more checking the silent street, he gets out of the car and hurries across toward the apartment.
- 50 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - MORNING - LONG SHOT 50
- as Dr. Mayfield appears at the far end, approaches to one of the doors. There's a nameplate on it, with two women's names. Sharon Martin. Marsha Dalton.
- 51 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - MORNING - ANGLE ON DOOR 51
- as it opens and Mayfield slips inside, closing it behind him.
- 52 NEW ANGLE 52
- as his eyes pan the small but pleasant, femininely furnished apartment. Then, with his gloved hand, he takes something from his jacket pocket -- a few of the small bottles from the tray he had in the laboratory earlier. Gingerly holding them by their tips between his gloved fingers, he begins to glance about the apartment as though looking for something -- as:
- CUT BACK TO
- 53 INT. HOSPITAL GARAGE - MORNING - ANGLE 53
- on sheet-covered body being slid into ambulance. As the attendant slams the doors, pull back to show the police department technical men in full operation. A chalked silhouette marks the spot where Sharon Martin's body had lain -- a technician making some measurements from it to the car. A fingerprint expert dusts some areas on the car door. Camera pans across them, finally centering on Columbo. Finishing his cup of coffee, he stands studying the wrecked auto interior.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

DETECTIVE FLORES' VOICE

()

(after a beat)

Pretty much of a mess.

54 NEW ANGLE

54

to reveal the other Police Detective's having crossed to Columbo. He nods at departing ambulance.

DETECTIVE FLORES

(X)

Doesn't look like she was molested, anything like that. Somebody searched her pretty thoroughly though. Went through her pocket-book...coat pockets....

Columbo nods. Then, as he pulls another hard-boiled egg from his pocket and stares back at the car contents, a Lab Man, Hank, comes up to them. He carries a tire iron, held carefully in a cloth.

HANK

Probable murder weapon. No prints.

COLUMBO

Never are.

Columbo takes his arm.

COLUMBO

Excuse me.

He cracks the egg on the tire iron, starts to peel it.

CUT TO

55 OMITTED

55

(X)

56 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

56

as Mayfield hurries along this passageway.

(X)

57 INT. MAYFIELD'S OFFICE

57

as the door opens and he enters his office. For a second he glances back outside to make sure no one has seen him. Then, closing the door, he gives a sigh of relief, glances at his wristwatch. Then, changing from his street jacket to his doctor's smock, he picks up the phone.

CONTINUED

