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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 putting 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

57 CONTINUED

57

MAYFIELD

(into phone)

This is Dr. Mayfield.

(checks watch)

Any calls for me? None...fine.

Give me surgery, please.

A beat, idly beginning to fiddle with some pencils on his desk as he talks:

MAYFIELD

Hello, Alex. This is Dr. Mayfield.

My ten o'clock operation...Will

you order up a...Postponed? Why?

58 CLOSER ANGLE

58

During his feigned anguish, his hand hits a pencil, which rolls off the desk. Without missing a beat, he picks it up from the floor, replaces it.

MAYFIELD

(into phone)

What...? Sharon...? No. No...I haven't heard. They found her... dead...Oh, no...Where? What happened?

(beat)

Do they have any idea who did it?

COLUMBO'S VOICE

We don't know yet.

As Mayfield reacts, jerking around:

59 NEW ANGLE

59

to reveal Columbo just standing in the office doorway, looking across at him.

60 BACK TO MAYFIELD

60

as he just stands for a moment, a little startled, frowning at this odd little character in his crumpled raincoat and half-chewed cigar. Then:

MAYFIELD

(into phone)

Just a moment.

(to Columbo)

Who...are you?

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

COLUMBO
(shows buzzer)
Lieutenant Columbo. Police.

Mayfield returns to the phone.

MAYFIELD
(into phone)
I'll talk to you later.

COLUMBO
(edging apolo-
getically
into room)
I'm sorry to intrude. But I always
have a terrible time finding my way
around a hospital, so many different
wings...North, West....

MAYFIELD
What is it you want?

COLUMBO
I'm looking for Dr. Mayfield.

MAYFIELD
(still tentative)
I'm...Dr. Mayfield.

COLUMBO
Oh...glad to meet you, Doc.
(beat)
Terrible thing...
(shakes head)
A young woman like that....

MAYFIELD
She was my nurse, you know. Lovely
person. I'm shocked...killed right
here in the hospital...What was it
...robbery? There have been quite
a few muggings in this area lately.

COLUMBO
(fumbling for match)
Huh? Oh...yeah. Could be...But
we're really not sure of anything
just yet.
(glances at Mayfield)
You see, that's what I came up here
to see you about. I was hoping maybe
you could help us.

CONTINUED

MAYFIELD

In what way?

COLUMBO

Since you did work closely with her, Miss Martin, I thought maybe you'd be able to tell us something about her personal life.

MAYFIELD

Oh...So you think it wasn't a robbery?

COLUMBO

Well, I'm not ruling anything out, Doctor. I just like to get a complete picture.

MAYFIELD

I'm afraid I don't really know too much about her...personal life. I mean...we did work together, but actually she was much closer to my associate, Dr. Hiedeman.

COLUMBO

Yeah...I wanted to go see him. But I found out he just had an operation. I didn't want to bother him right away.

MAYFIELD

(checks watch)

Thanks for reminding me...I should be checking on him. You see, he's also my patient.

He starts to leave.

COLUMBO

Yeah...that's what the desk nurse told me. You must be a terrific surgeon.

MAYFIELD

(small smile)

Dr. Hiedeman and I share a mutual respect.

COLUMBO

Oh, that. Yeah, he must think you're good...but actually I meant you have such great concentration.

CONTINUED

MAYFIELD

How is that, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

Oh, well...when I came in here, you were getting the news on your nurse's death, and I could see you were very upset -- but when that pencil rolled off the desk, you picked it up right away.

MAYFIELD

I fail to see the virtue in that.

COLUMBO

You're too modest, Doc. Most people would be in such a state of shock they would never even notice the pencil roll off the desk -- much less pick it up.

MAYFIELD

I suppose you're right -- it must have been a purely reflexive reaction. I don't even recall doing it.

(beat)

If you'll excuse me, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Sure, sure. Sorry if I detained you.

MAYFIELD

Not at all.

61 OMITTED

61

61-A INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

61-A

Columbo moves to catch up with him.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, Doctor.

MAYFIELD

Yes, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Could I ask you something personal?

MAYFIELD

Go ahead.

Columbo moves closer, becomes confidential.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

I feel uncomfortable.

MAYFIELD

In what way?

COLUMBO

You see, Doc, whenever I come into a hospital, I get sort of... uneasy.

MAYFIELD

That's not uncommon, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Yeah, I know. But in my line of work, it can be embarrassing. Is there anything I can do about it.

MAYFIELD

There's only one sure-fire cure: stay out of hospitals as much as possible.

COLUMBO

Thanks, Doc. I'll sure try.

CUT TO

Mayfield checking the older doctor's blood pressure, etc., as they talk. In b.g., nurses pass back and forth, adjusting high-feed bottles, busily administering to the various "cubicked" patients in this vital room.

HIEDEMAN

I just can't believe it...I just can't.

MAYFIELD

I...hesitated telling you....

HIEDEMAN

No. No, you should have.
(beat)

The police haven't made an arrest?

MAYFIELD

No. But they've got a man on it. A Lieutenant Columbo -- I'm sure you'll be talking to him. He's very efficient.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

HIEDEMAN

I'd like to put my hands on whoever did it....

MAYFIELD

Now, look. I'm the doctor and I'm ordering you not to get yourself worked up...believe me, if anyone can do anything about it, it'll be Lieutenant Columbo.

HIEDEMAN

Okay, okay.

(growls)

You're such a good doctor -- when should I start feeling any change?

Camera moves in on Mayfield's face, emphasizing it.

MAYFIELD

(smiles)

...A few days...Just a few more days....

CUT TO

63 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

63

Marsha, the roommate, sits stunned. Columbo paces around her. The police check out the apartment, or rather, what is left of the apartment -- chairs have been turned over, drawers jerked out of dressers and desk, as though someone had been making a frantic search of the place.

MARSHA

...Of course, in a lot of ways we were far apart.

COLUMBO

How's that?

MARSHA

I mean, I've always been inner-directed and she's always been other-directed. Do you know what I mean?

COLUMBO

No.

MARSHA

I'm career-oriented -- Sharon was motivated by other's wishes. Do you understand?

(X)

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

No.

MARSHA

I have personal, selfish goals.
Sharon was devoted to humanity.
Do you follow?

COLUMBO

I'm trying very hard. You were
both nurses, right?

MARSHA

Yes -- but Sharon devoted herself
to healing -- always worked in
hospitals. Myself, I work in
Beverly Hills, for a plastic surgeon
because I selfishly enjoy being
with middle to upper-middle class
people. However, I don't meet any
single men unless they're ready for
face lifts.

COLUMBO

Ah -- maybe you could tell me a
little more about your roommate.

MARSHA

I just know Sharon never did any-
thing to harm anyone.

COLUMBO

No idea why someone would've broken
into this apartment...torn up every-
thing like this?

MARSHA

No idea.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Hey, Lieutenant. In here.

COLUMBO

(to Marsha)

Excuse me.

He moves off.

A Policeman squats down beside the wash basin. As Columbo
appears, the Policeman nods toward the open cabinet below.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

POLICEMAN

Take a look at this.

(X)

As Columbo squats down to get a better look:

65 CLOSE ANGLE

65

emphasizing the space beneath where the basin board had been. A couple of the small laboratory bottles Mayfield had with him are taped to the inner wall.

(X)

66 BACK TO SCENE

66

Carefully using his handkerchief, Columbo reaches in and removes one of the bottles.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE

67

Marsha in the doorway, as Columbo stands up with the bottles, frowns at them.

COLUMBO

You ever seen these before?

MARSHA

No. What are they -- why are they hidden under there?

(X)

Columbo doesn't answer...just moving past her.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM

68

as Columbo comes back into it, carefully sets bottle on table. Holding it so as not to smudge any possible fingerprints, he opens bottle, touches a taste of the ingredients to his tongue. As he reacts, frowning more, Marsha joins him.

MARSHA

What is it?

COLUMBO

Morphine.

Columbo stands in his own thoughts.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

68

MARSHA

Lieutenant, I know nothing about this. I had no idea anything like this was...Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

(blinks)

Huh? I'm sorry, what were you saying....

MARSHA

I know nothing about this, I....

COLUMBO

(interrupts her)

Excuse me...just a moment....

Columbo crosses to the fingerprint man, hands him bottle.

COLUMBO

Dust this, will you, Hank?

He does. Marsha comes up to Columbo.

MARSHA

Fingerprints?

COLUMBO

We'll see.

Fingerprint man shakes his head.

HANK

Nothing. It's clean.

Marsha looks confused...stares at thoughtful Columbo, who walks out of shot, absorbed.

69 INT. MAYFIELD'S HOME - DAY

69

An expensive home, filled with cocktail party guests. Barry Mayfield circulating, spreading his charm around. Our camera (X) roams with him, picking up some snatches of conversations.

DOCTOR

It was a lousy night. After the preview, I got called out on an appendectomy. I knew I should have been an orthodontist -- all the ones I know are cleaning up -- and they never lose any sleep. ---

(X)

CONTINUED

And on to a girl in an Israeli uniform, talking to three rapt men.

PILOT

You see, our tanks were formed along here -- the Jordanians were deployed here -- which meant I had to fly in very low before I could begin strafing.

And on past two more Doctors.

SURGEON

I've just lined up a very important patient. I can't mention his name, but he's very high up in the aerospace industry. If the X-rays are as grim as I think they'll be -- I may be able to get you in on a referral.

featuring the entrance foyer, as the door opens and Lieutenant Columbo rather tentatively glances into the room. Almost hesitantly he comes on inside, fidgets a little with his cigar, glancing around uncomfortably. Suddenly a rather attractive maid appears with a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

MAID

An hors d'oeuvre, sir?

CONTINUED

70

CONTINUED

70

Uncomfortably Columbo looks at her a moment, then grins weakly at the tray.

COLUMBO

Yeah...I guess I am a little hungry.

As he frowns, not quite knowing which one of the objects to pick:

COLUMBO

(confidential)

Listen -- what is that?

MAID

Salmon on toast with caviar and sour cream.

COLUMBO

You have anything with just plain cheese?

71

ANGLE - MAYFIELD

71

Pausing by a small group.

GLORIA

Come now, Barry -- is it true you're going to be our next celebrity doctor?

MAYFIELD

Dr. Hiedeman and I are doing some advanced transplant research.

GLORIA

Come on...fill us in. When can I start telling everybody I once knew the great Dr. Barry Mayfield?

MAYFIELD

You can start now, Gloria. And if you're a good girl, I might even come over some lonely evening and give you my personal...autograph.

Getting his laugh he looks off.

71-A COLUMBO - HIS POINT OF VIEW

71-A
(X)

Columbo going through a buffet.

72 RESUME

72

MAYFIELD

Excuse me -- I see an unexpected guest.

He moves off through the people, camera panning him up to Columbo.

MAYFIELD

Collecting evidence, Lieutenant, or just being sociable.

COLUMBO

Oh, hi, Dr. Mayfield. I hope you don't mind my helping myself -- Your maid sort of insisted ---

Mayfield helps him fill his plate.

MAYFIELD

Here -- try the cracked crab. Always eager to support my local police, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Thanks, Doc. I really appreciate this. I've been sort of off schedule all day today. I had that early call at the hospital so I missed breakfast, I was filling out reports all through lunch -- and here I am, which means I'll be late for dinner at home.

(X)

MAYFIELD

Interesting point. Why are you here, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

Oh...well...I've got a couple of things to check out with you.

(nods toward people)

Listen, I'm sorry if I'm interrupting your party.

MAYFIELD

(a little too quickly)

I...ah...was going to cancel it. I mean, with everything that's happened. But it was just too late.

72 CONTINUED

72

COLUMBO

(nods)

I know what you mean. Oh...yeah.
If you don't mind, you could be a
big help.

MAYFIELD

Of course. Anything.
(nods Columbo
toward next room)

COLUMBO

(as they move)

There's been another development
in the case.

73 INT. DEN

73

as they enter. Several framed degrees and awards. Columbo
finishes the plate throughout.

MAYFIELD

What's that?

COLUMBO

...We went to Miss Martin's apartment
...found it torn apart just like her
car.

MAYFIELD

Really?

COLUMBO

Yeah. Tell me, Doc. At the hospital,
did she have any...you know...access
to the drug security rooms, or places
like that?

MAYFIELD

(feigning puzzlement)

Drugs...? Why, yes, of course. In
Dr. Hiedeman's and my laboratory.
We've been using quite a variety of
drugs in some of our research work.
She had access to our supplies.

(beat)

Why?

COLUMBO

Well, you see, we found several
small bottles with drugs in them
at Miss Martin's apartment. They
were hidden under the wash basin
in her bathroom.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

MAYFIELD

What do you make of it....

COLUMBO

It looks like somebody knew she had drugs and wanted them pretty bad.

MAYFIELD

Lieutenant...Sharon was one of the most dedicated nurses I ever knew. Are you inferring she was mixed up in drugs?

COLUMBO

(shakes head)

Yeah. Yeah...I know what you mean. Kinda throws me, too...a woman like her. You never can tell though.

(beat, shakes head, then)

Oh, by the way, did you ever hear her mention anyone by the name of Mac?

MAYFIELD

Mac? No...I don't think so. Why?

COLUMBO

(digs note-pad from pocket, holds it out)

Well, we found this by a telephone in the laboratory....

As Mayfield frowns at pad:

74 INSERT

74

of telephone calendar note-pad on which we saw Nurse Martin scribble earlier -- handwriting reading "MAC - MEET AT 8 A.M."

75 BACK TO SCENE

75

as Mayfield reacts slightly.

COLUMBO

...It's her handwriting. Looks like she was planning to meet somebody named Mac this morning.

CONTINUED

MAYFIELD

(regaining self)

No. No, I'm afraid I've never heard of him. You think maybe this Mac is what -- an addict?

COLUMBO

Don't know, Doc. But somebody busted into her apartment, that's for sure.

MAYFIELD

What about her roommate? Was she any help?

COLUMBO

Said she had no idea who it could be...

(beat)

By the way, Doc, what's good for an upset stomach?

MAYFIELD

Come on inside -- I'll give you something.

75-A INT. MAYFIELD'S HOUSE - DAY

75-A

Columbo and Mayfield enter and go to wherever the pills are. As they walk:

MAYFIELD

Do you have this problem often, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

It comes and goes -- usually when I eat too fast.

Mayfield hands him a bottle of pills.

MAYFIELD

Take two of these -- if you're not feeling any better, call me in the morning.

COLUMBO

(pops pills)

Thanks, Doc.

MAYFIELD

That should give you some immediate relief.

CONTINUED

75-A CONTINUED

75-A

COLUMBO

I hope so, Doc. You know, this case has really gotten to me.

(X)

MAYFIELD

(shakes head)

I know what you mean...it's just all so hard to believe....

(X)

COLUMBO

It sure doesn't set right with me, Doc. Especially that business about the fingerprints.

(X)

MAYFIELD

What fingerprints?

COLUMBO

That's just it -- there weren't any. There's no fingerprints in the apartment or on the murder weapon. I had 'em double-check it down at the lab, but all they could come up with were some things that looked like glove smudges.

MAYFIELD

I...don't follow. What about it?

COLUMBO

Well, here's an addict -- so bad in need of a fix that he wildly attacks Miss Martin, trying to get some drugs. And yet, he takes time to put on gloves before he attacks her.

(frowns up at
Mayfield)

How do you figure it, Doc? Doesn't sound much like a fevered dope addict to me.

76 FAVORING MAYFIELD

76

as he looks at Columbo a little uneasily now.

MAYFIELD

I'm...afraid I don't know very much about...dope addicts.

COLUMBO

Yeah. Of course.

(beat; then smiles)

Well, thanks again, Doc. It's sure been nice of you to give me your time.

CONTINUED

MAYFIELD

No...trouble.

Columbo has turned now, ready to go. A parting shot.

COLUMBO

Nice party.

He exits. For a moment, Mayfield just frowns to himself. Then he goes inside, picks up the phone on the bar, dials.

MAYFIELD

Marsha...this is Dr. Mayfield...
how are you...yes, it's terrible...
I know it's been a strain on you,
too.

(beat)

How are you holding up? Look,
there's no need for you to sit
there all alone in that apartment.

(beat)

I'm going to be free in about an
hour...why don't we take a walk
down at the beach....

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Mayfield walks with Marsha. We dolly.

MARSHA

...And ever since the police left,
I've just been sitting there in the
apartment...not wanting to move. I
just don't know what to do.

She takes his arm, a move not lost on Mayfield.

MAYFIELD

I can imagine how you must feel.

MARSHA

I suppose, if I could put it into
words, I'd say I feel helpless.

MAYFIELD

There is one way you could help.
The police think there was somebody
who knew she had those drugs...
might have killed her for them.

CONTINUED

MARSHA

I know. But...who?

MAYFIELD

Let's think about it...perhaps...
between the two of us...we can
come up with an answer.

MARSHA

I wish we could.

MAYFIELD

Let's think...could it have been
someone she dated?

MARSHA

(shrugs)

She never really dated that much.

(beat)

I used to try to fix her up once
in a while...but...she was really
totally introverted.

MAYFIELD

Unfortunately, I didn't know much
about her personal life, just that
she lived quietly --

(coming to the
point)

-- and did some volunteer work.
Drug clinic, wasn't it?

MARSHA

Right. For veterans.

MAYFIELD

Now, you may have hit upon something
there -- Did you know any of the
people she worked with ---

MARSHA

Not really...I only met a few of
them.

MAYFIELD

Was there any particular one...maybe
a patient....

MARSHA

There was a guy out there...she used
to see...what was his name....

CONTINUED

MAYFIELD

(leading)

I seem to remember Sharon mentioning someone named Harry....

MARSHA

...Harry...Harry Alexander. Yes... that was it.

MAYFIELD

Marsha...you may have just hit upon something very important.

MARSHA

I hope so.

MAYFIELD

I think you'd better tell the police about him.

MARSHA

Okay.

(beat)

What would you like to do now.

MAYFIELD

I'd better take you home.

MARSHA

Oh.

78
and
79

OMITTED

78
and
79

79-A EXT. SHARON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

79-A

Mayfield's car pulls up to a stop. Marsha gets out, goes to the driver's side.

MARSHA

Sure you wouldn't like to come in for a drink.

MAYFIELD

I really have to get back, thanks.

MARSHA

It would be no trouble at all.

MAYFIELD

Some other time. Good-bye. Don't forget to call the police.

CONTINUED

79-A CONTINUED

79-1

MARSHA

Oh, I won't.

He drives off, we hold on her, somewhat frustrated by her rejection. She's getting annoyed. Beginning to simmer, she heads for her apartment.

79-B ANGLE - APARTMENT

79-B

She starts to open the door with her key. We hear a sneeze, which startles her.

MARSHA

Oh...Lieutenant.

Columbo comes into shot, about to sneeze again.

COLUMBO

Hello...Miss Dalton.
(sneezes again)
Excuse me.

MARSHA

God bless you.

He starts to sneeze again, but this time stops himself.

COLUMBO

I don't know what's the matter with me -- but you see, it's been a very long day -- and I really haven't been feeling myself.

(X)

MARSHA

I'm sorry to hear that, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Thank you.

(beat)

Miss Dalton, there's some things I'd like to ask you. I mean we really didn't get a chance to talk before, so I thought I'd come back now. If you don't mind.

CONTINUED

79-B CONTINUED

79-I

MARSHA

Oh, I'm glad you came -- come on
in.

She unlocks the door.

COLUMBO

Say -- Wasn't that Dr. Mayfield's
car?

MARSHA

Yes.

She precedes him inside. As he goes inside:

COLUMBO

That's what I thought.

The door closes.

79-C OMITTED

79-C

79-D INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

79-

Marsha and Columbo enter. He sneezes again.

MARSHA

Gesheundeit.

COLUMBO

What can you do to stop sneezing.

MARSHA

Do you have an allergy?

COLUMBO

I don't think so -- this just came on me about an hour ago.

MARSHA

I have a great home remedy for that. I'll get you a glass of water.

She goes to get the water. Columbo sneezes again. She returns with the water.

MARSHA

Here. Take seven sips of this consecutively, don't take a breath in between sips and take each sip in cadence. Then hold your breath for a count of four'---

COLUMBO

Would it be just as effective if I just drank the water.

MARSHA

Try it my way, Lieutenant. Go on.

He takes the water.

MARSHA

(coaching)

Seven sips -- no breaths --
Now count four ---

He does, puts the glass down. It looks as though he may sneeze -- but he doesn't.

COLUMBO

Say, that's terrific.
Thank you very much.

CONTINUED

79-D CONTINUED

79-I

MARSHA

Oh, you're welcome.

COLUMBO

I wanted to ask you about Sharon Martin's personal life.

MARSHA

Oh, yes -- that. Lieutenant, I think it would be a good idea if you looked up one Harry Alexander. He was a patient at the VA drug clinic, when Sharon worked there.

Columbo takes out his notebook, jots down the name.

COLUMBO

Harry...Alexander.

MARSHA

She was sort of...close to him... it was some months ago. I don't think she's seen him recently.

COLUMBO

Thank you very much. That may be very helpful.

(beat)

May I ask you another question?

MARSHA

Certainly.

COLUMBO

When somebody asks you about someone's personal life, what do you think they mean?

MARSHA

I don't know -- their habits -- or their family -- or I could guess it could mean anything.

COLUMBO

That's certainly the way most people would react. But when I asked you, you came right out with this Alexander fellow's name.

CONTINUED

79-D CONTINUED - 2

79-

MARSHA

Well, I was just discussing him ---

COLUMBO

--with Dr. Mayfield?

MARSHA

Yes ---

COLUMBO

You remembered about Alexander
and called Dr. Mayfield to talk
about him ---

MARSHA

No, Dr. Mayfield called me --
he was concerned about me --
being depressed.

COLUMBO

That was very thoughtful of him --
just a social call --

(beat)

And he brought up Alexander's name.

MARSHA

Well, he just remembered the
fellow's name was Harry -- but
I put it together from there ---

COLUMBO

Any idea how to get in touch
with Alexander.

MARSHA

No, I don't -- I'm sorry.

COLUMBO

Please don't apologize -- you've
been very helpful, really, I
mean ---

He pauses as though to sneeze. But he doesn't.

COLUMBO

(relief)

Say that home remedy really works --
thank you.

(beat)

Well, I'd better go to work and
see if I can locate this Alexander.

They head for the door.

CONTINUED

MARSHA

If there's anything else I can do.

COLUMBO

Oh, I'll be in touch if there
is ---

He opens the door. Another pause, anticipating another
sneeze. It doesn't come.

COLUMBO

Terrific remedy.
(beat)
Good-bye.

MARSHA

Good-bye.

He exists, she closes the door. A beat, then she sneezes.

MARSHA

(coy)

Come now, Lieutenant. This wouldn't just be your way of making acquaintances with members of the opposite sex, would it?

COLUMBO

No.

She puts a friendly hand on his knee.

MARSHA

You're certain that I can't get you something.

COLUMBO

No, I'm definitely on duty, Miss.

She takes a soft hand and wipes his brow.

MARSHA

You are beginning to perspire -- isn't there something I can do?

COLUMBO

(uncomfortable)

No -- ah -- there definitely isn't. Thank you, but my wife really looks after me -- you see, I'm married -- that's why my wife does that.

She looks at him, rebuked. She stands and crosses to the door.

MARSHA

Oh.

COLUMBO

Now, Miss Dalton....

MARSHA

Lieutenant, I really don't have time for any discussions right now.

He moves toward her, perplexed. She opens the door.

COLUMBO

Just a couple of questions ---

MARSHA

Lieutenant -- If you're so interested in Sharon's personal life, I suggest you look up one Harry Alexander, a former patient at the V.A. drug clinic.

CONTINUED

80 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - STOCK 80

Establish. Then move in on one of the upper-story windows.

81 INT. HIEDEMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 81

(BEGIN DAY THREE)

Young, efficient Nurse Morgan is preparing to give Dr. Hiedeman a hypodermic shot. He is propped up in his bed in one of the hospital's more exclusive private rooms.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

NURSE MORGAN

I can't do that, Doctor

HIEDEMAN

Just do as I tell you. Simply go into my laboratory. On my desk you'll find some research reports. It's easy...just bring 'em to me so I can look at them.

NURSE MORGAN

Doctor, you're supposed to rest.

HIEDEMAN

I've had enough rest.

NURSE MORGAN

(more firmly)

No...I'm sorry. You're still a patient, and I....

She looks o.s. -- as there is a soft knock at the door.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE

82

to reveal Lt. Columbo, complete with cigar and raincoat, peeking around the doorway.

NURSE MORGAN

Yes? What is it?

COLUMBO

(edging into room).

Dr. Hiedeman?

NURSE MORGAN

Perhaps you didn't see the sign outside. But....

COLUMBO

(half-whispering, in deference to patient)

Ah, nurse -- I asked one of the doctors at the desk. He said he thought it'd be all right if I talked to the doctor here for a few minutes.

HIEDEMAN

Who are you?

COLUMBO

Lt. Columbo, sir. Police.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

82

NURSE MORGAN

Please put out that cigar.

HIEDEMAN

No...don't put it out.

Columbo has it half from his mouth, looks from the doctor to the nurse, confused.

NURSE MORGAN

Doctor, this is a sickroom ---

HIEDEMAN

(overriding)

I know what it is. I also know it's the first human thing I've smelled in two days, including your antiseptic presence. Now, are you going to give me that shot or just stand there and be officious.

Annoyed, Nurse Martin administers the hypodermic shot into Hiedeman's arm.

83 FAVORING COLUMBO

83

as he watches the process, but not too bravely. In fact, he winces a little sympathetically with the doctor. Then, as the Nurse finishes, the old doctor just waves her away.

HIEDEMAN

Now, good-bye.

COLUMBO

. (nicely)
Good-bye, Nurse.

She breezes off toward the door:

HIEDEMAN

And don't forget my research reports.

They both watch as the Nurse exits out the door. Then Hiedeman glances at Columbo, his manner changing.

HIEDEMAN

What is it, Lieutenant? About Miss Martin?

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

Yeah, I did have a couple questions. From what I understand, she was with you a good deal of the time yesterday. I mean, before her death.

HIEDEMAN

Yes...yes, she came in to help me prepare for my operation.

(back to Columbo)

Why?

COLUMBO

Well, I've been talking to some of the people around the hospital. A couple of nurses told me they noticed Nurse Martin was kind of odd...you know, upset, yesterday. Did you notice it?

HIEDEMAN

(remembering)

Yes...I guess she was a little upset.

COLUMBO

Did she say why?

HIEDEMAN

No.

(shrugs)

At the time, I assumed it was worry about me...my operation. We'd been fairly close over the years.

COLUMBO

I guess that must've been it.

A beat; then he pulls a snapshot from his pocket.

COLUMBO

Well, maybe you could help me with this. It's a ---

MAYFIELD'S VOICE

May I ask, what is going on in here?

As they glance around:

84 NEW ANGLE

84

to include Dr. Mayfield. He is standing just inside the doorway, frowning across at them.

COLUMBO
Oh, sure...Hi, Doc. I had a couple questions, and ---

HIEDEMAN
(to Columbo)
You know Dr. Mayfield, don't you, Lieutenant.

MAYFIELD
(firm; waving at cigar)
You know, Lieutenant, this isn't a police smoker. I'm afraid your questions 'll have to wait until later. Dr. Hiedeman is not to be bothered.

COLUMBO
(beat)
Look, I understand...could I have a word with you? Outside ---

HIEDEMAN
I don't mind, really.

MAYFIELD
Well, I do. Sorry, Lieutenant.

HIEDEMAN
(smiles)
He's the doctor.

MAYFIELD
Certainly.
(to Hiedeman)
I'll be right back.

COLUMBO
Well, I hope you get to feeling better, Doctor Hiedeman.

HIEDEMAN
I'll try, Lieutenant.

85 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

85

as Columbo and Mayfield come out.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

Since I can't talk to Dr. Hiedeman,
maybe I can ask you, Doc.

MAYFIELD

Ask me what?

COLUMBO

Does the name Harry Alexander
mean anything to you?

MAYFIELD

Harry Alexander...where have I
heard that name....

COLUMBO

Maybe Sharon's roommate mentioned
him to you yesterday afternoon ---

(X)

MAYFIELD

Of course, that's it.

COLUMBO

I really appreciate your following
through with her, too. I mean,
leaving your party and everything ---

(X)

MAYFIELD

After you left, it got me to think-
ing -- after all, I want to do
everything I can ---

COLUMBO

That's swell ---
(quickly)

Ah -- Sharon Martin was seeing this
Alexander fellow a few months back
-- you know anything about that?

MAYFIELD

Not much -- but I think she did
bring him around once or twice,
I'm not sure. Why?

COLUMBO

I'm still digging into Miss Martin's
personal life -- you know anything
about him, this Alexander?

MAYFIELD

No...I'm afraid not.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED - 2

85

Columbo nods.

COLUMBO

Gee, that's too bad.

We hear a page -- "Lieutenant Columbo."

COLUMBO

Where's the phone?

MAYFIELD

Over here..

They walk to a telephone at a floor desk, during:

COLUMBO

Oh, by the way. I sure want to thank you, Doc.

MAYFIELD

Thank me? Why?

COLUMBO

Those pills for my stomach were terrific --

(beat)

And thanks again for getting Miss Martin's roommate to help us.

MAYFIELD

I...just thought she might possibly be useful....

COLUMBO

You were right -- and I'm very grateful.

They have arrived at the desk. Columbo picks up the telephone.

COLUMBO

This is Lieutenant Columbo.

(listens)

Yeah...yeah...I know where it is. Thanks, George.

COLUMBO

How's that for timing. We've located Harry Alexander.

MAYFIELD

Congratulations.

CUT TO

Rides. Ungrateful children wander about. Harry Alexander wears a change-apron. He makes change. Columbo approaches him.

COLUMBO

Uh...pardon me. Harry Alexander?

ALEXANDER

Right. What can I do for you?

COLUMBO

(showing ID)

Lieutenant Columbo. Police. I'd like to talk to you.

ALEXANDER

What about?

COLUMBO

Privately.

ALEXANDER

(wary, glances around, anxiously)

Look, can't you make it some other time....

COLUMBO

Take it easy, son.

(nods o.s.)

Let's take a walk. Over there.

87
and OMITTED
88

87
and
88

88-A ANGLE

88-A

They walk into another area. Alexander is guarded.

COLUMBO

I'm investigating the murder of a friend of yours. Sharon Martin.

ALEXANDER

What about it.

COLUMBO

Thought maybe you could help me.

ALEXANDER

I haven't seen her in six months.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

Yeah, I know.

ALEXANDER

Then why ask me.

COLUMBO

There's evidence to indicate she was killed over some drugs.

Alexander begins to pale.

ALEXANDER

Now look, Lieutenant. I'm clean. I'm nowhere near anything like that. Believe me. I'm completely straight. Believe me.

Columbo looks at him for a beat, studying his earnestness, trying it on.

COLUMBO

But you were...close friends with Miss Martin.

ALEXANDER

She was very special to me.

Columbo here is quietly persistent -- but understanding.

COLUMBO

Tell me about it.

(X)

ALEXANDER

I met her when I was in withdrawal thereapy. We got to be very close. Okay?

COLUMBO

Then why haven't you seen her in six months?

ALEXANDER

What's that got to do with you?

COLUMBO

Maybe nothing. But I have to know.

Anxiously, Alexander lights a cigarette, we don't point it up, but he's left-handed.

COLUMBO

Why did you stop seeing her?

CONTINUED

88-A CONTINUED- 2

88-A

ALEXANDER

(relents)

She said we were close because of my dependency on her, like she was my doctor. She said it was bad for me. Replacing one crutch with another. She called it off -- I never would have...

(quiet)

She was a beautiful person.

COLUMBO

Any idea who might have killed her for those drugs?

ALEXANDER

No...why don't you check with the VA. Maybe she was still working over there....

COLUMBO

I checked with them...but she quit working with them after you left.

(X)

ALEXANDER

Look, I told you -- I'm clean. And if my boss finds out I've ever even been near the stuff -- I mean, ever -- I can kiss this, job good-bye.

COLUMBO

Say...did you ever meet Dr. Mayfield ---?

(X)

ALEXANDER

Oh, yeah. At the hospital. A couple of times. Briefly. Why

(X)

COLUMBO

Just curious.

(suddenly)

glances up)

By the way...did anybody ever call you Mac?

(X)

ALEXANDER

No.

COLUMBO

I didn't think they would.

With that, he moves off, leaving Alexander perplexed.

CUT TO

89 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MAYFIELD - DAY

89

picking him up as he approaches along corridor. Coming to the laboratory door, he is just taking hold of the knob when he suddenly pauses, as there comes the distinct sound of voices from the other side.

CLEANING WOMAN'S VOICE

(muffled,
through door)

...Anyway, I said hello. But like I told you, she practically walked on past me. You could see she was upset. I called to her....

Mayfield enters.

90 INT. HIEDEMAN'S LABORATORY - FULL SHOT

90

Mayfield enters to find Lieutenant Columbo bent over by Mayfield's lab table, busily going through a wastebasket as he carries on a conversation with a rather hefty hospital cleaning woman.

CLEANING WOMAN

She's always been friendly to me... even though I'm not a nurse or anything. But she just went right on by.

COLUMBO

And you say you come on duty about midnight.

CLEANING WOMAN

When I'm doing night duty.

MAYFIELD

(to cleaning
woman)

If you'll excuse us,
(to Columbo)

Lieutenant....

CONTINUED

Columbo glances up. The cleaning woman moves on out.

COLUMBO

What...? Oh...hello.

MAYFIELD

Lieutenant...What are you doing here?

COLUMBO

Doc, I'm still looking around for a substantial piece of evidence.

MAYFIELD

In my wastebasket?

COLUMBO

That fellow Mac she had the appointment with -- I got a hunch there's a strong clue there. I'm looking for something -- anything -- that could help me figure out who this Mac guy is.

(beat)

You don't mind if I look around?

Columbo moves around the lab.

MAYFIELD

Be my guest...but I thought you were busy, out arresting some dope-addict boyfriend of Sharon Martin's.

COLUMBO

Oh. Yeah, you're right, Doc. I did go out to see a guy, but he seemed clean, claimed he broke the habit. Says he hasn't even seen Sharon Martin in six months.

MAYFIELD

(incredulously)

And you believe him?

COLUMBO

(shrugs)

Yeah. Yeah, I guess I did.

MAYFIELD

I'm not a policeman, but I really can't imagine that you dismiss a suspect like him just because he claimed he hadn't seen her.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

That's true, but I'm having trouble believing her murder had anything to do with drugs. You know... those glove prints on the murder weapon. And the more I talk to people around here -- you know, like yourself -- the more it's hard to believe she was the kind of person to get involved in... that sort of thing.

MAYFIELD

But...what about the evidence? The bottles you found in her apartment.

COLUMBO

Yeah...that doesn't look too good. I've been thinking about that. The only answer I can come up with is that somebody put them there to make it look like that's why she was killed.

(suddenly glances
at Mayfield)

By the way, Doc, who else beside you had access to that safe where you kept those drug bottles?

Silence...the two men just looking at each other...Mayfield jolted.

MAYFIELD

As far as I know, no one has access to that safe outside of myself... and Dr. Heideman.

(as though just
realizing)

Are you insinuating that I planted the bottles in her apartment....

(smiles)

COLUMBO

Now, I didn't say that. I....

MAYFIELD

(interrupts)

Lieutenant. I had no motive for killing her.

COLUMBO

Oh, you're right about that. No motive at all.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

Not only that. But the drugs had to be planted after 8:30 in the morning -- when the room-mate went to work.

MAYFIELD

So ---

COLUMBO

You were in your lab at 8:00 that morning -- you told me so yourself.

(beat)

But that cleaning woman just now told me something kind of strange.

MAYFIELD

What.

COLUMBO

She said she saw Sharon Martin -- and she was all upset -- after Dr. Hiedeman's operation.

MAYFIELD

I'm...afraid I don't understand, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Well, it just seems kind of funny, since it was successful, that she'd still be upset.

Beat...the two men just looking at each other. Then Columbo exits.

COLUMBO

I'll see you later, Doc.

He leaves. For a long moment Mayfield just stands, staring at the door where Columbo exited. And then suddenly, he picks up a cloth from his lab table, crosses to a cabinet marked "Drugs", opens it with his key. Camera moves in as, carefully, using the cloth to guard against fingerprints, he takes something out of the cabinet -- a small bottle similar to the ones found in the Nurse's apartment.

CUT TO

- 91 and 92 OMITTED 91 and 92 (X)
- 93 EXT. APARTMENT POOL AREA - NIGHT 93
- as Mayfield appears, glances about the double tier of apartments forming a horseshoe about the pool, then quickly, silently moves up the outside staircase, carrying a medical bag.
- 94 ANOTHER ANGLE 94
- as he checks the door number on one of the apartments...He opens his medical bag to take out an instrument, quickly jimmy the lock -- opens the door, goes in. (X)
- 95 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 95
- as Mayfield slides through the window, glances about the room, his eyes pausing for a moment on a framed photograph of Harry Alexander in military uniform. Mayfield crosses to a small kitchenette table. He opens the medical bag, takes out the bottle of drugs from the lab.
- Then he removes a hypodermic from the bag, then a large gauze pad, a bottle of what we will see is chloroform, a white surgical mask. Then he checks watch, waits.
- 96 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 96
- Alexander approaches, goes up the stairs, unlocks door.
- 97 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 97
- Alexander switches on the light. He looks over to see ---

- 98 MEDICAL BAG - HIS POINT OF VIEW 98
on the table.
- 99 RESUME - ALEXANDER 99
As he crosses to examine it -- Mayfield comes up behind him, the surgical mask over his face. He grabs Alexander from behind, quickly holding the chloroform pad over his face. Alexander collapses after a waning struggle.
Then Mayfield moves over to the table, picks up the hypodermic.
- 100 EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT - NIGHT 100
as Mayfield hurriedly comes out of the apartment and crosses to his car, drives away.
DISSOLVE TO
- 101 INT. ALEXANDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - TIGHT ON 101
a hypodermic needle and the small hospital bottle lying next to a man's hand in the light of a lamp. As the fingers begin to move slightly, pan to show Harry Alexander just beginning to regain consciousness on his apartment floor. Slowly his eyes open, staring glassily at the ceiling. Then suddenly he grins oddly.
- 102 WIDER ANGLE 102
For another moment he lies as though listening to some music. Then, awkwardly, obviously stoned, he manages to get up from the floor, mumbling and singing a little to himself as he weaves slightly, then moves toward the door.
- 103 EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT 103
as the door opens and Harry Alexander wanders, stoned out into the silent night air. Suddenly lurching against the balcony railing, he bumps a flower pot. It teeters. He grabs for it, but then only stands grinning as it tumbles off the edge, crashing noisily on the cement below.
- 104 NEW ANGLE 104
as lights come on in a couple of apartments. A door opens. As a woman in a bathrobe and haircurlers appears, glances up toward the balcony, reacts:

105 UP ANGLE 105

through her to show Harry Alexander clumsily trying to climb up onto the balcony railing. Quickly, she glances back into her apartment.

106 FAVORING ALEXANDER 106

He gives up trying to climb onto railing, notices staircase, begins to weave toward it.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE 107

as Alexander's body pitches forward, tumbling down the staircase. Camera holds for a second on his inert body lying on the cement. Then:
(END DAY THREE)

CUT TO

108 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - STOCK 108

the flashing red lights of an ambulance as it roars past, siren blaring.

109 INT. HIEDEMAN'S LABORATORY - DAY 109

(BEGIN DAY FOUR)

Mayfield stands by one of the lab "burners," pouring himself a cup of coffee from a lab flask. Columbo beside him.

COLUMBO

(shakes head)

Right in the middle of his apartment there's a hypodermic needle and one of those little bottles drugs like we found in Nurse Martin's place. Amazing.

MAYFIELD

Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Lieutenant. We all make mistakes.

COLUMBO

Yeah. Yeah...I guess that's true. What mistakes?

MAYFIELD

You obviously misjudged this man when you first met him, for one.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

Oh, I don't think so.

MAYFIELD

Why not.

COLUMBO

Alexander was doped up all right. Fresh needle mark in his arm... everything. But the needle mark's in his left arm. And yet when I saw him today, he smoked a cigarette -- I noticed he was left-handed.

MAYFIELD

What does that prove?

COLUMBO

Oh, I guess it's something you wouldn't know about. Well, it just seems kind of awkward. You know...why would a left-handed man give himself a shot in his left arm?

MAYFIELD

You don't think he murdered Sharon Martin.

COLUMBO

To tell you the truth, I doubt it. But I think somebody went to a lot of trouble to make it look that way.

MAYFIELD

But only two people knew about Alexander. Marsha -- and me.

COLUMBO

That's true.

MAYFIELD

Perhaps Marsha knows more than she's telling.

COLUMBO

Actually, I think she knows less than she's telling.

MAYFIELD

(checks watch)

I have a lecture, if you'll excuse me.

(beat)

Lieutenant -- what possible reason would I have for killing her?

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 2

109

COLUMBO

You ask tough questions, Doc.

MAYFIELD

So does a jury.

He exits. Columbo scratches his head.

CUT TO

110 INT. HIEDEMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - COLUMBO AND HIEDEMAN 110

Hiedeman still in bed. Columbo stands by the bed, thoughtfully toying with a small bandage scissors on a side tray.

HIEDEMAN

After my operation...?

(beat)

Are you certain?

COLUMBO

That's what the cleaning woman on the floor told me.

HIEDEMAN

Why...would she be upset after my operation? It was successful.

COLUMBO

That's just the point, Doctor. I don't know. I mean, since everything went all right, it doesn't seem to make much sense.

Columbo studies the scissors in his hand....

COLUMBO

What did she think of Dr. Mayfield?

HIEDEMAN

(shrugs)

I think she felt he was a little too self-involved. She never seemed to understand that talented people are sometimes like that.

(beat)

Why, Lieutenant. What is this all about? I mean, what're you getting at?

Columbo is still looking at the scissors.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

HIEDEMAN

(watching him)

What's...the matter?

Columbo doesn't answer...just frowning at the scissors. Suddenly moving back to the tray by Hiedeman's bed, he picks up another medical utensil, frowns at it.

COLUMBO

(reading)

'Marcus and Carlson...Medical Supply Company.'

HIEDEMAN

What...?

COLUMBO

Marcus and Carlson...

(shakes head)

That's it. M...A...C. Yeah... capital letters. I should've thought about that.

(suddenly picks up phone)

Yeah. Listen, Miss...This is Lieutenant Columbo. Police. Can you ring me through to a Marcus and Carlson Medical Supply Company. Yeah. I'll hold on.

(glances at Hiedeman)

Isn't that something? Capitals. I should've known all along those were initials she was writing... not some man's name.

HIEDMAN

Who was writing what?

COLUMBO

Nurse Martin had an appointment note for the morning of your surgery. M -- A -- C.

(into phone)

Hello, this is Lieutenant Columbo...police department...trying to check out something. Do you remember whether somebody named Sharon Martin made an appointment to see anybody there yesterday? Yeah. Yeah...

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED - 2

110

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

(frowns)

Oh. Yeah. No...that's all right.
Thank you.

Slowly, thoughtfully he hangs up the phone.

HIEDEMAN

What...what'd you find out?

COLUMBO

She made an appointment all right
-- to see one of their chemists at
eight o'clock yesterday morning.
The receptionist says she remembered
because she seemed so upset and
insistent when she called. But she
didn't know what it was about.

HIEDEMAN

Why would she want to see a chemist?
And be so upset like that?

COLUMBO

(heads out)

I'll see you later, Doctor.

Suddenly Columbo turns...head for the door....

111 INT. SURGICAL SUPPLY STATION - DAY - ANGLE ON

111

a harrassed-looking supply clerk, Paul, as he flicks through
a sheaf of invoices...talking to someone o.s. as he does.

PAUL

Marcus and Carlson...Marcus and
Carlson...

(shrugs)

It's just another one of the supply
houses we use. I can't imagine
what she wanted to talk to one of
the chemists about....

Widen angle to reveal Columbo standing across the counter at
the supply cubicle. Behind him, as he presses the Clerk for
information, a world of surgery passes back and forth -- men
and women in smocks and masks...patients with attached I.V.s
on tables, etc....

PAUL

(pausing on
invoice)

Ah...here it is. Let's see -- bed
pans...clamps...scissors...

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

PAUL (Cont'd)

(beat; shrugs
again)

As far as I can see by the invoices,
the only thing we buy from them that
has a chemical base, is suture.

COLUMBO

(frowns)

Suture? The thread they sew people
up with?

PAUL

Well, it's much stronger than
thread, of course.

COLUMBO

Could you give me some examples of
exactly how you use it -- surgically.

CLERK

Come with me. I'll show you.

112
thru OMITTED
114

112
thru
114

114-A INT. GALLERY - DAY

114-7

Paul and Columbo enter. Paul moves to the observation glass.

PAUL

Over here, Lieutenant.

Columbo moves over, hesitantly looks down.

114-B OPERATION - HIS POINT OF VIEW

114-I

underway.

114-C RESUME - COLUMBO

114-C

He turns away, pale -- Paul keeps watching.

PAUL

We're in luck, today. Dr. Irving
is doing a resection. He'll be
using a lot of suture.

COLUMBO

Swell.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

(deep breath)

Look, if you could just tell me about this suture -- just sort of describe it in so many words.

PAUL

Here's a wonderful example. Look at the way Dr. Irving is sewing up that colon.

Columbo tries to look, can't.

COLUMBO

Yeah...I see. Terrific.

PAUL

Dr. Irving really has great hands. Look at the technique.

COLUMBO

Do you mind if we just talk about suture.

PAUL

Oh, sure. Now in this operation, they are using dissolving suture, as opposed to the permanent kind.

COLUMBO

Permanent?

PAUL

(patient)

Suture you use when you want something to stay permanently.

COLUMBO

Oh.

(beat; then)

What kind of suture isn't permanent?

PAUL

Dissolving suture. Of course, it's a different color...different texture....

COLUMBO

(frowns)

Dissolving...?

PAUL

That's right. It's made to hold for a time...then dissolves away.

CONTINUED

114-C CONTINUED - 2

114-C

COLUMBO

You mean, it just goes away into nothing?

PAUL

Yeah. In a few days...after a wound has healed...or its use is over....

COLUMBO

Is there any time in a heart valve operation when you shouldn't use dissolving suture?

PAUL

You should never use it. When the suture dissolves the valve would separate.

(X)

COLUMBO

How long after an operation does it take for the suture to dissolve?

(X)

PAUL

Normally, a few weeks. But in a heart valve job, the pressure would make the suture give way in a matter of days.

(X)

COLUMBO

Thanks.

(X)

He hurries off, leaving Paul to admire the operation.

(X)

115 INT. HIEDEMAN'S ROOM - DAY - COLUMBO AND HIEDEMAN

115

HIEDEMAN

But I feel fine...Why do I need to have another specialist come in? Barry Mayfield's one of the best surgeons in the country.

COLUMBO

Yeah...I know. And, of course, I'm not in any way attempting to say I know anything about medicine. But I was just thinking that, well, maybe if another heart man would take a look at you, it....

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

HIEDEMAN

(more upset)

Look here, Columbo...just what are
you trying to say about Barry Mayfield.

(X)

116 NEW ANGLE

116

to include Dr. Mayfield. For a long tense moment, he just stands, looking from Columbo to Hiedeman. And then suddenly he bites out at Columbo.

MAYFIELD

I thought I told you, Lieutenant,
that I didn't want Dr. Hiedeman to
be disturbed.

COLUMBO

Yeah...I remember.

MAYFIELD

Now, if you insist upon ignoring my
orders, I have no alternative but to
call your superiors.

COLUMBO

Yeah, well...you're the doctor.

MAYFIELD

Good-bye, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Right, right.

(glances at
Hiedeman)

Well, take care of yourself.

117 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HIEDEMAN'S ROOM - DAY

117

as Columbo comes out into the hall, begins to fish around for
a match to light his cigar, glancing up as Mayfield also comes
out.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

COLUMBO

You haven't got a match on you,
have you?

Ignoring him, Mayfield starts on down the hall. But Columbo
calls after him.

COLUMBO

Oh, Doc....

Pausing, Mayfield slowly glances around, he and Columbo just
looking at each other for a moment. Then Columbo moves across
to him as:

COLUMBO

You know, I've been learning a little
about suture.

MAYFIELD

(tautly, trying
not to react)

Suture...?

COLUMBO

Yeah...fascinating stuff. Permanent
suture...dissolving suture...

(beat)

Wait a minute...How do you like that?

Columbo pulls out a book of matches from his own pocket. He
lights the cigar, letting Mayfield hang, until Mayfield gets
edgy....

MAYFIELD

I'm waiting...assuming you'do have
a point.

COLUMBO

Well, I'm not sure. Let's just
take Dr. Hiedeman's operation, for
instance. Let's say that someone
used this dissolving suture to tie
up things in his heart where he
should've been using the permanent
kind. Like on that new valve thing
you put in. I mean, the stitches
in there'd give way in a few days,
wouldn't they? Kill him?

MAYFIELD

Yes, it would.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

Now, of course, I don't know anything about operating on anybody, or anything like that, but with his heart condition, wouldn't everybody just think he died of heart failure?

MAYFIELD

A surgeon couldn't make a mistake like that. Dissolving suture is an entirely different color.

COLUMBO

You know, I'll bet someone could take a little dye or something and color one of 'em to look like the other...fix it up so nobody'd even know the difference.

Long, tense beat.

MAYFIELD

That would be murder, wouldn't it, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

Yes, it certainly would. And it would explain why Miss Martin was so troubled and upset after Hiedeman's operation...and why she'd want to see a chemist at the supply company that makes the suture. Yeah...that would be murder, all right.

Mayfield laughs.

COLUMBO

What's so funny?

MAYFIELD

Forgive me, Lieutenant. But I had to play it as though you were serious. You don't really believe all the foolish things you say, do you?

COLUMBO

I believe you killed Sharon Martin -- and you're trying to kill Dr. Hiedeman.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 3

117

Mayfield shakes his head, in dismay

MAYFIELD

Lieutenant Columbo -- you're remarkable. You have perception, intelligence, great tenacity --
(beat)

You have everything but proof.

He turns to exit.

COLUMBO

(watches Mayfield
start off for a
moment; then)

Oh, Doc?

Again Mayfield pauses, slowly turns.

COLUMBO

Be sure and take care of Dr. Hiedeman. If he dies, we'd just have to have an autopsy, wouldn't we? You know, see whether it was really a heart attack that killed him -- or just some dissolving suture.

118 INT. MAYFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

118

as the door opens and Mayfield comes in. For a moment again, as he closes the door behind him, he just stands, his face near panic, his mind whirling, grasping for some way out. Suddenly he crosses to a small cabinet next to his desk... desperately rummages through some packets of pills and medicine. He finds what he's after -- a small bottle of fluid.

119 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT

119

to a nurses' station further along corridor. A nurse prepares a tray of medicines. The phone rings. As she answers it, pull back to show Dr. Mayfield watching her anxiously from the unnoticed vantage point of a doorway. And now, as she hangs up the phone and moves off down the hallway, he quickly moves across to the station.

120 CLOSER ANGLE

120

as he glances around, then hurriedly takes the small bottle of fluid from his pocket. Checking the medicine containers

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

on the station prep tray, he finds one marked HIEDEMAN... quickly empties a few drops of the fluid into it. He is just sticking it back in his pocket when:

NURSE MORGAN'S VOICE

Doctor...?

He whirls around.

121 NEW ANGLE

121

to include Nurse Morgan standing only a few feet away. For a long moment he stares at her tensely. But she only smiles pleasantly.

NURSE MORGAN

Something I can do for you?

MAYFIELD

(regaining self)

No. No...I...was just checking on Dr. Hiedeman's dosage. Has he had his three o'clock yet?

NURSE MORGAN

No...I was just about to take it in.

MAYFIELD

Fine. Fine....

He moves off down the hall. For a moment the Nurse just looks after him, a little puzzled. But, then, she shrugs, picks up the bottle. As she prepares to pour it, camera moves in, holding on the bottle with the name -- HIEDEMAN. Then:

122 INT. MAYFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

122

as the surgeon paces back and forth, nervous, anxious, waiting. He glances at his watch. Then suddenly the phone rings. Quickly he crosses, picks it up.

MAYFIELD

(into phone)

Yes?

(feigning shock)

Dr. Hiedeman?...He?...Yes...right away.

He hangs up the phone. Then, as he pauses a moment, a slight look of relieved confidence begins to come back into his face.

123 INT. HIEDEMAN'S ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON

123

Hiedeman's face, sweating, gasping for breath. Widen to show Nurse Morgan worriedly bent over him, trying to comfort him.

NURSE MORGAN

It's all right, Doctor. He's on his way....

As Hiedeman manages to nod, suddenly the door bursts open. Mayfield comes rushing over to the bed. Feigning surprise and concern, he takes one look at Hiedeman, grabs a stethoscope and begins to listen to his heart.

HIEDEMAN

(struggling to make words)

I...I can't get my breath. I....

Mayfield doesn't answer...only listens for another moment. Then sharply glances at the Nurse.

MAYFIELD

Call surgery! Get an operating room!

As the Nurse hurriedly moves to the phone, Mayfield looks back at Hiedeman.

MAYFIELD

The new valve. It's not functioning properly. We're going to have to replace it.

For a moment Hiedeman just gasps for breath. Then, as he manages to nod....

124 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON

124

breath bag as it also sucks for air in its rhythmic motion. Angle on to Hiedeman's unconscious face on operating table. Then on up to the busy surgeons and nurses, finally centering on Mayfield. Above his surgical mask, his eyes move quickly...purposefully.

MAYFIELD

Scalpel....

The Scrub Nurse slaps it into his hand.

125 VARIOUS ANGLES

125

thru
129

thru

on the other attendants, as they work and watch, particularly 129 emphasizing the attending surgeon, who, we notice, glances at Mayfield's face a couple of times. Then:

130 BACK TO MAYFIELD 130
as he turns to the Scrub Nurse.

MAYFIELD
Fresh suture, please!

Suddenly now, as Mayfield starts to take the needle and thread-like object from the Nurse, he pauses, his eyes catching on something o.s.

131 HIS POINT OF VIEW 131
Half silhouetted in the semi-darkness of the operating room gallery is Lieutenant Columbo.

132 CLOSE ON COLUMBO 132
as he sits, queasily but intently, watching.

133 BACK TO MAYFIELD 133
his eyes just staring from above his mask.

SCRUB NURSE
Doctor?
(beat)
Doctor...are you all right?

Still Mayfield just stares for a moment. Then slowly, almost abstractedly, taking the suture from the Nurse, he returns to the surgery.

TIME DISSOLVE THRU TO

134 INT. OPERATING ROOM - CLOSE ANGLE 134
on Mayfield's face as he continues surgery. Once his eyes glance up again in the direction of the gallery...but he doesn't pause...just turning onto the Scrub Nurse.

MAYFIELD
Clamp.

She hands it to him. He returns to his work, then starts to glance back at her again.

MAYFIELD
Another....

His voice fades as his eyes stare o.s. again.

135 THROUGH MAYFIELD 135

to the gallery. It's empty. Columbo has disappeared.

136 BACK TO MAYFIELD 136

as he stands for a long moment, then again turns to the Nurse.

MAYFIELD

Another clamp.

She hands it to him. Again he returns to his work. Behind the surgical mask it's impossible to read what's going on in his mind. Then finally he stands up, wipes the sweat from his forehead.

MAYFIELD

He's...all yours.

Suddenly, even as he speak, he looks over to the doors.

137 NEW ANGLE 137

showing the operating room doors opening, as several men, complete with surgical gowns and masks, come into the room. As the people in the room react, surprised, Columbo's voice comes from behind one of the masks.

COLUMBO

Please pardon the interruption --
I'm Lieutenant Columbo -- police.
These gentlemen are all doctors --
(beat)

I know this is very unorthodox -- but
we do have a search warrant and if
you'll just bear with us for a moment --
(to men; nodding
at surgical table)

Be sure and check everything. .
Attendants...everything on that
table. The patient, too. Better
take him to the recovery room.

A couple of men move over to the operating table, wheel Hiedeman out.

138 FAVORING MAYFIELD 138

as he just stands for a moment, staring as though stunned at this scene. Mayfield crosses to Columbo.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

138

MAYFIELD

What's behind this little drama,
Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

You just replaced a valve on Dr.
Hiedeman, right?

MAYFIELD

Correct.

COLUMBO

Then you had to replace the sutures.
I thought maybe we should have our
lab take a look at those old sutures.

Suddenly, irately, Mayfield pushes Columbo out of his way,
heads for the door.

MAYFIELD

I don't have to stand for this!

Two uniformed policemen on the other side of the door.

COLUMBO

Sorry, Doc. You can't leave just
yet.

MAYFIELD

(righteously
overriding)

I've never seen anything like this
in my life! Right in the middle of
a surgical area. I hope you realize
your superiors're going to hear from
the Board of Medicine about this!

COLUMBO

I thought about that. And I don't
imagine it's going to be too pleasant
either.

(apologetic, as he
nods one of his men
toward Mayfield)

I'm afraid there's another complaint
they're going to have to hear about,
Doc. We'll have to search you.

As the Policeman moves in to search the indignant Mayfield:

139 ANOTHER ANGLE

139

showing a Policeman across where the operating table had been
located. Pan with Columbo as he moves across to him. The

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED

139

Policeman shakes head, gestures at operating waste container.

POLICEMAN

It's not in there, Lieutenant.

Columbo frowns slightly, glances across toward the attending Surgeon, who is standing, checking out the utensil tray. As their eyes meet, the man shakes his head.

COLUMBO

What about it, Doctor?

TOM

I kept watch, as you asked, Lieutenant. There wasn't a false move. He didn't leave the sutures you're after in the patient. And I've checked what's on the tray. They all looked like acceptable permanent sutures to me.

(X)

140 FAVORING COLUMBO

140

as he frowns more. Slowly, almost apprehensively, he glances across toward Mayfield...camera angling with his gaze to pick up the Policeman, who is just finishing searching the surgeon. Now, as Columbo worriedly looks across, their eyes meet, the Policeman shaking his head that he has found nothing.

CUT TO

141 INT. MAYFIELD OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE

141

on Columbo's face. If anything, it's more uncertain and confused. Pull back to show him in Mayfield's office. As he paces slowly, thoughtfully, about the room in his doctor's smock, suddenly the door opens. He glances around.

142 NEW ANGLE

142

as Mayfield comes in, accompanied by another Police Detective. Mayfield's face is smug and confident again now. For a second, Columbo glances at it, then hopefully across at the detective. But the man's expression tells him the news even before his voice.

DETECTIVE FLORES

Nothing, Lieutenant. We turned that room inside out. I mean, inch by inch. Sergeant Lattman and those other doctors went over the operating table, the patient. Nothing's gone in or out of there

(X)

CONTINUED

142

CONTINUED

DETECTIVE FLORES (Cont'd.)

142
(X)

without it being searched with a magnifying glass. No suture.

As Columbo just stands, frowning.

MAYFIELD

You look a little dismayed, Lieutenant.

(beat, pointedly)

Now, if it's not asking too much, would it be all right if I went on with my day's work?

Long beat. Then slowly Columbo starts to take off the surgical smock he's still wearing.

COLUMBO

(shaking head)

It certainly was one on me, wasn't it? You know, I really felt it fit together so well. All the pieces. You know, the reason for killing the nurse, everything.

(shakes head, sighs)

Well, it just goes to show you. Maybe I've been at this job too long.

(lays smock on chair)

Well, looks like you're rid of me, Doctor.

MAYFIELD

You'll be all right, Lieutenant. I'm sure you'll find others to harass.

COLUMBO

So long, Doc.

Shaking his head, Columbo follows the other Policeman to the door, goes out.

143

ANGLE - MAYFIELD

143

as he watches after him until the door is closed and he is alone in the room. Then, beginning to smile, he glances across at the smock Columbo left on the chair. He has just moved across to it and started to pick it up when he suddenly hears the door open again. As he frowns across:

showing Columbo standing in the doorway.

MAYFIELD

(edgy)

What do you want now, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

You know, in a way I should congratulate you.

MAYFIELD

Oh?

COLUMBO

(enters)

You really had me going there in the operating room.

As he continues talking, he picks up the smock...Mayfield's face turning a little sick as he watches him begin to fumble around in the pockets.

COLUMBO

I mean, here you are...a surgeon... a man who's really gotta be cool. I mean, even when you're angry, you're all controlled...never lose yourself. That's why it was so funny when you pushed me and headed for the door.

(fishes in smock pocket)

...I mean...you know...about the one place we forgot to search.

(picks small ball of thread-like material from pocket)

Me.

Mayfield stares at Columbo.

FADE OUT

THE END