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C O L U M B O

IN DEADLY HATE

Written

by

Peter S. Fischer

COLUMBO

IN DEADLY HATE

CAST

COLUMBO
RICHARD COSTAINE
JAMES COSTAINE
EDWARD COSTAINE
LOU SCHAFFER
NELL SCHAFFER
PHYLISS COSTAINE
PAUL CARPENTER
REVA CARPENTER
MARK ALEXANDER
SHERIFF CLAY
JULIE RANDALL
ANTONIO CICCARELLI
MISS PRITCHARD
SCHOOLTEACHER
COP
LT. PHILL DONNELLY
SECOND COP
MUSEUM GUARD
LT. MAL JACOBS
DEPUTY
TRAVEL CLERK
MECHANIC
MAITRE D'
MAID

ak

#45901

COLUMBO

IN DEADLY HATE

SETS

INTERIORS:

COSTAINE MUSEUM
EDWARD'S OFFICE
ANTEROOM CORRIDOR
MOUNTAIN CABIN
SHAFFER LIVING ROOM
KITCHEN AND OFFICE
COSTAINE LIVING ROOM
HALLWAY STAIRS, BEDROOM, VERANDA
BARBER SHOP
JULIE'S LIVING ROOM
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
CORRIDOR, OFFICE
INTERROGATION ROOM
TRAVEL AGENCY
ST. GEROGES RESTAURANT

EXTERIORS:

COSTAINE MUSEUM
MOUNTAIN ROAD AND CABIN
AND GROUNDS
PHONE BOOTH
COSTAINE HOME
HIGHWAY
CEMETERY
TRAVEL AGENCY
SERVICE STATION
ST. GEORGES RESTAURANT

COLUMBO

IN DEADLY HATE

FADE IN

1 INT. ENGLISH WING OF THE COSTAINE MUSEUM - DAY 1

a beautifully appointed and magnificently decorated old building -- an immense museum housing one of the world's finest and most valuable collections of European artifacts, concentrating, if you will, on the years spanning the Middle Ages through the Renaissance. The ceilings are high, the walls marble, and the sounds echo through the chambers. Heraldic designs, shields and armaments decorate the walls. Suits of armor stand upon pedestals in dimly lit corners of the rooms. We hear the sound of shuffling feet and a woman's voice, and then we discover a Schoolteacher and a small group of ten children (aged around 12) shuffling beside her. The camera pans with them.

SCHOOLTEACHER

And over here, children, is a battle-axe used by William Plantagenet when he defeated Harold, King of England --

(beat)

-- Does anyone know the name of that battle? And when it was fought?

(they look blank)

It was the Battle of Hastings, fought in 1066. That's where William got the name of the Conqueror and since that time no foreign power has successfully invaded England.

(indicating
off screen)

As you can see from this map over here, the English Channel forms a natural barrier between England and mainland Europe, and even though the distance is only seventeen miles at its narrowest point, the Channel is treacherous to navigate under the best conditions. Usually, the weather is very bad indeed.

As she talks, the group moves out, her voice trailing off. The camera stays in position to reveal a solitary figure halfway down the bisecting corridor, staring up at a painting on the wall.

2 CLOSE ON RICHARD 2

Richard Costaine is the Curator of the Museum. Not the owner, mind you, nor even the Chief Administrator (although he once was in complete charge). Now that task has been taken over by his nephew, Edward, whom we will meet shortly. Richard is a smallish man in his early 50's, courtly, with a well-practised smile, whose eyes take in everything and reveal nothing. A true lover of the arts and a patron of gentility, he is in reality a Renaissance man transplanted to the 20th Century, a man as at home with technology and progress as the mongoose with the cobra. He is a brilliant but devious man, obsessed with the ancient treasures that surround him. He is also embittered by a cruel set of circumstances that have reduced him to a powerless functionary in his own domain and who will -- as we shall see -- take strong measures to reclaim that which he believes is rightfully his.

3 RICHARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE PAINTING ON THE WALL 3

Richard III being defeated at Boswell Field.

4 ON RICHARD 4

nodding to himself.

RICHARD

(quietly,
to himself)

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his
charge -- Let not our babbling
dreams affright our souls ---

5 ANGLE ON ENTRANCE 5

James Costaine appears from a staircase at the other end of the room. He hesitates, watching Richard. James is tall, slim, good looking -- about 26 years old -- with an engaging boyish charm.

6 HIS POINT OF VIEW 6

Richard, staring up at the painting, smiling, rocking gently back and forth on his heels.

7 BACK TO SCENE 7

James starts toward him.

8 ANGLE TO INCLUDE THEM BOTH

8

as James approaches Richard.

JAMES
(clears throat)
Uncle Richard ---

Richard looks over at him, smiling.

RICHARD
Ah, James ---

JAMES
Miss Pritchard said you wanted to
see me.

RICHARD
How was your lunch with that --
that person from the television
station?

JAMES
Fine, sir. Just fine.

RICHARD
Dreadful woman. Do they all talk
that way -- these career women?
The language. Dear me. And so
aggressive ---

JAMES
She's promised to do a nice feature
on our Elizabethan celebration.

RICHARD
I'm sure.
(beat, glances
at watch, lightly)
Well, what are you doing here on
a Friday afternoon, James? It's
past two-thirty.

JAMES
(wryly)
It's also the last day of the
month, and my brother's balancing
the books.

RICHARD
Well, he most certainly doesn't
need you for that.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

JAMES

I'm afraid he doesn't agree.

RICHARD

(smiles)

Nonsense. You run along. I'll deal with Edward.

JAMES

(beat, hesitates)

You're sure -- ?

RICHARD

Of course, I'm sure.

JAMES

Thanks, Uncle Richard.

James claps him on the shoulder, turns and hurries off toward the main door.

9 ON RICHARD - TIGHT

9

watching him go. He smiles, then looks back up at the painting and speaks softly under his breath.

RICHARD

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous, by drunken prophecies, libels and dreams to set my brother, Clarence, and the king in deadly hate the one against the other.

10 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

10

a couple of hours later. Edward Costaine, 33, is seated behind his desk, papers piled high in a stack, pencil in one hand and a calculator at his elbow. He looks up, glowering.

EDWARD

Gone? What do you mean, 'gone?'

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

11

to reveal that he is querying Miss Pritchard, about 45, a secretary who has been a fixture at the Museum for the past twenty-one years.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

MISS PRITCHARD
I'm sorry, sir. He's just not here. I believe he -- he left for the day.

EDWARD
With whose permission?

RICHARD'S VOICE
Mine, I'm afraid.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE

12

as Richard enters and approaches, smiling graciously at Miss Pritchard and then at Edward.

RICHARD
Really, Edward -- try to control your emotions.

EDWARD
(to Richard)
And who the hell gave you the authority ---

RICHARD
(gently)
You will excuse us, Miss Pritchard ---

MISS PRITCHARD
(uncomfortable)
Yes, of course, sir.

She nods and bustles out, shutting the door behind her. Richard turns toward Edward.

RICHARD
You were saying, Nephew -- ?

EDWARD
(controlled anger)
I was saying, Uncle -- You are no longer in charge here. You had no right to let my brother leave ---

RICHARD
But it's spring, Edward ---

EDWARD
It's the thirtieth of April --

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

EDWARD (Cont'd)
the books have to be closed out --
inventory taken -- I'll be here
until ten o'clock tonight ---

RICHARD
A pity, but such are burdens of
responsibility ---

EDWARD
At least we're showing a profit
for the first time in twenty
years ---

RICHARD
(clapping)
For which you are to be heartily
congratulated, Edward -- if,
indeed, the purpose of this
magnificent structure is to turn
a profit.

EDWARD
It had better be, or I'm getting
rid of it.

RICHARD
With your mother's blessing, of
course.

EDWARD
With or without. I'm in charge
now, Uncle Richard. You are ---

RICHARD
Curator.

EDWARD
In name only. And don't forget it.

Richard turns and heads for the door.

RICHARD
But how can I forget when you so
thoughtfully continue to remind me?

He starts to open the door.

EDWARD
Oh, one other thing. About that
private detective you hired ---

RICHARD
Mr. Schafer?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED - 2

12

EDWARD

Has he found out who's been pilfering
the inventory?

RICHARD

Not yet.

EDWARD

Well, tell him for me, Uncle -- he'd
better get his rear in gear or he's
off the payroll.

RICHARD

(smoothly)

I shall quote your admonition exactly.

He smiles and goes out.

13 INT. ANTEROOM TO EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

13

as Richard comes out, closing the door, and leans back
against it. He glances at his watch.

14 INSERT - WATCH READING: 4:22.

14

15 BACK TO SCENE

15

on Richard's face, smiling. Move in close and then:

DISSOLVE TO

16 EXT. THE MOUNTAIN RETREAT - DAY

16

a small two-bedroom mountain home in a deserted area of the
San Gabriel Mountains, about two hours from downtown
Los Angeles. A late model Pinto pulls up and parks alongside.
The door opens and Lew Schafer gets out. He is a man around
40 years old, wearing a sport jacket and cheap pair of slacks.
He opens up the trunk, takes out a carton, slams the trunk
door and carries the carton to the front door. He reaches
into his pocket and takes out a key and opens the door.

17 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

17

Schafer enters, carrying the carton which he puts down on a
chair, kicking the door shut with his foot. He looks around,
then opens the carton and takes out a tissue-wrapped object.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

He unwraps it to reveal a gold, jewel-encrusted goblet. He examines it, then looks over at the phone as it starts to ring. He looks at his watch.

18 INSERT - SCHAFFER'S WATCH

18

an electric-powered calendar watch showing month and date (April 30) as well as the time. The hands read: 4:30.

19 BACK TO SCENE

19

as Schafer crosses to the phone and lifts the receiver.

SCHAFFER

Yes?

20 EXT. A PHONE BOOTH - DAY - TIGHT ON RICHARD'S FACE

20

RICHARD

Mr. Schafer. So nice to hear your voice. Any problem finding the place?

Intercutting with Schafer.

SCHAFFER

Not much.

RICHARD

And you have planted our evidence?

SCHAFFER

Just starting.

(beat)

Look, Mr. Costaine ---

RICHARD

Impossible, sir. How can I look when we are talking on the phone? Perhaps if you had suggested I listen ---

SCHAFFER

I don't like this whole thing. It's screwy ---

RICHARD

Dear sir, there is nothing screwy about one hundred thousand dollars in old, small bills.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

SCHAFFER

If I ever get a chance to spend it ---

RICHARD

(flares, suddenly)

I will not be questioned!

(beat)

James left at two-thirty -- Edward will be working late this evening, as I surmised -- and you, sir, will proceed, as we agreed.

SCHAFFER

All right.

RICHARD

(smiling, once again
courtly)

Good, good. Bonne chance, Mr. Schafer. My fate is in your hands.

21 RICHARD

21

He hangs up slowly, satisfied with himself.

22 ON SCHAFFER

22

He, too, hangs up. He hesitates, then opens his jacket and takes out his pistol. He opens the cylinder, removes a bullet, which he puts into his pocket. He takes a blank cartridge and inserts it in the gun, then flips the cylinder closed. He hesitates, then reaches for the phone and starts to dial.

23 INT. SCHAFFER KITCHEN - DAY

23

Nell Schafer, 38, is at the sink, scraping some carrots. She wears a housedress and apron and is a plain-looking woman, pleasant enough, but without a great deal of sparkle. The phone rings. She puts down the scraper and carrot, wipes off her hands and crosses to the wall phone.

NELL

Hello?

24 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

24

on Schafer. Intercutting.

CONTINUED

SCHAFFER

(a sense
of urgency)

Nell? It's me.

NELL

Oh, hi, honey.

SCHAFFER

Listen -- I -- uh -- need a favor.

NELL

I was just fixin' carrots for the
stew. You're not going to be late
tonight, are you?

SCHAFFER

Nell, listen. I need one of my
cameras. The thirty-five reflex
with the close-up lens ---

NELL

You know they all look alike to
me ---

SCHAFFER

Honey, I've got to have it right
away ---

SCHAFFER

It's in my office, in the top drawer
of the ---

(his voice
breaks off)

NELL

Lew?

SCHAFFER'S VOICE

(apprehensive)

Oh-oh -- someone's coming.

NELL

(worried)

Lew, what is it? Where are you?

SCHAFFER'S VOICE

Hey -- please! No! Don't --- !

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

A shot rings out. Nell gasps.

NELL

Lew!! Lew!!

There is no answer from the other end of the line.

NELL

(all out)

Lew!!!!

26 ON SCHAFER'S HAND

26

replacing the receiver. Then widen angle to reveal Schafer himself, gun in hand, a grim look on his face. He pops open the cylinder of the gun, takes out the spent shell of the blank and replaces the bullet.

27 EXT. THE SCHAFER HOUSE - NIGHT

27

a small tract house somewhere in the Valley. Columbo's Peugeot is parked in the driveway. There is a light on in the living room.

28 INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE SCHAFER HOUSE - NIGHT

28

Tight on Nell's face. She's terribly confused and upset.

NELL

Lieutenant -- I know what I heard ---

Widening the angle to reveal Columbo sitting on the sofa, his little notepad in hand as he leans over the coffee table, taking notes.

COLUMBO

Yes, ma'am. A shot. One shot.

NELL

(nods)

He's dead. I know it.

COLUMBO

We don't know that. We really don't know anything at all.

He studies his notes.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

COLUMBO

Now, you say he called around quarter to five -- asked about a camera -- suddenly he gets very nervous -- someone's coming -- there's a shot -- and then --- ?

NELL

Nothing. I mean, somebody hung up the phone. I guess the person who shot him.

COLUMBO

And he didn't say where he was calling from?

NELL

(shakes head)

No.

(beat)

Can I get you some more coffee?
I've got some cake.

COLUMBO

No. No, thanks. My wife's waiting dinner for me.

NELL

I'm sorry. Dragging you out like this and not being able to tell you anything ---

COLUMBO

Don't concern yourself with that.
All part of the job, ma'am.
(hesitates, as
if thinking)
Maybe I will have another cup of
coffee.

Nell rises and takes his cup.

NELL

Certainly.

She heads toward the kitchen. Columbo stares at his notes, then gets up and heads into the kitchen.

29 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

as Nell crosses to the stove and puts on a kettle for instant coffee. She puts some coffee into the cup as Columbo enters.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

So your husband was calling from
somewhere -- you don't know where
-- It wasn't a collect call, was it?

NELL

No.

COLUMBO

And you didn't hear any coins being
dropped in the slot -- so it
probably wasn't a phone booth --

(beat)

Mrs. Schafer, do you happen to know
what case your husband was working
on?

NELL

No. He'd been hired by an insurance
company. Something to do with an
auto accident. And there's Mr.
Ciccarrelli -- he's been trying to
find his daughter. She's seventeen.
One of those kid runaways. The
files are downstairs.

COLUMBO

Maybe I could just take a look.

NELL

Certainly.

(beat)

Oh, yes. And the Museum.

COLUMBO

Museum?

NELL

The Costaine Museum. They've had
some thefts. Lew started on that
a couple of weeks ago. I'll get
the files.

COLUMBO

Thank you.

She goes. Columbo crosses to the cup and pours the water
into it. Stirs it and takes a sip. He looks back at his
notebook.

31 INT. THE COSTAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Five people are seated around the living room. The older couple are Paul and Reva Carpenter. Across from them, their daughter, Alana, and her fiance, George Berman. The identity of those people is unimportant -- they are here to help us introduce the matriarch of the Costaine household, Phyliss Costaine, 61, a feisty grey-haired, handsome woman of great beauty and enthusiasm. (And although they don't know it, they are going to provide an alibi for Richard.)

PHYLISS

Really, she looked dreadful. Simply dreadful.

REVA

Married to him, I'm not surprised. Did she tell you about what happened in Tijuana?

ALANA

Oh, Mother -- you're not going to repeat that!

REVA

Well, it's true -- every word of it. Paul was there.

PAUL

Oh, she was probably exaggerating. Ignored and bored, that's her trouble.

ALANA

Well, I hope I never get that way.

She puts a hand on George's arm. As she does, Phyliss looks up.

PHYLISS

Richard, for pity's sake, where have you been for the past half-hour?

32 ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE RICHARD

32

as he enters and crosses to them.

RICHARD

Matching wits with Jeremy Quiller, a contest, may I say, which was totally one-sided.

CONTINUED

PHYLISS

Quiller? In Tokyo. Good Lord,
Richard ---

RICHARD

Phyliss, dear sister, Mr. Quiller
possesses a first edition Chaucer
which he at long last is ready to
part with. I made him a handsome
offer which he could not refuse.

PHYLISS

An offer made with Edward's blessing,
I presume.

Richard pours himself a brandy and raises the glass.

RICHARD

It bears his imprimatur.

PAUL

My, that sounds a bit testy.

RICHARD

(shrugs)

When you prick me, do I not bleed?

PHYLISS

That's enough, Richard.

RICHARD

Now, that is testy. Really, Phyliss,
you ---

Phyliss glares at him hard.

PHYLISS

I said, that's enough.

There is an embarrassing silence as Phyliss stares Richard
down. He hesitates, then turns away, humiliated. The others
are very uncomfortable.

REVA

(halting)

Uh -- speaking of Edward ---

PAUL

Yes, -- I thought we were going
to see him tonight.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

32

PHYLISS

He's staying late at the Museum.
Business before anything else. In
that, I'm afraid my elder son is
very much like his uncle.

RICHARD

(pleasantly)

No, Sister, I'm afraid in that we
are not alike at all.

He smiles and again sips his brandy, looking about at the
others.

33 EXT. THE MUSEUM - NIGHT

33

The glow from dim worklights emanates from the ground floor
windows. A beat, and then a shadowy figure appears, approach-
ing stealthily toward a foreground window. He moves into
view and we see that the figure is Lew Schafer. Schafer
hesitates in front of the window, reaches in his pocket and
takes out a stocking mask. He puts it on, then reaches over
and, using a special tool, opens the window. He climbs up on
the ledge and enters the Museum.

34 INT. THE MUSEUM - NIGHT - ON SCHAFER

34

as he enters, crosses the corridor and moves toward the stair-
way.

35 ANOTHER ANGLE

35

Schafer coming up the staircase, moving very quietly.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE - SECOND FLOOR

36

as Schafer appears and moves stealthily toward an open doorway.
From inside, we can hear the ricka-ticka-ticka of a calculator
in use. Schafer hesitates in the corridor, then moves into
the anteroom.

37 INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

37

Schafer moves inside and crosses quietly to the open doorway
and peers in through the crack between the door and the
frame.

- 38 REVERSE SHOT -- TIGHT 38
Schafer's hooded face, visible in the crack, peering in.
- 38-A SCHAFFER'S POINT OF VIEW 38-A
Edward at his desk in his shirt sleeves, working at the calculator and making notes on some sheets in front of him.
- 38-B BACK TO SCENE 38-B
as Schafer moves across the half-open doorway, unseen, then reaches around inside the door and flips off the light switch.
- 38-C CLOSE ON EDWARD 38-C
He looks up, illuminated only by the light streaming in through a window.
EDWARD
Who's there?
Dead silence. Edward pushes the chair back and gets up. He comes around the desk and starts toward the doorway.
- 38-D CLOSE ON SCHAFFER 38-D
reaches behind him and takes a hunting knife from a belt scabbard. He holds it ready.
- 38-E ON EDWARD 38-E
moving close to the door. Hesitates.
EDWARD
Is someone there?
(beat)
Kazmeier?
No response. Edward pulls the door open and steps into the anteroom.
- 38-F ANGLE ON SCHAFFER 38-F
comes up behind Edward, grabbing him around the neck and thrusting (off camera) a knife into his back. Edward gasps. Schafer lets the body sag to the floor. He looks down.

38-G INT. MUSEUM (DOWNSTAIRS) - NIGHT

38-G

Schafer appears at the foot of the stairs, hurries quickly and quietly across the room to a case containing antique jewels. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a glass cutter and starts to scribe a circle on the top of the glass. We hear footsteps from off camera. Schafer looks up -- then quickly ducks back into the shadows.

38-H ANOTHER ANGLE

38-H

as the guard (Kazmeier) approaches. He reaches the glass case, hesitates, looks over at it, then approaches it and looks at the scratches. The guard is hatless.

38-J CLOSE ON GUARD

38-J

A puzzled look appears on his face.

38-K ANOTHER ANGLE - HIS BACK

38-K

A shadow falls across it. He turns and looks back, startled, then frightened.

39 HIS POINT OF VIEW

39

Schafer, face grotesquely disguised by the stocking mask. Schafer has a gun in hand, holding it by the barrel, the butt upraised. It slashes down. We hear a grunt and a body falling to the floor. Schafer hesitates and moves quickly to the glass case.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE

40

as Schafer works feverishly to finish what he has started. The guard's prostrate form lies on the floor a few feet away.

41 EXT. THE MUSEUM - DAY

41

The next morning. There are two black-and-whites parked in front of the main entrance. An ambulance nearby. A black unmarked car. Off to one side, a couple of civilian cars, including a beautiful Jaguar XJ-6 sedan which is spotlessly clean. There is an open spot to the car's right. Just then, Columbo's Peugeot chugs into view and pulls into the slot next to the Jag.

42 CLOSE ON COLUMBO'S CAR

42

as the driver's side door opens and Columbo -- looking sleepy -- gets out, inadvertently banging against the Jaguar in the process. He does a take and looks around to see if he's been observed. He bends down and checks the side of the Jaguar to see if there's been a nick or a dent. Meticulously, Columbo brushes at the spot with his finger, then polishes up the spot with his coat sleeve. Satisfied that all is well, he starts off toward the entrance of the Museum.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

43

Columbo looks over at the black-and-whites and the ambulance, somewhat puzzled at their presence. He scratches his head and continues on.

44 INT. THE MUSEUM - DAY

44

as Columbo comes in the main entrance. He hesitates, looks around and then crosses over to a nearby Cop.

COLUMBO

What happened here?

COP

Sorry, sir. Museum's closed.
You'll have to leave.

COLUMBO

What was there -- some kind of
trouble?

He reaches into his pocket and takes out his wallet, flashing the badge at the Cop.

COP

Oh, sorry, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

That's all right. What happened?

COP

Somebody broke in last night.
Slugged the guard. Grabbed some
jewels. Killed the guy who runs
the place.

COLUMBO

Yeah? Who's in charge?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

COP
(points)
Lieutenant Donnelly.

Columbo nods and starts off toward a group in a far corner of the Museum.

45 ANOTHER ANGLE

45

Lt. Phil Donnelly is giving orders to a couple of uniformed men. Off to the side is the Guard, his head now bandaged.

DONNELLY
I want a thorough check -- all around the grounds -- footprints -- tire prints -- anything you can get me.

SECOND COP
Yes, sir.

Donnelly turns and crosses to the Guard. Columbo ambles over as they talk.

DONNELLY
All right, Kazmeier -- give it to me again.

GUARD
Nothing to give, Lieutenant. He was wearing a stocking mask ---

DONNELLY
But you say he was a big buy.

GUARD
Six-one, six-two, maybe. All I saw was that face and the gun -- before he brought the butt down on my head.

COLUMBO
(trying to interrupt)
Excuse me ---

DONNELLY
What was he wearing?

GUARD
I don't know. Something dark, I think.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

GUARD (Cont'd)

(beat)

You think I could get out of here,
sir? I think I'm starting to
bleed again.

COLUMBO

Excuse me -- I hate to interrupt ---

DONNELLY

(turns, impatiently)

Yes?

COLUMBO

(flashes badge)

Columbo. Homicide. Somebody got
killed here?

DONNELLY

They're upstairs.

COLUMBO

Upstairs. Right.

(starts off,
turns back)

DONNELLY

(checking the
Guard's wound)

I'll get one of the ambulance guys
to look at that.

COLUMBO

Excuse me ---

DONNELLY

Yes?

COLUMBO

Could you tell me who got killed?

DONNELLY

Costaine. The guy who runs the
place. Didn't they tell you?

COLUMBO

Oh, I'm not here about that.

DONNELLY

What?

Columbo sees the ambulance guys bringing a stretcher down
the stairs.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 2

45

COLUMBO

Excuse me.

He goes off toward the descending group. Donnelly stares after him.

46 ANGLE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

46

The two ambulance men are bringing the sheet-covered body down the stairs on a stretcher. They are followed by Richard Costaine and a beefy cop named Lt. Mal Jacobs.

JACOBS

Why don't you go home, sir? There's nothing more you can do here.

RICHARD

(seemingly shaken)

Yes, yes. Perhaps you're right.
I just feel so empty inside -- poor Edward ---

COLUMBO

Lieutenant Jacobs!

Columbo approaches. Jacobs looks up.

JACOBS

Columbo?
(smiles,
extends hand)
It's good to see you.

COLUMBO

Same here. Been a while.

JACOBS

Don't tell me they've got you assigned to this case, too.

COLUMBO

No, no. This is all yours. I'm here about something else.

JACOBS

(by way of
introduction)

Lieutenant Columbo -- Richard Costaine. The Deceased's uncle.

COLUMBO

How do you do, sir.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

They shake hands.

RICHARD

My pleasure, Lieutenant. May I presume, then, that you, too, are connected with Homicide?

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. What happened?

RICHARD

My nephew was stabbed to death by a burglar -- sometime last evening.

JACOBS

Bone-handled hunting knife. No prints. Looks like an inside job. The guy knew how to evade the alarm system and right where the goodies were.

(beat)

Look, what are you doing here?

COLUMBO

Trying to find somebody. A guy named Lewis Schafer. Private detective.

(to Richard)

I understand you hired him about a month ago, sir.

RICHARD

Mr. Schafer? Why, yes. We've been suffering a rash of thefts --

(confused)

What's the matter? Has something happened to him?

COLUMBO

His wife got a call yesterday. While he was talking to her -- there was a shot. The line went dead.

RICHARD

Good Lord.

JACOBS

You think there's a connection between that and this?

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED - 2

46

COLUMBO

I wouldn't know. I mean, maybe the
guy's dead, maybe he's alive. Right
now I'm just trying to find him.

(to Richard)

Did you happen to talk to him
yesterday, Mr. Costaine?

RICHARD

No, I'm sorry. I haven't seen or
heard from him since -- uh --
Wednesday, I believe.

COLUMBO

Then you wouldn't have any idea
where he was yesterday.

RICHARD

Sorry, Lieutenant. No idea at all.

He smiles.

47 EXT. THE MOUNTAIN RETREAT - DAY

47

Schafer's car is parked outside but in a different spot.

48 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

48

Schafer comes out of the bathroom, drying his hands and
face with a towel. He wears slacks and shirt, open-necked,
no tie. He tosses the towel on a nearby chair, takes his
watch out of his pocket and starts to slip the watch on his
wrist. He looks at it, then hesitates. He crosses to the
electric wall clock in the kitchen area and starts to set the
watch.

49 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

49

The Jaguar XJ-6 comes up the highway and turns into a lonely
narrow deserted road. A sign at the road's entrance reads:
PRIVATE ROAD - NO TRESPASSING. We watch as the car disappears
up the road.

50 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

50

The Jaguar approaches, turns and goes past Schafer's sedan,
parking next to the cabin.

51 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

51

Schafer finishes setting his watch, slips it on his wrist and crosses to the window. The phone starts to ring. Schafer gives it a momentary glance, then ignores it. He pushes the curtains aside and looks out.

52 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH WINDOW

52

the Jaguar parked. Richard gets out, then reaches back in and takes a small black valise from the car. He slams the door and starts for the house.

53 BACK TO SCENE

53

as Schafer smiles and crosses to the door, opening it just as Richard climbs up onto the porch.

SCHAFER

You're late.

RICHARD

(entering)

It would have been unseemly to hasten from the corpse too quickly.

(beat)

You're not answering the phone.
Good.

SCHAFER

You told me not to.

(beat)

How did it go?

RICHARD

The authorities, Mr. Schafer, are totally perplexed. Of course, I shall help them unravel their tangled web -- much to the consternation -- and, I hope -- the everlasting confinement of my nephew, James.

SCHAFER

Nell?

RICHARD

Your wife behaved predictably. In fact, there is a homicide officer on the case already.

CONTINUED

RICHARD (Cont'd)

She is totally convinced you were murdered yesterday afternoon at -- what time was it? -- Quarter to five. When the evidence of your murder is found, James will be summarily indicted and convicted, while you, dear sir, are off on the beaches of -- well, wherever -- enjoying the good life -- or at least as much of the good life as one hundred thousand dollars will buy.

He pats the valise.

SCHAFER

If they can convict him without my body.

RICHARD

(shrugs)

Mr. Schafer, must I belabor the evidence? You were engaged in a robbery investigation. You discovered the stolen items in the bedroom of this cabin. You called your wife for assistance. The phone company records will show that a toll call to your home phone was made on that phone at four-forty-five. You were surprised by James -- he shot you. When your car is found near the lake, two miles from here, it will be assumed that your body was dumped there, although it will never be recovered -- naturally. Your wife will collect your insurance and everybody wins.

SCHAFER

(grins)

You know something? It just might work. 'Course, it would have been just as easy to kill 'em both.

RICHARD

Easier, perhaps, but infinitely less satisfying, my dear Tyrell.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED - 2

53

Schafer crosses to the table, looks down at the valise and starts to open it.

SCHAFER

Tyrell? Who's Tyrell?

RICHARD

A man like yourself, Mr. Schafer.
A hired assassin.

SCHAFER

Well, it's your party, Mr. Costaine.
After today, I'm long gone.

54 ON RICHARD

54

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a .38 pistol, smiles and points it at Schafer.

RICHARD

Aptly put, sir. Very aptly put.

He fires.

55 ON SCHAFER

55

His eyes widen. He staggers and then slumps to the floor.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE

56

as Richard crosses to him, casually wiping off the pistol with his handkerchief and putting it back in his pocket. He looks down at Schafer's body.

RICHARD

(softly)

Oh, that a man might know the end
of this day's business, ere it come.

DISSOLVE TO

57 EXT. THE CABIN - DAY

57

a short time later. Richard is in shirt sleeves, his jacket draped over a nearby railing. He is tamping down earth on what appears to be a shallow grave. He takes out a handkerchief, wipes off the shovel and tosses it aside, then picks up his jacket and heads around the house.

DISSOLVE TO

58 EXT. THE CABIN - DAY

58

Richard gets in Schafer's car, starts the engine and drives it about fifty yards away -- to the edge of an embankment, heading toward it. He sets the car in neutral, wipes off his prints, gets out, then reaches in and jams the gear into "drive," stepping back quickly. The car lurches forward and heads about twenty yards into thick underbrush. Richard looks down, again satisfied with his handiwork. He puts the handkerchief back into his pocket and heads back toward the cabin.

59 INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

59

deserted, except for the barber, one Antonio Ciccarelli, half-asleep in a barber chair, a copy of Playboy open in his lap. The door opens and the little bell tinkles over the doorway. Columbo enters and looks around. Ciccarrelli is startled from his snooze, smiles broadly and gets up.

CICCARRELLI

Ah, good morning, sir.

COLUMBO

Hi. How are you?

He crosses to Columbo and inspects his hair critically. It is uncombed, unkempt and very long.

CICCARRELLI

A challenge, but I will do my best.

He tries to help Columbo off with his coat.

COLUMBO

What are you doing?

CICCARRELLI

Helping you with your coat, sir.

COLUMBO

Oh, I'm not staying long, Mr. --
uh -- Ciccarrelli?

CICCARRELLI

At your service.

(beat)

I see. You are pressed for time.
Well, come, then.

He tries to lead him to the barber chair.

COLUMBO

Oh, I'm not here for a haircut.

CONTINUED

CICCARRELLI

No?

COLUMBO

Oh, no. I got a haircut last month.
My nephew does it for me.

CICCARRELLI

(critically)

Yes? And what does he do it with --
pinking shears?

COLUMBO

His name's George. George Cavelli.
Maybe you know him.

CICCARRELLI

(shakes head,
uncertainly)

No -- no ---

COLUMBO

Goes to the barber school.

COLUMBO

(admires himself
in the mirror)

Does a nice job for a kid. He's
only seventeen. Me, I think he
should be a ball player -- ?

CICCARRELLI

(overrides)

Maybe a shampoo -- ?

COLUMBO

Oh, no. Actually, sir, I wanted
to ask you about Mr. Schafer.
Lewis Schafer?

CICCARRELLI

(his face falls)

Oh, yes.

COLUMBO

You hired him to find your daughter?

CICCARRELLI

And I unhired him, too, sir. A
fraud, that man.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED - 2

59

CICCARRELLI (Cont'd)

Taking my money -- and for what?
You think he finds my little girl?
You think he even tries?

COLUMBO

That's what I want to know.

CICCARRELLI

Last week he tells me Anita, she is in Seattle. He is going to need air fare and expenses. I say, 'Okay, if it finds my girl, I pay.' That night, I get a call from Anita. She is in Jersey City, married and pregnant. I take that back. I know she is pregnant. I only hope to God she is married, but these days, who knows?

COLUMBO

Then he wasn't working for you yesterday?

CICCARRELLI

He never do any work for me and I tell you something --

(takes out a
straight razor
and whips it
open)

-- when I find Mr. Schafer I give him shave. Nice close shave.

Columbo stares at the razor and smiles weakly.

60 EXT. THE COSTAINE HOME - DAY

60

Establishing. There are two cars parked in front. A Mercedes (belonging to Phyliss) and Richard's XJ-6. Note that Richard's Jag is somewhat dusty and dirty, particularly the underpaneling areas.

61 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE COSTAINE MANSION - DAY

61

Phyliss is standing by a window, staring out over the grounds. There is a deep sadness in her eyes.

RICHARD'S VOICE

Phyliss.

She turns.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE

62

as Richard enters the room, arms extended, and goes to her. They embrace.

RICHARD

Forgive me. I should have told you myself, but I couldn't bear it. Am I such a dreadful coward?

PHYLISS

Nonsense. You're here now and I thank you for that.

(she squeezes
his hand)

I was thinking back to when Arthur died. I could handle that.

RICHARD

He was ill. You know it was inevitable. But something like this -- Edward had a wonderful future ahead of him.

(beat)

Where's James?

PHYLISS

I don't know. I assumed he'd gone up to the cabin, as usual, to work on his book -- but there was no answer when I called.

RICHARD

Perhaps he's on his way back.

PHYLISS

Yes, he may be.

The phone rings. Phyliss crosses to it.

PHYLISS

Yes?

(beat,
relief)

Oh, James.

63 INT. A PHONE ALCOVE - DAY

63

James is on the phone. Standing behind him, off to one side, listening and watching, is Julie Randall, 25, and very beautiful.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

JAMES

Mother -- I just heard about Eddie --
on the radio? I can't believe it.
Are you all right?

PHYLISS

Yes, I'm fine. Richard is here.
Where are you?

JAMES

(hesitates)

A little roadside diner.

PHYLISS

Near the cabin?

JAMES

(beat, lying)

Yes.

PHYLISS

I called several times. There was
no answer.

JAMES

Well -- I -- uh -- I went down
by the lake for awhile. I'm
heading back right now.

PHYLISS

Thank you, James.

She hangs up. Richard, watching her closely.

64 ON JAMES

64

He hangs up and turns to Julie.

JAMES

I have to go back.

JULIE

Jimmy, I'm sorry.

JAMES

I know.

JULIE

I mean, I really am. For your
brother and your mother ---

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

JAMES

That's nice, honey -- after the way they treated you ---

JULIE

(shrugs)

What's that got to do with this?

James leans over and kisses her on the cheek.

JULIE

Take care of yourself.

JAMES

Sure.

JULIE

Next weekend?

JAMES

I'll try. With Eddie gone, things are going to change. Thank God, Uncle Richard's around -- to run things again.

She nods.

65 EXT. THE COSTAINE HOME - DAY

65

Columbo's Peugeot pulls into the driveway and parks behind the Jaguar and the Mercedes. He gets out and starts in toward the house. He hesitates as he goes by the Jaguar and looks at it. A beat, and then he steps over, leans down and looks up at the dirt and mud on the underpaneling. He straightens up, scratches his head in a puzzled manner, then starts for the front door.

66 POINT OF VIEW THROUGH UPPER WINDOW

66

looking at Columbo heading for the door. The curtain moves back into place and we widen angle to reveal that Richard has been looking down. His face is troubled. (We hear the door chime in the b.g.) Now the angle widens further as Richard turns back into the room. We now see that it resembles a teen-age boy's room, but not present day -- more like something out of the mid-60's -- complete with posters and memorabilia of the age. Richard crosses quickly to the bed, lifts the mattress, takes the gun and jewelry from his pocket and slips them under the mattress. Richard straightens and goes out.

67 INT. HALLWAY AND STAIRS - DAY

67

shooting up to the top of the staircase as Richard appears. He heads down the staircase. He crosses to the living room and looks in. Empty. A frown crosses his face. He starts toward the rear of the house.

68 EXT. REAR VERANDA OF THE COSTAINE HOME - DAY

68

Phyliss is seated at a table with a tea service nearby, enjoying a cup of tea. Columbo is next to her, bending over graciously.

COLUMBO

Columbo, ma'am. Lieutenant Columbo.
Police.

PHYLISS

Ah, yes, of course.

COLUMBO

I'm very sorry for your troubles,
ma'am, and I certainly don't want
to bother you -- Actually, I came
to see ---

RICHARD'S VOICE

Lieutenant!

Columbo looks up.

69 ANOTHER ANGLE

69

as Richard appears and approaches.

COLUMBO

Oh, sir. There you are.
(beat, moves close,
speaking softly,
confidentially)

I'm sorry, sir, the maid got it
mixed up. I came to see you. I
didn't want to disturb your
sister.

PHYLISS

You needn't discuss me as if I
were some doddering invalid,
Lieutenant.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

PHYLISS (Cont'd)

If you need information relating to Edward's death, I will be most happy to help however I can.

COLUMBO

That's just it, ma'am. I'm not working on that. I mean, I'm assigned to another case. A man who might have been killed. A Mr. Schafer.

PHYLISS

(blankly)

Schafer?

RICHARD

You remember, Phyliss. That detective I engaged. About the thefts at the museum.

PHYLISS

Oh, yes.

COLUMBO

You see, my problem is this.

(to Richard)

Mr. Schafer filed his final report for the insurance company on the accident four days ago, and as for Mr. Ciccarrelli --

(hesitates)

Well, let's not go into that. Anyway, sir, the thing is -- the only case he was working on was yours, and if he was killed -- and that's still a big 'if' -- it may be connected with the thefts -- maybe even with the break in last night.

RICHARD

Yes. Yes, I see.

(beat)

The trouble is, Mr. Schafer was rather independent. I have no idea what he was doing yesterday -- but if he had developed a lead that I wasn't aware of ---

PHYLISS

Is it possible that he spoke to James?

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2

69

RICHARD

(quickly)

Absolutely not. The investigation was known only to me -- and, of course, to Edward.

He says this last with ill-disguised contempt.

RICHARD

(a thought)

Lieutenant, the break in -- your robbery detail suspects someone thoroughly familiar with the museum security system -- How do you phrase it -- an inside job?

COLUMBO

It looks that way. Yes, sir.

RICHARD

Then the person responsible for the previous thefts may also be the burglar. Someone who works for the museum -- perhaps someone Edward might have dismissed recently.

COLUMBO

(nods)

That's a possibility.

RICHARD

I should think it a simple matter to check alibis for last evening.

COLUMBO

Well, yes and no, sir. Actually, the robbery and the murder of your son, ma'am -- well, those are not my investigations and I don't want to step on any toes.

(beat)

But I could look into it. Yes.

He looks up at Richard thoughtfully.

70

INTERIOR - TIGHT ON PHONE - N.D. BACKGROUND - NIGHT

70

A man's hand reaches in, lifts the receiver and starts to dial. The camera pans the receiver to Richard's face.

71 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

71

Phone ringing in the f.g. Julie appears from the bathroom wearing a robe and a towel around her head, as though she has just washed her hair. She crosses quickly to the phone and answers it.

JULIE

Hello.

Intercutting with Richard.

RICHARD

Miss Julie Randall?

JULIE

Yes.

RICHARD

Your friends in Kansas City miss you, Julie.

JULIE

(alarmed)

Who is this?

RICHARD

Someone concerned about your welfare. By tomorrow morning, the local authorities will know all about you, my dear -- your sudden departure from Missouri sixteen months ago ---

There is a "click" and the line is broken. Richard smiles and replaces the receiver.

72 ON JULIE

72

hesitates by the phone, then whips the towel from her head and hurries into her bedroom.

73 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

73

gray and overcast. A gravesite is surrounded by mourners.

74 TIGHT ON GRAVE

74

as Phyliss comes to the open grave, Richard at her side. She takes a handful of dirt and tosses it into the grave.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

Richard follows suit. James, behind them, does likewise, hesitating at the grave for a moment and then walking away.

75 ANOTHER ANGLE

75

as the mourners head back to their limousines. Richard is supporting Phyliss. James is a step or two behind.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE

76

Columbo, sitting on a bench, trying to light his cigar with a damp pack of matches. He looks up as the mourners approach. He gets up and approaches them apologetically.

COLUMBO

Excuse me.

PHYLISS

Oh, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Good day, ma'am.

RICHARD

If you're here to ask my sister more questions ---

COLUMBO

No, sir. Not at all. Actually --
(looks at James)
-- I wanted to speak to you, sir.

JAMES

Me?

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. I was afraid you might be going out of town or something after the funeral -- I know it's an imposition -- I hope you don't mind. It won't take a minute.

They are at the limousine now.

JAMES

Well, of course.

COLUMBO

(to the others)

Excuse us.

CONTINUED

RICHARD

I'm sure whatever it is you have to ask can be asked in my presence and my sister's.

PHYLISS

Do you suspect James of something, Lieutenant? I thought Lt. Jacobs was investigating Edward's death.

COLUMBO

Yes. He is, ma'am. That's right. But Mr. Schafer -- it's been four days now -- and to tell you the truth, it's starting to feel very bad.

JAMES

But what's that got to do with me?

COLUMBO

Well, sir -- we believe that someone may have shot Mr. Schafer shortly before five o'clock on Friday afternoon. We also believe that it may have been done by someone closely associated with the museum. The problem is, all the employees were at the museum -- their whereabouts accounted for. Well, almost all the employees.

JAMES

All but me, you mean.

COLUMBO

I understand you left for the weekend around two-thirty.

RICHARD

With my permission.

COLUMBO

And where did you go, sir?

PHYLISS

Where he always goes on weekends, Lieutenant. We have a small cabin in the mountains. James works there. He's a writer.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 2

76

JAMES

Well -- uh -- I'm trying.

COLUMBO

Oh, I see. And you were at this cabin Friday afternoon.

77 CLOSE ON RICHARD

77

watching carefully. Tense.

78 BACK TO SCENE

78

JAMES

Yes, of course I was.

COLUMBO

(nods)

I see.

(beat)

Alone?

JAMES

(nervously)

Yes. Alone. That's why I go there.

COLUMBO

Thank you very much, sir. Sorry to trouble you.

A little nod to the three of them, and he backs off, then turns and starts away. The three look at one another and then they get into the car.

79 INT. THE COSTAINE LIVING ROOM - DAY

79

Richard at the window staring out thoughtfully. He turns back into the living room as Phyliss is on the phone.

PHYLISS

(into phone)

I don't care where Mr. Alexander is having lunch, or who with. This is urgent.

(beat)

No, I don't want to speak with anyone else.

(beat)

Phyliss Costaine. Yes, that's right. Tell him I'm waiting his call.

CONTINUED

She hangs up and then sags a little, with a slight sigh.
Richard moves up behind her.

PHYLISS

This is absurd. James suspected.
Mark Alexander off winning and
dining somewhere.

RICHARD

He does have other clients, I
should hope.

PHYLISS

Not as far as I'm concerned.

RICHARD

(glances at
watch)

I suppose I really should be at
the museum ---

PHYLISS

(impatient)

Yes, yes. Go, Richard. Keep
yourself busy. I'll talk to Mark.

Richard hesitates, then:

RICHARD

I presume that I have the authority
to do whatever must be done --
regarding the operation of the
museum.

PHYLISS

(beat; distracted)

What?

RICHARD

The museum. Now that Edward is
gone, someone must run it.

PHYLISS

James.

RICHARD

James! Don't be ridiculous -- he
knows nothing.

PHYLISS

He'll learn.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED - 2

79

RICHARD

Phyliss, please. Don't humiliate me.

PHYLISS

He is my son. I do control the museum. Father's will specifically provided ---

RICHARD

Damn Father and his will. It's my life tied up in the Costaine Museum ---

PHYLISS

Which you nearly succeeded in destroying.

RICHARD

And James will do better?

PHYLISS

He can hardly do worse.

RICHARD

If he gets the chance.

PHYLISS

Is that a threat of some kind?

RICHARD

(beat; softly)

No, sister. Not a threat.

He hesitates, crosses to the bar and pours a brandy.

RICHARD

Before you meet with Mark Alexander, there's something you should know.

He brings her the drink and holds it out.

PHYLISS

Brandy at this hour? Really, Richard ---

He sits down next to her in brotherly fashion.

RICHARD

I would give the world not to have to tell you this, but you must know the truth. Everything.

CONTINUED

RICHARD (Cont'd)

(beat)

Last Saturday morning -- after the breakin and Edward's murder -- I drove to the cabin to break the news to James and to bring him back.

Richard breaks off. Phyliss looks at him with concern.

PHYLISS

What is it, Richard? What happened?

There are two Sheriff's cars parked outside. We see a Deputy rummaging about in the foliage off to the left of the house. Columbo's Peugeot pulls up and he gets out as Sheriff Clay comes out of the house.

COLUMBO

Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Lieutenant Columbo?

COLUMBO

Right.

SHERIFF

You made good time.

COLUMBO

Sounds like you found something.

SHERIFF

'Something' ain't quite the word for it.

(indicates)

Down there about fifty yards -- in the brush -- little blue Pinto registered to Mr. Lewis Schafer of Los Angeles.

(as Columbo

reacts)

In the house, a whole potload of things -- a dollar gets you five they was taken from that museum ---

COLUMBO

And Schafer?

SHERIFF

Out back.

81 EXT. THE REAR OF THE CABIN - DAY

81

as the Sheriff and Columbo stare down into the grave which has been dug out by the Deputies.

SHERIFF

Not too pretty, huh? Got shot once
-- right through the heart.

Columbo reaches in and takes the gun from Schafer's holster.
(We don't see the body, of course.)

COLUMBO

Got surprised, too.
(checks the
cylinder)
Loaded. But he never got it out
of the holster.

82 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

82

close on Sheriff on the phone. As he speaks, we widen angle to show Columbo at a nearby table going through Schafer's personal effects. He is examining Schafer's watch.

SHERIFF

That's right, Rafe. We need that
autopsy by tonight.

(beat)

Well, hell, don't quote regulations
to me.

(beat)

Listen, Rafe -- I don't give one
fiddle-de-dee about your inquest.
You can have it at the Fireman's
Ball for all I care. Just get me
that autopsy.

He hangs up in annoyance and crosses to Columbo.

SHERIFF

Ol' Doc Tyler. Ain't been but two
murders 'round here in fifteen
years, and all of a sudden he thinks
he's a damned celebrity.

COLUMBO

(examining watch)

Look at this. This is terrific.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

82

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

Did you see this watch? You got your time, your date -- the thing's buried in the ground for four days and it's still runnin'.

He holds it to his ear.

COLUMBO

It's hummin'. Listen to that!
It's hummin'.

SHERIFF

(hold it
to his ear)
Electric. Nice watch.

COLUMBO

(takes it back)
Keeps good time, too.
(compares it with
his own watch)
It's two minutes off.

SHERIFF

(takes it back)
May fifth. Three twenty-two and
forty seconds.
(compares it with
his own watch)
Your watch is wrong, Lieutenant.
Not this one.

Columbo puts the watch down and starts to reset his own watch.

COLUMBO

Oh, yeah. I told my wife I need a new watch. I used to have a terrific watch. Got it in the service. In the PX. Kept beautiful time. Two years ago, she steals it off my dresser and trades it in for this thing.

83 ANGLE ON DOOR

83

as it opens and a Deputy enters. In his hand he carries what we will discover to be a U.S. passport.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

DEPUTY

Hey, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Yeah?

DEPUTY

That guy we dug up. You sure his name was Schafer?

COLUMBO

Yeah, Schafer. What about it?

DEPUTY

They found this in the glove compartment.

The Deputy displays the passport and hands it to the Sheriff. The Sheriff takes it, looks at it, frowns, and hands it to Columbo. Columbo takes it and looks at it.

84 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE PASSPORT

84

It carries Lewis Schafer's photo but carries the name "George Thurmond."

85 BACK TO SCENE - COLUMBO

85

COLUMBO

(totally confused)

George Thurmond? Who the hell is George Thurmond?

86 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

86

We see some lights on downstairs but the museum is closed to the public.

87 INT. RARE BOOKS ROOM - NIGHT

87

Richard is hunched over the table, magnifying glass in hand, reading a huge volume of Chaucer, its pages yellowed and cracked. He handles the book carefully and with reverence. Delight dances in his eyes as he nods to himself, his lips moving reflexively as he follows the lines. We hear footsteps approaching, echoing in the corridor, moving closer. Suddenly aware of them, Richard looks up toward the open doorway. Columbo appears.

CONTINUED

COLUMBO

Good evening, sir. I hope I'm not disturbing you. The guard let me in.

RICHARD

Not at all. Come in, Lieutenant. Come in. I was just reading The Miller's Tale. Chaucer. What devastating humor. The man was the compleat artist -- a true beacon in an age of intellectual ennui.

Columbo moves closer and looks over his shoulder. He frowns.

COLUMBO

What is that? Greek?

RICHARD

English, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

You're kidding. English?

RICHARD

English.

COLUMBO

(points)
What is that -- 'fabbath'?

RICHARD

'Sabbath.' The Lord's Day.

COLUMBO

It starts with an F. It says 'Fabbath.'

Richard rises, with a weary sigh.

RICHARD

Lieutenant, it's apparent that your education is sadly inadequate.

COLUMBO

(defensively)
Well, I read. Don't get me wrong. I just don't read that.

CONTINUED

RICHARD

(sadly)

And in that, sir, you are not alone. The wonder of this age is that anyone reads at all. Jonson, Marlowe, Sheridan -- pterodactyls of literature -- forgotten genius. Even poor Shakespeare. By God, he's only palatable when dressed up in modern clothes.

(beat)

But I presume you did not come here to demonstrate your literary shortcomings.

COLUMBO

No, sir. I'm afraid not. The things that were stolen -- they were located -- I wanted to tell you before I talked to your sister ---

RICHARD

Located? Located where, man?

COLUMBO

Your nephew's cabin.

RICHARD

(eyes narrowing)

I don't believe that.

COLUMBO

I'm afraid so. There's something else. The private detective -- Mr. Schafer -- We found his body buried in the back of the cabin.

RICHARD

Lord!

(beat)

How -- how was he killed?

COLUMBO

One shot -- through the heart.

He turns away, as if deeply shaken. Columbo watches him carefully.

RICHARD

The shot his wife heard on the phone.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED - 3

87

COLUMBO

It looks that way.

RICHARD

I can't believe James capable of such a thing.

(turns, angry)

No, I will not believe it.

COLUMBO

That's very loyal of you, sir, but I'm afraid the facts speak for themselves.

88 INT. THE COSTAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

88

tight on Phyliss.

PHYLISS

Your accusation is ridiculous. And I will not have you searching my home.

Widen angle to reveal Phyliss facing Columbo. Off to one side is James and Richard.

COLUMBO

(uncomfortably)

I'm sorry, ma'am, but we do have a warrant.

PHYLISS

Fiddle.

JAMES

Mother -- it's all right. I want to cooperate.

PHYLISS

(beat, to Columbo)

My son has already told you -- he knows nothing about the stolen items -- or Mr. Schafer ---

89 ANOTHER ANGLE

89

as Lt. Jacobs enters, followed by a uniformed cop who hangs back by the door.

CONTINUED

JACOBS

Then, Mr. Costaine -- maybe you
can tell me what these are?

He is carrying the jewelry from the case in his hand (nestled
in a handkerchief). In his other hand, he is holding the
.38 pistol with a pistol in the trigger guard.

JAMES

(frowns)

Those are -- uh -- from the museum.

COLUMBO

Where did you find those?

JACOBS

Bedroom upstairs. End of the hall.
Under the mattress.

JAMES

My old room. I haven't been in
there for years.

JACOBS

(flatly)

James Costaine, I am arresting you
for the murder of your brother ---

PHYLISS

(going pale)

No ---

JAMES

This is crazy ---

JACOBS

You have the right to remain silent.
If you give up the right to remain
silent, anything you say can and
may be used in evidence against you.

The camera moves in close on Columbo's face. Troubled.

JACOBS' VOICE

You have the right to an attorney.
If you cannot afford one, one will
be appointed by the court.

as James is brought out in the custody of the uniformed cop
and Jacobs. Columbo follows behind as James is led to his
squad car. Columbo's Peugeot is parked nearby.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

COLUMBO

Lieutenant Jacobs?

Jacobs turns and waits for Columbo as James is put into the car. Columbo drags him off to the side, speaking confidentially.

COLUMBO

Listen, I know how it looks but I got a problem with all this.

JACOBS

I should have your problems. I got a pocketful of jewelry says the kid was in the Museum last Friday night and killed his brother. I also got a gun which, when checked against Ballistics, is going to turn out to be the murder weapon in your case.

COLUMBO

Jacobs ---

JACOBS

Don't thank me. Just buy me lunch.

COLUMBO

Leaving that stolen stuff laying around. Hiding the gun under the mattress. You think he's that dumb?

JACOBS

Columbo, believe me, the guy's a bad apple. A few months ago, he was seeing a lot of some Vegas showgirl. His mother found out and threatened to cut him off. Kid like that -- million-dollar appetite on a two-dollar meal allowance --

(laughs)

Trust me. You got your guy, too.

He starts off. Columbo hesitates, then:

COLUMBO

Jacobs -- just one thing. When you make that Ballistics test -- on that gun -- there's another test I want you to make.

JACOBS

(turns, patronizing)
Anything you want.

91 EXT. SCHAFFER'S HOUSE - DAY

91

Establishing. Columbo's Peugeot parked in front.

92 INT. SCHAFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

92

Columbo is pouring through his file drawers while Nell stands nearby, watching.

COLUMBO

Costaine -- Costaine ---

NELL

Lieutenant, I -- uh -- I'm grateful for all you're doing. ---

COLUMBO

Just my job, ma'am.

NELL

But hasn't that Costaine boy been arrested?

COLUMBO

Yes, ma'am. But that's another case.

NELL

I thought you said there was no report in the file the first time you looked.

COLUMBO

There wasn't. Just some receipts.

He finds the folder, takes out some receipts and looks at them.

COLUMBO

Yeah, these are the babies.

NELL

I just don't understand. Lewis was killed at the cabin -- around quarter to five -- I heard the shot -- the Costaine boy admitted going there after leaving the museum earlier in the afternoon ---

COLUMBO

He says he didn't do it.

CONTINUED

NELL

I'm sure he does.

COLUMBO

Can I keep these?
(indicating receipts)

NELL

Of course.

COLUMBO

One more thing, ma'am. Does the name 'George Thurmond' mean anything to you?

NELL

(puzzled)
Thurmond? No ---

Columbo looks over at the files.

COLUMBO

You don't mind if I take a look.

NELL

(gesturing)
Please.

Columbo crosses to the file drawer, opens it and starts to leaf through the "T" folders. As he does, he tells her:

COLUMBO

You see, I think your husband found out something very interesting about Mr. Costaine. Everybody thinks he's been going up to his cabin every weekend to write. The fact is, I don't think he's been going there at all.
(finds the folder)

Thurmond.

(beat, puzzled)

This says 'Lionel and Betty Thurmond.'

(opens it)

NELL

Oh, yes. I remember. Three or four years ago. A divorce case.

Columbo scans the material -- apparently finds something -- hesitates, then looks up.

COLUMBO

I'd like to take this, too.

93 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

93

Columbo is at his desk. His office is a small, crowded little cubicle with papers piled all over the desk, filing cabinets and chairs. In short, a mess. Columbo is seated at his desk, jacket off, in shirt sleeves, a yellow pad in front of him and the Yellow Pages open at his elbow. He seems tired. At the moment, he's on the phone.

COLUMBO

No, ma'am. Thurmond, not Sherman.
George Thurmond. T-H-U -- Right.
Thurmond.

(beat)

Saturday, May first. Maybe Sunday,
May second.

(beat)

No, I don't know if he was going,
nevermind where he was going.

(beat)

That's all right. I'll hold.

He reaches over and takes a sip from a coffee mug as Lt. Mal Jacobs appears in the doorway.

JACOBS

Columbo, you look worse than this
office.

COLUMBO

I don't feel too good, either.
Not gettin' any sleep.

(beat, into
phone)

I'm still holding.

Jacobs comes into the office.

JACOBS

It's diet.

COLUMBO

Huh?

JACOBS

When you can't sleep, it's usually
diet. Eating the wrong things.
Junk food.

COLUMBO

(shakes head)

It's the cat.

CONTINUED

JACOBS

Cat? I thought you had a dog.

COLUMBO

We do. But the wife, she found this cat in the parking lot at the shopping center. Scrawny little thing. Starving to death. So the wife brings it home.

JACOBS

So?

COLUMBO

So the dog doesn't like the cat and the cat doesn't like the dog. She won't get rid of the cat and I told her, if the dog goes, I go. Anyway, all night, it's the cat and the dog. I feel like I'm runnin' a pound --

(into phone)

Hello? Yes?

(beat)

You're sure? No George Thurmond booked out on any flight?

(beat)

All right. Thank you very much.

He hangs up.

JACOBS

What are you doing?

COLUMBO

Checking out the airlines. Just a hunch.

The phone rings as Jacobs gets up and starts for the door.

JACOBS

Check all you want, Columbo. You got your man. You're the only one who doesn't know it.

COLUMBO

(into phone)

Hello?

(beat)

Hello, who is this?

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED - 2

93

Jacobs turns at the door, interested in Columbo's reaction to the call.

COLUMBO

Ma'am, you're going to have to speak up.

94 EXT. A PHONE BOOTH - DAY - TIGHT ON JULIE RANDALL

94

She wears a scarf and dark glasses.

JULIE

Look, I haven't got much time. I have to catch a bus. I just want to tell you that Jim Costaine couldn't have killed his brother.

COLUMBO

Who am I talking to?

JULIE

Nevermind. Just listen. He was nowhere near the museum that night -- like it says in the paper. He was with me. He didn't kill anybody.

COLUMBO

Ma'am, if you have any evidence, you'll have to come forward ---

JULIE

I can't. I'm sorry.

COLUMBO

Listen, will you hold on a second? I want to ---

There is a "click" as the phone disconnects. Columbo frowns and slowly hangs up.

JACOBS

What'd you get? Some crank?

Columbo hesitates, then looks up.

COLUMBO

Yesterday you said something about a girl. A showgirl from Las Vegas.

. 95 INT. CORRIDOR AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

95

James is being led by a guard toward an interrogation room. They get to the door. The guard opens it and James steps inside.

95-A INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

95-A

Columbo is standing in the corner, his back to the door. He turns as the door opens and crosses to a long wooden table in the center of the room. On the table are an odd-looking metallic "ashtray" and a paper bag.

COLUMBO

How are you, sir? Thanks for coming.

JAMES

(smiles, ironically)
Thanks for asking.

COLUMBO

(gestures toward
a chair)
Sit down. Sit down.
(digs in the
bag)

I brought some coffee. How do you take it? There's some sugar in here -- and some of that phony cream stuff.

He hands the bag over, Columbo taking a black coffee for himself. He also tosses a pack of cigarettes and some matches on the table.

JAMES

Thanks.

James starts to fix his coffee.

JAMES

I was wondering how long it would take for you to get around to me.

COLUMBO

Sir?

JAMES

That man Schafer. I know how it looks. I'm surprised I haven't been charged with his murder, too.

CONTINUED

95-A CONTINUED

95-A

COLUMBO

Maybe because I haven't heard
your story yet.

(indicates)

If you want to smoke it's okay.

James nods and during the following, opens the pack of
cigarettes and lights one. Throughout the scene, he will
use the "ashtray" for his ashes.

JAMES

There's not much to tell. I didn't
steal anything from the museum.
I didn't kill my brother. I didn't
shoot Mr. Schafer. I -- I wasn't
at the cabin that day.

COLUMBO

At the funeral, you said you were
there.

JAMES

I was mistaken.

COLUMBO

No, sir, you lied.

(beat)

Where were you Friday, April
thirtieth, between, say, three
o'clock and midnight?

JAMES

(with difficulty)

I drove around -- thinking -- I
stopped off at a diner for some
supper -- I -- uh ---

COLUMBO

(hard)

You went to see Julie Randall.

James looks up, startled.

JAMES

(shakes head)

No ---

COLUMBO

I think you did.

(beat)

Who do you think you're protecting,
sir?

CONTINUED

95-A CONTINUED - 2

95-A

JAMES

Lieutenant ---

COLUMBO

Six months ago, you started seeing Julie Randall. Your mother found out. She threatened to disinherit you, right?

(beat)

But you didn't stop seeing her. You saw her a month ago -- two weeks ago -- last weekend ---

JAMES

Look, Julie's a terrific girl -- a little mixed-up, maybe. She's been in trouble.

COLUMBO

In Kansas City.

JAMES

You know about that?

COLUMBO

It wasn't hard to find out. Tell me about last Friday.

James hesitates, takes a drag on the cigarette and squashes it out in the ashtray.

JAMES

I left the city around three -- got to her place around seven-thirty and let myself in. She got home from the casino around ten.

(beat)

Have you talked to her?

COLUMBO

Not exactly. I mean, we talked -- but she won't be much help. Three days ago, the Vegas police got an anonymous tip about her trouble in Kansas City. By the time they got to her place, she was on the run.

JAMES

(ruefully)

So much for my alibi.

CONTINUED

95-A CONTINUED - 3

95-A

Columbo nods as James squashes the cigarette out in the ashtray. Columbo reaches over, picks up the ashtray, crosses to a trash basket and dumps the ashtray contents into it, then takes out an old ratty-looking handkerchief, wipes off the ashtray and sticks it in his raincoat pocket. All of this during the following:

JAMES

Lieutenant, I was there.

COLUMBO

I believe you, Mr. Costaine.

JAMES

Don't patronize me.

COLUMBO

I'm not. I said, 'I believe you.' I believe you.

JAMES

What about the jewelry under the mattress? And the gun?

COLUMBO

I had that gun checked.

JAMES

And Ballistics showed it was the gun used to kill Schafer.

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. But it also showed something else.

He moves to the door, then turns and looks back at James.

COLUMBO

That night -- in the Museum -- the Security Guard was hit on the head with a pistol butt. A hard blow. He bled a lot.

(beat)

I had the gun examined in the Lab, sir. There was no trace of blood on the gun butt, but if you were the thief, there should have been.

(smiles)

Keep a good thought, sir.

Columbo opens the door. The Guard is standing there.

CONTINUED

95-A CONTINUED - 4

95-A

COLUMBO

You can take him back.

The Guard nods and starts in as Columbo walks away.

96 EXT. THE MUSEUM - DAY

96

Establishing.

97 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

97

Now Richard's office, of course. He is standing at the desk, on the phone, talking. Miss Pritchard sits in a chair opposite the desk, her steno pad in her lap.

RICHARD

Yes, Doctor.

(beat)

Of course. Yes, I understand.

(beat)

No, no, I prefer to have her at home -- where I can take care of her. Unless there's some medical reason --

(beat, smiles)

Good, good. Then I'll see you tonight.

(beat)

Yes, good-bye, Doctor.

He hangs up.

MISS PRITCHARD

Your sister, sir. How is she?

RICHARD

Somewhat better, thank you, Miss Pritchard.

(beat)

Where were we now?

MISS PRITCHARD

(reading back)

'The Museum is prepared to make a firm offer of eleven thousand ---'

RICHARD

Yes, yes.

(continuing)

-- eleven thousand dollars for the collection, intact, of course.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED

97

RICHARD (Cont'd)

I am enclosing a check for one thousand, the balance to be paid after I have had a chance to inspect the collection personally. Trust this meets with your approval ---

There is a knock at the open door and Richard looks up.

98 ON COLUMBO

98

standing by the open doorway, having rapped on the door frame.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, sir. I hate to interrupt.

RICHARD

Good afternoon, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

It's about your nephew, sir. I have some good news for you -- but if you're busy ---

RICHARD

Good news? Yes, we could use some of that.

(beat)

Finish the letter, Miss Pritchard. I'll sign it later.

MISS PRITCHARD

Yes, sir.

Richard comes around the desk and approaches Columbo.

COLUMBO

I heard about your sister, sir. I'm terribly sorry.

RICHARD

Yes, thank you. The shock of Edward's death. Then, James' arrest. It was quite a shock, but she's coming along.

COLUMBO

That's terrific.

They go out.

tracking with Richard and Columbo as they head toward the staircase.

RICHARD

You mentioned some good news.

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. Your nephew, James. I just finished talking to him, and I know you're going to be happy to hear -- he didn't do it.

RICHARD

(beat)

Didn't do what?

COLUMBO

Anything. Any of it.

RICHARD

(carefully)

Of course, I'm delighted to hear that. But -- uh -- the evidence ---

COLUMBO

He was framed. He was nowhere near the cabin or the Museum the whole weekend. He was in Nevada -- seeing a woman -- a 'Julie Randall.'

RICHARD

(beat)

Oh, yes. The -- uh -- casino girl. ..

(beat)

But we -- that is, Phyliss and I -- assumed he had stopped seeing her months ago.

COLUMBO

Oh, really, sir? I thought you knew he was still seeing her every weekend.

RICHARD

I? How would I know that?

COLUMBO

Didn't Mr. Schafer tell you?

RICHARD

Mr. Schafer was investigating the theft of valuable artifacts -- not checking up on my nephew's affaires d'coeur.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

Richard starts down the staircase. Columbo seems terribly troubled. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a batch of receipts.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE

100

shooting the staircase from the ground floor level as Richard comes down, followed closely by Columbo.

COLUMBO

Oh, then I've made a terrible mistake. I just assumed that because he was working for you --
(beat)

Then, what do these receipts mean?

RICHARD

Receipts?

COLUMBO

Gasoline slips. Motel lodgings. All in the Las Vegas area -- for the past three weekends -- as if he was keeping track of someone's activities. I just assumed ---

RICHARD

You assumed incorrectly, sir.
(beat)

Is there anything there that proves James was in Nevada last weekend?

COLUMBO

No, sir, but he says that he reached the girl's house around seven-thirty -- which means he couldn't possibly have been at the cabin at quarter to five or at the museum at eleven o'clock that evening.

RICHARD

(carefully)

Then the girl will corroborate James' story.

COLUMBO

Actually, sir, she's gone. Run off.

RICHARD

Pity. Then we really only have James' word that he's telling the truth.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

COLUMBO

Not really, sir. There's always this.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the "ashtray" and places it on the desk. Richard reacts strongly, picking it up.

RICHARD

Good Lord, Lieutenant. You don't carry this around like a peanut butter sandwich.

COLUMBO

Oh, I've been very careful --

RICHARD

I should hope so. It's over five centuries old --

(beat, reaction)

But isn't this one of the stolen items?

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. You know that and I know that -- but James didn't.

RICHARD

What?

COLUMBO

He used it for an ashtray.

Richard reacts strongly, looking down at the piece still in his hand.

COLUMBO

You see my point, sir? Your nephew doesn't care about any of this stuff here in the museum. And he knows even less. No, he was framed -- and now all I gotta do is find whoever framed him.

Columbo heads for the door.

COLUMBO

Anyway, I knew you'd be happy to hear the news. Excuse me for taking up so much of your time.

He smiles and gives a little wave, then goes out.

101 ON RICHARD 101

stares after him, then looks back down at the "ashtray."

102 EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY 102

Establishing. Columbo's car parked in front.

103 INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY 103

Columbo is across the counter from the Clerk. She hands him a thick travel envelope.

CLERK

George Thurmond. Yes, sir. This is it.

Columbo takes it and opens it up, starts to leaf through the contents.

COLUMBO

And he paid for all this?

CLERK

In advance. It's our 'Happy Hawaii Holiday' -- round trip air fare -- seven sunny days at Waikiki -- three days on the big island, plus free golf and water skiing -- A very attractive package.

COLUMBO

When was he supposed to pick this up?

CLERK

Last Saturday afternoon. I even stayed open a little late --
(shrugs)

It's a shame. There's no refund on something like this. I mean, it is a package.

COLUMBO

I'm just going to take this.

CLERK

Certainly, Lieutenant. And will you tell Mr. Thurmond for me how sorry I am he's missed out on his trip.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

COLUMBO

I'll give him the message.

Columbo turns and starts out.

104 EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

104

Columbo comes out of the Travel Agency, putting the envelope in his pocket, and heads for his car.

105 CLOSE ON CAR

105

Columbo gets behind the wheel, turns the key. We hear a "click." Nothing. The starter won't go. "Click. Click. Click." Columbo sags in frustration.

106 INT. SERVICE STATION AREA - DAY

106

Columbo is by a workbench with the Mechanic. The Peugeot is nearby, its hood wide open. The Mechanic is shaking his head sadly.

MECHANIC

Maybe just a faulty solenoid. Or a shorted lead. But I'll tell you the truth, Charlie, I think you need a new starter.

COLUMBO

Oh, yeah. It wore out, huh?

MECHANIC

(shrugs)

It happens -- even to priceless antiques.

COLUMBO

How long do you figure it'll take to get one?

MECHANIC

New? Can you wait till September?

COLUMBO

You're kidding.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

106

MECHANIC

But maybe -- just maybe I can dig up a rebuilt. I got a friend does this kind of thing. Gonna cost you a hundred and a quarter but it's guaranteed.

COLUMBO

(shrugs)

Okay, what can I do?

MECHANIC

Name?

COLUMBO

Columbo.

MECHANIC

First name.

COLUMBO

Lieutenant.

The Mechanic hesitates, hand poised above the sheet.

MECHANIC

Oh, say -- listen, Lieutenant -- I just remembered this guy tellin' me -- he might have something for this car -- a real special -- only gonna cost you forty-five bucks, installed.

COLUMBO

Oh, yeah? That's terrific. When do you think I could have the car?

MECHANIC

If he's got the part, five o'clock.

COLUMBO

Okay, thanks a lot.

Columbo gives a little wave and walks off. The Mechanic gives a little sigh of relief.

107 EXT. THE SERVICE STATION - DAY

107

as Columbo comes out. Just then, Richard Costaine's Jaguar XJ-6 pulls into the station. He stops by Columbo and rolls down the window.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

RICHARD

I was told I could find you here.

COLUMBO

Good day, sir.

RICHARD

Car trouble?

COLUMBO

Yeah, it's always somethin'. They don't make cars the way they used to.

(beat)

Have you had lunch?

COLUMBO

Why, no. I thought I'd just grab a cheeseburger somewhere ---

RICHARD

Why don't you join me? I've made reservations at St. George's.

COLUMBO

Why not? You gotta eat.

108 INT. FOYER OF ST. GEORGE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

108

a very posh establishment with an old English motif. Columbo and Richard enter and are greeted by the Maitre d'.

MAITRE D'

Ah, Mr. Costaine. Good day, sir.

RICHARD

Good day, Alfred.

(looks around)

Is -- uh --- ?

MAITRE D'

Mr. Alexander is waiting at the table, sir.

RICHARD

Good. Thank you.

They start off, with Columbo following behind.

109 INT. RESTAURANT - ANOTHER ANGLE

109

a corner booth where Mark Alexander is waiting. He is in his late 40's, well-dressed, Establishment type.

CONTINUED

The Maitre d' leads Richard and Columbo to the table.

RICHARD

Mark, thank you for coming.

MARK

Good to see you, Richard. Lieutenant Columbo, nice to see you again.

COLUMBO

How are you?

They shake hands.

MAITRE D'

Lieutenant, may I take your coat?

COLUMBO

My coat.

(hesitates)

No, I think I'll just wear it.

My suit is a little wrinkled.

I don't want to look out of place.

He sits.

MAITRE D'

Something from the bar, perhaps, gentlemen?

MARK

Rob Roy.

RICHARD

Just dry sherry, Alfred.

COLUMBO

Me? Uh -- just coffee, thanks.

I'm working.

MAITRE D'

Very good.

He goes off.

MARK

From what I hear, you are, indeed, working, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

Well, it's a strange case, sir. Very strange.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 2

109

RICHARD

I told Mark about your theory --
that James has been framed by someone.

MARK

Is it still a theory, Lieutenant --
or do you have something more to go
on?

COLUMBO

Still just a theory, sir.

MARK

Too bad. I was hoping James would
be freed before it ever went to the
Grand Jury.

The waiter brings their drinks and leaves.

RICHARD

Actually, Lieutenant -- I haven't
asked you here to discuss James.
It seems -- and correct me if I'm
wrong -- but you've been checking
up quite a bit on my activities.

COLUMBO

(shrugs it off)

Oh, well -- that's just part of
the job.

MARK

Well, if you've been doing your job,
you know that Richard was at the
museum until nearly seven o'clock
on Friday night -- then went to his
sister's for a small dinner party
and stayed until nearly midnight.

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. That he did.

He starts to put cream and sugar in his coffee.

RICHARD

I think, Mark, that the Lieutenant's
investigation of me centers more on
my activities Saturday morning. You
have been checking with my neighbors,
haven't you?

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 3

109

COLUMBO

Yes, sir. You told us you were home all morning. I just wanted to verify it.

RICHARD

But you couldn't.

COLUMBO

No, sir, I couldn't.

(beat, indicating)

You suppose I could have one of these crackers?

Mark passes the little basket over to him and while he drinks his coffee, Columbo munches on one of them.

RICHARD

And where do you suppose I was?

COLUMBO

(matter-
of-factly)

Up at the cabin.

Richard and Mark glance at each other.

MARK

I hope you know what you're saying, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

I'm just saying I think Mr. Costaine was up at the cabin.

(to Richard)

It was your car, sir. In front of the museum it was sparkling clean -- like it had just been washed. But that afternoon, at your sister's, it was dirty -- like you'd been driving on dirt roads. Well, how could that be if you were at home?

RICHARD

Bravo, Lieutenant. A masterful deduction.

MARK

Masterful -- and erroneous.

RICHARD

On the contrary, Mark -- the Lieutenant is absolutely right. I was there.

CONTINUED

MARK

Richard, what are you saying?

RICHARD

Mark, please. I merely want to put the Lieutenant's fears to rest so he can get on with more productive areas of his investigation.

(beat)

I suppose, technically, I'm an accessory after the fact to my nephew's crime, and if you want to press charges, I won't fight it.

COLUMBO

Let's worry about that after you tell me what happened.

RICHARD

It was very simple, really. I knew Schafer suspected James. He'd told me as much. When you mentioned, Saturday morning, about Schafer and the shot on the phone -- I feared the worst. Naturally, I couldn't say anything but I went to the cabin to see for myself. I found Schafer dead on the floor and James missing. I -- I suppose I should have called the sheriff right then, but I kept thinking of my sister -- what it would do to her.

COLUMBO

So you buried the body and got rid of the car.

RICHARD

(nods)

Yes.

COLUMBO

And Schafer. You're sure he was dead?

RICHARD

The body was cold. Stiff. I imagine he'd been dead for twelve or fourteen hours, at least.

MARK

Lieutenant, this comes as a complete shock to me -- but I hope you will consider Mr. Costaine's motives in judging him.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 5

109

COLUMBO

Oh, yes, sir. You have my word
on that.

He nods and bites into his cracker.

110 EXT. THE RESTAURANT - DAY

110

Columbo comes out of the restaurant alone, comes to the sidewalk and looks around for a cab. One goes by. He starts to hail it but sees it is occupied. He looks around again as a car which has been parked about a hundred yards away starts up and pulls to the curb next to him. The driver honks the horn. Columbo reacts, and peers inside the car.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE

111

as the driver leans forward and we recognize her as Julie Randall.

JULIE

Lieutenant Columbo?

COLUMBO

That's right.

JULIE

They told me I'd find you here.
I'm Julie Randall.

112 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

112

Columbo and Julie. There are two phones on the table.

JULIE

-- and the next morning, after we heard the news on the radio, he left. That was the last time I saw him.

COLUMBO

(nods)

And he was definitely at your house on Friday night at ten o'clock.

JULIE

I'll swear to it.

(beat)

What's going to happen to me, Lieutenant?

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

COLUMBO

Well, you know we gotta hold you --
on that Missouri warrant.

JULIE

(nods)

I understand.

COLUMBO

I'll do what I can for you. You
did the right thing -- coming
forward.

(beat)

Now this man -- the one who called
you -- do you think you'd recognize
his voice if you heard it again?

JULIE

I -- I don't know.

Columbo starts to dial a number, gesturing Julie to pick up
the phone. She does so.

COLUMBO

I just want you to listen.

Julie nods in understanding.

113 INT. ANTEROOM TO RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

113

Miss Pritchard at her desk. The phone rings. She answers.

MISS PRITCHARD

Mr. Costain's office.

Begin to intercut with those speaking.

COLUMBO

Good afternoon, ma'am. Lieutenant
Columbo. Is he in? It's kind of
important.

MISS PRITCHARD

Oh, yes, Lieutenant. Just one
moment.

She pushes a hold button and buzzes on the intercom.

114 INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

114

On Richard. A buzz on the intercom. Richard flips a
button.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

RICHARD

Yes, Miss Pritchard?

MISS PRITCHARD'S VOICE

Lieutenant Columbo on line one,
sir. He says it's important.

RICHARD

Thank you.

Richard presses a button and lifts the receiver.

RICHARD

Good afternoon, Lieutenant.

115 ON COLUMBO AND JULIE

115

She is listening intently on the extension.

COLUMBO

Good afternoon, sir.

RICHARD

What can I do for you?

COLUMBO

Well, I just wanted to thank you
for a terrific lunch.

RICHARD

That's most kind but it was my
pleasure. I feel my little
confession cleared the air. I
know it gave me a sense of relief.

COLUMBO

Yes, sir.

(beat)

Well, the fried clams were really
something. Maybe we'll do it again
sometime.

RICHARD

(beat, frowns)

Of course.

(beat)

Was there something else?

COLUMBO

No, that's it. Good talking
to you, sir.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

There is a click as Columbo disconnects. Richard frowns and stares at the phone, then slowly hangs up.

116 ON COLUMBO AND JULIE

116

COLUMBO

Well?.

JULIE

I don't know. I mean, it could be, but -- No, I'm not sure.

Just then there a knock on the door.

COLUMBO

Yeah?

The door opens and James is ushered in by a uniformed guard. He reacts at the sight of Julie. She, too, reacts, standing. They go to one another and embrace.

JULIE

Oh, Jimmie -- !

JAMES

Honey, what are you doing here? You shouldn't have come back ---

JULIE

Sure I did.

They hold each other close.

117 ON COLUMBO

117

watching. Then he crosses to the door, lights a cigar and walks out.

118 INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

118

The Peugeot now has its hood down. The Mechanic is totaling up the bill. Columbo is watching over his shoulder.

MECHANIC

Forty-five -- plus a buck-and-a-half for some mount bolts -- and the tax -- comes to forty-nine dollars and seventy cents.

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

Columbo hands him fifty dollars in bills. The Mechanic crosses to the register and rings it up.

COLUMBO

How is she, otherwise?

MECHANIC

The car? I didn't roadtest, Mac. I was afraid to. Is that what they're issuing you guys these days?

COLUMBO

Oh, no. That's my own car. They pay me for my gas and oil and repairs.

He takes the receipt and studies it carefully.

COLUMBO

You got the date wrong.

MECHANIC

What? Let me see.

COLUMBO

The date. It's the fifth. You wrote the sixth.

MECHANIC

It's the sixth.

Columbo points out a nearby wall calendar -- one of those single-date multi-leaf jobs. It reads May fifth.

COLUMBO

It says the fifth.

The Mechanic crosses to it and rips off the sheet.

MECHANIC

Now it's right. See? Thursday, May sixth. Half the time I forget to change that thing.

Columbo nods. Then he frowns. He looks over at the calendar, then back down at the receipt again. He looks up. A thought has just crossed his mind.

119 EXT. REAR OF THE COSTAINE HOUSE - DAY

119

Phyliss is seated in a chair, blanket over her legs, looking very pale.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

119

The fight seems to have gone out of her as she stares straight ahead. There is a coffee carafe and an empty cup in front of her.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE

120

as Richard appears from the house and approaches.

RICHARD

Phyliss? Ah, there you are.

He comes close.

RICHARD

Well, isn't this wonderful? You're getting some air. You've been cooped up in that bedroom for too long.

He bends over and kisses her on the cheek.

RICHARD

You haven't had your coffee.

PHYLISS

I don't want any.

He starts to pour for her.

RICHARD

Nonsense. It'll perk you up.

PHYLISS

Richard, I'm not sure I've said 'Thank you.'

RICHARD

For what? Filial affection? De rigeur, dear sister.

PHYLISS

For trying to protect James -- and me. Whatever failures I've had as a mother, I don't intend to repeat them as a sister. I've talked with Mark Alexander and should things go against James -- as I'm sure they will -- I'm changing my will ---

RICHARD

(lightly)

This is no time ---

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

PHYLISS

This is the time. God knows, I may not have much left. But I am grateful and someday everything will be yours -- your Museum, of course, and money to keep it going.

Richard takes her hand and squeezes it affectionately.

RICHARD

Now, I won't hear another word. We'll hold good thoughts for James and worry about tomorrow tomorrow.

121 ANOTHER ANGLE

121

as the Maid appears.

MAID

Excuse me, sir. Men at the door to see you.

Richard reacts, then:

RICHARD

(to Phyliss)

Excuse me for a moment, dear.

He heads toward the house. The Maid says to him quietly:

MAID

It's the police, sir. And they have Mr. James with them.

Richard reacts and then heads inside.

122 INT. THE COSTAINE LIVING ROOM - DAY

122

as Richard enters. James is there, uncuffed, along with Columbo.

RICHARD

James? What in the world -- ?

COLUMBO

Good morning, sir. Hate to bother you so early, but I thought you'd be pleased at the news.

CONTINUED

JAMES

They've dropped the charges, Richard.
All charges. I'm free.

RICHARD

(beat, hesitantly)

Why, that's marvelous!

COLUMBO

Miss Randall. She came forward.
She's verified his story under oath.

RICHARD

I see.

JAMES

Where's Mother?

RICHARD

Out back. But ---

JAMES

(to Columbo)

Lieutenant -- ?

COLUMBO

Don't look at me, sir. You're a
free man.

James grins and heads off toward the rear of the house.
Richard watches him go, then turns toward Columbo.

RICHARD

Congratulations, Lieutenant. We
are all most pleased. You don't
feel, then, that the girl might
be lying -- to protect him?

COLUMBO

No, sir, I don't.

RICHARD

Lieutenant, you have a very charit-
able and trusting disposition. May
I assume, then, that you suspect
someone else of having murdered my
nephew?

COLUMBO

Mr. Schafer murdered your nephew.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 2

122

RICHARD

Strange. I thought my nephew
murdered Mr. Schafer.

COLUMBO

No, sir. You did.

He crosses over to a nearby chair where he picks up a shopping bag, moves it to the top of the piano and starts to rummage through it.

RICHARD

By God, now there's a fascinating theory. I am sitting at my desk at the Museum at four-forty-five -- and at the same time a spirit-like alter ego is off at the cabin, murdering Mr. Schafer -- whom you say wasn't murdered -- or, somehow, came back to life to kill my brother that evening. It boggles the imagination.

COLUMBO

Not really, sir. Not when you finally realize that Mr. Schafer wasn't killed that afternoon. That he was killed Saturday morning.

RICHARD

(flares)

That's preposterous! I told you -- I found Schafer dead -- cold -- the body stiff. He's been dead for at least twelve hours, maybe longer.

COLUMBO

Not true, sir.

RICHARD

His wife heard the shot.

COLUMBO

(correcting)

His wife heard a shot.

He takes out a certificate and passes it over to Richard.

COLUMBO

Birth certificate. A duplicate copy issued in the name of 'George Thurmond. Born October 22, 1936' --

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 3

122

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

which would make him about forty years old today -- except that he died when he was two years old.

RICHARD

I don't follow you.

COLUMBO

This was mailed to Lewis Schafer's address. Using it, he obtained a passport ---

The junk is starting to pile out of the shopping bag now.

COLUMBO

-- A Social Security card --

(beat)

-- Airlines tickets to Hawaii --

(beat)

-- Confirmed reservations at one of the beach hotels -- for May first --

(beat)

In short, sir -- Lewis Schafer had become George Thurmond. He was leaving his wife to start a new life. That shot she heard on the phone -- that was a phony -- to convince her he was dead.

RICHARD

That's absurd.

COLUMBO

Is it? Then, how do you explain all these things?

RICHARD

I don't. Nor do I have to. Your theory is a shabby fraud, Lieutenant ---

COLUMBO

No, sir.

He reaches in the bag and pulls out Lew Schafer's pistol and points it at Richard. Richard hesitates. Columbo approaches until he is only a foot or so away, gun in hand.

RICHARD

Do you propose to frighten a confession out of me, sir? Or just shoot me?

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 4

122

Columbo shakes his head and flips the gun over so that he is holding the barrel, displaying the butt.

COLUMBO

This is Mr. Schafer's gun -- the one found in his holster. On the barrel are minute traces of blood. Type AB. The same type as the Guard at the Museum who was hit over the head by your nephew, Edward's, killer.

(beat)

Schafer sneaked into the Museum that night ---

RICHARD

Impossible!

COLUMBO

(overriding)

-- avoiding the alarm systems, with information you supplied -- he killed Edward -- slugged the Guard -- stole the jewels and returned to the cabin. When he woke up the next morning, he had no idea that May first was going to be the last day of his life.

123 ANGLE ON FRENCH DOORS

123

open. Phyliss and James appear, unobserved by the two men.

124 BACK TO SCENE

124

RICHARD

I told you what happened! I found him dead! I thought James was responsible. I tried to protect him, but surely you can't believe me capable of murder.

COLUMBO

(quietly)

Actually, sir, I can believe you capable of anything.

Columbo crosses to the bag and takes out one last item. A man's gold watch. He looks at it.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

COLUMBO

Do you have the time, sir?

RICHARD

(frowns, then
looks at his
pocketwatch)

Time? Yes, it's nine-thirty-one.

Columbo crosses to him and shows him the watch.

RICHARD

Nine-thirty-one. Yes, we have the
same time. What's your point?

COLUMBO

The date, Mr. Costaine. The date
on the watch.

RICHARD

May seventh. That's correct.

COLUMBO

I know. But it shouldn't be. We
found this watch on Mr. Schafer's
wrist. It was running. It's
still running.

RICHARD

Because it's electric!

COLUMBO

'Thirty days hath September, April,
June and November. All the rest
have 31 --- '

RICHARD

(exasperated)

Lieutenant -- !

COLUMBO

You know how these watches work?
Every midnight, they click ahead
to the next date. Last Friday was
April thirtieth -- so the next day
-- Saturday, it would have clicked
ahead to the thirty-first. But
there is no thirty-first of April,
so you have to wind it ahead so
it clicks to the first of the month.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED - 2

124

Richard turns away. Columbo moves after him, persistent in his point.

COLUMBO

You see my point, sir. If Mr. Schafer had been killed Friday, this watch would read May sixth, not May seventh. But he set the watch correctly -- and he only would have done that on Saturday --
(beat)

No, he was alive when you arrived. Very much so. But he wasn't alive when you left. When you killed him with your nephew's gun. When you buried the body and disposed of the car -- knowing they'd both be found -- and your nephew would be arrested for murder.

PHYLISS

Richard -- what have you done?

Richard turns wildly as Phyliss enters. Somewhat haltingly, she crosses to him. James lingers in the b.g. Richard goes to her.

RICHARD

It's not true, Phyliss. Can't you see? It's a trick -- to frame me.

A long beat, and then Phyliss reaches back and slaps him across the face with all the determination she can muster. Richard recoils with a gasp. She stares hard at him and then turns away.

RICHARD

Phyliss! Don't turn your back on me!

She crosses to James who puts his arms around her.

RICHARD

You took everything away. You gave it to them. My treasures. To them.

125 CLOSE ON COLUMBO

125

with his shopping bag. He picks up the gun from the table, hesitates, then starts to drop it in the bag.

FREEZE FRAME

THE END