

PRODUCER: Richard Alan Simmons

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C O L U M B O

MAKE ME A PERFECT MURDER

by

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jrs #49702

COLUMBO

MAKE ME A PERFECT MURDER

CAST

COLUMBO

KAY FREESTONE

VALERIE KIRK

MARK MacANDREWS

WALTER MUIRHEAD

FRANK FLANAGAN

LUTHER

JOHATHAN

WENDY

SERGEANT BURKE

PRODUCER

AL STALEY

PETE COCKRUM

AMES

CHUCK

MADGE

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

ANGELA

DELIVERY MAN

PARKING LOT GUARD

TECHNICIAN

CLERK

SECURITY GUARD

DUBBING CAPTAIN

WRITER'S VOICE

ROARK (FILM)

COLUMBO

MAKE ME A PERFECT MURDER

SETS

INTERIORS

DUBBING ROOM
CNC LOBBY
ELEVATOR
KAY'S OFFICE
MARK'S RECEPTION OFFICE
MARK'S OFFICE
MARK'S BEDROOM
KAY'S LIVING ROOM
NETWORK PROJECTION ROOM
JONATHAN'S OFFICE
GREEN ROOM
CORRIDORS
PROJECTION BOOTH
STAIRWELLS
FILM SHIPPING
MARK'S DRESSING ROOM
VIDEO STAGE
VIDEO CONTROL BOOTH
DRESSING ROOM
VENICE HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
KITCHEN
PLANETARIUM
REMOTE TRUCK

HOTEL ROOM (FILM)

EXTERIORS

CNC NETWORK EXECUTIVE
PARKING LOT
BEACH
MARK'S HOUSE
KAY'S APARTMENT
KAY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX
VENICE CANAL AREA
CNC BUILDING
DESERTED ROAD
NEW YORK STREET AND
ALLEY (FILM)

jrs #49702

NOTE: The two-hour film under Kay Freestone's supervision is titled "THE PROFESSIONAL," and deals with a man of some intelligence -- named Roark -- who accepts assignments which are in some countries illegal. Parts of this film we will see in a dubbing room and in projection rooms.

This original footage will be shot and the few pages of that script are appended.

COLUMBO

MAKE ME A PERFECT MURDER

FADE IN

1 INT. DUBBING ROOM - TOWARD SCREEN 1

We are immediately ensnared by film within our film, a cinema noire production fashioned from bleak angles and threatening shadows.

It is late at night. A lone car comes down a New York street and parks by the mouth of a trash can alley. This is all seen in black and white -- a dupe print, actually -- with scratches and blips, cue marks for music and effects.

We shall shortly discover our camera to be attendant upon a dubbing session. Music is tautly suspenseful and rather loud.

Roark, the Professional, parks the car. Closer angle now: his face glazed and resolved, he takes a .22 from a shoulder holster, a silencer from the glove compartment, screws on the silencer and gets out. He moves guardedly into the alley. As all this occurs:

KAY'S VOICE

Music's too big.

The music immediately moderates.

PRODUCER'S VOICE

(re Roark's car)

That a car or a tank?

Car effect moderates as:

2 CLOSE ON DUBBING CONSOLE 2

Three pairs of hands on pots and switches; cue sheets marked up. The hands find appropriate levels for music and effects.

3 TOWARD SCREEN - WIDER ANGLE 3

to reveal the film and our ambience -- the footage counter clicking off -- the gun-and-silencer business on the screen -- and a siren, to which Roark reacts, heard in the deep distance.

4 REVERSE TOWARD DUBBING PANEL, ET AL

4

Two executives are in the room with the three-man dubbing crew, all backlit by the projector. Seated in front of the panel is the Producer; the second executive, silhouetted behind the panel, pacing back and forth, constantly in motion, eyes riveted on the screen, is Kay Freestone. She is clever and attractive, feminine and tough, successful and striving, and, above all, knowledgeable: a film child sprung to womanhood.

KAY

The siren....

PRODUCER

(to Dubbing
Captain)

If that's a siren, let's hear it.

DUBBING CAPTAIN'S VOICE

Looking for it....

5 SHOTS AT CONSOLE

5

Hands opening slider pots -- a sudden onslaught on horns -- the car becomes a tank again -- order restored and there is the siren at appropriate level.

6 ANGLE FEATURING KAY

6

KAY

Once we're in the alley, I just want the pulse track on the music.

(watches
a moment)

Let's take it from the top again.

(to Producer)

Okay with you, John?

PRODUCER

Everything's okay with me. I'm just the producer.

(to dubbing
crew)

From the top, fellas.

7 ANGLE ON CONSOLE

7

punching up some more buttons.

8 TOWARD THE SCREEN

8

and the film running backwards, the sound gibberish until the volumes are decreased.

9 KAY - THE PRODUCER - THE CREW

9

PRODUCER

(carefully
pleasant)

You're a busy lady, Kay. Why don't you get out of the grease pits and let me dub the film.

KAY

Because you studio guys get to have all the fun.

She moves to the panel, begins to massage the shoulder muscles of the Dubbing Captain as:

KAY

(still to
the Producer)

Now over at the network, all we get to do is pay for these pictures and try to let you know what we want -- and how we want it.

(to captain)

How's that for a massage?

(to Producer)

Anything wrong with keeping you informed, John?

PRODUCER

(swallowed)

No.

KAY

I can't hear you, John.

PRODUCER

I said whatever's fair.

KAY

(eyes on the
screen again)

From the top.

And the picture is running again -- music, effects, and all.

10 EXT. CNC NETWORK EXECUTIVE PARKING LOT - DAY 10

A Guard waves Kay through. She parks in her own slot and crosses toward lobby entrance.

11 INT. CNC LOBBY - DAY 11

CNC logos dominate the handsome lobby. A receptionist, Angela, watches Kay breeze in.

ANGELA

Afternoon, Miss Freestone.

KAY

Hi, Angela. How'd your brother do on the bar exams?

ANGELA

(crossed fingers)

One more day.

Kay has stopped to dip into a crystal jar brimming with miniature candy bars. She comes up with a chocolate and, as she strides to the elevators, neatly rips the paper off.

ANGELA

How do you eat those things and keep that figure?

KAY

(without
stopping)

Meditate it off.

She gets into an elevator, hits the button for a top floor.

12 INT. ELEVATOR - KAY 12

A frosted glass ceiling shields the fluorescents. Kay carefully restores the untouched chocolate to its wrapper and deposits it into an ash tray.

13 INT. EXECUTIVE WING AT ELEVATORS - DAY 13

Elevator doors open and Kay steps into a lush corridor. The secretaries' desks are in the corridor (except for the "corner suite" at the far end). Kay strides to her own office; outside it, her secretary, Wendy, stands with the telephone log as soon as she spots Kay. Routinely, Kay hands Wendy her jacket in exchange for the log. They go into her office.

14 INT. KAY'S OFFICE

14

Kay's office is attractive and definitely executive. We note an Emmy well displayed.

WENDY

How's the picture look?

KAY

Getting better. Like pulling teeth.

Kay puts down her purse, checks the phone list. Nothing that can't wait. She hands it back as she heads out of the office again.

15 INT. EXECUTIVE WING - KAY

15

crossing toward Mark MacAndrews' suite.

16 INT. MARK MacANDREWS RECEPTION OFFICE - KAY AND MADGE

16

This corner suite is presided over by Madge, a woman in her fifties and of the old school. She is typing. A mail boy exits as Kay comes in.

KAY

Peace.

MADGE

Peace.

KAY

He in?

MADGE

(nods)
Meeting.

Kay flips her nails on the door to the inner office and opens it.

17 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Very posh, very comfortable. We note a door -- ajar -- which leads to a dressing room/washroom. A handsome sideboard holds three crystal pitchers filled with grape juice, orange juice and lemonade. During what follows, Kay will familiarly cross and get herself a glass of lemonade.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

Mark, attractively bespectacled, is seated on the couch; the adjacent coffee table is stacked with scripts and papers. Mark handles his VIP authority with practiced ease. He is talking with an aide, Ames, and a bookish young man, on whose lap is an open binder with complicated charts. At Kay's entrance, they exchange greetings and continue with:

MARK

Let me worry about New York. What's Clay Gardner really going to cost us? You feel out his agent?

AMES

You want a price on Clay Gardner? His agent smiles and smiles. When you're ready, he'll be ready with a figure.

Mark pushes his glasses up on his forehead as he addresses Kay.

MARK

See the final dub?

KAY

Don't we wish. At that studio -- another three days.

MARK

Can I just show it to the New York bunch and will I want to?

KAY

Yes you can show 'The Professional' and yes you'll want to. How's that for a blunt answer?

MARK

(to others)

You heard that -- Kay Freestone guarantees us a forty share.

(stands,

glasses down)

Okay, friends, thank you much.

The men start to leave; Kay drains her drink, starts out also.

KAY

Jonathan -- want to bring me up to date?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 2

17

JONATHAN

I ran the network demographics on the six Clay Gardner movies. Believe it or not, his appeal is strongest males eighteen to thirty-four, right where we need it....

They are out the door. Mark stretches; he is tired. He takes up a script as his intercom buzzes. He picks up the phone.

MARK

Yes, Madge.

MADGE'S VOICE

Mr. Flanagan from New York on three.

MARK

Thanks.

Continuing to stand, he hits the proper button and glances instinctively at his watch. There are electronic clicks.

FLANAGAN'S VOICE

Hello? Mark?

Mark's relationship with Flanagan is excellent; his voice is warmer than with Kay or the others.

MARK

Hello, Frank, how's that great New York weather?

18 INT. SKYSCRAPER OFFICE - DAY - FLANAGAN

18

Frank Flanagan is young and slim. Perfectly groomed. Perfect manners. He speaks into the phone in a corner of his imposing office. Through the window behind him we see that it is snowing.

FLANAGAN

How do you think? It's still snowing.

19 INTERCUTS

19

MARK

I hate to tell you, I went sailing yesterday....

FLANAGAN

Well, keep a little sunshine for us. We'll definitely be out Tuesday.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

MARK

I'll be ready for you.

FLANAGAN

Mark -- how tough would it be to give up sailing in the winter?

Mark stiffens, drops into his desk chair.

MARK

What've you got in mind?

FLANAGAN

New York.

20 ON MARK

20

MARK

(a beat)

For how long?

FLANAGAN' VOICE

Long as you want. Forever.

Mark slides his glasses up on his forehead.

21 EXT. BEACH - DAY - ESTABLISHING MARK'S HOUSE

21

and a beautiful day.

22 EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - TERRACE - DAY

22

Mark wears shorts, a casual top, is barefoot. He is engaged in making a pitcher of bullshots -- and singing:

MARK

'Hate California
It's cold and it's damp --- '

He takes the tray to a table on the terrace, placing it beside the Sunday Los Angeles Times (the comic section tells us it is Sunday) and a copy of the Sunday New York Times. Also on the tray is a small jeweler's box. Mark opens it and takes out a set of car keys on a gold chain. He tosses them in the air, then drops them out of frame. Turning toward the interior of the house:

MARK

Hey! You want these waffles and sausage and pancakes or not?

23 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

23

Bright and delightful, this bedroom, and the bed unmade. Coming from the bathroom we see the (wet) legs only of a girl hastily drying herself and dropping the towel, going to a huge closet, sliding back the door to reveal men's clothes, and then -- much less obvious -- a few hangers with women's casual clothes.

24 ON TERRACE - MARK

24

seated on a lounge, he sips his drink and reads the New York times. From behind, the girl's arms encircle his waist and she kisses his ear.

THE GIRL

Happy Sunday.

The voice and widening angle reveal Kay Freestone. Mark turns and kisses her lightly -- and surveys her appreciatively. She tastes her bullshot. Great.

MARK

Saturday wasn't too shabby.

She smiles, fishes up the comic section and hands it to him.

KAY

Read me the funnies.

He takes the comics and sails them away, drops the New York Times too. Then:

MARK

Frank Flanagan called. I got New York.

Kay stares at him blankly.

KAY

Creative affairs?

MARK

The whole damn network.

With a whoop of sheer, blissful exuberance she piles on top of him.

KAY

We did it, we did it, we did it!!
When do we leave?

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

MARK

(evenly)

I want you to stay here, Kay.

She is surprised, puzzled -- then she gets it. She embraces him, kisses him....

KAY

Your job?! Oh baby, I know I can handle the Coast for you. You'll never be sorry.

She can't see his face, but realizes after a time that he offers no response of any kind. The ground is slipping away. She pulls back, looks at him.

KAY

You are giving me the job?

At his silence, she rises from the lounge, backs to the terrace railing.

KAY

What's going on here? The boss? Flanagan?

(at his non-committal gesture)

A supersalesman like you can't sell Frank Flanagan on me? Just tell him there's this broad, been with the network four and a half years, started at Revue, reader, cutter, producer -- only one human frailty, she has a yen for this guy who'll be 3,000 miles away, but they've been incredibly discreet, nobody even suspects....

Her voice trails off as she realizes she isn't cutting any ice.

KAY

Hey.

MARK

I can't give you the West Coast, babe -- you're not ready yet.

KAY

Well, now. I had the funny idea I'd earned something....

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED - 2

24

MARK

At what you do, you are the very best of all. But you don't make decisions, Kay. You make guesses. There's a difference. Guesses aren't good enough. You'll learn.

She stares at him in disbelief -- and then the chill, sure knowledge that he means every word of it.

KAY

Right, right. I'm already learning.

A little headshake. Then she flees from the terrace, exits into the house. Mark sits motionless for a few beats, drinks his drink.

25 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - KAY

25

throws a few of her things from the closet onto the bed, takes out a wrap-around skirt and is putting it on as Mark enters. He holds his own drink, almost drained, and Kay's also -- almost untouched. He watches her gather up a few things and put on a shirt, then:

MARK

Don't make it any tougher than it is.

KAY

Oh, poor baby. Here I am worrying about me. And there's my precious Mark suffering through the awful truth. 'Farewell, my dearest -- great secret lovers and a great corporate team, but the time has come. Onward and upward. Whoop-de-doo!

She cinches a belt around the skirt and proceeds with the rest.

MARK

Kay -- in the end all we owe each other is a bit of affection. Nobody kept tabs -- so much for overtime -- double-time -- playtime....

She is putting on lipstick, and glances at him in the mirror. He doesn't miss the look.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

MARK

(opens his
arms wide)

You want to sue me?...Shoot me?
That make you feel better?

He puts down the drinks, opens a drawer and takes out a gleaming .32 automatic.

MARK

Right through the heart. Make me
a perfect murder, babe.

He tosses the gun onto the bed. Kay looks at it, then back to Mark: you son of a bitch. She starts to move past him but he blocks her way, again holding the two glasses.

MARK

Kay....

And he carefully pours Kay's drink into his own empty glass. There, in the bottom of her glass as he holds it up, are the car keys we saw on the terrace.

MARK

You were supposed to find these out
there -- a new 450SL.

26 ANGLE ON KAY

26

and her dawning sense of devastation as she realizes her erstwhile lover is paying her off.

27 MARK

27

Mark deliberately allows the glass to fall and shatter on the marble-top dresser. He extracts the keys from the shards, moves to pick up Kay's discarded towel with which he dries them, his back to her, as:

MARK

It's parked by the boat. Silver --
the one you always wanted. You can
drive it home. It's already in your
name -- your car.

28 ON KAY

28

Her eyes close, her face laced with pain. Her hand, near the dresser top, closes on a piece of broken glass. And clenches. We see a tiny trickle of blood.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

MARK'S VOICE

The license plate says 'SUPER.'
That's a comment from the management.

29 TWO SHOT

29

as Mark turns back to face her. He extends the keys.

MARK

Good-bye, Kay.

Her eyes are on his now, the pain masked. She does not take the keys. He knows she will. He comes to her. He takes her in his arms -- like a gentleman. She folds into them -- like a lady.

KAY

Good-bye, Mark.

She is looking beyond him to:

30 KAY'S POINT OF VIEW - THE GUN

30

and camera zooms in on the gun on the bed.

31 EXT. KAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

31

giving us the sense of a smashing apartment complex. Over shot, we hear the faint, b.g. ticking of a stopwatch and:

KAY'S VOICE

(flat, precise)

You have thirty seconds to go.

32 INT. KAY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PANNING-
ESTABLISHING

32

The living room is high-ceilinged, with an open second level. Camera is slowly revealing it to us. The faint ticking and her voice continue:

KAY'S VOICE

You have twenty seconds.

Camera finds a coffee table laden with trade papers and scripts. We also see an inactive stopwatch and a compact tape recorder. The latter is the source of Kay's voice and of the b.g. ticking. Also on the table is a small portable radio, its telescoping FM antenna extended.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

Pan continues to discover an eerie Kay huddled on the stairway to the second level, listening to her own voice.

KAY'S VOICE

You have ten seconds left.

Now she rises and comes to the coffee table as:

KAY'S VOICE

Nine seconds -- eight -- seven....

As the countdown continues, she picks up the portable radio.

KAY'S VOICE

Three -- Two -- One -- Out.

With the final word, she snaps off the radio antenna.

33 INT. NETWORK PROJECTION ROOM - TOWARD SCREEN

33

We see the same film as in the opening. Now, however, the picture is in color. Music is different. Dubbing is complete.

34 REVERSE ANGLE - KAY

34

seated in the projection room. Watching. Not really watching. Her thoughts elsewhere. Camera adjusts to reveal the Producer of the film sitting a seat away from her. He looks at Kay.

PRODUCER

Play all right for you now?

Camera returns to Kay. She does not answer. She rises abruptly.

KAY

I'll run it later.

She exits projection room.

35 INT. NETWORK CORRIDOR - DAY - KAY

35

as she emerges from the projection room and crosses to:

36 ELEVATOR - KAY

36

She presses the button. Doors open immediately and she gets in. Button. Doors close.

37 INT. ELEVATOR - KAY

37

Almost immediately she presses the "Stop" button. The elevator stops. From her bag she removes the collapsed FM antenna. She extends it, raises it to poke at the frosted ceiling, lifts half the latch which meets its counterpart at the center line. She lets it fall back into position. She collapses the antenna.

38 INT. EXECUTIVE WING - KAY

38

as she crosses to exit into Jonathan's office, establishing its relationship to Mark MacAndrews' suite.

39 INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - DAY - KAY AND JONATHAN

39

It is half the size of Kay's office. Charts, graphs, rating literature, a desk calculator, a hand calculator, a typewriter. Jonathan is busy.

KAY

Sorry, Jonathan, I'm going to need all those Clay Gardner demographics first thing in the morning.

JONATHAN

(dismayed)

Gezz, Kay, it'll take all night....

KAY

Unless you'd like to explain your troubles to Mr. Flanagan, you better plan on spending the night.

(as she

sails out)

Condolences, junior. Comes with the territory.

40 INT. "GREEN ROOM" - NIGHT - BUFFET TABLE

40

We are in a kind of informal meeting room. A buffet table holds a moderate array of cold cuts, salads and breads. Present, but still unseen, are Mark, Frank Flanagan and two of his VIP aides: Al Staley and Pete Cockrum. And a welter of voices.

What we do see are hands. And plates. Helping themselves to food. One takes a little, one takes a lot, one makes a sandwich.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

The plates are carried to a coffee table, a bar stool, a couch, a chair arm. And by each plate are legal-size pads, each pad scribbled with notes, some in several colors. Hands try to eat and hands scribble further notes with felt-tipped pens. All this as:

FLANAGAN'S VOICE

Who says Clay Gardner's ready to do television?

MARK'S VOICE

At six million for the season, let's say he might be tempted.

STALEY'S VOICE

His agent take the hook yet?

MARK'S VOICE

I'm still setting it. Of course, it's up to you, Frank, you want to lay out that kind of cash.

FLANAGAN'S VOICE

What do you say, Pete?

COCKRUM'S VOICE

It nails down Sunday night. We'll still come out.

Camera comes up on scene, revealing our characters and their various dispositions around the room. Flanagan stands at the bar, making a drink.

Kay enters as:

FLANAGAN

We start paying six million, every actor we have'll want to renegotiate.

KAY

Mr. Flanagan -- gentlemen. As soon as you've finished your ice cream and cookies, we're going to the movies.

FLANAGAN

Thank you, Kay.

MARK

I'll see you guys in my office when you're finished.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED - 2

40

He moves toward the door. Cockrum and Staley gather up a plate, a sandwich -- with some here-we-go-again comment.

FLANAGAN

Mark -- let's roll the dice with Clay Gardner before I change my mind.

MARK

You got it.

He is pleased. So is Kay. They exchange looks. Kay moves to take Flanagan's drink.

KAY

I'll take that for you, Mr. Flanagan.

Mark holds the door as the New Yorkers file out.

41 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - TRUCKING SHOT - KAY, MARK, FLANAGAN, COCKRUM, STALEY 41

Flanagan's trio is in the lead as they turn a corner into the projection room corridor. Mark and Kay bring up the rear.

MARK

You okay?

KAY

I'm fine.

MARK

I mean really.

KAY

I mean I'm really okay, Mark.

They reach the projection room. Mark watches them file inside, then moves on.

42 INT. SCREENING ROOM - KAY, FLANAGAN, STALEY, COCKRUM 42

The men settle in. Flanagan takes the seat by the controls.

FLANAGAN

(to Kay)

I understand this picture is very much a Kay Freestone effort.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

KAY

You'll find little flecks of my
blood on every frame.

(gives Flanagan
his drink)

Gentlemen, one thing I've learned
about programming: the material
speaks for itself. So, no sales
talk, no comments. I'll be back in
the booth. Enjoy yourselves.

The men express their thank-yous as she exits.

43 INT. SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR - KAY

43

emerging from the screening room and moving to enter the
projection booth.

44 INT. BOOTH - KAY AND WALTER

44

The booth is immaculate. Walter Muirhead, the black projec-
tionist, is proud of his domain. The projectors are new and
glistening. Each is equipped with a large, digital footage
counter, red on black. The magazines are of the closed
variety: the film reels cannot be seen unless the magazine
doors are open.

As Kay enters and puts down her purse, Walter is at a desk,
working on an elaborate model of a clipper ship. He has
reached the stage of tying the scores of tiny rigging knots.

KAY

Evening, Walter.

WALTER

Hi, Kay.

(going to
projectors)

VIP time, huh?

KAY

It's murder. All nine reels here?

WALTER

(indicating reels)

Ninety minutes -- nine reels. You
watching back here again?

Kay opens the magazines, checks the film loaded in each
projector.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

KAY

Walter, I wrestled this picture through that nutty studio for six months. You mess up one, single changeover and I will kill you.

Walter checks his equipment as:

WALTER

Yowsah, ma'am. The film will go through the gate at the incredible rate of ninety feet a minute. You just watch these counters. No sooner will this first reel finish up, Ma'am Freestone, when I will see two little flashes of light out there in the upper right-hand corner of your lovely picture. Then I will, with lightning speed, switch over to this projector here and not only will your big shots not know I have switched a reel, they will not even suspect anything.

Kay has listened, amused and with folded arms, to this routine.

KAY

Bravo. Now you mind if I do it myself?

WALTER

Long as you got a union card.

FLANAGAN'S VOICE

(on intercom)

Kay -- roll whenever you're ready.

Kay flips the talkback switch twice and makes an invitational gesture to Walter. He dims the house lights with a rheostat, reaches to:

45 DIGITAL COUNTER

45

The digital counter on Projector #1. Four digits. Walter flips the ratchet to make it read 0-9-0-0.

46 BACK TO SCENE

46

Walter turns on power for #1. Opens the gate. Sound up. Kay is turning up the control for sound in the booth. Main title music begins. She looks through the port as Walter double-checks focus.

47 THROUGH PORT TO SCREEN 47

A stark main title: "THE PROFESSIONAL."

WALTER

Good luck.

She shoots him a look: these two like each other. Walter reaches to:

48 DIGITAL COUNTER FOR PROJECTOR #2 48

Same business: ratchets to 0-9-0-0. The counter does not move. Camera pans to counter on #1. It is moving at a rate of 90 feet a minute -- now at 0-8-7-4 and counting down.

49 BACK TO SCENE 49

Kay peers through the port at the best angle to spot her audience. She is just a fraction tense.

50 INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - JONATHAN 50

He is working with his desk calculator as he checks his data. The debris of a bring-in dinner on his desk. He comes to a stopping place, reaches for a french fry, decides against it, wraps everything up and deposits it in his wastebasket. Back to work.

51 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MARK 51

He is coming from the washroom, turns up the wall thermostat, moves to pick up a sheaf of memos on the coffee table, decides which one he wants first, stretches out, adjusts his glasses, reaches to take a beige car coat from the chair nearby, drapes it over himself like a blanket.

52 INT. EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR - NIGHT - A GUARD 52

making his rounds punches in, strolls down the corridor.

53 INT. SCREENING ROOM - TOWARDS EXECUTIVES 53

The picture continues. We hear music and sound effects.

STALEY

Frank -- you know if Standards and Practices have seen this yet?

Flanagan waves him silent: It doesn't matter right now.

54 INT. BOOTH - CLOSE ON COUNTER 54

The #1 counter reads 0-0-3-9 and counting down. Camera pulls back. Walter is at the desk, working on his model. Kay is at the port. She looks to the counter, then to Walter.

KAY

Skipper....

She taps the counter.

WALTER

(gets up)

Changeover.

He comes to a port and looks with her.

55 THROUGH PORT TO SCREEN 55

The action is of Ralph oiling his pistol. Camera zooms to the upper right-hand corner for the changeover blip. It appears.

KAY'S VOICE

Flash....

56 INT. BOOTH 56

Walter opens the gate of #2, turns on sound of #2, cuts power on #1, cuts sound on #1.

57 ON COUNTER #2 57

Reaching 0-8-9-5 and counting down. Camera moves to counter #1. It has run out, reads 0-0-0-0 and is chattering there.

58 INT. BOOTH 58

Walter is opening #1 lower magazine to remove the reel and thread Reel 3.

KAY

Couldn't do better myself.

WALTER

That's a fact.

Kay ambles over to the ship model.

KAY

It's getting to look terrific.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED 58
WALTER
That's the one my folks come over on.

59 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MARK 59
puts down one script and picks up another with a red cover.

60 INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - JONATHAN 60
working with the calculator, he makes a mistake and starts again.

61 THE GUARD 61
making his rounds. Punches in. Dullsville.

62 INT. SCREENING ROOM - TOWARD THE SCREEN 62
"The Professional" continues to run: A trash can rolls toward the mouth of the alley, comes to a stop -- headlights from a car parked at the alley's mouth flash on -- sound of car door open and close -- a silhouetted figure appears, proceeding toward us down the alley.
And now we see Roark on a fire escape, gun braced against his forearm, tracking the figure.

63 REVERSE ANGLE 63
COCKRUM
Not exactly the family hour, is it?

64 INT. BOOTH - KAY AND WALTER 64
Kay gazes out of the port. Her hand rests casually by the counter for machine #1 which is projecting. She glances at Walter, busy with his model. She looks back to the counter.

65 CLOSER SHOT - #1 COUNTER 65
Running down, it reads 0-5-4-1. She ratchets it to 0-2-4-1 and counting. Angle widens as Kay looks around.
KAY
Walter -- where're are the other reels?
WALTER
What reels?

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

KAY

The screen tests I ordered. For 'Broad Land.' Flanagan might want to see them.

WALTER

(getting up)

Somebody goofed. They must still be down in shipping....

KAY

Better get them. Four reels.

Walter glances at the counter.

WALTER

There's a changeover coming up -- about two minutes.

KAY

I'll take care of the changeover. Just get the tests, will you, Walter?

Walter hurries out. Kay snaps a glance through a port, quickly opens the #1 projector magazine, then grabs a white editor's glove from the neat bundle on the splicing bench. Now she snatches up her purse, snaps it open.

66 CLOSER ON PURSE

66

We see the tape recorder with its umbilical earplug. Also nestled there is Mark's .32 automatic.

67 KAY

67

places the plug in her ear, looks anxiously through the port.

As Kay watches, there is an intense music cue -- pure Bernie Herrmann strident strings. On this cue, Kay punches the tape recorder. We hear the remote stopwatch ticking and:

KAY'S VOICE

(filtered)

You have four minutes.

She hurries out of the booth.

68 INT. SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT - KAY

68

She moves rapidly down the corridor.

- 69 INT. SCREENING ROOM - TOWARD EXECUTIVES 69
(The music cue continues.) Cockrum whispers something to
Flanagan.
- 70 INT. CORRIDOR - KAY 70
hurrying to a stairway door.
- KAY'S VOICE
You have three minutes and forty
seconds.
- 71 INT. STAIRWELL - KAY 71
ascends the stairway.
- 72 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - KAY - TRUCKING SHOT 72
as she moves down the long corridor, draws on the editor's
glove.
- KAY'S VOICE
You have three minutes and thirty
seconds.
- 73 INT. FILM SHIPPING - WALTER AND CLERK 73
in the bowels of the building. A Clerk, wearing a cutter's
glove, slams a couple of film cans on a counter, turns to
pick up two others. Walter checks his pocket watch.
- 74 INT. EXECUTIVE WING - NIGHT - KAY 74
as she enters from an adjacent corridor, proceeds toward
Mark's suite. Lighting is low-keyed. We are aware of the
open door to Jonathan's office, and the sound of his type-
writer.
- KAY'S VOICE
You have two minutes and forty seconds.
- 75 INT. MARK'S RECEPTION OFFICE - NIGHT - KAY 75
entering silently, closing the door behind her. The office is
buttoned up for the night. The door to Mark's office is
cracked open.

- 76 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MARK 76
- reading on the couch as we saw him last. Thoughtful for a moment, he pushes his glasses up on his forehead, then becomes aware of the door opening. Camera angles to reveal Kay, her right hand hidden. He reacts with surprise.
- MARK
Kay? Finished already?
- KAY
Yes. Finished.
- She continues walking, extends the gun, fires.
- 77 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - ANGLE ON #2 COUNTER 77
- and the roar of the machine. The counter counts to 0-0-0-0 and chatters there. The projector is still projecting.
- 78 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE ANGLE - HIS SCRIPT 78
- A hole has been blasted through the script. It falls on his lifeless body.
- 79 INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - JONATHAN ON PHONE 79
- He is on the phone, frozen by the sound of the shot. Then:
- JONATHAN
(to phone)
Honey, something happened ---
- He drops the phone and runs out.
- 80 INT. MARK'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - KAY 80
- coming toward us from the office proper -- through the dressing room -- exiting through an avoid-the-visitors door as:
- KAY'S VOICE
You have two minutes and ten seconds.
- 81 INT. EXECUTIVE WING - NIGHT - KAY 81
- Still holding the gun, Kay emerges into a different section of the executive wing.
- 82 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 82
- Shooting past Mark's body on the couch, deathly still, as Jonathan bursts in, reacts.

83 INT. EXECUTIVE WING - AT ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT 83

There are two open, blocked elevators, one with plastic bags of trash, the other with heavy cleaning equipment. In the latter, Kay grabs a broom and lifts the frosted ceiling hatch through which she now tosses the gun.

It hits atop the elevator somewhere, not down the shaft but safely out of sight.

She lowers the panel, replaces the broom, moves out of the elevator to exit into an immediate stairway.

KAY'S VOICE

You have one minute and forty seconds.

84 INT. STAIRWELL - KAY 84

moving quickly down the stairway.

85 INT. APPROACH TO SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR AT STAIRWELL DOOR - NIGHT 85

The door is cautiously pushed open, revealing Kay -- and her reaction as she sees:

86 KAY'S POINT OF VIEW - SECURITY GUARD 86

The Security Guard, sidling from the screening room corridor, is attracted by a magazine in a trash basket, a girlie magazine as it turns out.

KAY'S VOICE

You have one minute to go.

87 KAY 87

watching -- frozen.

88 SECURITY GUARD 88

He checks the centerfold, turns the magazine this way and that way.

89 KAY 89

and the countdown:

KAY'S VOICE

You have fifty seconds.

90 SECURITY GUARD 90
Finally he returns the magazine to the trash basket, crosses safely out of view and hearing.

91 KAY 91
KAY'S VOICE
You have forty seconds.
Kay moves toward the screening room corridor.

92 INT. SCREENING ROOM 92
The executives rapt on the film.

93 INT. SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT - KAY 93
moving quickly, quickly....
KAY'S VOICE
You have twenty seconds.
And a long way to go to the projection booth at the far end of the corridor.

94 INT. SCREENING ROOM - TOWARD SCREEN 94
On the screen, Roark lies on a bed in a dingy hotel room, fully clothed, his pistol beside him. The phone is ringing, ringing. His eyes are open, thoughtful. He does not move.
Camera zooms to the screen's upper right corner. The first changeover cue blazes.

95 INT. CORRIDOR NEAR PROJECTION BOOTH - KAY 95
rushing into the booth as:
KAY'S VOICE
You have ten seconds left.

96 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - KAY 96
entering.
KAY'S VOICE
Nine seconds -- eight -- seven....

CONTINUED

- 96 CONTINUED 96
- Her countdown continues as she rushes to a port, sees in the open magazine of projection #1 that the film has all but run out, sees through the port:
- 97 KAY'S POINT OF VIEW TO SCREEN 97
- and camera zooming to the second changeover cue.
- 98 INT. BOOTH - KAY 98
- The countdown is abruptly truncated with a few seconds to go as she flings purse and earpiece aside and:
- 99 FLASH CUTS - KAY'S HANDS 99
- playing the controls like Paderewski: #2 power on, open #2 gate, #2 sound on #1 sound off, close #1 gate, #1 power off.
- She looks through the port: all okay. Now she responds to the sound of the door opening, whirls to see Walter not yet appeared but nudging the door with his knee in order to carry in his load of reels.
- The glove! Swiftly she strips it off, throws it aside. And Walter makes his full entrance, sets the film down.
- WALTER
- Make the changeover okay?
- KAY
- (flexing her fingers)
- Like a champion.
- Walter joins her at the port, looks out to see:
- 100 WALTER'S POINT OF VIEW - TO SCREEN 100
- "The Professional:" Roark sits on the bed in the hotel -- touches the pistol -- strokes it. He picks it up, caresses his cheek -- feels the barrel -- its tactile smoothness. Then the barrel slides toward his mouth.
- 101 BACK TO WALTER 101
- snapping his head aside in revulsion as a shot crashes from the projection booth speaker.
- WALTER
- How long they going to keep putting
that stuff on television?

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

Angle widens to include Kay as Walter disapprovingly goes to his ship model.

KAY

That stuff comes out of character,
Walter.

WALTER

Well, they can keep it.

FLANAGAN'S VOICE

(filtered over
intercom)

Kay, you'd better come in here, please.

Kay looks puzzled, flips the intercom switch for:

KAY

Be right out.

She looks at Walter, shrugs, exits.

102 ON WALTER

102

Curious, he moves to the port.

103 WALTER'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH PORT

103

"The Professional" continues with fancy shots of Roark's dangling hand, his foot twisted on the bed, an extreme closeup of that hand again.

These images fall upon a stunned Jonathan standing -- the executives standing and distraught -- Kay entering from the corridor. Flanagan speaks to her and we see her horrified reaction. The men hurry out. Kay hesitates, goes to the intercom.

KAY'S VOICE

(filtered on
intercom)

That's all the movie for tonight,
Walter.

Camera adjusts to include Walter. What the hell happened? He turns off the projector, then automatically reaches to:

104 DIGITAL FOOTAGE COUNTERS

104

Walter ratchets them both to 0-0-0-0.

105 EXT. CNC EXECUTIVE PARKING LOT - DAY

105

as Kay parks and enters the building. There are several police cars in the lot -- and Columbo's car. Over this:

GUARD'S VOICE

What a shock about Mr. MacAndrews.

KAY'S VOICE

Yes, frightening.

ANGELA'S VOICE

How does a thing like that happen?

KAY'S VOICE

I know, it's insane.

MADGE'S VOICE

I can't believe it about Mark.

KAY'S VOICE

Nobody can.

106 INT. EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR - DAY - KAY

106

As Kay comes from the elevator, she notices strange men -- police -- coming and going. Wendy is doing something about morning coffee as Kay approaches.

WENDY

Kay, I'm so terribly shocked and sorry....

KAY

We're all sorry, Wendy, and he'd be the first to say there's nothing disrespectful in just doing our jobs.

(holds out hand
for phone log)

What've we got?

WENDY

They asked for you in Mark's office -- soon as you came in?

Their eyes meet; Kay goes.

107 INT. MADGE'S OFFICE - DAY - MADGE

107

Madge is showing a detective Mark's telephone log as Kay enters. A technician with a fingerprint kit comes from Mark's office.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

MADGE

Kay....

KAY

Steady, luv.

Kay goes into Mark's office.

108 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - AT DOOR - DAY - KAY

108

and her immediate shock as she sees:

109 KAY'S POINT OF VIEW

109

A figure in a beige coat is stretched out on the couch, the bullet-punctured script shielding the face. A puff of smoke rises slowly from behind the script -- which is lowered to reveal Lieutenant Columbo, cum cigar. Mark's glasses are propped on his forehead.

He sees Kay, immediately rises and goes to her solicitously.

COLUMBO

Good morning, ma'am. I'm Lieutenant Columbo. Homicide? And you're Miss Freestone?

KAY

Yes, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

(the couch)

No disrespect intended, ma'am, but that's where Mr. MacAndrews was lying -- just like that. When he was shot, that is.

KAY

Is there any way I can help, Lieutenant?

He remembers the glasses on his head, takes them off, holds them at arm's length, roams the room as he peers curiously through them.

COLUMBO

Well, there is ma'am. I understand you worked very closely with the victim.

KAY

I was his executive assistant.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

COLUMBO

Yes, ma'am. And would you agree these are his glasses?

KAY

(a bit startled)

They look like them, yes....

Columbo returns to stand by the couch, again peering through the glasses, shifting them from arm's length to close up and back again.

COLUMBO

Then would you mind coming through that door, ma'am?

KAY

Excuse me?

COLUMBO

If you'd just come back through the door, please.

Uneasily, Kay follows instructions. Columbo gazes at her through the shifting glasses, then abruptly:

COLUMBO

Stop right there, ma'am!

She freezes. Columbo advances on her, the glasses a foot from his eyes.

COLUMBO

Now if you'll just hold out your hand, Miss Freestone....

KAY

Where?

COLUMBO

As if you were holding a pistol, ma'am -- pointed at the couch.

Slowly Kay extends her arm.

COLUMBO

(satisfied)

Thank you, ma'am. My father wore glasses just like these ---

He places the glasses in his raincoat pocket, begins searching through all his pockets as:

109 CONTINUED - 2

109

COLUMBO

-- when I was a youngster. I used to like to put them on -- act like a grownup. There was one thing I wanted to ask you about Mr. MacAndrews, ma'am, some item on his desk -- I'll come across it. My mother used to grab the glasses right off of me. 'That's bad for your eyes,' she'd say.

He gives up his body search, starts prowling the room again. He takes another look at that bullet-riddled script.

COLUMBO

Those days, everything was bad for your eyes. Not wearing mittens was bad for your eyes -- wearing rubbers in the house, that'd strike you blind on the spot.

KAY

Lieutenant, if there's nothing else....

Sergeant Burke comes to the door, looks curiously at Kay, then:

BURKE

I've got twelve men searching, Lieutenant. That enough?

COLUMBO

As many as you can get, Sergeant.
(to Kay)

The weapon hasn't been found, ma'am. We think it might still be on the premises.

She murmurs a vague "Oh?" Burke gives her another look. Columbo is searching his pockets again.

COLUMBO

I know there was something on his desk -- Sergeant Burke, this is Miss Freestone. She was Mr. MacAndrews' executive assistant.

KAY

Sergeant.

BURKE

I think you're wanted in your office, ma'am. Something about Mr. Flanagan.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 3

109

KAY

Thank you.

(to Columbo)

Lieutenant, there's something I think you should see. Would you mind?

COLUMBO

Certainly, ma'am.

(exits with

her, as)

Keep searching, Sergeant.

110 INT. KAY'S OFFICE - DAY - FLANAGAN

110

using Kay's visitor's phone. He is very tired and deeply troubled.

FLANAGAN

(to phone)

We lost a hell of a lot more than manpower...no, nobody knows anything yet....

Kay enters -- with Columbo.

FLANAGAN

(to phone)

I'll be staying over until we can put the pieces together...my best to Lucy.

He hangs up and rises, masking his weariness.

FLANAGAN

Kay -- I hope I didn't take you away.

(to Columbo)

Your men have everything they need, Lieutenant?

Kay goes to her desk and digs a file folder out of a drawer as Columbo looks around the room and is immediately attracted by the Emmy. He goes to examine it as:

COLUMBO

Well, sir, it's all very confusing. There were only so many people in the building last night -- you and your people -- Miss Freestone and the projectionist -- the young man working next door. And every single one of them's accounted for.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

With your terrific security and all,
nobody else could have got in or
out. So the question is: who shot
Mr. MacAndrews?

Kay, at the desk, holds the file folder.

KAY

That's why I want you to look at
these, Lieutenant.

But Columbo is intent on the Emmy. Flanagan glances at the
folder.

COLUMBO

(vastly impressed)

Miss Freestone, you personally won
this Emmy yourself?

FLANAGAN

Indeed she did, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

(reads
inscription)

'For Best Documentary Production....'

He sets down the statuette and moves to take the file from
Kay as:

COLUMBO

Well, you certainly must be a very
clever woman, ma'am.

FLANAGAN

That's why she's with us.

COLUMBO

Very clever.

KAY

Let's say I work like an ox. Please
sit here, Lieutenant.

She indicates her desk chair.

COLUMBO

Thank you, ma'am.

He sits to inspect the contents of the file. Very comfortable
indeed. Very nice, the executive telephone with its platoon
of buttons. He lights a cigar.

Kay turns to Flanagan.

111 KAY AND FLANAGAN

111

FLANAGAN

Kay, under the circumstances, I'm going to ask something of you. We'd like you to help us out -- take over all of Mark's duties -- for the time being anyway.

112 AT DESK - COLUMBO

112

He glances up from the file, eyes going to Kay.

113 KAY AND FLANAGAN

113

Kay's face is carefully composed.

KAY

Of course, Mr. Flanagan -- anything I can do.

FLANAGAN

(glance at watch)

I knew we could count on you. You can lock up Clay Gardner for the Proud Land.

He touches her shoulder, starts to exit.

KAY

Mr. Flanagan -- I'll need your guidance -- about the 'The Professional' -- the picture last night.

His face is quite inscrutable as his eyes meet hers.

FLANAGAN

I think we'd better talk about that some other time.

He goes. Kay holds for an uncertain moment.

COLUMBO'S VOICE

I call it weird, ma'am.

114 COLUMBO

114

rising and going to Kay as:

COLUMBO

All these crazy crank letters -- you ever tell the police about these threats?

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

KAY

As a matter of fact, I did. You'll notice the network gets blamed for whatever's going: communism, fascism, atheism, abortion, violence, sex -- take your pick. Up, down and in the middle. It all comes out the same: support decency or I'll kill you. Signed in blood. It occurred to me ---

COLUMBO

-- that one of these nuts slipped in here and shot Mr. MacAndrews?

He hands the file back to Kay who returns to the desk with it as:

KAY

There've been other attempts -- twice on Mr. Flanagan.

COLUMBO

Oh, I don't think so, ma'am. Not in this case. You see, Mr. MacAndrews recognized his murderer. He had to know the person who shot him.

Kay stares at him for a beat.

KAY

That's hard to believe.

From his pocket Columbo extracts Mark's glasses.

COLUMBO

It's these eye glasses, ma'am. They were up here like this, on his forehead, when he was shot -- when the murderer came in. Now, the victim must've known exactly who that was -- or he certainly would have pushed the glasses down, like this.

(glasses off)

Because with this type correction, ma'am, this is the only way Mr. MacAndrews could really see his killer. If the killer was a stranger, that is. Which he --

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 2

114

COLUMBO (Cont'd)
(to the door)
-- couldn't have been. But I'll
keep your theory in mind, Miss Freestone.
Thank you very much, ma'am.

And he is gone.

115 ON KAY

115

The perspicacity of Lieutenant Columbo has given her a great deal to think about. Still, she picks up the phone, buzzes her secretary.

KAY
(to phone)
Wendy, tell Madge I'll be taking
care of Mr. MacAndrews' appointments
-- until further notice.

She hangs up. And thinks. And thinks.

116 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - CLOSE SHOT - FILM FOOTAGE COUNTER

116

The digital counter is counting down to zero. The roar of the projector. Camera angles to discover Columbo and Walter: Walter watching through the port, his hands on the switches; Columbo dividing his attention between the counter and the port.

Walter springs into action, making a virtuoso changeover as:

WALTER
See the flash?

And the changeover is completed. Columbo taps the counter which stands chattering at 0-0-0-0.

COLUMBO
I would say, Mr. Muirhead, sir,
you did that like a real artist.

WALTER
You want to see art? That's art.

He indicates the model. Columbo is digging out his miniscule notebook as he crosses to the ship with Walter.

COLUMBO
Isn't that remarkable? You did all
this yourself?

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED

116

WALTER

Work in progress.

He busies himself with the model as Columbo leafs back and forth through his notebook, drifts back toward the projectors.

COLUMBO

I used to build model airplanes when I was a kid. I'd start 'em but I could never get one finished without wrecking it.

(the right page)

Miss Freestone, she made the change-over last night when you went out for 'The Broad Land' screen tests?

WALTER

About two minutes after I left. I checked the counter.

Columbo looks at the counter.

COLUMBO

Well, Mr. Flanagan and those other people out there last night -- that makes them witnesses that Miss Freestone was right here about the time of the murder.

(through the notebook again; moodily)

The young man, Jonathan, he was on the phone -- his girl friend heard the shot; and you were down in Film Shipping. That seems to take care of everybody.

(he stares glumly at the notebook)

I feel like I just wrecked another model airplane.

Replacing the notebook in his pocket, he sees something on the floor, bends to pick it up: a smudged, white, editor's glove.

COLUMBO

(curiously)

Did Miss Freestone make the splice, too?

WALTER

(baffled)

What splice?

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 2

116

COLUMBO

You mean the film didn't break, sir? Isn't this one of those film editor's gloves?

WALTER

She could've fixed the film if anything happened. But nothing happened to the film.

(indicates pile
of white gloves)

I use the gloves because of the glue.

Walter raises a hand: he is wearing a glove. Using a toothpick, he extracts a tiny dab of glue from a tube and applies it to one of the knots.

COLUMBO

Well, that'll be all for now, sir.

Columbo is laying the glove aside and exiting. He turns back to Walter with the glove.

COLUMBO

Would it be asking too much, sir, if I took one of these gloves for my nephew?

WALTER

Help yourself.

COLUMBO

(he does so)

Fifteen years old and he sold all his stereo stuff to make eight millimeter movies. I was his age, the neighborhood had heroes like DiMaggio, Rizzuto. You know who he's got up on his wall? Francis Ford Coppola.

He pockets the glove and is exiting as he almost bumps into Kay at the door.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, ma'am.

KAY

Sorry, Lieutenant. Walter, you can send those tests back to Shipping.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 3

117

Walter starts to answer but Columbo slices in.

COLUMBO

Oh, the tests already got back to Shipping, ma'am. I talked to the gentleman in charge.

Kay looks at this ubiquitous fellow.

KAY

Fine, then.

She exits; Columbo goes with her. Walter moves to his projectors.

117 INT. SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY - TRUCKING SHOT - COLUMBO AND KAY 117

Kay moves purposefully; Columbo keeps up with her.

COLUMBO

I know that Mr. MacAndrews was an important executive, ma'am. And I know CNC is a big television network. But I don't have any idea what he did all day -- and all night, from what I've seen around here.

KAY

I really can't speak for his nights, Lieutenant.

COLUMBO

I didn't mean to imply, ma'am.

She casts him an amused look.

KAY

His days were like mine. We mostly run a fire department.

COLUMBO

Fire, ma'am?

KAY

Fires, Lieutenant. We put out fires.

118 INT. NETWORK - VIDEO STAGE - ESTABLISHING

118

Video cameras are lining up for super variety show on the vast stage. The area which commands our attention is an

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

impressionistic USO set, circa 1942. Red, white and blue motif. Some costumed dancers (servicemen and USO girls) and some dancers in rehearsal togs are standing in the lineup. Other dancers lounging in b.g.

Contiguous to the main staging area are several flats on which the name "Valerie" flourishes repetitively.

A crane, ridden by the director, Luther, is lining up a shot. We hear:

LUTHER

Left -- down a foot. All right,
that's the angle for the third
position.

119 INT. STAGE - AT ENTRANCE - KAY AND COLUMBO

119

as they enter and Kay is immediately swept up by an A.D. named Chuck (he carries a clipboard) who has been waiting for her. As they move from Columbo, past the flats:

CHUCK

We already lost two hours.

KAY

Where is she?

CHUCK

Luther'll tell you.

Kay turns to call back to Columbo:

KAY

I'll be busy for a while, Lieutenant.
(an encompassing
gesture)
Help yourself.

120 ON COLUMBO

120

COLUMBO

(calling)

Don't worry about me, ma'am.

Someone o.s. shushes him.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, sir.

He looks around, begins to wander, stops and looks up toward:

121 COLUMBO'S POINT OF VIEW 121
to the control booth.

122 KAY AND CHUCK 122

The A.D. is bringing Kay to the crane as we hear:

LUTHER'S VOICE

I'll check this later in the booth.

CHUCK

(calling up)

Luther?

Slowly the crane arms down, bringing Luther into shot. He is youngish, bearded, a little hippie in dress, vastly intelligent, quietly direct. He looks at Kay as:

LUTHER

Thanks, Chuck.

Chuck goes.

KAY

Where are we?

LUTHER

Replace her, Kay.

KAY

(stunned)

Valerie?

LUTHER

She isn't going to make it -- not a live show. Not in this world.

KAY

Why?

LUTHER

I can still bring in Janie Clarke. Same arrangements -- same key -- same staging.

KAY

(dismissing this)

We're on the air tomorrow night!
Why? What happened?

Luther calmly ticks off the following on his fingers:

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

122

LUTHER

She's terrified, she's hysterical, she's falling apart; she can't understand this isn't an MGM sound stage twenty years ago, she hates the staging, she hates the cameras and she hates me.

(end of tally)

You I don't know about. A few times a day she gets a nice rush of competence for ten minutes; then she remembers it's a live show, bites another dancer on the leg and hides in her dressing room. Aside from all that, her work's lousy.

KAY

Where is she?

LUTHER

(indicating)

Dressing room.

Kay starts away, turns for:

KAY

Luther -- is she on anything?

Luther makes a hand gesture as if to say: on that, leave me out.

123 INT. VIDEO CONTROL BOOTH - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MONITOR SCREEN 123

On the screen we see Kay moving o.s.

COLUMBO'S VOICE

You mean it's going to be live TV ---

Camera pulls back to reveal Columbo and a Technical Director standing in the booth. The monitors show silent ad lib stuff on the stage.

COLUMBO

-- just like it used to be?

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

A little better, Lieutenant -- we hope.

(indicates director's chair)

That's where the director'll sit. Here -- sit down.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

Columbo sits in the director's place; the Technical Director sits at his own panel, taps it.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
Technical director's desk.

Columbo surveys the array of monitors.

COLUMBO
All those screens for one show?

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
(pointing;
explaining)
Main monitor -- that shows what's going on the air. Preview monitor: what the director wants to come up next. Those are what the four cameras see. I do the switching.

He demonstrates: moves the preview to the on-the-air monitor; switches in a new preview.

COLUMBO
(marvelling)
All these beautiful machines -- all these buttons to push. I know it costs millions and everybody works very hard. But --
(an impish grin)
-- I'll tell you the truth, it looks like fun.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
(conspiratorially)
It is, Lieutenant. But I'll never admit it in court.

COLUMBO
And Miss Freestone -- she knows all about all this, too?

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
(a bit sourly)
I'll tell you about that. If there's one thing worse than a television lady who thinks she knows everything, it's a television lady who knows everything.

For punctuation, he punches a distinctive main power button. The monitors go dead. Columbo looks at him, puffs thoughtfully on his cigar.

124 INT. AT DRESSING ROOM DOOR - DAY

124

Valerie Kirk's name is on the door. Kay is knocking -- has been knocking.

KAY

Valerie? -- Val! It's Kay.

She knocks again. Sound of door being unlocked from inside. Then nothing. Kay tries the door. It opens. She goes in.

125 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY - KAY AND VALERIE KIRK

125

Kay enters. We meet Valerie Kirk. Not nearly as bad as Kay feared. She leans against a makeup table, filing her nails, facing Kay. She appears tired but well in control of herself. Her makeup has wilted a bit. Whatever problems she has, she puts the best face on them. She wears a rehearsal outfit.

Wardrobe changes hang from a pipe rack. Illumination is low-keyed: only a lamp or two.

VALERIE

Whose side you on?

KAY

Whose do you think?

VALERIE

Prove it.

KAY

You can keep my apartment key.

Valerie grins.

VALERIE

Give me a hug.

Kay moves to her and they embrace -- a strong hug from Kay, giving her strength and security to an old friend.

VALERIE

Oh, boy. I thought you'd never get here.

She moves to sit on the couch, legs folded camp-fire style. She puts a cigarette in her mouth, looks around for a match. Kay lights it for her with a lighter from her purse. There is a Mark Cross knitting bag on the couch. All this as:

VALERIE

Luther get over his snit yet?

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

125

Kay leans back against a small desk, eyeing her.

KAY

How about yours?

VALERIE

Big deal. I tried to tell that genius where my key light works. And the roof fell in. Wheeee! Big man from New York.

KAY

Luther's very good. He's done live shows before. He'll make you look like a million.

VALERIE

(eyes down)

A million years old, you mean.

KAY

Is that how you feel?

VALERIE

(eyes flicking
up to Kay)

You want your key back?

Again Kay searches her face.

KAY

Are you clean, Val?

VALERIE

Oh, for God's sake!

She stands, moves to snap on the lights.

VALERIE

Look at me!

(she moves
to the desk)

I look like a junky? No pills, no booze, no sniff, no smoke.

(she looks at
her cigarette)

Except these damn things.

She turns, her back to Kay, and jams the cigarette into an ash tray. Compassionately, Kay touches her shoulders.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED - 2

125

KAY

You look at me, babe.

Valerie still does not turn.

KAY

(gently)

How scared are you?

Slowly now, Valerie turns to face her. There are tears in her eyes, on her cheeks.

VALERIE

I'm terrified, hon. I can't do it -- I don't know how to do it anymore....

Kay puts her arms around her, holds her.

KAY

I don't know what there is to do -- just sing and dance and be funny in front of forty million people.

VALERIE

(choked)

Kay....

KAY

I'd do it myself if I only had the time.

This provokes a spluttered laugh. Kay, still holding her, brings her to the couch.

126 ON THE COUCH - KAY AND VALERIE

126

Kay rocks her like a child.

KAY

Poor Val -- frightened fo every movie, scared when you won the Oscar, panicked in New York and London and Las Vegas. And smasho! Another scared hit.

VALERIE

This is different....

Kay pulls away from her.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED

126

KAY

Oh, hell, tell me about it! Scared comes with the territory. Why do you think I made this deal? You think I needed some rock-star kid who's tell me she can do it live with one hand tied behind her back? When are you going to grow up? The scarer you are, the better you get. And I'm getting bored, kiddo.

All of this is shaking Valerie's confidence in her own incompetence. She reaches for a tissue, dabs at her eyes as:

VALERIE

Honest, Kay? You wouldn't kid an old pal?

KAY

Sure I would. I made it all up.

She takes the tissue from Valerie and gently strokes it over her eyes. Camera presses for a tight two as:

KAY

What really happened, you bombed out on your first picture and married a fireman in Zanesville, Ohio.

And another laugh from Valerie.

127 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - LUTHER, TECHNICAL DIRECTOR, COLUMBO, ET AL

127

A full crew is at the panel. Columbo watches from behind Luther.

The monitors give us the business on the stage, including the crane shot.

LUTHER

We'll take four after the crane shot.

Now the Technical Director notices something on the crane camera monitor. He indicates:

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

Luther -- look at this.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

127

Luther looks to the monitor and sees Kay and Valerie coming into position. Valerie looks terrific.

LUTHER

I'll take it.

(to talkback)

Bring two down on Kay and Valerie.

The Technical Director switches the crane shot to the on-the-air monitor as the camera cranes down for a two shot of the women. As the Technical Director turns to Columbo and indicates:

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

Valerie Kirk.

Columbo leans in between the director and the Technical Director, eyes on Valerie, very impressed.

COLUMBO

Wait'll I tell Mrs. Columbo.

VALERIE

(through booth
speaker; direct
to camera)

Hey, boss, you need a willing worker?
What are we waiting for?

Luther looks at the Technical Director.

LUTHER

I don't believe it.

(to talkback)

What are you waiting for? Let's
go to work.

Valerie crosses off the monitor. Kay looks directly at us.

KAY

(through booth
speaker)

Anything else, maestro?

LUTHER

(to talkback)

How about walking on water?

She gives him a toodle-oo finger wave and vanishes. Luther looks at Columbo.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED - 2

127

LUTHER
(unconvinced)
I still don't believe it.

He rises and exits booth. Columbo's hand lingers for a moment over one of those delectable switches. He thinks better of it and goes.

128 EXT. VENICE CANAL AREA - NIGHT - KAY - HER CAR

128

Kay's car parks by one of the canal bridges in an area of dilapidated houses.

She emerges, stands for a beat looking o.s., then crosses over the bridge.

129 ANOTHER ANGLE - KAY

129

as she comes to a tiny, paint-scarred house, vintage early twenties. Some of the windows are boarded up; others are broken. It is obviously deserted. A sign says "For Sale." She stops, eyes scanning it all, face impassive.

She approaches the front door, stands motionless for a moment. She touches the handle -- presses. Locked? Stuck? She puts her shoulder to the door. It yields reluctantly. Again a hesitation. She goes in.

130 INT. VENICE HOUSE - NIGHT - KAY

130

as she enters the scrap of living room. Illumination by moonlight. There has been a certain amount of vandalism. Torn pieces of ceiling hang down into frame. No furniture except a broken chair and a battered lamp shade on the floor.

Kay surveys all this, hands thrust into her coat pockets, revolving slowly. She picks up the lamp shade. sets it on the chair, moves through to:

131 INT. VENICE HOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT - KAY

131

Kay enters what was once the kitchen. A bare light bulb hangs into frame. She tries the wall switch. No electricity. She really didn't expect any. There is an old table and a single chair, total value: 85¢. A kitchen door leads to exterior.

Kay sits in the chair, hands folded on the table. She is rapt, living for an instant in another time.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

131

She is startled by a sound at the door. Someone is there, trying to get in. She rises. The door squeaks inward. Lieutenant Columbo looks around the edge.

COLUMBO

Miss Freestone -- ma'am?

KAY

(relieved)

You frightened me.

She sinks back into the chair. Columbo comes in.

132 TWO SHOT - KAY AND COLUMBO

132

COLUMBO

I'm sorry, ma'am. Your secretary said I'd find you here.

He looks around curiously.

KAY

I lived here once, Lieutenant. My mother raised three of us in this house -- for a while.

Columbo sticks his head into the living room.

COLUMBO

If you don't mind my asking, ma'am, why do you come here?

He comes back to her.

KAY

I don't 'come here,' Lieutenant. It's my first return, as a matter of fact.

(a beat)

Nothing sends you scurrying back to your roots like somebody else's death.

COLUMBO

Oh. I thought, ma'am, now that you've got that new, important job -- you might've paid a visit to think about how far you've come. Excuse me -- I'll just get that other chair.

He exits into the living room.

133 CLOSE ON KAY

133

Her eyes troubled by this man's presence. How much does he know? What does he want?

Camera angles to include him as he returns with the chair. He sits opposite her as:

COLUMBO

May I join you, ma'am?

KAY

Shall we dine my moonlight,
Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

(placing a cigar
in his mouth)

That would be very nice, Miss Freestone.

KAY

Everything's so small. I knew it
wasn't much, but I didn't remember
it this tiny. Four of us crammed
in here. Nobody ever got to -- just
be alone.

Columbo is about to light his cigar with a match.

COLUMBO

May I, ma'am?

KAY

Please.

He does. The cigar supplies a pleasant glow in the dark.

COLUMBO

A few years ago, I took Mrs. Columbo
on a trip back to the house where I
grew up. It looked all shrunken.
I had five brothers and a sister,
Miss Freestone. It was really
terrific. There was always somebody
for company. We never got lonely.

A pause -- she looks at him.

KAY

Lieutenant Columbo, I think you're
a very special man.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED

133

KAY (Cont'd)

(she stands)

I also think I've had enough of my olden times.

Columbo also rises. They cross to:

134 INT. VENICE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - COLUMBO AND KAY

134

as they come from the kitchen.

KAY

Was there any particular reason you wanted to see me tonight?

Columbo stops, starts going through his pockets again.

COLUMBO

How do you like that? I almost forgot again -- that item on the victim's desk....

He produces a folded slip of paper from a desk note pad.

COLUMBO

It was a slip of paper. Like a note he made. I thought you might be able to help us with this.

He strikes a match to illuminate the note and gives it to her.

COLUMBO

You see? There's the capital letter K -- and the numbers four, five and a zero....

135 INSERT THE MATCH-ILLUMINATED NOTE

135

It bears the legend "From the Desk of Mark MacAndrews." Written boldly with a felt-tipped pen is:

K

450

Columbo's finger points as:

COLUMBO'S VOICE

K four-fifty. Does that mean anything to you, ma'am?

136 BACK TO KAY AND COLUMBO

136

She studies the note.

KAY

No -- nothing at all.

He blows out the match.

COLUMBO

The four-fifty part, I thought that might have been referring to an automobile, like a Mercedes 450. And the letter K -- well, Kay is your name, ma'am.

KAY

In this case the K must just be a K. I'm sorry.

She hands him back the note.

COLUMBO

Well, we'll be checking around with the dealers, ma'am.

He opens the front door for her.

137 EXT. VENICE BRIDGE LOCATION - NIGHT - KAY - HER CAR

137

The driver's door is open. Kay is slipping behind the wheel.

COLUMBO'S VOICE

You know, Miss Freestone, I'm a very happily married man.

Camera angles to reveal Columbo holding the car door. His own car is parked nearby.

COLUMBO

So I guess it's all right for me to say this: I think you're a very remarkable person.

KAY

That's nice to hear.

COLUMBO

I mean I've got an idea now what a high pressure business you're in -- and the way you're so competent with all your problems. Like with Valerie Kirk today.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

137

KAY

We ask for all those pressures,
Lieutenant. We beg for them. I'm
sure you live in your own pressure
cooker.

He takes out another cigar as:

COLUMBO

Oh, nothing like yours, ma'am. In
homicide we don't have to keep racing
the clock like you television people.

(he lights
the cigar)

We just keep plugging away. As long
as it takes. And we usually get
there. Good night, ma'am. Drive
carefully.

He closes her door, moves to his own car.

138 COLUMBO AND CAR

138

He starts up and drives off.

139 INT. KAY'S CAR - KAY

139

She looks after him. He has given her something else to think
about.

140 EXT. CNC BUILDING - DAY

140

Another day at the network.

141 INT. SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY - COLUMBO AND SERGEANT
BURKE

141

They are moving away from us down the corridor, engrossed in
murmured conversation. They pass Walter Muirhead's projection
booth. Now Columbo stops and turns, looks back at the booth.

COLUMBO

You go ahead, Sergeant.

Burke continues. Columbo comes back, opens the door and sticks
his head into the booth. We hear the roar of the projector.

142 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - COLUMBO AND WALTER

142

A projector is running. Walter is tying his rigging knots. Columbo is at the door.

COLUMBO

Mr. Muirhead?

WALTER

(a welcoming
wave)

Come on in, Lieutenant.

Columbo goes to him at the desk.

143 AT DESK - COLUMBO AND WALTER

143

COLUMBO

I just wanted to say I dropped that glove off for my nephew. He figures it'll improve his editing a hundred per cent.

WALTER

Tell him he ought to be an actor.
(indicating a
tiny knot)
Want to hold this?

Columbo does so. Walter carefully trims it as:

WALTER

You hear what Flanagan's paying Clay Gardner for 'The Broad Land?'

So much for the knot.

COLUMBO

I wouldn't know about that, sir.

WALTER

Got any opinions about violence on television?

COLUMBO

Well, I usually work nights.

WALTER

The other night, I come back here from Shipping, the first thing I see is a guy blowing his brains out. You think that's right?

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

It's a rhetorical question. Walter glances over at the footage counter.

WALTER

Change coming up.

He crosses to the port between the projectors. So does Columbo.

144 AT PORT - PROJECTORS, ET AL

144

Walter checks counter and screen.

COLUMBO

You know, it's crazy, Mr. Muirhead, but since I've been around here I think I'm getting to be a button freak. Buttons and switches. You don't suppose I could try making one of those changeovers?

Walter grins, cranes to look out the port at the audience.

WALTER

Why not? It's only a writer in there looking at an old movie.

(indicates the switches and their order)

One, two, three four -- one -- two. Like that.

(again)

Green, two -- three, red -- four -- one -- two.

Columbo mimics his movements, trying to nail it down.

COLUMBO

One, two, three, four -- one -- two.

He turns to watch the counter.

WALTER

Forget the counter -- watch for the second flash.

He indicates the screen. Both are looking out, waiting for:

WALTER

Go!

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

144

Columbo hits the switches with delight. But suddenly he is all thumbs.

COLUMBO

One, two, three, four -- what happened?

We have the sense that there is no longer any picture on the screen. And from the talkback speaker comes the testy voice of the writer:

WRITER'S VOICE

For Pete's sake, Walter! What are you playing at in there?

Columbo is already backing toward the door. Walter is staring at him in a very strange way.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, sir -- sorry, excuse me....

145 INT. SCREENING ROOM CORRIDOR - AT PROJECTION BOOTH - DAY - 145
COLUMBO

As he emerges, two of the network executives, Ames and Cockrum, pass by.

AMES

Lieutenant.

Their attention is drawn as Sergeant Burke enters purposefully and nails Columbo.

BURKE

Lieutenant, can I talk to you?

COLUMBO

Certainly, Sergeant.

Burke starts to address Columbo, becomes aware of the executive's presence.

BURKE

(indicating
Walter's booth)

Can we go in here, sir?

COLUMBO

I'd rather not, Sergeant.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED 145

Burke shields his mouth with his hand, looks again at Ames and Cockrum, whispers to Columbo who nods, looks back at the network execs. They decide to move on -- they look back at Columbo; Columbo looks at them -- Sergeant Burke looks at them. They keep going.

146 EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY 146

to include the ocean and the house.

147 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY - COLUMBO 147

The drapes are drawn. One sliver of brightness backlights a motionless Columbo and the smoke from his cigar. He is poised in thought. Now he moves around the room, looks at this, looks at that.

The room has been restored to order. The bed is made. At the door, Columbo takes one last look, is about to exit when his eye is caught by:

148 ANGLE TO CARPET 148

The shaft of light gleams on something lying on the carpet under the marble table top.

149 COLUMBO 149

He moves to pick it up: a shard of broken glass. The doorbell chimes. Columbo ponders the shard, lays it on the table top, moves to:

150 INT. MARK'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY - COLUMBO 150

Columbo descends the stairs and goes to open the front door. A cleaning-and-laundry Delivery Man is revealed. He holds a few hangered articles of clothing sheathed in a clear plastic bag.

DELIVERY MAN

MacAndrews.

(he hands
Columbo the
cleaning)

Anything to go?

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

150

COLUMBO

No. Nothing to go, sir.

The Delivery Man goes. Columbo closes the door. The cleaning includes a brass-buttoned, navy blazer and a couple of pairs of slacks.

Columbo carries them to the stairs, sees a wall hook and hangs them there. He is about to go back upstairs when he freezes, whirls, stares at the cleaning, moves back to it. With a single, vicious stroke of his hand he rips off the plastic.

151 INT. KAY'S OFFICE - DAY - KAY

151

She is speaking forcefully into the phone, signing letters, sifting through some memos, trashing the ones that are of no significance. Her bank of phone lights keeps flickering with calls. Phones ring o.s.

Wendy enters -- controlled panic.

WENDY

Kay, Luther's on one. You have to talk to him!

WENDY

It's about Valerie....

KAY

I heard your promises last night and the night before: out of the Planetarium by midnight. What do you think you're making up there?...I know it's difficult location, Benjamin. You picked it, not me...

(holds up her hand palm outward to Wendy)

What it is, is it's a simple, ninety-minute melodrama. Now you get it on tape tonight, Benjamin, or I'm coming up there and personally pull the plug!

Kay cuts Benjamin off with a button -- stares at Wendy -- takes line one. Wendy returns to her office through:

KAY

Yes, Luther...

(she tightens)

What do you mean she's gone?

152 INT. NETWORK STAGE - AT PHONE - LUTHER

152

He speaks into a stage phone.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

LUTHER

Gone is gone. Up the chimney.
Nobody's seen her since we finished
the dress on the USO number.

(glance at watch)

We're on the air in three hours and
twenty minutes.

153 BACK TO KAY

153

KAY

(to phone)

Did she leave the building? Who
checked the guards?

Wendy appears in the doorway....

WENDY

Kay....

Kay looks at her, covers the phone.

WENDY

She left the building.

(a beat)

She's at your place.

(indicates Kay's
phone bank)

Line four.

KAY

(to phone)

Call you back, Luther.

(she hits
line four)

Valerie?...Valerie!

(she rattles the
cradle; to Wendy)

She's gone.

WENDY

(to her own
desk)

I'll get her back.

But Kay is already on her feet, racing to grab her coat and
out the door.

KAY

I'll get her back.

Camera comes down on the phone bank. Lights are blinking;
o.s. phones are ringing.

154 EXT. ENTRANCE TO KAY'S APARTMENT - DAY - KAY 154

Kay rushes to the door. In her anxiety she fumbles the key in the lock, finally gets it open and thrusts inside.

155 INT. KAY'S APARTMENT - DAY - KAY 155

as she enters, flings her bag aside.

KAY
(calling)
Valerie...?

Even as Kay calls out Valerie's name, the word drains itself of energy. Her gaze, frozen in shock, goes to the upper level.

156 POINT OF VIEW TO UPPER LEVEL - VALERIE 156

Valerie holds to the railing, singing -- trying to sing -- a 40's standard. She wears the tight, satiny briefs and mesh stockings of her costume. The blouse or sweater she wears over her upper body is her own wardrobe. Her makeup is exaggerated and smeared: grotesque. Her hair is disarrayed. Some sort of headpiece from the show has fallen about her neck and shoulders.

Her motions are spaced-out and dreamlike -- like her thoughts, hooked together in a chain of secret, self-satisfying logic. Inside she is dancing a spinning, airy little dance, and tries to give it physical embodiment. The result, again, is grotesque.

Camera zooms in.

157 BACK TO KAY 157

KAY
Oh, God....

158 VALERIE 158

She becomes aware of Kay, teeters against the railing and looks down to:

159 POINT OF VIEW - DOWN ANGLE - TO KAY 159

still riveted.

160 ON VALERIE

160

peering down, consciously focusing.

VALERIE

You called, madam?

She tries to make a virtuoso bow, again looks down to Kay.

VALERIE

Call me madam.

(then)

But never call me late for dinner.

She giggles.

161 ANGLE ON KAY

161

She breaks from her position, runs up the stairs.

162 SECOND LEVEL - VALERIE

162

She is dancing again, singing again. Kay comes to her.

KAY

Val! -- Oh, Val....

Kay reaches out to her. Suddenly Valerie is congealed suspicion, snatching herself away.

VALERIE

Don't touch me! I don't want to!

She is past Kay to the stairs, desperate to get down.

163 VALERIE ON STAIRWAY

163

VALERIE

Have to do the show. Going to do
the show. Luther's scared.

(looking back
to Kay)

Luther's so scared...

(going down
again)

Wait for Valerie. Valerie's going
to do it live....

She falls, tumbling down the last few steps.

164 ON KAY 164

As Kay watches, the tension begins to drain out of her -- a visible sagging. Why struggle? It is all quite hopeless.

165 ON VALERIE 165

She rubs her thigh, looks back at Kay.

VALERIE
(a real question)
Kay?
(then)
Please....

166 UPPER LEVEL - KAY 166

KAY
Sure. Please.

167 POINT OF VIEW - DOWN ANGLE - TO VALERIE 167

VALERIE
I hurt myself.

168 KAY 168

KAY
Me, too, kiddo. Me, too.
She comes back down the stairs.

169 VALERIE 169

For a moment she has the attitude of a whipped dog as Kay comes into shot. Then:

VALERIE
(almost a shriek)
I told you I couldn't do it!
(almost a whisper)
Wouldn't listen.
(eyes closed)
Nobody listens.

Her eyes reopen, her gaze sly now as:

VALERIE
They listen when I sing....

CONTINUED

- 169 CONTINUED 169
- She starts the song again. It peters away as Kay moves to pick up an object in the middle of the living room floor: Valerie's knitting bag. Kay goes through it.
- 170 VALERIE 170
- watching. She pulls herself up on the lower stairs, face pressed against the vertical support bars: imprisoned.
- 171 KAY 171
- She finds and throws down a couple of empty pill vials, some capsules, two glassine bags.
- 172 ANGLE ON BOTH 172
- Kay looks at Valerie.
- VALERIE
Give me a hug?
- KAY
No more hugs. We're fresh out of hugs.
- She goes to the phone.
- 173 VALERIE 173
- Her face still pressed against the bars.
- VALERIE
I tried. No good anymore. Anymore.
Anymore.
- 174 AT PHONE - KAY 174
- She stands distraught for a moment, gets control, dials.
- 175 VALERIE 175
- She hears the dialing and Kay's voice:
- KAY'S VOICE
Mr. Ames, please...Kay Freestone,
I want him right away...Charlie,

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED

175

KAY'S VOICE (Cont'd)
Valerie Kirk's at my apartment.
She won't make the show tonight....

176 AT PHONE - KAY

176

KAY
(to phone)
It doesn't matter why -- not right
now. Just control yourself...We'll
put in a picture, what else have
we got...Run 'The Professional' --
it's the right length...I got it
made, didn't I?
(she looks
at Valerie)
We'll tell the press she fell down
some stairs and hurt her leg.

She hangs up, holds a beat, crosses back to Valerie. Latter's
eyes stare up at her.

VALERIE
What did you do?

KAY
What all good girls do. The best
I can.

She sits down on the stairs.

177 TWO SHOT

177

KAY
Come on -- give us a hug.

Valeries folds into her. Kay's arm encircles her. Valerie's
eyes close. She is dreamy again.

VALERIE
I did it to you, didn't I, Kay? I
really did it....

KAY
It doesn't matter. It's just a show,
kiddo. I've got a million of them.

And camera cranes back for a high shot of the two women huddled
on the stairs.

178 EXT. KAY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT - COLUMBO'S CAR 178
as Columbo's car drives up, parks.

179 INT. COLUMBO'S CAR - COLUMBO 179
He checks his appearance in the rear view mirror, scrubs his hair, adjusts the mirror. It falls off. He tosses it in the back seat and gets out.

180 COLUMBO 180
He crosses to enter the complex.

181 EXT. ENTRANCE TO KAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - DOOR CHIME BUTTON 181
Columbo's hand, holding a cigar, presses the button. Chimes. Angle widens to include Columbo and Kay as she opens the door.
She has changed to an evening-alone outfit. Her hair is loose, her attitude a bit wan.

COLUMBO
Excuse me, ma'am, I was just on my way home and I said to myself: I have to stop by and wish Miss Freestone the very best of luck on that Valerie Kirk show tonight. I know how hard you worked on it.

She scrutinizes him, not without a certain sense of amusement at his earnestness.

KAY
Are you sure you don't have another question for me, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO
Well, maybe one, ma'am.

KAY
(a beat)
Come in.

She stands aside to admit him.

182 INT. KAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - KAY AND COLUMBO 182
Columbo looks around. Kay is crossing to ascend the stairs.

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED

182

COLUMBO

Well, this is certainly a very beautiful place. Just what I expected for you, ma'am.

KAY

There isn't going to be any Valerie Kirk show, Lieutenant. Sorry about that.

He looks up to her.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, ma'am?

Kay is closing off the bedroom as:

KAY

She's had a kind of breakdown. She's sleeping in there.

Kay returns to the living room level as:

COLUMBO

But the show was supposed to be live, ma'am -- what do you do in an emergency like that?

KAY

Run a movie -- one that I supervised.

She goes to a bar.

COLUMBO

This wouldn't be your movie you ran for Mr. Flanagan the other night? 'The Professional?'

KAY

It would, Lieutenant. May I give you a drink?

COLUMBO

No thank you, ma'am. Oh, I certainly would like to see that picture.

Kay crosses to switch on her television. The immediate picture is a football game or some such. No sound. She picks up a remote control.

KAY

Then join me, Lieutenant. We'll see it together.

183 BY COUCH - COLUMBO

183

COLUMBO

(pleased)

You're sure it's not an intrusion,
ma'am?

Kay enters shot with her own unfinished drink, flops gratefully
onto the couch.

KAY

No.

(she runs her
hand through
her hair, looks
at him)

After what happened to Mark, a
policeman's always welcome. Now
what about that question?

COLUMBO

It's just that the night Mr. MacAndrews
was murdered, you sent the projectionist
to Film Shipping -- to get those
screen tests for 'The Broad Land'
-- to show Mr. Flanagan? But what
I don't understand, ma'am, Mr. Flanagan
had already approved Clay Gardner to
star in that series. And that's
what you wanted, Miss Freestone --
as a matter of fact, it was your idea.
So I had to ask myself, ma'am, I
had to say: why would you send out
the projectionist? -- and why would
you want to show Mr. Flanagan some
more screen tests? You see the
problem, ma'am?

KAY

I was simply following Mr. MacAndrews
instructions.

COLUMBO

Written instructions, Miss Freestone?

KAY

Verbal instructions, Lieutenant.

She glances at the TV, clicks the remote. We hear the main
title score of "The Professional." Columbo looks at the
screen.

184 ANGLE ON TV 184

"The Professional" -- main title.

185 COLUMBO 185

He turns off a couch-side lamp, settles in, lights a cigar as:

COLUMBO

Well, this is certainly a treat,
ma'am. It certainly is.

He swings his feet up on an ottoman.

186 INT. KAY'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE ON JONATHAN 186

Jonathan sits on the couch, sifts through some carbon
flimsies on the coffee table. There is a window behind him.
He is enshrouded by the glare.

JONATHAN

New York -- average six rating,
nine share. Los Angeles -- a
little worse. You want the numbers?

187 KAY AND JONATHAN 187

Kay is at her desk.

KAY

No, and I don't want a hat pin in
my ear, either.

JONATHAN

We'll get the nationals in a few
days.

He gathers up his papers and rises.

KAY

So much for bad news. What've you
got that's good?

Crossing to the door, Jonathan indicates his papers.

JONATHAN

Not so bad for a picture without any
promotion -- nothing in the television
guides.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

187

Kay massages her temples.

KAY

All right. Onward. Thank you,
Jonathan.

As Jonathan opens the door to exit, Kay calls:

KAY

Wendy, you still on Flanagan?

Wendy enters with a pile of scripts. She arranges them on
Kay's desk as:

WENDY

He's been out all day. I'll keep
trying.

Kay sifts through the scripts as:

KAY

What about the Planetarium company?
What time they wrap it up last night?

WENDY

They didn't.

Kay's head snaps up.

KAY

Get me that genius Benjamin!

She slams down a script. Hard.

188 EXT. CNC BUILDING - NIGHT

188

Still plenty of lights on.

189 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

189

shooting across his desk toward the door. The office is
devoid of all signs of occupancy. The door opens. Kay enters.
She wears a topcoat, carries her bag -- the same bag she had
when she first tested the elevator ceiling with the broken
antenna rod.

She leaves the door open, advances pensively into the room,
looks around, ends up by the desk. It is a super desk.

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED

189

There cannot be another desk like this in the world. It is the accoutrement of power. She touches it.

Madge, who was MacAndrews' secretary, appears in the doorway. For a few beats Kay is oblivious to her presence. Then:

MADGE

Kay.

Kay's eyes go to the secretary.

MADGE

Can I help you?

KAY

(a beat)

Yes. I'll be moving in here.
Tomorrow.

She crosses to the door.

190 AT THE DOOR - MADGE AND KAY

190

Madge is a little tense: her job is at stake.

MADGE

Will you want me? -- Or are you
keeping Wendy?

A hesitation, then:

KAY

I'll need you both.

She exits.

191 INT. AT EXECUTIVE WING ELEVATORS - NIGHT - KAY

191

The sense of a few people still working. Kay comes to the elevators, presses a button, fumbles in her purse for something. The other elevator(s) is already blocked: Cleaning people are moving out their equipment.

She reacts to:

COLUMBO'S VOICE

Miss Freestone, ma'am....

He comes cheerfully into shot.

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED

191

COLUMBO

What a lucky break for me, ma'am.
I thought you'd be gone for the
night.

KAY

You caught me on my way to the
Planetarium. Care to look at the
stars, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

Well, maybe some other time, ma'am.

Elevator doors open. They enter.

192 INT. ELEVATOR - COLUMBO AND KAY

192

Columbo lays his finger on the lobby button.

COLUMBO

All the way down, ma'am?

KAY

All the way down.

He presses the button. The doors close. Columbo is lighting
his cigar. Kay flicks a glance at the ceiling hatch and
reacts to:

193 ANGLE TO FROSTED ELEVATOR CEILING HATCH

193

There, backlit atop the frosted ceiling, is the hard silhouette
of the gun.

COLUMBO'S VOICE

Miss Freestone, I've got to tell
you I'm very troubled ---

194 INT. ELEVATOR - KAY AND COLUMBO

194

COLUMBO

-- and I guess a little disappointed.
(glances at cigar)
Oh, I shouldn't do this in the
elevator, ma'am.

Kay has composed her face as well as she can. She tries to
adjust her thoughts, moves to the corner of the elevator
which forces Columbo's back to the gun.

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

194

KAY

Excuse me, Lieutenant?

COLUMBO

Disappointed in you, ma'am. You gave me to believe you and Mr. MacAndrews, you were like friendly colleagues.

KAY

I don't understand....

195 UP ANGLE PAST COLUMBO - TO GUN ON CEILING HATCH

195

COLUMBO

Well, ma'am, I was at his house yesterday -- the beach house. And some cleaning was returned. A blazer -- a couple pair of very nice slacks....

196 TWO SHOT

196

KAY

Lieutenant, if this is going to be an inventory of Mark's wardrobe....

COLUMBO

It's the blazer, ma'am. You see, the buttons were on the wrong side.
(he indicates
on himself)

For a man's jacket, that is. What it was, it was a woman's blazer. With a tailor's label in it, Miss Freestone. We checked on it. That jacket was made for you, ma'am.

Kay stares at him.

KAY

I see. You're very observant.

COLUMBO

Well, ma'am, since you were sending out your cleaning from Mr. MacAndrews' house, I could only assume....

197 INT. CNC LOBBY - AT ELEVATORS - NIGHT

197

Elevator doors open. Kay and Columbo emerge. The doors will close behind them.

KAY

Lieutenant, the corporation being what it is, Mark and I didn't think it would be very discreet to advertise our relationship. Can you understand that?

COLUMBO

(chastizing)

Oh, yes, ma'am. I understand that, all right. But you shouldn't have hid it from the police. You might've been able to tell us things. Now we'll have to talk about all that when you have some time. You see, ma'am?

KAY

I apologize, Lieutenant.

Columbo starts away.

COLUMBO

Coming, ma'am?

KAY

No, I -- I forgot my script.

198 ON KAY

198

COLUMBO'S VOICE

All right, then. Good night, ma'am.

His footsteps fade off. Kay faces the elevator, pushes the button. The doors open. She goes in.

199 INT. ELEVATOR - KAY

199

Another button. Doors close. She looks upward. Camera goes to the gun on the ceiling hatch.

200 INSERT - STOP BUTTON

200

Kay's hand pushes the Stop button.

- 201 ON KAY 201
The elevator stops. With trembling fingers she opens her bag and takes out the broken antenna. She extends it, raises it toward the ceiling.
- 202 ELEVATOR CEILING HATCH - UP ANGLE SHOT - THE GUN SILHOUETTE - 202
KAY
The ceiling hatch, as indicated earlier, hinges on both sides with a center line dividing it into two sections. For purposes of description, we shall say that the gun is close to the middle of the right side panel.
Kay presses the antenna tip against the left side panel.
- 203 INSERT - ANTENNA - LEFT SIDE PANEL 203
The antenna forces the panel to hinge up.
- 204 KAY 204
Anxiety quickens her breathing. She strains upward.
- 205 INSERT - ANTENNA - LEFT SIDE PANEL 205
The panel rising -- and, with a click, springing into a locked position. The gun on the right side panel is now accessible.
- 206 KAY 206
She bends the end of the antenna into a hook, extends it through the open, left side panel -- toward the gun on the right.
- 207 INSERT 207
The hook cannot quite reach the gun.
- 208 KAY 208
Face glazed with perspiration, driven by panic, she tries again.
- 209 UP ANGLE - KAY - THE CEILING HATCH - THE GUN 209
shooting up past Kay, the hooked-end antenna creeping toward the gun.

- 210 INSERT 210
The hook closer -- closer -- touching the gun. But instead of hooking it, the antenna nudges the gun a little farther away.
- 211 KAY 211
straining to increase her reach -- trying again.
- 212 INSERT 212
This time the gun is hooked. Slowly it is drawn toward the edge. The hook slips free. Contact is broken.
- 213 KAY 213
A gasping whimper. She tries again.
- 214 INSERT 214
The hook snaring the gun again -- drawing it to the edge of the panel -- closer -- closer -- almost over the edge -- and it falls.
- 215 KAY'S HAND 215
catching the falling gun. Camera comes up on her face. For an instant she is unable to move. She thrusts the gun into her bag, presses the elevator button.
- 216 INT. LOBBY - ELEVATORS - NIGHT 216
Elevator doors open. Kay carries a script as she emerges and crosses through the lobby, her heels clicking crisply, an executive calling it a day. A security guard sits at the receptionist post. She says good night to him.
- 217 INT. CNC PARKING LOT - NIGHT - KAY 217
The parking lot is well illuminated. Kay goes toward her car, is suddenly frozen. Camera shows us what she sees: A silver Mercedes 450SL, gleaming new, parked next to her own car. Her gazes goes to the license plate.
- 218 KAY'S POINT OF VIEW 218
Zoom to license plate. The plate says: "SUPER."

219 KAY

219

rapt, suddenly cold. She hears footsteps.

VOICE

Miss Freestone....

A Parking Lot Guard comes into shot. He indicates the Mercedes.

PARKING LOT GUARD

A guy from the agency left it. I was supposed to give you these.

He extends his hand, dangles a set of car keys.

KAY

(abruptly)

I don't know anything about it.

She moves swiftly to get into her car, starts the engine, snaps on the headlights, jerks it into gear and drives off.

The Guard watches her. What the hell is he supposed to do with the keys.

220 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT - KAY'S CAR

220

A drive past, going fast.

221 INT. KAY'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT - KAY

221

She drives distraughtly.

222 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT - LOW POSITION SHOT - HEADLIGHTS

222

The headlights of Kay's car approach. The car stops by camera. The passenger door is thrust open and we see Kay. She takes the gun from her bag, leans out, throws the gun past camera.

223 SLOTTED RUN-OFF DRAIN - NIGHT - LOW POSITION SHOT - THE GUN

223

The gun is thrown into the slot of a run-off drain. We hear a splash -- the sound of the car door slamming -- the car driving off. Camera angles up to watch it go.

224 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - PLANETARIUM APPROACH AREA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

224

to establish a video shooting company at work. The concept is

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED

224

that preparation for exterior shooting is beginning here while interior work is being completed.

Arcs are firing up, seething into the darkness. Some of the light swing to reveal the company's vehicles. We also catch a glimpse of Kay's parked car.

225 CLOSER SHOT - ARC LIGHT

225

springing alive and swinging its beam across camera which trucks now to reveal electricians moving other lights into position. Dolly shot continues and discovers the vastness of a remote video truck.

Its door is open; steps lead to the ground. Within, we see Kay and two other men at a transverse bench and table. Scripts are open. Her companions eye each other as she flips through a script, Xing out whole sections with a felt-tipped pen.

KAY

This -- and this -- and these two pages.

(she rips them
out of the script)

Out. It only hurts a minute, boys.
They'll never miss what they don't
know.

(as she descends
steps)

Now you're back on tonight's
schedule, anyway.

The two men examine the damage as Kay crosses off.

226 ANGLE TOWARD PLANETARIUM - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT - KAY

226

The Planetarium is ablaze with light. Kay moves past a commissary truck where some of the crew are already lined up for dinner break.

An o.s. car approaches, the glare of its headlights finding Kay. She stops, peers toward the headlights.

227 ANGLE ON ROLLS ROYCE

227

The headlights go out and we see that the car is a Rolls Royce.

CONTINUED

227 CONTINUED 227

Frank Flanagan emerges.

FLANAGAN

Kay -- got a minute for me?

228 ON KAY 228

KAY

(a beat)

Of course, Mr. Flanagan.

She goes to:

229 EXT. AT ROLLS ROYCE - KAY AND FLANAGAN 229

Flanagan is coming around to open the passenger door.

FLANAGAN

All right if we sit here?

KAY

(flashing a
smile)

Need you ask?

She gets into the Rolls.

230 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT - KAY AND FLANAGAN 230

as Kay gets in. Flanagan closes the door and comes around to sit behind the wheel. Outside, lights will continue to strike up and to occasionally flash across them.

FLANAGAN

I wanted to discuss some of the difficulties you've been having.

KAY

(a beat)

Valerie Kirk?

FLANAGAN

I understand she's a personal friend.

KAY

That's true.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

230

FLANAGAN

I also understand her director tried to warn you about Valerie's incompetence.

KAY

That's true, too.

A delicate wave of Flanagan's hand.

FLANAGAN

We'll put that aside. It was on your decision that 'The Professional' replaced Valerie's show. I'm sure you know the ratings were very poor.

KAY

Under the circumstances....

FLANAGAN

(slicing in)

You created the circumstances. Nobody knows better than you that 'The Professional' cost us one million, six hundred thousand dollars, including a second run. You wasted the first one -- you threw away a very valuable film.

Panic is beginning to flicker in Kay. She fights it off.

KAY

I was under the impression you didn't like it very much....

FLANAGAN

(sharply)

You had no right to make an assumption about what I like!

(patrician
again)

We'll put that aside, too. I've been told you've decided to move into Mark's office tomorrow.

KAY

Why not? I'll be needing more space -- the office goes with the job....

Flanagan looks at her directly.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED - 2

230

FLANAGAN

But you don't, Kay.

KAY

Mr. Flanagan....

FLANAGAN

Nobody told you your present duties are permanent. I also question your taste in leaping so quickly behind a dead man's desk.

KAY

I seem to have made quite a hit.

FLANAGAN

(nods)

All in all.

(then)

Take your time about looking for another position. Let's say you'll leave officially the end of the month? I'll try to consult you about the press release.

Okay. She thinks she can handle this. It is all getting away from her but she thinks she can.

KAY

Do you expect hysterics?

FLANAGAN

I hope not.

KAY

I'm as tough as you are. I'll live through it. You'll want me back.

FLANAGAN

I hope so.

Kay abruptly thrusts the door open and leaves the car.

231 EXT. PLANETARIUM - NIGHT - KAY - THE ROLLS ROYCE

231

The headlights flash on. The car drives away. For all of Kay's bravado, she is badly shaken. She turns to go somewhere. Where? She starts back in the direction of the remote truck. The crew streams toward the commissary truck. She moves blindly through them.

232 EXT. PLANETARIUM - ANOTHER AREA - FLANAGAN'S CAR - COLUMBO'S CAR 232

Columbo's car drives in, passing Flanagan's Rolls as it drives out. Camera follows Columbo's car to:

233 EXT. NEAR PLANETARIUM ENTRANCE - COLUMBO'S CAR - COLUMBO 233

gets out of his car. Looks around. Very impressed.

234 EXT. REMOTE TRUCK - KAY 234

The door is still open. No one is around. Kay hesitates at the threshold, enters the truck, pulls the door shut.

235 INT. REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT - KAY 235

as she enters the video control section of the remote truck. Monitors, control panel, and crew chairs extend longitudinally along one wall of the truck. We see Kay's bag already on the panel. Also some packs of cigarettes, a tobacco pouch, some candy bars, scripts, pens, pencils.

Kay sits blankly. She massages her temples. She has to think. On the silent monitors, we see four camera angles of the Planetarium pendulum swinging slowly in its pit.

236 EXT. PLANETARIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT - COLUMBO AND TECHNICIAN 236

A Technician is emerging as Columbo comes to the entrance.

COLUMBO

Excuse me, I'm looking for Miss Freestone....

TECHNICIAN

Search me. We're on dinner break.

He goes off. Columbo goes inside.

237 INT. PLANETARIUM ROTUNDA - NIGHT - COLUMBO 237

as he enters the central rotunda area and looks around. Four video cameras have been placed for four varied angles, all bearing on the pendulum pit. The cameras have been left hot. Some bulb-framed makeup tables have been set up in one of the adjoining corridors. Props appropriate to the thriller under production are at hand. Also a couple of mike booms.

237 CONTINUED

237

Columbo calls down one of the corridors. His voice reverberates.

COLUMBO

Miss Freestone?

No reply. He wanders to take up a position by the pendulum pit, calls again toward the other corridors.

COLUMBO

Miss Freestone?

238 INT. REMOTE TRUCK - ANGLE ON A MONITOR - COLUMBO

238

Columbo's video image is seen on one of the monitors. His voice comes to us through a speaker.

COLUMBO

(calling)

Miss Freestone, ma'am? Are you here?

Camera adjusts to include Kay and the bank of six monitors, each carrying one of the four possible angles on Columbo at the pendulum pit.

Kay's nerves are collapsing. She cannot handle Columbo now, cannot deal with his probing and questioning and multiplicity of images. She speaks into the talkback mike, her voice strained and disjointed.

KAY

Lieutenant, please forgive me, I'm
-- very busy -- we have some problems
-- where I am ---

239 INT. ROTUNDA - COLUMBO

239

Kay's voice comes to him through a speaker.

KAY'S VOICE

-- too many to speak now.

Columbo looks around, confused at first, then delighted by these circumstances.

COLUMBO

(projecting)

Oh, I get it, ma'am. The cameras.
You're in the control place. You
can see me on those television
screens.

240 INT. REMOTE TRUCK - KAY - COLUMBO'S IMAGES

240

COLUMBO

Am I right, ma'am?

KAY

(growing more
frantic)

Can we talk some other time?
Tomorrow -- the office ---

No, she is thinking badly; not the office -- not there --
not anymore....

KAY

...No, I'll call you ---

241 INT. ROTUNDA - COLUMBO

241

KAY'S VOICE

I definitely promise to call you,
Lieutenant....

COLUMBO

Well, it's very important that we
talk tonight, ma'am.

KAY'S VOICE

It's impossible....

COLUMBO

I'm afraid I have to insist, ma'am.

242 INT. REMOTE TRUCK - KAY - COLUMBO'S IMAGES

242

COLUMBO

I really have to do that.

KAY

I can't accept that...I can't
speak now!

She reaches to strike at several of the legion of switches,
to erase his images, to erase his voice.

243 INSERT - KAY'S HANDS

243

hitting switches -- confused and increasingly panicked.
Columbo's voice continues:

CONTINUED

243 CONTINUED 243

COLUMBO

Please bear with me, ma'am. It's about the car -- the 450SL -- the silver one ---

244 INTERCUTS - COLUMBO'S VIDEO IMAGES 244

Camera intercutting and panning between Columbo's various video images.

COLUMBO

-- registered in your name -- the one Mr. MacAndrews bought. That's very puzzling ma'am. And some other things ---

245 ON KAY 245

her hands fumbling desperately at the switches, dials, buttons, sliders, seeking the combination that will rid herself of him.

COLUMBO

-- Miss Freestone. There's your picture I saw last night -- 'The Professional' ---

246 INTERCUTS - COLUMBO'S VIDEO IMAGES 246

Again, intercutting and panning. The images are replicating now, becoming four images on one screen, eight on another, more and more on each screen.

Cameras are zooming in and out, emphasizing his mouth, eyes, images flowing from the side, the front, from a high angle. His voice becomes hollow, louder, more reverberated.

COLUMBO

-- and how there's this connection with whoever murdered Mr. MacAndrews. Because there is a connection ma'am. I'm pretty sure of that. I'm afraid it's necessary, Miss Freestone. I understand the pressures you're under, but there's these things that have to be talked about tonight.

247 KAY AND COLUMBO'S IMAGES 247

Her hands flail at the array of controls. Columbo's images erase and reappear in a succession of convoluted wipes.

COLUMBO

I don't want to talk to you like this, Miss Freestone. I know how you feel -- but it's hard without being able to see you....

Finally the images are disappearing, one by one. The screens become blank. His voice is gone.

248 ANOTHER ANGLE - KAY 248

She sinks back in the chair. In the silence. Her hands at her temples again. Think. Work. Is there anything left to do with the script? She pulls a script toward her, picks up a pen, starts to analyze, abruptly throws the pen aside and rises, turns. She trips over a chair, lunges toward the truck exit.

249 INT. REMOTE TRUCK AT EXIT - KAY 249

wrenching the door open and reacting to:

250 POINT OF VIEW DOWN ANGLE SHOT - COLUMBO 250

standing at the base of the steps.

COLUMBO

Ma'am?

He ascends toward us.

251 INT. REMOTE TRUCK - KAY 251

She turns back toward the control panel area, going o.s. Columbo enters and follows her.

252 INT. REMOTE TRUCK - CONTROL PANEL AREA - COLUMBO 252

comes into the control area, stops. Camera pulls back to include Kay. She is sitting at the panel. She works a series of switches. The images return to the monitors: The pendulum swinging in its pit. This as:

CONTINUED

252 CONTINUED

252

KAY

I told you. I have work to do.
The show.

(she reaches for
script and pen)
The script needs work....

COLUMBO

(gently)

Ma'am.

He comes toward her for:

253 TWO SHOT - COLUMBO AND KAY

253

She is looking up at him now, incredibly vulnerable, no longer prevaricating about "work" -- oddly soothed by the gentleness of his voice, his manner.

COLUMBO

This new job you've got -- would
you have had it, ma'am, if Mr.
MacAndrews hadn't been murdered?

She searches his face. How much does he know? Then:

KAY

No. I don't think so.

COLUMBO

I don't think so either, ma'am.
It was all right with Mr. Flanagan,
but not with Mr. MacAndrews. Is
that why he bought you the car,
ma'am? -- A sort of parting gift --
considering your relationship --
like he was getting rid of you,
ma'am?

Kay takes her handbag. She stands.

KAY

This is all very personal.
Lieutenant. I'm not sure you
have the right....

COLUMBO

Oh, I have the right, Miss Freestone.
But I understand your feelings.
Please keep bearing with me, ma'am.
Please sit down.

CONTINUED

253 CONTINUED

253

Kay sinks back into her chair.

KAY

You were saying something about my picture....

COLUMBO

Yes, ma'am. 'The Professional.'

He is searching his pockets again, looking for his notebook which he will consult through:

COLUMBO

When I watched the movie with you last night, I noticed something very peculiar, ma'am. So I had the projectionist run it for me again. That scene where the man in the hotel room shot himself -- that happened right at the beginning of a reel, ma'am. At the very beginning. I could tell that from the little changeover flashes -- up there in the top right corner?

He shows her on one of the monitors.

KAY

Yes, Lieutenant. They're called cue blips....

COLUMBO

Well, that suicide scene, ma'am, that's what the projectionist saw right after he came back with the screen tests. So that's when you had to have made the changeover, ma'am -- right before he got back -- not two minutes earlier, the way he thought.

Kay meets his eyes directly.

KAY

I'm afraid you're mistaken, Lieutenant. Walter checked the footage counter before he left....

COLUMBO

Well, you must've fooled him, ma'am. What I think, I think you changed the footage counter, so it would

CONTINUED

COLUMBO (Cont'd)

put you in the projection booth at the time of the murder. But really, ma'am, you had time enough to leave the booth and go to Mr. MacAndrews' office. Just enough time, because when you rushed back to make the changeover, you dropped this glove.

From his raincoat pocket he extracts the white editor's glove, encased now in a plastic bag. He drops it on the panel.

COLUMBO

The lab says it has bits of glue on it. And powder burns, Miss Freestone.

Kay takes her time -- places her finger tips together, continues to try to extricate herself from the net.

KAY

It's Walter's glove. Walter's glue. Walter's projection booth.

(a beat)

I don't think you could really make a case against Walter.

COLUMBO

No, ma'am.

He picks up the glove to pocket it. His attention is taken by the oscillating pendulum on the monitors.

COLUMBO

That big pendulum, Miss Freestone. The way it swings like that, back and forth, forever -- knocking down those little markers. They say that proves the earth is turning under it. I never could understand that. Can you?

Kay stares at the monitors, grateful for the respite.

KAY

No.

From his coat pocket Columbo brings a .32 automatic handgun.

COLUMBO

And then there's the gun, ma'am.

CONTINUED

Kay slowly looks at Columbo, at the gun, at Columbo again.

COLUMBO

Mr. MacAndrews' gun. The gun that killed him. The one you hid in the elevator, Miss Freestone. Our people found this this afternoon.

(a beat)

Then we put one like it back on top of the elevator, ma'am. Where you could see it. That was the gun you found tonight. And got rid of. But this one -- this is the gun you murdered him with.

KAY

(small)

I see.

COLUMBO

I'm sure you do, ma'am.

And so the thing is over. Kay looks at one of the chocolate bars on the panel. She reaches for it numbly, starts to unwrap it as:

KAY

It's very odd Lieutenant. All I can think of now -- it doesn't matter anymore how many of these things I eat.

(she looks
up at him)

Will you be taking me?

COLUMBO

We'll drive into town, ma'am.
After that....

KAY

I think I know what'll happen after that, Lieutenant.

(she carefully
rewraps the bar)

I'll fight. I'll survive.

(tosses the candy
back on the panel)

I might even win.

COLUMBO

Yes, ma'am.

CONTINUED

253 CONTINUED - 4

253

He stands back as she rises and moves past him. Columbo looks at the panel.

COLUMBO

Shouldn't we turn that off?

KAY

It doesn't matter.

COLUMBO

Oh, yes, ma'am. Power shortage.

254 ANGLE ON COLUMBO

254

as he moves back to the panel.

COLUMBO

I think I know what button it is.

Like a child playing with his first train, he pushes the button which he saw the Technical Director push the other day. The monitors go blank. Simultaneously, we see a changeover blip in the upper right corner of our film. Frame freezes. Camera zooms to the frozen blip and holds for credits.

FADE OUT

THE END

ADDENDA

The following is a compilation of the film materials -- shots, stock, titles, cue blips -- necessary for "The Professional."

I

(to be utilized as POINT OF VIEW from the projection booth and to be burned into the TV screen in Kay's apartment)

A. EXT. INTERCUTS - AN INDUSTRIAL CITY - ESTABLISHING DAY AND NIGHT - STOCK

Steel mills -- thrusting smoke stacks -- flame and grime -- oppressive and repellant. Over this, the main title is superimposed: "The Professional."

II

(to be utilized in the dubbing room as a black-and-white dupe, and in the network screening room as a balanced print)

B. EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT - ROARK'S CAR - ROARK

The car drives in, parks so that its headlights shine into an alley.

C. INT. ROARK'S CAR - NIGHT - ROARK

He is tieless -- glazed with perspiration -- a heat-struck night. From a shoulder holster he takes a distinctive gun. He flips on a dashboard light, carefully checks the weapon, extinguishes the light, slips the gun into the pocket of his wilted seersucker jacket. He gets out of the car.

D. EXT. AT ALLEY - ROARK

as he emerges. O.s., a siren is heard. He reacts to it, tensing. The siren fades off. He goes into the alley.

- E. INT. ASH CAN ALLEY - NIGHT - HIGH SHOT - ROARK
as he enters the headlight-lit alley, his shadow thrusting before him. Litter, trash guns, obscure back entrances, fire escape.
Roark moves down the alley -- checks -- calls out:
ROARK
Marius....
He continues.
- F. ANOTHER ANGLE - ROARK
His eyes going o.s. -- suddenly, frozen by:
- G. ROARK'S POINT OF VIEW - LOW POSITION SHOT
On the surface of the alley, a man's hand extends from a trio of trash barrels.
- H. BACK TO ROARK
He takes out his gun, goes to the barrels, shifts one, kneels. A body is exposed. He examines it -- rises -- kicks violently at the shifted barrel. It topples and rolls with a hellish clatter.
Sound of a window being slammed.
- I. CLOSE SHOT - ROARK
Eyes flickering to the window.
- J. UP ANGLE POINT OF VIEW - TO THE WINDOW
An illuminated window. The light goes out.
- K. LOW ANGLE - ROARK
backing, then running toward the headlights of his car.

III

(to be utilized as POINT OF VIEW from projection booth as Kay watches Walter make his first changeover; note that changeover blips will be required at end of sequence)

- L. INT. SHABBY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - DISASSEMBLED GUN - ROARK

The hotel room is \$4.00 a night. A sink in the room. The red-green, on-off flash of a sign somewhere outside the window. Roark, shirtless, kneels by the bed. A lamp has been tipped to illuminate his stripped gun.

Carefully, lovingly, he cleans and oils the parts.

IV

(to be utilized when Kay returns from the murder and makes the changeover; note that cue blips will be required)

- M. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - AT SINK - ROARK

He washes his face at the sink. A phone is ringing.

- N. CLOSE SHOT - THE PHONE

ringing.

- O. BACK TO ROARK

He continues to wash.

V

(to be utilized when Walter returns to the projection booth with the test footage)

CONTINUED

P. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - AT BED - ROARK

He lies on the unmade bed. The gun lies on the pillow next to him. He reaches for it, strokes it, brings it to his cheek, caresses himself with the weapon, feels the tactile smoothness of the barrel. The barrel slides toward his mouth.