

EXEC. PRODUCER: David Moessinger
SUPV. PRODUCER: Mark A. Burley
SUPV. PRODUCER: Robert E. Swanson
CO-PRODUCER: J. Michael Straczynski
CO-PRODUCER: Walton Dornisch
DIRECTOR: Jerry Jameson

PROD. #67531
March 10, 1992

(F.R.)



MURDER ON MADISON AVENUE

Written

by

Bruce Lansbury

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

CAST

JESSICA FLETCHER

EDGAR GREENSTREET A toy tycoon somewhere between sixty and seventy with ageless elan. He's not cute; not cantankerous; not the "little old toy maker." He's sly, intelligent and imaginative. Jessica can never be sure if he's kidding or not, which gives him an overlay of danger.

MEREDITH DELANEY The Sigorny Weaver character in "Working Girl". Beautiful forty. Tough as nails, a bitch on wheels; very intelligent, fast-talking, aggressive, overbearing.

DEVERY MC FARLANE Meredith's husband. A project supervisor. Late thirties. Attractive, talented; acerbic and insightful.

SYLVIA MOFFETT Meredith's assistant. Attractive forty. Shy but very efficient. There's a whole lot happening and much strength behind those expressionless eyes.

BRAD SINGER Account executive. Early thirties, good-looking, intelligent and aggressive with a confidence that cracks under fire.

AMANDA NORTH Account executive. Early thirties, attractive; intelligent and aggressive with a confidence that doesn't crack under fire.

BORIS STELOFF Agency chief. Good-looking late thirties out of the Madison Avenue mold; a womanizing "smoothie."

MILES PACKARD Agency chief. A grimmer, heavier version of Steloff, though not the womanizer.

LIEUTENANT HORNBECK About forty; straight-shooter, buttoned down, finds toys a curiosity per se.

FRANK CRISTY Toy designer. Fifty-five; scruffily artistic, he belongs at the drawing board and workbench.

SUPER A cheery fellow.

BRODSKY A gravelly reporter with ink under his fingernails.

LADY REPORTER Young and bright.

#67531

MURDER, SHE WROTE

MURDER ON MADISON AVENUE

CAST

JESSICA FLETCHER

BILLY BONKERS
MEREDITH DELANEY
BORIS STELOFF
MILES PACKARD
AMANDA NORTH
BRAD SINGER

BRODSKY
SYLVIA MOFFETT
DEVERY
EDGAR GREENSTREET
FRANK CRISTY
LIEUTENANT HORNBECK
SUPER

SETS

INTERIORS:

PENTHOUSE FLOOR
MEREDITH'S OFFICE
OUTER OFFICE
MARATHON BUILDING
OUTER OFFICE
ELEVATORS
B-100
BASEMENT CORRIDOR
STELOFF AGENCY
SERVICE CORRIDOR
UPPER FLOOR
STELOFF'S OFFICE
JESSICA'S APARTMENT
HALLWAY
PIATTI'S RESTAURANT
FOUR-STORY APARTMENT
ENTRANCE
TAXI
LIMOUSINE

EXTERIORS:

NEW YORK CITY (STOCK)
MARATHON BUILDING
PIATTI'S RESTAURANT
MADISON AVENUE
JESSICA'S APARTMENT BLDG.
ROLLER COASTER
FOUR-STORY APARTMENT BLDG.
AMANDA'S APARTMENT

#67531

MURDER, SHE WROTE
MURDER ON MADISON AVENUE
ACT ONE

FADE IN

- 1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY - STOCK MONTAGE 1
As a cab makes its way from Jessica's neighborhood to mid-town Madison Avenue. The day is chilly, and people are wearing overcoats, scarves and gloves.
- 2 EXT. MARATHON BUILDING - DAY (ESTABLISHING) 2
A logo reads: "MARATHON TOY CORPORATION".
- 3 INT. MARATHON BUILDING - AT ELEVATORS - DAY 3
JESSICA FLETCHER ENTERS and punches 19. People continue to run inside, jamming the doors open, until they're packed like sardines.
- 4 ANOTHER ANGLE - A GLOVED HAND 4
from somewhere behind Jessica slips a folded piece of paper into her shoulder bag.
- 5 INT. THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR - DAY - ANGLE TO ELEVATOR 5
as the doors open and it empties. This is a spacious area which showcases Marathon's toy business. Their biggest seller is a mischievous character called BILLY BONKERS, so there's a standing cut-out of Billy with other displays that feature Bonkers watches, diaries, scrapbooks, games, sub-teen sporting equipment and other Marathon toy displays.

Jessica moves through the bustle to another pair of doors announcing, "Meredith Delaney, Executive Vice President".
- 6 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY - MEREDITH DELANEY 6
is forty, tough as nails, hair coiffed to soften a beautiful but hard face. She sits on the edge of her desk, fielding questions from several Trade Reporters. To one of them:

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

MEREDITH

...this week marks our twenty-fifth year, Liz, so your Wall Street angle has gotta be Marathon's expanding industry share over that period....

LADY REPORTER

There's talk you've thrown your ad agency situation into review....

MEREDITH

Right, Annie...End of the month, the Marathon account will be repped either by Steloff Associates or Dutton and Company.

(smiles

ingenuously)

I've broken precedent by asking the top execs of these competing firms to be here this morning....

7 IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM - BORIS STELOFF AND MILES PACKARD

7

are leaning against the wall, both in their late thirties. They smile, acknowledging the turned heads, taut as coiled springs; they've got a lot riding here.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

...Boris Steloff, responsible for the Springfield Athletics campaign last year...and next to him, Miles Packard of Dutton with his creative directors, Brad Singer and Amanda North. They developed the M'Lady perfume program that hit so big during the Olympics....

8 ANOTHER ANGLE - BRAD SINGER AND AMANDA NORTH

8

acknowledging the mention. They're early thirties, good-looking, fresh-faced and eager. A grizzled Reporter rises.

BRODSKY

There's word around that you people have a breakthrough line ---

MEREDITH

(interrupting)

You know better than to ask me about our development plans, Brodsky ---

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

BRODSKY

(grins)

This was over drinks with your CEO,
Edgar Greenstreet. The old man
talked about a Project 2000 ---

MEREDITH

(quickly; snidely)

Please don't hold me to Mr.
Greenstreet's after-hours comments!
I think I've covered everything....

There's a forest of raised hands and SHOUTED QUESTIONS from
other Reporters. Meredith wants to get off the hook.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

...except to say we're in
negotiations with a noted mystery
novelist for a new board game which
will be entitled, appropriately
enough, 'Murder Will Out.' Thank
you, all.

9 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - THE NOTED MYSTERY NOVELIST

9

is Jessica, and she ENTERS and crosses to SYLVIA MOFFETT,
Meredith's efficient, somewhat shy though attractive
secretary-assistant of forty. Meredith's office is
starting to empty now. Brad Singer comes up with his boss,
Miles Packard in tow. Jessica smiles in recognition.

BRAD

Mrs. Fletcher! It had to be you
with the board game!

JESSICA

Good Lord...Brad!

BRAD

What a kick! Meet my boss, Miles
Packard....

Packard and Jessica exchange AD-LIBBED hellos, as:

BRAD (CONT'D)

(to Packard)

I broke into the business as media
coordinator on one of Mrs.
Fletcher's books....

JESSICA

Nine years ago, wasn't it? A
Killing in Saravejo?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

Boris Steloff approaches the group. He grins at Packard.

STELOFF

Miles...Would this be an apt time
to wish each other luck?

He puts his hand out to Packard, who doesn't take it.

PACKARD

Cut the baloney, Steloff. Everybody
knows you've taken the contest into
the bedroom. Not that it'll get
you anywhere.

Jessica is taken aback by this abject rudeness. Packard
nods at Jessica and departs, leaving Steloff with egg on
his face. Brad takes Jessica's arm, moving her out of the
line of fire, as Moffett approaches.

BRAD

I've got a table booked at Piatti's
at twelve-thirty. You and I have
a lot of catching up to do --

MOFFETT

Mrs. Fletcher, Boss Lady calls....

JESSICA

If that's an invitation to lunch,
Brad, you're on!

10 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - JESSICA

10

enters, Moffett closing the door behind her. Meredith
comes forward to greet her, hand outstretched. A
nice-looking man of thirty-five is nearby, DEVERY MC
FARLANE.

MEREDITH

Mrs. Fletcher...good to see you
again. This is Devery McFarlane...

DEVERY

(good-naturedly)
Otherwise known as Mister Meredith
Delaney...How are you?

JESSICA

Just fine, thank you, Devery.

The COM LINE on the desk RINGS. To Jessica:

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

MEREDITH

My husband will be your project supervisor. Excuse me just a moment....

She crosses to the desk, removing her right clip-on earring before putting the phone to her ear. She's furious, as:

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Officer Joseph? Correct me if I'm wrong, but do I not have that mealy-mouthed little bastard from the Journal -- Brodsky -- on the list of people who are not allowed in the building, let alone my office...?

During the above, Jessica reacts to Meredith's tirade. Devery seems used to it. They whisper against the outbursts.

DEVERY

Have to tell you, I think your basics are sensational. I've got the Art Department doing sketches...

JESSICA

So soon...that's wonderful!

Their attention is diverted, as:

MEREDITH

(shrill)

Then next time cover the freight entrance...and the elevators!

DEVERY

Mr. Greenstreet's taken a special interest in the project, and he's suggested character figures for the playing pieces ---

MEREDITH

(hanging up)

Devery...Really, you're like a runaway horse!

JESSICA

(easily)

That's all right, Miss Delaney. If it's what Mr. Greenstreet wants, well, my gosh, he's a legend!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED (2)

10

JESSICA (Cont'd)
Every kid in America knows Billy
Bonkers, let alone Mr. Bones ---

MEREDITH
(sharply)
Few people are aware that the Mr.
Bones anatomically-correct skeleton
play-kit was my idea...
(softly; making
her point)
Like many things at Marathon...To
be blunt, Mr. Greenstreet is an
eccentric. I pretty much run the
company for him. If you want
input, my door is always open....

It's a barely-concealed mandate, and Jessica is thrown.
She looks across the desk at Meredith's placid, smiling
face, then turns to Devery and sees no help there.

11 EXT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT (PIATTI'S) - DAY - ESTABLISHING

11

JESSICA'S VOICE
...I've heard advertising described
as a bare-knuckle business....

12 INT. PIATTI'S RESTAURANT - JESSICA'S TABLE - DAY

12

Brad and Amanda are seated with her. They've eaten lunch,
and the Waiter is wheeling up the dessert cart.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
...and from what I saw this
morning, wow, I'm a believer!

BRAD
(laughs)
Listen, the Marathon account'll
bill forty million next year. It's
not exactly a level playing field,
but Amanda and I have a proposal
that stresses better creative and
media coordination.

AMANDA
It's been really tough...trying to
put together a proposal for a line
of toys we've never seen!

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

JESSICA

Why, yes, it sounds like trying to paint a landscape blindfolded!

BRAD

It's Edgar Greenstreet. He ratchets up our creative juices that way, finds out if we still know what toys are all about, then next month decides who gets the account.

JESSICA

I'm confused. Meredith Delaney told me Mr. Greenstreet doesn't run the company any more!

AMANDA

Don't believe everything the iron butterfly tells you! Old man Greenstreet's the toymaker....

BRAD

A nut, but a certified genius!

AMANDA

Which reminds me...Brad? 'Genie?' C'mon...you haven't told me what the clients said.

BRAD

(to Jessica)

Genie's a line of cosmetics. We're doing some TV spots for them.

Jessica is looking idly in her bag, when she spots the note slipped in earlier. She pulls it out, hiding it in her hand.

13 INSERT - THE NOTE

13

In a scrawl, it reads, "Rm B-100 at 6:15...5,9,7,4".

AMANDA'S VOICE

Brad?

14 AS BEFORE

14

BRAD

I didn't give them your copy, hon. I think you missed the boat.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

AMANDA

What do you mean, 'missed the boat'?

BRAD

Who cares if the spritzer fits into a handbag or if the blush comes in a dozen shades? That's not the selling point, honey --

(to Jessica)

The blueberry cheesecake here is fantastic.

Jessica has seen the flash of frustration in Amanda's face, but there's something else on her mind right now.

JESSICA

Thank you, no...But can either of you tell me if there's a room B-100 in the Marathon Building?

BRAD

Sure...I've never seen it, but everybody's heard about it. It's a high security section on the basement floor.

Amanda has been gathering her things. She turns to Jessica.

AMANDA

Please excuse me, Mrs. Fletcher. I just remembered I have a meeting....

She sweeps off. Brad rises.

BRAD

Amanda...Be right back, Mrs. Fletcher....

He follows Amanda away from the table.

15 EXT. RESTAURANT (PIATTI'S) - DAY - AMANDA

15

is exiting as Brad hurries out behind her. She's steaming.

BRAD

Amanda...what's the matter?

AMANDA

Incredibly enough, you have no idea!

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

BRAD

No, I don't!

AMANDA

Whatever the project is, even if it's women's cosmetics, for crying out loud, your opinions always seem to prevail. I've figured out why. It's because you're so pig-headed!

BRAD

(bristling)

You want me to take a back seat....

AMANDA

I want equality in the relationship. And for starters, you can stop calling me 'honey!'

She exits. Brad looks embarrassedly around and heads back.

16 INT. LONG BASEMENT CORRIDOR - ON WALL CLOCK

16

It reads 6:14 as Jessica comes TOWARD CAMERA past numerous doors, arriving at a vault-like door numbered B-100. There is a digital plate for code access. She takes the piece of paper and taps the numbers out. The WHEEZE of PNEUMATIC LOCKS and a LOUD CLICK as the vault-like door opens.

17 INT. B-100 - NIGHT - FULL - FAVORING JESSICA

17

The door CLICKS SHUT behind her. It's a mysterious workshop of machines, lathes, drill presses, blueprints and renderings -- whatever suggests that here's where toys are invented, where the prototypes are built and tested. Also many toys and even some antiques, suggesting an abiding interest in the craft. One of these is a child's roller-coaster, and another is....

18 BILLY BONKERS FIGURE - OVER TO JESSICA (INTERCUTTING)

18

It's life-size, with a Stetson and a six-gun, a Polident grin and glass eyes that follow her as she enters, a QUIET ELECTRONIC HUMMING betraying articulated limbs as he turns, raising a six-gun and in a wise-ass kid's drawl....

BILLY

(filtered)

Awright, podner, drop it! C'mon, get 'em up! Raise 'em high!

..and Jessica turns with a start, then double-takes as the roller-coaster begins to turn, and then....

19 A TOY FIRE ENGINE

19

shoots out of a corner with SIREN AND REDS, and she watches as it scoots around a corner.

JESSICA

(laughing)

Okay, someone wants to play!?

She follows the fire engine around the corner.

20 ABRUPT ANGLE - JESSICA

20

comes around the corner and almost bumps into an apparition with flying white hair and the Marathon version of the Terminator II Cyborg makeup kit plastered to one side of the face, with the flashing red eye. This is EDGAR GREENSTREET.

GREENSTREET

Aha! Gotcha, Mrs. Fletcher!

Laughing, he turns to a remote control panel and turns off Billy Bonkers and the roller-coaster. Then he removes the blackened teeth and puts out his hand, still chuckling.

GREENSTREET

Edgar Greenstreet! Couldn't resist having some fun with you....

JESSICA

(shaking hands)

Well, you had me going ---

GREENSTREET

Check the eyeball...is the green scarier?

He adjusts something, and the eyeball goes from red to green. Jessica thinks for a moment.

JESSICA

No, the red. Definitely red.

He pulls off the mask and straightens his hair, and suddenly he looks raffishly charming and far younger than his years.

GREENSTREET

An eyeball. Our first serious collaboration! Here, sit down.

Greenstreet moves equipment to provide Jessica with a place to sit; he takes a sketch pad and starts to draw, during which he frowns and appears to be very serious:

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

GREENSTREET

Don't you agree that toys and games
such as yours, Mrs. Fletcher, are
the sublimation of all that's evil
in us?

JESSICA

(guardedly)

I'm not certain what you mean....

GREENSTREET

Well, with toys we bomb and strafe
cities, win World War Three and
Four...We can even commit murder
and go to bed with an easy
conscience. Which brings us to
your game. I've read your notes,
and I think you'll want six
players, not five. I had in mind
one being a grumpy neighbor -- call
him Mr. Snipes.

JESSICA

I've been thinking about a
neighbor, too. Snoops a lot, looks
into windows and picks up clues....

GREENSTREET

Snipes and Snoop! Here....

He shows her the drawing, an amusing, stylized Mr. Snipes.

GREENSTREET (CONT'D)

...We'll make 'em up in plastic.
Folks can feel and touch and have
their favorite colors....

JESSICA

They'll move by the roll of dice?

GREENSTREET

...draw to see who's the murderer.

JESSICA

And the squares on the board will
give the players an opportunity to
pick a motive card...scene of the
crime card...a clue card ---

GREENSTREET

(mysterioso!)

Which may or may not be genuine.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED (2)

20

JESSICA

You mean false clues, like a wild card in poker!

GREENSTREET

Trouble is you forgot an important motive, but darned if I can remember what it was!

JESSICA

(laughing)

I'm sure you'll think of it later....

As strange as he is, Jessica seems to have found a kindred soul in Edgar Greenstreet. But something nags at her.

JESSICA

All this is very exciting, but your executive vice president, Miss Delaney, had some concerns ---

GREENSTREET

I already know what that female Caligula had to say. Ignore her. She's on a power trip....

He puts the last card on a tall card castle nearby. Then he hands the whole shebang to Jessica. It's glued together. She reacts, as:

GREENSTREET

And like in your books, things are never quite what they appear to be, are they? Don't tell anybody you have the access code to B-100. That's our secret, okay?

JESSICA

Yes...of course...but ---

Suddenly there's a loud CHIME from behind them and Billy Bonkers breaks into LOUD ELECTRONIC LAUGHTER.

Then Jessica turns to find Greenstreet gone! The vault door WHEEZES shut with a CLICK. Billy Bonkers starts to talk again, only it's Greenstreet's voice!

GREENSTREET'S VOICE

(filtered)

Talk to your friend Brad Singer. He did a campaign for a board game (MORE)

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED (3)

20

GREENSTREET'S VOICE (Cont'd)
called Watzit. Not half as clever
as yours. But maybe he can
help....

Then all is quiet. Jessica shakes her head in
bewilderment.

21 EXT. MADISON AVENUE - ANGLE TO OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

21

To establish.

22 INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT - AT DOUBLE DOORS - MEREDITH

22

is in street clothes. The doors show the logo "Steloff AND
Associates". She takes out a key and lets herself in.

23 INT. STELOFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

It's more like a studio, with lush carpets and furnishings,
a fire burning in the grate, entertainment center, modern
art on the walls.

24 BORIS STELOFF

24

is seated on the floor against a couch, working on papers
over a coffee table. Only a hint of surprise on his part
as Meredith comes up silently beside him and starts to
massage his neck and shoulders. Then they kiss. As they
break:

STELOFF

It's not going to work.

MEREDITH

Why do you say that?

STELOFF

Face it, darling, the old man's
still going to make the key
decision, the choice of agency.

Meredith pulls away, standing.

STELOFF (CONT'D)

(re his papers)

Without Marathon's business, this
agency's through and I'm through.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

MEREDITH

But you're not going to let that happen. Greenstreet has a special thing for Packard's brain trust -- Brad Singer and the girl ---

STELOFF

Amanda North.

MEREDITH

I've heard the relationship's vulnerable. Offer the girl a job, get her on your team.

STELOFF

I'll do it. But the clincher would be if you'd give me an hour in your security area. It'd give us a handle on your development.

MEREDITH

No one has the code to B-100 except the designers and a few others. It's going to stay that way.

She softens and descends to the couch and kisses him.

MEREDITH

Hey...Boris. Make a play for her and all the bets are off...okay?

He laughs. They fall into a serious kiss.

Then there is a SOUND, and they spring apart. Steloff crosses quickly to an interior door and throws it open.

25 INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT - OVER STELOFF

25

looking down the empty corridor toward the Fire Exit Door at the far end...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, a shadow flits against the lit wall of the staircase, the door CLANGS SHUT.

Steloff exchanges a look of concern with Meredith.

DISSOLVE

26 EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT - AMANDA NORTH

26

exits a building and hails a passing cab. No luck. She's freezing to death. A limousine pulls up to the curb. The door swings open, and Boris Steloff leans out.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

STELOFF

Amanda...Boris Steloff. Can I give
you a lift?

27 A POV THRU A WINDSHIELD TO THE LIMOUSINE

27

Somebody watches from half-block behind, a gloved hand on
the wheel. We SEE Amanda gratefully accepting Boris'
offer.

She enters the limousine and it pulls away. Our UNSEEN
DRIVER puts the car into gear and follows.

28 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - STELOFF AND AMANDA - (MOVING)

28

STELOFF

Quite serendipitous, bumping into
each other. I was going to call....

AMANDA

I thought you and Miles were at
each other's throats until the
Marathon account gets settled.

STELOFF

True. I just thought you and I
should have a chat....

Amanda catches his tone and looks warily at him.

AMANDA

We didn't just bump into each
other, did we? What's this about?

STELOFF

You have incredible talent. You
need to spread your wings.

AMANDA

Miles has given me every break ---

She stops, seeing that Steloff is smiling, shaking his
head.

STELOFF

I'm not talking about Miles....

AMANDA

You mean Brad....

She sees her corner coming, not wanting to face a decision.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'm on this corner, thank you....

29 EXT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

29

The limousine stops and Amanda gets out. Steloff leans out.

STELOFF

You can do a whole lot better with me, Amanda. I'm talking substantially better.

She turns to leave.

STELOFF (CONT'D)

Amanda..? My office tomorrow night? You've nothing to lose.

30 LONG SHOT THRU WINDSHIELD

30

as before. MOS as Amanda says good night and the limousine pulls away. Amanda stands there alone for a moment, and the look on her face tells us she'll be at Steloff's office tomorrow night.

The UNIDENTIFIED DRIVER puts the car into gear and drives past Amanda as she turns and enters her apartment, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

31 EXT. MARATHON BUILDING - DAY #2 - ESTABLISHING 31

32 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON TOY DUMP TRUCK 32

MEREDITH'S VOICE

...In so many words, please tell
me just what this monstrosity is
meant to represent....

WIDEN to REVEAL a man of fifty-five, FRANK CRISTY, who sits
with a hang-dog air at the conference table, the dump truck
in front of him. A tense Devery is seated at the other end
of the table. Meredith lurks behind Cristy like a
prosecuting attorney, dripping sarcasm.

CRISTY

It's a dump truck, Miss Delaney,
like sales requested. Only it's
designed like the real thing.

MEREDITH

An apt description because that's
where it belongs. In the dump.
For cost purposes I asked you to
keep it to six wheels ---

CRISTY

Dump trucks can't operate on six ---

MEREDITH

-- and you have eight. We
discussed color in our last meeting
and agreed upon number three red,
of which we have an ample supply,
and yet ---

CRISTY

(reasonably)

Hold on, Miss Delaney, I was making
the changes you requested when Mr.
Greenstreet happened to stop by my
bench. Well, you know what a bug
he is on authenticity ---

MEREDITH

(interrupting)

Thank you, Frank. That'll be all.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

CRISTY

It's no big deal to ---

She's turned away. Frank shrugs and smiles sheepishly at Devery, putting the truck under his arm.

CRISTY (CONT'D)

Right...whatever you say.

He opens the door and steps out.

33 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

33

Moffett is at her desk. Jessica is just arriving as Cristy comes out of Meredith's office. He smiles at her.

CRISTY

You're J.B. Fletcher....

JESSICA

That's right....

CRISTY

I'm Frank Cristy, one of Marathon's designers. I've read your books, and I heard about your game. All the best with it.

JESSICA

Why, thank you, Mr. Cristy. And ---

She cocks an eye at Cristy's truck.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

-- if I'm not mistaken, that's a very fine-looking dump truck. Good luck with that too!

CRISTY

(grins)

Thanks, Mrs. Fletcher.

He moves off, and Jessica enters Meredith's office.

34 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY

34

as Jessica enters. Meredith shoots a look at Devery.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

MEREDITH

Have accounting cut his last check,
severance and whatever. I want him
out of here today.

Jessica reacts. Devery starts to say something, but exits.
Meredith looks at Jessica and manages a smile, drooping
ingenuously with a sigh that says, "it's tough at the top."

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Truly, truly sorry for calling you
in on such short notice, Mrs.
Fletcher, but I had upsetting news.

JESSICA

Oh? I'm sorry.

MEREDITH

You've been spending time with Mr.
Greenstreet on this game of
yours....

JESSICA

Why, yes. That's true, but ---

MEREDITH

Mrs. Fletcher...I don't know how
to make it any clearer, but the man
is not with it anymore. Decisions
must be made through this office.

JESSICA

(incredulous)

'With it' or without it, Mr.
Greenstreet may be eccentric, Miss
Delaney...but in our one impromptu
meeting he gave me some major help!

Meredith smiles tightly, turning to the phone.

MEREDITH

I think you understand what I'm
telling you, Mrs. Fletcher....

JESSICA

(indignantly)

I certainly do. You're telling me
not to talk to Mr. Greenstreet.
I don't mind telling you, I find
that very difficult to adjust to!

Jessica rises and exits.

35 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

35

as Jessica exits, fit to be tied. Devery looks at her expressionlessly, then reenters the office, closing the door. Moffett turns to Jessica with sad understanding.

MOFFETT

Try to understand, Mrs. Fletcher.
Boss Lady has such heavy
responsibilities, and no one to
share them with....

Jessica smiles uncertainly.

JESSICA

But she'll always have you, won't
she, Moffett...?

Jessica leaves.

36 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY - MEREDITH AND DEVERY

36

Meredith is returning to her paperwork.

DEVERY

Would it change your mind to know
that Frank Cristy's been with this
company for fifteen years?

MEREDITH

Then he should've been fired years
ago. We've got too many
Neanderthals as it is!

DEVERY

Canning Frank Cristy is a snap.
Firing your husband's not so easy,
is it?

MEREDITH

What are you getting at?

DEVERY

Don't you think the whole town
knows about you and Boris Steloff?
When and where am I going to be
served papers, Meredith? On the
job? In the bedroom?

MEREDITH

(realizing)
It's you who's been spying on us!

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

DEVERY

(laughing)

Someone's spying on you and
Steloff? God, what a bore that
must be!

MEREDITH

(seething)

You're out of here at the end of
your contract term.

Devery is at the door.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

(with relish)

You haven't forgotten our
prenuptial agreement....

DEVERY

How could I? It's been a lot on
my mind lately....

A veiled threat? Meredith frowns uncertainly as he exits.

37 INT. STELOFF AGENCY - NIGHT - AMANDA AND STELOFF

37

are going through a portfolio of tear sheets and ad
layouts. There's a fire in the grate...mood MUSIC on the
stereo.

STELOFF

...Take your pick of the cosmetic
lines, plus you'll have sole
creative and media responsibility
on the Marathon account....

AMANDA

How can you be so sure you'll get
Marathon?

STELOFF

(smiles)

Let's say I hold some aces.

(beat)

Look, Amanda, I'm offering twice
what you're getting at Dutton,
three years firm....

AMANDA

(mulling)

...and a vice presidency.

38 INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MEREDITH 38
This time she unlocks the service door, looking off:
STELOFF'S VOICE
With the likelihood of a full
partnership this time next year....

39 AS BEFORE - AMANDA AND STELOFF 39
AMANDA
(a beat; smiles)
You're a hard man to refuse!
Steloff grins. They touch glasses and drink. Then Steloff
leans in and takes Amanda by surprise with a kiss....

40 MEREDITH'S POV - THE KISS 40

41 REVERSE ANGLE - MEREDITH 41
Her face reflects her rage! She quietly backs out, as:

42 STELOFF AND AMANDA 42
She's surprised and embarrassed, but she keeps it light.
AMANDA
Hey, hope you weren't planning to
build that into the deal!
Steloff steps away smiling, unruffled.
STELOFF
Nope. Couldn't resist. Won't
happen again, I promise.
Amanda puts her drink down and collects her things.
AMANDA
Give me several days, Boris. There
are people I'd like to tell
first....
STELOFF
Of course, I understand.
She exits. He goes to the phone.

43 INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - MOFFETT

43

MOFFETT

(on phone)

She's not here, Mr. Steloff. There was nothing in her appointment book. I'm sure she said she was going to be seeing you...Yes, good night.

Moffett hangs up with an enigmatic smile.

44 EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY #3 - ESTABLISHING

44

JESSICA

...Edgar Greenstreet's just sent me the contract to sign....

45 INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY - JESSICA

45

is on the phone. She has a typed contract in front of her. Nearby is a magnificent basket of flowers. As she talks, the doorbell rings, and she crosses to open the door.

JESSICA

...along with the nicest basket of flowers and his personal invitation to Marathon's Silver Jubilee party Friday night...Of course there's nothing wrong with that, Jay! Edgar Greenstreet's a hoot! It's Meredith Delaney I'm not hitting it off with!...Excuse me a moment...The doorman's sent someone up....

She opens the door to admit Brad Singer. He looks very unhappy. She waves him toward a couch, as:

JESSICA

(into phone)

...I see, as a lawyer you're telling me it's okay to sign, and as a friend you're saying what have I got to lose...You sound like a lawyer, Jay, and I'll do as you suggest.

She hangs up and looks over at Brad, who looks very unhappy.

BRAD

Sorry to be late, Mrs. Fletcher.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

JESSICA

Not at all...I appreciate your time, Brad. Someone mentioned you once did a very successful ad campaign for a game called Watzit.

BRAD

Whatchamacallit.

JESSICA

Oh...right. Well, I'm told you came into it early in the concept stage. I wondered if you could maybe take a look at ---

Brad is looking out the window, his mind miles away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Brad?

BRAD

Sorry. I should've called this off. My head isn't into anything today.

JESSICA

What's wrong?

BRAD

Amanda called. She's leaving the agency and going with Boris Steloff.

JESSICA

Oh...dear....

BRAD

You know what that means! She'll take all the ideas she and I developed on the Marathon proposal and give them to Steloff!

Jessica mulls this possibility....

46 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Boris Steloff enters, leaving the door ajar. He smiles complacently. Meredith comes around her desk toward him, as:

STELOFF

The deal's made, lover. Amanda North signs with me tomorrow....

Meredith slaps him hard across the face.

47 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

47

as Devery appears. Moffett's back is turned. The door into Meredith's office is ajar, and Moffett is listening intently to the LOUD VOICES that issue....

48 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY - MEREDITH AND STELOFF

48

MEREDITH

...You were never interested in me,
or us, but only the Marathon
account!

STELOFF

It was a harmless moment, for
godsave!

MEREDITH

You did the one thing I'll never
forgive anyone for! You could've
been the biggest man in town....

49 INT. OUTER OFFICE

49

Steloff comes out quickly past Devery and Moffett....

MEREDITH'S VOICE

...but instead of that your name's
going to be dirt! Count on it!

...SLAMMING the door behind him, Meredith's voice echoing.
Devery grins slyly at Moffett, and she turns away abruptly.

MUSIC: A DRUM ROLL SEGUES INTO:

50 INT. THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT #4 - FULL

50

Marathon's Silver Jubilee party. Edgar Greenstreet is under a spotlight, standing on a raised platform with a hand mike, addressing the celebrants gathered around. The interior has been decorated appropriately. The wardrobe is black tie and evening dress. An area has been cleared for dancing. O.S. we HEAR Marathon's reedy equivalent to "Hail to the Chief", as:

GREENSTREET

...Ladies and gentlemen, welcome
to Marathon's twenty-fifth birthday
celebration. At this time it's my
great pleasure to introduce five
real special Marathoners...the very
first members of the twenty-year
club!

51 ANGLE TO JESSICA AND BRAD (INTERCUTTING)

51

Jessica is dressed to the nines. During the above, Brad signals he's going for drinks and heads for the bar. Applause subsides, as:

GREENSTREET (CONT'D)
...and as a token of those twenty years, for the ladies we have earrings...cufflinks for the gentlemen. Leading off, let's hear it for our Executive Vice President Meredith Delaney....

Meredith steps onto the platform, waving back to applause. She puts on the distinctive earrings, which are XX for twenty. The others follow suit as Greenstreet calls them up.

GREENSTREET (CONT'D)
...Sylvia Moffett, secretarial...Fred Stinson, shipping ...Paula Bodanavich, personnel...Ernest Davenport, design....

52 ON JESSICA

52

as during above, Devery has slipped up beside her.

DEVERY
Poor Moffett....

JESSICA
Hello, Devery...Why 'poor Moffett'?

DEVERY
Working for Boss Lady all that time? My term was only two years!

Frank Cristy coasts up, happily inebriated.

CRISTY
Mr. McFarlane joins an elite group!

DEVERY
What makes you so happy, Frank?

CRISTY
There are worse things than being fired...Isn't that true, Mrs. Fletcher?

He lurches off.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

JESSICA
(to Devery)
I'm sorry to lose you on my
project.

DEVERY
Watch the end of next month! I'm
not sure even Edgar Greenstreet can
save this company from Madam's
claws!

Jessica is digesting this as Brad comes up with their
drinks. The band has resumed playing.

BRAD
Do you feel like dancing, Mrs.
Fletcher?

GREENSTREET'S VOICE
Of course she does! Excuse us,
young man....

Greenstreet appears and whisks Jessica onto the dance
floor. Brad turns to find himself facing Amanda.

BRAD
Hi....

She ignores him, looking around, searching for somebody.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Amanda, I've been thinking about
us...how I behaved. There's still
time to start over, for me to ---

She's gone, and now he's talking aloud to himself.

BRAD (CONT'D)
-- you've been right about a lot
of things, dammit! And more than
that, I love you, and nothing's
important to me anymore, except
you!

Frustrated, he smashes his fist down on a table, hurting
himself, mouthing "jerk...jerk..."

53 AT THE BAR - AMANDA AND STELOFF

53

Steloff is tossing back a strong drink as she approaches.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

AMANDA

Boris...I've been calling all day!
I went over those materials you
gave me yesterday, and ---

STELOFF

We have a problem. I hope you
haven't burned any bridges.

54 ON THE DANCE FLOOR - JESSICA AND GREENSTREET

54

are dancing. He notices Jessica's attention is elsewhere:

55 THEIR POV - AMANDA & STELOFF (MOS)

55

Amanda is very upset as Steloff tells her his problem with
Meredith Delaney. Amanda turns on her heel and leaves him.

GREENSTREET'S VOICE

Trouble in River City! He's
telling the poor girl he doesn't
have a lock on Marathon anymore!

56 AS BEFORE - JESSICA AND GREENSTREET

56

JESSICA

I think I've discovered something
quite intriguing about you, Mr.
Greenstreet....

GREENSTREET

I certainly hope so! But what?

JESSICA

You're a role player. You know
more about what goes on around here
than certain people realize.

GREENSTREET

Maybe that's my defense against
'certain people'. Listen, I'm not
big on parties....

JESSICA

I can take them or leave them.
Why?

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

GREENSTREET

Let's talk some more about the game. What say we 'blow this joint' -- like, ten thirty in B-100?

JESSICA

I'll have to check my escort. But okay, ten thirty.

57 INT. THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT - ANGLE TO ELEVATOR

57

Greenstreet appears. Several latecomers exit the elevator and he catches it down.

A moment later Brad Singer enters shot, watching the indicator as Greenstreet's elevator reaches the Basement. He punches a down button.

58 INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - JESSICA

58

enters from the party area as Meredith exits her office.

JESSICA

Sorry for the intrusion, Miss Delaney, but I wonder if you've seen Brad Singer?

MEREDITH

Brad Singer...?

The phone on Moffett's desk rings. She pulls off the right clip-on anniversary earring and drops it on the desk, then picks up the phone.

MEREDITH

Yes?

Several moments, as Meredith's attention is suddenly drawn to whomever she's speaking. Her rage builds.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

You're what..? Yes, but how ---

Suddenly she's aware of Jessica.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Never mind that. Just stay where you are! I'll be right there!

She slams the phone down with sudden, pent-up excitement, stalking past Jessica out toward the party.

59 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT - ANGLE TO ROOM B-100 59

Jessica appears. She takes the code from her bag and taps out the numbers. The wall clock reads 10:30.

60 INT. ROOM B-100 - NIGHT 60

as Jessica enters. She finds a switch, half-lighting the room. The action starts a series of movements and SOUNDS. Toys start up, Billy Bonkers turns and stares, a cuckoo clock sounds the half-hour...and the roller coaster starts.

It all gives Jessica something of a turn, but none so frightful as when she looks closer at:

61 THE ROLLER COASTER 61

as it appears around the corner and we see its single, lifeless passenger -- Meredith Delaney's bludgeoned body as it slides limply from side to side.

62 AS BEFORE - JESSICA 62

whirls as the door behind her opens and Edgar Greenstreet enters, his gaze now also on Meredith's body. He crosses and touches a switch, turning the roller coaster off.

Jessica moves quickly to Meredith, feeling for a pulse. Then she turns to Greenstreet.

JESSICA
She's dead, Mr. Greenstreet....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

63 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE B-100 - NIGHT

63

Coroner's men are wheeling Meredith's bagged body away, as:

HORNBECK'S VOICE
Preliminaries indicate massive
trauma to the skull produced by a
blow....

64 INT. B-100 - FULL - JESSICA AND GREENSTREET

64

are watching and listening as LT. EDWIN HORNBECK crawls around the ground searching for something. His words are being recorded by a plainclothesman. Other policemen are powdering and photographing the scene. There's a security cabinet whose door has been torn open, its contents spilled haphazardly over the floor.

LT. HORNBECK
...which knocked the deceased into
roller coaster, followed by two
more blows...weapon a crowbar, same
used to open door of a security
cabinet...apparently victim
interrupted a robbery in progress.

Jessica and Greenstreet crane to see as Hornbeck backs out from under an obstruction, holding one of the XX earrings on the end of a pencil. He peers at it.

LT. HORNBECK (CONT'D)
Item: one earring, found missing
on decedent, recovered on floor
under roller coaster.

JESSICA
Lieutenant Hornbeck...forgive me,
but -- surely if the motive were
robbery, and the first blow knocked
Miss Delaney into the roller
coaster, a second and third blow
would have been somewhat redundant.

LT. HORNBECK
Your point, Mrs. Fletcher?

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

JESSICA

That the assailant's intention was to kill, not to rob, in which case the broken security cabinet could simply be misdirection.

LT. HORNBECK

Harry, get this and the murder weapon over to forensics right away.

The Plainclothesman holds an evidence bag open and Hornbeck pops the earring inside. The man picks up a bagged, tagged, blooded crowbar and exits. To Jessica:

LT. HORNBECK (CONT'D)

Among my colleagues you have a fast-growing reputation for deductive reasoning, Mrs. Fletcher. But if you don't mind, for now it's robbery interrupts, perp resorting to homicide to avoid exposure.

Jessica is about to say something, when:

MOFFETT'S VOICE

Excuse me....

65 NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE MOFFETT

65

at the door. Her face is wet with tears and she's shaking. Greenstreet goes to her and takes her hand.

GREENSTREET

Moffett...I'm so sorry.

MOFFETT

It's Mr. McFarlane...he's waiting upstairs for the Lieutenant.

GREENSTREET

(to Hornbeck)

The woman's husband, Lieutenant.

Hornbeck nods to Greenstreet and exits. Jessica puts an arm around Moffett.

JESSICA

No one will blame you if you want to go on home, you know.

MOFFETT

Thank you, Mrs. Fletcher. But there'll be tidying to do.

66 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT - ON DEVERY

66

Jessica, Greenstreet and Moffett are in the b.g. as Hornbeck makes notes.

DEVERY

...I'd be less than honest if I said my wife was universally loved. But I can't think of anybody who hated her enough to kill her. I've told you there are two men whose agencies will live or die on Marathon's advertising account. Either one of them would give anything for the contents of that security cabinet you say was broken into.

LT. HORNBECK

Who had access to B-100?

Devery looks over to Moffett.

DEVERY

I don't know. This industry is paranoid when it comes to security. My wife was even more so....

MOFFETT

A digital code was required only after work hours. It was for Miss Delaney herself, Mr. McFarlane, Mr. Greenstreet and five designers who worked there....

LT. HORNBECK

I'll need all those names....

MOFFETT

Yes, sir.

Hornbeck is mystified, shaking his head in disbelief.

LT. HORNBECK

I gotta tell you, it's a whole new world! What kind of a toy would someone kill for?

GREENSTREET

It wasn't a toy yet, but the design and specs for one...Project 2000. A concept that would lead the industry into the next century.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

LT. HORNBECK

(awed)

You're kidding! And you figure
that's what was stolen?

GREENSTREET

Yes, I do.

Jessica frowns thoughtfully.

67 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT - A TAXI

67

sweeps past in the sparse late-night traffic.

DEVERY'S VOICE

Believe it or not, two years ago
I was in love with Meredith....

68 INT. THE TAXI - NIGHT - JESSICA AND DEVERY (MOVING)

68

DEVERY (CONT'D)

...I married her in good faith, but
most everybody knows I came to
despise her. You must have heard
about her affair with Boris
Steloff.

JESSICA

I'm afraid so....

DEVERY

But what few know is that Meredith
and I had a prenuptial agreement.
With a divorce I got nothing, but
now she's dead I inherit whatever
there is to inherit.

JESSICA

Which must be considerable.

DEVERY

You're the writer. What will the
police will do with that?

JESSICA

(in kind)

It depends. Did you kill your
wife?

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

DEVERY

If J.B. Fletcher has to ask, I'd
better get myself a good lawyer!

(knocks on
cabbie's glass)

Next corner, please...

(to Jessica)

In the morning, if you wonder why
Edgar Greenstreet suddenly looks
ten years younger, get a copy of
the Annual Report. It comes out
tomorrow.

Jessica mulls this as we:

DISSOLVE TO

69 EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY #5 - ESTABLISHING

69

JESSICA'S VOICE

...Hello, Amanda? Jessica
Fletcher...I'm sorry to be calling
you so early but ---

70 INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY - JESSICA

70

is on the phone.

JESSICA

...Oh, then you know...Yes, an
awful tragedy...I was calling to
see if on the off chance you'd
heard from Brad...No?...Well, he
disappeared on me last night...Yes,
I tried his home...Thank you,
Amanda.

She hangs up, a worried frown crossing her face.

71 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - JESSICA

71

arrives as several policemen are going through the files
and emptying drawers. Moffett turns to her, upset.

MOFFETT

I was here at eight and they were
still tearing the place apart!

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

JESSICA

It must be so distressing, Moffett.
I'm afraid I have to trouble you
for my copy of the signed
contract....

MOFFETT

Of course....

Moffett goes to a file cabinet as Hornbeck exits from
Meredith's office. He spent the night here and looks it.

LT. HORNBECK

Mrs. Fletcher....

JESSICA

You had a long night, Lieutenant.
Are you any closer?

LT. HORNBECK

One phone call away...All the
designers who had access to B-100
had corroborated alibis.

JESSICA

Including Frank Cristy....

LT. HORNBECK

The guy she fired? That was my
hunch, too, only he had an
air-tight alibi like the rest. Odd
thing was his bank account showed
a twenty-thousand cash deposit made
two days ago. The whole chunk was
taken out in travelers' checks late
yesterday, and by this morning he'd
disappeared. Goes to show there's
money to be made in toys.

Jessica thinks this over. The phone has been ringing and
a plainclothesman waves it toward Hornbeck, who takes it.

Moffett hands a copy of her contract to Jessica.

JESSICA

Thanks, Moffett.

She's about to leave as Hornbeck hangs up the phone.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED (2)

71

LT. HORNBECK
That's it, boys...wrap it up.
(to Jessica)
Forensics identified the killer,
Mrs. Fletcher. They found prints
on the murder weapon and all over
the door to B-100...guy named
Bradford Singer.

JESSICA
Brad..? Oh, Lieutenant...I think
you're jumping to some very fast
conclusions!

LT. HORNBECK
You know him?

JESSICA
Well, yes...It happens that Brad
was my escort last night!

LT. HORNBECK
(grins)
Sounds like you and I'll be
spending some more time
together....

He exits with the other policemen. Jessica rolls her eyes
at Moffett and quickly exits.

72 EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

72

73 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY - JESSICA

73

is opening her door as Brad appears behind her and follows
her inside like a fugitive. He's still in his tuxedo,
looking haggard.

JESSICA
Brad! Ahmed told me he'd sent you
on up!

BRAD
Shhh...
(closing the door)
I'm sorry, Mrs. Fletcher.

JESSICA
The police are looking for you!

BRAD
I know. They've got my apartment
staked out. I didn't know where
to go or what to do!

74 INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT (LATER) - JESSICA AND BRAD
Brad has freshened up and he's finishing a sandwich.

74

BRAD

...I'm really sorry for running out on you last night. Things just seemed to go haywire real quick.

JESSICA

Start at the beginning, Brad. The last we saw each other was around nine thirty....

BRAD

A little after that I saw Mr. Greenstreet take the elevator down to the basement. He was by himself. I followed him....

JESSICA

(knowingly)

Thinking if you could get him one-on-one, you just might sell him on your agency's proposal....

BRAD

(ruefully)

Yeah..Amanda's right. I'm pig-headed. And as it turned out, I couldn't find him anyway. So I got to exploring some of the workshops down there and lost track of time. Then when I started back, I came across B-100.

JESSICA

Surely you knew...the only access to B-100 was with a digital code ---

BRAD

Sure...but I gave the door a shove, and it was open! I thought maybe I'd find Greenstreet in there. I saw this busted security cabinet and headed for that when I tripped on something....

JESSICA

The crowbar, wet with blood. Without thinking, you picked it up.

BRAD

I was afraid people would think I'd broken in! So I ran....

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

JESSICA
Did you see anybody at all in the
basement?

BRAD
No.

Jessica registers this. The phone rings. Jessica answers.

JESSICA
This is Jessica Fletcher....

75 INT. B-100 - DAY - EDGAR GREENSTREET (INTERCUTTING)

75

on the phone. In b.g. the work-day activities have
resumed.

GREENSTREET
Hi...it's Edgar Greenstreet. I
know it's not the best of times,
but would you care to pick up where
we left off on 'Murder Will Out'?

JESSICA
Yes, I would! But can we make it
later in the day? I've got some
errands.

GREENSTREET
How's six o'clock...here in B-100?

JESSICA
Six it is....

GREENSTREET
And plan on dinner later....

She hangs up smiling. Then she looks hard at Brad.

JESSICA
Brad, I want a straight answer to
a simple question. Did you kill
Meredith Delaney?

BRAD
No, Mrs. Fletcher! It happened
like I said. I came here because
I just didn't know where to turn
for help!

Jessica rises, her mind made up, getting her coat and bag.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

JESSICA

All right...You're guilty of some pretty foolish behavior, but I agree to help on condition you get in touch immediately with the police.

BRAD

I'll do that right now, Mrs. Fletcher ...and thank you so much!

Jessica exits with a wave, as Brad dials the phone.

76 EXT. FOUR-STORY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

76

JESSICA

...I wonder if you can tell me where I might find a friend of mine....

77 INT. APARTMENT ENTRANCE - DAY - JESSICA

77

is addressing an overalled SUPER on a ladder. His patch reads MEL, and he's rolling green paint next to several other sample colors on a faded yellow wall.

JESSICA

...his name's Frank Cristy.

SUPER

You're too late, ma'am. Frank left early this morning....

JESSICA

Did he say where he was going?

SUPER

Nope...had his passport, plane ticket and some brand new luggage. Said he was off to faraway places.

Jessica seems about to leave, but then peers at the color swatches on the wall with a critical eye.

JESSICA

Forgive me -- Mel, is it?
(re color samples)
I can see you have a decision to make. Pale green reminds me of a hospital, doesn't it you? My

(MORE)

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

JESSICA (Cont'd)
choice would be the cerulean blue
with a touch more white to get the
green out. It'll brighten
everything up.

SUPER
(confused but
relieved)
Hey...thanks a million!

JESSICA
(chummy)
Isn't that just like Frank?

SUPER
How's that?

JESSICA
I loaned him my ten-cup
coffeemaker. Tonight's poker night
and I've got the girls coming over.
Look, Mel, you don't suppose....

SUPER
(grinning)
Down the hall. Door's open...His
sister just came by for her
breadmaker.

Jessica has already started down the hall. Now she stops
momentarily. His sister?

78 INT. APARTMENT - DAY - ANGLE TO DOOR - JESSICA
enters.

78

JESSICA
Hello? Anybody home?

No response. A muffled door-closing further inside.
Curtains billow in the open window. Jessica moves toward
a closet.

79 ANGLE TO CLOSET

79

The door's closed. Jessica crosses and opens it INTO
CAMERA to REVEAL Amanda North!

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

79

AMANDA
(gasping in
fright!)
Mrs. Fletcher! What in heck are
you doing here?!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

80 EXT. FOUR-STORY APARTMENT - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

80

AMANDA'S VOICE

...After I talked to you on the phone this morning, I began to think that Brad had finally done something really pig-headed....

81 INT. APARTMENT - DAY - JESSICA AND AMANDA

81

Amanda goes through a handful of travel brochures as Jessica paces thoughtfully.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Like trying to bribe Frank Cristy for the access code. That's what brought me here, too, Amanda. I suspect somebody did bribe Mr. Cristy, to the tune of twenty thousand dollars....

AMANDA

(re brochures)

But who? Frank Cristy could tell us, but he's in London by now...or maybe Paris or Rio!

JESSICA

If it's any consolation, it wasn't Brad. And I don't see anything here that tells us who it was.

(looks at watch)

Amanda, I'm late for an appointment. Want a lift across town?

AMANDA

Thanks, Mrs. Fletcher, but I think I'll try to find out where they have Brad...maybe I can see him.

JESSICA

(hides a smile)

I know he'd like that....

AMANDA

D'you suppose it's possible he's learned a lesson?

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

JESSICA
Follow your instincts...and don't
forget to lock up.

Jessica collects her things and heads for the door. Amanda has gone to the phone, and at that moment does something out of habit that stops Jessica in her tracks. Amanda takes off an earring before putting the phone to her ear.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Do you always do that?

AMANDA
Do what?

JESSICA
Take off your earring like that.

AMANDA
I guess it's just a habit.

JESSICA
Just a habit!

It's the penny-drop, and Jessica is off in a hurry.

82 EXT. MARATHON BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

82

83 INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - MOFFETT

83

is at her desk preparing to leave for the day, as Jessica appears, holding the Marathon Annual Report.

JESSICA
Ah, Moffett....I'm glad I caught
you. I just stopped by a broker
friend of mine for a copy of
Marathon's Annual report. Perhaps
you can clarify something for me.

MOFFETT
I'll certainly try, Mrs. Fletcher.

JESSICA
It says here Miss Delaney owned
over three hundred thousand shares
of Marathon stock....

MOFFETT
Something like that. Each year her
contract entitled her to options.
She always exercised.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

JESSICA
Those shares would be Devery
McFarlane's now....

MOFFETT
I would suppose...unless she
arranged for them to be left to
somebody else.

JESSICA
(re Annual Report)
And it says also that on the last
day of next month she could have
acquired an additional two hundred
thousand shares!

MOFFETT
Why does that surprise you?

JESSICA
Well, with allies on the board she
would have been more powerful than
even Edgar Greenstreet!

Moffett has looked and listened to all this with polite
attention, but now her composure cracks a little.

MOFFETT
You'll have to excuse me, Mrs.
Fletcher. It's all been too much
for me....

JESSICA
Of course....

Jessica watches Moffett hurry away. Then she looks at her
watch.

GREENSTREET'S VOICE
Moffett just phoned to say you have
doubts about me...Something to do
with Meredith Delaney's stock
options.

84 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE B-100 - NIGHT - GREENSTREET

84

is tapping out the digital code. The door WHEEZES open and
he enters, Jessica following.

JESSICA
Only questions, Mr. Greenstreet....

85 INT. B-100 - NIGHT - GREENSTREET AND JESSICA

85

enter. He's flicking on the lights. Billy Bonkers isn't there anymore, and Jessica notices this.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

...Brad Singer may have been in the wrong place at the wrong time, but he's an unlikely candidate for Meredith Delaney's murderer.

GREENSTREET

What are the alternatives?

JESSICA

Let's start with Billy Bonkers. Where is he?

GREENSTREET

I had Billy removed from the premises. This whole thing has been very traumatic for him.

Greenstreet's humor seems a trifle grim to Jessica.

JESSICA

Very well, alternatives....

GREENSTREET

Devery McFarlane. Frank Cristy. They both had motive....

JESSICA

But also alibis, according to Lieutenant Hornbeck.

GREENSTREET

What about those two bloodsuckers, Boris Steloff and Miles Packard?

JESSICA

Possibles. I'm told either one of them would have killed his mother for the Marathon account. But Steloff had more reason.

GREENSTREET

After Delaney discovered him making a move on Amanda North...What about Amanda? Nobody is above suspicion in a game of 'Murder Will Out!'

Jessica is silent for a moment. Could she honestly believe? But she's looking at Greenstreet.

CONTINUED

JESSICA

Agreed. But there's still another alternative, isn't there?

Greenstreet chuckles slyly. His eyes light up. He mimes the action of drawing a card, and Jessica plays along.

GREENSTREET

You're saying I've drawn the murderer's card! Okay, draw scene-of-the-crime and tell the other players what it says!

JESSICA

(she does)

It says that about half an hour before you and I came upon her body, Meredith Delaney received a call at her desk. It upset her at first, then it seemed to thrill her.

GREENSTREET

Doubtless from her killer!

JESSICA

Apparently someone she knew. And what drew her here was the promise of something so important that the killer was certain she'd come.

Greenstreet has lost some of his impishness.

GREENSTREET

You'd have to draw a clue card to substantiate that, Mrs. Fletcher.

JESSICA

The clue card reads Project 2000. You'd been tantalizing Meredith Delaney with it, knowing that without all that sizzle she could never have the credibility she needed to inherit your job.

GREENSTREET

Aha! Motive rears its ugly head!

JESSICA

Her growing power in the company was beginning to threaten you. If

(MORE)

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (2)

85

JESSICA (Cont'd)
she lived, she would have had
enough leverage to take your place
as CEO.

(beat)
There's a card we left out, Mr.
Greenstreet.

GREENSTREET
(uncomfortably)
You mean the wild card....yes,
well, what would that be?

JESSICA
That Project 2000 has never existed
except perhaps in your head.

GREENSTREET
That's nonsense!

JESSICA
Then it really was stolen, just as
you implied to Lieutenant Hornbeck
last night.
(beat, carefully)
There's a real problem with that,
Mr. Greenstreet. We both know you
hadn't been near the cabinet, since
you came in with me...Unless you'd
been here earlier.

Greenstreet's face has lost its impish cast altogether.

GREENSTREET
Go on....

JESSICA
The wild card would say that about
an hour before the murder, Brad
Singer followed you down to the
basement to talk to you. The door
was open and he entered, thinking
he would find you here. Instead,
he discovered Meredith Delaney.
If you are the murderer, you were
probably still here at the time....

MOFFETT'S VOICE
Right in every respect but one,
Mrs. Fletcher....

86 ANOTHER ANGLE

86

as Moffett steps out of the dark behind them. Jessica draws a deep breath...an expectation fulfilled.

GREENSTREET

Moffett! What are you talking about, how'd you get in here?!

JESSICA

Calm down, Mr. Greenstreet. Moffett's just doing what she's done for the last twenty years...looking after you. As for getting in here without the code, it cost her a potful of money...
(to Moffett)

But Frank Cristy solved that problem for you, didn't he, Moffett?

The two women are looking at each other with their own understanding of the situation.

MOFFETT

I've read enough of your books to know you counted on me being here....

JESSICA

Yes, I suspected you wouldn't allow Mr. Greenstreet to appear to be Meredith Delaney's killer.

(beat)

It must have been very difficult over all those years....

MOFFETT

Playing the role of the perfect little drudge was easy. Watching her become more and more powerful, not so easy....

Greenstreet can resist no longer. To Jessica:

GREENSTREET

I'm lost! What told you it was Moffett?

87 FLASHBACK #1 - MEREDITH ON THE PLATFORM WITH GREENSTREET
putting on the clip-on earrings.

87

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

JESSICA'S VOICE

It had to do with the twenty-year earrings you gave out. They were identical except for the fact that Moffett's were for pierced ears, and Miss Delaney's were clip-ons. This afternoon I was reminded that Miss Delaney had the habit of removing her right earring when she took a phone call.

88 FLASHBACK 2

88

Meredith removes the clip-on as she takes the call in the outer office.

JESSICA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

She did that last night when she took Moffett's call from here....

89 AS BEFORE

89

MOFFETT

... (ruefully)
And forgot to put it back on....

JESSICA

So Miss Delaney was wearing only one earring, a clip-on, when she died...which raised the question, whose earring was it that Lieutenant Hornbeck found on the floor? It was for a pierced ear. If it was Moffett's, then it meant she had access to B-100 and was at some point on the scene of the murder.

90 FLASHBACK #3

90

Meredith enters B-100, looking around. She sees the security cabinet torn open, then turns to face Moffett, who attacks her viciously with the crowbar. Moffett is wearing gloves.

MOFFETT'S VOICE

The stud on my earring was loose
...it got knocked off when I struck her.

THE EARRING - skitters to the floor and slides beneath the roller-coaster.

91 FLASHBACK #4 - INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MOFFETT 91
enters, realizes that her earring is missing. She sees
Meredith's on the desk! She quickly puts it on.

MOFFETT'S VOICE
Upstairs, I realized what had
happened. The first thing I did
was to put on the clip-on she'd
left behind.

92 AS BEFORE - JESSICA, GREENSTREET AND MOFFETT 92

MOFFETT
I'll want to make a statement to
Lieutenant Hornbeck now..

She moves out. Jessica exchanges a look with Greenstreet
and they follow.

93 INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - JESSICA AND GREENSTREET 93

wait as Hornbeck leads Moffett out of Meredith's office,
where he has been taking her statement. Moffett stops by
Greenstreet. He's been humbled by her commitment to him.
She sees this and grins at Jessica.

MOFFETT
He thinks I did it for him, but I
did it for myself! Boss Lady had
teeth and claws, and I didn't. She
worked nights and made keys to all
the offices. She copied people's
ideas and claimed them as her own.
She made love to the men who could
help her, and when she couldn't use
them anymore she fired them.

(to Greenstreet)
The day she became more powerful
than you could handle, Mr.
Greenstreet, that's the day you
came to me, and I became your mole.
I've got to thank you. It's the
only thing that made it bearable
over the years...That, and knowing
in the end I'd have my own kind of
revenge.

GREENSTREET
Moffett...I don't know what to say!

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

MOFFETT

Then stop calling me Moffett. My
name is Sylvia.

(smiles at
Jessica)

Wherever it is they send me, I'm
going to write an expose of the toy
business. It'll be about revenge.

Hornbeck nods to Jessica and Greenstreet and they move off.
Jessica turns to Greenstreet.

JESSICA

Revenge. I'll bet that's the
motive you couldn't remember the
other day.

94 EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY #6 - ESTABLISHING

94

GREENSTREET'S VOICE

...and so it gives me great
pleasure to present you with
this....

95 INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE ON GAME BOX

95

as Edgar Greenstreet presents the first copy of "Murder
Will Out" to Jessica. WIDEN to INCLUDE a group of guests
at this celebratory gathering. There's a buffet table and
wine.

GREENSTREET

...prototype copy of the J.B.
Fletcher game, 'Murder Will Out.'

The guests APPLAUD as Jessica smiles warmly back.

JESSICA

Thanks for making it happen, Edgar.
Now, everybody to the food while
it's still hot!

The guests head for the buffet. Jessica turns to
Greenstreet.

JESSICA

There's something I must ask you.

GREENSTREET

What's that?

CONTINUED

JESSICA

Project 2000? Was that a reality,
or just another figment of that
overactive imagination of yours?

GREENSTREET

It's a reality all right. In fact,
it's called virtual reality, toys
with the ultimate in touchy-feely
immediacy ---

Brad and Amanda come up.

AMANDA

Congratulations, Mrs. Fletcher.

JESSICA

Thanks, Amanda...Brad...Good to see
you two working together again.

BRAD

Better than that, we've decided
it's time we go out on our own.

JESSICA

Your own agency? That's wonderful!
Edgar...you haven't made a decision
on Marathon's agency yet, have you?

GREENSTREET

Well, no...are you thinking -- ?

Brad and Amanda exchange hopeful looks, and they begin to
guide Greenstreet toward the buffet, as:

BRAD

If you've got some time, Amanda and
I would really like to pitch you
on our agency, Singer and North ---

AMANDA

That's North and Singer ---

BRAD

North and Singer. You, with your
version of virtual reality coming
off the drawing board....

AMANDA

...us with an integrated design
and merchandising approach to
bring toys into the Twenty-First
Century ---

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED (2)

95

Greenstreet looks back at Jessica and grins slyly at her,
and Jessica laughs, as we"

FREEZE FRAME

End credit.

FADE OUT

THE END