

#2208

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"MILT IS IN THE EYE OF  
THE BEHOLDER"

by  
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&  
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A STEPHEN J. CANNELL PRODUCTION

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#2208 "Milt Is In The Eye Of The Beholder"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 INT. NEWSROOM SET - ON NOLAN ASHLEY 1

a "senior newsman" a la Jerry Dunphy. His twinkly eyes take the camera head on.

ASHLEY

...And that's all the news for this evening. So now, for Janey, Bob, and the whole Channel Three News Team, I'm Nolan Ashley saying...be safe, and have a good night.

2 INT. NOLAN ASHLEY'S DRESSING ROOM - NOLAN ASHLEY - NIGHT 2

He's just putting on a casual jacket, having changed clothes. A beat, then he looks to his open door and sees a very sexy young woman, KAY BARRETT, staring in with a cryptic smile.

NOLAN

You must be Kay?

She nods, offers her hand to shake and stares into his eyes. He takes it, feeling her body heat.

NOLAN

Thanks for the letters...they were very...personal.

This lady is very seductive and he's very interested. She notices a music box on his dresser. It bears his initials. He sees what she's looking at; smiles. He opens it. It plays "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" in miniature chords. A beat.

NOLAN

You really picked this out just for me?

She only smiles and we

CUT TO

3 EXT. HIGHWAY - RUNBY - NIGHT 3

as Kay's car shoots by. In v.o. we HEAR

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2.

3 CONTINUED

3

KAY (v.o.)  
You nervous? Afraid your wife  
will find out?

4 INT. KAY'S CAR - NOLAN AND KAY - NIGHT

4

The window's down and her hair blows. She glances sultry  
eyes at him. He doesn't answer her, sizing her up.

KAY  
I'm not a groupie, if that's what  
you're thinking. I've really  
watched your work. You're good.

NOLAN  
That's what they tell me.

KAY  
(a sexy glance)  
Loosen your tie, Nolan. You look  
like a newscaster.

She flashes a smile and hands him a flask. He unscrews  
the cap, toasts her. She watches the highway ahead; a  
blurry flood of images.

CUT TO

5 FREEWAY UNDERPASS - KAY'S CAR - NIGHT

5

pulls in and parks. This is one of those underpass struc-  
tures with pilings holding up a quarter mile of freeway.  
It's not used for traffic and appears a maze, blue light  
from the freeway above sketching eerie shadows. Kay and  
Nolan get out of the car. It's cold, wind scuttling through  
the cement forest. Nolan seems just slightly tipsy, un-  
steady. She's somehow changed in this place. Sullen,  
watching. For what, we aren't sure.

NOLAN  
Life under the fast lane, huh?  
(beat, holds flask  
upside down)  
Empty. No more...

He drops the flask, slightly clumsy. Shakes his head at  
it. As Kay watches him, her face changes. A dark, brood-  
ing visage replaces the sensuality.

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3.

5 CONTINUED

5

KAY

I keep asking you not to drink.

NOLAN

What?

KAY

Don't lie to me, Daddy. It's time to play hide and seek.

NOLAN

Did I miss something?

She gets back in the car and starts it. He tries drunkenly to lunge for the car, but she floors it. She turns the car and roars to a stop next to him. The driver's window hums down.

KAY

Tonight you keep your promises, Daddy. Tonight we play.

6 VARIOUS ANGLES - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

6

as she steers right for him. He's bathed in headlight beams and jumps to save himself, behind a piling. The car roars past, barely missing the piling. Nolan dodges as Kay, in her intensity to kill, uses the vehicle like a weapon. Nolan is frightened and disoriented; can't decide where to run. The car bears down on him. He looks back, runs harder, toward CAMERA, pinned in her beams as we

SMASH CUT TO

7 MR. LAMONT EVANS - CLOSE UP

7

face filling the screen. He's a fortyish guy who's perspiring and irate.

EVANS

I'm tellin' you, your honor, I didn't have a chance. This creep ripped me off.

We WIDEN to see where we are: the TV courtroom set of "You Be The Judge". Just like a mini-courtroom. CAMERA PANS to include the other disputant: a thin, twenty-eight year old jerk named J.P. RIDDLE. The man presiding over this insanity is JUDGE HENRY DREMMOND,

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

a distinguished looking man of Hardcastle's age. Salt and pepper hair, smart, well-fed. He checks a report.

DREMMOND

According to this, Mr. Evans, you had the anti-flea foam you bought from Mr. Riddle analyzed and it's actually dishwater soap.

(audience murmurs  
disapproval)

Is that correct?

8 ANGLE - STUDIO AUDIENCE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

8

seated with a small audience. Mark's into it. Milt is disgusted. They whisper.

HARDCASTLE

How can they keep this thing on the air?...it's so stupid. Let's get outta here.

McCORMICK

You told Dremmond you'd come down. Don't be rude.

(Hardcastle grumbles)

Judge, you mind? I wanna see how this turns out.

Hardcastle can't believe it and we ADJUST to INCLUDE the action between the disputants and Dremmond.

DREMMOND

Now, Mr. Riddle, just for the record and because I find myself personally fascinated by this... you do know the difference between a dish and a dachhund, is that correct?

RIDDLE

Yeah, I do your honor.

DREMMOND

Then at least we agree on the terms involved. Let's take a two minute recess and when we return I'll render my decision.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

He bangs the gavel and waits for the hot kleigs to dim. Once they do, CAMERA PANS quickly to the FLOOR MANAGER on the sidelines.

FLOOR MANAGER

And...into commercial.

Dremmond relaxes. The set bustles during the break with stagehands, production people, etc.

HARDCASTLE

(shaking his head)

Commercials. Anti-flea foam.

(beat)

When I knew him, Bull Dog Dremmond was a real judge. How could he let himself get talked into "You Be The Judge"?

(beat)

What's next? "Bowling For The Death Penalty"?

McCORMICK

Judge, just because you don't watch the show don't knock it. Every case gets handled just like the real thing. I watch it alot.

HARDCASTLE

Thought the Flintstones was on at the same time. Must be a tough choice.

As they glare, a pretty woman named ELAINE CAMP comes up the aisle to Milt and Mark and leans in.

ELAINE

You're Mr. Hardcastle and Mr. McCormick, right?

(they nod)

Thank heavens. Hi, I'm Elaine Camp, with station public relations. He's got about a minute and a half if we hurry...

They nod and the three walk toward the Bench, navigating through cameras, lights, cords, gofers, etc.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK  
He's your old friend, Judge...  
Be nice...

HARDCASTLE  
Be quiet.

They finally reach Dremmond. He spots them as he's being touched-up by his make-up girl.

DREMMOND  
Milt!

He gets up and sticks out a hand...

DREMMOND  
I didn't think I'd ever get an old hard-baller like you down here with nothin' but a lunch invitation. Can you believe this circus?

HARDCASTLE  
Uh...Hank...like you to meet a friend of mine, Mark McCormick...

McCORMICK  
I watch your show all the time.

DREMMOND  
Yeah? No social life?  
(laughs)  
How 'bout you Milt? Ever watch?

HARDCASTLE  
Uh...I don't really watch t.v. all that much.

DREMMOND  
(more amused)  
Come on, Milt...you've never seen it in your life, don't kid me.

ELAINE  
(checks watch)  
Getting tight, Hank. Ten seconds.

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8 CONTINUED - 3

8

Dremmond nods; to Milt and Mark...

DREMMOND

Gotta go get rich, Milt. Tell  
ya what, how's...

(checks watch)

...forty-five minutes, at Andre's  
On the Boulevard? It's just off  
Melrose. If you get there first,  
ask for Andre...he'll get you to  
my table and take care of you.

HARDCASTLE

(tensely)

Sounds great, Hank. Andre's On  
The Boulevard.

DREMMOND

(slaps Milt's back)

Hey, Milt, lighten-up, huh? We're  
supposed to be having fun here...

(dazzling smile)

Show-biz...

Dremmond winks at them, gets back to his place on  
the bench as we see Hardcastle's reaction and

CUT TO

9 EXT. STREET - COYOTE - RUNBY - DAY

9

bipping through traffic. We hear a newscast over:

NEWSCASTER (v.o.)

Local newsman Nolan Ashley was found  
dead this morning beneath an under-  
pass of the Hollywood Freeway, the  
apparent victim of a rundown.  
Authorities are uncertain...

10 INT. COYOTE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK - DAY

10

As McCormick reaches over to click the car radio off,  
making a face.

McCORMICK

Not before lunch...

CONTINUED



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7a

10 CONTINUED

10

HARDCASTLE

Mmmm...You think Drummond had his teeth capped? They looked awfully shiny.

MCCORMICK

All I can say is I hope he's payin' for this, Judge...I've heard about this place. You gotta get a credit check just to see the menu.

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HARDCASTLE

I'm sure he can afford it. He's probably rakin' it in.

McCORMICK

Yeah, and to think you guys came outta the gate at the same time...

(off Hardcastle's look)

I mean, I'm not tryin' to say you don't have a nice house and everything, but you inherited just about all the good stuff you've got, right?

HARDCASTLE

McCormick, you mind saving my eulogy for after lunch?

McCORMICK

Hey, no offense. I'm just talkin' facts of life, Judge. Some guys make it... some guys really make it.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah...well, some guys don't know what they're talkin' about.

McCORMICK

You gotta admit the guy's done something right. He's huge.

(beat)

Not that you haven't done quite a bit with your life.

(off Milt's look)

Anyway, what'd'ya suppose he wants to have lunch with you for?

Hardcastle glares at the sound of that.

HARDCASTLE

Maybe he's hungry.

McCORMICK

Yeah, well, maybe he wants something I mean, I'm just lookin' out for you, Judge, don't get defensive.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

When you been around another fifty years or so you can start lookin' out for me.

(beat)

And despite your cynicism, there are a lot of people in this world who just like each other...they've known each other since the year one and they just wanna have lunch...

CUT TO

11 INT. ANDRE'S ON THE BOULEVARD - AT A TABLE - HARDCASTLE  
McCORMICK, DREMMOND - DAY

11

They're in the middle of their meal...

DREMMOND

Milt...I don't know any better way than just asking you flat out...

(beat)

I want you to take over my show for me while I'm having this gall bladder operation.

Hardcastle, floored, just looks at him for a beat...McCormick has I-told-you-so all over his face.

HARDCASTLE

Your show...

(avoiding)

...gall bladder, huh?

DREMMOND

It's just a few weeks...

HARDCASTLE

Hank, can't you get somebody else? What about Judge Jessup? He'd probably kill to get on TV.

DREMMOND

If I have anything to say about it, he'll have to kill to get on TV. He's a hack.

(beat)

Look, Milt, I've thought about this. All those other guys are a

(MORE)

CONTINUED

DREMMOND (Cont'd)  
bunch of stiffs. You're the only  
one I want. I've already  
approached the station.

MCCORMICK  
Judge, maybe you should take a  
shot. I heard somewhere this is  
how Redford got started.

HARDCASTLE  
(glares at Mark)  
Hank, don't get me wrong, I'm  
flattered. But I mean...look,  
this is really more your thing.  
You were always the showman...I  
mean, on our old bowling team, you  
always gave out the awards. You're  
funny. Besides, flea foam ain't  
exactly what law school was talking  
about...

DREMMOND  
Milt, it's entertainment. Our show  
grossed twenty-five million last  
year. Syndication, buddy. People  
watch it. And I mean lots of  
people.

MCCORMICK  
(whistles)  
Twenty-five million? Judge, we're  
talkin' the chance of a lifetime.  
You could get those mink socks  
you've been wanting...

HARDCASTLE  
Look, I don't care how much it  
makes or who watches it. I'm not  
showbiz and I'd be all wrong.

DREMMOND  
Milt, you wanna know who you are?  
Lemme tell you who you are. You're  
Mister Cool under pressure, you  
know your business in a court, you  
don't get rattled.

MCCORMICK  
(overlapping)  
...you're stubborn...you're a  
know-it-all...

DREMMOND  
With you steering up front, I  
won't have to worry about my  
show while I'm in the hospital.

HARDCASTLE  
I wouldn't even know what to do.

DREMMOND  
Just sit there and be Milt  
Hardcastle. Cool, calm, collected.

MCCORMICK  
Cut to commercials. You're home.

DREMMOND  
I like this kid.

At this second Dremmond's BEEPER goes off. He reacts, turns  
it off, gets up.

DREMMOND  
Consider it. Be right back. My  
business manager gets restless  
every time another twenty grand  
rolls in.

HARDCASTLE  
(watches him go)  
I'm dead meat, McCormick. He's  
got me over a barrel and he knows  
it.

MCCORMICK  
Judge, what's the big hassle? All  
you gotta do is say no.

HARDCASTLE  
Not this time. I owe him. See,  
when my dad wasn't very long for  
this world, he really wanted to see  
a World Series game before he died.  
I couldn't get him tickets. Tried,  
but couldn't. But God bless him,  
Hank did. Box seats. Dad was  
(MORE)

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12.

11 CONTINUED - 3

11

HARDCASTLE (Cont'd)  
thrilled. Tell ya kiddo, when  
they make your ol' man happy,  
what'd'ya gonna do?

MCCORMICK  
Does this mean we can get a car  
phone?

Milt looks miserable.

12 INT. A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - Ph.D DIPLOMA - ON THE WALL - 12  
DAY

HOLD for a beat, then PULL BACK to reveal Kay Barrett reclining on a psychiatrist's couch. On the paneled wall beside her are framed diplomas and Ph.D certificates. Kay looks at the ceiling, one arm draped over her forehead. We only see her in this scene PUSHING on her troubled face.

KAY  
...actually, Dr. Gary...I've been  
feeling pretty good this week. I  
got together with that newscaster,  
Nolan, I was telling you about.  
But it didn't work out...he had a  
drinking problem. I found out I'm  
a much stronger person than he is.

(beat)

I just don't see why I keep getting  
myself involved with men I see on  
television.

(beat, looks o.s.

at psychiatrist)

I mean, I know you've only told me  
a thousand times, I should look  
for a different type. But  
powerful older men just really do  
it for me.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm not too worried. The  
right guy's out there some place...

Play this ominous hope and

CUT TO

13      HARDCASTLE - CLOSE      13

looking ill-at-ease. PULL BACK to see we're again

14      INT. TV STATION - COURTROOM SET - DAY      14

where another chapter of "You Be The Judge" is about to roll. People getting seated in the gallery. Crewman busy. Director barking orders over the P.A. to his crew. In the midst of this swarming activity, sits Milt, in full Judge's regalia, behind the mock-up bench. McCormick is right at his side. Elaine's there, too...

ELAINE

Almost ready...any last thing we can get for you?

MCCORMICK

Yeah...you need any water? He gets thirsty when he's nervous.

HARDCASTLE

I'm not nervous.

The FLOOR MANAGER, a frenetic type in a jogging suit, suddenly materializes. He starts to massage Milt's shoulders.

FLOOR MANAGER

...how you doin', Milt? All set?

HARDCASTLE

Oh sure...no sweat.

FLOOR MANAGER

That's what I wanna hear. Stay cool and have fun with it.

And he disappears, as suddenly as he came.

ELAINE

You're gonna do great. If you get lost, watch the floor manager and look for the cue cards.

She moves off. Mark moves in at Milt's gesture, while Milt tries to turn on a small desk light. It doesn't work. He gives up.

HARDCASTLE

Listen, I'm not sure what to expect here, y'know?

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14.

14 CONTINUED

14

The floor manager, walking back THRU SHOT, sees Milt and the light; speaks into his walkie-talkie, interrupting Milt.

FLOOR MANAGER

Wanna give the Judge some light,  
Eddie?

The light goes on. Hardcastle reacts. He's getting tense.

HARDCASTLE

(to Mark)

If I really mess it up, I want you to start a fistfight or something, okay? Kinda create a distraction and make 'em stop this thing?

MCCORMICK

(smiles)

You got it. But listen, Judge, there's nothing to sweat. When that camera starts just keep tellin' yourself it's just me out there, okay? The only guy you're talkin' to is Ol' McCormick.

(beat, can't  
resist)

And seventeen million other close personal friends.

(beat)

Go get 'em, tiger.

Hardcastle just looks at him, queasy.

15 STAGE LIGHTS

15

going on. Hardcastle blinks and we ADJUST ANGLE TO OUR ANNOUNCER, a geek in a tuxedo.

ANNOUNCER

(into mike)

All rise and don't touch that dial, ladies and gentlemen, court is in session and it's time for "You Be The Judge".

Applause. Milt looks uncomfortable.

CONTINUED



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15.

15 CONTINUED

15

ANNOUNCER

Presiding this evening in special session, substituting for Judge Dremmond is the Honorable Milton C. Hardcastle...

More applause. Hardcastle smiles. Realizes he's smiling at the wrong camera. Turns to one with the red light on it, smiling, looking like he wants to die. The red light goes off. He panics, then spots the red light and turns to it. It's a study in missed timing...

16 McCORMICK

16

watching, applauding, loving the excitement.

17 INT. DIRECTOR'S CONTROL BOOTH

17

We'll INTERCUT to this now and then to fill the bridges and time-cuts as excitingly as possible. When we do, the director will say "go to Camera Two" or "Let's jump in close, Camera One", etc....

18 ANNOUNCER

18

moving across the courtroom, talking to the audience.

ANNOUNCER

In tonight's first case, Mrs. Candace Farmer, a retired widow who just wanted that little vacation in Hawaii...

MRS. FARMER, a little old lady with foghorn voice, gets up from her seat in the gallery and approaches the plaintiff's table. She smiles at Hardcastle, who looks back uncomfortably.

ANNOUNCER

...goes up against Mr. Jonathan Graham of the Tele-Graham Travel Agency, the man who arranged the vacation that Mrs. Farmer wasn't completely happy with...

Mr. Graham also approaches. He invented shady. Milt looks thrilled by this as we INTERCUT TO CONTROL BOOTH and

TIME CUT TO

19 HARDCASTLE

19

on the bench, looking through some papers...

HARDCASTLE

All right, Mrs. Farmer...according to these papers, you haven't paid Mr. Graham because you felt the hotel in Waikiki he booked you at... the Muana Palms...wasn't what he promised.

FARMER

(talks loud)

It wasn't even built yet! And he said it was a four-star hotel... the only thing there was was a foundation!

Hardcastle reacts to the volume of her voice then looks over to an uneasy Mr. Graham.

HARDCASTLE

So what happened, Mr. Graham?

GRAHAM

It's a very long story, Your Honor.

HARDCASTLE

Try to give me the highlights, Mr. Graham.

On Graham's nod and Milt's waning patience, we're back to CONTROL BOOTH again and we:

TIME CUT TO

20 GRAHAM

20

talking away. Milt holds his face up in his hand, bored and irritated...

GRAHAM

...so by the time I found out from the resort corporation that the Muana Palms wasn't going to be ready until April of next year, I guess Mrs. Farmer was already on her way to the airport...

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

ADJUST ANGLE to include a stage hand holding up a cue-card for Milt. It says "COMMERCIAL - 5 SECONDS". Milt sees it, ignores it. He's losing patience.

HARDCASTLE

And you didn't jump in your car and drive there? You didn't try and give the woman some help? Why the hell not?

GRAHAM

But y'see, what I thought...

HARDCASTLE

(interrupts)

You thought? Even though the mistake was yours, you still didn't offer to make as many calls as necessary to locate another place for her to stay at your expense?

(steamed)

That's pretty chicken, Mr. Graham.

Another ANGLE ADJUSTMENT shows us the floor manager panicking.

21 McCORMICK

21

sees what's happening, loving that Milt's getting madder and madder.

22 RESUME - COURTROOM - FULL

22

GRAHAM

But Your Honor...

HARDCASTLE

I'm not through!

The floor manager holds up a card that says "COMMERCIAL NOW" himself. Milt reacts as we

CUT TO

23 A TV SCREEN

23

We'll pull back to ultimately reveal that we're in Kay Barret's apartment, and she is watching this show on TV, fixated on Hardcastle...

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Your commercial's gonna have to wait!

(to Graham)

Listen, pal, this is a little old lady who saved for fifteen years to make a dream come true. And you let her fly all the way to Hawaii, knowing full well what would happen...

GRAHAM

But that's not really...

HARDCASTLE

Quit interruptin'!

GRAHAM

But Your Honor...

HARDCASTLE

(slams gavel)

Quiet! Look, no more "buts", okay? I'm sick of "buts" and so is everybody else! What I wanna know is whatever happened to guts?

we're watching Milt live, again.

HARDCASTLE

(beat, bangs gavel)

You're a crooked opportunist, Mr. Graham, and I'm finding for the plaintiff, Mrs. Farmer, for the entire cost of the vacation. And I don't want to hear any butts about paying it back, either!

(bangs gavel)

Now you can do your damn commercial.

On reactions all around, including Mark's delight, the director's anger and audience shock

CUT TO

- 25 RESUME - KAY 25  
 rivited to what has just occurred on her screen, staring with disturbing fascination at Hardcastle...
- 25a MONTAGE - VARIOUS 25a  
 Miltomania is happening; we see T-shirts being printed, magazines hitting the racks, Milt's face on the Enquirer, bumper stickers being applied, buttons coming off an assembly line, and more. Exciting, kinetic angles and shots.
- 26 EXT. GULL'S WAY - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 26  
 sunny and pretty. OVER we HEAR someone swimming.
- 27 EXT. POOL - GULL'S WAY BACKYARD POOL - HARDCASTLE - DAY 27  
 He's swimming laps. As he reaches the side and pauses,  
 McCORMICK (o.s.)  
 Hey, Judge?  
 HARDCASTLE  
 He's not here.
- Hardcastle noses under water, heading toward the other side, as McCormick enters SHOT carrying a copy of VARIETY, a folded newspaper and a satchel of fan mail under his arm. He's also got a T.V. GUIDE with Milt's picture on the cover.
- McCORMICK  
 More people asking for your homemade guts recipe, Judge...
- HARDCASTLE  
 ("indifferent")  
 Not as many as last week?
- McCORMICK  
 Well, you've been on a whole fourteen times, maybe you're gettin' stale...  
 (beat)  
 Hey, what happened to you yesterday, anyway? I was lookin' all over for  
 (more)

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19a.

27 CONTINUED

27

McCORMICK (Continued)  
you after the taping.

HARDCASTLE  
I don't have to report in, McCormick.  
I'm a grown-up, remember?

McCORMICK  
It's a struggle.  
(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCORMICK (Cont'd)

(beat)

Hey, I picked up "Variety" 'cause  
I heard they reviewed you.

Hardcastle rests at the side, arms out of the pool...

HARDCASTLE

(gets bored)

Yeah, that's what I hear. Hand me  
the sports, will you?

McCORMICK

(he does)

Don't mind if I read the review  
out loud, do you?

McCORMICK

Noticed you stopped swimming. Any  
reason...?

HARDCASTLE

I've done my laps. I'm resting.

McCormick gives him a knowing look. Sure he's resting. Mark  
clears his throat. We can see "A Soloman For The Common Man"  
headlining the review.

McCORMICK

(reading)

"You Be The Judge". Monday through  
Friday, four p.m. Something strange  
and wonderful has happened on this  
otherwise embarrassing program...

Hardcastle has a little smile as he scans the sports...

HARDCASTLE

Embarrassing...so far he's batting  
a thousand.

McCORMICK

...Judge, you mind? I'm trying to  
read here.

(reads again)

"An iron-jawed curmudgeon named  
Milton C. Hardcastle has subbed for

(MORE)

McCORMICK (Cont'd)  
regular Judge Henry Dremmond, and arrived as a Solomon for the common man in one fell swoop. With no on-camera training, Hardcastle is a gruff, grumbling dispenser of justice who seems impatient with everything except old-fashioned common sense. When he screws his leathery puss into a scowl and squawks: 'I've heard enough but, whatever happened to guts?' we may be witnessing the birth of a new hero for the American Airways. Without question the indie-syndie circuit carrying this show is looking at mega-sweeps clout against the normal menu of web-fare and spec-programming.

HARDCASTLE

What?

McCORMICK

You're hot. Show-biz language, Judge.

(beat, reads more)

...New hero...American Airways... here we go: 'I love this guy and so will you. Whatever happened to guts? Tune in and see'.

Mark puts down the review and looks at the Judge, who yawns and generally acts bored, unimpressed. Keeps reading sports section.

McCORMICK

Not bad, huh? Fifteen million viewers are tuning in every day.

HARDCASTLE

Twenty-seven million. Hand me the classifieds, will you?

McCormick shakes his head and tosses the paper to Milt.

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21a.

27 CONTINUED

27

MCCORMICK

You're incredible, you know  
that?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, especially when I gruffly  
screw my leathery puss into a  
scowl.

Mark walks away throwing hands up. Hardcastle turns to the  
review and begins looking at it. As he eagerly reads it,  
we HEAR

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

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22.

27 CONTINUED - 3

27

KAY (v.o.)  
This show had the most intriguing  
man on it...

CUT TO

28 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - KAY BARRETT

28

lying once more on her doctor's couch. Again, we don't see  
the psychiatrist as Kay speaks.

KAY  
(laughs)  
...My type, naturally. He's even  
a Judge, if you can believe it.  
Judge Hardcastle. Perfect, right?  
(beat, thinking)  
He has a really...solid quality.  
Especially in his face.  
(looks o.s. at  
Dr. Gary)  
Don't say it...I know what you're  
thinking, Dr. Gary, but I've made  
up my mind. I have a feeling we're  
gonna meet.

She senses her time is up and checks her watch.

KAY  
Guess that's about it, huh?  
(getting up)  
See you next week, then.

She smiles, waves goodbye and we PULL BACK to see she's  
been speaking to an empty chair. ADJUST to see there is  
no Dr. Gary. Kay has been talking to herself and this room  
is actually her studio apartment. One wall has been mocked  
up to resemble a psychiatrist's office. Diplomas, couch,  
chair, certificates, awards, etc.

29 ANGLE - KAY

29

as she hums to herself and begins to take down the diplo-  
mas and certificates, etc. She places them all in a  
cardboard box. Then she rolls the "shrink's couch" back  
over to where she usually keeps it: in front of the battered,  
portable TV. She turns on the set...and "You Be The Judge"  
comes on. The litigants are a nice young couple, The Blom-  
quists, versus Terry Jackson, a cheating bastard.

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23.

30 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE TV SET  
with Hardcastle on screen.

30

HARDCASTLE

Listen, Mr. Jackson, it's cruds  
like you who go around charging an  
arm and a leg to fix an air-  
conditioner, when all you're doing  
is hosing-down the filters, that  
really drive my blood pressure up.

Kay is watching Milt intently. As she does, she opens a  
small music box just like the one Nolan Ashley had. It's  
got the initials M.C.H. imprinted on it. It begins to  
tinkle-out "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" as she stares at  
Milt on the show. We MOVE closer on her, closer on him.

HARDCASTLE

...And I think guys like you drive  
everybody's blood pressure up.  
Especially when you make nice young  
couples like the Blomquists here  
wait eight hours after you said you  
were gonna show up...

We conclude on Kay...coming closer; rapt.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

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24.

ACT TWO

FADE IN

31 EXT. KCSZ TV STATION - DAY

31

A cluster of about twenty fans and several members of the press line the driveway into the studio parking lot. The fans carry signs reading "Whatever Happened To Guts" and wear T-shirts with the same message. The news crews have video cameras, microphones, flashing camera lights. Guys are jostling for position. Into this comes the COYOTE, slowed by the reporters and fans. Mark inches the car closer to the guard's booth as press photographers snap pictures of Milt and Mark.

HARDCASTLE

What is all this?

MCCORMICK

Face it, Judge, you're the Michael Jackson of Justice. Maybe you oughta wear one sequined glove, huh?

HARDCASTLE

I said I'd do a show. Interviews aren't in the deal. Roll up the windows.

MCCORMICK

Hey, you're a national treasure, big guy, enjoy it. Be good to your followers.

A PRESS GUY sticks his microphone and nose into the Coyote. As he does, in the background, Kay is slipping past the guard, who is preoccupied with the ruckus over Milt.

PRESS GUY

Judge Hardcastle, could I get a word with you?

HARDCASTLE

No!

CONTINUED

PRESS GUY

Is it true you hired a writer  
who actually coined your slogan?

HARDCASTLE

No!

McCORMICK

(Aside to Milt)

When'd you make friends with the  
press? C'mon guys, back off. He's  
reviewing today's show in his mind.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, you think I'm getting a piece  
of those T-shirts? Make a note for  
me to call my attorney, will ya?

Mark shoots him another look. They reach the guard shack.  
Mark speaks to the guard.

McCORMICK

Milton Hardcastle to do "You Be The  
Judge".

The guard holds up a copy of T.V. GUIDE w/ Milt on the cover.

GUARD

You're doin' a great job in there,  
Judge! We need somebody with guts  
talking to us!

Hardcastle smiles stiffly, waves. They go through.  
As they do:

CUT TO

32 INT. "YOU BE THE JUDGE" SET AREA - HARDCASTLE,  
McCORMICK, ELAINE CAMP, STAGEHANDS - DAY

32

Folks beehive all over, readying facets of production.  
walks with Hardcastle and McCormick through all this toward  
the coffee and munchie table. She's apologetic.

ELAINE

You didn't get my message about  
using the side gate, did you?

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

They been out there long?

ELAINE

Since about seven this morning. We knew the ratings went berserk toward the end of last week, but we didn't expect this. You're a bona fide hit after only fourteen days on the air. It's incredible.

HARDCASTLE

(pointed, to Mark)

That's what I hear. Anyway, let's just try and not make a big thing out of it, okay?

(too interested)

What were you saying about ratings?

ELAINE

They were huge. Forty share.

MCCORMICK

We did great!

HARDCASTLE

We?

ELAINE

(they're at the tables)

How about I get you some coffee and get you into make-up, Judge. We tape in an hour.

HARDCASTLE

Hey...hey, we can get our own coffee.

ELAINE

Relax, Judge...

(to a passing  
production assistant)

Babcock, could you get the Judge and Mr. McCormick some coffee?

(beat, to Milt)

Anybody who puts ratings through the roof gets...

(hands him cup)

...a little extra service.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Don't get used to it, Judge. I don't do cream and sugar.

Right about now the announcer walks by...Mark sees him, thinks...

McCORMICK

Hey...Judge,...I don't know what the show's arrangement is with ol' tuxedo face, but I thought I should mention that I used to do a little announcing myself...

HARDCASTLE

(amused)

Yeah?

McCORMICK

Sure...you know, the usual stuff...

HARDCASTLE

Prison riots?

McCORMICK

Yeah, very funny. For your info.... I called a few football games in high school over the P.A.... stuff like that. Even won "Best Voice of Second Semester" in my junior class.

HARDCASTLE

..."Best Voice of Second Semester..." Isn't that the one Carson hosts every year?

McCORMICK

Make fun all you want. I was good.

HARDCASTLE

I'm sure you were, but they've already got an announcer, y'know?

McCormick looks a little down at this. Hardcastle sees it.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, listen, will you just relax? It's just a dumb TV show. It's not like we're curing cancer here.

33 INT. THE MAKE-UP AREA - HARDCASTLE AND A MIRROR - DAY

33

He's eyeing himself, sticking his tongue out, examining it, messing with his hair, yawning. ADJUST ANGLE to include Kay Barrett stepping into sight.

HARDCASTLE

Hi. You the face fixer?

She smiles and nods, unhinged by being so close to the object of her obsession.

KAY

Doesn't look like it needs much fixing, Judge Hardcastle.  
(touches his face)  
You have very good bones.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, well, I try to keep 'em up.

She holds her hands on his cheeks for a moment, looking at his face...We feel the tension as she looks closely at him.

KAY

I'm going to do a little high-lighting and touch up around the eyes. Okay?

HARDCASTLE

Hey. You're the doctor.

She reacts, slightly unnerved.

KAY

I'm sorry?

HARDCASTLE

(shrugs)  
Nothing. Just do what's right.

Kay smiles. They're friends again. She moves behind him to the make-up table and finds a palette knife for applying make-up bases. It glistens hotly under the make-up lights as she stares at it. It's impossible to tell what she'll do as we play the tension and danger.

KAY

I've watched you since you've been on the show...you're very different... you kinda remind me of my dad...

CONTINUED



She throws her hair back and slowly approaches, expression darkening.

KAY

It would be easier if you closed your eyes.

HARDCASTLE

Just wake me when you're done.

He closes his eyes. She dips the knife in makeup, brings it close to his face, a fraction away. She looks at him, fixated. We think she's going to cut him. Instead, she turns the flat side toward his cheek and begins applying in fascinated strokes.

ELAINE (o.s.)

You done yet, Judge?

ADJUST as Elaine and Mark enter FRAME. Elaine stops. She doesn't know Kay. They're looking straight at one another. Kay holds the knife in mid-air, upsettingly near Hardcastle's face. He still doesn't open his eyes.

HARDCASTLE

Right here...

(to Kay)

We almost done?

But Kay is looking at Elaine. Unbridled hatred.

ELAINE

Where's Sharon?

KAY

Car trouble...she called.

ELAINE

(firm)

I don't think you're supposed to be here, are you?

Kay places the knife on the table and walks quickly away. Elaine watches after her, concerned. Now Milt opens his eyes...

HARDCASTLE

What was that all about?

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30.

33 CONTINUED - 2

33

MCCORMICK

Groupies, Judge. Where've you been all your life?

HARDCASTLE

Out of the limelight.

TIME CUT TO

34 EXT. BOMBER-BURGER PARK 'N EAT DRIVE-IN - COYOTE - DAY

34

A Bob's Big Boy-type joint, like the one next to Hampton's on Riverside Drive. The waitresses come to your car and hang a tray on the window. The malts could hold up a telephone pole.

35 INT. COYOTE - HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK - DAY

35

They're waiting to order, check-out the menu.

MCCORMICK

Judge, y'mind telling me why we're eating at Bomber-Burger? You're a big star.

HARDCASTLE

I love Bomber-Burger, that's why. And I'm not a star.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, you are...and stars are supposed to eat at places like St. Germain. We eat in this place every week, y'know? Maybe we could have a little variety, huh? Live it up? You've got an expense account. Get a limo. Go to town.

HARDCASTLE

I'm nothin' special, McCormick. When are you gonna get it through that thick head of yours?

Just now a buxom young carhop, LENORE, comes up to the Coyote.

LENORE

Hi...nice car, guys. What'ya gonna have?

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Double cheese with bacon, grilled  
onion, side a' fries.

Lenore hasn't taken down a thing on her order form.  
She stares at Hardcastle. They realize she hasn't written...

MCCORMICK

Something wrong?

LENORE

(to Milt)

I've seen you, haven't I?

(narrows eyes)

I know I have...where was it?

Wait a second...TV, right?

You're Judge Hardcastle, aren't  
you?

MCCORMICK

Yeah...Mark McCormick. How ya'  
doin?

LENORE

(ignores Mark)

I can't believe I'm talking to  
somebody who has their own  
TV show...

HARDCASTLE

Well, it's not actually mine, I'm  
just sort of helping the ratings  
along.

(off Mark's clearing  
throat)

Tell ya what Lenore, we're in a  
little bit of a hurry...

(beat)

Give her your order, McCormick.

Lenore notices a stack of pictures in the back of the car.

LENORE

Hey...are those pictures?

MCCORMICK

Pictures? You've got pictures?

Hey, hey...

CONTINUED

Hardcastle, embarrassed, nods and pulls an 8 x 10 promo photo of himself, robed and smiling from the backseat. Mark reacts. Milt smiles at Lenore.

HARDCASTLE

Who do I make it out to?

Mark stares. Lenore thrusts her pen at Milt.

LENORE

Lenore...with an "E"!

Milt is signing...

MCCORMICK

Hey...pretty lucky you had those with you there, huh, Judge? Guess the station forces you to carry them with you, huh?

HARDCASTLE

Lighten up, kid. They gave me a thousand of 'em, I didn't order 'em. It's either hand 'em out or use 'em to line the bottom of your guest house.

(to Lenore)

There you go.

He gives it to Lenore, who moves off quickly, then calls back:

LENORE

Be right back. I've gotta show this to the girls. You know...you really are very cute...

MCCORMICK

Thanks.

(big smile)

You, too.

Hardcastle throws him a look.

HARDCASTLE

She means me, kiddo.

MCCORMICK

(amused)

Come on, Judge, no way. She may like the show but that doesn't

(more)

35 CONTINUED - 3

35

McCORMICK (Continued)  
 mean she was flirting with you.  
 I mean, you're old enough to be  
 her grandfather.

HARDCASTLE  
 She looked right at me, kiddo.  
 Eye-contact.

McCORMICK  
 C'mon...she was looking at me.

HARDCASTLE  
 McCormick, when she wants my  
 picture and she's sayin' how  
 great I am on the show, why  
 would she be looking at you?

McCormick's feeling a little jealous and looks off, taking  
 in what's happened.

CUT TO

36 EXT. KCSZ-TV STATION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 36  
 OVER we HEAR

A YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (v.o.)  
 Elaine? This showed up earlier  
 today for Judge Hardcastle.

37 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ELAINE CAMP AND MIKE TAYLOR 37

After hours. The booth overlooks the now-darkened  
 and empty set of "You Be The Judge". Elaine is working  
 at a desk in here, checking some "Whatever Happened to  
 Guts?" T-shirts and bumper stickers when a sardonic  
 mid-level executive, MIKE TAYLOR, stops in to drop  
 a small gift box off.

ELAINE  
 Thanks. Just leave it there.  
 (re: shirts)  
 What do you think?

MIKE  
 I think they're just in time.  
 (beat)  
 I don't believe what's going  
 on with this guy, but we're  
 (more)

CONTINUED

MIKE (Continued)  
picking up affiliates like  
crazy.

ELAINE  
I heard New York wanted to see  
you...

MIKE  
Yeah. I'm flying out tomorrow  
to meet with the group affiliates  
and then do a huddle with the  
national sponsor.

ELAINE  
Big stuff?

MIKE  
Talking about picking up another  
thirteen weeks. We're clearing  
more stations with this thing every  
day. It's monster-time.  
(beat)  
Working late?

ELAINE  
Little while longer. Everybody  
else split?

MIKE  
Yep. If you want company, Les  
and Tony and I are going to  
Jocko's for drinks. Lotta dirty  
jokes. We could use your input.

She reacts: very funny. Waves.

ELAINE  
Bye...

He waves and she's alone in the place. We play the  
quiet and her thinking she hears noises...then she  
shakes her head, looks at her empty coffee cup. A  
beat;

CUT TO:

38 INT. COFFEE AREA OUTSIDE PRODUCTION BOOTH/OFFICE - ELAINE  
pouring herself a cup, sipping, wincing. She pours

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

it out and begins to work a nail under the flap of the box for Hardcastle. She opens it and pulls out a tiny music box which has his initials, MCH on it. She winds it and places it on the counter. It plays "My Heart Belongs To Daddy". Elaine reacts: strange. She gets an idea and walks down a carpeted hallway. FOLLOW as she enters the fourth office on the left.

39 INT. THE FOURTH OFFICE - ELAINE

39

this is Nolan Ashley's old office as indicated by various effects, photographs, etc. Elaine searches through his desk and finds it: a music box. She lifts it to the light. It's exactly like the other one. Even has Nolan's initials. Elaine winds it; "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" plays. OVER this we HEAR the O.S. SOUND of a DOOR SQUEAKING as Elaine reacts, rattled.

ELAINE

Mike?

No answer. She calls again. Nothing. She takes Nolan's music box with her. FOLLOW as she moves down the hall to the booth.

40 INT. THE BOOTH - NIGHT

40

Elaine enters and compares Nolan's music box with Hardcastle's then puts them in her desk, locks the drawer. She exits, locking her door.

41 INT. CORRIDOR - VARIOUS - ELAINE

41

walking quickly, nervously, looking down intersecting corridors. Thinking she hears things, she looks back over her shoulder. She turns a corner sees the ELEVATOR sign. She walks faster, purse clutched anxiously as she enters an intersection of hallways just before the elevators. As she reaches this point, heading straight TOWARD CAMERA, from CAMERA RIGHT comes a young JANITOR who runs into her. She gives a little yelp.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

JANITOR

You okay, lady?

(off her nervous  
nod)

You have a good evening, now.

ELAINE

Goodnight.

He moves on. Elaine presses the elevator's DOWN button. Her head snaps to the left as she HEARS a DOOR CLOSING...or did it open? But there's nobody. Play the suspense as the elevator arrives and the door slowly opens. Empty. She sighs; thank god. She gets inside quickly.

42 INT. ELEVATOR - ELAINE

42

going down, watching the numbers. It goes to 2 and stops. Play her tension, as the doors open. To her relief, no one gets on and the doors close. Down to 1. The doors slide back to reveal an empty hallway. She steps out, cautiously.

43 VARIOUS ANGLES - OF ELAINE

43

walking quickly to the exit through a series of double doors which have small windows at face level. Play the menace of what could lurk behind each one as she hurries through to

44 EXT. KCSZ STUDIO - ELAINE - NIGHT

44

exiting the building and walking across the lot, heels CLICKING. One false-front set on this lot is an old house...she jumps when a shutter flaps noisily in the breeze.

45 POV FROM OLD HOUSE FRONT - NIGHT

45

of Elaine, as she goes walking nervously by. Is somebody watching? No way to tell.



46 PARKING LOT - ELAINE - NIGHT

46

Elaine has her purse open and has trouble finding her keys as she moves toward her car. Could someone be following? She won't look back as she reaches her car and finally unlocks the door and gets in, re-locking it instantly. Now she scans the lot: not a soul. She starts the engine, breathing easier. Turns on the radio...soft rock. Puts it in drive and goes, starting to relax.

CUT TO

47 EXT. STREET - ELAINE'S CAR - NIGHT

47

a runby with another car following.

48 INT. ELAINE'S CAR - ELAINE - NIGHT

48

well aware of it, watching in her rearview, fear renewed. She turns left. The headlights follow.

ELAINE

What do you want?

49 EXT. STREET - ELAINE'S CAR - DRIVEBY - NIGHT

49

She's coming to a small side street and makes a right and then a left into a driveway where she kills engine and lights, proning onto the frontseat to hide. Outside, the tormenting headlights pass harmlessly. It was nothing.

50 INT. FRONT SEAT - ELAINE

50

Motionless. She looks around. She sighs; it's okay. Shaking her head, laughing with relief at her own imagination, she sits up behind the wheel. At the same moment, Kay rises-up from the back-seat! Elaine is shocked and terrified, staring straight into Kay's lurid face. As Elaine opens her mouth to scream, Kay's strong hands clamp over her mouth and we

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

51 EXT. KCSZ TV STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

51

as we HEAR OVER

A MAN'S VOICE

Milt, it's no secret how we all  
feel about you.

52 INT. POSH OFFICE - HARDCASTLE, McCORMICK, CHET BICKEL - DAY 52

BICKEL is a one of those younger, showbiz-exec types. Trendy clothes. Trendy haircut. Trendy thoughts. He's standing with his back to Milt and Mark, who sit before his immense glass desk. He's staring out the window, looking over a spectacular view.

BICKEL

There's been a lot of talk around  
here. A lot.

He turns, looks at Milt and just nods, staring into his eyes. Finally,

HARDCASTLE

Well...anything I missed?

Bickel is amused. We know this because he points at Milt.

BICKEL

That's very funny.  
(gets serious)  
Milt, I'm not gonna waste your  
time here...we think you're big.

McCORMICK

I told you you should lose a little  
weight.

HARDCASTLE

What're you getting at, Mr. Bickel?

BICKEL

Chet, Milt. We're family here.  
(beat)  
What I'm getting at, my friend, is  
a little something called exposure.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

He nods at Milt again. Stares and nods. Pregnant pause. Milt can't stand it.

HARDCASTLE

Exposure...

Bickel turns to face the window again. Mark points at the guy's back as if to say "there he goes again...where'd he go?"

BICKEL

Management and I feel you're much too strong for "You Be The Judge", and we're gonna let Dremmond keep it, after all. That goes no further than this room.

MCCORMICK

After all. You mean you wanted the judge here to take over the show permanently?

BICKEL

(spins to face them)

Originally, yes. But there's been some brainstorming and we're very excited about some new changes.

HARDCASTLE

Chet, are you saying you were just gonna cut Dremmond loose?

Bickel nods meaningfully, appreciating what he hears.

BICKEL

I won't forget you said that, Milt. Thank you for the concern and sensitivity. No, Dremmond is a lock. He's a brother. He stays where he is. But I'm impressed by your concern.

HARDCASTLE

Can we kinda wrap this up, Chet? I got some stuff to do.

BICKEL

Milt, what we're talking about... and don't breathe a word of this to  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

BICKEL (Cont'd)

anyone...is a whole other show for you. You're too big for local market syndication. We're talking national and we're talking network.

HARDCASTLE

Chet, I'm not really all that interested.

BICKEL

Hear me out. Mark, help me on this.  
(smiles, charms,  
a la Bill Murray)  
Will you please get this nut to hear me out?

McCORMICK

(deadpan)

Come on, you nut. Hear him out.

Hardcastle reacts. Mark smiles, knowing exactly what the Judge is thinking. Chet's whole face looks beady. He gets up and faces the window and his expensive view once again.

BICKEL

Basic premise: conflict.  
(doesn't wait for  
answer)

Now, let's get specific. I'm gonna give you a word here:  
(spins)

Divorce.

McCORMICK

Divorce?

He nods at Hardcastle, who tries to look like he's thinking even though he'd like to poke this guy's lungs out.

HARDCASTLE

Divorce...like when marriages break up?

BICKEL

That's it. All right...  
(he starts pacing,  
thinking)

Concept: We get some couples...  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

BICKEL (Cont'd)  
young, old...doesn't matter.  
Thought they had it all. Something  
goes wrong. Then BOOM! Divorce!  
And we're gonna find out why.  
That's it in a nutshell. We're  
gonna call it "Time of Crises".  
Nice, huh?

HARDCASTLE  
Lemme get this straight...you want  
to take couples going through the  
pain of divorce and you want us to  
kinda...get in on it?

BICKEL  
(nods)  
And you're the judge. Everybody  
loves a good story, right? Divorce  
is pure conflict. And we get some  
big names to guest host here and  
there. So what'd'ya think, Milt?  
Talk to me.

HARDCASTLE  
Let me give you a word, Chet: no.  
I did this show as a favor to a  
friend. I'm not looking for a  
career.

BICKEL  
Milt...I've saved the best for last.  
We're talking about doing it on  
location in Hawaii.

HARDCASTLE  
What the hell for?

BICKEL  
Milt...people in Fanbelt, Iowa  
love Hawaii.

HARDCASTLE  
Get somebody else: Let's go,  
McCormick.

They start to leave...

CONTINUED

BICKEL

Milt, if it's money, we can work with you. And I mean really work.

Milt stops...play the moment as his curiosity gets the better of him. Mark looks a little alarmed as he sees this happening...

HARDCASTLE

Just...for the heck of it...how much're we talking about?

BICKEL

Well...including on-call use of the corporate jet, stock in the company, shared merchandising rights...say, oh...seven figures. Before the decimal point. With built-in escalations every six months. Give or take.

Milt just looks at him, amazed and momentarily seduced as the phone rings. Bickel grabs it.

BICKEL

Yeah? He's here.

Chet listens. A beat. Puts a hand over the mouthpiece and looks to Milt.

BICKEL

You know some guy named Delaney?

SMASH CUT TO

Hardcastle, McCormick, several officers and Delaney are on the scene. Chalked on the ground is the outline of a fallen female body: Elaine's. This is the same location we last saw her alive. It's cordoned off; the police on full-zap investigation.

CONTINUED

DELANEY

Life in the big city, huh, guys?

(points)

Don't step there, still wet. Lab's late getting here, as usual.

HARDCASTLE

When'd it happen?

DELANEY

We make time of death around nine-thirty last night.

MCCORMICK

On her way home from work.

Milt nods. Thinks a beat. There are several people watching the police, as is common around such investigations. We INTERCUT with several of these faces as the conversation goes on...until finally we see that amid the crowd, watching, is Kay, keeping well toward the back.

HARDCASTLE

Any ideas, Mike? We got kind of a personal interest.

DELANEY

That's why I called you down. Here's where it's at: along with the Nolan Ashley murder, this is the second homicide KCSZ has had in two weeks.

MCCORMICK

Picked a great time to move into the neighborhood, Judge.

DELANEY

We're checking Elaine's car for prints, right now. We found a flask at the scene of the Ashley killing...and there were other prints on it besides Nolan Ashley's. Gonna take a while, but something might match.

HARDCASTLE

Hope so. I don't think we're gonna give you much. We barely knew her... but if there's anything we can do...

CONTINUED

DELANEY

(embarrassed)

As a matter of fact...look, Milt, I feel a little awkward asking under the circumstances, but... my wife's a big TV watcher and...

MCCORMICK

This doesn't have anything to do with tickets, by any chance?

Delaney obviously feels really dumb asking. Hardcastle, by now an old show-biz veteran, bails him out.

HARDCASTLE

Happy to do it, Mike. Tell ya what, I'll put you on "You Be The Judge" V.I.P. list. Just call Shelley Johnson at the studio and tell her you're a pal of mine. They'll meet you in front and you won't have to wait in line. Whole red carpet.

DELANEY

That's great. You're sure it's not a problem?

HARDCASTLE

Mike, we've got a dead girl here. That's a problem.

DELANEY

(nods)

I've gotta do some more checking on Elaine Camp.

Hardcastle slaps Delaney on the shoulder.

HARDCASTLE

Mind if we help?

DELANEY

Consider yourself on the V.I.P. list.

Delaney heads for his car. Hardcastle and McCormick head for the Coyote. As they do, Kay watches them, unseen. She looks troubled. Angry.

CUT TO



#2208

45.

54 EXT. KCSZ STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

54

we hear OVER

McCORMICK (v.o.)  
This was her desk right here.

55 INT. DIRECTOR'S BOOTH - HARDCASTLE, McCORMICK, DELANEY,  
N.D. COPS - DAY

55

Delaney moves to the desk, checks the stuff on top: all "Whatever Happened To Guts" paraphenalia, records, T-shirts, lunch boxes, bumper stickers, etc. He gives Milt a little look. Milt shrugs. Delaney keeps looking. Tries a drawer. It's locked. McCormick sees this, steps forward.

McCORMICK  
Let me.

DELANEY  
It's locked.

McCORMICK  
Guys...get real, huh?

McCormick smiles. Get's down on one knee and in seconds jimmys the lock. He smiles up at Delaney, who gives him a look.

McCORMICK  
Hey, public interest.

They instantly spot something in the now open drawers, a small music box with the initials N.A. imprinted on it.

HARDCASTLE  
Nolan Ashley?

DELANEY  
Could be.

Mark's found another music box. The initials M.C.H. are on it. They react. Delaney's opening the first one, which plays "My Heart Belongs To Daddy". Then, Milt opens his music box. Same tune. Disturbed expressions.

McCORMICK  
Okay, so they're the Judge's initials. Doesn't buy us a whole lot, Delaney.

CONTINUED

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46.

55 CONTINUED

55

HARDCASTLE

Sure makes me wanna take the prints on these things and compare 'em to the prints on that flask you guys found where Ashley died, though. Not to mention in Elaine Camp's car.

DELANEY

Milt, let me do my job, will ya?  
(to N.D. cop)  
You heard him. Get the print guys on this thing.

Play the reactions and

CUT TO

56 EXT. TV STATION - DAY

56

Squad cars, then the Coyote, drive out and away. ADJUST ANGLE to find Kay Barrett, in her parked car, watching them go. She turns up the volume on her tape player full blast. It's "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" and though her face is impassive, the volume is ear-splitting. Then, the expression changes, her mouth an angry slash. She suddenly turns the player off and on the dead silence and her frightening face, we

CUT TO

57 EXT. GULL'S WAY - NIGHT

57

Light and shadows. OVER we HEAR a huge yawn...

58 INT. GULL'S WAY - DEN - HARDCASTLE

58

wiping away his yawn. He's watching TV with the remote-control clicker in hand, clad in his robe and slippers. With some irritation at the raucous rock music blaring from the screen, he clicks the channel changer to a religious salesman. In b.g. McCormick enters with a bowl of popcorn. He's munching. Milt CLICKS again and the SOUND of a western chase with gunfire erupts from the set. Mark holds up the bowl.

MCCORMICK

Want some, Tex?

HARDCASTLE

You get it out of a bag or make it?

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

You want some, or not?

Hardcastle, with new irritation, clicks the clicker again and we're into ROMANTIC MUSIC coming from the screen... with murmurs of lovers in a soaper. Hardcastle reaches with his free hand and grabs the bowl out of McCormick's hands. He swallows a handful.

HARDCASTLE

Too much salt.

McCORMICK

You'll live.

HARDCASTLE

I' better. I'm a star.

McCORMICK

Yeah, look...could we have an official "conversation" for a minute? I've been thinking.

HARDCASTLE

Is that what that is? I thought it was the flu...

McCORMICK

Look, I don't know what this show means to you, Judge...and I think we need to talk about it. I mean, Chet's wooing you like a kid on his first date, you've got carhops comin' on to you, everything's going crazy.

HARDCASTLE

McC....

McCORMICK

Lemme finish, okay?

(beat)

I just don't want you to start feeling too good about this whole business of them wanting you to have your own show...it could change you.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

McCormick, I told you a million times...I'm still the same guy!

He impatiently CLICKS the channel and we see a newscaster on the set.

VOICE ON TV (o.s.)

...and on a lighter note more proof of the rampant Judge Milton C. Hardcastle phenomenon emerges every day. A man in Iowa has legally changed his name to Milton C. Hardcastle, while a lady from Kentucky has tattooed the word "Guts" onto an area of her body which is unmentionable. And finally a novelty record aptly titled "Whatever Happened to Guts?" has gone gold! T-shirt sales are tripling...

Milt CLICKS the set off.

HARDCASTLE

And somebody's put my initials on the wrong music box. Why can't people mind their own damn business?

MCCORMICK

Still the same guy, huh?

HARDCASTLE

Don't bug me, McCormick. I'm not in the mood.

MCCORMICK

Hey, I came to appeal to you.

(Milt grumbles)

Fame's got a way of working on a guy, Judge, no matter what you say. So if you're thinking about maybe doing this from now on...

(beat)

I really want you to reconsider.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah? I thought you wanted to be my announcer.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

I did. And that's just it...

HARDCASTLE

(interrupts)

Meaning since you can't, I can't, right?

MCCORMICK

No, meaning your overnight fame made me forget what's important, and I don't want you to...

(beat, Milt waits)

Look, Judge, I think the work you and I are doing is important. Those files. The bad guys we're chasing down and dropping through the slot...that's...it's important.

(certain)

And a lot more than some dumb show.

Hardcastle doesn't say anything.

MCCORMICK

Aren't you gonna say anything?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. The popcorn stinks.

(beat)

Here...gimme some more 'a that.

As they smile warm sympatico.

CUT TO

Several people watch TV monitors in the window...all showing "You Be The Judge". On the screen, the Judge is making a vehement point. There is much M.O.S. pointing and remarking like "it's that guts guy"...etc. At the back of the crowd, staring through the window at him with unblinking eyes, is Kay Barrett. She stands and watches while others go on. Play her expression and

CUT TO

60 EXT. GULL'S WAY - GUEST HOUSE FRONT DOOR - DAY

60

As seen only from behind, a woman approaches and rings the bell. We don't see her face, but it's Kay, dressed, made-up and coiffed as Dr. Stephanie Gary. Her voice is now deeper, more educated, perhaps even accented. Mark answers the bell and we look over her shoulder at him.

MCCORMICK

Help you?

KAY

Yes...my name is Dr. Stephanie Gary. I'm looking for Judge Hardcastle.

CUT TO

61 EXT. GULL'S WAY - BACK YARD - ROSE GARDEN - HARDCASTLE, MCCORMICK, AND KAY - DAY

61

in mid-conversation. Hardcastle isn't aware of the make-over, nor are we, since we continue looking over her shoulder, not seeing her face...

HARDCASTLE

Listen, doctor, I feel a little over my head here. I mean, if this patient of yours is as fixated on me as you say...I don't see how I can do much.

62 ADJUST ANGLE

62

to reveal Dr. Gary's face. We now see she's Kay; completely different, and into the "role" of the doctor. Mark and Milt don't spot it.

KAY

Judge Hardcastle, I know you don't know me, and I know it's asking a lot...but this is a person who's life you can really make a difference in. She's singled you out. She's fantasizing that you're her father. If you'd just meet with her, talk with her....

MCCORMICK

Maybe you could get her off the father fixation, Judge. Sure did the trick for me.

CONTINUED

KAY

A face-to-face conversation can change everything. Sometimes confronting the reality instead of the fantasy can make the difference. In this case, it could really force Kay to see she's off-base.

Hardcastle's torn.

KAY

Look, let me be brutally honest with you, Judge Hardcastle. I've got another concern in all this.... The fact is, I'm afraid she might've harmed somebody already. I may have some evidence.

HARDCASTLE

You need the police, not me.

KAY

Having police officers question her could be damaging if she's innocent. She'd be emotionally torn apart for nothing....

HARDCASTLE

So, how could I help? If I decided to?

KAY

I was hoping...since you used to be an officer yourself...that you could help me evaluate the evidence beforehand. I'd consider it a huge favor.

Hardcastle reacts...as just then the phone RINGS nearby on the poolside table. McCormick picks it up.

MCCORMICK

Yeah...

(listens a beat, nodding;  
signals to Hardcastle)

One second.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK (Cont'd)  
(to Milt)  
TV station's on the line. They  
want you to do a phone interview  
with PEOPLE Magazine in ten  
minutes.

Hardcastle hears this, frowns. A beat, then he turns to Kay.

HARDCASTLE  
You're sure I'm not just gonna make  
things worse...

KAY  
I'm sure...

HARDCASTLE  
(finally deciding)  
All right. Let's go.

On Kay's reaction:

CUT TO

63 EXT. HIGHWAY - KAY'S CAR - DAY

63

whizzes by. OVER WE HEAR:

HARDCASTLE (v.o.)  
So how long's she been under your  
treatment?

64 INT. KAY'S CAR - HARDCASTLE AND KAY - DAY

64

KAY  
Quite a while.

HARDCASTLE  
Real sick girl, huh?

KAY  
More than she even realizes...

HARDCASTLE  
Any chance to get her back on the  
track?

KAY  
Kay can be so many people...it's  
hard to know sometimes...

CONTINUED



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53.

64 CONTINUED

64

He nods and we see her expression shift slightly to a quick glimpse of Kay. Then, she's right back to Dr. Gary. Hardcastle doesn't see this at all. But we do know he's heading toward his death as OVER we HEAR the miniature music box tones of "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" tinkling their eerie portent and

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

65 INT. GULL'S WAY - DEN - MARK - DAY

65

He's reading the paper, munching on an apple. There's a knock on the door.

MCCORMICK

(to himself)

What is this, Grand Central?

He puts both down and moves to answer it...opening it to reveal Delaney, along with four uniformed police officers. Mark reacts.

DELANEY

Milt around?

MCCORMICK

Bad time for autographs, guys. He went out.

DELANEY

Where?

Mark lets them enter.

MCCORMICK

Some lady psychiatrist needed his help. You guys sure are nosy, what's your...

DELANEY

(overlapping)

...what was her name?

MCCORMICK

Stephanie Gary. What's going on?

The police and Delaney react with concern.

MCCORMICK

--Something I said...?

Delaney talks quickly, urgently.

CONTINUED

DELANEY

Yeah. The prints on those music boxes and the flask found at the scene of Ashley's murder and in Elaine Camp's car were all traced to Dr. Stephanie Gary.

MCCORMICK

You got anything on her?

DELANEY

She was a real shrink, once. Came from Connecticut. FBI says she's killed a couple guys before this, starting with her father.

(beat)

Every guy she's killed has been about the same age.

MCCORMICK

Like the judge.

Delaney nods. It's getting bad...

MCCORMICK

Listen, Delaney....I've got no idea where they went.

DELANEY

According to the report she's a pattern killer. Ashley was killed under the Hollywood Freeway near Vermont. Up 'til now it could've been a hit and run. Not anymore.

Mark doesn't answer. He's moving for the door. So are Delaney and the officers. As they exit we:

CUT TO:

66 EXT. CITY STREET - KAY'S CAR - DRIVEBY - DAY

66

moving through traffic.

67 INT. KAY'S CAR - HARDCASTLE AND KAY - DAY

67

as she drives, she finds her words with some difficulty.

CONTINUED

KAY

...You know, Judge Hardcastle, I've been unsure whether to open up to you or not...but there's something I have to tell you.

She glances at him. Play the moment. Is she going to come out with it?

HARDCASTLE

You've got a captive audience, doctor.

Her eyes register the irony. She likes that image.

KAY

I didn't want to sound like a giggly fan, but I've seen your show. I think you're very good.

HARDCASTLE

'Preciate it. But...I kinda think I'm about ready to move on.

KAY

Sorry to hear that. Any reason?

HARDCASTLE

Aw...it's just a bunch of stupid stuff.

KAY

Doesn't sound that way. If you don't mind a professional instinct.

He smiles. He likes her. She's okay. He's wrong.

HARDCASTLE

I guess what's going on with me kinda jumps out more than I thought.

(beat)

Let me ask you something, doctor. Have you ever dealt with patients who suddenly become famous?

He's opening up to her and it triggers feelings she tries to disguise.

KAY

It's really getting to you, huh?

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57.

67 CONTINUED - 2

67

HARDCASTLE

The whole world's in my mirror when  
I brush my teeth.

She looks ahead at the road, going through complex inner  
rearrangings.

KAY

You have to understand the fan  
mentality. Sometimes, as the  
obsessed object, it's like you  
become their parent.

HARDCASTLE

Just what I need. Another one.

KAY

Maybe the fan who becomes obsessed  
with you had a father who was a  
monster. Like Kay did.

HARDCASTLE

And I get to be their second chance  
to have a nice dad?

(off her nod)

Hope I don't disappoint her.

KAY

Me too.

The meaning of her words echo disturbingly for us as she  
looks over at him, a hurt little girl. Then, Kay is  
submerged again.

KAY

Mind a little music?

Hardcastle doesn't. She pops in a cassette. It is "My  
Heart Belongs To Daddy." He hears it, suddenly on guard,  
as he looks out the window, hiding his awareness and she  
keeps driving.

68 EXT. FREEWAY - COYOTE AND POLICE CARS - DAY

68

hauling ass, blowing through traffic.

SMASH CUT TO

69 EXT. UNDERPASS - KAY'S CAR - DAY

69

pulls in and breaks. It's the same cement maze where she  
ran down Nolan Ashley.

CONTINUED

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58.

70 INT. KAY'S CAR - HARDCASTLE AND KAY - DAY  
Milt is wary, but keeping it hidden from her.

HARDCASTLE  
Why are we stopping here?

On her unanswering expression

CUT TO

71 EXT. FREEWAY - COYOTE AND POLICE CARS - DAY  
blowing through traffic.

71

72 INT. COYOTE - McCORMICK - DAY  
checking his watch. Hoping he isn't too late.

72

CUT TO

73 INT. KAY'S CAR - HARDCASTLE AND KAY - DAY  
still idling beneath the underpass. Milt is very much on guard.

HARDCASTLE  
Dr. Gary...did you hear me? I  
asked you why we stopped here?

KAY  
Because she's here.

Hardcastle waits a beat, considering his next move. He  
decides to confront.

HARDCASTLE  
Are you Kay.

Something flickers in her eyes. The transition is nearly  
complete as she lifts a chilling smile.

KAY  
You really don't care about me  
at all, do you? I don't know  
why I expected anything else.

He reacts to the remark, looking at her more closely.

KAY  
Don't look at me like that! You  
always look at me like I'm some kind  
(more)

CONTINUED

KAY (Continued)  
of fool! Well, I'm not. Ask my  
doctor. She knows. She understands.

He reacts, understanding what's happening. He's cautious,  
speaking softly.

HARDCASTLE  
Give me the keys, Kay.

Her upset blooms like an irresistible force.

KAY  
Get out of the car! You promised  
me we'd play hide and seek! Don't  
you remember?

HARDCASTLE  
Sure...  
(humoring her)  
...we'll play as soon as you give  
me the keys...

A bratty smile poisons her face as he reaches for the  
keys and in the same moment she takes a vial of spray  
MACE from the door pocket on the driver's side. She  
sprays it at his eyes! He ducks away, avoiding most of  
it, but wracked with pain. He withdraws with the sudden  
agony, rubbing his eyes and struggling to get out of the  
car...he finally make it...Kay reaches and closes his  
door.

KAY  
(sotto)  
We're gonna play, Daddy. And  
you're gonna lose.

As she puts the car in gear we:

CUT TO:

74. EXT. FREEWAY - COYOTE AND POLICE CARS - DAY 74  
blasting by CAMERA, to save Hardcastle's life.

75 RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND KAY 75

He's watching her, though still rubbing his eyes. He  
coughs, looking around to get his bearings as quickly as  
he can and spots a pillar. He gauges the distance as

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

Kay, staring at him over the steering wheel from a short distance away, suddenly hits the gas! Her tires SCREAM as the car blasts forward straight at him, behind one of the high pilings. He holds tight as the car blasts by him! It just missed! Now it brakes, four tires smoking, as it skids into a sharp turnabout to make another pass! Inside, Kay is delighted.

SMASH CUT TO

76 THE COYOTE

76.

screaming around a turn itself, avoiding another vehicle to keep going forward at top speed. It blows past CAMERA. HOLD A BEAT until the police cars also tear past.

SMASH CUT TO

77 HARDCASTLE

77

diving for the next nearest piling as the car fishtails and charges him. It screams by, swerves to avoid the pilings, but impacts and bounces off. Hardcastle moves to protection behind another piling as the dented, unrelenting car unexpectedly drives completely away from the underpass! Hardcastle watches her a beat. This is his chance. He runs.

78 KAY'S CAR AND HARDCASTLE

78

She suddenly returns to the underpass, lights on! She's right on him and Hardcastle dives to the side, just making it. She keeps coming faster and faster, turning tighter hitting the pilings repeatedly. Hardcastle is exhausted, but fighting, hoping she'll beat her car to death. And now here it comes, when:

79 THE COYOTE

roars down on Kay's car from behind. She's forced to swerve from Milt, who dives out of sight! Mark is right after her.

80 KAY'S CAR, COYOTE, POLICE CARS - VARIOUS - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

80

Kay drives even harder, tension and anger etched on her

CONTINUED



80 CONTINUED

80

face. She nearly runs head-on onto the police cars, which swerve to avoid her. One of the squad-buggies gets taken out amid the pilings in the process. Delaney's car and one other squad car do quick 360's. But they're already trailing the Coyote, which cuts her off, sending her broadside into a wall! The Coyote quickly stops and Mark runs to the wreckage of the car to find Kay being pulled out by the cops. He grabs her.

McCORMICK

Where is he?

KAY

(wry)

...Playing hide and seek...

A cop pulls him off her and Mark runs to the Coyote and jumps in.

81 HARDCASTLE

81

sits on a drain pipe beneath the freeway, winded and exhausted. He watches the coyote pull up. Mark hops out and runs to help...

McCORMICK

Thank God...I wasn't sure what happened to you, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

I got famous, kiddo...

On Mark's reaction:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

82 EXT. ANDRE'S ON THE BOULEVARD - HARDCASTLE, McCORMICK,  
DREMMOND - DAY

82

They've just given the peppy PARKING VALET their tickets and he's cantered off to get their cars. They've got toothpicks circling in their mouths and must have had a good one.

McCORMICK

You know, I was wondering about pressed duck. I mean, how do they do that?

HARDCASTLE

They use short ducks.

DREMMOND

Listen, you maniac, thanks for picking this up, okay? I still say I should paid for you. You saved my tail on this whole thing.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, well...no big thing.  
(uncomfortable with  
this)  
You maniac.

DREMMOND

No big thing? Milt, she probably would've gone after me if you hadn't been there.

HARDCASTLE

Nah...you don't have the right charisma. I attract lunatics. Right, McCormick?

McCORMICK

(smiles)

Hey, Judge, you speak our language. You guys hear about Stephanie Gary?

HARDCASTLE

We read the paper, McCormick.

DREMMOND

Scary woman.

CONTINUED

## HARDCASTLE

Real scary. But at least she's someplace where she'll get some help.

The Valet roars up with Dremmond's 380 SL. Hops out and holds the door for Dremmond.

## DREMMOND

Well...thanks again, Milt. You drove my ratings up, you saved my life, you gave the show a new slogan...you're all right.

## HARDCASTLE

Yeah...I know. I'll bill you later for giving your life meaning again.  
(re: car)

Better get in that piece of junk before it decides you don't deserve it.

Dremmond waves goodbye to both and he's off. The valet runs off to fetch the Coyote.

## McCORMICK

He looks great. Gall bladder operations must agree with him.

## HARDCASTLE

I'm just glad to be done with this whole thing.

## McCORMICK

Maybe so, Judge. But I'll tell you, there were a couple times when I saw pure Hollywood twinkling in your eyes.

## HARDCASTLE

It was the smog making 'em water, kiddo.

## McCORMICK

It was not. It was fame.

## HARDCASTLE

Oh, listen, I forgot. There's something I wanna give you for  
(MORE)

HARDCASTLE (Cont'd)  
being such a good guy through all  
this...

Hardcastle reaches into his coat pocket and hands Mark a  
button.

MCCORMICK  
(takes it)  
A "Whatever Happened to Guts?"  
button? Is this a joke?

HARDCASTLE  
I even signed it there on the  
back, see?

MCCORMICK  
(reads button)  
"To my close personal friend from  
the Gutsy Guy"? Judge, are you  
kiddin'? I live with you!  
I see you every day. I smell your  
dirty socks and listen to your  
lousy big band music. How can  
you give me this thing and  
say you didn't go Hollywood  
and that you won't miss all  
this attention you've been  
gettin'?

HARDCASTLE  
McCormick, as usual, you're gettin'  
the whole thing wrong.  
(beat)  
I'm kiddin' you...I'm teasing...

MCCORMICK  
You sure?

HARDCASTLE  
Sure I'm sure....

The valet roars up with the Coyote and as he hops out we  
adjust to INCLUDE a large Hollywood/Sightseer Bus filled  
with dorky-looking tourists rolling by on the street in  
front of the restaurant. We HEAR the DRIVER NARRATING.

CONTINUED

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65.

82 CONTINUED - 3

82

DRIVER (v.o.)

...and if you'll look to the right  
of the bus, you'll see the famous  
watering hole of the stars...  
Andre's On the Boulevard...

TOURIST (v.o.)

Hey, that's Judge Hardcastle from  
"Let's Have a Lawsuit".

As the bus rolls by, and people gawk, Milt turns to it and  
instinctively goes right into the exact smile which we've  
seen on the promotional 8 x 10's he's handed out through-  
out the show. As we HOLD on him, with Mark reacting

FADE OUT

THE END