

MONK

Pilot Episode

by Andy Breckman

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MONK

PILOT EPISODE: "Mr. Monk Meets The Candidate"

INT. LOFT - HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN has been murdered.

Her body is on the floor. She lived in this loft, which is now a CRIME SCENE. What happened is obvious: she interrupted a burglary-in-progress. Chairs are overturned. Clothes are strewn everywhere.

In the loft: a HALF DOZEN UNIFORMS & DETECTIVES, a PHOTOGRAPHER, a FORENSIC UNIT. The ranking officer is LT. KIRBY, a sympathetic first-year homicide detective...

But it's not a typical crime scene. There's no hubbub. NO ONE IS MOVING. NO TALKING. There's no music. Just SILENCE...

They're all watching a man. A detective. A great detective. ADRIAN MONK. Monk is dressed impeccably. As always, he wears only two colors: black & white.

Monk is studying - "reading" - the room. It's almost Zen-like. He paces around the loft. COPS deferentially step out of his way.

Monk leans down and examines the body. Finally, he speaks.

MONK

The stove.

LT. KIRBY

Sir. It's over here.

MONK

No. I mean my stove. I think I left it on.

Monk is accompanied - as always - by SHARONA FLEMING. Sharona is his Dr. Watson... his Gal Friday.. his partner... his right and left hand. We'll soon see evidence of a larger-than-average temper and a larger-than-average heart.

SHARONA

It's okay. I checked it as we were leaving.

Monk returns to the case. But he can't concentrate.

MONK

Are you sure? Did you turn the little knob-

SHARONA

Yes.

MONK

The little knob?

SHARONA

The stove is off, Monk. Concentrate.

LT. KELLY

(interrupting)

Excuse me, Mr. Monk? We figure burglary gone sour. She walks in, he panics, he grabs a knife from the kitchen-

MONK

No no no. This is no burglary.

LT. KELLY

It's not?

MONK

He tried to make it look like one, but this guy was cold as ice.

Monk indicates some BLOODY FOOTPRINTS.

MONK (cont'd)

He was wearing slippers to avoid footprints- not something your neighborhood crackhead is prone to do.
("sensing" the room)

He was waiting for her.

LT. KELLY

Waiting...?

MONK

For at least an hour. He was smoking. You can still smell it on the curtains.
(sniffing)

Menthols. Salems, possibly Newports.
(resuming, to Sharona)

Did you hear a click?

Sharona- exasperated- refuses to answer.

MONK

Because you have to hear a click-

SHARONA

I'm warning you, Monk.

MONK

Remember that time we left it on?

LT. KELLY

Excuse me, sir. Mr. Monk. Maybe she smoked...

Monk indicates BIBLES and RELIGIOUS ICONS- including a portrait of JOHN CALVIN- on the walls.

MONK

No. She was a Dutch Calvinist. They don't smoke. They consider their bodies a holy chalice. Then, after he killed, uh, Miss-?

LT. KELLY

(reading from notes)

Nicole Vasques. Twenty five. Freelance fabric designer.

MONK

Odd. I would have pegged her for a numbers person, maybe an accountant. She's got the IRS Tax Code on her nightstand. Anyway, the killer was looking for something...

LT. KELLY

Looking for what?

MONK

I don't know. He checked something on her computer. Maybe he erased a file. Check the harddrive.

LT. KELLY

We will. Anything else?

MONK

Yeah. He's tall. Six-three, maybe six-four.

Wow. The Cops exchange astonished glances.

MONK
(resuming, to Sharona)
What about the pilot light? It might've gone out...

SHARONA
The pilot light is fine.

MONK (cont'd)
Because I think I smelled gas...

SHARONA
(snapping)
Do you want me to go all the way back to the apartment and check? Is that what you want?

MONK
No.
(then)
Would you?

SHARONA
Excuse me, gentlemen.

Sharona pulls Monk aside. She talks to Monk sharply, as if to a hyperactive child.

SHARONA
Look at me. Look at me.
(Monk meets her gaze)
Forget about the stove. You're on a job here. You're a private consultant now. If they think you're crazy they won't hire you again. Do you understand? Don't say anything. Just nod your head.

Monk nods.

SHARONA
Now pull your twisted self together and forget about the stove and concentrate and be brilliant.

Monk gulps.

LT. KELLY
Excuse me, sir. I'm sure you're right. I don't mean to be disrespectful, but how do you know all that? I mean, about the computer..?

Monk indicates a computer workstation.

MONK
No prints on the keyboard. Not even
hers. The only explanation: he used it,
then wiped them clean.

LT. KELLY
Sir? You said he was tall...?

Monk indicates the workstation chair. It's in its lowest
position.

MONK
The victim was short. Maybe five-four.
But the chair's been lowered almost all
the way.

Everyone considers this. They're in awe.

LT. KELLY
You're right. We've been here all
morning and nobody noticed it. If you
can stick around, sir, we should have a
confirmation on the time of death-

MONK
(frazzled; anxious to go)
No, I'm sorry. I have to go. I'm pretty
sure I smelled gas.

Monk leaves.

SHARONA
Gentlemen. You know where to find us.

Sharona follows Monk out. After they're gone...

ROOKIE COP
So that's Adrian Monk.

They're standing by a WINDOW. During this, we can SEE: Monk and
Sharona walking away. Monk compulsively touches every pole he
passes with an outstretched pinky.

ROOKIE COP
The living legend.

LT. KELLY
If you call that living.

EXT. MIDTOWN PLAZA - POLITICAL RALLY

An OFFICE PLAZA in lower Manhattan, surrounded - on at least three sides - by tall buildings. A POLITICAL RALLY is in progress. WARREN ST. CLAIRE, a folksy, outspoken billionaire (in the Ross Perot mold) is running for mayor...

The event is choreographed by the campaign manager GAVIN LLOYD. Gavin gestures. A MARCHING BAND begins playing "Up Up And Away". A CROWD OF SUPPORTERS CHEER and WAVE BANNERS..

ON THE PODIUM: St. Claire steps up to the podium, flanked by TWO BURLY BODYGUARDS. His voice echoes around the open plaza...

ST. CLAIRE

You people sound like you're ready for a change! Am I right or am I right?

The CROWD CHEERS!

NEARBY - LOADING DOCK

A block away: in a deserted LOADING DOCK behind an OFFICE BUILDING. A MAN approaches a door marked: RESTRICTED.

We'll call him THE ASSASSIN. We NEVER SEE HIS FACE, just the SMOKE from his cigarette. He's tall- at least 6'4". He's wearing gloves and plastic slippers over his boots. He's carrying a rifle case.

There's a SECURITY CAMERA above the door. The Assassin takes out a PAINT-BALL gun and - SPLAT! SPLAT! - blacks out the lens.

The door is chained. The Assassin's brought wire-cutters.

RESUME - RALLY

St. Claire continues. Sitting beside him is his strong-willed wife, MIRANDA. She flashes a strained smile.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

(clenched teeth)

Can I stop smiling yet?

GAVIN LLOYD

Not for another 20 years. Miranda, City Hall is just the beginning. I told your husband when I came on board: I am your Moses. I plan to lead you both to the Promised Land.

ST. CLAIRE

(to crowd)

Running as an independent in New York won't be easy. But that's alright. Flying 17 combat missions in the Gulf wasn't easy. Buying a fleet of mothballed DC-10's and building them into a multinational airline wasn't easy. As my old man used to say: nobody ever drowned himself in his own sweat!

The CROWD CHEERS!

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

(still forcing a smile)

I'm getting lockjaw.

WITH ASSASSIN - 23RD FLOOR

Meanwhile the Assassin slips down a hall, commando-style. We STILL DON'T SEE HIS FACE.

He reaches a corner office. It's empty. Freshly painted. Down below: the rally continues. The Assassin nods. Perfect.

RESUME - RALLY

ST. CLAIRE

And don't forget: when you elect Warren St. Claire you're getting two mayors for the price of one. My beautiful wife Miranda has been a tireless champion for the children of this city, and she'll work even harder when she's the next First Lady of New York. Miranda St. Claire!

Miranda St. Claire cranks up her smile. She waves. The CROWD loves her!

WITH ASSASSIN

The Assassin has assembled his gun: a Weatherby Fibermark rifle. He positions himself at the window. He wraps the drawstring from the window blinds around the gun barrel to steady his aim...

INTERCUT WITH: RALLY

ST. CLAIRE

I'm not just talking the talk- I'm ready to walk the walk! Are you ready to walk with me?

The CROWD CHEERS! The BAND starts playing the campaign theme: "Up Up And Away". St. Claire and Miranda wave!

ABOVE: the Assassin aims, squeezes the trigger- BLAM!- just as...

St. Claire bends down to shake someone's hand. The SHOT misses him by inches! The GUNSHOT echoes around the plaza!

The Two Bodyguards race to protect St. Claire!

FIRST BODYGUARD

SHOTS FIRED! GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

The second bodyguard (RONSTADT) pulls out a revolver but- BLAM!- he's hit in the chest by the second bullet and collapses, dead.

BAND LEADER

GET DOWN! EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

Pandemonium! The MARCHING BAND scrambles! Some drop their instruments. Some carry their instruments with them. One YOUNG TRUMPET PLAYER is so into the music he doesn't notice the crisis and continues playing.

POLICEMAN (INTO RADIO)

CODE 14, LAFAYETTE PLAZA! WE NEED AN AMBULANCE AND ALL ADDITIONAL UNITS!

Gavin Lloyd points up - toward the window - at the sniper! St. Claire and his wife huddle, terrified...

EXT. ESTABLISHING - ONE FIFTH AVENUE - MORNING

Monk lives in a eighth-floor apartment in One Fifth Avenue, a stately landmark building in Greenwich Village.

SHARONA (VO)

"It was the first attempted assassination in New York in over thirty years..."

INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's the most orderly apartment we've ever seen. Hospital-white and hospital-clean and hospital-meticulous. Sparsely furnished. Everything modular and at perfect right angles.

Sharona sits at the kitchen table, reading the morning paper.

SHARONA

"A department spokesman said the police have a number of promising leads, and are optimistic about an early arrest..."

MONK

In other words, they have naught. Zilch. Goose egg.

Monk is at a kitchen cabinet, obsessively rearranging some cans and boxes.

SHARONA

You know what I think?

MONK

(amused)

What do you think, detective?

SHARONA

I think the mayor did it.

MONK

The mayor?! Jesus, Sharona!

SHARONA

Or he was behind it, somehow. He found a convicted killer, and promised him an early parole-

MONK

Why would he do that?

SHARONA

To eliminate the competition, Monk! Wake up. That's how the world works. I bet they call us in on this.

MONK

We've already got a job, remember? The girl in Hobokan- Vasquez.

SHARONA

So? You told me you used to work twenty cases at once.

MONK

I used to do a lot of things I don't do anymore ...

Monk's eyes fall on a picture on the refrigerator: him and his late wife.

MONK

There's only one case that really matters. Everything else is just paying the rent.

Monk drops a can into the trash.

SHARONA

What are you doing?

MONK

It's dented.

SHARONA

Where? You can't even see it!

MONK

I can't help it. I am what I am. Do you want it?

SHARONA

Of course I want it.
(playfully)
I'm not the mental case.

Sharona drops the can into her purse. Then she takes another can and KNOCKS IT- sharply- against the counter.

SHARONA (cont'd)

Oh look. This one's dented too.
(bangs another can)
This one, too. I don't know why you shop at that place.

Monk blocks the cabinet, protecting the other cans.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

At Police HQ. Meet CAPTAIN LELAND STOTTLEMEYER, DEPUTY CHIEF OF DETECTIVES. A political animal. Vain. Ambitious.

Enter Stottlemeyer's overworked right hand man: LT. DISHER.

LT. DISHER

St. Claire just issued a statement.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Is he blaming us?

LT. DISHER

Not yet.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
He will eventually. Everybody does. We better say something too. Try to stay ahead of the curve.

LT. DISHER
Yes sir. Who do you want on camera?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
I'll do it.

Stottlemeyer discreetly checks his reflection in a mirror. He loosens his tie, for that "I've been working all night" look.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
Anything on the shooter? Say yes.

LT. DISHER
The forensic boys are still on sight, but nothing so far...

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
All right. We can't wait. I have to talk to St. Claire. Today. Face to face. Set it up.

SECOND LIEUTENANT
Incoming. Deputy Mayor.

KENNY BURGER, the city's eager-beaver Deputy Mayor, steps up.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
Little Kenny Burger. What are you doing off your leash?

DEPUTY MAYOR
(grimly)
The bodyguard didn't make it.

LT. DISHER
Then it's murder one.

DEPUTY MAYOR
The mayor's on his way back from Washington. I don't have to tell you, Chief, this is a PR nightmare. St. Claire's already up eight points in the polls. If we don't slam dunk this thing it's going to look like we're not trying.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
I understand. I've already got every available man on the case.

DEPUTY MAYOR

No you don't.

(beat)

The mayor wants you to call.. you know who.

Stottlemeyer winces.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

No. No. Not Monk. No.

DEPUTY MAYOR

The mayor thinks he can be a real asset here...

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

I know they're tight. I know they used to work together. But that was four years ago, before Monk's wife was killed. Believe me, he's not the same man...

EXT./INT. MONK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER - MOVING

Monk's face is rigid with fear.

MONK

Red light. Bus! Bus on the left!

SHARONA

I see him!

Sharona's driving Monk's beat-up old Oldsmobile. Monk is the worst back seat driver in the world: he nervously watches every other car on the road.

SHARONA

Didn't I call it? The mayor asked for you personally. How sweet is that?

MONK

Yellow light! Yellow! What about the Hoboken case..?

SHARONA

Forget it. We'll tell them you're too busy. This is the kind of case we want. The mayor. TV. Front page. It can lead to a lot more jobs, if you'd just take a little credit for once and talk to the press-

MONK

Blinker! Use your blinker!

SHARONA

I see him. Why don't you get a driver's licence so you can drive?

MONK

I have a license.

SHARONA

You have a license?

(Monk nods)

Why didn't you say anything? I've been chauffeuring you around for two years!

MONK

Okay.. fine... pull over. I'll drive.

Sharona glances over, and sees: Monk unraveling.

SHARONA

Never mind. I'll drive.

EXT. ST. CLAIRE BUILDING- STREET- DAY

The St. Claire Airlines building. We see banners: ST. CLAIRE FOR MAYOR!.. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN- WARREN ST. CLAIRE!

Sharona parks. They get out. A sign says: HANDICAPPED PARKING.

MONK

That's a handicapped spot.

SHARONA

I think we qualify.

The MAIN ENTRANCE is blocked by PRESS & TV CREWS. Monk hates crowds. He tenses.

MONK

Sharona, I can't...

SHARONA

It's okay ... I got you ...

Sharona throws an affectionate, protective arm around him. She leads through the mob.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Sharona & Monk enter. Chief Stottlemeyer is waiting for them.

CHIEF STOTTEMEYER

(sotto, to ANOTHER COP)

Well well well, the defective detective.

MONK

Chief.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Monk. Sharona. I wanted to go over some ground rules before we went upstairs. I told you three years ago when I took your badge: nothing would give me more pleasure than to see you reinstated... but you're obviously not.. there yet.

Monk bristles.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

However the Mayor seems to think you're some sort of genius, so here we are.

SHARONA

Here we are.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

I just want to be clear: you're a civilian now. You have observer status only. When we're upstairs, I talk, you say nothing. Comprene?

MONK

Yes sir.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Good.

MONK

I'm sure you and Karen will work things out.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

What?

MONK

You and your wife. You've been having some problems.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Where did youhear that? We're fine. Okay? One hundred per cent.

MONK

Yes sir. My mistake. I've never been happier to be wrong.

Monk & Sharona start to walk away.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Hey! Monk!

Monk leaves Sharona. He steps up to Stottlemeyer.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

How..?

MONK

You missed a spot shaving. Karen would've caught it.

Stottlemeyer feels his skin.

MONK

And your necktie. Karen always ties it for you and she uses a double slipknot. Conclusion: you dressed yourself. And-

Monk indicates Chief Stottlemeyer's coffee cup. It says RAMADA INN. Monk walks away. Stottlemeyer fumes.

MONK

Send her some roses, Chief.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

(smoldering)

Remember. Upstairs. Not one word.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Upstairs. A conference room. A buffet table, a bulletin board.

The cops are meeting with Warren & Miranda St. Claire, Gavin Lloyd and HANK BISHOP (the First Bodyguard from the rally).

GAVIN LLOYD

Absolutely unacceptable! I'm not going to put my candidate in a box!

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

We're not asking you to put anybody in a box, Mr. Lloyd. All we want is for Mr. St. Claire to limit his public appearances.

GAVIN LLOYD

I'm sure the mayor would love that! How convenient for him! Maybe we should run the whole campaign from the basement!

During this, Monk is wandering around, unnoticed. He examines ashtrays, official documents, etc.

ST. CLAIRE

Now Gavin, that's not fair. The Chief's just doing his job.

GAVIN LLOYD

If he did his job, we wouldn't be here. He put us in that plaza. Our first choice was Central Park, remember? But he wouldn't give us a permit!

(to Stottlemeyer)

It was you! You sent us out there. Without enough cops-

LT. DISHER

There were two dozen uniform officers-

GAVIN LLOYD

Surrounded by skyscrapers! IT WAS A DEATH TRAP!

CHIEF STOTTEMEYER

(exasperated, to St. Claire)

Sir, Mrs. St. Claire, if mistakes were made, we can deal with them later. Right now, my only concern is your personal safety.

ST. CLAIRE

I never worry about my own hide, Chief. I can't afford to. I've got an airline to run.

GAVIN LLOYD

Not to mention an election to win.

ST. CLAIRE

I refer you to my bodyguard, Hank Bishop. My hide is in his capable hands.

CHIEF STOTTEMEYER

(shaking hands)

I knew Hank when he was playing on our team. How have you been?

BISHOP

I've had better weeks, sir.

During this, Monk has noticed the bulletin board. There's a MAP OF THE CITY on it, covered with HUNDREDS OF MULTI-COLORED LITTLE PINS. Monk- who hates disorder- moves one of the pins...

CHIEF STOTTEMEYER

Sir, can you think of anyone who might want to do you harm? A disgruntled employee? Maybe a union official?

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

(bitterly)

Or an ex-wife. Or a business partner.
You boys have your work cut out for you.
Some people collect stamps. My husband
collects enemies.

ST. CLAIRE

A man who hasn't made any enemies hasn't
accomplished squat. I say what I think.
Plenty of folk want to shut me up.

LT. DISHER

Any threatening mail?

HANK BISHOP

Some angry letters. Nothing specific.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

My glass.

SHARONA

What's wrong with it?

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

It's empty.

Miranda pours herself a drink. St. Claire eyes her, concerned.

ST. CLAIRE

Darling, do you need that?

Miranda sighs ... and puts her drink down. Then she notices:
Monk, is rearranging all the pins... into a neat, symmetrical
design.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Excuse me. What are you doing?

MONK

Just straightening up.

GAVIN LLOYD

You idiot! This map was color-coded by
voting precinct! It took me weeks!

MONK

I'm sorry.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

What department are you with?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

(embarrassed)

Ah, ma'am, this is Adrian Monk. He's no longer with the department. He's here as a private consultant.

MONK

Don't worry. We're okay.

Monk starts putting the push-pins back where they were.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

No! Stop! You can't possibly remember how it was!

SHARONA

Yes he can.

The bulletin board is the two-sided kind, that flips over. Miranda tries to flip the board over. Monk grabs the board. They have a momentary "tug of war"- she pressing down, he pulling up. Finally Monk lets go. The board flips around and WHACKS Miranda on her head! WHAM! A hundred push-pins go flying!

MONK

Sorry ... my fault ...

Monk tries to correct himself: he swings the bulletin board back, which KNOCKS INTO Miranda- WHACK!- who STAGGERS BACKWARDS, into the BUFFET TABLE, spilling dishes and drinks. 100 push-pins are stuck in her hair.

A stunned beat. Everyone surveys the damage.

MONK (cont'd)

No problem.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Monk is carefully putting back every item exactly- I mean exactly- where it was. Across the room: the group watches, in awe.

GAVIN LLOYD

You say he's no longer with the department.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

He was given a three-fifteen.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

A what?

LT. DISHER
Section 315. Psychological discharge.

SHARONA
(quickly)
It's a temporary suspension. He's up for review in six months.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE
Is this a joke? Someone tries to assassinate my husband and you send in Rainman?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
I can assure you, Mrs. St. Claire, as incredible as it sounds, Mr. Monk's involvement is an indication of just how seriously we're taking the case.

GAVIN LLOYD
So he's not.. you know..

Gavin gestures "crazy".

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
No. It's a form of panic disorder. A lot of people have versions of it: claustrophobia, fear of heights, repeating certain rituals. Severe cases like.. like this.. are often triggered by a single traumatic incident.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE
What happened? Somebody hit him over the head with a shovel?

SHARONA
His wife was murdered four years ago.

The group nods, sympathetically.

MONK
There.

Everything - every single item - is exactly where it was.

MONK
Wait...

Monk moves a pencil two inches.

MONK
Now I'd like to see where the shots were fired from.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
Waste of time. The forensic boys have
been there all day. It's 100 percent
clean.

MONK
I'm sure you're right, Chief. But humor
me.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- 23RD FLOOR- CORRIDOR- LATER

Back in the office building the Assassin shot from. Stottlemeyer
leads Lt. Disher, a UNIFORM COP, Monk and Sharona down the hall.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
No scuff marks or footprints. We figure
he took his shoes off.

MONK
Or he wore slippers.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
(rolling eyes)
Yeah, right. Slippers. With little
bunny heads.

MONK
I was thinking surgical slippers. But
your theory is interesting, too.

Stottlemeyer bristles.

INT. MIDTOWN OFFICE (SNIPER'S NEST)- MOMENTS LATER

They enter the empty office. Monk goes into his "Monk trance".
He walks around, "reading" the room. Sharona watches, proudly.

SHARONA
I love this part. When he does the "Zen
Sherlock Holmes" thing.

Monk shifts position, studying the room from different angles.

UNIFORM COP
What's he doing?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
He's looking for a clue so small the
forensic boys didn't notice it.

SHARONA
No. He's looking for a clue so small the
bad guy didn't notice it.

Monk studies the window. He examines the blinds. The drawstring is kinked and twisted.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

What?

MONK

He used the drawstring to steady his shot. I've only seen it once before: in the field manual for the Green Berets, Special Forces.

Lt. Disher jots down: Special Forces?

LT. DISHER

I'll check it out.

MONK

Chief. Could you come here.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

What for?

MONK

Just for a minute.

Stottlemeyer reluctantly steps up to the window.

MONK

Hold this, like a rifle.

He hands Stottlemeyer a yardstick. Stottlemeyer "aims" it out the window. Monk measures the kink in the drawstring against the "rifle".

MONK

How tall are you?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Six one.

MONK

He was taller. Six four, maybe six five.

SHARONA

Another pituitary case?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

"Another"..?

SHARONA

A girl was murdered yesterday in New Jersey. Hoboken Homicide called us in.

LT. DISHER

I read about that. That was a totally different M.O.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

You think they're connected?

Monk nods.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Why? Because he's tall?

(sarcastically)

Lieutenant, call the Knicks. See if Patrick Ewing has an alibi for yesterday.

MONK

Chief, do you know the percentage of men over six foot three?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

No. Do you?

MONK

Zero point five. The odds of two men in that category committing premeditated murder in the same geographical area within 24 hours of each other is astronomical.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

(exasperated, waving the cord)

Because of this? A twisted venetian blind cord?!

MONK

That. And the slippers. And he smokes Newports.

Monk grabs the curtains, sniffs them.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

You're battier than a bullbat, you know that?

MONK

Maybe I am, Chief. That doesn't change the fact: Mr. Big and Tall is out there, somewhere. He's already killed two..

(glancing out window)

two.. people... and, uh..

Monk looks down. They're 23 stories high. Monk grabs a wall,
steadies himself. He inhales. He exhales. Sharona explains:

SHARONA
Not good with heights.

FIRST ACT BREAK

ACT II

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

A memorial service is in progress. St. Claire is at the pulpit, delivering a eulogy. Nearby: the dead bodyguard (JASON RONSTADT) is lying in an open casket.

ST. CLAIRE

What can a man say about a friend who took a bullet that was meant for him? Mere words like "thank you" seem so hollow.

The chapel is full. Among the mourners: Miranda, Gavin Lloyd, Chief Stottlemeyer and the BODYGUARD'S MOTHER, who's sobbing loudly.

ST. CLAIRE

Mrs. Ronstadt, if your son could hear me, and I believe he can, I would tell him that his ultimate sacrifice was not in vain - that I will never give up - I will carry the torch all the way to city hall and fight for the issues that he believed in: job creation and real education reform...

In the balcony: Monk and Sharona sit by the railing, overlooking the open casket.

SHARONA

Can you believe this? He's actually making a campaign speech! I think he did it.

MONK

What are you saying now? St. Claire hired someone to shoot himself?

SHARONA

Why not? Even Warren St. Claire can't buy this kind of publicity!

MONK

Yesterday you thought the mayor did it! How about the guy sitting behind us? He looks suspicious!

Sharona turns, and glances at a ODD-LOOKING GUY SITTING BEHIND THEM.

SHARONA

No. We can eliminate him.

Monk is patting his pockets. Pat. Pat. Pat. Pat.

MONK

What about the murder Hoboken? There's a connection.. somehow.. I can't find my keys.

Monk continues to search - pat pat pat - for his keys. He's disrupting everyone around him. Meanwhile...

ST. CLAIRE

Jason Ronstadt wasn't rich or famous. He was just an ex-street cop, doing his job. As the poet John Dunne said "The democracy of death, it comes equally to us all".

IN A PEW: Miranda has a small liquor bottle hidden in her purse; when no one's looking, she sneaks a quick swig.

IN THE BALCONY: Monk's search continues. He takes off his jacket and checks all the pockets. He's disturbing other MOURNERS. Finally, he finds the keys. He proudly shows them to Sharona.

ST. CLAIRE

Why don't we meditate silently for a moment...

The mourners lower their eyes. As they do, Monk drops his keys! They fall over the railing ... and into the open casket!

Monk and Sharona gulp. They look around nervously. But no one else has noticed.

ST. CLAIRE

(resuming, unaware)

In a few seconds, we'll be closing the casket and saying goodbye to Jason forever...

IN THE BALCONY: Monk gestures to Sharona: "Give me your earring".

ST. CLAIRE (cont'd)

Before we do, let's remember him as he was. A brave, loyal, generous, loving friend, a wonderful son...

Meanwhile, in the balcony: Monk has fashioned a "fishing line". Dental floss for the line, Sharona's earring for the hook. He slowly lowers the hook ... lower ... lower, as ...

ST. CLAIRE (cont'd)

Whose life always will be an inspiration to those he left behind. May his loving spirit live forever in our hearts and in our prayers.

Monk's "fishing line" lowers into the casket, unnoticed. It's like an arcade game. It flops around the body. It gets stuck on the body's jacket cuff.

ST. CLAIRE

And now, old friend, we turn and salute you one last time.

St. Claire turns and dramatically salutes the body.

At that moment: Monk tugs on the "fishing line". The body's arm rises and seems to "wave". The MOURNERS gasp and panic! The BODYGUARD'S MOTHER wails and shrieks! Everyone STAMPEDES for the door, KICKING OVER chairs!

INT. CHAPEL VESTIBULE- LATER

After the service, in the vestibule. MOURNERS are lined up, comforting the grieving MOTHER.

Monk and Sharona enter. Monk is trying to untangle his keys, which are still attached to the fishing line and the dead man's jacket sleeve.

St. Claire and Miranda step up.

MONK

I'm sorry about that, sir. It was an accident...

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

You're the accident! I've been asking around about you, Monk! The "Dysfunctional Cunstable"- that's what they call you! You hate elevators. You're germaphobic. You're afraid of the dark. And heights. And crowds.

MONK

You know what I'm most afraid of, ma'am? Number one on my hit parade? Somebody getting away with murder.

Monk eyes her accusingly. Miranda tenses.

MONK

In fact, that's why I dropped my keys. I was distracted. I was thinking about another case.

(probing, casually)

A murder in Hoboken. Nicole Vasques. Did you know her, sir?

ST. CLAIRE

No. Should I?

Monk studies St. Claire's reaction; it seems genuine.

MONK

No reason you should. Did you know her, ma'am?

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

I don't know anyone by that name, but I do know this: if my husband is elected you will never work in this town again.

St. Claire and Miranda walk away.

MONK & SHARONA

(overlapping)

Are you registered to vote?

Gotta rock the vote...

Every vote counts..

EXT. CHURCH- OUT FRONT- MOMENTS LATER

Chief Stottlemeyer and Monk are conferring. Lt. Disher step up, with a file in his hand.

LT. DISHER

Chief. We just got the lab reports in. The bullets were hollow-point, designed to deform on impact...

CHIEF STOTTEMEYER

Making make them untraceable...

LT. DISHER

But we caught a break. One of them was still intact. They ID'ed the weapon. It's a Weatherby Fibermark. Which is-

MONK

British. Long-range. Preferred by mercenaries and paramilitary groups.

LT. DISHER

That's right. He's right.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Start putting together a list of weapon and/or ammunition sales.

MONK

Then crosscheck that list against Nicole Vasques.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Again with Nicole Vasques?! I read that file last night and you're wrong, Monk. The two cases don't overlap at all. She designed pillowcases. He is a candidate for mayor. She was behind on her rent. He owns a dozen houses around the world that he doesn't even live in. She was stabbed. He was shot at. Did you ask St. Claire if he knew the girl?

MONK

Yes sir, I did.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

What did he say?

MONK

He said no.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Did you ask his wife?

(Monk nods)

What did she say?

Monk shakes his head.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Then that's the end of it. Okay? I've got the mayor all over me like fur on a kitten. Forget Hoboken. Forget it. That's an order.

MONK

Yes sir.

Sharona steps up with a UNIFORM COP.

SHARONA

Adrian Monk, Officer Berringer. He'll be driving you home. Behave yourself- he's armed.

MONK

Where are you going?

SHARONA

I have a date with that lawyer I met at the health club. Remember?

MONK

I thought you were joking..

SHARONA

You thought I was joking? Why? You don't think it's possible I had a date?

MONK

No, I didn't mean that.

SHARONA

(anger rising)

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT ME DATING? BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I DO HAVE A LIFE. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, I LIKE TO LIVE IT.

MONK

But it's Friday. It's chicken pot pie night. Who's going to make the chicken pot pie?

SHARONA

Make your own damn chicken pot pie!

MONK

I can't make chicken pot pie!

SHARONA

You never know until you try. My nine year old son can make a chicken pot pie!

MONK

Really? Benjy can cook? What's he doing later?

INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Later. Monk is preparing to bake, obsessively rearranging the ingredients on the counter until they are in size order.

MONK

(into phone)

Wait, I'm not ready yet. Okay, now I'm ready. You say the milk first? Two-thirds of a cup?

INTERCUT WITH: SHARONA'S HOUSE

Sharona lives in a small, cheerful apartment in Park Slope. Nine year old BENJY plays on a computer while talking on the phone with Monk.

In the background, Sharona is getting dressed, primping in a mirror.

BENJY

It doesn't have to be exact, Monk.
You're not splitting the atom.

MONK

(pouring carefully)
Can't be too careful. Hold on...

BENJY

Why don't you just make yourself a sandwich? Or order a pizza.

MONK

No. It's Friday. Friday is chicken pot pie night.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Sharona opens the door for a young, friendly BABY-SITTER.

SHARONA

Coreen's here. Who are you on the phone with?

(snatching phone)

Adrian Monk, is that you? I'm hanging up now. And don't call back. Benjy's got homework. Lots of it.

Sharona hangs up and kisses Benjy sweetly.

SHARONA

Bye baby. Be good for Coreen. And use the caller ID. If it's Mr. Monk, just don't answer.

BENJY

Okay.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT- LATER

Sharona's date is too good to be true. He's a charming, attractive lawyer named CARL. He's brought her to a quiet, upscale restaurant.

CARL

Your kidding. 400 Handi-wipes a day?

SHARONA

If he touches anything he has to wipe his hands. Then he has a special Handi-Wipe to wipe the Handi-Wipe box!

CARL

He sounds certifiable. How'd you hook up with this guy?

SHARONA

He has a sister who lives in Montana. Sis was worried about him. She called the agency- they sent me over. He didn't a nurse. I could se that right away. He needed everything but a nurse! It's the worst job I ever had.

CARL

Why don't you quit?

SHARONA

It's also the best job I ever had! Two years ago I was changing bedpans and pushing old ladies around in wheelchairs. Now I'm out there- I'm having adventures! Me! I'm putting bad guys behind bars. I feel like- what's her name- Superman's girlfriend?

CARL

Lois Lane.

SHARONA

I'm Lois Lane! How many Registered Nurses can say that?

She smiles. Their eyes meet.

CARL

That looks so fine on you.

SHARONA

The dress?

CARL

The smile.

Sharona melts.

INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME.

The baking continues. Monk finishes laying the top crust onto his creation. It actually looks like the real deal.

MONK

That wasn't so hard.

He pops the pie into the oven, sets the timer and washes his hands fastidiously.

There's a SMALL TV on the counter. The LOCAL NEWS is on.

REPORTER (ON TV)

The investigation into the attempted assassination of mayoral candidate Warren St. Claire has apparently stalled. Today the police released this amateur home video taken at the scene of the shooting...

ON THE TV: a shaky, badly framed HOME VIDEO of the shooting. Shots fired... people scrambling for cover... the bodyguard hit... Gavin Lloyd pointing.

Monk glances at the set, turns off the water and moves in for a closer look.

INT. MONK'S BUILDING - HALLWAY

Monk is heading downstairs. He's waiting for an elevator. DING! The elevator door opens, revealing FOUR OTHER TENANTS. Monk freezes. There's plenty of room, but not enough for Monk.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Monk dashes down the stairs, counting off as he goes ...

MONK

Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one ...

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - LATER

The date continues. Carl is making a toast...

CARL

To moderation in all things, except in love.

Sharona clinks his glass. Then - clink! - a third glass appears. We reveal: Monk is toasting, too! He's sitting between them!

SHARONA

What are you doing here, Monk?

MONK

I was watching the news, there was a video tape of the St. Claire thing. Something about it doesn't add up.

CARL

Mr. Monk, I presume.

MONK

Ah. Yes. Our lawyer friend from the health club.

CARL

Carl Heinschmidt. Join us for dinner.

SHARONA

No! He can't. Two's company, three's a crowd, and Monk hates crowds.

(glaring at Monk)

Don't you, Monk?

MONK

I feel okay when you're around.

Sharona sighs, defeated. Monk makes himself at home, rearranging things on the table - utensils and napkins and candles - into symmetrical patterns.

SHARONA

Carl was telling me about living in England. He was a Rhodes scholar.

MONK

No kidding.

SHARONA

He graduated magna cum laudey.

CARL

(correcting her)

Cum laude.

SHARONA

Now he has a private practice. He's an entertainment lawyer. Guess who he represents? Can I tell him? Kevin Costner.

CARL

It's no big deal. A tabloid wrote something about him, that he was drunk at the Oscars, and we're suing them for slander.

Monk continues to compulsively rearrange the table setting, as-

MONK

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. I don't know what to do here. I'm not good at this.

(to Sharona, heartfelt)

Maybe I should just shut up, but I care about you, Sharona. And I don't want to see you hurt. I don't know what to do here. This man is lying to you. He's not a lawyer.

CARL

What?!

MONK

Oxford doesn't have a magna cum laude. And you sue a newspaper for libel, not slander. I'll just shut up. Just forget I said anything.

A stunned beat. Sharona reacts, shocked, embarrassed, hurt. Carl starts to explain, but can't think of anything to say.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MONK'S BUILDING - LATER

Monk and Sharona are in a taxi. They pull up. Sharona is still fuming!

MONK

What should I have done, let him lie to you?

SHARONA

Yes! It was a first date! Everybody embellishes their resume! It's called human nature. You think I told him how old I was? Or about that summer I spent dancing in Miami? I know you hate disorder, Adrian, but people are disorderly. The world is a disorderly place.

MONK

p Uh-huh. What kind of dancing?

SHARONA

(to the Cabbie)

Don't leave.

Sharona turns to Monk. She's made a decision.

SHARONA

I can't do this anymore. I quit.

MONK

Here we go...

SHARONA

I mean it this time. I'll send my sister over for my stuff.

MONK

You know you're just going to come back.

SHARONA

Don't tell me what I'm gonna do! You think you know everything, well, you don't know me that well!

MONK

Okay. You're upset- and rightfully so- because, in a way, I was partly responsible for you and Carl not working out. Let me call him-

SHARONA

No! It's too late, Monk! I adore the brilliant Sherlock Holmes part of you and I love the frightened little boy part of you.. but the two of them together are driving me crazy! I have responsibilities, Monk. I have a kid. I think I have to find a normal job before I go completely nuts- like ...

MONK

(sadly)

Like me.

Sharona sighs. There's nothing more to say. She climbs back into the taxi. She rolls down the window.

MONK

I'll never forget you.

SHARONA

You never forget anything.

The TAXI drives off. Monk watches her go. He's alone.. more alone than any man's ever been in the world.

INT. MONK'S STUDY- MORNING

We PAN ACROSS a study area- desk, nook, bookshelves- which is devoted to Trudy's murder.

Tacked to the wall are witness statements and newspaper articles, now years old: DETECTIVE'S WIFE SLAIN... AWARD-WINNING REPORTER TRUDY MONK SLAIN IN HOLD UP... ONE YEAR LATER: MONK MURDER STILL UNSOLVED...

Monk sits down and begins studying a photo of the crime scene (an elevated subway platform)...

INT. MONK'S APARTMENT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A dream. It's years earlier. Trudy is alive. The apartment reflects her influence: it's warmer.. full of bright colors. The stereo plays their song: "Our Love Is Here To Stay"..

Trudy emerges from the bedroom in a dress, looking radiant. Monk crosses to her, and zips her up. She smiles sweetly.

He leans in to kiss her. Suddenly the world begins spinning madly, chaotically. Trudy SCREAMS in horror! From nowhere- a LOUD, ROARING SUBWAY TRAIN hurtles by!

The train passes. Monk looks around.

SUBWAY PLATFORM- NIGHT (DREAM CONTINUES)

He's on the elevated platform where Trudy was murdered. It's suddenly night time. Trudy is gone.

MONK

Trudy..?

INT. MONK'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Monk wakes up. He's still at the "murder case" desk. He fell asleep there...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT- TASK FORCE

A Special Task Force has been formed. The office is cluttered with boxes of reports, witness statements, aerial photos, etc.

Lt. Disher is showing Stottlemeyer a list of campaign volunteers.

CHIEF STOTTEMEYER

(reading, stunned)

Vasquez, Nicole.

LT. DISHER

She worked for St. Claire's campaign.

She was a part time volunteer.

(beat)

The two cases overlap. Monk was right.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
(grimly)
Call him. Get him in here.

LT. DISHER
I already tried. There's no answer.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
Did you call Sharona?

ASSISTANT
She said she quit.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER
So he's alone?
(looks out window)
Out there? With other people? Better
let the mayor know.

MONK'S CAR- MOVING- SERIES OF SHOTS

Moments later. Monk is driving himself! He's a terrible driver. He crawls along at 10 m.p.h. His EMERGENCY FLASHERS blink constantly. CARS behind him HONK and CURSE.

Whenever he's nervous, Monk tries to talk himself down off the ledge ...

MONK
Honk if you want to, I won't let it
bother me, because I'm calm and I'm
driving... Brake. I'm braking.

Monk stops at an intersection. He's waiting to turn left.

MONK
Blinker on... piece of cake...

A BUS pulls up on his left. ANOTHER BUS pulls up on his right. Monk is boxed in. He nearly has a claustrophobic attack.

MONK (cont'd)
Ooooo. Ooooo. Oooo.

TRUCK DRIVER
WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM? BACK IT
UP!

Monk tries backing up, which makes matters worse. CARS and TRUCKS HONK ANGRILY.

SAME- SECONDS LATER

A TRAFFIC COP approaches Monk's car.

TRAFFIC COP
HEY! LET'S MOVE IT!

But the car is... empty! Monk is gone.

SECOND ACT BREAK

ACT III

INT. SHARONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Benjy has bruised his knee. Sharona is lovingly nursing it.

SHARONA

You were skateboarding in that parking lot again.

BENJY

No.

Sharona looks at him. Benjy caves.

BENJY

Well, what are we supposed to do? They won't let us skate in the park! Holy Shnikees, Mom!

SHARONA

Don't swear.

BENJY

"Shnikees" is not a swear.

SHARONA

If I don't know the word, it's a swear. That's the rule.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

Sharona opens the door. It's Kenny Burger (the Deputy Mayor) and Lt. Disher.

DEPUTY MAYOR

Is Sharona Fleming here?

BENJY

Who wants to know?

DEPUTY MAYOR

I'm Kenny Burger, the Deputy Mayor.

Benjy knows what that means.

BENJY

Mom, Monk's missing again!

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

We PAN ACROSS a number of old, overgrown, crumbling gravestones until we find: a perfect grave. The grass is manicured. The flowers trimmed and perfectly arranged.

We PAN UP. The stone says: TRUDY ANNE MONK, 1962 - 1995, BELOVED WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

Monk is there. He's brought his saxophone and is playing a sweet, heartfelt version of "Our Love Is Here To Stay". He's surprisingly good.

Sharona appears. Monk sees her, and continues playing. When he's done...

MONK

That was our song.

SHARONA

(sweetly)

I know.

MONK

I don't see how. She's been dead for four years.

A beat. He smiles. Sharona smiles too.

MONK

Welcome back.

SHARONA

Shut up.

(takes out some notes)

You were right about the two cases being connected. Nicole did some volunteer work for the campaign.

MONK

Doing what?

SHARONA

This and that. Mostly helping the bookkeeper.

MONK

So she was a numbers person.

SHARONA

How does it feel, always being right?

MONK

Terrible.

SHARONA

She quit after seven weeks, which I'm told is not unusual. No boyfriends. No record, not even a parking ticket. She sang soprano in the church choir. She read to elderly blind people. The girl was an endangered species, Adrian: a decent, hardworking kid.

Sharona looks up. Monk is looking at her. Their eyes meet. They share a smile. It's a warm smile.. maybe even affectionate. Then- abruptly-

MONK

(glancing at his watch)
It's ten to two!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Exactly ten minutes later. A neighborhood coffee shop. Monk and Sharona have coffee here every day at two o'clock- sharp.

TARA, a counter girl, is expecting them. She has their order ready.

TARA

Thirty seconds late. I was about to call Missing Persons.

Monk and Sharona take their food, and find a table. Monk obsessively cleans off the table top and chair, as...

MONK

(resuming)
What's the scoop on St. Claire?

SHARONA

He's had some union problems, but other airlines have had worse. It's probably just some wacko-

MONK

Okay, what if it wasn't a wacko. What about money? Who'd have a motive?

SHARONA

That's a no-brainer. Miranda- the wife- inherits the whole ball of wax. And she has another motive: she's no Hillary Clinton. She hates politics. She married Prince Charming for the private jets and summers in Tuscany- not to be cooped up in Gracie Mansion and visiting kids in the hospital.

Monk considers this. He carefully nibbles his pie.

MONK

Let's say Miranda wanted to kill her husband. It would make sense to do it in public, right? It would look like Lee Harvey Oswald Junior.

SHARONA

In theory.

MONK

But she'd need help. Who would she turn to? Gavin Lloyd?

SHARONA

The kingmaker? No way. Gavin Lloyd would sell his mother to win this election. This is his last hurrah. The national parties won't touch him.

MONK

Why not?

SHARONA

He was never officially charged, but the word is: some campaign contributions Gavin collected were there one minute and gone the next...

INT. ST. CLAIRE CAMPAIGN OFFICE - LATER

The campaign office. As always, the place is a beehive of activity.

Monk and Sharona are showing Gavin Lloyd a photo of Nicole. He studies the picture, shakes his head.

GAVIN LLOYD

How old was she?

Monk is sitting near a PAPER SHREDDER, with a basket filled with shredded paper. He absentmindedly starts to put the shredded document back together. It's like a 1000 piece jigsaw puzzle.

SHARONA

Twenty five.

GAVIN LLOYD

Heartbreaking.

SHARONA

She worked for Flo, your bookkeeper. She was here last summer, for about seven weeks?

GAVIN LLOYD

We get kids like that all the time. Every campaign does. We call them floaters. Their boyfriend comes back, they get a job, and they're gone.

Monk continues to piece together the shredded strips, as...

SHARONA

Flo said you took her aside one day.

GAVIN LLOYD

I did?

SHARONA

This would be mid-July sometime. She says you talked to her for awhile, then she never came back.

GAVIN LLOYD

I talk to a hundred kids every day. Sorry.

SHARONA

Well, thank you very much, Mr. Lloyd. If you remember anything else...

By now, Monk has pieced together half the shredded document. Gavin notices.

GAVIN LLOYD

Excuse me. That's a confidential document. That's why we shredded it.

MONK

Sorry. Sorry.

Monk and Sharona sheepishly reshuffle the shreds. A UNIFORM COP appears.

UNIFORM COP

Excuse me. Mr. Monk?

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - QUEENS

In a seedy, dimly-lit rooming house, in Queens.

Chief Stottlemeyer leads Lt. Disher and TWO UNIFORMS down a hall. Monk and Sharona follow behind. They approach Syke's door.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

His name is Ian Sykes. The FBI coughed up a massive file on him. Ex-Special Forces. Last April he bought a 420 scope for a Weatherby-Fibermark rifle. And in his stocking feet he's 6 feet 5 inches tall.

(to Monk)

You're either the dumbest cop I ever met, or the smartest.

SHARONA

He's both.

Stottlemeyer positions himself by the door.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

IAN SYKES! NYPD! OPEN THE DOOR, IAN!
OR WE'RE COMING IN!

No response. They bring a BATTERING RAM into position, and CRASSH! - BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!

SYKE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Cops BARGE INTO the tiny apartment. It's empty.

A tense beat. Then the bedroom door swings open... slowly... dramatically. The COPS turn, guns drawn. IAN SYKES appears. He's a cripple. In a wheelchair.

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Ian Sykes is a friendly, sympathetic guy. Monk looks around the room carefully, as...

SYKES

You don't have to keep apologizing, sir. Everybody makes mistakes. The fact is I was six foot five... once.

MONK

But you did buy a 420 scope for a Weatherby Fibermark?

SYKES

Yes sir. For my father. He hunts alone now. The Appalachian Mountains aren't exactly handicapped accessible.

EXT. OUT FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

The COPS are leaving. They're frustrated. Deflated.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

(to the group)

Okay boys and girls. The beat goes on. We'll regroup back at the 1-12 first thing tomorrow. And I want to talk to the profiling unit again. Call the mayor, tell him we're back at square one...

They start to climb into their cars. Stottlemeyer notices: Monk has frozen. Like a statue.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

What's wrong with him?

Monk indicates Stottlemeyer's shoes.

MONK

Your shoes.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

What about them?

MONK

They're all scuffed up. And they have little creases.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

That's right. I wear them every day. And by golly, look at that- they've got little creases and they're all scuffed up. Good work, Monk. You've dazzled us once again.

Chief Stottlemeyer mockingly clap- clap- claps.

MONK

So were his.

Monk indicates the Rooming House. Stottlemeyer stops clapping.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

(grimly)

Secure the perimeter. I want a tactical team here. Now!

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Moments later. The street has been cordoned off. A fully-armed TACTICAL ASSAULT TEAM is approaching the Rooming House, silently, commando-style...

EXT. CORNER - A BLOCK AWAY

A block away: Monk and Sharona are standing on a corner...

SHARONA

I can't see a thing.

MONK

The Chief said we'd safer back here.

SHARONA

That's a crock! Stottlemeyer put us in the cheap seats so he can take all the credit. Benjy's father was the same way. The man never took showers because they fogged up the mirror.

During this: Sharona's trying to use the cell phone.

SHARONA

The battery's dead. I'm going to find a phone and check on Benjy.

She walks away.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, the ASSAULT TEAM approaches the Rooming House, silently, commando-style...

INT. IAN SYKES'S ROOM

Ian Sykes is at his window. He gets a glimpse of the Assault Team approaching.

He leaps from his wheelchair! He really is tall. And fast. He kicks out a back window- and scrambles up a FIRE ESCAPE, toward the roof!

A BLOCK AWAY - SAME TIME

Monk is standing on the corner. He looks up and sees: Sykes-running across a roof!

Monk looks around. There's no one else in sight. It's up to him. He starts running along the street, trying to keep Sykes in sight!

CHASE- SERIES OF SHOTS

..ABOVE: Sykes scrambling along the rooftops...

BELOW: Monk has a "walking down the street" ritual: he touches every single POLE and SIGN POST he passes with his pinky. He does it even now, when he's chasing a suspect!...

ABOVE: Sykes LEAPS from one roof to another...

BELOW: Monk cuts across a street, ahead of Sykes. He can cut Sykes off!

Monk reaches a steep, rickety FIRE ESCAPE and starts to climb. Monk- as we know- is afraid of heights. He staggers. He closes his eyes. But he forces himself to keep climbing.

MONK

Just a ladder... just a little ladder...
just a tiny little ladder...

ROOF- CONTINUOUS

Monk reaches the roof, just as Ian Sykes comes running up.

MONK

Sykes! Hold it right there!

Monk- we learn- is an expert boxer! Monk PUNCHES Sykes- solidly- in the jaw! Sykes recovers, and throws a punch, which Monk expertly blocks (or ducks).

Then- Monk makes a mistake: he glances down. They're eight stories high. Monk swoons. He doubles over. He's helpless.

Sykes chuckles, and SHOVES Monk out of his way.

IAN SYKES

Excuse me.

Sykes runs off. Monk- weak and dizzy- watches him go.

THIRD ACT BREAK

ACT IV

INT. SYKES APARTMENT- LATER

The COPS are back in Ian Syke's apartment. A FORENSIC UNIT is there, helping search the room.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

(stunned)

"Excuse me"? He actually said "excuse me"?

Monk turns away. He couldn't feel worse about all this. Sharona puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

SHARONA

Give him a break, Chief. It wasn't his fault. You didn't cover the fire escape.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Oh no. I'm not taking the fall for this. You had him and you let him go! Let me get this straight, because I'm confused. You want your badge back, is that right?

Monk nods.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

And you'll protect society from rapists and murderers and bad guys... as long as they don't climb any stairs!?

Nearby, a DETECTIVE moves a rug, revealing a HEATING VENT in the floor.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Monk! Are you listening to me?

MONK

No sir, I'm not. Lt. Disher, check that vent. The screws are brand new.

SAME - SECONDS LATER

Lt. Disher has removed the vent cover. Inside: a SHOE BOX. Disher takes it out. He finds cash.

LT. DISHER

Money. Four, maybe five grand.

Next, Disher finds a box of ammunition.

LT. DISHER

Hollow point.

Next, a pile of CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)

Campaign literature. Upcoming schedule.
A seating chart.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

A seating chart? Where'd he get that?

The papers are stamped: CONFIDENTIAL - STAFF ONLY - DO NOT
DISTRIBUTE. Everyone exchanges glances that say: "Inside job".

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The doors burst open. COPS pour in: SIX UNIFORMS, followed by
Stottlemeyer, Disher, Monk and Sharona. Startled campaign
workers look up.

GAVIN LLOYD

Chief, what the hell are you doing? Do
you call this discreet?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

The time for discreet is over. We have a
positive ID on the assassin. He's a
contract killer, named Ian Sykes.

GAVIN LLOYD

Where is he?

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Ask Monk.

MONK

(embarrassed)

He got away.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

But he's working with somebody. Somebody
here. Somebody close to St. Claire. I
want statements from every person in this
room.

MONK

I don't see Miranda. Where is she?

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM

It's a typical campaign stop: Miranda St. Claire is in a classroom, reading a story to some YOUNG CHILDREN. A GROUP OF REPORTERS are in the back of the class, covering the event.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

(reading)

"And the Little Engine That Could said goodnight to the mountain and the village, and went to sleep."

Monk and Sharona are in the back of the class.

TEACHER

Well, I'm sure we all want to thank Mrs. St. Claire for coming by.

ALL THE CHILDREN

THANK YOU.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Thank you. I had a wonderful time. Don't forget to tell your mommies and daddies to vote in two weeks.

TEACHER

Let's go. It's lunchtime. Single file.

The CHILDREN march out of the classroom. Monk and Sharona step up to Miranda...

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Mr. Monk. Do you lie awake at night and think of ways to disrupt my husband's campaign?

MONK

No ma'am. I lie awake at night and try not to think at all.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Sit down.

Monk looks around. Every other seat is toddler-size. He tries to sit in one. He keeps slipping off.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

So you think I tried to kill my husband.

Monk continues to shoehorn himself into the tiny chair.

MONK

Well, Mrs. St. Claire, please don't be offended...

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

I haven't been offended by anything since I was fourteen.

MONK

But you do have three excellent motives to murder your husband.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

One, I inherit. Two, my aversion to politics. What's number three?

Monk has finally managed to squeeze into the seat. But now he's stuck.

MONK

Number three... is the oldest motive in the world.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Jealousy. You think Warren's been having an affair? With who?

(realizing)

That girl you mentioned. Vasques?

MONK

She volunteered at the campaign last summer.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Mr. Monk, you seem to be an intelligent person. In some ways. On occasion.

Monk continues to battle his tiny chair.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

But you're forgetting one thing. The human factor. I love Warren. He's my rock and my redeemer. You and I have one thing in common, Monk: we're no picnic to live with. I spend more than I should. I drink a bit.

The chair battle continues. Monk tries to push himself free, but ends up with both hands being stuck under his butt.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE
Warren's the first man in my life who
hasn't given up on me, who actually..
inexplicably.. believes in me. Last
week, if I could have, I would have taken
that bullet myself.

Miranda rises.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE
Now if you'll excuse me, my husband is
running for mayor. Don't get up.

She leaves. Monk is alone in the room. Stuck in the chair. He
wiggles and pulls. He can't get up.

EXT. WEST SIDE PIER- NIGHT

It's late. A dark, deserted pier. Ian Sykes is waiting for
someone.

A car- a dark, official-looking sedan- pulls up. The door opens.
We NEVER SEE THE DRIVER.

IAN SYKES
What's so important it couldn't wait? If
this is about another job, forget it.
There's a cop named Monk- I don't know
know how, but he made me..

Sykes tenses. The Unseen Driver has pulled a gun!

IAN SYKES
You gotta be kidding-

Suddenly- BLAM! BLAM! Sykes is shot. He recoils backwards and
falls off the dock- SPLASH!- into the river!

EXT. LAFAYETTE PLAZA- NIGHT

Meanwhile, Monk, Sharona and Benjy are visiting Lafayette Plaza,
the scene of the assassination attempt. The area's deserted. No
traffic. Stone quiet.

Monk is doing his "Zen Sherlock Holmes" thing. He's pacing
around, deep in thought. He looks up at the surrounding
buildings.

SHARONA
Ten more minutes, Monk, and that's it.
It's a school night.

Benjy has brought his skateboard. He's skateboarding circles around Monk & Sharona. He does a trick.

BENJY

This is where it happened, huh?

Monk nods. More pacing. More thinking.

BENJY

You're thinking too hard. I think your head's gonna explode.

WHOA! Benjy loses control and hits a trash can! CRASSSH! Benjy falls down! Sharona rushes over!

SHARONA

Benjy! Honey!? Are you okay?

The Plaza has acoustics like the Grand Canyon. The CRASH ECHOES. Monk hears it. He gets an idea. He calls out:

MONK

HELLOOO!

MONK'S ECHO

hellooo...

MONK

TASTES GREAT, LESS FILLING!

MONK'S ECHO

tastes great, less filliii...

MONK

Do you hear that?

BENJY

Yeah. It's called an echo.

Monk grins. He's solved the case!

EXT. LAFAYETTE PLAZA - DAY

The next morning. Monk has brought everyone back to Lafayette Plaza. All the principals (except for Sharona) are there: Stottlemeyer, Lt. Disher, St. Claire & Miranda, Gavin Lloyd, Hank Bishop...

Monk is recreating the assassination attempt. The stage has been rebuilt. He's even brought back the MARCHING BAND; they're playing a popular hit. Monk steps up.

MONK

What are you doing? What are you playing?

BAND LEADER

Who Let The Dogs Out.

MONK

No! No! You have to play the same song! The song you were playing on Tuesday! Everything has to be exactly the same.

ST. CLAIRE

What the hell are we doing here, Monk?

MONK

I told you on the phone, sir. I have a little theory. It won't take long.

Monk has drawn a CRUDE CHART, indicating where everyone was standing when the shooting occurred.

MONK

I need everyone to stand where they were when the shots were fired. Mr. Lloyd, you were standing over there... Mr. Bishop, you were nine or ten feet to his left...

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

What's the point? We know who tried to kill my husband! It was that lunatic-Sykes!

GAVIN LLOYD

Who was found- dead- in the East River this morning. The case is closed. Don't you read the papers?

MONK

That's true, sir. Ian Sykes is dead. To be honest, I'm not surprised. This morning we're looking for his accomplice- the person who hired Sykes. That's worth a few minutes of your time, isn't it?

Gavin fumes.

MONK

Mrs. St. Claire, you were over here...

Everyone reluctantly takes their "places".

ST. CLAIRE

I have a debate tonight.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

Trust me. If he's wasting our time I'm taking it to City Hall.

ST. CLAIRE

Trust me: if he's wasting our time I'm making it a campaign issue.

Monk consults the chart. He indicates speaker's podium, which has been rebuilt...

MONK

Mr. St. Claire, you were on the podium...

HANK BISHOP

Hold on. There's no way I'm letting my client up on that stage. The last time he was up there, somebody took a shot at him.

MONK

No they didn't.

HANK BISHOP

They didn't? I was there, pal.

MONK

You assumed they were shooting at Mr. St. Claire. So did I. Everybody did.

Monk pauses. He's remembered something.

HANK BISHOP

Go on...

MONK

I'm sorry. I think I forgot to lock my apartment.

SHARONA (OVER WALKIE TALKIE)

YOU LOCKED IT! IT'S LOCKED! JUST GO ON!

MONK (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)

Are you sure? Because I remember when we were leaving...

Everyone - St. Claire, Lloyd, etc. - GROANS and ROLLS THEIR EYES.

EVERYONE (OVERLAPPING)

MONK! JUST GET ON WITH IT!
FORGET THE DOOR! IT'S LOCKED! COME ON!

MONK

(resuming)

All week long I've been thinking: who'd have a motive to shoot Warren St. Claire? But last night I realized: maybe I'm asking the wrong question. Maybe the shooter didn't miss. Maybe the shooter hit what he was aiming at. The bodyguard.

A stunned beat.

CHIEF STOTTLEMEYER

That's insane. Who'd want to hurt Jason?

Monk produces a newspaper with the photo of the shooting, featuring Gavin Lloyd pointing up at the sniper.

MONK

Here's what's been bothering me. This picture was taken a few seconds after the shooting.

GAVIN LLOYD

Is there a point to all this, Monk?

MONK

Yes sir. There is.

He steps up to Gavin Lloyd. He holds up the photo, accusingly.

MONK (cont'd)

That's you, pointing up at the sniper, isn't it?

(Lloyd nods)

How'd you know where he was?

GAVIN LLOYD

(patronizingly)

Because I- saw- him.

MONK

No sir. Not possible. Right now it's...
(glancing at watch)

11:10- exactly when the shots were fired. The sky is clear, just like it was on Tuesday. He was up there. Take a look.

Monk points. Everyone turns. The sun is setting; it's directly in their eyes. It's blindingly bright. Everyone squints.

MONK

You weren't wearing sunglasses, were you, Mr. Lloyd?

(consults photo)

No. No sunglasses.

GAVIN LLOYD

I don't remember. Maybe I heard the shots, okay?

MONK

You heard them? I remember in Dealey Plaza when Kennedy was shot, all the eyewitnesses were pointing in different directions. They couldn't tell where the shots were fired from, because the plaza was like an echo chamber. That's what we have here. And that's what's wrong with this picture.

(to Gavin)

There's only one way you could know where he was: you hired him. You told him where to shoot from.

GAVIN LLOYD

I heard the shots. I could tell!

MONK

Okay. Fine. Then you'll have no trouble finding Sharona. She's hiding in one of these buildings with a starter's pistol.

(into walkie-talkie)

Rainbow One this is Rainbow Two. Are you in position?

WITH SHARONA - 20TH FLOOR - OFFICE BUILDING

HIGH ABOVE THEM: Sharona is at an open window. She has a STARTER'S PISTOL.

SHARONA

(into walkie talkie)

This is Rainbow Two. I'm all set.

RESUME - PLAZA

Monk nods. The BAND begins playing "Up Up And Away". Loud.

MONK (INTO WALKIE-TALKIE)

Fire!

Sharona aims the starter's pistol into the air, and fires. BLAM!

RESUME - PLAZA

The GUNSHOT ECHOES AROUND THE PLAZA. BLAM!... bam... bam...
It's impossible to pinpoint the source.

Gavin Lloyd tries. He starts to point.. then reconsiders.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

This is crazy! Why would anybody want to
kill a bodyguard? I mean, it's not
exactly showing initiative.

MONK

Because, ma'am, Jason Ronstadt was the
bodyguard who knew too much. He knew
Gavin paid a man to kill Nicole Vasques.

No response from Gavin.

MONK

You were dipping into the war chest
again, Gavin. Old habits die hard.
Nicole was going over the books. Some
numbers didn't add up. She asked you
about it. You brushed her off. Maybe
you accused her of skimming money.

GAVIN LLOYD

You're certifiable!!

MONK

Then you began to worry: what if Nicole
suspected something... what if she talks?
You couldn't buy her off- she had
something we like to call "principles".
So you went shopping... for a murderer.
You approached Jason Ronstadt. You
figured ex-cop, he needed the money. But
he turned you down. What could you do-
you were surrounded on all sides by
honest people!

Gavin smolders.

MONK

Finally you found Mr. Sykes, the real
thing, a contract killer. After he
killed the girl you only had one loose
end left- Jason, the bodyguard- the guy
you asked first.

Everyone glares at Lloyd, accusingly.

MONK

Killing him in public was brilliant. Everyone assumed it was an assassination attempt. And you get a two-fer: Jason is eliminated and your candidate got to look heroic.

GAVIN LLOYD

(unraveling)

No! Warren, I- I swear! I heard the shots! Again! Do it again!

MONK

Okay. But after this, we really have to get you to prison.

(into walkie talkie)

Sharona, one for the road.

Once again, the BAND starts playing. Again: BLAM! The GUNSHOT ECHOES AROUND THE PLAZA.

GAVIN LLOYD

(desperate)

Up there! No- wait- over there!

Gavin Lloyd tries to pinpoint the source. He turns left. Then right.

ST. CLAIRE

(disgusted)

He called himself was my Moses.

MONK

Well sir, like the real Moses, he will not be joining you in the Promised Land.

Suddenly Gavin tries to flee! But he only gets a few feet. Stottlemeyer and Hank Bishop are blocking his escape.

STOTTLEMEYER

Where are you going?

WITH MIRANDA AND ST. CLAIRE

St. Claire and his wife are embracing.

MIRANDA ST. CLAIRE

Mr. Monk. I think my husband and I owe you... we owe you everything...

They turn. But Monk is gone. St. Claire and Miranda exchange puzzled looks.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - QUEENS - EVENING

An elevated subway platform - the Browning Street Station - in Queens. It's where Trudy Monk was murdered.

Monk is at the end of the platform, staring, thinking. Sharona stands beside him. We HEAR the sounds of Charlie Parker playing "Our Love Is Here To Stay".

MONK

She came up the stairs. That streetlight was broken. He came up behind her.

(shakes his head, anguished)

I ... can't see it. Why can't I see it? Every other crime scene, I can just see it with Trudy's...

SHARONA

You're too close to it. You'll get it. But not tonight. Come on. It's Friday night.

MONK

Chicken pot pie!

SHARONA

Actually, I thought we'd try something a little different this week.

(off Monk's horrified look)

I'm kidding. It's a joke.

They walk away. As always, Monk touches every pole he passes.

SHARONA

You missed one.

Monk goes back and touches the pole he missed.

THE END