

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DEBBIE

I trust him. I can tell. He's an honest guy.

MONK

I am?
(thinking, surprised)
I think you're right. I am. Thank you. I will pay you back. I promise.

GAIL

There's no rush. We're both gonna die here.

Monk rises. He starts to leave. Then he stops.

MONK

Excuse me. How far am I from Police Headquarters...?

DEBBIE

(amused)
"Headquarters"?

12 INT. SHERIFF BATES' OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

12

Moments later. Down the street. In the town's tiny, low-tech SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

SHERIFF BATES, 60's, is a soft-spoken, small-town, friendly cop. He's alone... as always. Bored... as always.

He's playing solitaire. He's stuck. He hesitates... then deals himself an extra card.

Monk enters.

MONK

Excuse me...

Sheriff Bates turns. He smiles, embarrassed.

SHERIFF BATES

You caught me cheating. Don't tell anybody.

MONK

I won't.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SHERIFF BATES

In this town, it would probably make
the paper.

(chuckling)

Probably become a big issue in the
next election.

Sheriff Bates takes another look at the cards.

SHERIFF BATES (cont'd)

Hold on...

(moving a card)

I didn't have to cheat after all.
There's a lesson there, somewhere.

(then)

What can we do for you?

MONK

I'm a little... confused.

SHERIFF BATES

It happens all the time. Let me
guess. You got off the Interstate.
You were looking for a gas station...

MONK

No. I'm not lost.

(then)

Well. I am. I just... I don't know
who I am.

SHERIFF BATES

You can't remember? Like... amnesia?
Have a seat.

Monk sits. Sheriff Bates feels Monk's skull.

SHERIFF BATES (cont'd)

Well. That's a helluva speed bump
you got there. I've got an ice pack
here... somewhere.

Sheriff Bates searches for an ICE PACK, as...

SHERIFF BATES (cont'd)

Has a doctor seen that?

MONK

I don't know...

SHERIFF BATES

How'd it happen?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

A beat. Monk tries to remember. Then-

CORA (O.S.)

I'll tell you how it happened.

They turn. Cora is in the doorway. She's been standing there, listening.

SHERIFF BATES

Cora...?

CORA

A paint can dropped on his head. He nearly fell overboard.

MONK

(trying to recall)
Overboard...?

SHERIFF BATES

How do you know this?

CORA

Because I was there. It happened in Naples, Italy. He was on my cruise.

SHERIFF BATES

So... you know this man?

CORA

Do I know him? Of course I know him.

(beat, grinning)
He's my husband.

End

Monk reacts- stunned disbelief.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT THREE

20 EXT. BEE FARM - PURNELL, WYOMING -- LATER

20

Later. Back at the BEE FARM. Beekeeper Ned is using a SMOKE MACHINE to put the bees to sleep.

Sheriff Bates is there, investigating the bizarre early-morning accident. We see: the crashed Mercedes, and the knocked-over bee hives.

A LOCAL MECHANIC with a TOW TRUCK is preparing to tow Reggie Zisk's dented Mercedes away.

LOCAL MECHANIC

(anxiously)

Are you sure it's safe? I hate bees.

SHERIFF BATES

Don't worry about the bees, Larry.
Ned's got them all rounded up.
They're all fast asleep.

(low)

I hope.

Monk and Cora are there, too. Monk is following Sheriff Bates around, trying to tell him about the missing girl.

MONK

So, Sheriff, what do you think?
About the waitress?

SHERIFF BATES

(distracted)

What do I think? I think she went
to Denver to be with her boyfriend.

MONK

But what about the parakeet? And
the missing rug?

(waving Debbie's note)

And what about this? She didn't
write this note herself.

SHERIFF BATES

Mister...? I'm sorry. I forgot
your name.

MONK

(stumped)

So have I.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CORA

Jerry.

SHERIFF BATES

Jerry. It's not like you see on TV. In real life, things are pretty boring. Things are pretty much what they seem.

(indicates crash sight)

For example, this looks like a drunk-driving accident, right? Well, that's exactly what it is.

Monk looks around. For the first time, he takes an interest in the crash site.

MONK

He was drunk...?

SHERIFF BATES

As a skunk. Eight o'clock this morning. A local hotshot named Reggie Zisk plowed through that fence, right into those bees. He's in the hospital now.

(chuckling)

He got stung about a hundred times- the idiot.

Beekeeper Ned interrupts. He takes off his protective hood. He's furious!

BEEKEEPER NED

(waving a paper)

Okay Sheriff. Here's my list. He ~~knocked down five honeycombs. They're worth 400 dollars apiece. Plus the fence.~~ Who's going to pay for this?

SHERIFF BATES

I'm sure he's insured, Ned.

BEEKEEPER NED

He better be! That boy's a brat- a drunken, spoiled brat. He always was. I'm glad he got all stung and swollen. Maybe it'll teach him a lesson!

SHERIFF BATES

(wearily)

Ned. We have your statement.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF BATES (CONT'D)

You're free to go. Why don't you head on up to Lookout Point and do what you can about those hornet nests? Kids are getting stung up there every day.

BEEKEEPER NED

I'm going, I'm going. ~~But that brat owes me money!~~

Ned storms away, grumbling. During this, Monk has been studying the wrecked Mercedes.

~~MONK~~

~~The windows are up.~~

~~SORA~~

~~So what?~~

MONK

Why didn't he stay in the car? He was surrounded by bees. I would've just stayed put.

SHERIFF BATES

He probably panicked. Like I said, he was pretty wasted.

MONK

I don't think so. ~~I saw him, a few minutes before eight. He drove right past our house. There was a branch in the road. He swerved to avoid it. His reflexes were perfect. He couldn't have been drunk.~~

SHERIFF BATES

(amused)

He wasn't drunk? So he deliberately drove his car into a bee farm? Why would anybody do that?

MONK

(frustrated)

I don't know.

SHERIFF BATES

And Debbie Barnett isn't in Denver. She's been murdered?

Monk nods.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

SHERIFF BATES (cont'd)

Have you seen a doctor about that bump?

End

CORA

(angrily)

It's not the bump. It's some kind of a midlife crisis. Suddenly he's not happy fixing roofs. He has to be Captain America.

Cora SLAPS Monk across the head.

CORA (cont'd)

What's wrong with you?

Ow! Monk rubs his head. As he does, he takes a closer look at Reggie Zisk's crashed Mercedes. He notices: a WILLIE NELSON CD on one of the seats. He reacts, puzzled.

21 INT. POLICE HQ, BULLPEN -- SAME TIME

21

Back in San Francisco. Police HQ is now a COMMAND CENTER. Everyone's looking for Monk. COPS and DETECTIVES work the PHONES, consult MAPS, etc.

They've called in Dr. Kroger. Capt. Stottlemeyer, Lt. Disher and Dr. Kroger are looking at a "MISSING" FLYER, which features a photo of Monk.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

We're printing four thousand of these. We're putting them up at truck stops, post offices, drug stores...

DR. KROGER

Why drug stores?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I figure, sooner or later, he's going to have to buy some wipes.

DR. KROGER

You know, Captain, the kind of amnesia you're describing is actually quite rare.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Maybe. But it's all we got. There's no body. He hasn't checked in with us or Natalie...

(CONTINUED)