

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD CLIENT" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/29/06 1.

*** BE FAMILIAR WITH BOTH
SCENES, BUT ONLY PLAN ON
DOING THE FIRST**

TEASER

1 EXT. SEEDY BAR - STREET - LATE NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

1

It's late. 2 AM. In the worst neighborhood in town. Dark. Deserted. Abandoned buildings...

Natalie's Buick is parked in front of a seedy, nameless BAR. NATALIE is sitting behind the wheel, alone, waiting.

2 INT. SEEDY BAR -- SAME TIME

2

Inside. A dimly-lit, menacing, inner-city bar. The clientele: JUNKIES and BIKERS and FELONS.

MONK enters, alone. He looks around, anxiously. He steps up to the bar. The BARTENDER is scary; he's probably done time.

MONK

Hello. I think your liquor license has expired.

TOUGH BARTENDER

(angrily)

Excuse me?

MONK

(gulp)

Nothing.

(then)

My name is Monk. I'm meeting someone.

The Bartender indicates a ROW OF TATTERED, DIMLY-LIT BOOTHS.

~~Monk walks toward the back. The LAST BOOTH is darker than the others. There's a MAN sitting there. WE CAN BARELY SEE HIM. He's in the shadows. We see him in silhouette.~~

The Shadowy Man speaks quietly. There's a sad, haunted quality about him.

START →

SC.1

SHADOWY MAN

Mr. Monk? Thank you for coming.
Sit down.

Monk sits.

SHADOWY MAN (cont'd)

I know your work. I'm a big fan.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - DEEPEK BRONSON / SHADOWY MAN

1/6

BRONSON

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD CLIENT" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/29/06 2.

2 CONTINUED:

2

The Man extends his hand, into the light. The hand is partially deformed. It's half-covered with crusty old bandages, like a mummy.

Monk hesitates. Then... reluctantly... offers his hand and shakes. Afterwards, Monk wipes himself, vigorously.

MONK

There's more light over there.

SHADOWY MAN

I prefer the dark.

(then)

You obviously got my note.

MONK

And the money. 500 dollars to meet you alone for ten minutes. It's very generous.

SHADOWY MAN

There's more where that came from.

(down to business)

I have a job to offer you, Mr. Monk. It will take you one night. Not even one night. Two hours. I'm willing to pay you twenty thousand dollars for your trouble.

MONK

I'm listening.

SHADOWY MAN

What I'm about to tell you can never leave this bar.

The Man pauses dramatically.

SHADOWY MAN (cont'd)

My name is Derek Bronson.

MONK

Bronson? Bronson Technologies? I thought he- you- ?

DEREK BRONSON

You thought I was dead. Most days, I wish I was. I was ballooning, solo, up the coast. I'd done it a thousand times. That day, the wind shifted. Everybody assumed I was lost at sea. In fact, I landed on an island in the West Attilas.

(CONTINUED)

2/6

BRONSON

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD CLIENT" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/29/06 3.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

MONK

For seven years?

DEREK BRONSON

I could've come back years ago.

(sadly)

But I got sick.

Sick? Monk tenses... and slinks back in his chair.

MONK

Sick?

DEREK BRONSON

Would you like to hear about the job?

MONK

(anxiously)

Yes. Of course. But first, I have a couple of questions. "Sick" is a funny word. It could mean anything from a mild headache to a...

DEREK BRONSON

When I say sick I mean sick.

Bronson leans forward, dramatically, into a shaft of light. We now see his face for the first time. It's not pretty. His head is bumpy and swollen. There are open sores. He's wearing sunglasses. And has a bandage around his skull.

DEREK BRONSON (cont'd)

Mr. Monk, I am a leper.

1/END

3 EXT. BAR - STREET - SECONDS LATER -- NIGHT

SC.1

3

Outside. Natalie is standing next to her car. Monk comes bolting out of the bar! He's terrified! He's holding up his right hand- the hand he touched the leper with- like it's radioactive.

NATALIE

There you are. I was getting worried.

MONK

(gesturing, wildly)

START THE CAR!

NATALIE

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

3/6

BRONSON

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD CLIENT" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/29/06 11.

5 CONTINUED: (4)

5

~~NATALIE (CONT'D)~~

~~He needs compassion and understanding.
(then, sharply)~~

~~Here's a little secret, Mr. Monk.
you're no picnic either. A lot of
people would rather not deal with
you- but they do. They reach out to
you. Mr. Bronson is offering us a
lot of money to do the same thing.
I've been talking to him. You
wouldn't have to shake his hand...~~

~~MONK~~

~~Good- because I would die before I
shake his hand again.~~

~~NATALIE~~

~~You don't even have to look at him.
All you have to do is go back to
that bar and listen to what he has
to say. Just sit there and listen.~~

~~Monk sighs.~~

6 INT. SEEDY BAR - SAME BOOTH -- LATER THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 2) 6

~~Later. We're back in the same dark, seedy bar.~~

Derek Bronson- our leper- is sitting in the same booth in
the corner. As before, he's still hidden, in the shadows.

START →
Sc. 2

DEREK BRONSON

Thank you for coming, Mr. Monk. I
was afraid you wouldn't want to see
me again.

~~MONK (O.S.)~~

~~Why would you think that?~~

We now reveal: Monk is sitting 20 FEET AWAY, at ANOTHER TABLE.
Monk is sitting, scrunched up, barely looking at Bronson.

MONK (cont'd)

My assistant is over there. She'd
love to meet you.

Monk indicates: the bar, on the far side of the room. Natalie
is watching them, from afar, anxiously.

(CONTINUED)

4/6

Blond

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD CLIENT" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/29/06 12.

6 CONTINUED:

6

DEREK BRONSON

(shaking his head)

I'm sorry. I can't bear to have a woman see me. Not like this. I'm hideous.

MONK

(averting his eyes)

No. I wouldn't say hideous... exactly.

DEREK BRONSON

Believe it or not, women used to find me quite attractive. I never went home alone. After I married Maggie, I resisted those kind of temptations. At least, I usually resisted them.

MONK

(startled)

Oh my God!!

DEREK BRONSON

Have I offended you?

MONK

No. I'm sorry. You just leaned into the light. Sorry.

Bronson leans back again, into the deep shadow of the booth.

DEREK BRONSON

I had an affair- that was my first mistake. She wrote me some letters, which I kept. That was my second mistake.

(then)

In a week, there'll be a probate hearing. I'll be officially declared dead. The vultures are going to go through my office. Reading every file. Opening every drawer. They're going to find those letters. The letters don't mean anything to me, but they would destroy my wife.

(then)

Mr. Monk, I want to hire you to break into my home, find the letters, and bring them back.

MONK

That's the job?

(CONTINUED)

5/6

Bronson

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD CLIENT" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/29/06 13

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

DEREK BRONSON

You wouldn't be breaking any law.
It's still technically my house.

Bronson takes out a hand-drawn DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSE and the
SURROUNDING ESTATE.

DEREK BRONSON (cont'd)

I've drawn you a map. Everything
you need. The layout. The security
codes.

MONK

Can I ask you something? Why me?
I'm not a thief.

DEREK BRONSON

Exactly. You're an honorable man.
You won't turn around and try to
blackmail me.

(pleading)

Mr. Monk. I am at your mercy. I'm
reaching out to you.

Bronson gestures, extending his two grotesque, disfigured,
bandaged hands. Monk recoils.

MONK

That's okay. I get it. You don't
have to...

DEREK BRONSON

Will you help me?

END
Sc. 2

7 INT. BAR - ACROSS THE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

7

~~Moments later. Across the bar. Natalie is sitting at the
bar, waiting, anxiously.~~

~~Monk steps up. He's stunned. He can't believe what he just
agreed to do.~~

~~NATALIE~~

~~What happened?~~

~~MONK~~

~~I took the job.~~

END OF ACT ONE

6/6