

29 CONTINUED:

29

ON MONK- HIDING NEARBY

A hundred feet away: Monk is hiding, behind some CORN STALKS or a TREE or WHATEVER. He's brought a CAMERA, to get proof.

30 EXT. MARIJUANA FIELD - MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

30

Moments later. In a SECRET MARIJUANA FIELD. A patch of tall, dark weeds.

Belmont is destroying the evidence! He douses the plants with gasoline. Then takes out a lighter and ignites the field!

The marijuana starts to BURN! The SMOKE billows! It's thick and dark.

ON MONK- HIDING NEARBY

A hundred feet away. Monk is still hiding. A CLOUD of dark MARIJUANA SMOKE comes wafting past.

Monk panics! He holds his breath! He throws an arm over his mouth, like he's being attacked with MUSTARD GAS! He coughs. He staggers away.

31 EXT. DISHER'S FARM - FRONT PORCH - LATER -- NIGHT

31

A half hour later. Back on Disher's farm.

Oates is on the FRONT PORCH. Alone. Relaxing. Drinking a beer. The way Farmhands do.

He HEARS a CLINKING NOISE, coming from across the yard. He gets up, and goes to investigate.

32 EXT. DISHER'S FARM - FIELD - SAME TIME -- NIGHT

32

Across the yard. An amazing sight. Monk is HANDCUFFING HIMSELF TO A RUSTY OLD TRACTOR!

Monk is really scared. And desperate. He's like the WOLF MAN, just before the moon appears!

Oates steps up. Oates- as always- is calm, unflappable.

OATES

Mr. Monk?

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - OATES

SMET →

1/6

32 CONTINUED:

32

MONK
(panicking, gesturing)
OATES! STAY BACK! DON'T COME ANY
CLOSER!

Oates stops.

MONK (cont'd)
Where's Randy?

OATES
He's sleeping. I can't help but
notice, you're handcuffing yourself
to that tractor.

MONK
I inhaled some reefer!

OATES
(nodding)
I got ya.

MONK
It's gonna kick in any minute! I'm
gonna be stoned!

OATES
Okay.

MONK
Here's the thing. I can't tolerate
any drugs or medication. ~~It's my~~
~~metabolism. I always overreact.~~ I
don't know what's going to happen.
I might go berserk!

Monk tosses Oates the HANDCUFF KEYS.

MONK (cont'd)
Here. Whatever happens, don't unlock
me! Even if I'm begging you!

OATES
Okey doke.

Monk begins "reacting" to the dope. He spasms. His EYES GO
WIDE!

MONK
Oh my God. It's starting! I can
feel it! Go inside. Lock the door!
Save yourself!

(CONTINUED)

2/6

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Monk contorts his body. He makes ANIMAL NOISES. He's the WOLFMAN!

OATES

We're talking about marijuana, right?

Monk, like a caged beast, YANKS on the handcuffs!

MONK

Is this the biggest tractor we have?

(then)

I can feel it! I'm getting hungry!

It's the munchies!

OATES

Maybe you're just hungry. There's some pecan pie in the fridge...

MONK

It's the munchies! Whatever you do, don't put anything near my mouth!

OATES

Can do.

(then)

I gotta say, I've had some experience in this particular area. I don't think you're stoned at all.

MONK

Oh my God. It's kicking in!

(looking around, amazed)

I... see... lights...

OATES

Yeah. We call 'em fireflies.

Then- suddenly- the IRRIGATION SPRINKLERS kick on! The sprinklers are all around Monk. Monk gets sprayed.

MONK

What is that?

OATES

It's eight o'clock. Irrigation sprinklers.

Monk immediately sobers up. He stands there... handcuffed to the tractor... getting soaked. He thinks. Something clicks.

(CONTINUED)

3/6

OATES

"MR. MONK VISITS A FARM" - Producer's/Network Draft - 10/24/06 39

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

MONK

Do they come on every night? All
over the property?

OATES

Every night.

MONK

Oates! I know how he did it! I
know how Doug Belmont killed Disher's
uncle!

(re: handcuffs)

Get these off me!

OATES

(without hesitating)

Okey doke.

// END SC.1

Oates steps forward and starts unlocking Monk's handcuffs.

END OF ACT THREE

4/6

OATES

"MR. MONK VISITS A FARM" - Producer's/Network Draft - 10/24/06 40

ACT FOUR

33 INT. DISHER'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER -- NIGHT

33

Moments later. Monk and Oates are in the farm house. Monk is drying off. He's wearing a BATHROBE.

Monk has just told Oates the solution to the murder.

STREET
sc. 2



OATES

Son of a gun. You solved the case.
(impressed)
You figured all that out? Just now?

Monk nods.

OATES (cont'd)

I can't quite get a handle on you, son. One minute you're handcuffing yourself to a piece of farm machinery and sobbing like a schoolgirl. The next minute you're putting all the little pieces together, like Sherlock Holmes. Which is the real Adrian Monk?

MONK

(loftily)
Well, I like to think that a man is made up of many different-

OATES

(interrupting)
I think it's the schoolgirl.

MONK

Yeah. You're probably right.

OATES

What do we do now?

MONK

Call the Sheriff.

Oates sighs. He shakes his head.

MONK (cont'd)

What?

(CONTINUED)

5/6

OATES

"MR. MONK VISITS A FARM" - Producer's/Network Draft - 10/24/06 41.

33 CONTINUED:

33

OATES

I was just thinking- it's too bad it wasn't Randy who figured it all out. He's been feeling pretty down about himself.

MONK

That's true.

OATES

Solving a big case like this would've made all the difference.

11 END
SC. 2

Monk considers this.

34 INT. DISHER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

34

Moments later. In Disher's bedroom. As in the earlier scene, Disher is in bed, fast asleep, listening to a SUBLIMINAL CD...

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER (ON CD)

You're a tiger... a wild carnivore... stalking through the jungle...

LT. DISHER

(in his sleep, mumbling)

I'm a tiger... in the jungle...

Monk enters the bedroom, alone, quietly. He tip-toes up to Disher's bed. He clicks OFF the CD PLAYER.

Monk leans in. He begins whispering in Disher's ear. HE IS THE CLUE WHISPERER!

MONK

Randy... you were right... Belmont killed your uncle...

LT. DISHER

(dreamily)

He killed my uncle...

MONK

Here's what happened...

35 INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NEXT MORNING (DAY 7)

35

The next morning. In the kitchen. Monk and Oates are at the table, waiting for Disher.

(CONTINUED)

6/6