

TEASER

1 EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE -- DAY (DAY 1) 1

WE ESTABLISH: the largest, most lavish MANSION that we can afford. Surrounded by a vast estate.

2 INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - STUDY -- DAY 2

Inside. A magnificent, book-lined STUDY.

Meet PAUL BUCHANAN. 30's. A spoiled, arrogant billionaire. He's never worked a day in his life- and doesn't intend to.

Buchanan is holding a SET OF BLUEPRINTS for a NEW YACHT. He's talking on the phone, to the boat's designer.

START →  
Sc. 1

PAUL BUCHANAN  
(sharply, into phone)  
I'm looking at the design right now.  
I'm looking at one- two- three- four  
beds. You said it would sleep six.  
A bunkbed?! Are you mental? I'm  
not sleeping on a bunkbed! Is this  
a luxury yacht or a summer camp?

During this, STILSON- the family's butler- enters, carrying the ingredients for a Manhattan. Stilson is very crusty. Very British. In full butler dress.

STILSON  
It's four o'clock, sir. I have your  
Manhattan.

Stilson prepares the drink: bourbon... vermouth... then a cherry. During all this, he glares- disapprovingly- at his Master.

PAUL BUCHANAN  
(into phone)  
Formica? I said mahogany. I want  
mahogany from stern to... the other  
end. I hope you do, or I swear to  
God I'll cancel that contract!

Buchanan hangs up. He reaches for his drink.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)  
(to Stilson)  
He thinks I'm bluffing. What do you  
think, Stilson? Am I bluffing?

"MONK" - PAUL BUCHANAN

(CONTINUED)

1/6

PAUL

"MR. MONK IS AT YOUR SERVICE" - Producer's/Network PREVIEW - 10/2/06 2.

2 CONTINUED:

2

STILSON

I wouldn't know, sir.

Stilson glances, longingly, at a FORMAL PORTRAIT on the wall, of Buchanan's LATE FATHER AND STEPMOTHER.

PAUL BUCHANAN

You miss them, don't you?

STILSON

More than you can imagine, sir. It was probably the worst day of my life. I'm sure you feel the same way.

(then)

Will that be all, sir?

PAUL BUCHANAN

As a matter of fact, Hobbsy, there's something I want to talk to you about.

Buchanan takes out a letter. It's an old-fashioned BLACKMAIL LETTER, made from words and letters clipped from magazines. It says: I SAW YOU KILL THEM. LEAVE \$10,000 CASH BEHIND POOLHOUSE OR I GO TO POLICE.

Stilson tenses.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)

I know it was you, Stilson. Before I paid, I marked all the bills.

Buchanan holds up a couple of \$100 BILLS.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)

I found these in your wallet. Since when is blackmail on your list of duties?

STILSON

(anxiously)

Master Paul... I don't know what to say. I wasn't thinking straight...

PAUL BUCHANAN

You weren't thinking straight?

STILSON

No sir. The grief. Your father's death... and your step-mother...

(beat)

It won't happen again.

(CONTINUED)

2/6

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

PAUL BUCHANAN

You got that right.

Buchanan pulls out a HANDGUN. He FIRES- BLAM! Stilson The Butler collapses, dead.

Buchanan coolly walks over to the fireplace, and drops the BLACKMAIL LETTER into the fire. It burns.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)

Thank you, Stilson.

He turns, and addresses the dead butler.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)

That will be all.

END OF TEASER

**END**

**SG-1**

**3/6**

PAUL

7 CONTINUED:

7

MONK  
 (gulp)  
 Sorry. I...

BURLY MECHANIC  
 You here for the interview?

MONK  
 (quickly, nervously)  
 Yes. The interview... exactly...

BURLY MECHANIC  
 He's been waiting for you. Follow me.

~~The Mechanic leads Monk away, toward the big house.~~

8 INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - LIBRARY -- AN HOUR LATER

8

An hour later. Inside the mansion. In a huge, formal LIBRARY. Paul Buchanan enters. He's been QUAIL HUNTING. He's wearing a hunting outfit and carrying a rifle.

Monk is already there. He's been waiting.

START →  
SC. 2

PAUL BUCHANAN  
 Sorry to keep you waiting. My gun dog kept running away. I tried sending him to obedience school, but he refuses to go.

MONK  
 (confused)  
 The dog refuses to go...?

PAUL BUCHANAN  
 It's a joke. Forget it. You're here from the agency?

During this, Buchanan crosses to a BUILT-IN BAR and mixes himself a drink.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)  
 Where's your resumé?

MONK  
 I... lost it.

PAUL BUCHANAN  
 You lost your resumé? Well, that doesn't bode well, does it? What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

4/6

PAUL

8 CONTINUED:

8

MONK

Adrian.

PAUL BUCHANAN

Adrian...?

Monk needs an alias! He glances at a BOOKSHELF, and sees a copy of Moby Dick.

MONK

Melville. Adrian Melville.

Buchanan looks around, puzzled. The library is pristine. In perfect order.

PAUL BUCHANAN

What happened in here? I had friends over last night. It was a mess...

MONK

While I was waiting, I sort of tidied up.

PAUL BUCHANAN

(nodding)

I'm very impressed. Adrian Melville. Well done.

Buchanan notices: a 1000 PIECE JIGSAW on a table. It's all put together.

PAUL BUCHANAN (cont'd)

Did you do this?

MONK

Sorry. I couldn't stop myself...

PAUL BUCHANAN

In 20 minutes? I've been working on that puzzle for five months.

MONK

Sorry. I'll mess it up again. I think I remember how you had it...

Monk reaches for the puzzle, to undo it. Buchanan stops him.

PAUL BUCHANAN

No. Leave it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5/6

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

PAUL BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

(winking)

I have a couple of step-sisters who think I never finish anything.

(intrigued)

So. Melville. Who have you worked for? Anybody I know?

MONK

I... don't think so.

(inventing)

Leland Stottlemeyer. Of the San Francisco Stottlemeyers. And Randy Disher...

PAUL BUCHANAN

No... don't know them...

MONK

And Natalie Teeger.

PAUL BUCHANAN

(brightening)

Natalie? Really? She grew up right down the street. I went to school with her, when she was still Natalie Davenport. She had a big crush on me. She wouldn't leave me alone.

MONK

Really?

PAUL BUCHANAN

How does she look? Does she still have that tattoo?

MONK

(stunned,  
disapprovingly)

She has a tattoo?

PAUL BUCHANAN

(winking)

You wouldn't have seen it. Not where she put it.

(an idea)

I'm hosting a luncheon here on Sunday-a fundraiser for the family foundation. Do you think Natalie would come?

//END  
SC 2

6/6

(CONTINUED)