

3 EXT/INT. COMMUNITY HALL - SQUARE DANCE -- THAT NIGHT 3
(NIGHT 1)

That night. In the local community hall. A SQUARE DANCE is in full swing! 40 TOWNSFOLK- including Doug Belmont- are duded up and dancing. ON STAGE: an energetic BLUE GRASS BAND is playing.

START →

SQUARE DANCE CALLER

Forward two with a do-si-do-
Right hand high and a left hand low-

~~Watching the dance: the local police chief, SHERIFF MAGGIE BUTTERFIELD. Seasoned. Tough as nails. Late 40s.~~

~~On the dance floor: when no one is watching, Doug Belmont discreetly checks his watch.~~

~~Then: the OVERHEAD LIGHTS FLICKER OFF for a second. Everyone reacts, confused- except for Doug Belmont, who grins, knowingly.~~

~~The LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON. The BAND resumes playing. Then Belmont stops.~~

~~DOUG BELMONT~~

~~Did you hear that?~~

~~The Other Dancers shake their heads, no.~~

~~DOUG BELMONT (cont'd)~~

~~(to the BAND, gesturing)~~

~~HOLD IT. HEY. QUIET DOWN.~~

~~The BAND stops playing.~~

~~DOUG BELMONT (cont'd)~~

~~It sounded like gunshots~~

~~Sheriff Butterfield reacts, concerned~~

4 EXT. HARVEY DISHER'S FARM - SERVICE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER -- 4
NIGHT

Moments later. A half mile away. Back on Harvey Disher's property. On an isolated ASPHALT SERVICE ROAD.

Some IRRIGATION SPRINKLERS are on. They're spraying everything. The road is soaked. The ground around the road is MUDDY.

SQUARE DANCE CALLER

(CONTINUED)

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SQUARE DANCER CALLER

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15 CONTINUED: (5)

15

The Sheriff drives away.

~~MONK
Did she wink at me? I think she
winked at me.

LT. DISHER
(frustrated)
I guess I brought you up here for
nothing.

Monk glances at the CASE FILE.

MONK
Maybe not. She said there was
somebody at the dance who heard the
gunshot. Guess who it was?
(beat)
Doug Belmont.
(then)
How far away was it?

LT. DISHER
The community center? Maybe a mile.

MONK
Do you think somebody could hear a
gunshot that far away? Especially
if there was dancing and music
playing?

LT. DISHER
I don't know.
(then, an idea)
We could find out.~~

16 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - SQUARE DANCE! - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 5) 16

That night. Back in the Community Center. Another SQUARE DANCE is in progress. As in the teaser, a FIDDLE BAND is on stage. TOWNSFOLK are happily TWIRLING and DANCING.

SQUARE DANCE CALLER
Swing your corner and bow to your
partner...
Allemande left! Now Allemande right!

Monk enters, still wearing his basic Monk outfit. He looks around, uncomfortably. The hall is so LOUD. And CROWDED. And HAPPY. He hates it.

He checks his watch. He's waiting for something.

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SQUARE DANCE CALLER

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17 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - "ACCIDENT" SITE - SAME TIME -- NIGHT 17

A mile away. Lt. Disher is back at the crime scene. He's holding a SHOTGUN.

Disher is checking his watch, too. Obviously, he and Monk are planning to test their theory.

18 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - REFRESHMENT TABLE -- SAME TIME 18

Back at the Community Hall. The dance continues...

SQUARE DANCE CALLER

Gents roll back, but only one-
Promenade, you're gonna have a little
fun...

~~Monk is standing by a REFRESHMENT TABLE. A friendly
REFRESHMENT LADY indicates a PITCHER OF LEMONADE.~~

~~REFRESHMENT LADY
Lemonade?~~

~~MONK
Okay.~~

~~REFRESHMENT LADY
(starting to pour)
I made it myself.~~

~~MONK
Oh. Then no thank you.~~

~~The Refreshment Lady reacts, confused. She stops pouring.~~

~~MONK (cont'd)
Were you here last month?~~

~~REFRESHMENT LADY
I sure was. I haven't missed a
cotillion in twelve years.~~

~~MONK
Did you hear the gunshot?~~

~~REFRESHMENT LADY
No sir. I sure didn't.~~

~~A sullen MIDDLE-AGED TOWNIE is standing nearby.~~

~~MONK
Did you hear the gunshot?~~

(CONTINUED)

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SQUARE DANCE CALLER

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18 CONTINUED:

18

SULLEN TOWNIE
Can't say I did. 'Cause I didn't.

Monk considers this. Then Sheriff Butterfield steps up. She's wearing a DRESS, and a smile, ready to dance.

SHERIFF BUTTERFIELD
Mr. Monk. I was hoping you'd be here.
(indicates her dress, playfully)
I'm going undercover tonight. What do you think?

Monk smiles, awkwardly.

SHERIFF BUTTERFIELD (cont'd)
Is this your first square dance?

MONK
I'm not here to dance. Randy and I have a theory about the case...

SHERIFF BUTTERFIELD
I have a theory, too. I think you really came here to dance. Come on-

She leads Monk toward the dance floor. Monk resists.

MONK
I- I can't.
(waving his ring)
I'm married.

SHERIFF BUTTERFIELD
Where's your wife?

MONK
She's dead.

SHERIFF BUTTERFIELD
To be honest, I have mixed feelings about that. On one hand, I'm sorry for your loss. On the other hand, **HERE WE GO!!!**

The FIDDLE MUSIC KICKS IN! Everyone starts dancing. The Sheriff links arms with Monk and leads him around and around!

SQUARE DANCE CALLER
Back to your corner, wave to your friend-
Allemande left, then stroll to the end...

||END
4/4

(CONTINUED)