

MONK

From here to here, it's been vacuumed.
She vacuumed half the rug.

NATALIE

What does that mean?

MONK

It means... the cleaning woman didn't
walk in on the killer. She was in
here, working. He walked in on her.

(beat)

He knew she was here- he must have
heard the vacuum. He was after her!
This is about her!

Then a man, CLAY O'REILLY, enters. A middle-aged businessman.
Friendly. A little ruffled. He's holding a CARTON OF
POWDERED MILK.

START
→
SC. 1

O'REILLY

Hello. Hi. Are you guys cops?

MONK

~~Not... technically.~~

NATALIE

We're working with the police. This
is Adrian Monk. I'm Natalie Teeger.

O'REILLY

Clay O'Reilly.

(indicates the garden)

I have the office right there. Import-
Export. I saw the door was opened,
and got a little worried. After
what happened last week, you can't
be too careful.

(then)

Can I tell you the truth? I'm kinda
glad Doc Kroger is leaving. He's a
nice guy, but his patients.

(rolling his eyes)

You know what I mean.

NATALIE

(embarrassed for Monk)

No. I don't think I do.

O'REILLY

(gesturing "crazy")

Some of them. Whoa.

(MORE)

"MONK" - CLAY O'REILLY

(CONTINUED)

1/4

11 CONTINUED: (3)

O'Reilly

11

O'REILLY (CONT'D)

I could see them from my office. It was like a freak show.

NATALIE

I'm sure they were doing the best they can.

O'REILLY

Oh, sure. No offense. But one of them did kill Teresa, right? You can't deny that.

NATALIE

Actually, we were just talking about that. We're not so sure.

O'Reilly tenses, imperceptibly.

O'REILLY

Really? What- what else could it be?

MONK

We're working on it.

O'REILLY

Good. Well. That is reassuring.
(indicates powdered milk)
I was about to make some coffee. You want some?

NATALIE

No. We're fine.

O'REILLY

Well. I'll let you get back to it. Good luck.

END
SC. 1

O'Reilly smiles, and leaves the office.

12 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

12

O'Reilly steps outside. He closes the door. He's alone. His smile fades. He looks concerned.

13 EXT. DR. KROGER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

13

That night. In the suburbs. Dr. Kroger's large, comfortable house...

2/4

36 CONTINUED:

O'Reilly

36

LT. DISHER
 (into phone)
 This is Disher.
 (to Capt. Stottlemeyer,
 excitedly)
 Sir. They're patching someone
 through. He says he knows where
 Monk is.

Capt. Stottlemeyer takes the cell phone.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 This is Stottlemeyer.
 (listens)
 Hold on. Sir. Just slow down.
 (then, stunned)
Harold?!

37 INT. IMPORT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT -- LATER

37

Later. Across town. We're in a BIG OLD MUSTY WAREHOUSE. It's cluttered with far-eastern artifacts. Piles of BUDDHAS and RUGS and STATUETTES.

O'Reilly's truck is parked there. It's already been unloaded.

Monk and Dr. Kroger are STILL STRAPPED TO THE WICKER CHAIRS. O'Reilly and his partner- a sleazy drug dealer named BUCK- drag the two men to a corner of the warehouse. They've put Monk on the left, Dr. Kroger on the right.

O'Reilly and Buck start to walk away.

START →
Sc. 2

MONK
Wait wait wait. Excuse me.

O'Reilly and Buck turn.

MONK (cont'd)
(gesturing)
Could you put me over there?

O'REILLY
Pardon me?

MONK
(babbling, pleading)
That's my regular side... I'm always
on the right... please... it'll just
take a second...
(MORE)

→

Cut to:
(CONTINUED)
3-4

O'Reilly

MONK (CONT'D)

(anguished)

Please! I can't be on this side.
I'm begging you! Look into your
hearts...

DR. KROGER

(explaining)

He has a problem with what I call
"situational disorder"...

BUCK

(amused)

Believe me. He's got a lot bigger
problem than that.

O'Reilly and Buck chuckle. They cross to a table, where the
TEN FIGURINES have been broken open. There's a big pile of
white powder. And a scale. And plastic bags. Buck and
O'Reilly start weighing and bagging the heroin, as...

BUCK (cont'd)

What do we do with them?

O'REILLY

I figure I'll let Frankie decide.

BUCK

He won't be happy. Especially after
that cleaning lady.

O'REILLY

What choice did I have? Huh? What
would you have done?

In the corner: Monk and Kroger- still taped to their chairs-
are scared shitless. Then they see: someone- a man- sneaking
through the warehouse to rescue them! It's... Harold
Krenshaw! Monk and Kroger react, silently, hopefully.

O'Reilly and Buck are oblivious. They continue to weigh the
heroin. O'Reilly absentmindedly lays his HANDGUN down...

BUCK

What's all this? Dust bunnies?

O'REILLY

It's from the vacuum cleaner. Just
clean it up.

//END

During this, Harold silently grabs O'Reilly's handgun!