

RECEPTION AREA- NATALIE

A moment later. Natalie's desk PHONE RINGS! A call! She wakes up, grabs the phone.

NATALIE  
(excitedly, into phone)  
Adrian Monk Investigations. What is the nature of your problem?

MAN'S VOICE  
I am being kept in a room against my will.

Natalie grabs a pen and starts taking notes.

NATALIE  
You were kidnapped?! Do you know who did it?

MAN'S VOICE  
Yes. It was my personal assistant. Her name is Natalie Teeger.

Natalie realizes it's Monk, calling from across the office. She hangs up.

MONK  
It's been two days. You're human. You made a mistake.

NATALIE  
It's not a mistake! Grandpa Nigel's business didn't take off for a whole year.

MONK  
Natalie, not everybody feels the same way you do about Grandpa Nigel. For example, I was just thinking how much fun it would be to dig up his body and poke it with a big stick.

LINDA FUSCO (O.S.)  
Who's Grandpa Nigel? And why are we poking him with a stick?

SMET →

Monk and Natalie turn. LINDA FUSCO has entered. 40's. Attractive. Sharp. All business. The most successful real estate broker in San Francisco.

LINDA FUSCO (cont'd)  
Adrian Monk? My name is Linda Fusco.

"MONK" - LINDA FUSCO

# Linda Fusco

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8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

NATALIE

Fusco? I know you. I've seen you.  
Are you an actress...?

LINDA FUSCO

Real estate.

NATALIE

(recognizing her)  
That's it! Fusco Realty. On bus  
stops and billboards.

LINDA FUSCO

(looking around)  
I can't believe Larry finally got  
someone to rent this dump. What are  
you paying, three grand a month?

NATALIE

(embarrassed)  
Thirty two hundred...

LINDA FUSCO

(amused)  
He had you for lunch. Next time,  
talk to me.  
(down to business)  
Adrian Monk. I've been asking around.  
Cops. Reporters. They all said you  
were the Man.

MONK

Well... I'm a man...

NATALIE

(babbling, eagerly)  
He's being modest. He's the Man,  
all right. He's the gold standard.  
He's like Philip Marlowe and Sherlock  
Holmes rolled into-

LINDA FUSCO

(interrupting)  
Sweetheart, I'm showing a condo in  
twenty minutes. Let's get to it.  
Follow me.

9 EXT. STREET - PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

9

Outside. Linda Fusco leads them to her car- a brand new  
Buick Lucerne- which is parked out front. It's been painted  
HOT PINK.

(CONTINUED)

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# Linda Fusco

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9 CONTINUED:

9

NATALIE

Nice car.

LINDA FUSCO

I buy a new Buick Lucerne every year  
and paint it pink. It's my trademark.  
Look at this-

Linda points out: a small DENT in the bumper and side panel.

MONK

A scratch...?

LINDA FUSCO

(bitterly)

It's a dent. Here. And here. The  
sonofabitch. He left this on my  
windshield.

Linda shows them a torn-off piece of a SMALL WHITE PAPER  
BAG. Somebody's printed on it, sloppily: GO TO HELL.

MONK

"Go to Nell". Who's Nell?

NATALIE

I think that's an "H".

LINDA FUSCO

Will you take the case?

MONK

What case is that?

LINDA FUSCO

This is it. This is the case.

NATALIE

The dented fender?

LINDA FUSCO

It happened at the marina Wednesday  
morning. I have a boat there. I  
pulled in at ten to six to pick  
something up. I came back twenty  
minutes later.

MONK

Mrs. Fusco...

LINDA FUSCO

(correcting him)

Ms. Fusco.

(CONTINUED)

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# Linda Fusco

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9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

MONK

Miss Fusco...

LINDA FUSCO

Ms.

MONK

Linda. I'm sure you have insurance. It wouldn't cost more than a couple of hundred dollars to get this fixed.

LINDA FUSCO

Why should I pay for something I didn't do? I love this car. It's my baby. I want you to find the sonofabitch, Mr. Adrian Monk, and make him pay for it.

NATALIE

(eagerly)

It's a matter of principle.

LINDA FUSCO

Exactly.

NATALIE (cont'd)

We'll take the case. I'll draw up a contract. We get 400 dollars a day-

LINDA FUSCO

(interrupting, sharply)

I'll pay you three thousand dollars if you find the sonofabitch. If you don't find him, you get zip. I work on commission. Why should you be any different?

// END

sc.1

A tense beat. Monk turns to Natalie.

MONK

Could I speak to you for a minute?

Monk leads Natalie aside. They speak privately...

MONK (cont'd)

Can we go home now?

NATALIE

I think we do it.

MONK

Natalie. It's a fender bender! It's not even a real crime!

(CONTINUED)

4/8

# Linda Fusco

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12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

Monk glances at SOME PHOTOS from the file. One of them: Anna Pollard's CAR, abandoned, in a parking lot.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

Her car. We found it in a parking lot, at a shopping mall, ten miles from the house.

MONK

Was it locked?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Locked. No purse. No third-party prints. She told her husband she was going shopping. Either she lied to him or he's lying to us or somebody grabbed her in the parking lot.

MONK

Where was he?

LT. DISHER

He says he was home. He's now admitting they were on the rocks, but I don't think he's the guy.

MONK

(looking through file)  
Phone records?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

We're still checking.

MONK

Last seen wearing...?

LT. DISHER

According to the husband- a blue sweater, a green skirt and a pair of yellow flip flops.

During this, Linda Fusco enters.

LINDA FUSCO

(playfully)

I think I'm a little jealous. You're seeing other clients behind my back!

START  
Sc. 2 →

Stottlemeyer turns. He sees Linda, and- BOOM! He's in love.

NATALIE

Ms. Fusco. No. These aren't clients.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Linda Fusco

"MR. MONK, PRIVATE EYE" - Producer's/Network Draft - 4/24/06 24.

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

These are former colleagues. This is Randy Disher, and...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(stepping forward)

Captain Leland Stottlemeyer.

Their eyes meet. She likes him, too. Sparks.

LINDA FUSCO

Linda Fusco.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I know. I've seen your billboards.

LT. DISHER

Actually, we saw one yesterday. ~~and~~

~~the Capt. Stottlemeyer~~

~~(catching himself)~~

~~Nothing. He didn't say anything.~~

~~Which was strange, because he's~~

~~usually quite a talkative person.~~

~~(adding)~~

It said you were the number one

Realtor in Northern California.

LINDA FUSCO

Tell me something I don't know.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

The elephant is the only mammal that can't jump.

LINDA FUSCO

Pardon me?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

You said tell me something you don't know. The elephant is the only mammal that can't jump.

Linda smiles; charmed.

NATALIE

Ms. Fusco? Can we help you?

LINDA FUSCO

Yes. I wanted to drop this off.

She hands Natalie a MECHANIC'S ESTIMATE.

(CONTINUED)

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# LINDA FUSCO

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12 CONTINUED: (5)

12

LINDA FUSCO (cont'd)

Here's an estimate from the body shop. A new bumper's gonna cost me 900 dollars. When you find the sonofabitch I want you to make him eat this.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(chuckling)

A fender bender? That's your big case? How did you manage to keep it out of the papers?

LINDA FUSCO

It's important to me, Captain Leland Stottlemeyer. By the way, I'm sorry about your divorce.

Capt. Stottlemeyer blushes.

LINDA FUSCO (cont'd)

I'm been selling real estate for 14 years. I can smell divorce a hundred yards away. Who's couch are you sleeping on?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I'm not sleeping on a couch.

LT. DISHER

It's a futon.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Thank you, Randy.

LINDA FUSCO

When you're ready for your own apartment, let me know.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Maybe I will.

LINDA FUSCO

I know you will.

(grins)

I could show you a couple of places right now.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I might have some time. My car or yours?

(CONTINUED)

7/8

# Linda Fusco

"MR. MONK, PRIVATE EYE" - Producer's/Network Draft - 4/24/06 26.

12 CONTINUED: (6)

12

LINDA FUSCO  
(suggestively)  
Oh, I always do the driving.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
I'm sure you do. Let's go.

Linda and Stottlemeyer head for the door. Lt. Disher follows them.

1 END  
5c.  
2

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)  
Ah, Randy.

LT. DISHER  
Sir?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
How about you stay here?

LT. DISHER  
And...?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
And not come with us. I'll meet you  
back at the station.

Stottlemeyer and Linda leave. An awkward beat.

NATALIE  
I'll drive you back.

LT. DISHER  
Thank you.

Lt. Disher notices the GO TO HELL NOTE.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)  
(casually)  
I've been there.

MONK  
Where?

LT. DISHER  
Joel's. I recognize it- that's part  
of the J. It's a bar on Stanton  
Street.

Monk and Natalie react, stunned, excited.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)  
Is it important?

8/8