

20

CONTINUED:

20

Brandy holds up a small object, wrapped in newspaper. It's been buried. It's covered with dirt. She unwraps it, revealing: THE CHIPPED, MISSING PIECE OF THE GUN HANDLE.

BRANDY BARBER (CONT'D)

Do you recognize it?

Brandy holds the ivory handle against the photo. It fits.

BRANDY BARBER (CONT'D)

It's a perfect fit. We found this in your backyard. Can you explain that?

Monk is too stunned to respond.

BRANDY BARBER (CONT'D)

Do you still say it wasn't your gun?

Monk is so nervous he bites into the SANTA CLAUS COOKIE. He bites off Santa Claus's head.

21

INT. KENWORTHY'S APARTMENT - LATER -- DAY

21

Alan Kenworthy- our "Santa Claus"- lives alone, in this sad, cheap, messy, cluttered apartment.

Kenworthy is relaxing, in his undershirt, boxers. His right arm is still in a sling from the gunshot wound.

Someone is KNOCKING. Kenworthy crosses to the door, opens it. It's Stottlemeyer and Disher.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

Mr. Kenworthy?

(flashing his BADGE)

Leland Stottlemeyer. This is Randy Disher. We spoke in the hospital.

ALAN KENWORTHY

I remember.

Stottlemeyer and Disher enter. Disher is carrying Santa's TOY SACK.

LT. DISHER

We thought you might want these back.

Lt. Disher hands the sack of toys to Kenworthy.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

So this is the North Pole, huh? Not exactly like I pictured it.

(CONTINUED)

1/5

"MONK" - ALAN KENWORTHY

ALAN

ALAN KENWORTHY

(bitterly)

Wait 'til you try living on a government pension.

Kenworthy glances into the Sack, taking a quick inventory.

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~It's all there. Except for one rubber snake. It's for my nephew. I didn't think you'd mind.~~

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~He doesn't have a nephew.~~

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~I have a nephew.~~

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~He doesn't have a nephew.~~

Disher proves it: he opens his wallet, flashes a PHOTO OF HIS NEPHEW.

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~His name is Benjamin. He's nine years old. Okay?~~

~~ALAN KENWORTHY~~

~~What the hell are you talking about?~~

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~(indicates the sling)~~

~~How's the arm?~~

ALAN KENWORTHY

I'll live.

Capt. Stottlemeyer looks around. Some OLD FILES and ARREST PHOTOS are strewn across a desk.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Still in touch with your parolees, huh?

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~I thought you retired.~~

ALAN KENWORTHY

I call 'em sometimes. They're good guys.

2/5

ALAN

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(amused)

I know some of these "good" guys.
Grand theft auto. B-and-E. Attempted
murder.

ALAN KENWORTHY

Everybody deserves a second chance.

A tense beat. Capt. Stottlemeyer grins at Kenworthy.

ALAN KENWORTHY (CONT'D)

What?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

What were you doing up there, Alan?
On that roof.

ALAN KENWORTHY

Giving away some toys. What can I
say? I love Christmas.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Come on, Alan. There's nobody here.
It's just you and me.

LT. DISHER

And me.

ALAN KENWORTHY

(sharply)

Is that why you're here? To accuse
me of something? Why don't you take
a hike! Both of you!

Kenworthy re-opens the door.

ALAN KENWORTHY (CONT'D)

They found the gun in your friend's
backyard, not mine.

// END
SC. 1

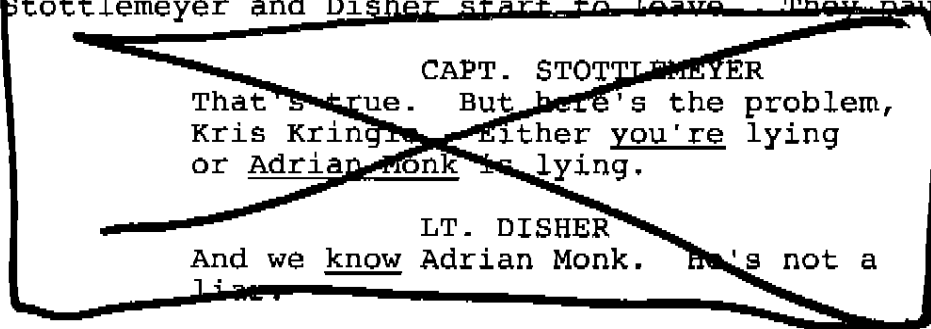
Stottlemeyer and Disher start to leave. They pause.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

That's true. But here's the problem,
Kris Kringling. Either you're lying
or Adrian Monk is lying.

LT. DISHER

And we know Adrian Monk. He's not a
liar.



3/5

ALAN

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

MONK
(reluctantly, mumbling)
Santa Claus.

NATALIE
Who?

MONK
(a little louder)
Santa Claus.

NATALIE
Oh no. Mr. Monk. Not again.

26

INT. KENWORTHY'S APARTMENT - LATER -- DAY (DAY 4)

26

The next day. Back in Alan Kenworthy's apartment.

Kenworthy is there, with a group of FOUR RATTY-LOOKING MEN, all ex-cons. We recognize one: THORN, the chain-smoking thug who attacked Alice DuBois. The other three: CARL, a wiry, bookish-type, HACK and BOBBY. They're planning a robbery.

ALAN KENWORTHY
Alright ladies. Let's do it again.
From the top.

Kenworthy unrolls a DIAGRAM of the Museum. He moves his wounded arm, and winces.

CARL
How's the arm?

ALAN KENWORTHY
I'll find a doctor when we get to Ecuador.

HACK
(bitterly)
We were supposed to be in Ecuador four days ago. Sipping margaritas on the beach...

ALAN KENWORTHY
We caught a bad break. A minor setback. It happens.

HACK
I thought that was your job, Mr. Mastermind. To anticipate minor setbacks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/5

ALAN

HACK (CONT'D)
 You brought us all out of retirement.
 You said you had a "foolproof plan"...

CARL
 How was he supposed to know that
 cop, Adrian Monk, was gonna be there?

ALAN KENWORTHY
 It was a fluke. Couldn't be helped.
 But the plan is still solid.

HACK
 What about the old lady? Tomorrow's
 Friday.

(pointing to diagram)
 She works Fridays, right? We come
 in that side door, she's gonna be
 right there, in the damn gift shop.

ALAN KENWORTHY
 You're referring to Alice DuBois.
 Don't worry about her. She won't be
 working tomorrow. Me and Thorn made
 sure of that.

CARL
 I already called the Museum Supervisor
 and volunteered to fill in. ~~I'll be~~
~~working the gift shop, from two to~~
~~six~~

ALAN KENWORTHY
 So it's tomorrow. Closing time.
 Six o'clock.

Kenworthy takes out some handwritten notes.

ALAN KENWORTHY (CONT'D)
 Okay. I made a list...

THORN
 Did you check it twice?

Everybody chuckles.

// END
SO. 2

The next day. At Ambrose Monk's house. From inside, we
 HEAR: Monk and Ambrose singing a classic Christmas carol...

5/5