

TEASER

1 EXT. BENNIE'S JUNKYARD -- DAY (DAY 1)

1

We establish: a junk yard. At the end of a DIRT ROAD.

A sea of CAR PARTS, OUTDOOR FURNITURE, OLD TOILETS, CLOTHES DRYERS, ETC. A sign says: BENNIE'S JUNK N' STUFF.

In the middle of the yard is a BIG OPEN GARAGE, which serves as the office. The garage is cluttered, too: OLD TV's, ROAD SIGNS, STEREO SPEAKERS, CHAIRS, COUCHES. You name it.

Amid the clutter: ten BLANK CANVASSES, assorted sizes, and an AMATEURISH PAINTING OF A LIGHTHOUSE, which is only half-finished, hanging on a wall... which we see but barely notice.

BENNIE WENTWORTH- the yard's owner- is a cheap, miserable, cantankerous bastard. Mid 60's. An army vet. He's in his office/garage, reading a GUNS & AMMO-TYPE MAGAZINE, while chomping on a fat, stinky CIGAR.

HECTOR, his young, loyal long-suffering assistant, steps up. Hector speaks only Spanish.

HECTOR

Mr. Bennie.

Bennie doesn't even look up. He's an asshole.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Esto es el Martes. Usted dijo que yo podria marcharme temprano.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

I said if we weren't busy.

Hector looks around. There are no customers in the yard.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN (CONT'D)

Fine. Go. But don't be surprised if I dock your pay.

HECTOR

(bitter, grumbling)

Esto no sera ninguna sorpresa...

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

English! English! Learn English! My three year old nephew can speak it. How hard can it be?

(MORE)

"MONK" - BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

START →

sc.1

(CONTINUED)

1/6

BENNIE

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1 CONTINUED:

1

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN (CONT'D)

(then)

Set the traps on your way out. Set.
Traps.

The whole yard is booby-trapped. Hector doesn't approve.

HECTOR

Mr. Bennie. No me gustan las trampas.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

You don't like the traps?

HECTOR

Ellos podrian matar alguien.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

Of course they could kill someone.
That's the whole point. Someone
breaks in here- someone tries to rob
from me- they get what's coming to
'em! That's the way we do things.
When you're an American- I mean, a
real American- you'll understand.

2 INT. BENNIE'S JUNKYARD - GARAGE - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 1) 2

Later that night. It's five AM. Bennie is alone now. He's
in the garage/office, sleeping on a couch...

Twenty yards away: an INTRUDER has entered the junkyard!
He's a well-dressed, middle-aged thug. Like a Soprano's
character.

A FLOODLIGHT with a MOTION-SENSOR DETECTOR clicks ON. Bennie
wakes up. He sees the Intruder.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

What do you want?

The Intruder doesn't speak. He pulls out a GUN!

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Okay. Okay. Don't do anything
stupid.

The Intruder steps closer. He looks icy, menacing.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN (CONT'D)

Not much of a talker, huh?

(CONTINUED)

2/6

Bennie

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2 CONTINUED:

2

Bennie glances down. The Intruder is standing behind a THIN WIRE- a tripwire- stretched across the walkway, inches off the ground. The wire- we now see- is tied to a hidden SHOTGUN... which is aimed at the Intruder! It's a boobytrap!

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN (CONT'D)

Don't take another step. I'm warning you. Not one more step.

Bennie is daring the Intruder to step forward! It works! The Intruder grins... and takes another step.

He steps onto the tripwire. Which pulls the trigger. Which-
BLAM!- FIRES THE SHOTGUN!

The Intruder is hit! He's thrown backwards, bleeding, dying. Bennie steps up, and smiles.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN (CONT'D)

I tried to tell you. Didn't I?
Nobody listens to me.

END OF TEASER

// END
SC.1

3/6

Bennie

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4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Monk indicates the INTRUDER'S BODY, which is covered with a sheet.

MONK (CONT'D)

Who is he?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

So far, he's nobody. No wallet. No ID. He broke in here, about five AM. He cut through the fence.

Monk kneels, examines the body. He looks around.

MONK

Where's his car?

LT. FISHER

No car. At least, we haven't found it.

MONK

So he broke in... and steps on this tripwire...?

LT. DISHER

Which was tied to the shotgun. BOOM. He took both barrels.

NATALIE

Is that legal?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

The shotgun was registered. I've been talking to the DA. He says it sounds kosher. Self defense.

Lt. Disher turns. He gets caught up in a SPIDER WEB! He spits and thrashes around wildly! In the process, he knocks over an old, rusty GIRL'S BICYCLE. Pink. With training wheels.

LT. DISHER

Boobytrap!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

That's a spiderweb, Randy. It's not a boobytrap.

Bennie has heard the commotion. He steps up.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

What's going on? Did you break this?

START
↓
S.I.

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Bennie

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4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

Bennie examines the piece-of-shit GIRL'S BIKE.

LT. DISHER

Sorry.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

You break it, you bought it. That's the rule.

NATALIE

It's a junkyard. How do you know if something's broken?

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

I decide.

(indicates the bike)

Look. The wheel's all bent. 40 bucks.

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~40 bucks? No way!~~

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Mr. Wentworth. ~~This is Adrian Monk and Natalie Teeger. They're helping me out.~~ I wonder if you could go over it all again, from the beginning...

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

Go over what? He was on my property. He tried to rip me off. He got what's coming to him! End of story!

(resuming, to Disher)

Gimme 20 bucks. We'll forget the whole thing.

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~I'm not paying.~~

MONK

What was he doing here? I mean, what was he after?

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

(shrugging)

I don't know. Maybe he needed a carburetor. People need carburetors.

MONK

He was wearing a five hundred dollar suit. And those are Italian shoes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Beane

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

MONK (CONT'D)

It looks like he could afford a carburetor.

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

Maybe he stole the suit. That's possible, isn't it? Maybe he stole the shoes. Maybe he was on a spree.

MONK

A suit, shoes and a carburetor? What kind of spree is that?

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

An eclectic spree.

NATALIE

(to Bennie)

Do you have any enemies?

BENNIE THE JUNKMAN

None that I can think of.

(indicates Disher)

Except for this guy. The Bicycle Thief. Ten bucks. Five bucks. Final offer.

LT. DISHER

Fine.

*11 END
SC. 2*

Disher... grumbling, reluctantly... hands Bennie five dollars.

MONK

(indicates the body)

what happened to his partner?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

What partner?

MONK

You said there was no car. That's a dirt road out there. His shoes are clean. Somebody must have dropped him off. They probably drove away after the gunshot.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(to Disher)

Tell CSI. Secure the road. Look for tire tracks.

LT. DISHER

Yes sir.

6/6

(CONTINUED)