

"MR. MONK IS ON THE RUN - PART I" - Prod/Network Draft - 10/8/07 9.

7 CONTINUED:

ANGEL LAWN STATUES  
247 Marshall Avenue  
Angel, California

Monk points to the sign and- once again- recites the cryptic message. We realize: the words, when spoken aloud, "sound out" the street address!

MONK

To- force- Heaven- Mars- shall- have-  
a- new- Angel.

Monk crosses to a DOOR. It's unlocked. Monk tenses. He takes his gun from his pocket, and enters...

8 INT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Inside. The warehouse is dark.

The place is spooky. Other-worldly. Rows and rows of assorted concrete LAWN STATUES. Hundreds of them. Gnomes, Cupids, Greek figures, fountains, etc. They cast WEIRD SHADOWS.

There's a LIGHT on, in the back of the warehouse. Monk walks toward it, warily.

A MYSTERIOUS MAN- tattoos, mid-40's, an ex-con- is there. He's waiting for someone. He addresses Monk.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

**Start** → Right on time. Did you bring it?

Monk freezes. Monk is half-hidden, in the shadows; the Mystery Man can't see him clearly.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)

The money. Do you have it or not?  
(annoyed)

Don't screw with me, man. I held up  
my end. I just got back from  
Riverton. It's all set up. We're  
good to go.

Monk steps into the light. The Mystery Man reacts, startled. He pulls out a deadly-looking KNIFE!

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)

Aw hell. Stay right there. Who the  
hell are you?

"MONK" - Mysterious man / 6-fingered man

(CONTINUED)

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8 CONTINUED:

8

Monk stops. He calmly takes out the XEROX COPY OF THE CRYPTIC NOTE.

MONK

You dropped this. During your shopping spree.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

My what? The hell are you talking about?

Monk steps forward.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)

Stay back! I mean it!

The Mystery Man gestures with his other hand, his fingers spread. We see the hand clearly. He has six fingers!

Monk reacts. It's him. Finally. Him.

SIX FINGERED MAN

Wait. I know you. You're the cop. With the-

Monk moves closer. Grim. Determined.

MONK

(softly)  
With the what?

SIX FINGERED MAN

With the wife.

Suddenly- Monk EXPLODES- with TEN YEARS OF PENT-UP FURY! Monk lunges forward! The Six Fingered Man tries to swing the KNIFE, but Monk is already on top of him! The knife is dropped.

They fight, exchanging vicious punches! They throw each other against the concrete statues. We've never seen Monk like this; he's trying to kill this man.

Finally, Monk pulls out his gun. He aims it at the Six Fingered Man. The Man freezes. They square off.

SIX FINGERED MAN (CONT'D)

You gonna kill me? Like this? Like a dog?

Monk actually might. Monk grimly clicks the gun's safety off.

(CONTINUED)

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6-fingered man

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8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

MONK

Why?

SIX FINGERED MAN

(babbling, pleading)

Why? I don't know why. I never know why. It was a just a job. I didn't even know the lady.

MONK

Who?

(beat)

Who hired you?

SIX FINGERED MAN

I tell you that, I'm a dead man.

MONK

Who?

The Six Fingered Man senses weakness. He smirks.

SIX FINGERED MAN

You can't do it, can you? It's not in you. I can tell.

// END

Suddenly- BLAM! A GUNSHOT rings out! The Six Fingered Man is shot! In the heart. He collapses, dead.

Monk reacts, shocked. He looks down, at his own gun. He can't remember pulling the trigger.

END OF ACT ONE

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