

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
(looking off)  
This might be him.

A beach-worn Prius pulls up on the ACCESS ROAD. Behind the wheel: CHANCE SINGER, a soft-spoken, gentle, aging hippie. We can only see him from the chest up. He's shirtless.

Monk, Natalie, Stottlemeyer & Disher step up.

START →

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)  
Mr. Singer?

Chance nods. Stottlemeyer flashes his BADGE.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)  
Capt. Stottlemeyer. SFPD. There was a homicide last night. A woman was killed.

CHANCE SINGER  
Oh no. All that negative energy. That's the last thing the world needs. Am I right?

LT. DISHER  
Do you know a girl named Vickie Cumberland?

CHANCE SINGER  
I know a couple of Vickie's. I'm not really into last names.

Monk steps forward, and interjects-

MONK  
Sir. Would you mind putting your shirt on.

CHANCE SINGER  
May I ask why?

~~MONK~~  
~~It would just... it would mean a lot to me.~~

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
(resuming)  
Mr. Singer, we found part of a fingernail belonging to the victim on your front porch.

"MONK" - CHANCE SINGER

4/5

CHANCE

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4 CONTINUED: (6)

4

LT. DISHER

Where were you last night, about  
midnight?

CHANCE SINGER

I was in jail. I was just released.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

It'll be easy enough to check.

MONK

(persisting)

Sir. About that shirt. I'm going  
to have to insist.

CHANCE SINGER

All right.

Chance climbs out of the car. He's nude. Completely naked!  
It goes without saying- we'll be shooting him very  
discreetly...

Chance casually puts a shirt on. He is- of course- still  
naked from the waist down.

CHANCE SINGER (CONT'D)

There. Now I'm "one of you". Are  
you happy?

Our foursome react- stunned, embarrassed.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(bemused)

I take it, you're a Nudist.

CHANCE SINGER

I prefer Naturist. Social nudity  
has been around for centuries,  
gentlemen. Get used to it.

Monk- needless to say- is stunned.

MONK

(quietly)

X y z.

CHANCE SINGER

There's really no biological necessity  
for clothing. It's a construct. A  
manmade artifice.

MONK

X y z. X y z.

(CONTINUED)

2/5

CHANCE

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4 CONTINUED: (7)

4

CHANCE SINGER  
I'm sorry. What does that mean?

MONK  
(near tears)  
Examine your zipper.

CHANCE SINGER  
Perhaps you should examine your  
attitude?

MONK  
Okay.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
Sir, would you mind taking a look at  
the victim. See if you recognize  
her.

CHANCE SINGER  
Whatever you say.

Stottlemeyer starts to lead Chance away.

CHANCE SINGER (CONT'D)  
When I first pulled up, I thought  
Barry Magnus had sent you.

LT. DISHER  
Barry Magnus? Magnus Computers?

Chance points up the hill, to the BEACH HOUSE we saw in the  
teaser.

CHANCE SINGER  
That's his house. He's been hassling  
me for years.

// END  
SC.1

Lt. Disher takes out his broken MagnaPod player. He looks  
up at the Beach house.

LT. DISHER  
(bitterly)  
That guy owes me 200 dollars.

Natalie turns. Nearby: Monk is looking up... directly at  
the sun!

NATALIE  
Mr. Monk! What are you doing?!  
You'll go blind!

(CONTINUED)

3/5

CHANCE

FEMALE NUDIST

How do people wear these things? I feel like I'm suffocating...

FIRST MALE NUDIST

I'm chafing. Are you chafing?

SECOND MALE NUDIST

Do you have any more of that powder?

SECOND FEMALE NUDIST

Here he comes.

A LIMOUSINE pulls up. Barry Magnus climbs out, flanked by TWO CORPORATE ATTORNEYS. A LOCAL TV REPORTER steps up.

TV REPORTER

Barry! Mr. Magnus! Channel Seven news. How do you feel?

BARRY MAGNUS

I feel great. I think the Board Of Supervisors are going to do the right thing. They understand I'm just a taxpayer. All I want is a little front yard of my own. A place to relax and play with my kids.

Chance Singer steps forward, and confronts him-

CHANCE SINGER

The problem is, Mr. Magnus, Barr Beach is not for sale. It belongs to the people of San Francisco.

START →  
SC. 2

BARRY MAGNUS

(amused)

Mr. Singer? Is that you? You look almost human.

(resuming, to Reporter)

California has been blessed with 1200 miles of coastline. There are plenty of other beaches for Mr. Singer and his freak friends to throw their frisbees on.

(then)

Here's the real issue: I am a high profile individual. I need that beach for privacy and personal security. You may have heard, a young woman was killed on that property a few days ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/5

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

BARRY MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
The police have been questioning Mr. Singer about the incident...

CHANCE SINGER  
(interrupting)  
You can't say that! He can't just accuse people!

BARRY MAGNUS  
I'm not accusing you, sir. Adrian Monk is.

(to Reporter, smugly)  
~~Mr. Monk is considered the best detective in San Francisco, and he's confided to me that Mr. Singer is his primary suspect.~~

CHANCE SINGER  
And you believe him? Adrian Monk is certifiable. He was in my house last night, without a warrant, hiding in my closet. I was going to press charges, but I feel sorry for him. I just hope he gets the help he needs...

// END  
SC. 2 19

19 INT. KROGER'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Across town. In Dr. Kroger's office. Monk and Dr. Kroger are mid-session....

WE'VE NEVER SEEN A SESSION LIKE THIS. The mood is heavy. Monk is frightened. He's about to reveal something traumatic.

A long beat. Another beat. Monk takes a breath.

MONK  
(quietly)  
There's something I never told you. Something happened... when I was a boy...

Dr. Kroger tenses. This is big. This is important.

MONK (CONT'D)  
There was an incident. With a man...

DR. KROGER  
(very quiet)  
Who was it?

(CONTINUED)

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