

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

The other way, Monk. Pearl Street.

Monk changes direction, and walks away. Stottlemeyer and Disher watch him go, concerned.

23 INT. PASTEUR'S TAVERN -- LATER THAT NIGHT

23

Later. Pasteur's is a tidy, working-class bar. DARTS. A JUKE BOX. A few PATRONS. It's late. It's quiet.

Monk is following "Dr. Stottlemeyer's" advice. He's sitting at the end of the bar. He looks worn down, like he belongs there.

The BARTENDER is pouring his drink.

BARTENDER

Single Malt. You want it neat?

MONK

Neat? Yes. Please. Very neat.

BARTENDER

Do you know what neat means?

MONK

No.

Monk sits there. Nursing his drink. There's an AQUARIUM behind the bar, with ONE LONELY FISH. Monk watches the fish swim around and around.

During this, at the OTHER END OF THE BAR: a PAIR of very drunk FRATERNITY KIDS are ordering drinks. The BARTENDER serves one of them a bourbon.

Sitting nearby: an amiable, small-time hustler named GULLY. Gully sizes up his "prey". He slides over, and addresses the Frat Boys...

START →

GULLY

Bourbon, huh? Good choice. The drink of kings. Bourbon makes a man feel the way a man oughta feel without bourbon.

(then)

You guys like to bet?

The drunken Frat Boys nod. Gully waves a DOLLAR BILL.

"MONK" - GULLY

1/4

GULLY (CONT'D)

I got a dollar that says I can drink that bourbon without touching the glass.

FRAT KID

You're gonna drink this... without touching the glass?

(chuckles,
confidentially)

You're on.

Gully grabs the glass of bourbon and quickly drinks it down.

FRAT KID

(confused)

Hey- you touched the glass-

GULLY

You're right. You win. Here's a dollar.

Gully cheerfully pays the Kid the DOLLAR. As he does-

BARTENDER

(to Frat Kid)

That'll be eight dollars.

The Frat Kid realizes: he's been tricked! Gully smiles, tips his hat, and walks across the bar. He sits next to Monk.

Gully indicates the FISH TANK.

GULLY

Goldfish. They have no short-term memory. Every time that little fella comes around that tank, it's like he's seeing everything for the first time.

MONK

I bet you wish you were in there with him. You could keep cheating him out of his money. He'd never catch on.

GULLY

(amused)

Buddy, I am in there with him.

MONK

You're a con man.

GULLY

It's two AM. You're in the big city. Everybody you meet is on the grift, one way or another. Big con, little con. Everybody's playing the angles.

Monk hasn't touched his whiskey.

GULLY (CONT'D)

You're not thirsty?

MONK

I'm not much of a drinker.

GULLY

Me neither. I just can't think of a better way to get all this alcohol into my body.

(to the Bartender)

Barkeep. I'll have a gin and tonic.

The Bartender nods... and pours Gully's drink.

GULLY (CONT'D)

My name is Gulliver. Gully to my friends.

MONK

Adrian.

(then)

So that's what you do? You go around, conning kids out of their allowance?

GULLY

Don't worry. I'm not gonna try anything with you. You're an adult. You've seen things. You've been around.

MONK

That's right.

GULLY

You're too smart to be conned.

MONK

That's right.

GULLY

You probably don't even bet. Or gamble. You're straight-edge.

 MONK

That's right.

GULLY

If you ever did bet, it would have to be a sure thing.

MONK

That's right.

GULLY

For example, if I asked you to play poker with me, you'd say no way.

MONK

That's right.

GULLY

But if I said something like: I bet I can tell where you got your shoes, that's a bet you'd probably take. Because I don't know you. We just met. There's no way I could know where you got your shoes.

MONK

Exactly.

GULLY

For how much?

MONK

What?

GULLY

I'll bet you fifty dollars I can tell where you got your shoes.

MONK

Where I got these shoes?

Gully takes out his wallet. He puts 50 DOLLARS- cash- on the bar.

MONK (CONT'D)

These shoes? The shoes I'm wearing?

Monk considers this. He can't lose. He nods.

MONK (CONT'D)

You're on.

"MR. MONK IS UP ALL NIGHT" - Prod/Net ***PREVIEW*** - 6/7/07 25.

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

Monk takes out his wallet. He puts 50 DOLLARS on the bar.
A beat. Then Gully declares:

GULLY

You got those shoes on your feet.

Monk blinks. He's too stunned to speak. Gully smiles, and scoops up all the money.

24 INT. SAME BAR - A BOOTH -- AN HOUR LATER

24

Later. The JUKE BOX is playing a different song. Only the HARD-CORE BARFLYS are still there.

Monk and Gully have moved to a BOOTH. They've been talking, bonding. Gully's been drinking; there are some EMPTY GLASSES in front of him.

Monk's WALLET is open. He's showing Gully Trudy's old DRIVER'S LICENSE.

GULLY

She was beautiful.

MONK

Yes she was.

GULLY

Beauty isn't everything, but it's sure nice to look at.

MONK

You're very deep.

GULLY

(shrugging)
I sound deep. But deep down I'm very shallow.

Gully reads the fine print.

GULLY (CONT'D)

She was an angel.

MONK

(nodding)
She was an angel.

Monk sadly puts his wallet away. Gully considers him.

GULLY

Adrian, what are you doing out here?
You should be home in bed.

(CONTINUED)

5/7

MONK

I can't sleep.

GULLY

Because of this other woman? This taxi driver?

MONK

I know it sounds crazy. It feels crazy.

During the following- for no apparent reason- Gully starts collecting SQUARE CARDBOARD COASTERS from the table.

GULLY

You know the train station? There's a taxi stand by the South Street exit. The dispatcher's name is Essie. She knows every hack in the city.

MONK

Essie.

Monk nods. He rises. Gully rises, too.

MONK (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm going to do it. I've got nothing to lose.

GULLY

I'm gonna keep your money, otherwise you wouldn't remember: it's after hours. It's a different world out there. You can't trust anybody. Where's your wallet?

MONK

Back pocket.

GULLY

No, no, no. Bad idea. Give it to me.

Monk hands Gully his wallet. Gully takes it... reaches into MONK'S JACKET... and puts the wallet snugly into Monk's inner pocket.

GULLY (CONT'D)

Keep it right there, where you can feel it. Can you feel it?

Monk nods. He's filled with gratitude.

GULLY

"MR. MONK IS UP ALL NIGHT" - Prod/Net ***PREVIEW*** - 6/7/07 27.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

MONK

Gully... I don't know what to say...

GULLY

Don't say anything. Find your Mystery Woman. Then go home. Go to bed.

MONK

You're a good man.

Monk exits. After he's gone, Gully grins. We reveal: he's holding MONK'S WALLET, which he's just stolen!

GULLY

(to himself)
Don't bet on it.

// END

25 ~~EXT. TAXI DISPATCH STAND - TRAIN STATION -- LATER THAT NIGHT~~ 25

~~Later. A few blocks away. In front of the big TRAIN TERMINAL.~~

~~Monk is talking to ESSIE- a bored, 50-ish, taxi dispatcher. Essie's been there for decades. She's smoking. She's reading a magazine. She couldn't care less. She never looks up.~~

~~ESSIE THE DISPATCHER~~

~~She's not Hispanic. She's from Brazil, which makes her Latino. There's a difference.~~

~~MONK~~

~~(stunned)
You know her?~~

~~ESSIE THE DISPATCHER~~

~~Silver Taxi? Number 402? That's Maria Cardona.~~

~~MONK~~

~~Maria.~~

~~ESSIE THE DISPATCHER~~

~~I'm sure you two'll be very happy.~~

~~MONK~~

~~Do you know where...?~~

~~ESSIE THE DISPATCHER~~

~~She checks in at 4:30, when the first commuter express pulls in. You can~~

7/7