

Across town. In a sad, cramped, cluttered apartment.

Stottlemeyer and Disher are questioning the <u>weirdest family</u> <u>in California</u>. The father: WINSTON KASINSKY. A thin, intense man. Mid-30s. He's a competitive eater. An egg eater.

And GLORIA, his bitter, dumpy wife. And their creepy tenyear-old SON. The boy never speaks. He just sits there, eating a hard-boiled egg, <u>staring</u> at Stottlemeyer and Disher. We're in Adams Pamily country.

Disher is showing Kasinsky some hand written letters.

### KASINSKY

Did I write 'em? Yeah. I'm not denying it. But I never hurt anybody. (bitterly)
I'm not a maniac. I'm a competitive eater. I'm a professional.

Gloria indicates a LINE OF TROPHIES, on various shelves.

KASINSKY

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GLORIAHe's an athlete. You see all those trophies?

CART. STOTTLEMEYER
Yes ma'am. Very impressive.
(then)
Look. This isn't a magazine interview. This is a homicide inventigation. A security guard was killed last night. The man who killed him stole the Togo exhibit.

Lt. Disher reads from Kasinsky's letters.

b:groß

LT. DISHER

You called Mr. Togo "a sham". And a "disgrace". And a "charlatan".

KASTNSKY

Which he is. It's not slander if it's true.

GLORIA

(explaining)

When Togo broke that record, he was in Malaysia. The eggs are smaller there.

KASINSKY

They're twelve centimeters.

PARTY DOGY VIOWS INVA.

Stottlemeyer and Disher exchange eye rolls.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Right. The eggs are smaller.

(resuming)

Last February, in broad daylight, you defaced the plaque in front of the Togo exhibit.

KASINSKY

I didn't deface it. I corrected it.

GLORIA
(proudly)
The fact is, my husband is the <u>true</u>
World champion. He beat that record
two years ago, in Mexico City He
ate 54 eggs in 6 minutes.

(cv4 to->>)

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12

US CITTLEMENTS.

# GLORIA

bear-16 --

But the Ripley Committee wouldn't recognize it. They said the last three eggs weren't down.

### KASINSKY

They were down. Long enough.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER Yeah. I'm sorry I missed that.

# LT. DICHER

Mr. Kasinsky. Where were you last night? Between nine and ten PM?

### KASINSKY

Last night? We were at the Chicken Meister.

LT. DISHER

The ... Chicken Meister?

#### KASINSKY

It's a restaurant. On Vinton Street. With an All-You-Can Eat Buffet.

Speeding GLORIA

LT, DISHER

Did you pay with a credit card?

KASINSKY

No. But they'll remember me.

LT. DISHER

We'll check it out.

KASINSKY

Good! Check it out!

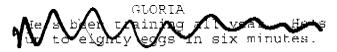
(then)

Look. It wasn't me. I'm not angry anymore. I'm past all that. I'm going to compete again, in Boston, in two weeks. This time, there won't be any question who's top dog.

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CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Really?

KASINSKY

You don't believe me?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

No. I'm sure you're very... gifted.

KASINSKY

(to his son)

Evan. Get the eggs.

The BOY crosses... sullenly... to the kitchen.

KASINSKY (CONT'D)

We'll do it right now. You're my witnesses. Which is perfect. You're cops. They'll have to believe you.

The Boy returns with a HUGE BOWL of HARD BOILED ECOS.

KASINSKY (CONT'D)

Good boy.

Kasinsky quickly cats two eggs.

LT. DISHER

(keeping count)

Two...

KASINSKY

No. They don't count. That was my breakfast. Here we go.

11 END

cashreky <u>warms up</u>, as if he were an Olympic athlets. He By retches his mouth w i d a.t. he yawns... he practices sumping his arms up and down, to his mouth.

FASINSKY (CONT<u>'</u>D)

VANA. Waaa. WAAAAA

Gloria takes out a STOPMAICH.

GLORIÀ

(Are you ready?

<u>LT. D</u>ISHER

I don't think so.

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