

CONTINUED: (2)

5

MONK

Maybe the department does, but I don't.

(to Marge)

My name is Monk. If it happens again, call the dispatcher, and have them forward the call to me. I'll take care of it.

Marge takes Monk's face in her hands. It's Mother Love: the sweetest, purest love in the world.

MARGE

You're a good boy. I can see it in your eyes. I can tell things about people.

MONK

(soaking it up)

I'm a good boy.

MARGE

Have some candy.

MONK

Okay.

Marge fishes in her purse- the way old ladies do- and hands Monk an old piece of cellophane-wrapped HARD CANDY.

6 INT. RIPLEY'S MUSEUM LATER DAY 6

Back at the Oddity Museum. The DISPLAY ROOM is now a FULL ON CRIME SCENE. CSI TECHS. COPS. POLICE TAPE. etc.

The SECURITY GUARD'S BODY is still- grotesquely- impaled on the model swordfish... beside the impaled fisherman-mannequin.

Capt. Stottlemeyer watches, as TWO PARAMEDICS start removing the GUARD'S BODY. The MUSEUM'S CURATOR steps up. He's nervous, middle-age, curator-ish.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Excuse me. Do they have to remove the body? You see, this is a Museum of Oddities...

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

So I gather.

START →

"MONK" - MUSEUM CURATOR

(CONTINUED)

1/4

CURATOR

"MR. MONK AND THE BAD NEIGHBOR" - Prod/Network Draft - 11/3/08 9.

6 CONTINUED:

6

MUSEUM CURATOR

As you can see, this man- the victim-
has been impaled on a swordfish...
which already had another gentleman
impaled on it. You understand, this
is a Godsend for us. We pray for
things like this.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(disgusted)

Sir, this man is not a mannequin.
He was a human being. He had a name.
He had a family.

MUSEUM CURATOR

We pray for things like this. "The
Human ShishKaBob- Believe It Or Not".

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Could you stand over there, please.

(CUT TO →)

ACROSS THE ROOM: Monk and Natalie are looking at TWO EXHIBITS.

NATALIE

Look at this one. "The Man Who Ate
An Entire Buick".

(reading another
display)

"The Man Who Was Hit By Lightning
Seven Times".

(comparing the two)

Oh my God. I think it's the same
guy! That's the same guy!

(excitedly)

Maybe that's why he kept getting hit
by lightning. Because he ate the
Buick. Because it's all metal.
What do you think?

MONK

Maybe.

Monk is still sucking on the HARD CANDY that Marge gave him.

NATALIE

What are you chewing? Is that candy?
Where did you get it?

MONK

(coyly)

A friend.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

NATALIE
 What friend?

MONK
 I made a friend. Believe It Or Not.

NATALIE
 (gushing)
 It's that lady, isn't it? That sweet old lady. Marge. She gave you candy. I think that's so cute. You're eating her candy!

MONK
 Shut up.

Stottlemeyer Steps up with the Museum Curator

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 Doesn't look like robbery. There was fifty bucks in the cash register. He didn't touch it.

pick-up →

MONK
 What about the exhibits? Is anything missing?

MUSEUM CURATOR
 We haven't done a full inventory yet, but I haven't noticed anything.

Lt. Dishner is across the room.

~~me.~~

Dishner indicates an empty space.

LT. DISHER
 Where's Togo?

~~Who?~~

LT. DISHER
 Togo. The Egg Eating Robot. He was right here.

MUSEUM CURATOR
 You're right. He's right. I don't know how I missed it. Togo's been here for years. He's a mechanical man.

(cut to →)

(CONTINUED)

3/4

Nearby: Monk is in his "Zen Monk" mode. He's pacing, thinking. He notices: some narrow tire tracks on the floor.

MONK
I think he was alone.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
How do you know?

MONK
Two guys could've just carried it out. He brought a hand truck.

Stottlemeier takes a CLOSER LOOK. So do we. There are faint scratches on the floor within the tread-marks, every few inches.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
There's a nick. Here. Here. Every ten inches.

MONK
(nodding)
There was something in the tire. Maybe a nail.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(to a CSI TECH)
Let's get some pictures.

Monk resumes pacing. He notices: the PLAQUE, marking Togo's empty spot. It says: "TOGO KAMALA- All-Time World Champion Egg Eater." The plaque is new. Pristine.

pick-up →

MONK
(puzzled)
This is a new sign. No nicks or scratches. You said the exhibit's been here for years...?

MUSEUM CURATOR
We had to replace the plaque. About two months ago, some nut from Berkeley spray-painted all over it.

MONK
Why?

MUSEUM CURATOR
He's a nut. He's an Egg Eater. He says he broke the world record, and it should be him in the museum.

// END