

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

MONK

He must have taken it.  
(puzzled)

He left her jewelry. You said he had a wallet. Was there still money in it?

LT. DISHER

(nodding)

Dollars and Euros.

Monk looks around. He thinks out loud...

MONK

They came down here... six thirty, seven o'clock... to see the sunset. They saw something else. They witnessed something.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

And were killed for it.

NATALIE

What was it?

MONK

It must've been pretty terrible. Something... inhuman. Something so horrifying that-  
(glancing at watch)

Is that the time? We have to go.

Monk anxiously leads Natalie away.

LT. DISHER

We found some tire tracks...

MONK

(calling, walking away)

GET SOME PICTURES. TAKE SOME PICTURES! I GOTTA GO!

5

INT. CITY HALL BUILDING - LOBBY -- LATER

5

An hour later. In City Hall. In an ORNATE LOBBY. A few CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS and their STAFF are milling about.

Monk and Natalie enter. Natalie is sipping a BOTTLED WATER.

They're greeted by PAUL COVEY, a well-known local reporter. Snobbish. Sort of a dandy. Covey always dresses immaculately, in expensive suits and neckties.

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(CONTINUED)

1/6

"MONK" - PAUL COVEY

PAUL

START →  
SC. 1

PAUL COVEY

Adrian Monk? And you must be Natalie.  
Do you have a minute? I'm Paul Covey.  
I'm with the San Francisco Observer.

NATALIE

You're a reporter?

PAUL COVEY

I am the reporter.  
(then)  
I've been following your story. I'm  
thinking of writing an article about  
you and your parking garage. Man  
versus playground.

NATALIE

I can only imagine. You'd make him  
look like a monster.

PAUL COVEY

On the contrary, Miss Teeger. Don't  
repeat this to anyone.  
(leaning in, low)  
I'm on your side. I hope you pull  
it off.

NATALIE

Well. That's very sympathetic.

PAUL COVEY

Sympathy has nothing to do with it.  
Parking's a bitch in that  
neighborhood. Call me.

// END  
SC. 1

Covey hands them a BUSINESS CARD, and strides away. HAROLD  
KRENSHAW, Monk's longtime nemesis, steps up. Krenshaw is  
now a City Councilman.

HAROLD KRENSHAW

Hello Adrian. Natalie.

Monk sighs, unhappily.

MONK

Hello Harold.

HAROLD KRENSHAW

I heard about your little temper  
tantrum downtown.

NATALIE

It wasn't a temper tantrum.

(CONTINUED)

2/6

PAUL

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

MONK  
Yes. Yes I am.

Finally, the document is printed. Maria begrudgingly hands it to Natalie.

MARIA  
(to Monk)  
For the record, I don't like you at all.

NATALIE  
She disappeared yesterday, Monday, around noon.  
(reading the schedule)  
Monday. 10:30. She was meeting... Paul Covey.

MONK  
The reporter?

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - PARKING LOT -- MORNING (DAY 3)

7

The next morning. In a PARKING LOT, outside an OFFICE BUILDING. A sign: SAN FRANCISCO OBSERVER- EMPLOYEE PARKING ONLY.

Paul Covey- the dapperly-dressed crusading reporter- pulls up in a new, expensive LUXURY CAR.

Monk, Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Dishar are waiting for him.

START →  
SC. 2

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
Mr. Covey? Good morning.  
(flashing badge)  
I'm Melana Stottlemeyer. This is  
Lt. Dishar. You know Monk, Natalie  
Teeger.

LT. DISHER  
You're a hard man to find. We've  
been leaving messages at your house.

PAUL COVEY  
I apologize, Lieutenant. I was out  
all night. I'm working on a series  
of articles about police corruption.  
Very confidential. Hush-hush. You  
understand.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
Yeah. I look forward to not reading  
that.

(CONTINUED)

316

PAUL

7 CONTINUED:

7

NATALIE

Nice car.

PAUL COVEY

Yes it is. All it takes is hard work, a modicum of natural talent, and marrying a billionaire's only daughter.

(then)

I'm late. As usual. Would you mind if we talk and walk?

They all start toward the building, as...

PAUL COVEY (CONT'D)

What about your crusade, Mr. Monk? How did the vote go?

MONK

Actually, they never voted. It's been postponed.

PAUL COVEY

Is that why you're here?

MONK

In a way. Indirectly. Congresswoman Hill is officially missing.

Paul Covey stops. He's shocked.

PAUL COVEY

She's missing?

NATALIE

Since yesterday.

PAUL COVEY

Did you check her apartment? I think she lived with her sister.

MONK

We were there last night. There were no signs of a struggle. Nothing unusual.

PAUL COVEY

What about her car?

LT. DISHER

It was parked out front. Her wallet and car keys are gone.

(CONTINUED)

4/6

PAUL

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

PAUL COVEY

That's not a good sign, is it?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

No sir. It is not. According to her schedule, you were with her yesterday morning.

Paul Covey resumes walking.

PAUL COVEY

That's true. She met me here, at the office. I've known Eileen for years. She had read an article of mine, and had a few questions.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Did she seem depressed?

PAUL COVEY

No.

LT. DISHER

Had she been drinking?

PAUL COVEY

No. She wouldn't be drinking now.

MONK

What was the article about? The one she was interested in?

PAUL COVEY

It was about the food industry. About hot dog vendors.

NATALIE

I read that!

(wincing)

I haven't eaten a hot dog since.

(wincing more)

And the pictures. Eeeew.

PAUL COVEY

I'm going to take that as a compliment. That's actually a talent of mine. I can take almost anything as a compliment.

(resuming)

Eileen read the article, too. It became sort of a pet project.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5/6

PAUL

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

PAUL COVEY (CONT'D)

She said she was going to try to shut them all down. In fact...  
(recalling)

I remember now. She was planning to meet a man named George Gianopolous.

NATALIE

The Hot Dog King.

PAUL COVEY

When she left, she said that's where she was going.

They've reached the MAIN ENTRANCE.

PAUL COVEY (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

No sir. If anything else comes up, we'll be in touch.

PAUL COVEY

I look forward to it.

// END

Sc. 2

Paul Covey enters the building. Monk is baffled.

~~MONK  
Ho...eggs?~~

8

INT. HOT DOG VENDING WAREHOUSE DAY

8

Later. Across town. In a LARGE WAREHOUSE owned by a HOT DOG COMPANY. It's filled with STREET HOT DOG CARTS. The place is damp and steaming and disgusting.

Monk, Natalie, Stottlemyer and Disher enter. All around them: filthy STREET VENDORS are preparing their filthy STREET CARTS.

Nearby: some RAW HOT DOGS spill onto the floor. A VENDOR just scoops them up, bare-handed, and dumps them into his cart.

Nearby: ANOTHER VENDOR is washing off his cart using dirty soapy water from a bucket... then he empties the same bucket into his cart's hot dog tank.

Monk watches all this. He's horrified.

~~MONK~~

~~I was buried alive once.~~

(CONTINUED)

6/6