

14 CONTINUED: (2)

MONK

Black paint. They paint their wires,
so they can't be seen.

LT. DISHER

(jotting down)
A magician.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

You were the first one back here.
Did you see anybody?

MONK

No.
(then)
There was a Maintenance Man. Maybe
he noticed something.

STAGE MANAGER

The maintenance crew doesn't work on
Saturdays.

A beat. Oh my God! Monk realizes-

MONK

(staggered)
I saw him!

15 INT. FUNERAL HOME - RECEPTION AREA -- DAYS LATER (DAY 5) 15

A few days later. At a FUNERAL HOME. A somber reception is
in progress. DORFMAN'S CLOSED CASKET is on display.

FAMILY and FRIENDS are milling about. Dorfman's relatives-
SIBLINGS, AUNTS, UNCLES- all look like Kevin: skinny, dark
hair, glasses. And they're equally boring.

UNCLE LOU

He was the nicest kid I ever knew.
Last summer, after the hurricane, he
came over and cleaned out all my
gutters. Except for the garage. I
didn't have gutters on my garage. I
have them now. I didn't have them
then. I put the gutters in three
weeks ago. Actually, I had to redo
the whole roof...

Across the room: Monk and Natalie are standing beside a
tasteful PHOTO of the deceased.

MONK

Nice picture.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - AUNT SHEILA

~~ADRIAN~~
Full

1/24

AUNT Sheila

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15 CONTINUED:

15

NATALIE
I took that picture. It took me two hours. I wanted to get one where he wasn't talking.

MONK
Well. You did it.

NATALIE
Actually, I had to photoshop it.

DORFMAN'S AUNT SHEILA steps up. She's a sweet, older, female version of Kevin Dorfman.

START →
Sc 1

AUNT SHEILA
You must be Adrian Monk. And Natalie.

MONK
That's right.

AUNT SHEILA
I'm Kevin's Aunt Sheila.

NATALIE
Hello. We're so sorry for your loss.

AUNT SHEILA
Thank you, dear. I feel like I know you both. Kevin talked about you all the time.

NATALIE
That's sweet.

AUNT SHEILA
I mean, all the time.

MONK
I can imagine.

AUNT SHEILA
We had a little tradition. He would call me every Sunday night and tell me all about his week. We never missed a Sunday. I think that's what I'm going to miss most of all: our Sunday night chats...

NATALIE
Yes, ma'am. He was very special.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

AUNT Sheila

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15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

AUNT SHEILA

Wait. I tell a lie. We did miss one Sunday. Twelve and a half years ago, because that was the summer I went to Italy with my church group.

MONK

Ah.

AUNT SHEILA

But when I got back we made up for it. We talked twice that week. Friday and Sunday.

MONK & NATALIE

(anxious to leave)

Imagine that. Okay. Well...

AUNT SHEILA

Although we didn't have as much to talk about on Sunday, because we had just spoken the previous Friday. And then there was the time my phone service was interrupted. Wait. That was on a Tuesday. So it didn't really affect-

NATALIE

(interrupting)

I'm sorry. I just remembered. I'm thirsty.

AUNT SHEILA

You forgot you were thirsty?

NATALIE

I've just been so busy. Very nice meeting you.

Monk and Natalie walk away.

MONK

So it's hereditary?

NATALIE

Apparently, it's a dominant trait.

(then)

You know what? I really am thirsty.

Nearby: The Great Merlini and Tanya are mingling with some OTHER MOURNERS. Merlini is smoking a pipe. Tanya is holding a BOTTLED WATER.

(CONTINUED)

11 END
9c.1
3/4

Aunt Sheila

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ACT THREE

20 INT. DORFMAN'S APARTMENT -- NEXT DAY (DAY 7)

20

The next day. Monk, Natalie, Aunt Sheila and Uncle Lou are in Kevin Dorfman's apartment. They're packing up... sorting through Kevin's things. It's a heartbreaking job.

Aunt Sheila is putting PHOTOGRAPHS into a box. She looks at one. It's a PHOTO of Kevin and Monk.

START
SC.2 →

AUNT SHEILA
Adrian. I think he'd want you to have this one.

Monk takes the picture.

MONK
Thank you.

Sheila and Uncle Lou are leaving. They each lift a CARTON.

UNCLE LOU
We're going back to the hotel. You two stay as long as you want.

AUNT SHEILA
Anything you find, feel free to keep it. He really did love you both.

// END

Sheila and Uncle Lou leave. Monk and Natalie are alone. Natalie starts cleaning up.

SC.2

NATALIE
Where are you putting the trash?

MONK
I'm not. I can't seem to throw anything away.

NATALIE
I know. Me neither.

Natalie finds: an OLD BOX OF INDEX CARDS.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
It's his joke file.

Monk reads a card at random. He shakes his head.

MONK
I still don't get it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/4