

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

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!

"MONK" - UNCLE LOU

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.

START →

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.

(CUT TO →)

(CONTINUED)

1/2

UNCLE LOU

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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.

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.

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

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)

2/2