

19 CONTINUED:

19

MONK

That's a great anecdote. Thank you,  
Natalie.

Ramone steps up with a CARDBOARD BOX, filled with personal memorabilia: PHOTO ALBUMS, OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, etc.

RAMONE

I found this in the attic. Where do  
you want it?

NATALIE

You can leave it here.

Ramone puts the box down, and exits. There's an old SCRAPBOOK in the box. Natalie is bored. And curious. She opens it.

INSERT- OLD SCRAPBOOK

Natalie leafs through the scrapbook. The pages are filled with yellowing, 30-year-old NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Curiously, the articles are about trivial, local events: school board elections... bake sales... club meetings, etc.

RESUME- SCENE

Natalie shows Monk the scrapbook.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Look at this.  
(reading CLIPPINGS)  
"Fire Hydrants To Be Painted... More  
Rain Expected Thursday... Garden  
Club to Meet". It's so boring. Why  
would anybody save all this?

MONK

Maybe... you see... what happened...  
(stops; he's stumped)  
I have no idea.

"MONK" - MR. SUTTON

20 EXT. ARMORED CAR BUILDING - PARKING LOT -- SAME TIME

20

A few blocks away. At an old building. A sign says: HAMPTON STREET DEPOSITORY. Some ARMORED CARS are parked out front.

Stottlemeyer and Disher are in the PARKING LOT. They're talking with the company's owner, MR. SUTTON. 30-ish.

(CONTINUED)

1/4

SUTTON

20 CONTINUED:

20

START →

MR. SUTTON

It was before my time. But my father told me all about it.

(indicates window)

He was in his office, right up there, when it happened. 1968. The day before Christmas.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I was a just kid, but I remember everybody talking about it.

(gesturing)

Is that the gate?

MR. SUTTON

Yes sir. Three gunmen. They stole a milk truck and rammed it through that gate. They shot two guards, and got away with four million dollars.

LT. DISHER

And this is back when four million dollars was considered a lot of money.

A puzzled, awkward beat.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(nearly) Just go on.

MR. SUTTON

All I know is, we never recovered a nickel.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Until today.

Lt. Disher holds up a CLEAR EVIDENCE BAG, containing: some of the OLD CASH they found earlier.

MR. SUTTON

From the robbery?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

The serial numbers match. We recovered forty two hundred dollars.

LT. DISHER

A woman named Cassie Rank was murdered last night. We found it in her closet.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

Sutton

"MR. MONK BUYS A HOUSE" - Prod/Network Draft - 4/23/08 40.

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

Mr. Sutton reaches for the cash.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)  
Sorry. We have to keep it for a  
while. Material evidence.

MR. SUTTON  
(shrugging)  
Well. We've waited this long.  
Where's the rest of it?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
We're working on that. I was just  
re-reading the file. They caught  
two of the three perps a few weeks  
later. Career bad guys. They died  
in jail, without ratting out their  
partner.

MR. SUTTON  
That's right. The third man  
disappeared. With the money.  
(indicates BILLS)  
Until now. I guess he wasn't a big  
spender.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
Or he was scared. Or dead.

MR. SUTTON  
My father always figured it was an  
inside job. He was sure the third  
man was somebody who worked here.  
Right under his nose.

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~  
~~He might be right.~~

LT. DISHER  
The woman who died was a private  
nurse. Her last patient was a man  
named Joseph Keho.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
Does that name ring a bell?

MR. SUTTON  
Not to me. I could check him out.  
It'll take me ten minutes.

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~  
We'd appreciate it.

(cut to →)

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Sutton

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23 CONTINUED:

23

(PICK UP) →

MR. SUTTON

You were right. Joseph Keho. He worked here for nine years.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(reading the form)

He retired six weeks after the robbery. What a surprise.

Mr. Sutton points, toward Monk's house.

MR. SUTTON

He lived right around the corner. On Beech Street.

//END

LT. DISHER

We know. A friend of ours just bought the house.

Disher turns. He notices: PUFFS OF SMOKE, rising above the skyline. The puffs are irregularly-shaped... like an INDIAN SMOKE SIGNAL in an old Western movie.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)

(puzzled)

Captain...

Stottlemeier turns. He, too, sees the strange SMOKE-PUFFS.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

What the hell...?

LT. DISHER

Some kind of signal...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

It's Morse Code! Dot, dot... dash...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER & LT. DISHER

("reading" the puffs, overlapping)

Dash, dot... H... E...

Is that an L...?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

"Help". It's Natalie!

24 INT. MONK'S NEW HOUSE -- SAME TIME

24

Meanwhile, in Monk's demolished house, Monk and Natalie-- still manacled-- are at the FIREPLACE.

(CONTINUED)

4/4