

ACT THREE

14 INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - 5 AM -- DAWN (DAY 4) 14

The next morning. In Monk's apartment. Someone is at the door. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

Monk shuffles to the door, half-awake, in his bathrobe.

START →
SC. 1

MONK
(groggy)
Hello...?

Monk checks the PEEPHOLE. Opens the door. It's Ray Regis. Regis is dressed in a sweatsuit, ready and eager to work out.

MONK (CONT'D)
(confused)
Ray? Did something happen? What time is it?

RAY REGIS
It's time to do this- that's what time it is!

MONK
I wonder what we're talking about.

RAY REGIS
You wanted my help, remember? Quid pro quo?

MONK
Quid...?

RAY REGIS
Pro quo. I owe you, brother. My word is my bond. You're gonna pass that physical next week- I guarantee it.

MONK
Oh... no. I didn't mean...
(then)
Here's the thing. This is my first quid pro quo. I didn't know they started this early.

RAY REGIS
It's not early. It's 5 AM. I took the whole day off.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - RAY REGIS

1/5

RAY

"MR. MONK TAKES A PUNCH" - Prod/Net Draft - FULL REVISED - 5/19/08 30.

14 CONTINUED:

14

RAY REGIS (CONT'D)

I told Louie I had to clear my head,
after everything that's happened.

Regis has brought a thermos. He hands it to Monk.

RAY REGIS (CONT'D)

We're starting right now. Drink
this.

MONK

What is it?

RAY REGIS

Don't ask.

MONK

Okay. But what is it?

RAY REGIS

Louie invented it 20 years ago.
It's every juice and herb he could
think of, all mixed together. He
calls it "Go Juice". It makes you
Go Go Go Go Go Go Go Go!

MONK

You're giving me a laxative?

RAY REGIS

When I say "Go" I mean "Like the
wind". Like the beast you were and
will be again! You're a beast!
What are you?

MONK

(embarrassed)

A beast.

RAY REGIS

What. Are. You?

MONK

I'm a beast.

RAY REGIS

(re: thermos)

Let's do this.

Monk drinks. He winces. It tastes God-awful.

// END

Sc. 1

2/5

RAY

CONTINUED: (2)

SOUND ENGINEER

(shrugging)

Okay. Fine. I guess we need a break anyway.

The Engineer leaves. Monk and Regis are alone. ON THE SCREEN: the VIDEO TAPE continues playing, silently. We see outtakes from the commercial shoot

RAY REGIS

(embarrassed)

It was Louie's idea. He said we should cash in now, while we can.

(wryly)

If the bomb had killed me, this commercial would never run. It woulda done the world a favor.

ON THE SCREEN: the "outtake reel" continues. It's between takes. The CAMERA CREW is setting up. A man- the HOMEOWNER- storms in! 50-ish. Designer suit. He's carrying an overnight bag.

The Homeowner looks surprised. He gestures, angrily: "What the hell is going on here?! What are they doing here?"

His ATTRACTIVE, YOUNGER WIFE appears. She gestures, apologetically: "I'm sorry, darling. I didn't think you'd mind..."

Start
Sc. 2 →

MONK

Who is he?

RAY REGIS

That's the guy who owns the house. That's his old lady. Apparently, she didn't tell him we were gonna shoot there. He came home and went postal. He kept shouting and threatening everybody. I wouldn't want to go twelve rounds with that guy.

Then, down to business: Monk has brought a file of XEROXED PHOTOS and PAPERS. He drops the file on a table.

RAY REGIS (CONT'D)

What's this?

MONK

You threw the fight, Ray. Five years ago. The title fight.

RAY

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11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Regis chuckles, nervously.

RAY REGIS

You hear stories like that after every fight...

MONK

I had Natalie's daughter do some research for me ~~at the worldwide internet computer was. Don't worry. I didn't tell her what I was looking for...~~

Monk opens the file. It's filled with PHOTOS from Ray Regis's career. Photos of ten different fights. In all of them: Louie Flynn is in Regis's corner.

MONK (CONT'D)

There's Louie Flynn. He's always in your corner. Always wearing the same cross.

RAY REGIS

A St. Peter's cross. His mother gave it to him. She said it was blessed by the Pope...

MONK

When I met him, I noticed he has a habit. He tucks it under his shirt whenever he's lying.

Monk indicates ONE OF THE PHOTOS, from the title fight. Louie's cross is missing; it's been tucked under his shirt.

MONK (CONT'D)

This is the title fight. See? He tucked it away. Like he was ashamed of himself.

RAY REGIS

That doesn't prove nothing.
(weakly)
Does it?

MONK

No. But this does.

Monk takes out a page, downloaded from a MEDICAL JOURNAL.

(CONTINUED)

4/5

RAY

MONK (CONT'D)

This is from what they call a "website". It's from a Scandinavian Medical Journal. Ten days after the fight, Louie's daughter, Rebecca Flynn, flew to a clinic in Stockholm for a series of operations. It cost 640 thousand dollars.

(beat)

Where'd he get all that money, Ray?

Regis doesn't respond.

(p-dump) →

MONK (CONT'D)

You and Louie bet against yourself. Then you threw the fight.

Regis breaks down. He's like a big... a very big... child.

RAY REGIS

(anguished, pleading...)

She was dying. It was her only chance. She was just a kid...

MONK

The mob lost a fortune on that fight. If I could figure this out, maybe they did, too.

Regis starts shaking and weeping softly. Monk tries to comfort the boxer. Monk's not good at comforting people. He awkwardly... lightly... pats the big man's arms. Pat, pat, pat.

RAY REGIS

(sobbing)

I'm glad it's over... I really am. It's been like a thousand pound weight...

MONK

I know.

RAY REGIS

It's all my fault... what happened to Eddie...

Regis looks around the room.

MONK

What are you looking for?

// END
So.2