

9 CONTINUED:

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

Just giving up?

(beat)

What would Trudy say?

(beat)

Let me rephrase that. What is Trudy saying?

This strikes a nerve. Monk is shaken. He can't move. Stottlemeyer walks away.

Monk collects himself. He notices the WALL OF BOXING PHOTOS. He studies ONE PHOTO, taken five years ago, during the big title fight. He reacts, puzzled.

10 INT. PLUSH LIVING ROOM - TV COMMERCIAL -- DAY 10

We're watching a cheesy COMMERCIAL, starring Ray Regis.

Regis is wearing a tuxedo. He's in a PLUSH SITTING ROOM. In the background: expensive-looking, museum-quality PAINTINGS and SCULPTURES.

A formal BUTLER offers Regis a DEODORANT STICK on a tray.

RAY REGIS

Thank you, Hobbs.

(to CAMERA)

When I'm in the ring, people expect me to sweat. But here at home, I'm supposed to be cool and sophisticated.

So I use Max Deodorant... to give

~~me the K.O.~~

We PULL BACK. We REALIZE we're in...

11 INT. POST PRODUCTION STUDIO - DUBBING STAGE -- DAY 11

A POST-PRODUCTION DUBBING STAGE. The commercial is being projected onto a screen (or- if it's easier- played on a large MONITOR).

Ray Regis is standing at a microphone, holding a script, looping lines. A SOUND EDITOR is at the mixing board.

They don't notice: Monk, standing by the door, watching them.

SOUND ENGINEER



It's still a little garbled. Let's try that last line again.

"MONK" - Sound Engineer

MONK - Sound Engineer

START

(CONTINUED)

lot 3

"MONK" - Sound Engineer

"MONK" - SOUND ENGINEER

11 CONTINUED:

11

They rewind the video. On the screen: the commercial replays, without sound. The Sound Engineer gestures. Regis tries to sync his voice...

RAY REGIS

So I use Max Deodorant... to K.O all of my B.O.

He blew the line. He shakes his head.

RAY REGIS (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sorry. I'm not used to all these words. Usually, I let my hands do the talking.

SOUND ENGINEER

You're doing great. Let's try it again.

On screen: the commercial replays again.

RAY REGIS

So I use Max Deodorant... to give B.O. the K.O.

SOUND ENGINEER

(sighs)

That's a little better. It still looks like a bad ventriloquist act.

Regis turns and notices: Monk.

~~RAY REGIS~~

~~Hey Mr. M. What are you doing here?~~

MONK

(gravely)

Ray. We need to talk.

SOUND ENGINEER

He's a little busy right now. This commercial has to be on the air by September first-

MONK

It's important.

RAY REGIS

(to the Engineer)

Would you mind?

(CONTINUED)

2 of 3

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.

END

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..."

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.

(CONTINUED)

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'MONK' - Sound Engineer

'MONK' - Sound Engineer