

11 CONTINUED:

11

NATALIE

Wow.

JOHN PAXTON

They're touring next year. They're looking for a new promoter.

NATALIE

Aren't they in Denver?

JOHN PAXTON

Yes they are.

NATALIE

Okay. I'll call the airlines...

JOHN PAXTON

Or we could take my plane.

NATALIE

(stunned)

Okay. Let's do that. Let's take your plane.

Natalie smiles. This is a great job!

12 EXT STREET - DOWNTOWN - BROWNSTONE - FRONT STEPS -- DAY (DAY 4)

A few days later. Downtown. In front of an OLD BROWNSTONE. A dishelved, middle-aged woman MRS. CAPRIANI, is sitting on the front stoop.

DET. DOYLE'S SEDAN screeches up. Monk and Doyle climb out. They're partners.

Monk is nervous. It's obviously his first case.

DET. DOYLE

You ready?

MONK

It's been twelve years.

DET. DOYLE

It'll come back to you. It's like sex.

(catching himself)

Not sex. I mean... something you do.

Det. Doyle and Monk approach the woman.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - DET. DOYLE

1/5

START  
Sc. 1 →

12

CONTINUED:

12

DET. DOYLE (CONT'D)  
Edith Capriani?

Mrs. Capriani nods. Doyle and Monk both hold up their badges.

DET. DOYLE (CONT'D)  
I'm Sgt. Doyle.

MONK  
(proudly)  
And I'm Detective First Grade Adrian  
Monk.

DET. DOYLE  
We received a report. There was an  
attempted homicide?

MRS. CAPRIANI  
(shaken)  
We tried to kill me.

MONK  
Who tried to kill you?

MRS. CAPRIANI  
Mister Barton. He lives with me.  
~~He tried to suffocate me.~~

Monk is still holding up his overly-polished badge. It glints  
from the sun.

DET. DOYLE  
(annoyed)  
Monk. She's seen the badge.

Monk sheepishly puts away his badge.

DET. DOYLE (CONT'D)  
(resuming)  
When did this happen?

MRS. CAPRIANI  
This morning. In bed. When I woke  
up he was covering my mouth.

DET. DOYLE  
Is Mr. Barton still inside?

MRS. CAPRIANI  
(bitterly)  
He's going crazy in there! ~~He thinks~~  
~~he owns the place. But it's my name~~  
~~on the lease.~~

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2/5

Doyle

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

~~MRS. CAPRIANI (CONT'D)  
 (screaming, toward  
 apartment)  
 IT'S MY APARTMENT!  
 (resuming)  
 He's just a deadbeat. Good for  
 nothing.~~

Monk and Doyle tense. They withdraw their revolvers.

DET. DOYLE

→ You go in. I'll cover the back.

11 END  
SC.1

Doyle dashes around the house, to the backyard. Monk slowly... carefully... approaches the front door. His gun is drawn. He's ready for anything.

Suddenly- there's a LOUD CLANGING noise at an open ground-floor front window! Monk turns, startled. It's a cat.

MRS. CAPRIANI  
DON'T SHOOT HIM!

Mrs. Capriani runs up the steps, arms flailing, past Monk. She lovingly scoops the cat into her arms.

MRS. CAPRIANI (CONT'D)  
(to the cat)  
Oh, Mister Barton! I can't stay mad at you!

MONK  
He's a cat.

MRS. CAPRIANI  
Shhhh. He thinks he's people.

Monk sighs. He puts his gun away. He CLICKS ON his walkie-talkie.

MONK  
(into WALKIE TALKIE)  
Louie. It's okay. It's a false alarm.

Monk- for the moment- is alone. He exhales. He turns. He notices something. There's a TALL OFFICE BUILDING down the street.

MONK (CONT'D)  
That's the Burkan Building, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

3/5

ACT THREE

16 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - PARKING AREA -- DAY (DAY 5)

16

The next day. The INDUSTRIAL PARK is now a FULL-ON CRIME SCENE: POLICE BARRICADES, CSI TECHS, SQUAD CARS, etc. A cop has been shot. The mood is grim. Serious.

Monk is there with his two reluctant "partners", Sgt. Weaver and Det. Doyle. Monk and Doyle are examining DIMARCO'S BODY.

START →  
SC. 2

DET. DOYLE

Russell Dimarco. Did you know him?

MONK

I met him once. My first day back.

DET. DOYLE

He was a rookie. Still on traffic duty. Poor kid.

MONK

What was he doing here?

DET. DOYLE

He lived nearby. About a mile away, in Crestmont Village. He was probably heading home.

MONK

Heading home?

DET. DOYLE

This is a shortcut. You can cut right through the parking lot.

MONK

And then what?

DET. DOYLE

I don't know. Maybe he saw something. And he stopped.

MONK

Did he call it in?

DET. DOYLE

He didn't get a chance.

Monk notices something: a small, crumpled piece of paper in Dimarco's lifeless hand. Monk opens it. It's a NEWSPAPER COUPON for dog food.

(CONTINUED)

4/5

Doyle

16

CONTINUED:

16

During this, Sgt. Weaver steps up.

~~SGT. WEAVER~~ **DOYLE**

What's that?

MONK

(puzzled)

A coupon. ~~Thirty cents off Gravy  
Train dog food.~~

The coupon is off-center; whoever cut it didn't follow the dotted lines.

MONK (CONT'D)

He didn't follow the line. See?  
The dotted line.

DET. DOYLE

Not everybody's you. Thank God.

**// END  
SC-2**

MONK

~~Do you have a dollar?~~

Doyle sighs. He hands Monk a DOLLAR BILL. Monk compares the dollar with the coupon. They're the exact same size.

MONK (CONT'D)

The same size.

(realizing)

It was a pay-off. That's what he was doing here. Somebody was paying Dimarco off, or that's what Dimarco thought. They put a newspaper up into dollar-size pieces- to make it look like cash.

SGT. WEAVER

Why?

MONK

To distract him. Put him off guard. Then they shot him.

SGT. WEAVER

(pointedly)

Or he had a dog. He wanted to save 30 cents.

MONK

It was a pay off.

SGT. WEAVER

Monk. Come here.

**5/5**

(CONTINUED)