

13 CONTINUED:

13

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(sharply)

Monk. I told you. We can't babysit you anymore. You're out of the nest. There's a protocol. There's a procedure we all have to follow. Talk to Sgt. Weaver. He's your division leader.

Stottlemeyer turns to Disher. He indicates his necktie.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

Is this straight?

Monk steps up.

MONK

I'll do it.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

We better let Randy do it. I don't have all day.

Disher straightens Stottlemeyer's necktie. Monk watches them. He feels helpless.

14 INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - DAY

14

Later. At a POLICE FIRING RANGE. Sgt. Weaver and Det. Doyle are at the line, firing at targets. **BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!**

They turn. Monk is next to them, picking up their spent shells.

MONK

Hey. Nice shooting. Nice grouping.

SGT. WEAVER

Monk. What are you doing?

MONK

Cleaning up.

SGT. WEAVER

(annoyed)

Leave the shells, Monk.

(beat)

Leave the shells, Monk. Leave the shells, Monk.

MONK

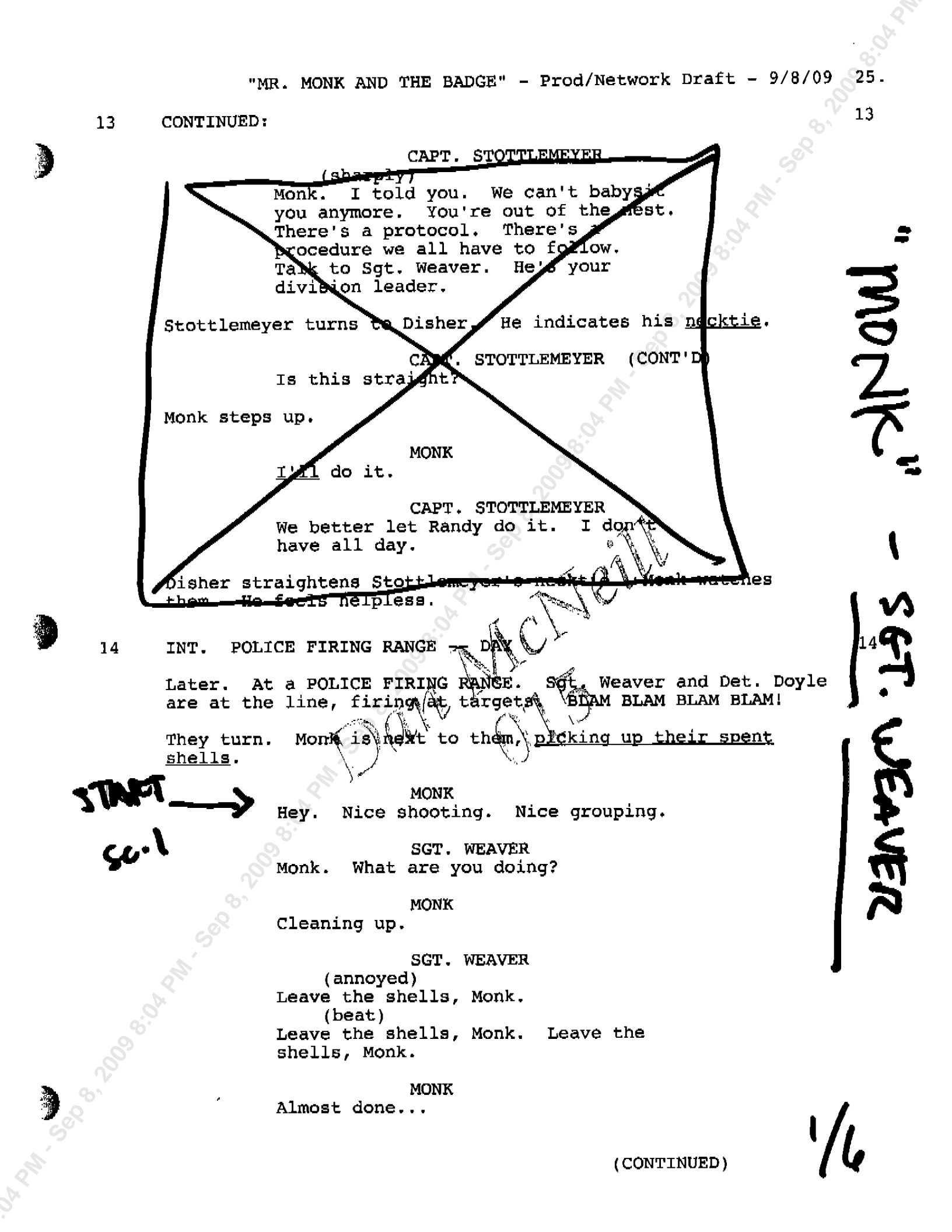
Almost done...

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - SGT. WEAVER

1/6

START →  
SC. 1



14 CONTINUED:

14

SGT. WEAVER  
(more annoyed)  
Just leave the shells, Monk. Leave  
the shells, Monk.

Det. Doyle steps up and angrily knocks the shells out of  
Monk's hand. The shells go flying.

MONK  
You know what? I'll get 'em later.

SGT. WEAVER  
What are you doing here?

MONK  
It's about Manny Alvarez.

SGT. WEAVER  
Who?

MONK  
The window washer. Who got the big  
reward.

SGT. WEAVER  
What about him?

MONK  
His story doesn't track. ~~He said he  
was on the Burkman Building on the  
seventh floor at 2:30, looking west.  
I don't know where during lunch. I  
was probably wondering where I was~~



Cut to:

DET. DOYLE  
No.  
MONK  
Well now you know.  
(resuming)  
I was there at 2:30. On the seventh  
floor. Looking west, I couldn't see  
a thing. The sun was in directly in  
my eyes.  
DET. DOYLE  
So? He was wearing sunglasses.  
MONK  
He said he read the license plate.  
I have 20-20 vision. I couldn't  
read anything from up there. It  
was high up.

(CONTINUED)

2/6

SGT. WEAVER

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

Sgt. Weaver sighs.

*pick-up* →

SGT. WEAVER

Monk. The guy's tip was righteous. The Pick Axe Killer is in jail. He confessed. We have the murder weapon.

DET. DOYLE

We found pieces of the victim in his attic.

MONK

I know, I know. It was a good tip.

DET. DOYLE

So what are you saying?

MONK

He's lying. The window washer's lying.

SGT. WEAVER

Just to be clear: you're talking about the toast of the town. He's all over the TV. He's a hero.

Det. Doyle chuckles.

DET. DOYLE

I think I know what's going on. You're jealous. The Super Detective. You can't stand the fact we didn't need you.

MONK

That's not it-

*Beat* →

SGT. WEAVER

Monk. You have, what?- seventeen open cases on your desk? I'm giving you an order. Forget the window washer. Let it go.

MONK

Okay. You're right. I'm letting it go.

(then)

Wait. I can't let it go.

SGT. WEAVER

(more firmly)

Let. It. Go.

// END Sc.1

(CONTINUED)

3/6

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.

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)

4/6

SG. 2

EM 1

DON McNeill  
015

Sgt. Weaver

16 CONTINUED:

16

During this, Sgt. Weaver steps up.

SGT. WEAVER

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.

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.

STRICT →  
sc. 2

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 cut 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.

(CONTINUED)

5/6

Sgt. Weaver

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

Sgt. Weaver and Det. Doyle lead Monk aside. They speak in low, urgent tones.

SGT. WEAVER (CONT'D)

The Captain's gonna be here any minute. So let's get this straight. You're saying this kid was dirty?

MONK

It would explain everything. Why his safety was off. Why his holster was unstrapped-

SGT. WEAVER

(interrupting, sharply)

I'm not saying you're wrong. You might be right. Here's what I'm saying: until you're sure, until you're a hundred and ten percent, you shut your face. Do you understand? Because you're on this side of the blue line now, Detective Monk. That kid was family. So I'm gonna ask you again: are you a hundred and ten percent?

//END  
SC.2

A tense beat.

MONK

(quietly)

No.

17

EXT. STREET - MRS. CAPRIANI'S BROWNSTONE - FRONT STEPS -- DAY (DAY 6)

17

The next day. Back at Mrs. Capriani's BROWNSTONE. Once again, Mrs. Capriani- the crazy cat lady- is on the front stoop.

DET. DOYLE'S SEDAN screaches up. As before, Monk and Det. Doyle climb out. This time, Doyle stays behind. He's bored. He's reading a newspaper.

DET. DOYLE

Have fun.

MONK

You're not coming?

DET. DOYLE

(amused)

I'm right behind you, Detective.

(CONTINUED)

6/6