## 19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Then- <u>voices</u>. Angry voices. ACROSS THE PARKING LOT: ELLIOT NICHOLS- the restaurant's owner- emerges from the rear door. Nichols is 40-ish. Arrogant. Wealthy.

He's yelling at a frightened young DISHWASHER.

STARY\_>

ELLIOT NICHOLS
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR EXCUSES!
I'VE BEEN WARNING YOU ALL MONTH!

## DISHWASHER

Mr. Nichols! Please! I'll pay for the bowl! You can take it out of my pay. Just tell me what's it's worth-

Nichols waves a chipped ceramic SERVING BOWL.

ELLIOT NICHOLS

It's worth a helluva lot more than you!

Nichols hurls the bowl into a DUMPSTER.

ELLIOT NICHOLS (CONT'D)

Adios. You're fired. You can pick up your check on Friday.

(then)

Hey- hey- hey. The apron.

The Dishwasher unties his apron... hands it

o Nichols...

and skulks away.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT: Monk and Samuel are behind the van.
They've been watching this.

SAMUE

Sum jee-toe mum-bolly.

MONK

What does that mean?

SAMUE.

"He is the guy."

END OF ACT TWO

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21 CONTINUED: 21

Monk indicates a BOWL OF POTATOES. They ve been cut and p<del>ieled <u>beyond rec</u>ognition</del>. They're small and squarethousands of tiny cubes. HEAD CHEF (CONT'D) What did you do? You were just them. They look supposed to peel like <u>dice</u>!? SAMUEL American style. HEAD CHEF Why do you keep saying that.

The boss, Elliot Nichols, steps up. He's holding a bottle. He's been drinking.

ELLIOT NICHOLS

IS there a problem?

doesn't make any sense!

The Cook covers for the new guys...

HEAD CHEF

(anxiously)

No sir. These are the new dishwashers. This is Mr. Adrian and Mr. Samuels.

A tense beat. Samuel glares at the man who killed his wife. Monk is seething, too. They barely contain their anger.

HEAD CHEF (CONT'D)

I was just showing them the ropes.

ELLIOT NICHOLS

They can't be worse than the two clowns we fired.

During this, Samuel is holding a GLASS. He's so angry, he squeezes too hard. The glass shatters!

ELLIOT NICHOLS (CONT'D)

That's coming out of your pay.

(to Chef)

When they're done here, have 'em unload the van. I made a fish-run this morning.

HEAD CHEF

Will do.

## Elliot

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21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

ELLIOT NICHOLS
I'll be at the bar if you need me.
Please don't need me.

Elliot Nichols walks away.

"END

HEAD CHEF

You heard the man. Get back to work,

The Chef walks away, too. Monk and Samuel exchange a knowing look.

22 INT. ALCOVE - NEAR KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

22

Moments later. The Chef finishes an order: a delicious-looking PLATE OF FOOD, which has been perfectly, lovingly arranged. He puts the plate on the PREP TABLE.

HEAD CHUF Number seven is up

Monk The Dishwasher notice the plate. Monk cin't resist. He starts rearranging it: he separates the foot... he moves a sprig or two.

What are you doing?

MONK

I was just rearranging... the sprigs were touching... you'll thank me later...

HEAD CHEF
Don't touch my food, okay? Don't
even look at the plates!

During this, a few yards away: Samuel is in a small alcove. He's noticed a WALL CALENDAR.

SAMUEL

(excitedly, gesturing)
Adrian Monk! Adrian Monk!

Monk steps up. Samuel indicates the calendar. On the 17th, there's a handwritten notation: 6:00 PM- FARMERS MARKET.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(reading)

Tuesday the 17th. Farmers' Market.

A friendly WAITRESS, walking past, has overheard this.

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24 CONTINUED:

24

## who are you carring?

STRET >

MONK

Natalie. She has a friend at the phone company. We need a copy of his phone bill. That's the smoking qun.

ELLIOT NICHOLS' VOICE Actually, this is the smoking gun.

They turn. Elliot Nichols is standing there. He's aiming a HANDGUN at them!

Nichols takes the CELL PHONE from Monk's hands.

ELLIOT NICHOLS

(icily)

Let's go outside. Both of you. I think it's time for your break.

END OF ACT THREE

MEND SU3