

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

MONK (CONT'D)
(realizing)
She was on the telephone.

SAMUEL
Who was on the telephone?

MONK
The maid. The woman who was killed.
That's why she removed an earring.

23 INT. RESTAURANT - MAIN DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

23

Moments later. In the MAIN DINING ROOM. Mr. and Mrs. Buxton are seated at a table. They're reading their menus.

Monk steps up... wearing a stolen WAITER'S UNIFORM! He's pretending to be their waiter! He's carrying a TRAY OF FOOD which he grabbed, at random, from the kitchen.

MONK
Hello. My name is Adrian. I'll be your server. ~~Have your...~~

Monk puts some SOUP down.

MR. BUXTON
(confused)
We... haven't ordered yet.

MONK
I just assumed you wanted soup. Was I right?

MR. BUXTON
I... uh...

Monk places ANOTHER DISH in front of Mrs. Buxton.

MONK
And for the lady... Tiramisu.

MRS. BUXTON
Dessert?

MONK
Why wait until the last minute?
(then, probing)
I understand you're a friend of Mr. Nichols.

MRS. BUXTON
We've known Elliot for years. Why?

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - MRS. BUXTON

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23 CONTINUED:

23

Mr. Buxton peers at Monk.

~~MR. BUXTON
Have we met?~~

~~MONK
No sir. I'm new here.
(resuming)
I was sorry to hear about your
housekeeper. Somebody mentioned she
was killed recently. She was
bludgeoned to death, is that right?
(then, innocently)
More coffee?~~



MR. BUXTON
Wait a minute. I do know you.
(to his wife)
He was there. He's with the police.

MRS. BUXTON
You're a detective?

MONK
Actually, I'm moonlighting.

MRS. BUXTON
As a waiter?

→ CUT TO!

~~MONK
You know our motto. To Protect and
Serve. When I'm a cop, I'm
"protecting". And at night, I
"serve".
(resuming)
Anyway, I've been thinking about
your case. The morning you returned
from your trip, you said you found
your cell phone...?~~

~~MR. BUXTON
That's right. I forgot to bring it
with me to Barbados. It's no big
deal.~~

~~MONK
And when you got home...?~~

~~MR. BUXTON
I found it. It was lying in the
kitchen. What's all this about?~~

(CONTINUED)

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23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

MONK

I'm just tying up some loose ends.
(to Mrs. Buxton)
How's that Tiramisu?

Mrs. Buxton takes a bite.

MRS. BUXTON

It's good. Delicious.

// END

MONK

Good. I'll tell the chef.
(then)
One more thing. Does Elliot Nichols
have your cell phone number?

MR. BUXTON

Elliot? Of course he does. We talk
all the time.

MRS. BUXTON

Especially during baseball season.
They talk after every game.

A beat Monk considers this.

MR. BUXTON

This is the strangest dinner I've
ever had.

24 INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

24

Moments later. Back in the kitchen. Samuel is at the sink,
washing some dishes. Monk steps up - still in his WAITER
UNIFORM.

MONK

Sum jee-toe mum-bolly. Definitely
mum-bolly.

SAMUEL

(excitedly)
And we can prove it?

MONK

Not for killing Ansara. But he
committed another murder. He killed
a maid- a housekeeper- the same night.
(excitedly)
Where's your phone?

Samuel hands Monk his CELL PHONE. They cross to a private
alcove. There's no one else around. Monk dials.

(CONTINUED)

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