

NATALIE  
 (to Angry Patron)  
 Why don't you relax. Take a walk.  
 Give Frankie a chance to cool down.

ANGRY PATRON  
 I got a kid.

NATALIE  
 I'll tell him.

The Patron slinks away. During this, Lola appears.

LOLA  
 Same old Frankie. I can't take you  
 anywhere.

Lola eyes Natalie, jealously.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 You must be Natalie. You're a lucky  
 woman.

NATALIE  
 I know I am.

LOLA  
 Enjoy it while you can.  
 (to Monk)  
 We better go. Jimmy's waiting in  
 the back.  
 (as they leave)  
 I'll take good care of him.

NATALIE  
 I'm sure you will.

Lola leads Monk away. Natalie watches them go.

"Monk" - Jimmy

In the back of the bar. In a PRIVATE BOOTH. Three men:  
 JIMMY BARLOWE, a powerful mob boss... TONY G, a big, slow-  
 witted goon... and LENNY, a bitter, young hot-head.

They watch Monk and Lola approach.

STAY →

LENNY  
 Is that him? He don't look like  
 much.  
 (then)  
 I ~~coulda done this job~~ I woulda  
 done it for free.

(CONTINUED)

1/5

*Monk*

17 CONTINUED:

17

JIMMY BARLOWE  
I told you, Lenny, I needed the best.  
Just shut up and watch. You never  
know- maybe you'll learn something.

Monk and Lola step up.

LOLA  
Frank DePalma. This is Jimmy Barlowe.

Jimmy Barlowe offers his hand. Monk shakes it, then  
discreetly wipes his hand.

JIMMY BARLOWE  
Frankie DePalma. I heard good things.

MONK  
About me?

JIMMY BARLOWE  
Of course about you. Why else would  
I say it?  
(then)  
This is my nephew, Lenny. And you  
know Tony G.

*CUT TO:*  
→

~~TONY G  
I haven't seen you since Miami. It  
must be- what?- three, four years?  
Monk has to improvise! He's not very good at it.  
MONK  
(tentatively)  
Sounds about right.  
LENNY  
How's Fat Gordy?  
MONK  
Still fat. He got fatter, actually.  
I'm worried about him.  
TONY G  
Listen, Frankie. Before you and the  
boss get started. Hazy Davey was my  
second cousin. His family would  
like to, you know, bury the kid, get  
some closure. We got the head and  
one leg. We can't find the rest of  
the body. You think you could help  
us out?~~

(CONTINUED)

*2/5*

Jimmy

"MR. MONK IS SOMEONE ELSE" - Producer's/Network Draft - 6/3/09 25.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MONK  
I'll think about it.

TONY G  
Wait wait wait- what are you doing?

MONK  
Your tie. It's crooked.

TONY G  
(frightened, babbling)  
I get it- I get it. Okay. I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry I mentioned the whole Paulie  
thing. It's none of my business.  
Who cares where you buried him? Not  
me.

pick-up →

MONK  
Is someone gonna tell me why I'm  
here?

JIMMY BARLOWE  
I like that. Business first.  
(leaning in)  
There's a man in Rockaway County.  
His name is Greenblatt. Sidney  
Greenblatt. He needs to have an  
accident.

MONK  
What kind of accident?

JIMMY BARLOWE  
Your kind of accident.

LENNY  
It's a piece of cake. He lives alone.  
He's like 100 years old.

A WAITRESS steps up with a BOX OF CIGARS.

JIMMY BARLOWE  
Ah. Here they are. Lola told me  
you're a connoisseur. You're gonna  
love these. Cohibas. Hand rolled.

Jimmy passes some CIGARS around. All the guys - except Monk -  
cut off the cigar tips, and puff contentedly.

(CONTINUED)

3/5

Jimmy

"MR. MONK IS SOMEONE ELSE" - Producer's/Network Draft - 6/3/09 25.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MONK  
I'll think about it

Tony is wearing a necktie. It's a little crooked. Monk reaches out and adjusts the tie. It is- of course- a typical Monk move, but Tony interprets it as a threat.

TONY G  
Wait wait wait- what are you doing?

MONK  
Your tie. It's crooked.

TONY G  
(frightened, babbling)  
I get it- I get it. Okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I mentioned the whole Paulie thing. It's none of my business. Who cares where you buried him? Not

pick-up →

MONK  
Is someone gonna tell me why I'm here?

JIMMY BARLOWE  
I like that. Business first.  
(leaning in)  
There's a man in Rockaway County. His name is Greenblatt. Sidney Greenblatt. He needs to have an accident.

MONK  
What kind of accident?

JIMMY BARLOWE  
Your kind of accident.

11 END

LENNY  
It's a piece of cake. He lives alone. He's like 100 years old.

50.1

A WAITRESS steps up with a BOX OF CIGARS.

JIMMY BARLOWE  
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Jimmy passes some CIGARS around. All the guys- except Monk- cut off the filter tips, and puff contentedly.

(CONTINUED)

4/5

Jimmy

"MR. MONK IS SOMEONE ELSE" - Producer's/Network Draft - 6/3/09 27.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

~~CAPT. STOTTEMEYER  
I don't see him. Nobody's here.  
(beat)  
I think we're too late.~~

~~LT. DISHER  
Maybe they grabbed him at the airport.~~

~~they're too late. Everyone exchanges concerned looks.~~

31 INT. JIMMY BARLOWE'S NIGHTCLUB - BACK ROOM -- LATER THAT DAY

31

Moments later. Across town. We're back in JIMMY BARLOWE'S NIGHTCLUB. The club isn't open yet. It's empty. Dark. Chairs on tables.

In the BACK ROOM: Jimmy, Lenny and Tony G have abducted ALVIN GREENBLATT. Alvin is duct-taped to a chair.

Lenny is beating the crap out of him! THUNK! WHACK! Alvin is swollen, bleeding. He's barely conscious.

START  
SC. 2 →

JIMMY BARLOWE  
I've been waiting a year and a half for this. Where's my money, you sonofabitch?

ALVIN GREENBLATT  
(weakly)  
Okay... okay... I'll tell you. I buried it... it's in my garage... under some floorboards.

A beat. Jimmy considers this.

JIMMY BARLOWE  
Alvin. I got some bad news for you. I believe you.  
(to Lenny)  
Kill him.

// END

Lenny takes out a HANDGUN. He's about to execute Alvin, when-

SC 2

~~MONK'S VOICE  
Is this a private party?~~

~~Everyone turns. Monk swaggers in... as Frankie DePalma!! Apparently there was no time to change clothes. He's dressed like Monk. But he's acting like DePalma. In other words: he's getting by on pure attitude.~~

(CONTINUED)

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