## TEASER

1 EXT. PARK - LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD -- DAY (DAY 1)

In a NEIGHBORHOOD PARK. It's a beautiful day. MARTHA MURPHY, mid-70s and spry, is power-walking along a path. She wears EXERCISE TOGS and holds HAND WEIGHTS.

She fast-walks past a LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD... past a TEAM that's taking batting practice. The TEAM'S COACH smiles.

STRET >

COACH CHAUNCEY

Looking good, Martha.

(then)

You wanna play? We need a centerfielder.

MARTHA MURPHY

Are you trying to kill me, Chauncey?

COACH CHAUNCEY

Don't talk like that. You're gonna outlive us all.

Martha waves and fast-walks away. But we STAY HERE, with the KIDS.

PETER, 12, is at the plate. Here's the pitch. Peter SWINGS and misses. Strike one.

COACH CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

That's right, Petey. Step into it. Don't be afraid of it...

Another pitch. Peter SWINGS again. Strike two.

COACH CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

Lookin' good, Petey. Keep it level. Meet the ball. Here we go. This is your pitch...

Here's the pitch. Peter SWINGS and CRACK! - hits a towering fly ball! It's going - going - gone! Over the center field fence!

COACH CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)
ATTABOY, PETEY! THAT'S HOW YOU DO

IT!

Peter proudly trots around the bases. His TEAMMATES slap him five.

CH CHANNUE

"MR. MONK AND THE VOODOO CURSE" - Prod/Network Draft - 4/6/09 2. CONTINUED: 1 COACH CHAUNCEY (CONT'D) Somebody go get that ball. They cost four bucks each. BEHIND THE FENCE -- MOMENTS LATER EXT. Moments later. Behind the fence. ANOTHER PLAYER is looking for the baseball He looks around. He stops. He gases. Martha Marphy is on the ground, dead. The BASEBALL is lying near her head. She was obviously hit by the bal. 3 MARTHA NURPHY'S HOUSE - FOYER -- DAYS LATER (DAY 2) INT. 3 Days later. Martha's grown children, DAN and BETH, numb with grief, enter Martha's modest home. It's cluttered. Quiet. DAN Look at all this junk. I guess we have to pack it all up. Or hire someone. BETH Let's worry about it after the funeral. (sigh) I still can't believe it. She beat cancer twice, then to die like that. Hit by a baseball DAN, At least she didn't suffe Clizabeth crosses to There's a GOLDFISH BOWN on a table. it, and feeds them. BETH Oh. Her fish. They must be starving. (to the fish) Here you go. I know. I miss het, too. During this, yan collects some UNOPENED MAIL From the floor. BETH (CONT'D) What's that? DAN Bills, mostly. I'll give them to tne lawyer.

"MR. MONK AND THE VOODOO CURSE" - Prod/Network Draft - 4/6/09 7.

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

LT. DISHER

We've already traced it. It's from a store in the Haight called Reverend Jorgensen's House of Voodoo. We just sent Kramer and Fenderman to sheck it out.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
It was postmarked last Saturday. In Chinatown.

LT. DISHER

We checked with the post office. The postmark is a handred percent legit.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

So here's where we are: the doll was mailed four days <u>before</u> she died. Its got a little baseball next to its head. I'm looking at it, but it's just not possible.

A heavy, thoughtful beat. They-

MONK

xcuse me.

Monk steps away. He carries a WASTTBASKET across the room, to the other corner, where it used to be. Then he rejoins the group.

MONK (CONT'D)

I M Sorry. Something about voodoo?

EXT. PARK - LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - LATER -- DAY

5

Later. Back in the park, where Martha Murphy died. Monk, Natalie, Stottlemeyer & Disher are talking to Coach Chauncey.

Behind them: Petey and the OTHER LITTLE LEAGUERS- all in uniform- are watching, anxiously.

Monk is pacing, thinking. He's <u>really focused</u>. This problem intrigues him.

START

5

MONK

She was exercising...?

Sc.Z

COACH CHAUNCEY
Power-walking. She came by every

day.

"MR. MONK AND THE VOODOO CURSE" - Prod/Network Draft - 4/6/09 8.

5 CONTINUED:

-5

MONK

At the same time?

COACH CHAUNCEY

It varied. Three-thirty. Four o'clock.

Monk nods. He retraces Mrs. Murphy's steps.

MONK

She came walking along <a href="here">here</a>... the ball came over the fence... and hit her <a href="here">here?</a>

(then)

Are there a lot of balls hit over the wall?

COACH CHAUNCEY

Not really. Maybe one or two a week. (proudly)
It was a helluva hit, actually. I

It was a helluva hit, actually. I mean, too bad about Mrs. Whatever, but Petey really got all of it.

The Coach <u>proudly tousles</u> Petey's hair. Petey- as you can imagine- has mixed feelings.

COACH CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

(to Petey)

Because you did what I told you- you kept your eye on the ball, didn't you? You waited for your pitch.

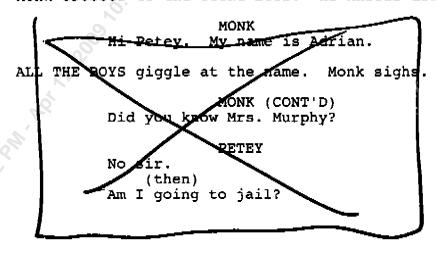
(to the COPS)

It was a beautiful hit... until...

It was a beautiful hit... until... you know, the end part.

. WEND

Monk crosses to the YOUNG BOYS. He kneels down.



4/4