

TEASER

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

STAY  
SC. 1 →

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.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - COACH CHAUNCEY

1/4

COACH

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1 CONTINUED: 1

COACH CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)  
Somebody go get that ball. They  
cost four bucks each.

// END  
SC. 1

2 EXT. BEHIND THE FENCE -- MOMENTS LATER 2

Moments later. Behind the fence. ANOTHER PLAYER is looking  
for the baseball. He looks around. He stops. He gasps.

Martha Murphy is on the ground, dead. The BASEBALL is lying  
near her head. She was obviously hit by the ball.

3 INT. MARTHA MURPHY'S HOUSE - FOYER -- DAYS LATER (DAY 2) 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 suffer.

There's a GOLDFISH BOWL on a table. Elizabeth crosses to  
it, and feeds them.

BETH  
Oh. Her fish. They must be starving.  
(to the fish)  
Here you go. I know. I miss her,  
too.

During this, Dan collects some UNOPENED MAIL from the floor.

BETH (CONT'D)  
What's that?

DAN  
Bills, mostly. I'll give them to  
the lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

Catch

"MR. MONK AND THE VODOO 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 check it out.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

It was postmarked last Saturday. In Chinatown.

LT. DISHER

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

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

So here's where we are: the doll was mailed four days before 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. Then-

MONK

Excuse me.

Monk steps away. He carries a WASTEBASKET 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?

5

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 really focused. This problem intrigues him.

MONK

She was exercising...?

COACH CHAUNCEY

Power-walking. She came by every day.

(CONTINUED)

3/4

START →

SC. 2

Coach

"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 here... the  
ball came over the fence... and hit  
her here?  
(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  
mean, too bad about Mrs. Whatever,  
but Petey really got all of it.

The Coach proudly tousles 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...  
you know, the end part.

// END

Monk crosses to the YOUNG BOYS. He kneels down.

MONK  
~~Hi Petey. My name is Adrian.~~  
ALL THE BOYS giggle at the name. Monk sighs.  
MONK (CONT'D)  
~~Did you know Mrs. Murphy?~~  
PETEY  
~~No sir.~~  
~~(then)~~  
~~Am I going to jail?~~

4/4

(CONTINUED)