

MONK
"Mr. Monk and the Utopian Society"
by
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TEASER

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - COMMUNAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

The large, communal kitchen is immaculate. Everything is in its place, perfectly symmetrical. A table in a breakfast nook just off the kitchen has seating for six. A back stairway leads to the upper floors.

A MAN has just finished painting the kitchen door -- gleaming, speck-free white. He carefully replaces the paint lid and wipes the stray droplets of paint from the can before placing it back in a utility closet -- filled with precisely arranged cans and tools, as well as a waiting-out-the-Apocalypse stash of industrial-strength cleaning supplies.

The man removes his smock, folds it, and places it neatly in the garbage before he begins washing his hands with surgical care. This can only be Monk.

Last, he picks up the newspaper he'd spread carefully on the floor -- it is splattered with a few drops of paint -- and replaces it with fresh, still clean sheets.

Satisfied, the man starts making a sandwich with the same extreme, almost comic care.

Just as he finishes crafting the work-of-art sandwich, he spills a small amount of mustard on the spotless counter. For a moment, he tenses, close to panic, scrambling for a wipe. Then, with superhuman effort, he forces himself to relax.

SAM

Ah, heck with it.

He moves away from the spill without cleaning it. Okay, this definitely isn't Monk. It's Sam TRAILOR, 50s. He is calm, smiling, at peace. This is a victory for him.

At that moment, Sam jumps, startled, at a tremendous BANG as the BACK DOOR IS KICKED IN. Sam GASPS and staggers back, terrified. The UNSEEN INTRUDER charges in.

INTRUDER

NO!

A KNIFE slashes down.

Sam falls, landing on his fresh newspaper, lying still. Then, after a moment, the knife slashes down again.

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

EXT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

This four-story home is located in a fashionable neighborhood. The lawn, like the kitchen inside, is perfect. Several police cars are parked in front.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - COMMUNAL KITCHEN - DAY

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER watches as UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS investigate the crime scene. The body, still on newspaper, is covered. The smashed-in back door is hanging on the hinges. It won't stay closed.

Frowning, Stottlemeyer leaves the kitchen, passing into:

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - SITTING PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

TWO MORE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS and LT. DISHER have herded the home's five surviving residents into a sitting room near the front door.

A virtually identical parlour is just across an entrance foyer: very symmetrical.

The five residents are: NANCY and STEPHEN PORKORNY, 50s, a married couple that occupies the second floor, the Gutermuth sisters, CARRIE and SUE, who live on the third floor, and Mr. PETER CARVER, who shared the top floor with the deceased.

Stephen is tall, as is his wife. Peter is not.

All of the residents dress with neat, Monk-like precision. They are all nervous, looking around timidly and wring their hands anxiously.

Disher keeps peeking expectantly out front window while the two cops try to keep the residents calm. Disher is drinking a canned soda. He takes a sip.

Before Disher can put the can down, Carrie glides in with a coaster, sliding it under the can just in time. Relieved, she puts a hand over her breast and SIGHS.

Sue Gutermuth tries to push past a cop to go to the other sitting room.

COP #1

Ma'am, please. We need to keep everyone in here.

SUE

But there's no one across the way--

COP #1

I understand. But please...

SUE

It's not balanced... surely a
couple of us... or, er, three...
(it's still an odd number)
And perhaps one of your nice men
from the kitchen...

Meanwhile, Peter approaches Lt. Disher.

PETER

Lieutenant, please. The kitchen....

LT. DISHER

Don't worry about the back door,
sir. We'll be sure all the
residents are safe.

PETER

I know, I know. But the mess...

LT. DISHER

We'll be done soon, Mr. Carver.

PETER

But it's so... so... unsanitary.

LT. DISHER

I know. Please, stay calm. We're
working as fast as we can.

Mr. And Mrs. Porkorny join Peter.

NANCY

We need to call the team.

LT. DISHER

Team?

PETER

We have a cleaning crew we like to
use. You know. For emergencies.

STEPHEN

(proudly)
They led the Alaska beaches clean
up after the Exxon Valdez spill.

COP #2

Sir, Ma'am, please. If you can just
have a seat...

As the cop steers the residents away, Disher turns back to
the window. Stottlemeyer approaches him.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Any sign?

LT. DISHER

Not yet. Wait!
(turns and smiles)
Yeah, here he comes.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

This is gonna be good.

EXT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - MEANWHILE

Natalie's car is parked in the driveway. NATALIE and MONK
climb out.

As they approach the building, Monk reaches out,
instinctively, to adjust the blooms on a flowering bush. He
pauses in mid motion. For once, there is nothing, absolutely
nothing, out of place.

Astonished, Monk looks around, first spotting an identical
bush on the other side of the drive. Then, taking in the rest
of the lawn. Everything is perfectly, almost supernaturally,
perfect and symmetrical. Monk looks at Natalie and smiles.

MONK

This is a very nice place.

Natalie smiles, amused. The walkway leading to the front door
is paved with very large stones in a precise geometrical
pattern. The flat, polished stones are spaced perfectly so
that Monk can walk effortlessly without stepping on a crack.

At the door, Monk reaches out to adjust first one, then the
other of the potted plants. Again, there is nothing out of
place. He looks at Natalie and smiles again.

MONK (cont'd)

This is a very nice place.

Captain Stottlemeyer and Lt. Disher open the front door,
smirking. Chimes over the door JINGLE LOUDLY but pleasantly.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Come in.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Stottlemeyer and Disher lead Monk and Natalie into the kitchen. As the nervous residents crane their necks to watch from the sitting room, the other cops back up, giving Monk room to work.

Monk raises his hands, framing the scene with his trademark gesture, blocking out the distractions. He doesn't seem to even see the body; his eyes are all for the spotless kitchen.

The spot of mustard is gone from the counter.

Monk widens the frame of his hands a bit, taking in more of the kitchen. There is a fruit basket on the table in the breakfast nook, but it's perfectly symmetrical. There's nothing Monk can find to rearrange.

Captain Stottlemeyer and Lt. Disher exchange knowing grins. Monk widens the frame of his hands even more.

Finally, he stops trying to frame out the distractions -- there are none! Monk turns to Natalie, a smile of blissful peace on his face, his arms spread wide with wonder.

MONK

This is a very nice place.

NATALIE

I know, Mr. Monk.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(amused)

Monk. Body?

MONK

Right. Sorry.

Monk turns his attention to the body.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

His name is Sam Traylor. He owns -- owned -- the building. Those people in there are his tenants.

MONK

Nice that he fell on newspaper.
Very considerate killer.

PETER

(calls)

I need to replace that. If I can--

COP #1

Sir, please. Sit down.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

He'd been painting the door.

PETER

(calls)

He had to do that almost weekly.
The slightest little thing would
scuff that door.

Stottlemeyer and Natalie exchange a glance. Stottlemeyer rolls his eyes.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Thank you, Mr. Carver.

MONK

Well, that's certainly understandable.

LT. DISHER

The killer came in this way. Kicked
the door in.

Monk smiles patiently and nods. He'd pieced that together. As he kneels by the body, one of the cops removes the cover.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)

It wasn't robbery, though. He still
has his wallet. None of the
valuables were even touched.

Stottlemeyer looks at Disher and raises an eyebrow.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)

What? You know he was about to say it.

MONK

Did you find the murder weapon?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Not yet.

MONK

Two punctures, uniform. We're
looking for something with two
prongs... like... like...

NATALIE

Like some kind of pitchfork?

LT. DISHER

Pitchforks have three prongs.

As Natalie and Captain Stottlemeyer give him a look:

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
Hey, I used to be a farmer.

Natalie and Captain Stottlemeyer are still giving the look.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
My uncle's place. Remember?

NATALIE
For, like, three days.

LT. DISHER
I picked up things. Like the fact
that pitchforks have three prongs.

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER
Something else then. Something with
two blades.

Monk stands. Natalie hands him a wipe. In the sitting room,
the residents exchange understanding smiles of approval.

Monk looks around the pristine kitchen again, then down at
the body, sadly, recognizing a kindred spirit.

MONK
Poor, poor Sam. Who could possibly
want a man like this dead?

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER
Near as well can tell, he didn't have
much contact with anyone aside from
his tenants. Not even his family.

Natalie peers out at the residents, still waiting.

NATALIE
(whispers)
Could it have been one of them?

LT. DISHER
(shakes his head)
They were all upstairs asleep. The
killer came in through the back.

MONK
(still smiling)
I'd like to meet them.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - SITTING PARLOUR - MOMENTS LATER

Captain Stottlemeyer has his arms crossed. He's frowning. Monk smiles and shrugs sheepishly.

MONK

It's a simple, reasonable request.
These poor people have been through
so much already---

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(sighs, exasperated)
Help him move the chairs, Randy.

Randy and the cops arrange the chairs so that the five residents, and one cop, are sitting in the sitting room, gazing across the narrow foyer into the other sitting room, where Natalie, Captain Stottlemeyer, Lt. Disher, Monk and two other cops sit facing them. Perfectly balanced.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

Now can we get on with this?

MONK

(smiles)
Thank you.

Monk turns his attention back to the residents.

MONK (cont'd)

You all live here? Together?

PETER

Sam was our landlord.

CARRIE

Although he hardly charged us a cent, bless his soul.

PETER

He made the place a sort of refuge.
A... safe haven. For people like us.

SUE

Such a good man.

MONK

(not daring to believe
such a thing can exist)
Like you... um, how?

NANCY

People who... like to have things a certain way.

STEPHEN

(smiles at his wife)

Exactly. A... certain way.

NATALIE

Oh my God. Oh my God. You're all--
(Embarrassed by her blunt
slip of the tongue)

Oh. Uh, sorry.

(to Monk)

Mr. Monk, they're all... they're
all like you!

Monk smiles, calmly, happily, like a Zen monk blessed with
the abiding peace of sudden enlightenment.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Monk? Murder, remember?

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - LATER

Peter leads Monk, Captain Stottlemeyer, Lt. Disher, and
Natalie up to the fifth floor. Peter and Monk together in the
same, careful manner. The others are backed up and comically
impatient.

The stairs lead to a common area between two apartment
suites.

PETER

Sam's rooms were to the left there.
Mine are here, right hand side. We
shared this common area.

(gestures)

My office, his studio.

At one end of the room is a neat desk and work table, framed
by two file cabinets and two chairs.

The rest of the room is dominated with easels and elaborate
pulley systems designed to hold very large canvases and
sheets of wood. There is a tidy business desk there, too.

The art supplies and tools are all neatly ordered. A few
finished paintings are propped neatly against the wall.

LT. DISHER

He was an artist?

PETER

(nods)

A brilliant one. I mean... just
look!

Monk glances at the artwork. Some are landscapes; some are geometric patterns. All are precisely, perfectly symmetrical.

PETER (cont'd)

You see? What do you think?

MONK

(moved)

It's... it's beautiful.
Magnificent.

NATALIE

He certainly liked... large
canvases.

PETER

Some of them. He painted on wood,
mostly. It's so easy for canvas to
be... uneven.

MONK

Of course it is.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(sardonically)

Of course it is.

MONK

What about this one?

Monk is looking at a large, perfectly white board. It is tall, nearly floor to ceiling.

PETER

Poor Sam. He's been working on that
one all month. He was working on it
just last night. Before he... you
know. He was working on it when I
went to bed.

LT. DISHER

Doesn't look like he got very far.

PETER

He'd just prepped it. And then...
and then it was so white... and
pure... and perfect. Like pristine
snow when the world was new. I
think... I think he just couldn't
stand to touch it.

Gazing at it, Monk has to wipe away a tear.

MONK

I had no idea... no idea art could
be so moving....

Natalie hands him a wipe, but Monk ignores her. He reaches
out to touch the board.

PETER

Stop! Er, sorry. I didn't mean to
startle you. It's just... it's
likely still wet. Sam was
retouching it last night. There...

(Swallows)

There was a scuff on it.

MONK

That's terrible.

PETER

That was Sam. No imperfections. Not
in his work. Not in his house.

Captain Stottlemeyer, meanwhile, is examining Peter's desk.
He picks up a framed photograph.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

This your desk, sir?

PETER

Yes. I do most of my work here.

MONK

What do you do, sir?

PETER

I'm an accountant. It may not be as
glamorous as an artist, but there
is something so precise, so
unambiguous about numbers. Don't
you think?

Monk smiles and nods. Stottlemeyer tilts his head to the
picture he's holding.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

This your family?

PETER

My son and daughter. They're all I
have left, now that my wife is gone.

MONK

I know what that's like.

Peter smiles gratefully.

MONK (cont'd)

But that's not all you have. This wonderful place....

PETER

Yes. A safe haven. You know?

MONK

(wistfully)

I can only imagine.

NATALIE

I don't see any pictures of Sam's family.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

No personal touches at all, really. Aside from the art.

Stottlemeyer returns the framed picture to the desk. Peter and Monk both rush over to reposition as it was. They smile: a moment of connection.

PETER

He has a son and a daughter. He doesn't -- didn't -- speak to them.

NATALIE

Oh, that's so sad! Why not?

PETER

(lowers his voice)

I don't think they approve of our lifestyle. And they definitely didn't approve of him squandering their inheritance on a place like this. Of course, neither one of them could pull together enough money to change a quarter.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

So you'd say they were estranged.

PETER

They were trying to have him declared incompetent so they could have him committed.

NATALIE

I'd call that estranged.

PETER

They wanted his money. Both of them. Good-for-nothing deadbeats.

MONK

You mean a legal motion?

PETER

The lawyers even interviewed me, if you can believe it. Those awful children were with them.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Randy?

LT. DISHER

I'll check on it.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - SITTING PARLOUR - LATER

As Sam's body is wheeled away on a gurney, the cops are finishing their work.

Randy is on a mobile phone. He's still drinking a soda. Sue and Carrie follow him around, frantically, coasters ready, trying to anticipate where he'll place his can.

RANDY

When was it filed?

(beat)

Okay, yeah. Yeah, I need a copy of the motion. ASAP.

Meanwhile, Peter, Nancy, and Stephen are talking to Stottlemeyer. Monk and Natalie have returned to the kitchen.

NANCY

Captain, do you think we're... quite safe here?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

I don't think you'll have any more problems. It looks like the killer came for Mr. Traylor. Specifically. I don't think he'll be back.

Stephen glances nervously at the back door.

STEPHEN

But with that... just gaping open...

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
You can get it fixed tomorrow, or
the day after at the latest. New
locks, too. That'd be a good idea.

STEPHEN
But until then?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
I can have someone stay here, if
you want.

NANCY
We'd be grateful, Captain.

Randy ends his call and approaches Stottlemeyer.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Randy! These people would like to
have a police officer stay with them.
You just volunteered.

LT. DISHER
Me? Why me?

At the same time:

NANCY
Him? Why him?

STEPHEN
Him? Why him?

PETER
Surely there's someone else...?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Randy, you've worked with Monk for,
what? Seven years now. You've got
experience dealing with... um,
special needs.

LT. DISHER
But this is like... Monk, times ten!

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
There's only five of them.

LT. DISHER
Feels like ten.

Disher starts to put his can down on a table. Sue dives,
barely getting the coaster down in time.

PETER
Really, it's too much to ask.
We'll... we'll be fine. Won't we?

SUE
(from the floor)
Perfectly fine.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Nonsense. Randy'll stay till the
door's fixed.

LT. DISHER
(sighs, resigned)
I'll go get some more sodas from
the car. Guess I'm gonna need 'em.

CARRIE
(whispers, to Sue)
More?

SUE
I think I just found a way to miss
poor Sam even more.

He turns and joins Monk and Natalie in the kitchen, where
Monk is examining the back door.

NATALIE
(to Stottlemeyer)
You really love to torture him,
don't you?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
I lead a very tough life, Natalie.
I've got long hours. I work hard. I
see a lot of ugliness. I take the
little pleasures where I find them.

MONK
This was a very heavy door. It took
a heck of a kick.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
I'll say.

Disher and the residents have gathered just outside the
kitchen, and are watching intently.

MONK
What's back there?

The residents exchange nervous glances.

CARRIE
Oh, we don't go back there.

SUE

It's a terrible, terrible place.

PETER

A jungle.

Monk pushes the broken door open, but stops, his foot frozen in mid air. Carefully, gingerly, he turns his foot first one way, then the other.

The tiny back yard is paved with tiny cobblestones. There is no way Monk can take even a single step without putting his foot on a crack. He steps back.

MONK

I'll just read the report.

Lt. Disher slips past him and walks outside. Monk and the residents cringe at his careless footsteps.

LT. DISHER

Too bad. It's nice out here. Patio garden. Flower boxes. A trellis. One of those little fireplaces. Very well kept.

STEPHEN

We have a service.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Lemme guess. They worked on the Three Mile Island clean up.

SUE

Don't be ridiculous. Those people aren't available.

CARRIE

We know. We asked.

LT. DISHER

(Looking around)

This is a very nice place.

MONK

(Shudders)

I'll just read the report.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A WHITE CANVAS

We can't see anything else. Then:

CLOSE ON A LONG, SHARP BUTCHER KNIFE, stained with red. The knife SLASHES DOWN.

THE WHITE CANVAS is splattered with dark, red liquid. Blood? Pull back to reveal:

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - AFTERNOON

RICKY TRAILOR, late 20s, dips his knife into a glob of red paint and SLASHES toward the canvas, splattering it with more red. Monk recoils in utter shock, and even Natalie and Stottlemeyer wince.

They are in Ricky's studio -- a decaying, messy urban loft. Unfinished canvases, open paint tubes and dirty brushes, and even unlaundered clothes litter every surface.

Ricky himself is unkempt -- unshaven and poorly dressed. He scowls and doesn't look at his guests.

CAPTAIN STOTTMLEYER

I have to say, sir... you don't seem especially... upset about your father's death.

Ricky doesn't look back at Stottlemeyer. He smears more blood-red paint on the blade of his knife.

RICKY

Look at the frickin' canvas, huh? Can't you see the emotion there? The frickin' passion, man?

He slashes again, hurling more paint at the canvas. Monk winces. A small drop splatters his hand. Natalie is ready with a wipe. Monk smiles gratefully.

RICKY (cont'd)

That doesn't just happen, man. That's my soul there, okay?

He smears more paint on the knife.

MONK

Would you, uh, mind terribly not doing that?

RICKY

(on edge)

What, just keep the pain bottled up? Till I just... just explode my pain and bits of heart and blood and brain all over this place? Is that what you want, man?

Monk shudders and shakes his head.

MONK

No, please.

Natalie steps in front of Monk, in effect protecting him.

NATALIE

So that... that's your grief.

RICKY

Exactly. Chick knows art.

Ricky slashes again. Monk winces. He turns away to examine the room -- anything to avoid looking at the mess -- using his hands to frame out the distractions.

RICKY (cont'd)

Hell yeah that's my grief. I'm frickin' bleeding, right there, right on the canvas.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

We've been told you didn't much like your father.

RICKY

I suppose that's no secret. Hated the old bastard.

Still looking around, Monk pulls his hands closer and closer together.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

He cut you off, didn't he?

RICKY

Cut off? No. I was never cut on.

Ricky slashes another swath of paint.

RICKY (cont'd)

(reacting to the splash)

Yeah! Good one.

He reaches for another tube of paint. Black this time.

RICKY (cont'd)
He never gave a single flying toad
crap about me or Dee Jay.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Dee Jay?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)
That'd be Deborah Jean Traylor,
right? Your sister.

RICKY
(nods bitterly)
Kids are messy, yeah? Soon as my
father learned that, he was gone. We
tried to get in touch a time or two.
But of course we never measured up.

Monk narrows his hands more, trying desperately to block out
the distractions. It's hopeless.

MONK
I can see why. Did you ever, you
know, think of cleaning this place?

RICKY
I'm an artist, man.

MONK
Your father used a... a service.
They helped clean the beaches after
the Exxon Valdez....

RICKY
(snorts)
Yeah. He cared more about those
whack jobs he lived with than his
own damn family, didn't he?

MONK
Although I guess this might be too
much even for for them....

NATALIE
They're not whack jobs...

Stottlemeyer holds up a hand to get Natalie to stop.

RICKY
He spent every last dime on that
stupid commune, or whatever the
hell you call it. And those crazy
ass deadbeats. Not one of them pays
rent, you know. Not much, anyway.
(MORE)

RICKY (cont'd)
Not to mention all the cleaning
crews.... They charge extra for all
the supervision, you know.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Lemme guess. You thought he should
have spent some of that money on
you, right?

Monk's framing hands are almost covering his eyes now.

MONK
Or at least sent a detox crew
over...

RICKY
We're his kids, aren't we? Is a
little help too much to ask from a
damn father?
(stirs his paint; calmer)
If not for me, at least for Dee Jay.
Christ. She's just a little girl.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
I thought she was older.

Ricky holds up a hand to indicate "short."

RICKY
I meant little. It's hard out here.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Ah.

RICKY
She's... special. You know? It's a
hard world for an artist. Especially
or a tiny little thing like her. The
old man... he should have helped
her. Hell, both of us.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Mr. Traylor, where were you last night?

RICKY
(anger in his eyes)
I was with Dee Jay.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Did anyone see you?

RICKY
(beat)
Lots of people.
(MORE)

RICKY (cont'd)

We were at the Righteous Bean. It's a coffee house up the block. There was a concert. One of Dee Jay's performance artist friends.

EXT. ARTIST'S LOFT - AFTERNOON

Stottlemeyer, Natalie and Monk are leaving. As they walk:

MONK

That's the guy.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(shrugs)

Well, there's motive. But we need more.

(firmly, as Monk starts to protest)

We need more.

MONK

(smugly)

That's the guy.

NATALIE

What about the sister?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

We'll have to talk to her. We--

Stottlemeyer's mobile phone rings.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

Hang on.

(answers)

Stottlemeyer.

(beat: to Monk and Natalie)

It's Randy.

(into the phone)

What is it?

MONK

(interrupting)

Is he still at the brownstone?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(nods; into the phone)

What'd you find out?

MONK

We should go see him. Let him tell us in person.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
He can tell us on the phone, Monk.
(into the phone)
Randy--

MONK
Really, I... we should go see him.
I need to hear it from his lips.
Look him in the eye. Get all the...
unspoken gestures. The subtleties.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Subtleties.

MONK
We might, you know, learn more.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Monk--

MONK
Look, this is a very... complicated
case. Difficult.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(exasperated)
Difficult?

MONK
Any one detail, no matter how
seemingly insignificant--

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(points back to the loft)
You said that's the guy!

MONK
We need more.

Captain Stottlemeyer starts to protest.

MONK (cont'd)
I need to know exactly what he
found out. In person.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(shrugs and sighs)
We're on our way, Randy.

He ends the call and starts moving.

NATALIE

(to Monk)

You just want to go back to that brownstone, don't you?

MONK

It's like... walking into a warm, comfortable hug.

NATALIE

Oh, Mr. Monk. You don't like hugs. All the touching...

MONK

(smiles peacefully)

I don't mind metaphorical ones.

(beat)

It's a very nice place.

EXT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

To establish.

INT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Lt. Disher is in the sitting room, finishing a fast food burger and another soda. He's not being careful; the residents hover anxiously.

LT. DISHER

I've gotta be honest... we haven't seen the, you know, commercial success we were looking for.

(makes air quotes with his fingers when he says 'commercial')

Stephen hovers behind him.

STEPHEN

Wouldn't you be more comfortable eating that in the kitchen?

PETER

Or maybe outside?

LT. DISHER

(oblivious to their discomfort)

No, I'm good.

(MORE)

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
Anyway, and just between you and
me, I think we're onto something
pretty darn special. Oh, here, I've
got a CD.

He stands, leaving the last bite of his burger, but taking
his soda. He moves to the stereo, pulling a CD case from his
jacket. Meanwhile, Peter, wearing rubber gloves, picks up the
burger cautiously by the wrapper and takes it away.

Nancy moves in with industrial-strength spray cleaner and
sponges. As they pass:

NANCY
(whispers)
He's like a hurricane.

PETER
(whispers)
A... a force of nature! A one-man
swath of destruction!

LT. DISHER
We call it the Randy Disher
Project. This is new. Special
edition; bonus Track.

Randy starts to set his soda down as he pushes play. Carrie
is there, ready with a coaster. At the last second, he keeps
the soda. As the music starts, he turns back to the others.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
You're not gonna believe this.
That's all me. Even the harmony.

STEPHEN
Actually... I can believe it.

PETER
(whispers to Nancy)
Are my ears bleeding?

At that moment, there is a KNOCK at the door. We HEAR IT
OPEN. Stottlemeyer CALLS:

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (O.S.)
Randy?

LT. DISHER
(muttering)
Oh thank God.

SUE
(whispers)
Thank God.

Disher sets his soda down next to the stereo. Carrie is there, diving again to get a coaster under his cup. Oblivious, Disher goes to meet Stottlemeyer at the other side of the room.

CARRIE
(from the floor)
Thank God.

Lt. Disher meets Monk, Natalie, and the Captain. Monk looks around, gazing peacefully. Everything is in its place. He takes a deep breath and smiles contentedly.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
What'd you find out?

LT. DISHER
There was a lawsuit.

Monk is looking around, taking in all the symmetry and precise tidiness, not paying attention to anything else.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Monk? Don't you want to look him in the eye?

Monk turns to Disher and meets his gaze, staring intently.

LT. DISHER
(uncomfortable)
Uh, anyway. Lawsuit. It's the deceased's children. Just like Mr. Carver said. They want him declared incompetent. They'd control his assets. Even challenge his will.

PETER
They're trying to break up our home.

NATALIE
Maybe we should, uh...

She points over her shoulder into the foyer. They step back.

LT. DISHER
Anyway, their lawyers had just interviewed Mr. Traylor's psychologist. Yeah, he was in therapy. Guess who it is. C'mon. Are you ready?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Randy!

LT. DISHER
Dr. Bell.

MONK
Dr. Bell? Wait. My Dr. Bell?

Disher grins and nods.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
We'll need to talk to him. And to
the sister. See if she can confirm
Ricky's alibi.

LT. DISHER
One more thing. Forensics called.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Yeah?

LT. DISHER
Mr. Traylor wasn't stabbed with a
two pronged weapon. He was stabbed
twice. With a knife.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Very precise. Took skill.

NATALIE
An artist?

MONK
Ricky.

LT. DISHER
(snorts derisively to
Natalie)
Pitchfork.

NATALIE
It could have been a broken one.

LT. DISHER
(smugly)
Wasn't.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Monk, Natalie, and Stottlemeyer approach the front door:

MONK

This is a waste of time. I could
have waited back at the brownstone--

Stottlemeyer and Natalie exchange amused glances.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

We just need to talk to her. Won't
take a moment.

MONK

I'll telling you. Ricky's the guy.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

His sister has motive, too.

MONK

It was a good, solid door. Sturdy.
It took a... a large man to kick
that in. Not a little girl.

Stottlemeyer KNOCKS. From inside, they hear a GRUNT and a
CRASH. Stottlemeyer KNOCKS again. Dee Jay calls from inside.

DEE JAY (O.S.)

It's open.

MONK

Ricky's the guy. You don't need me.

Stottlemeyer opens the door. Dee Jay, 20s, is tiny. But she's
one tough petite woman, small but fierce. She is practicing
kick boxing with a hanging bag.

DEE JAY

(shouts)

Yah!

She kicks again. The bag shudders; her kick was nearly enough
to tear it from its hook in the ceiling.

Monk staggers back, alarmed.

MONK

She...

NATALIE

Mr. Monk, it's okay--

MONK

She's the guy!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dee Jay's one-room studio apartment isn't any neater than Ricky's, although her medium appears to be sculpture. Natalie and Stottlemeyer are seated, facing Dee Jay, who stares at them belligerently.

Monk is the only one not seated. He finds a chair, but hesitates to move the piled garbage. As the others talk, he moves seat to seat, finding each worse than the one before.

Natalie is gazing at the unfinished sculpture.

NATALIE

So you sculpt?

DEE JAY

Wow. The powers of observation.

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER

Deborah Jean--

DEE JAY

(interrupting)

Dee Jay.

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER

Dee Jay.

DEE JAY

I prefer Dee Jay.

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER

Dee Jay. Right.

He makes a note, and looks back at his earlier scribbles. Dee Jay watches Monk, making him more uncomfortable. Natalie attempts to divert her attention.

NATALIE

So you're a kick boxer.

DEE JAY

Ooo. You're like frickin' Sherlock Holmes.

NATALIE

(embarrassed)

Actually, I'm not really the detective.

DEE JAY

So why are you asking question?

NATALIE

Uh, I was just--

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

I'll ask.

(beat)

So you're a kick boxer.

DEE JAY

Amazing. The brain power of the frickin' police department.

(beat)

It's just something I do. Blows off steam. Stress, you know?

Monk finds a clear chair at last. He is about to sit.

DEE JAY (cont'd)

Not there!

Monk freezes in mid-action.

DEE JAY (cont'd)

That's not a chair. That's art.

MONK

Sorry.

(beat, awkwardly)

It's very nice.

Monk stands up awkwardly.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Under a lot of stress are you?

DEE JAY

I just lost my damn father.

(rage melts; she's close to tears)

And I never even really got to know the bastard. And I lost my stupid prescription bottle. Can't even get the frickin' thing refilled till Monday....

Monk looks back, suddenly alert.

MONK

You take medication?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

What kind?

DEE JAY

(realizing she's slipped)

What? No. Aspirin. That's all.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

You're getting aspirin refilled.

DEE JAY

I recycle. You should try it.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Dee Jay, I'm going to cut straight to the point here. You brother Ricky says the two of you were together the night your father died.

DEE JAY

Why? What, are you accusing me of something?

MONK

We'd just like to know where you were.

DEE JAY

Why?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Okay. You and your brother make no secret of the fact that you didn't like your father. You both need money. You've been trying to get control of his assets. He winds up dead. Motive. Would you like to answer the question?

DEE JAY

We were together.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Where?

DEE JAY

He already told you. The coffee house. The Righteous Bean. We go there all the time. But--

MONK

(still standing)

What?

DEE JAY

It's not you think. The law suit...
It was giving us a chance to talk,
you know? For the first time. I
thought... for the first time in my
life, I thought maybe things were
getting better. For all of us.
Maybe... Crap. I don't know.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

As Monk, Natalie, and Stottlemeyer walk back to their car:

NATALIE

She was lying. Don't you think?
About the medicine, I mean.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(smirks)

You're like frickin' Sherlock Holmes.

Natalie gives him a glare to hide her smile.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

Yeah, she was lying. She's on
something that sure ain't aspirin.

NATALIE

Like Anti-depressants. Or anti-
psychotics.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Something like that. Maybe.

MONK

The question is, why didn't have an
emergency refill called in?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

I'll have Randy find out what she's
taking. And we need to talk to Dr.
Bell.

MONK

(nods)

But first, I'd like to see the
crime scene. One more time.

Stottlemeyer and Natalie exchange amused glances.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Why's that, Monk?

MONK

Just a hunch. I may have missed something.

(smiles peacefully)

If I could just spend a little time there....

INT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING, KITCHEN - DAY

Disher and Natalie look on as Monk stands in the middle of the spotless kitchen, his arms open wide, a blissful smile on his face.

LT. DISHER

Find anything we missed?

Monk doesn't bother to answer. He just smiles.

Peter and Stephen ENTER from the sitting room.

PETER

(nervously)

Mr. Monk. I know you're busy, but could we have a word?

STEPHEN

Just for a moment.

LT. DISHER

I'll go check on the Captain.

Disher EXITS. Natalie stands back, examining the kitchen, trying to pretend like she's not listening.

PETER

This is a little awkward. We've so appreciated all you've done. All of you... and it's been such a comfort to have someone here. But I'm sure Lt. Disher must have something more important to do...

STEPHEN

Somewhere else.

PETER

He's not... like us. He tries his best, but--

STEPHEN

He's a one-man--

PETER
(interrupting)
He just doesn't understand.

MONK
(sympathetically)
No, he doesn't.

Natalie hides an amused smile.

PETER
The thing is, we would feel more comfortable with someone here. Someone professional. Someone who understands.
(with an edge that makes Natalie frown)
Someone able to maintain the high standards we've set here.

STEPHEN
Someone else.

MONK
(not daring to hope)
You mean...

PETER
We have a room free now. And you do have police experience.

MONK
So until things are settled...

PETER
Until then, of course. And after? Well, if you like the place, why not stay? You're not the sort of man that'll let things... slip. I can see that.

Natalie joins then, obviously worried.

NATALIE
Oh, Mr. Monk, I don't know....

MONK
Stay here? With you?

PETER
With people like you, Mr. Monk. People who understand.

MONK

I seems almost too good to be true.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk, that's a huge step. You'd be leaving your house. Trudy's house.

For the first time, Monk notices that the other residents have gathered near the entrance to the kitchen.

NANCY

You'd be very welcome here.

NATALIE

At least talk to Dr. Bell first--

Stottlemeyer ENTERS, closing his phone. Disher follows.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

That's Dr. Bell's office. You can talk to him now, if you can get there before his next appointment.

LT. DISHER

(desperately)

I should you probably go with you. Official police. You might need me.

SUE

(equally desperate)

He's right. You might need him.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

For Heaven's sake, Randy, it's Dr. Bell. I think Monk can handle it.

The residents gape, too stunned to speak.

LT. DISHER

Wait--!

INT. DR. BELL'S OFFICE - LATER

Natalie and Monk are seated in Dr. Bell's office. Dr. Bell sits facing them.

DR. BELL

You know, I'm uncomfortable talking about another patient... even one who's left us.

MONK

But you talked to the lawyers for Dee Jay and Ricky Traylor, didn't you?

DR. BELL

(beat; sighs)

I did.

MONK

(this is hard for him)

Did you... I mean... was he... um...

NATALIE

(helpfully)

They wanted you to help them have him declared incompetent, didn't they?

Dr. Bell nods.

DR. BELL

Normally, I'd never have spoken to them at all...

Monk gathers his courage. He's asking about himself as much as Sam Traylor.

MONK

Was he? Um... was he... you know. Incompetent? Is that why you talked to the lawyers?

DR. BELL

Oh, Adrian. No. No. It's not like that at all. I talked to the lawyers, because I wanted them to know that Sam Traylor wasn't incompetent. Far from it. He was getting better.

MONK

Better?

DR. BELL

Better.

NATALIE

He had... what? Some kind of breakthrough?

DR. BELL

(chuckles)

Nothing like that. Getting better isn't a lightning strike. It's a process. Day by hard day. Or maybe it was. Not a breakthrough; not exactly.

MONK

What... what do you mean? Exactly?

DR. BELL

It was more like... like a series of little breakthroughs. Things that made the world seem, well, a little less dangerous every day. And he found he could... relax a little. He told me. Once, just a week ago, he spilled some of his paints on the floor of this studio. Do you know what he did?

MONK

(considers)

I imagine he started with an industrial strength paint thinner... and a cleanser....

DR. BELL

He left it.

MONK

No. No. He wouldn't have done that.

DR. BELL

He was on his way to see me. He didn't want to be late. He figured he'd just... get it later.

MONK

No. Not Sam Traylor.

DR. BELL

He started mixing the socks in his drawer. Black, brown, even white pairs, all together. He even left a dish in the sink. Once, but it was a start.

MONK

The others wouldn't like that--

DR. BELL

Little breakthroughs, Adrian. There was a painting he was working on. One of his great big pieces. Have you seen them?

NATALIE

We have.

MONK

Beautiful work. Beautiful.

DR. BELL

He brought a snapshot in. To his... his last session. It was a farm house, surrounded by nine trees.

MONK

Nine? No, that can't be.

DR. BELL

Nine trees.

MONK

He wouldn't have done that...

DR. BELL

It wasn't as tight, not as... controlled as his work usually was. It was free... passionate.

MONK

Maybe there was a tenth, and you just didn't notice.

DR. BELL

Five of the trees were together, on the right side of the house. Together. Like they'd been planted that way. Neatly pruned. Orderly. On the other side, there were three trees. Wild.

MONK

But that's... that's not symmetrical.

NATALIE

What do you think it meant?

DR. BELL

What do you think, Adrian?

MONK

I think maybe you missed a tree. If I could see that snapshot...

DR. BELL

It was a little breakthrough, Adrian. He was getting better. And I think... I think we was ready to reach out to his children, Monk. He wanted to be a family again. That's what I told the lawyers.

EXT. THE RIGHTEOUS BEAN COFFEEHOUSE - MEANWHILE

To establish. The sky is cloudier, threatening rain.

INT. THE RIGHTEOUS BEAN COFFEEHOUSE - MEANWHILE

A hip, urban coffee and wine bar. A tiny stage is empty. The place is fairly crowded with YOUNG ARTY TYPES. Captain Stottlemeyer is there with TWO UNIFORMED COPS. They are showing photos of Ricky and Dee Jay to the patrons.

Stottlemeyer is at the bar talking to NICK and JILLY, both in their 20s, tattooed and dressed in black, and the barista, who is also young and hip.

One of the cops approaches Stottlemeyer.

COP #3

They didn't see either of them.

Stottlemeyer nods. He turns back to barista.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

You were saying?

BARISTA

Yeah, I know 'em. Ricky and Dee Jay. They're in here all the time. But I don't remember seeing them last night.

NICK

Me either.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

You sure?

NICK

Well, it was crowded--

JILLY

I'm sure.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(to Jilly)

Ma'am?

JILLY

Dee Jay wasn't here. Even though she totally promised she's be here for my show. Ricky, too.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
You're a... what? Singer?

JILLY
(rolls her eyes)
Performance artist.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
And you're sure Ricky and Dee Jay
weren't here.

JILLY
I can see the whole place from the
stage. They totally blew me off.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - SITTING PARLOUR - MEANWHILE

In the parlour, Carrie and Sue are following Lt. Disher around with wipes and coasters. Lt. Disher is drinking another soda and eating a bag of chips. He sets the empty bag down on a table, but Peter sweeps in to collect it.

PETER
(firmly enough to startle
even Disher)
That's not permitted. We have
standards, you know.

Peter EXITS with the empty bag.

Carrie and Sue are still following Disher. Disher turns first one way, then another, still sipping his soda. It's impossible to guess who's going to snap first.

CARRIE
(whispers, to Sue)
How man of those can he drink?

SUE
(whispers)
I don't know. How many are there?

Lt. Disher spins, suddenly, confronting the two women.

LT. DISHER
Do you have to keep following me
like that?

SUE
Perhaps you'd be more comfortable
drinking that... someone else?
Outside?

CARRIE

Or at the police station, perhaps?

SUE

Or your home. You do have a home,
right? And you'll be going back?

CARRIE

(hopefully)

Someday?

LT. DISHER

(mutters)

God I hope so.

At that moment, Stephen and Nancy ENTER.

STEPHEN

Lt. Disher! Come quick!

LT. DISHER

What is it?

NANCY

It's the killer! I think... I think
he's back!

Randy sets his soda down; Carrie has to dive again to get the
coaster under it.

LT. DISHER

Where?

STEPHEN

Outside! Right out front.

Lt. Disher sprints, his gun ready. He races to the foyer, and
out the front door. Stephen slams it shut and locks the many
bolts. The he collapses, his back against the door, eyes
closes and head down.

NANCY

We can't keep him out there
forever, you know.

STEPHEN

(sighs)

I know.

(urgently)

Quick everyone! Get the cleaners!

There is a KNOCK at the door.

LT. DISHER (O.S.)
Okay. Very funny. Let me in, huh?

More KNOCKING.

LT. DISHER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Aw, c'mon. It's raining out here.

INT. DR. BELL'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Dr. Bell is showing Natalie and Monk to the door.

NATALIE
Uh, Mr. Monk... isn't there, uh,
anything else you wanted to talk to
Dr. Bell about?

Monk gives Natalie a glare.

DR. BELL
You know, that's the sort of
question you never hear in a non-
rhetorical sort of way. What's on
your mind, Adrian?

MONK
(like it's no big deal)
The, uh... the people in the
brownstone. They've asked me to
move in to Sam Traylor's apartment.

DR. BELL
Sam Traylor was thinking of moving
out of that brownstone.

NATALIE
You're kidding!

MONK
No. No, that can't be.

DR. BELL
No, he hadn't told anyone, but
that's what he was thinking. Do you
know why, Adrian?

MONK
Because of the law suit?

DR. BELL
(shakes his head)
No. Because he was getting better.
(MORE)

DR. BELL (cont'd)

He didn't need his safe haven any more. Do you understand what I'm saying?

MONK

It's not like that. It's... it's just such a nice place.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk, it's a step backwards. Dr. Bell, isn't that right?

DR. BELL

I'm just saying it's something you should think about. Okay? Very, very carefully. That's all.

EXT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE BUILDING - DUSK

To establish. It's raining gently.

INT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT, FOYER - DUSK

Monk and Natalie ENTER to find Lt. Disher in the foyer, still wet, standing on a pile of towels. Disher isn't explaining. Monk isn't asking.

LT. DISHER

Oh, and the captain called. They checked Dee Jay's prescription. It's an antipsychotic. Pretty heavy duty.

MONK

If she couldn't take her medicine...

NATALIE

Who knows what she might have been capable of?

MONK

So why didn't she get an emergency refill?

Disher shrugs.

LT. DISHER

Maybe that's something I should check on. Um, personally. At the station.

PETER (O.S.)

(calls)

Or anywhere.

LT. DISHER

But, um--

MONK

Somebody needs to stay here. You know, I could do that...

NATALIE

(worried)

Mr. Monk--

MONK

It would just be... you know. A trial.

NATALIE

(doubtfully)

A trial.

Two by two, the residents ENTER -- from the kitchen, from the sitting room, from upstairs.

PETER

That's right. You know. A trial.

NANCY

We do need someone to stay, after all.

MONK

(to Natalie)

They do, you know.

NATALIE

For protection?

STEPHEN

Well, yes. That, certainly.

SUE

And to make things symmetrical.

CARRIE

Symmetrical. Exactly.

MONK

(smiles peacefully)

You can't argue with that.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk--

LT. DISHER

No, no. It's perfect.

(before they can change their minds)

(MORE)

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
Really. Great for everyone.
(backs slowly to the door)
I'd better... the captain probably
needs me....

He backs away and EXITS.

NATALIE
Mr. Monk, remember what Dr. Bell
said--

MONK
It's just a trial.

PETER
Exactly. A trial. Although if you'd
like to stay, you can always bring
your things later....

Monk smiles.

MONK
Sure. Later.

NATALIE
(firmly)
A trial.

MONK
(dejected)
A trial.

PETER
(happy)
I'll get your rooms ready.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - SITTING PARLOUR - LATER

Monk is seated with Natalie, Nancy, Stephen, Carrie, and Sue,
drinking cups of tea. The clock on the mantle strikes ten.
Stephen looks at Nancy.

STEPHEN
Looks like bedtime, dear.

NANCY
(to Monk, explaining)
We always go to bed at ten.

Monk nods, smiling, appreciating the precision.

CARRIE
Good night.

SUE

Night.

As they EXIT, there a BUMP in the kitchen.

NATALIE

What was that?

MONK

It's nothing. That door probably worked loose again.

NATALIE

We should look.

CARRIE

It's around back. We don't go there.

Natalie frowns and EXITS, going to look. As she goes:

NATALIE

I'll check it.

SUE

Would you like some more tea, Mr. Monk?

Before he can answer, Natalie SCREAMS.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Monk and the others race in. An intruder, dressed in a loose black sweatshirt and jacket and wearing a ski mask, crouches on the floor near the refrigerator, holding a broom.

As Monk and the others ENTER, the intruder leaps to his feet. He hesitates, looking for an escape. Then, he drops the broom and leaps forward, sprinting past Monk and the others. Startled, they leap aside. The intruder rushes past them...

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

...and out the front door, running like mad into the rainy darkness. The chimes over the door SOUND LOUDLY.

EXT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

At the street, the intruder runs past Lt. Disher, who is returning to the brownstone.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Sue and Carrie sit nervously on the sofa. Two COPS are reassuring them. Monk and Natalie are talking to Captain Stottlemeyer, Lt. Disher and another COP.

NATALIE

...so I went to the kitchen.

MONK

We thought the door was loose again.

NATALIE

And he was there. I saw him crouching with a broom. Like he was trying to get something under the refrigerator.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(to the cop)

Check it out.

The cop nods and EXITS to the kitchen.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

(to Natalie)

But you didn't get a good look.

NATALIE

No.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(to Lt. Disher)

How 'bout you, Randy?

LT. DISHER

(shakes his head)

Ran right past me.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

And you didn't think to stop the guy? What were you doing out there?

LT. DISHER

I was coming back. I forgot my CD.

(holds the case up)

It's the Randy Disher Project. Special Edition. I don't have many of these.

(MORE)

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
I didn't even know she was coming
from here. Not till I heard all the
commotion, anyway.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
The ski mask wasn't a tip off?

LT. DISHER
It's rainy. Cold.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
You're not even wearing a coat!
(beat; pauses mid-eye
roll)
Wait. Did you say she?

LT. DISHER
I didn't get a good look. But yeah.
I thought it was a woman. Smallish.

COP #4 (O.S.)
(calls from the kitchen)
Captain, I found something.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Monk, Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Disher ENTER, the cop,
who'd been kneeling by the refrigerator, stands. He's holding
a prescription medicine bottle. He hands the bottle to
Stottlemeyer.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(reads the label)
Deborah Jean Traylor. Her anti-
psychotics.

LT. DISHER
She must have dropped it the night
of the murder.

NATALIE
That's why she ran out without
enough time to refill.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Okay. I think that's enough to
bring her in.

MONK
(frowns)
I don't know.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

What now, Monk?

MONK

I don't know.

(frames the scene,
studying)

Something just doesn't feel right.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Monk, you said she's the guy!

LT. DISHER

(pointing out helpfully)

He also said Ricky's the guy.

MONK

So what do I know?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Maybe they're both the guy. Guys.

LT. DISHER

Girl and guy.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

They both lied about the alibi.

NATALIE

That makes sense.

MONK

I don't know. Something...
something just doesn't feel right.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Monk, Natalie, Lt. Disher, and Stottlemeyer, along with two COPS, are talking to Dee Jay in her apartment. We've seen the two cops before; both of them were part of the team investigating the murder.

DEE JAY

So am I being arrested or what?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Not yet. We'd like you to come in
and answer some questions.

DEE JAY

What kind of questions?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Like where you've been over the
past hour.

DEE JAY
Right here.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Alone?

DEE JAY
(nods)
I was talking to Ricky.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(to a cop)
Check the phone records.

The cop nods and EXITS.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)
How long were you on the phone?

DEE JAY
Just a few minutes. I was talking
when you guys got here.

MONK
Then the phone records won't
matter. She had time to get back.

DEE JAY
It's not what you think. I swear. I
told you. Things... things were
getting better.

LT. DISHER
Better? Like lawsuit better?

DEE JAY
You never know what can open a door.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
Any proof of that?

DEE JAY
I... I wrote him a letter. Not even
Ricky knew. He would have kept that.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(to a cop)
Get a warrant.
(to Dee Jay)
If it's there, we'll find it.

LT. DISHER

We'd also like to know why we found
a bottle of your medication at the
scene of the murder.

DEE JAY

My medicine? Where is it?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

It's evidence. Now if you'll just
come with us--

Before he finishes, Ricky bursts through the front door.

RICKY

Don't tell 'em anything, Dee Jay.
I'll get you a frickin' lawyer.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Mr. Traylor. I'm glad you're here.
Seems you lied to us.

LT. DISHER

Your alibi. It doesn't check out.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

We know you and Dee Jay weren't at
the coffee house the night your
father was killed. I went there
myself. Now then. Is there anything
you'd like to talk about?

RICKY

Don't answer, Dee Jay.

DEE JAY

Can I have my medicine?

RICKY

I told you not to tell them about
that!

DEE JAY

They found my bottle. At dad's place.

RICKY

(takes a deep breath)
Okay. Yeah. It's hers.

DEE JAY

We didn't want anyone to know.
About... about the medicine. Or
about the therapy.

NATALIE

Therapy?

DEE JAY

We were seeing a doctor. A... a therapist. Both of us. Ricky and me. It was something we wanted to keep... you know. On the down low.

As they are talking, Monk wanders back to the kitchen area of Dee Jay's apartment, framing the scene with his hands.

LT. DISHER

Why?

RICKY

We were trying to get our father declared incompetent. This ain't exactly the kind of information that helps our stupid case, is it?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(to Dee Jay)

But you lost your bottle, didn't you?

Dee Jay nods.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

At your father's house. Right?

DEE JAY

What? No!

RICKY

She didn't. She was seeing the doctor that night. I drove her there myself.

MONK

You were with her? The whole time?

RICKY

I was in the waiting room.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

I'll need the doctor's name and phone number. Randy, check it out.

Lt. Disher nods.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER (cont'd)

Mr. Traylor, did you have access to your sister's medication?

RICKY

I suppose so. Why?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Did anyone see you in the waiting room? The whole time?

RICKY

No. I was alone. Wait. Wait. What are you frickin' saying here?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

I'm just asking questions.

RICKY

So, what? You think I frickin' killed my father? And just... just tried to frame my own sister?

LT. DISHER

(doubtfully)

The person I saw was small. A woman.

Stottlemeyer shoots Randy a look.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)

Seriously. A woman.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(ignores Randy)

I think the killer dropped a bottle of medicine in your father's kitchen the night of the murder. That's what I think. Right, Monk?

MONK

No.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

What?

MONK

No. No. We need to go back to the brownstone.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Natalie, Monk, Stottlemeyer, and Disher are in the kitchen with Carrie and Sue, the two cops, and Ricky and Dee Jay. Monk is on the floor, probing under the refrigerator.

A very sleepy Peter ENTERS from the kitchen back stairway.

PETER

What's going on here?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Sorry to wake you, Mr. Carver.

LT. DISHER

I have a warrant here. I need to search Mr. Trailor's room.

PETER

You can't be serious. It's so late!

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Mr. Carver, maybe you can give Randy a hand.

PETER

(nods reluctantly)

Come on, then.

Lt. Disher and Peter EXIT, going up the stairs. Monk stands.

MONK

(to the cops)

You searched the room after the murder, right?

COP #1

We didn't look under the refrigerator, I'm afraid.

MONK

What about right under the lip here? If something was there, you'd have seen it, right?

COP #1

Probably. Yeah. Sure we would.

MONK

(nods)

So it would have had to be way down under there for you to miss it. Right?

COP #1

Right.

MONK

But look. A medicine bottle won't fit. Not unless it was paper thin.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

But the bottle....

MONK

The intruder tonight wasn't here to find something. He was here to leave something.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

He was planting evidence.

Everyone turns to Ricky.

RICKY

Me? Wait. No!

At that moment, Stephen and Nancy ENTER, rubbing sleep from their eyes.

NANCY

What's happening?

STEPHEN

What's all the racket? It's past our bedtime!

SUE

(whispers)

Hush, Stephen. Mr. Monk's solving the crime.

DEE JAY

Ricky... is this... it it true?

RICKY

No! Dee Jay, I swear...

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Wait. Randy said person he saw wasn't tall. He thought it was a woman.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - MEANWHILE

In the common room between the two apartments, Lt. Disher looks around while Peter follows nervously.

LT. DISHER

Ah. Desk. Bingo.

Disher starts rummaging through the neat, perfectly organized papers on the desk. Peter follows behind him, re-tidying, trying frantically to keep pace, his frustration growing.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

Monk looks at the back door.

MONK

Look. The back door was still open. Why would the intruder rush past us all, when he or she could have just slipped out the back way?

STEPHEN

Most of us had gone to bed. The way was practically clear.

MONK

But the back door's right here. And he... or, um, she wouldn't have any way to know the house was clear. I think the intruder had a good reason for not going out the back.

CARRIE

Well of course not. None of us go back there.

NANCY

It's a terrible place.

STEPHEN

A jungle.

Monk nods and smiles sympathetically.

MONK

That's only sensible. But... it doesn't bother Randy. Or most people, right?

NATALIE

No. I'm afraid not, Mr. Monk.

MONK

It bothers people like... like us.

STEPHEN

Wait. You're not suggesting one of us--

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - MEANWHILE

Randy has the desk drawer open and is flinging papers to the floor after he examines them, one by one. Peter is even more frantic, nearly wringing his hands at the piling chaos. He's close to the edge.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

The investigation continues.

STEPHEN

It can't be one of us. Peter was upstairs. Nancy and I were asleep. Except for Carrie and Sue....

CARRIE

And we were with you, Mr. Monk.

MONK

The intruder couldn't leave through the back door, even though it was open and clear. That means he couldn't come in that way, either. And he didn't come in through the front door, either.

NATALIE

Then how--

Smiling, Monk points at the kitchen staircase.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

That might -- might -- explain the intruder tonight. But Monk, the killer came in the back door. These people were in the house that night.

MONK

Maybe. But the intruder tonight came down that staircase. It wasn't Carrie or Sue.

NATALIE

That leaves Peter. Or Stephen and Nancy--

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Stephen and Nancy are both fairly tall. Wouldn't you say?

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - MEANWHILE

Disher comes to the top middle drawer. It is locked.

LT. DISHER

Got a key to this?

PETER
(desperately)
No! It's his personal drawer. For
God's sake, man, please...

Randy grabs a letter opener and forces the drawer open, making a severe scratch as he does. Peter's horrified GASP is close to a scream. His eyes are wild. Closer to the edge. Closer....

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

Monk is coming to a conclusion.

NANCY
Wait. You're not suggesting Peter
could have... have just snapped!

MONK
Where's Peter now?

NATALIE
He went upstairs...

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(realizing)
With Randy.

Stottlemeyer and Monk bolt to the stairs. The others follow.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - MEANWHILE

Lt. Disher is going through the papers in the drawer, tossing them over his shoulder one by one. Peter's fists are turning white from being clenched so tightly. His eyes narrow with fury. At last, Disher stops. He's found a letter. He opens it and starts to read.

Peter snaps. He creeps back slowly. He opens his own desk and pulls out a long knife from a folder. It's the murder weapon.

LT. DISHER
Huh. What d'ya know? Dee Jay was
telling the truth.

As Disher to the stairs, he SPILLS A BOTTLE OF INK. It's the last straw. Peter CRIES OUT and rushes forward, knife raised.

Stottlemeyer reaches the top of the stairs just in time. He races past Lt. Disher and tackles Peter. The knife falls to the floor and slides across the room.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
(startled)

Wha--?

Stottlemeter stands.

LT. DISHER (cont'd)
Whoa.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(to a cop)
Bag that knife. I think we found our
murder weapon. And cuff this guy.
(to Randy)
Could this be the... person you saw?

LT. DISHER
(shrugs)
Could be.

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
(smirking)
He's a man, Randy.

LT. DISHER
He's got kind of a girly walk.

The cops help Peter to his feet. They pull his arms behind
his back for the cuffs.

PETER
What is this? This... this is
absolutely outrageous!

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER
And you were... what? Bring that
knife to help Randy open letters?

MONK
(to Peter)
Dr. Bell told me Sam was having
little breakthroughs. He was
getting better. It must have been
hard to live with him. Wasn't it?

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

Images of the actions Monk describes:

A shirt on a chair, not folded and put away...

Wadded paper on the floor next to the basket...

MONK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Little messes. Things he didn't put
away like he used to--

Two paint brushes, left by a canvas, still wet with paint.
Peter SIGHS with exasperation and starts to clean them...

MONK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Food left out...

Increasingly tense, Peter cleans a mess in the sink...

PETER (V.O.)
(frustrated)
That's just not sanitary.

Pictures on the desk, not straight. Folders left out, open.

The mustard on the sink.

MONK (V.O.)
Spills. Just... just left there.
Unclean.

The last painting, with the unsymmetrical trees and the wild,
impassioned brush strokes.

MONK (V.O.)
Even changes in his art, the
paintings that had once been so
symmetrical, so... so soothing.

END FLASHBACK.

Back to scene:

Peter shifts uncomfortably, tense, eyes wild again.

MONK
(almost sympathetic)
Which is certainly understandable.

CAPTAIN STOTTEMEYER
Monk.

Embarrassed, Monk goes to the window and leans out. He can
see the trellis leading down from Peter's room.

MONK
The killer came in the back door.
We all know that.

PETER

Exactly. Like I said, we where in the house that night.

MONK

Sam Traylor was working on one last painting. One that wasn't like the others. A large painting. On a large sheet of wood.

PETER

It was horrible. A cry for help.

MONK

(again, almost sympathetic)
I imagine it was....

CAPTAIN STOTTMMEYER

Monk!

MONK

(snapping back to business)
Here's what happened.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - COURTYARD - THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER

Above the trellis, Peter's window opens.

MONK (V.O.)

With all the elaborate pulleys Sam Traylor used to hang his heavy boards and canvases, I don't think it would have been too hard to lower that board.

Peter uses the ropes to lower a board down to the courtyard. It lies flat, painting side down, making a path to the door.

MONK (V.O.)

You used the board to cross to the back door, then kicked it in.

Peter kicks the door in, then pulls a knife from his belt.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER

Peter sees the mess Sam has left.

PETER

No!

The knife slashes down.

MONK (V.O.)

Two stab wounds. Very symmetrical.

The knife slashes down again.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Sam's body lies on its newspaper. Peter carefully cleans the spilled mustard Sam left on the counter.

MONK (V.O.)

Then, it was just a matter of cleaning up.

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - COURTYARD - LATER

Peter hoists the board back up -- then climbs the trellis.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - LATER

Peter paints over Sam's last painting.

MONK (V.O.)

But the board was scuffed, wasn't it?
You had to paint it over. It was
still wet when you showed it to us.

END FLASHBACK

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Back to scene.

MONK

You knew we'd remember that. That's
why you decided to plant one more
clue. Dee Jay's medicine.

DEE JAY

(realizing)
You total sleaze!

FLASHBACK:

Close on Peter, taking a bottle of pills from a purse.

END FLASHBACK.

Back to scene.

MONK

I guess you got it when she came
with the lawyers to interview you?

Peter doesn't answer.

RICKY

You were trying to frame my sister!

MONK

You would have had plenty of
chances. You kept it. Just in case.
Didn't you?

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

Mr. Carver, is that so?

PETER

You don't know what it was like!
Messes! Messes everywhere!

CAPTAIN STOTTLEMEYER

(to the cops)

Gentlemen, if you please. Randy,
read him his rights.

As the cops move to make the arrest and drag Peter away:

PETER

(ranting)

He spilled mustard and left it! Right
on the counter! He was tearing our
home apart! He was going to turn us
out and give everything to them! He
was wearing mismatched socks! For the
love of God, mismatched socks! He....

END OF ACT FOUR

EPILOGUE

EXT. UPSCALE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Monk approaches the front door, carrying two suitcases.
Natalie follows, carrying a heavy cardboard box.

NATALIE

Are you sure you need this much
stuff? For a trial?

MONK

It never hurts to plan ahead. It
might be a long... you know. Trial.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk--

Before she can finish, Monk KNOCKS. Stephen answers. Nancy,
Carrie, and Sue are waiting inside.

STEPHEN

Yes?

MONK

Here I am. You know. For the, um, trial?

NANCY

Well, this is awkward.

STEPHEN

Mr. Monk, please don't think us
ungrateful. But surely you're not
thinking to move in now, are you?

MONK

Why not?

CARRIE

Why, that awful Mr. Carver's just
been arrested!

MONK

Of course he was.

SUE

That means there's four here now. Four.

CARRIE

An even number.

NANCY

Don't you see? You'd make five.

STEPHEN
It's just not symmetrical.

MONK
(nods reluctantly)
Yeah. I guess you can't argue with that.

NANCY
Come back and visit any time.

Monk smiles, sadly, and starts to walk away.

SUE
But be sure to bring a friend!

CARRIE
(as she closes the door)
Just not that Lt. Disher!

Natalie and Monk walk back to the car. Monk SIGHS sadly.

NATALIE
It's for the best. Like Dr. Bell
said. You don't need that place.
You're getting better!

MONK
I'm like Moses.

NATALIE
Moses?

MONK
Able to see the Promised Land, but
doomed never to enter....

NATALIE
Mr. Monk, remember the burning bush?
Moses had to take his shoes off. Outside.

Monk shudders.

NATALIE (cont'd)
And the manna... the food from
Heaven? It fell on the ground, Mr.
Monk. And the locusts....

MONK
Natalie, for God's sake, stop!

END OF SHOW