

16 EXT./INT. RESTAURANT WINDOW - KITCHEN - MONK'S POV NIGHT 16

Monk's POV. Looking through the window. His vision is partially obscured. "We" get glimpses of a drug deal going down!

We're looking into a cluttered second-rate KITCHEN. THREE MEN are there: a Serpico-ish UNDERCOVER COP, who has a moustache and distinctive scar on his chin... a nervous, BOOKISH MAN, who's in the wrong place at the wrong time... and a strung-out, long-haired DRUG DEALER.

The Undercover Cop is aiming a GUN at the other two, and is flashing his BADGE.

UNDERCOVER COP
Is that proof enough? Now kiss the wall! Both of you!

DRUG DEALER
I don't believe it. Let me see that badge.

START →

The Drug Dealer defiantly approaches the Cop.

BOOKISH MAN (ZACHARY QUINN)
(panicking)
What are you doing? He's a cop! Do what he says!

DRUG DEALER
He's not a cop, man. He's just trying to rip us off.

The Drug Dealer lunges for the Cop! They grapple for the gun!

They BOUNCE AROUND the kitchen- SLAMMING against shelves- KNOCKING OVER PANS and DISHES!

They tumble IN and OUT of MONK'S POV!

17 EXT. BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Monk tries to help the Cop! He races over the restaurant's BACK DOOR! But it's LOCKED.

BOOKISH MAN (V.O.)
OH MY GOD! DON'T DO IT!

Monk HEARS: BLAM! A single SHOT. He races back to the WINDOW.

"MONK" - ZACHARY QUINN
AKA: BOOKISH MAN

17

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"MR. MONK IS UP ALL NIGHT" - Prod/Net ***PREVIEW*** - 6/7/07 14.

18 EXT./INT. RESTAURANT WINDOW - KITCHEN - MONK'S POV -- NIGHT 18

Again, Monk's POV- through the window.

He sees: the Uncover Cop has been SHOT! He's clutching his BLOOD-SOAKED CHEST. The Drug Dealer has the GUN, and shoots the Cop three more times! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Dead Cop slides down the wall, leaving a bloody trail.

BOOKISH MAN

Oh my God!

DRUG DEALER

Come on! Don't touch anything! We gotta bail!

The Bookish Man is paralyzed with fear.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

BOOKISH MAN

I didn't do anything. I just wanted to buy a couple of dime bags-

DRUG DEALER

Try telling that to the cops. ~~You're~~
~~an assessor. Now FIGHT!~~

// END

19 EXT. BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

19

Monk ducks out of sight. He watches, as: the REAR DOOR bursts open. The Drug Dealer and the Bookish Man flee the scene.

They race over to a parked BUICK SEDAN. They scramble in. The Drug Dealer starts the sedan. They PEEL AWAY, SCREECHING OUT OF THE ALLEY.

Monk watches them go, stunned.

END OF ACT ONE

LT. DISHER

Uh huh. Apparently, he lives up
above his store.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Maybe he's not home. Randy, can
you see through this wall?

LT. DISHER

(wearily)

No, sir.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Hm. Must be lined with lead, then.

A LIGHT comes on. The door opens and Monk reacts. It's the
~~guy he saw at the restaurant~~ guy he saw at the restaurant! -- standing
there in BATHROBE and SLIPPERS.

START →
Sc 2

MONK

Oh my God...

ZACHARY QUINN

Can I help you?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Zachary Quinn?

ZACHARY QUINN

That's right.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

SFPD. Sorry to get you out of bed,
sir. We --

~~-----~~
ZACHARY QUINN

...What's going on?

Stottlemeyer looks at Monk. Sighs. What IS going on? Then:

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

It's a bit complicated, sir. Can
we talk inside?

INT. COIN SHOP

Inside the coin shop, two minutes later. We see several
EMPTY DISPLAY CASES.

ZACHARY QUINN
Robbed? What are you talking
about?

LT. DISHER
Most of your display cases are
empty.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
Are you missing any inventory, sir?

ZACHARY QUINN
I think I'd be the first one to
know if I got robbed, Captain.
(then)
Inventory comes and goes here. I
wish I was always this busy.

~~MONK
Captain, there's something funny
going on here.~~

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(cutting him off)
~~MONK~~
(then)
Mr. Quinn, can I ask you about your
activities this evening? Say around
midnight?
(sees a BONG)
Having yourself a little toke, were
you?
(then)
Relax. That was rhetorical.

ZACHARY QUINN
Good. Cause I was having myself a
little toke.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
You were home all night?

ZACHARY QUINN
Since closing up the shop around
six, yeah.

MONK
Ask him if he owns a gun.

Stottlemeyer sighs. Before he can ask the question:

ZACHARY QUINN

Yes. I own a gun, Captain. A
twenty-two.

He pulls a GUN out from under the counter. Sets it down.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I hope you have a permit for that.

ZACHARY QUINN

(offended)

Am I a child, Captain? Am I
standing here wearing Superman
pajamas?

Disher looks away, red faced.

ZACHARY QUINN (CONT'D)

Of course I have a permit for it.

He slaps a PERMIT on the counter.

ZACHARY QUINN (CONT'D)

Now I demand to know what this is
all about.

// END
SC. 2

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Mr. Monk here thinks he saw you get
involved in a shooting earlier
tonight.

ZACHARY QUINN

A shooting?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

A shooting that...may or may not
have taken place.

MONK

I saw a shooting.

LT. DISHER

C'mon, Monk. You also saw the
victim at the train station, forty-
five minutes ago.

Quinn tenses. He looks at Disher, then at Monk.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(quietly, to Quinn)

He hasn't slept in six days.

(he SNEEZES)

(MORE)

S/S