

NATALIE

8/20/04 1.

(SCENE 1-NEW)

1 INT. MONK'S APARTMENT -- DAY 1

Monk turns. The WASTE BASKET IS SMOKING!! It's on FIRE!

MONK
Hey! Hey! Fire!

There's a FIRE EXTINGUISHER on the wall. Monk panics! He takes it down and carries it to the waste basket.

Then- he stops, and reads the label on the extinguisher.

2 CLOSE UP- FIRE EXTINGUISHER LABEL 2

It says: STAND 8 FEET FROM FLAME. *

3 RESUME- SCENE 3

SMOKE is filling the room! A SMOKE ALARM starts WAILING. BEEEEEEP!

MONK
(reading label)
"Stand 8 feet from flame..." *

Monk starts to "pace out" the distance from the waste basket! *

MONK (cont'd)
Eight feet. Five, six... seven... *

During this, the front door opens. Natalie enters.

NATALIE
Hello...?

Natalie sees the crisis in progress: The flames! The smoke! And Adrian Monk, carefully measuring the floor.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Are you okay?
(then)
What are you doing?!

MONK
Measuring. It says eight feet.
Stay back. *

NATALIE
They mean approximately. *

(CONTINUED)

1/3

3 CONTINUED:

3

MONK

It doesn't say approximately.

NATALIE

Oh, for Gods sake. Give me that! *

Natalie takes charge! She's fearless! She grabs the FIRE EXTINGUISHER and SPRAYS the waste basket.

MONK

(panicking, pointing!)
No! No! YOU'RE TOO CLOSE! READ
THE LABEL! READ THE LABEL!

NATALIE

Just stand over there. Stand back! *

Natalie easily puts out the fire. Then she CLICKS OFF the smoke alarm.

It's over. A beat. They both collect themselves.

MONK

Are you okay? We did it. *
(embarrassed)
I'm going to write them a letter.
It should say "approximately." We *
could've been killed.

NATALIE

Are you Monk?

Monk nods.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Adrian Monk? The detective?
(skeptically)
The admired, respected detective?

MONK

If you still want the job, we can talk in the living room.

NATALIE

What job?

MONK

Aren't you here from the agency?

NATALIE

No. I came here to hire you. I'm
Natalie Teeger. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2/3

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Captain Stottlemeyer said you might be able to help me. He said you were the best cop he ever met. I guess he's never seen you put out a fire.

MONK

I'm sorry. I'm not taking any work right now.

(somberly)

I... recently lost a dear friend.

NATALIE

Oh. I'm sorry. Who died?

MONK

No one died. My nurse is out of town. Her mother is sick.

NATALIE

The Captain said you might change your mind. I can pay you. I'm not rich, but I'll borrow if I have to...

*

MONK

I'm sorry. I can't.

NATALIE

(pleading, eyes tearing)

Detective Monk. There was a man. In my house, last night. I killed him.

*

That gets Monk's attention.

NATALIE (cont'd)

There was another man in my house a few days ago. They're after something. I can't figure it out. Nobody can. Do you have kids?

Monk shakes his head.

NATALIE (cont'd)

I have a daughter. She's 13 years old. I'm scared. I don't say that very often. But I'm really scared.

(beat)

Please. Help me. Help us.

Monk considers her.

*

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NATALIE

- 8/20/04 1.

(SCENE 2-NEW)

1 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

1

Natalie emerges from a classroom.

Monk is there, in the hallway. He's cleaning something... or straightening something. You know, being Monk.

NATALIE

What are you doing?

MONK

Well, this picture wasn't exactly...

NATALIE

(interrupting)

That doesn't matter. *

(excitedly)

What do you call a guy who studies fish?

MONK

An ichthyologist.

NATALIE

That's what you are.

MONK

No I'm not.

NATALIE

Yes you are.

MONK

I really don't think I am.

NATALIE

Well, for the next five minutes you are. I need you to tell Julie's teacher that a dart-fish can live for more than two years.

She starts to drag Monk toward the classroom. Monk resists.

MONK

(nervously)

Natalie. Here's the thing. I can't lie. I'm just not good at it...

NATALIE

Are you a man?

(CONTINUED)

1/5

1 CONTINUED:

1

MONK

Am I a...?

NATALIE

Are you a man?

MONK

Yes.

NATALIE

Then you can lie. That's what men do.

2 INT. CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

2

Natalie drags Monk back into the classroom.

NATALIE

(to Mr. Franklin)

Hello again. I thought you might have some questions, so I went down to Berkeley this morning and found my own expert. This is Professor Adrian Monk.

Monk manages a nervous, weak smile.

MONK

Hello.

NATALIE

He's an ick... icky...

Natalie looks at Monk, gesturing: "help me."

MONK

An ichthyologist.

NATALIE

He's world renowned. He wrote a book about fresh water fish.

MR. FRANKLIN

(skeptically)

Really? What was it called?

MONK

(inventing)

Fresh Water Fish.

(beat)

By Adrian Monk.

(CONTINUED)

45

2 CONTINUED:

2

NATALIE
I tried to read it.
(gesturing "it was
over my head")
Whoosh!

Monk- as always- has become distracted. He's fidgeting with something on a wall or desk.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Professor? Professor Monk?

Finally, Monk snaps out of it.

MONK
Sorry.

NATALIE
(resuming, to
"Professor Monk")
Mr. Franklin doesn't think that
Julie's fish- you know, the one I
showed you- could live longer than a
year or two.
(prompting Monk)
What do you think?

MONK
I think it can.

MR. FRANKLIN
I don't see how. It's a common
variety dart-fish. It doesn't have
an immune system or its own
exoskeleton. *

Natalie shoots Monk a look: "invent something!"

MONK
(anxiously)
Well, that's true about most dart-
fish. But this is a completely
different species. It's a North
Korean dart fish. *

MR. FRANKLIN
North Korean...?

MONK
It's a very strong fish. Very tough.
They'd have to be, to live in a
country like that. They can live
for four or five years.

(CONTINUED)

3/5

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Natalie gestures: "No! Higher... higher..."

MONK (cont'd)
 (elaborating, as
 Natalie gestures)
 Or six... or seven... or eight. Or
 nine.
 (Natalie nods)
 That's it. Nine years.

There's a COMPUTER on the desk. Mr. Franklin starts typing.

MR. FRANKLIN
 I'd like to read that book of yours.
 What did you say your name was?

MONK
 (weakly, frightened)
 Monk.

MR. FRANKLIN
 (typing)
 M-O-N-K...

Natalie breaks down... and confesses-

NATALIE
 Okay. Okay. The truth is: it's not
 the same fish. I've been replacing
 it every year.

Mr. Franklin stops typing.

NATALIE (cont'd)
 Julie's father gave it to her before
 he died. I don't have the heart to
 tell her the truth. It's all she
 has left of him.

Natalie reaches for the phone. She holds up the receiver.
 She challenges Mr. Franklin-

NATALIE (cont'd)
 If you want to call that little girl
 and tell her the fish she's been
 talking to and praying to every night
 has been dead for six years, go ahead.
 I'll dial it for you.

Natalie starts to dial the phone. Franklin sighs. He stops
 her.

(CONTINUED)

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2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

MR. FRANKLIN

I'm sorry. I didn't know. She can
bring the fish to the science fair.

*

NATALIE

Thank you.

*

*

MR. FRANKLIN

But I can't give her an award.

*

*

NATALIE

She doesn't need an award. She just
needs to get through junior high
school without falling apart.

(to Monk)

Come on, Professor. I'll drive you
home.

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