

Mr. Monk meets Crazy the Clown

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FADE IN:

INT. CRAZY THE CLOWN'S PIZZA X-TREME ZONE -- NIGHT

A Crazy the Clown employee is making the last run around the building to make sure that everything is locked up and turned off. She notices a strange noise coming from the massive ball pit and gets closer to investigate.

SANDY

(To herself)

A little kitten? Now I've seen everything! I'd better get you out of there before the ball drop happens.

Sandy pulls out a key and unlocks the front entrance of the ball pit. She steps toward the kitten and picks it up.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You are definitely in the wrong place.
Let's go, you're coming with me.

Suddenly an unseen hand forces the door leading out of the ball pit closed and locks it. The person hurries off. Sandy turns to face the door.

SANDY (CONT'D)

The door's closed. How did that happen?

She approaches the door and notices that it is locked.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh no! I'm going to get crushed!
Help! Help!

She pushes the kitten through the netting and it scampers away.

SANDY (CONT'D)

If this is some sort of joke, it isn't funny. Help! Please!

Suddenly, an avalanche of balls falls from some tubes in the ceiling.

SANDY (CONT'D)

No!

FADE OUT:

MONK CREDIT SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

INT. CRAZY THE CLOWN'S PIZZA X-TREME ZONE -- DAY

Monk and Natalie enter through the front door of the restaurant and Monk stops abruptly.

NATALIE

What's the matter now, Adrian?

MONK

I think we're in the wrong place.
Weren't we supposed to be going to a
restaurant?

NATALIE

This is a restaurant. Haven't you
heard of Crazy the Clown?

MONK

Yeah, isn't he that guy who makes
people laugh because he's a clown? A
crazy clown?

NATALIE

Lucky guess. This is one of those
fun places where you can come, eat
pizza and let the kids run wild.

MONK

It sounds like a nightmare.

They walk up to a overly perky woman who is standing by the door, looking over a printout.

NATALIE

Hello, we're-

JESSICA

I'm sorry, we're not open now. I'm
surprised that the officer outside
didn't tell you. I might as well
give you one of our party brochures
so that your visit isn't a complete
waste.

NATALIE

I'm sorry. We're not here to book a
party. We're here to help the police.

JESSICA

Oh, I'm sorry. They are right through
there in the main room. I guess I
should have known. He doesn't look
like a Crazy the Clown type.

Natalie guides Monk toward the ball pit and Monk looks back.

MONK

What did she mean that I didn't look like a Crazy the Clown type? I like laughing with clowns.... crazy clowns.

NATALIE

Don't worry about that. Look, here's Stottlemeyer.

STOTTLEMEYER

How could this happen?

NATALIE

I know. Murder is terrible!

STOTTLEMEYER

No, I mean how could this happen here?

NATALIE

Right. So what happened?

STOTTLEMEYER

What's wrong with him?

(indicating Monk)

STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

Shouldn't he be the one asking the questions?

MONK

It's wrong! All wrong!

STOTTLEMEYER

But I haven't told you what happened yet. How do you know it's all wrong?

MONK

That lady- she said I didn't belong here! That I didn't fit in! She's wrong!

Randy pops up from the ball pit and looks at the group.

RANDY

Hey guys! I haven't found anything yet.

NATALIE

What are you looking for- lost game tokens? Shouldn't you be helping with this case?

RANDY

I was- am. She died here in the ball pit.

(Randy sneezes.)

ALL

Bless you!

MONK

You're not coming down with a cold,
are you?

RANDY

No. At least, I don't think that I
am. I might be allergic to something
here.

STOTTLEMEYER

I thought you were just allergic to
cats?

RANDY

Yeah, it doesn't make sense.

The Restaurant Manager approaches.

SHELDON

Well, with all of the little kids
who jump around in there, you never
know what you'll catch.

(Looks at Stottlemeyer.)

SHELDON (CONT'D)

Hey, Mr. Stottlemeyer! I'm glad that
our best customer is leading this
case. Bad news all around, I'm afraid.

NATALIE

You're Crazy the Clown's best
customer? I wouldn't have believed
it.

STOTTLEMEYER

Well, I do have two small boys.

SHELDON

It's too bad they think they've
outgrown this place, though. Lucky
for you that your nephews still like
coming here, huh?

NATALIE

Really now?

STOTTLEMEYER

Well, let's get on with our work.
What actually happened here?

SHELDON

I'm not sure. You see, this ball pit is actually a highly sophisticated piece of machinery. All day long, the kids play and the balls fall out and roll around throughout the restaurant. Our employees are trained to pick up any balls they find and put them in a bin behind the games counter.

RANDY

Why is that? Shouldn't they just throw them back in?

SHELDON

Well, we have a policy of disinfecting the balls when they fall out of the pit.

STOTTLEMEYER

See, Monk. She was wrong- you do fit in here!

MONK

Yeah- I knew it. I'm the craziest clown around!

STOTTLEMEYER

That's only half right. So how does this work then?

SHELDON

Well, by the end of the day, the ball pit is pretty empty. We'll have filled the ball bin up about twenty or so times.

Randy sneezes again.

RANDY

My goodness!

SHELDON

Bless you. Anyway, throughout the day, a crewmember takes the full bin over to a hopper around back. The balls are fed into the hopper where they disinfect in a solution all day. Then, about two hours after closing they are dropped into the ball pit and ready for the next day.

MONK

How many balls can fit in this ball pit?

STOTTLEMEYER

Don't answer that question! In any case, what happened this morning?

SHELDON

Well, I had received a call from Sandy's roommate. She hadn't been home all night. I figured that maybe she had went to a boyfriend's house or something, but her roommate was very insistent. So I came in to check things out. Everything seemed okay at first- all closing procedures had been followed-

MONK

Closing procedures?

SHELDON

Yeah, sanitizing the kitchen, cleaning up tables-

MONK

I need to know what those procedures are in full detail.

NATALIE

No he doesn't. Trust me on that one! So how did you notice she was in the pit? I mean, with all of these balls-

MONK

Yeah, you guys wouldn't need anyone to count them all would you? For evidence?

ALL

No!

SHELDON

(as an aside to
Stottlemeyer)

I see what you mean.

MONK

What?

SHELDON

Nothing. Now I told you this baby was state of the art- it always drops exactly enough balls to fill the pit up to that line on the wall. When I looked at the indicator it was too high! So I started poking around with this stick to see if anything else was in the pit. That's when I found her. I'm devastated! She is- was, our best crewmember.

MONK

I don't understand. May I touch one
of the disinfected balls?

RANDY

(throwing a random
ball at Monk.)
Here ya go!

Monk ducks out of the way.

MONK

How do you know that one is
disinfected? Mr.- uh

SHELDON AND STOTTLEMEYER

Sheldon

STOTTLEMEYER

Oh, what a good guess...

SHELDON

(picking a random
ball and tossing it
to Monk.)
Here's one.

MONK

Thanks.

Monk looks at the ball closely and begins compressing it.

NATALIE

What's the matter Adrian?

MONK

How would something so soft kill
someone?

STOTTLEMEYER

Well, if hundreds of them were dropped
on your head at once-

MONK

Yes, but don't the kids play around
in these all day?

SHELDON

Yes, but they jump into them. This
mechanism makes sure that no balls
fall from the tube until well after
closing for safety reasons.

MONK

Wouldn't Sandy have known that?

SHELDON

Yeah, I guess.

Monk throws the ball back into the pit and Natalie readies a wipe.

MONK

What's the wipe for?

NATALIE

I just thought that since you'd handled the ball and everything-

MONK

Didn't you hear what he said? It was disinfected last night. And he's a food service professional.

NATALIE

Okay then-

SHELDON

So, is this case closed, then? Unfortunate accident?

STOTTLEMEYER

Probably. There's no other explanation.

MONK

But this doesn't make any sense. Why would she go in that cage if she knew that the balls would be dropping? And how would these balls injure anyone?

Randy sneezes again.

RANDY

I think there's something in here that's making me sneeze. I'm getting out!

As Randy gets out, one of the balls falls out with a thud.

SHELDON

See, they fall out all over the place. That's why we have to put them in that bin.

MONK

That sound! That ball isn't like the rest!

STOTTLEMEYER

What do you mean?

MONK

Sir, is this one of the balls that was disinfected last night?

SHELDON
Yeah, sure. Why not?

Monk picks it up and shakes it.

MONK
Do all the balls have weights in them?

STOTTLEMEYER
No, they don't.

NATALIE
How do you know for sure?

STOTTLEMEYER
It just stands to reason.

RANDY
So this wasn't just an accident!

STOTTLEMEYER
We'll have to sort through all of these balls to figure out which ones were the murder weapons!

Monk begins to raise his hand.

STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)
I know, I know. You can do the sorting.

Monk excitedly begins going through the balls.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Natalie pulls up to the front of the building.

MONK
Are you sure this is the right address?

NATALIE
Of course I'm sure. What makes you think this is the wrong place?

MONK
Oh, I don't think this is the wrong place. I just like to be really sure.

NATALIE
Get out of the car!

They get out of the car and walk up to the front door. The intercom button appears dirty.

MONK

It's dirty.

NATALIE

What's dirty?

MONK

The intercom.

NATALIE

Here, I'll do it.

Natalie pushes the button.

INTERCOM

Hello?

MONK

Hello, we're from the police, I mean, helping the police with your roommate's case.

INTERCOM

Okay, I was expecting you. Please come up.

The door is unlocked automatically and Monk opens it before realizing that the handle is filthy.

MONK

Oh my.

Natalie pulls out a wipe.

NATALIE

Here.

Monk pulls away and the door slams shut again.

MONK

You didn't disinfect your hands after you touched the button.

NATALIE

What? Look what you've done! We'll have to make her unlock the door again.

MONK

But your hands. They're filthy. It would have made a mockery of the wipe system.

Natalie reluctantly presses the intercom button again.

INTERCOM

Hello?

NATALIE

It's us again. We didn't get in the door the first time. I'm sorry, I guess I should explain-

INTERCOM

No need to explain. Your Captain Stottlemeyer told me all about um, Monk isn't it?

The door is unlocked again, only this time Natalie opens it.

MONK

But my wipe-

NATALIE

Get in there! I'm not going through this again.

MONK

But my hand is filthy!

NATALIE

You'll get your wipe when you get inside!

Monk reluctantly walks inside. Natalie hands him a wipe and they make their way to the apartment. The door is already open.

MONK

Hello?

They wander into a room of utter disarray. Large canvases are scattered about and paint cans are everywhere. The victim's roommate appears, her smock spattered with red paint.

MONK (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

ANDREA

Oh, I'm sorry. I've been painting and this is just red paint.

MONK

Oh my god!

ANDREA

Oh, that's right. This red paint is probably more upsetting to you than blood. If I'm remembering Captain Stottlemeyer correctly, that is.

NATALIE

So, Andrea, isn't it? You're a painter?

ANDREA

Yes, I am. I know this might seem weird to you, but my painting is how I express myself. And now I'm angry, sad and scared.

NATALIE

Of course.

Monk is looking around at the room, still mortified.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to ask her some questions?

MONK

Yes. How can you live like this?

ANDREA

Excuse me? My roommate just died!

MONK

Sure, but that's no reason to live like this!

NATALIE

I'm sorry about him. He's just-

ANDREA

I know. Is there anything I can do to help?

MONK

Well, you could start by clean-

NATALIE

Don't think about it! Do you know anyone who would do this to her? Had she made anyone mad?

ANDREA

Come to think of it, she did seem to have something on her mind. She told me that things weren't all that great at work.

MONK

I know, I saw that place. It's crazy, but at least they disinfect the balls. Was there anything specific that she told you about?

ANDREA

No. She never got into specifics.
You don't think someone from there
did this to her?

MONK

It stands to reason. Who else would
have known about her work?

ANDREA

I'd imagine just about everyone- her
friends, family, acquaintances,
professors-

MONK

Why would everyone know where she
worked?

ANDREA

Well, you know how hard it is to get
party reservations over there, right?

MONK

Really? Why?

NATALIE

Are you kidding? Every kid wants to
have a party there! Julie begged me
to get her in there and it took me
forever. I bet she was a very popular
person!

ANDREA

Yes, she knew how to get people
reservations, when there were
cancellations, just about everything
there is to know about Crazy the
Clown. She liked helping her friends,
just about everyone.

Suddenly a cat wanders into the room and meows forlornly.
Monk bristles and the cat scampers away.

NATALIE

What a lovely cat. Is it yours?

ANDREA

It is now. It was Sandy's cat. She
absolutely loved cats. 'Mr. Tinkle'
used to be so outgoing, but he's
completely lost without her. He's
been wandering in here anytime someone
comes to the door. I guess he thinks
she might come through that door any
minute.

NATALIE

That's sad. You're going to keep him?

ANDREA

Probably. Sandy never really talked about her family so I wouldn't know where to find them. The police are looking, though.

MONK

May we look in her room?

ANDREA

Sure, the police have already gone through it, but go ahead. I'll do anything to find out who did this to her. You know, we weren't all that close, mainly just shared living space, but I'm really devastated.

NATALIE

Thank you, I know how hard this must be for you.

Andrea points them in the right direction and they enter Sandy's room. It is hugely different from the rest of the apartment in that it is obsessively clean.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Monk- this room rivals yours. It's perfectly clean!

MONK

Not exactly- that picture on the wall is crooked.

NATALIE

Maybe the cops jarred it out of place.

MONK

I'll fix it.

Monk attempts to straighten out the picture, but it falls face down on the ground.

NATALIE

Look what you did!

They notice an envelope taped to the back. 'Evidence' is written on the front.

MONK

I found some evidence!

Monk pulls it from the back as Andrea walks in.

ANDREA

Are you guys alright?

MONK

Yes, we found this taped to the back of that picture. have you seen it before?

Andrea looks closely at it as Monk holds it up to her.

ANDREA

That's Sandy's handwriting of course, but no, I haven't seen it before.

Monk carefully opens it and only finds what looks to be like money wrapped in a plastic bag.

MONK

This looks like money, but it isn't money.

He hands it to Natalie.

NATALIE

Well it is money- sort of. It's a 'Crazy the Clown' buck!

MONK

What is that?

NATALIE

It's money that can be used at the pizza restaurant.

MONK

But why is it evidence?

NATALIE

I don't know. There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with it. What do you think?

Natalie hands it to Andrea.

ANDREA

I don't see anything out of the ordinary.

Andrea hands it to Monk. He carefully examines it.

MONK

Ah-ha!

NATALIE

You found something wrong?

MONK

No, I didn't. But we can't discount it. I think we're done here. We should get this to Stottlemeyer.

NATALIE

Okay. Thank you for your help, Andrea. If you need anything or think of anything please give us a call. You can leave a message at the SFPD.

ANDREA

You're welcome- and thank you. Before you leave, I have a sample for you Mr. Monk.

She hands him a small bottle.

MONK

What is this?

ANDREA

Well, I sell cosmetics to augment my artistic income. This is one of our top sellers- Anti-bacterial creme. You rub it onto your hands and it cleans away bacteria.

MONK

You're kidding? It's a miracle!

NATALIE

Here we go.

MONK

I'll take 5 of them.

ANDREA

Great! Five bottles?

MONK

No, five cases.

ANDREA

But there are twenty in a case-

MONK

Only twenty in a case? Then I need at least ten cases. No- twenty cases.

NATALIE

Let's go.

ANDREA

I'll give you the five I already have and I'll send you the rest.

Monk hands her his card.

MONK

You can send them to me directly.
Please hurry!

ANDREA

I- will.

Natalie pulls Monk out of the room and out of the apartment.

FADE IN:

EXT. A COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY

Monk and Natalie approach Stottlemeyer and Randy who are waiting near a bench. Monk's hands have a liquid dripping from them.

MONK

So, what did you find out about the
so called evidence?

Stottlemeyer and Randy look down at Monk's hands.

STOTTLEMEYER

We didn't find anything and we tested
for everything- blood, drug residue,
even GSR. What the hell is up with
your hands?

RANDY

I was going to ask that too. I thought
you couldn't stand messiness.

MONK

But my hands aren't messy. They have
a miracle product on them- hand lotion
that kills bacteria.

RANDY

Aren't you supposed to rub it into
your hands until it's not oily?

MONK

Yeah, but then I can't be sure.

RANDY

Can't be sure of what?

MONK

Can't be sure it's working.

NATALIE

Hmm, I hate to remind everyone but
there is a dead woman-

STOTTLEMEYER

Come on, Natalie. You can't tell me
that this doesn't annoy you?

NATALIE

It does. But let's focus, please?
What about fingerprints? I thought
that since it was wrapped in a plastic
bag, maybe she knew it was stolen
and she thought the thief's
fingerprints were on it.

STOTTLEMEYER

We thought about that, but there
were so many fingerprints on that
dollar- even kids' fingerprints.

RANDY

Yeah, it must have been in
circulation. Even if there were a
thief's fingerprints on that thing
they could easily get it thrown out
as evidence.

NATALIE

So I know you didn't call us out
here to tell us that.

STOTTLEMEYER

No. We listened to her answering
machine and there was a very irate
professor who left a message.

MONK

Really? What did he or she say?

STOTTLEMEYER

He was trying to get a last minute
reservation at Crazy the Clown's for
his daughter's birthday. He seemed
very upset.

RANDY

Yeah, since you thought that maybe
the murderer could have been someone
who was upset about not getting a
reservation we decided to follow up
on this.

MONK

Hmm. You don't happen to have that
so called 'evidence' do you?

STOTTLEMEYER

I brought it along with me to ask
our professor about it. Let him think
we know why it is 'evidence' to see
if he'll crack.

MONK

May I look at it? Outside of the
plastic?

STOTTLEMEYER

I don't see why not. We didn't find anything on it.

Stottlemeyer pulls out the bill then remembers Monk's hands are messy.

STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

On second thought, why don't I take it out of the bag and just show it to you.

MONK

Oh, I'm not afraid of it. Not with my miracle cream!

STOTTLEMEYER

That's not what I'm worried about.

Stottlemeyer holds the bill up for Monk, who stares at it.

MONK

Could you hold it up to the sun please?

Stottlemeyer does this.

MONK (CONT'D)

Intriguing.

RANDY

What's intriguing?

MONK

I'm not sure yet. Thanks, Captain.

STOTTLEMEYER

Sure thing.

NATALIE

So, are we ready to talk to this professor?

RANDY

Well, he's teaching in this lecture hall. Class should be letting out any minute.

STOTTLEMEYER

I wanted to ambush him. If he's our guy, I want to catch him offguard.

MONK

Yes, but how would he know the procedures at Crazy the Clown's?

STOTTLEMEYER

I don't know. You're the one who suggested that we keep an open mind on this being a outside job. You have any ideas?

MONK

No. I'm afraid I don't.

Suddenly a wave of students begin coming out of the building.

STOTTLEMEYER

Well, let's corral this guy.

MONK

Do we know what he looks like?

Randy holds up a class catalog.

RANDY

Here's his picture.

NATALIE

There he is!

Randy, Stottlemeyer and Natalie head in the direction of the professor. Monk starts after them but is caught up in a wave of students exiting the building.

MONK

Oh my god! This is madness! Chaos!
Anarchy!

A student dressed in black overhears Monk's ranting and looks at him.

STUDENT

Cool, Dude! Anarchy, man!

MONK

It's starting! It's starting!

While Stottlemeyer and Randy corner the professor, Natalie notices Monk is stuck in the crowd and works her way over to him.

NATALIE

You get lost more than my daughter does!

MONK

But you see, there was anarchy.

NATALIE

Sure. Let's go back over there where there's order.

They approach the group who have been talking while Natalie was away.

STOTTLEMEYER

Here he is. One of our PD consultants.
Monk, this is Professor Brentano.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

I thought there were psychiatric tests involved when a person worked for the police. This man is obviously agoraphobic-

Monk raises his hand to shake hands with the professor.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO (CONT'D)

Ugh. He's not obsessive compulsive or a germaphobe.

MONK

This is antibacterial lotion. It protects me from germs.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

I take that back, then.

STOTTLEMEYER

Now that you've seen why Monk is a consultant and not a full fledged member of the SFPD can we ask about you?

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

I'm sorry. It's just that I'm a psychology professor. These things interest me. What's this all about anyway?

Stottlemeyer pulls out a snapshot.

STOTTLEMEYER

Was this one of your students?

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

Yes, that's Sandy. My goodness, she's not sleeping is she? She's dead. That must be why she didn't answer my messages.

STOTTLEMEYER

Yes, several irate messages. What was that all about?

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

You don't think- I didn't do this.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR BRENTANO (CONT'D)

I was mad at myself for waiting too long for booking a place for my little girl's birthday party. I didn't realize that I came across that way.

MONK

Were you in the habit of asking your students for special help?

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

No. Not normally. But I was desperate. I didn't realize how hard it was to find a decent place to have a child's birthday. I jokingly asked my class if they could help me not expecting anything. Sandy offered to do what she could to help.

STOTTLEMEYER

Had you spoken with her before?

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

I have three hundred students in that lecture hall.

STOTTLEMEYER

That doesn't really answer my question-

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

You're right. I did speak to her previously. She had come into my office for some pointers on the midterm I gave last week.

MONK

Did you give it to her? Help, I mean.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

Yes. I always help out students who ask for help.

RANDY

I thought you said that you had three hundred students in your class?

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

Why I do, but only a handful ever take me up on the extra assistance. But I really hardly knew her.

Stottlemeyer takes out the plastic 'evidence' bag.

STOTTLEMEYER

This mean anything to you?

The professor examines it closely.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

It's a Crazy the Clown buck or something. Should this mean anything to me?

STOTTLEMEYER

We found it in an envelope she'd hidden behind a picture in her apartment. It was labeled 'evidence'.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

I can't say that this means anything to me. Why are you asking me these questions? You can't honestly think that I- or anyone- would kill anyone over a reservation for a children's birthday party do you?

MONK

I once knew a woman who did just that- for a parking space.

NATALIE

My goodness! Was it during the Christmas Shopping season?

MONK

I was trying to be dramatic. But no, it wasn't.

NATALIE

Well why would anyone kill for a parking space if it wasn't during Christmas?

MONK

I'll tell you about it later!

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

Do you have any other questions for me?

Stottlemeyer gives Natalie and Monk a look.

STOTTLEMEYER

No. But if you think of anything, please let us know.

PROFESSOR BRENTANO

Of course. if you'll excuse me.

The Professor walks away.

STOTTLEMEYER

Well, what do you think?

RANDY

There was something I didn't like about him.

MONK

I think he's telling the truth. He looked genuinely surprised to me.

STOTTLEMEYER

So what now?

MONK

Back to the scene of the crime!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DR. KROGER'S OFFICE. -- DAY

Doctor Kroger is sitting, staring at Monk's hands.

DOCTOR KROGER

So. You want to tell me about this?

MONK

About what?

DOCTOR KROGER

This glop you're putting on your hands. Natalie tells me she's worried about you.

MONK

This isn't glop. It's miracle cream!

DOCTOR KROGER

It's negatively affecting your life and your relationships with others. I'd hardly call it much of a miracle.

MONK

You're just afraid that I won't need you any more.

DOCTOR KROGER

I would be quite pleased if you didn't need me any more, but that is far from the case.

MONK

Not with my miracle cream. I can do anything. I'll show you and that lady at Crazy the Clown's Restaurant.

DOCTOR KROGER

What do you have against Crazy the Clown's? I mean, they could have chosen a better name that didn't belittle so-called crazy people, but it is a fun place for kids. Some of my nieces and nephews have celebrated their birthdays there.

MONK

Yeah, well the lady there told me she didn't think that I was the Crazy the Clown type.

DOCTOR KROGER

Well, I might agree with that. You don't like crowds, you are a bit of a germaphobe. There are a lot of kids with germs running around.

MONK

Yes, but they disinfect the balls in the kiddy cage.

DOCTOR KROGER

Yes, but I don't think that you're up to spending much time at a place like that.

MONK

You're just like her- judging me! I bet you'd miss my money if I was cured and didn't need to come in here anymore.

DOCTOR KROGER

I'm a busy doctor, Adrian. If you stopped coming in, there would be others to take your place. And again- while I would love to see you get over your fears and never need me again, you still need help. By the looks of things, now more than ever.

MONK

You're wrong. She's wrong. You're wrong.

DOCTOR KROGER

Our time is up, Adrian, but if you feel you need to talk, you know I'm always here. I'm beginning to think that we might need to meet more often.

MONK

Thanks, doctor, but no thanks. My miracle cream and myself can do just fine.

Monk gets up and begins to walk out.

DOCTOR KROGER
Oh and Adrian-

MONK
Yes?

DOCTOR KROGER
Please try to not touch anything on
your way out.

MONK
Gee, thank you.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CRAZY THE CLOWN'S -- DAY

Monk, Stottlemeyer and Randy are questioning Crazy the Clown employees in a back room.

STOTTLEMEYER
So it was normal for you all to leave
Sandy behind to finish things up?

DRAKE
No. I mean yes.

MONK
You're confusing me.

DRAKE
Sorry. I mean we weren't supposed to
leave her behind to finish things
up, but she'd allow us to do it on
party nights.

RANDY
Party nights?

STOTTLEMEYER
Yeah, Randy. Some folks go out at
night to parties with real girlfriends
and everything.

RANDY
Hey! I go out to places!

DRAKE
Cool. As I was saying-

RANDY
Remember the Policeman's Ball?

STOTTLEMEYER

Sure. You mean the one you attended with your mother?

MONK

Let the man speak.

RANDY

Thanks, Monk. In my defense-

MONK

I meant the witness.

DRAKE

Great. So on party nights we'd clean everything up real quick and then Sandy would let us leave. I don't think she was the partying type. Anyway, she'd wait for the H.O. Report to finish up so that-

MONK

H.O. Report?

DRAKE

Yeah, the Home Office Report. It's a list of stuff that needs to be done the next morning and an accounting of restaurant sales. Closing staff isn't supposed to leave until it is finished printing.

MONK

How long would that take?

DRAKE

Depends on how much business the place did that day as well as how many parties are supposed to take place the next day. Wednesday night's report might take five minutes to print out, but Saturday's report might take two hours.

MONK

And party night is probably Saturday, right?

DRAKE

Exactly. We didn't want to miss the hot spots around town.

STOTTLEMEYER

You wouldn't have the names of a few of those hot spots would you? We like to make sure of things.

DRAKE

Sure. That night we went to the Rodeo Club, the G-Blade-

STOTTLEMEYER

Oh. So the closing staff must be all guys then?

DRAKE

Not really. You must be familiar with those clubs then?

STOTTLEMEYER

Um, not familiar, really. I've just heard about them.

MONK

Not me. I'm hip to those places.

STOTTLEMEYER

Oh, I don't think you are.

MONK

Yes I am. I'm one hip guy.

RANDY

Not that hip.

STOTTLEMEYER

Anyway, thank you for your time. Please let us know if you remember anything, yadda yadda yadda.

MONK

You forgot to ask him about the evidence.

DRAKE

Evidence? That sounds exciting. What kind of evidence?

STOTTLEMEYER

I didn't bring it with me, but can you tell us why Sandy would have thought a Crazy the Clown Buck was evidence?

DRAKE

No. I can't think of anything. The only crime involved with Crazy the Clown Bucks is that they use them to pay our bonuses. Some bonus, huh?

STOTTLEMEYER

Well, thank you. If you think of anything?

DRAKE

Yeah, great.

Drake walks out, but speaks to Monk as an aside before he leaves.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

If you're hip to it, I'd be happy to hang with you at the G-Blade.

MONK

Sure, cool. I'm with it.

Drake walks out.

STOTTLEMEYER

Trust me, you're not. Was he the last one?

RANDY

Yeah. We've spoken to everyone and we're no closer to figuring this out.

Natalie walks in with Julie by her side.

NATALIE

They told me you guys were back here. What's this all about Adrian? Why did you ask me to bring Julie with me?

Suddenly they hear a PA announcement from the main store.

PA ANNOUNCER

Adrian Monk, party of five, your birthday celebration is ready.

RANDY

Darn! Did I forget your birthday, Monk?

STOTTLEMEYER

It's not his birthday!

RANDY

Julie?

JULIE

No. I wish!

RANDY

Then what's this all about?

MONK

I'm celebrating my birthday here at Crazy the Clown's.

(MORE)

MONK (CONT'D)

Because I'm a Crazy the Clown type of guy. I'm crazy. And a clown.

STOTTLEMEYER

Look, are you still mad because of what that woman said?

MONK

She doesn't know me. I'm a Crazy the Clown type of guy. And a G-Blade type of guy.

NATALIE

My god!

STOTTLEMEYER

Um, I think I'd keep that under my hat if I were you.

MONK

Well, enough talking. And more celebrating!

Monk and Stottlemeyer walk out to the main restaurant floor.

NATALIE

Randy, he isn't really a 'G-Blade type of guy' is he?

Randy puts his hand on her shoulder.

RANDY

What if he was?

Natalie pushes Randy's hand off her shoulder.

NATALIE

Eew.

JULIE

Mom, what is a G-Blade?

NATALIE

You'll find out when you're older- and hopefully it's not because you catch your prom date hanging out there!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CRAZY THE CLOWN'S BIRTHDAY CORRAL -- DAY

A harried looking party planner guides the party to a festively decorated table.

LINDA

Good afternoon and welcome to your party. Hmm. My paperwork must be wrong. It says here that Adrian Monk is a boy, but you're definitely a little girl.

JULIE

It's not my birthday- and I'm not Adrian Monk.

MONK

That's right. I'm the birthday boy!

LINDA

Oh. Sorry. You're never too old to enjoy your birthday here at Crazy the Clown's! Sit down and your special pizza will be here shortly.

Linda walks away and the group takes their seats.

RANDY

How did you swing this, Monk? I thought this place was booked up months in advance?

MONK

Well, they had a cancellation and as I was a friend of their best customer...

Everyone stares at Stottlemeyer.

STOTTLEMEYER

As flattered as I am that they think that, it is a bit of an exaggeration.

A birthday corral attendant moves into the shot.

ATTENDANT

Hey there, Mr. Stottlemeyer!

STOTTLEMEYER

Hi, Eric. Um. Okay. So what is so special about the pizza they're bringing out?

Another birthday corral attendant brings out a special pizza that has toppings on it but no cheese.

ATTENDANT #2

Here is your pizza, just the way you ordered it- no cheese.

JULIE

No cheese?

MONK

Cheese has milk in it.

RANDY

Yeah, but a pizza with no cheese?
That's like-

MONK

But cheese has milk in it.

NATALIE

Yes, but a pizza without cheese is
just- weird.

MONK

Yes, but cheese-

STOTTLEMEYER

We know, we know it has milk in it.
What's this really all about anyway?
Some kind of undercover investigating?

MONK

I told you, this party is just a
party. Nothing more.

RANDY

Well, we might as well make the most
of things- cheese or no cheese.

MONK

Cheese has-

NATALIE

Stop. Please.

Randy begins reaching for the pizza, but Monk stops him.

MONK

Wait. I'm your host so I'll serve.

Monk begins to portion out the pizza, getting his anti-
bacteria lotion on the food.

STOTTLEMEYER

Just when I thought it couldn't get
any worse...

Monk begins putting slices of pizza on plates.

MONK

Here you go. Yummy super pizza!

NATALIE

I think I'll pass.

MONK

Why? Isn't pizza fun?

STOTTLEMEYER

Not with that glop all over it!

MONK

But it's anti-bacterial lotion. It's good for you!

Suddenly, a musical fanfare begins and Monk's attention is distracted. Everyone pushes their plates away as a spotlight focuses on the stage.

ANNOUNCER

Welcome friends to Crazy the Clown's! We hope that you are enjoying your very special day! And now, without further ado, it's the guy who you all came to see- Crazy the Clown!

A curtain opens and a robotic clown figure with limited movement opens its eyes. The audience claps.

CRAZY THE CLOWN

Hello, boys and girls! I am happy to see you all! Ready for a song?

MONK

That's not a real clown! It's just a robot!

NATALIE

Shhh! Sit down, you'll ruin it for the kids!

Monk begins to sit down, but a spotlight begins shining on him.

CRAZY THE CLOWN

Hey birthday boys and girls, come on up and let's sing you a song!

The other birthday kids who all had spotlights shining on them begin to walk towards the stage. Monk tries to hide himself.

MONK

I didn't know they were going to do this.... I don't like it!

One of the birthday corral attendants notices that Monk is trying to hide himself and approaches the table.

ATTENDANT #2

Adrian! Come on up and let us celebrate your birthday!

MONK

I'd rather not.

ATTENDANT #2

Oh, of course you do! That's why you wanted to be here today!

MONK

No! I didn't want to be here- I did this to prove something to Doctor Kroger.

ATTENDANT #2

Oh, is this Doctor Kroger?

The attendant gestures to Randy.

ATTENDANT #2 (CONT'D)

Doctor Kroger, don't you want to see Adrian up on stage with the other kids?

RANDY

I'm not Doctor Kroger; but I would like to see him up there!

Natalie hits Randy.

NATALIE

Randy!

ATTENDANT #2

Look, sir. The clown is pre-programmed and isn't going to wait much longer. Just get up there and don't ruin it for the little kids, okay?

Monk begins to reconsider.

MONK

Okay. For the kids.

Monk begins to stand up while the pre-programmed Clown begins to go through the rest of his paces.

CRAZY THE CLOWN

But before we sing Happy Birthday, I say we learn an important lesson!
What makes your bones big and strong?

Stottlemeyer remembers something and goes to grab Monk.

STOTTLEMEYER

Uh, Monk- as much as I'd like to see you go up there, I think you should just go to the bathroom or something.

MONK

I don't want to ruin this for the kids.

(MORE)

MONK (CONT'D)

Besides, won't Doctor Kroger take
back what he said if I tell him that
I went up on stage?

STOTTLEMEYER

I'm warning you, Monk! Do not go up
there! This is your captain speaking!

MONK

You threw me off the force!

CRAZY THE CLOWN

So kids, let's all say hello to my
good friend who will tell you what
you need to know to grow up big and
strong!

STOTTLEMEYER

Oh dear-

CRAZY THE CLOWN

It's my good friend- Marty Milk!

MONK

What?!

Suddenly another curtain raises and a robot shaped like a
large glass of milk pops out and begins speaking.

MONK (CONT'D)

It's a monster!

MARTY MILK

Hey kids! Drink a large glass of me
and you'll grow up big and strong!

MONK

He's lying! It's evil! Evil!

Monk begins cowering at the sight of the giant milk glass.

JULIE

Mom, Mr. Monk is making a scene.

NATALIE

I don't think we know that man, Julie.

JULIE

But- Oh. I think you're right.

NATALIE

(sighing)

No, I'm not.

Natalie walks towards Monk and begins trying to calm him
down.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR KROGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doctor Kroger is sitting across from a very disturbed looking Monk.

DOCTOR KROGER

I'm not letting you leave here until we talk about this, Adrian.

MONK

I don't want to!

DOCTOR KROGER

Yes you do, or else you wouldn't have walked right through that door.

MONK

Do you always have to be right?

DOCTOR KROGER

I'm wrong about a lot of things. I wish that I had been wrong about you not being ready to go to Crazy the Clown's.

MONK

Yeah, and you were right about the hand lotion.

DOCTOR KROGER

I am happy to see that you stopped putting that on your hands. I take it you finally realized the folly of overusing that stuff?

MONK

No, I can't trust it anymore. Not after what I saw.

DOCTOR KROGER

What did you see?

MONK

These companies. They tell you something is antibacterial, and you get used to their product. But then you find out it was all lies. I looked at the label on the back of the bottle. It says right there that it only kills 99.9% of bacteria. I was leaving myself open to disease, plague and who knows what else!

DOCTOR KROGER

Well, I had hoped that you realized that it wasn't healthy emotionally to have that glopped on your hands, but a step forward is still a step forward, I guess.

MONK

I even touched a shopping cart without using a handkerchief or wipe. I think I might have tetanus.

DOCTOR KROGER

You don't have tetanus.

MONK

How do you know? You're not that type of doctor.

DOCTOR KROGER

I know, but- nevermind. So about Crazy the Clown's...

MONK

That place is deranged. They have a huge milk glass that sings- to children! I can't believe people would take their children to something like that. It was grotesque!

DOCTOR KROGER

Some people think that milk is a good thing for people to drink.

MONK

Yeah and some people think that you can't get tetanus from touching one of those rusty old carts at the grocery store, but I know better.

DOCTOR KROGER

Enough about tetanus and milk. How did you deal with this breakdown?

MONK

It wasn't really a breakdown.

DOCTOR KROGER

Natalie tells me that you began shouting and curled up into a fetal position.

MONK

Yeah, but there was this hideous monster.

DOCTOR KROGER

The milk robot?

MONK

Yes. I'm going to be seeing that thing in my nightmares.

DOCTOR KROGER

You must have been very embarrassed after all of that.

MONK

I had nothing to be ashamed of. People who push that stuff on kids are the ones who should be ashamed. I don't know how I'm going to spend these so-called "Crazy the Clown" bucks that they refunded me with.

Monk pulls out a wad of Crazy the Clown Bucks. He examines one carefully.

DOCTOR KROGER

Perhaps you could return to that place when- Adrian is something wrong?

MONK

I think I've just solved this case!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. CRAZY THE CLOWN'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

Stottlemeyer and Randy are pacing back and forth in front of the restaurant.

STOTTLEMEYER

Dammit, Randy I don't have all day. He did say this was about the case, right? Not some damn psych thing were he returns to the scene of his breakdown?

RANDY

I'm positive that he said it had something to do with this case. Here they are!

Natalie pulls up to the front of the restaurant with Monk and they get out of the car.

STOTTLEMEYER

So, Monk. Mind telling us what this is all about.

MONK

I need to be sure first thing. Did you bring the so-called evidence?

STOTTLEMEYER

Yes, but I'm not letting you touch it until you- oh, you aren't wearing that junk on your hands anymore. Finally came to your senses?

MONK

Actually, they betrayed me. You see-

NATALIE

Please, Adrian I want to know what this is all about. Sorry captain, it's just that you probably don't want to hear about 99.9% vs. 100%.

STOTTLEMEYER

Thanks Natalie. You can tell me all about this, Adrian after you let us know what is so special about this funny money.

Stottlemeyer hands Monk the money.

MONK

I have to be absolutely sure.

Monk examines it.

RANDY

So?

MONK

I'm convinced. I know who committed the murder and why this is evidence. We'll need a warrant to search this place.

RANDY

You'll have to tell us what you know first. Then we'll get a warrant.

Stottlemeyer shakes his head.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Right?

STOTTLEMEYER

No, I've been given carte blanche from the Crazy the Clown corporate office to do what we need to do to solve this case. But, I would like to know what we're looking for. Care to clue us in Monk?

MONK

It was right in front of my nose, actually. This Crazy the Clown buck is evidence because it is counterfeit.

RANDY

Counterfeit? Why would anyone go to that trouble to counterfeit money that isn't really money?

MONK

Because who would go through the trouble to check to make sure that this fake money was legitimate? This money is handed around over and over again. People use it buy food, give as gifts, etc.

STOTTLEMEYER

Sure! I bet they don't send any bills back to their corporate headquarters until they're worn out.

MONK

Yes and I doubt they check any of it. It's probably just destroyed.

NATALIE

How did you know this?

MONK

I looked at the money that they gave me as a refund after the party. I realized that it was different from the bill that Sandy had hidden as evidence.

RANDY

But again, they don't give you cash for this money. What benefit could there be in making counterfeit Bucks?

NATALIE

And how did Sandy figure it out?

MONK

Because I think the counterfeiting was an inside job.

STOTTLEMEYER

I think you might be right. They treat Crazy the Clown bucks as cash. Every time I've used them here, they go right into the cash drawer with the rest of the cash. If an employee were to take out small amounts of real cash and replace them with their forgeries, well nobody would notice.

MONK

Exactly.

(MORE)

MONK (CONT'D)

I suspect that they don't keep track of real cash versus clown bucks. So a forger could take a hundred dollars or so out of a cash drawer, replace it with counterfeit bucks and nobody would be the wiser. With all of the people who get their change back in Crazy the Clown Bucks, nobody would notice anything amiss.

RANDY

But Sandy did. How?

NATALIE

And who was the forger?

Monk opens the door to Crazy the Clown's and reluctantly walks in. The others follow him. Drake is standing at the front podium.

DRAKE

Hey guys! I'm really sorry that those robots freaked you out Mr. Monk. I didn't realize that you spazzed over things like that.

MONK

I didn't spazz out, why-

STOTTLEMEYER

Focus, Monk.

MONK

Right. We have an appointment to speak with Sheldon.

DRAKE

Hmm, I don't think he was expecting to see you so early. I think he might be in the copy room.

MONK

Perfect.

STOTTLEMEYER

I don't believe it!

MONK

Let's go before he destroys the evidence!

They rush to the back of the restaurant, passing through the birthday corral.

STOTTLEMEYER

Don't look, Monk!

Monk averts his eyes and they arrive at the copy room. Sheldon looks stunned.

SHELDON

What are you guys doing here? Mr. Monk, you told me you were coming at 3. It's 2:30!

MONK

Exactly. I wanted you to think you had time to destroy the evidence. Open the copier.

SHELDON

I don't have to do anything!

Stottlemeyer pulls out his gun.

STOTTLEMEYER

Sheldon, I'm afraid this gun- and the Crazy the Clown corporate office- say different.

Randy walks over and lifts up the top.

RANDY

It's a sheet of forged Crazy the Clown bucks!

MONK

You were too greedy to destroy the evidence before you got a chance to make some last minute cash!

STOTTLEMEYER

Mind filling us in, Monk?

MONK

Sheldon here came up with the perfect plan to bilk the company out of thousands of dollars; little by little. He thought he had it all figured out; he'd come back to the restaurant after closing time, use the company's own copy machine to make near perfect Crazy the Clown bucks and then swap them out with real money from the cash drawers. He even figured out that he should only make a few copies at a time so as not to set off any alarm bells if copy machine usage spiked. Yes, it was a perfect plan.

NATALIE

But Sandy came along-

MONK

Yes. You see, he didn't realize that everyone on the closing shift left before the reports were completed on "Party Night". Everyone except for Sandy, that is. So he waited, as usual, for everyone to leave together the way the corporate office wanted. He'd then sneak back in, only on "Party Night", there was one witness to his embezzlement still in the building- Sandy!

STOTTLEMEYER

But if she confronted him and he killed her in the ball pit, how did she get the so-called 'evidence'?

MONK

Sandy was too smart to confront him when she caught him at first. Besides, she probably wanted to make sure that he was doing what she thought he was doing. So she gathered the evidence to make a case against him.

SHELDON

If that's true, how would I know she knew about this alleged crime?

MONK

You're a smart guy. She probably asked you some leading questions, you might have noticed a change in her attitude towards you. You knew she was on to something. You had to do something about it. You hid out until everyone else left for the night clubs. You knew she would stay to look after the report. During the day, you loaded the ball hopper with your deadly balls. You knew that the system wouldn't unleash them on the kids during the day. Now you just needed to lure her into the ball pit.

NATALIE

How did he do that?

MONK

He knew that Sandy loved cats. She had that one in her apartment that desperately missed her. He found some cat in the neighborhood and put it in the ball pit, knowing that she would wade in there to get it out.

STOTTLEMEYER

How would you know that, Monk?

MONK

Randy told me. Remember how he sneezed when he came out of the ball pit? He's only allergic to cats. How did a cat get in there? To lure Sandy in!

RANDY

That's right! You bastard! I went through more allergy tests to see if I was allergic to anything else. You know, those tests with all the needles! I oughtta get my gun and-

NATALIE

Down boy. I think he's guiltier of far greater crimes.

MONK

He is. He murdered poor Sandy.

SHELDON

This is all speculation. You have no proof! I wasn't even here that night!

MONK

You're right, but-

Just then, Drake walks in.

DRAKE

Here ya go buddy. That report hot off the presses from the Home Office.

MONK

Thank you, Drake.

DRAKE

You still up for the G-Blade?

MONK

You bet. I'm a hip guy.

RANDY

But Monk-

STOTTLEMEYER

Randy, let him have a good time. Just because you don't like to go out at night....

RANDY

But sir-

STOTTLEMEYER

Let him be. I'm sure he'll have a great time.

MONK

Getting back to the subject at hand-

Monk looks at the paper.

MONK (CONT'D)

Sheldon. You said you weren't here that night, but according to this paper, you were. I made some inquiries with the folks at the Crazy the Clown Home office and they tell me that after the report is run, whoever is here must enter their top secret code to verify that the report came over correctly. Take a look at this, Captain.

Monk hands the paper to Stottlemeyer.

STOTTLEMEYER

You're right. Sheldon, you verified the report that night! I'm afraid we're going to have to take you in.

Randy and a random cop take Sheldon away.

STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

You know, Monk, if he hadn't made the mistake of closing out that report, he probably would have gotten away with it.

MONK

No. I would have come up with something else.

NATALIE

Maybe so, but isn't it ironic that his obsessive compulsive behavior was what did him in?

Stottlemeyer and Natalie look at Monk.

MONK

What?

STOTTLEMEYER

Nothing. You go have fun at the G-Blade.

MONK

You bet I will. I'm hip to having fun and fitting in.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE G-BLADE FRONT ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Monk tries racing out of the entrance without touching anyone.

MONK
I'm not that hip.

FADE OUT: