

9 CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT GROOMS (cont'd)  
 (as if listening to envelope)  
 What's that, Sir? Yes. I'll tell him.  
 (to Capt. Stottlemeyer)  
 The Attorney General says: don't screw it up.

10 INT. COURTROOM -- NEXT DAY (DAY 4)

The next morning. In the courtroom.

The defendant, ROBERT PERRY, and his ATTORNEY are at one table. The DISTRICT ATTORNEY sits at the other. JUDGE RIENZI, a stern, no-nonsense jurist, is presiding.

The "voir dire" is in progress. 40 PROSPECTIVE JURORS-including Monk, Natalie and our Jurors-to-be- are in the spectator section.

Judge Rienzi is questioning MR. COBB, a middle-aged, bitter, chain-smoker.

START  
→  
SC. 1

JUDGE RIENZI

Mr. Cobb. It says here you've been excused from jury duty three times in a row.

MR. COBB

I got a business to run.

JUDGE RIENZI

Well, you'd better find someone else to run it. The defense accepts you. So does the prosecution. And so do I.

(BANGS his gavel)

Have a seat. You're Juror Number Ten.

Mr. Cobb grumbles, and moves to the Jury Box.

JUDGE RIENZI (cont'd)

Who's next? Stand up.

He indicates Natalie. She rises.

COURT CLERK

State your name.

"MONK" - JUDGE RIENZI

10 CONTINUED:

10

NATALIE  
Natalie Teeger.

~~COURT CLERK  
Spell it.~~

~~NATALIE  
Oh. No. I wasn't called...  
Monk rises. And explains...~~

~~MONK  
She's my assistant. Your Honor.  
A stunned, confused beat.~~

JUDGE RIENZI  
And you are...?

MONK  
Adrian Monk. Capital A, small D,  
small R, small I, small A, small N.  
Space...

JUDGE RIENZI  
(interrupting)  
Thank you, Mr. Monk. I think we  
have it.

MONK  
Your Honor. I will not be able to  
serve today, unfortunately, for a  
number of reasons. First off, there's  
the bathroom situation. I can't  
share a bathroom. I just can't.  
You can ask Natalie-

~~NATALIE  
He's very persnickety. He's  
persnickety squared.~~

~~MONK  
And I have special dietary needs. I  
can't eat food unless I actually see  
it being prepared.~~

~~NATALIE  
That's true. Your Honor.~~

JUDGE RIENZI  
Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

2/4

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

MONK

Yes sir. I have a pet, who is completely dependent on me.

JUDGE RIENZI

What kind of pet?

MONK

It's a goldfish, your Honor. Fred-or-Goldie.

JUDGE RIENZI

His name is Fred-Or-Goldie?

MONK

I couldn't decide on a name. That's another thing. I can't make decisions. It's a psychological thing...

NATALIE

~~He just freezes up-~~

MONK

~~I just freeze up. It's pathetic, really-~~

JUDGE RIENZI

(sharply)

Mr. Monk. I've seen hundreds of people pretend to be disturbed to avoid jury duty. But you are in a class by yourself.

MONK

Thank you.

JUDGE RIENZI

(sharply)

It's not going to work, sir. Not today. Not in my courtroom.

(to the Court Clerk)

Mr. Clerk, this juror is not excused. And since the prosecution and defense are both out of peremptory challenges...

(BANGS gavel)

Have a seat, Mr. Monk. You're Juror Number 11.

// END  
sc. 1

3/4

29 INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAYS EARLIER - BRIEF FLASHBACK (B&W) (FB-1) 29

A 2 SECOND FLASHBACK. Back in the Assembly Room. Monk remembers: the Older Man, wearing orthopedic shoes.

30 EXT. COURTHOUSE, CONSTRUCTION SITE -- RESUME SCENE 30

MONK  
I THINK HE'S A JUROR. I REMEMBER  
SEEING HIM IN THE WAITING ROOM.

31 EXT. COURTHOUSE - ACROSS THE LAWN -- SAME TIME 31

At that moment, Judge Rienzi and the Court Clerk are walking past. They see: Monk, leaning out the window.

START →  
SC. 2

JUDGE RIENZI  
What the hell is that?

COURT CLERK  
It looks like one of your jurors,  
leaning out a window, talking to a  
police officer.

JUDGE RIENZI  
(furious)  
I want that jury sequestered. As of  
now.

1/END  
SC. 2

32 ~~EXT. CHEAP MOTEL -- THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 5)~~ 32

Later that night. We establish a CHEAP HIGHWAY MOTEL. It's Three AM. The place is dead. We FOCUS on ONE ROOM...

33 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT 33

A horrible, CHEAP MOTEL ROOM, with separate single beds. Monk is sharing the room with Mr. Cobb.

Cobb has been SMOKING all night; there are DOZENS OF BUTTS in ashtrays, strewn around the room.

Cobb is in his bed, fast asleep. He's snoring and- somehow- amazingly- smoking at the same time! A LIT CIGARETTE dangles from his snoring lips.

In the next bed: Monk can't sleep. He's still fully dressed. He's sitting up, staring- horrified- at his roommate.

(CONTINUED)

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