

1 INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL -- DAY

1

Monk's front hall. The DOORBELL is RINGING. Monk answers.
It's ANITA, a sweet, cheerful 11-year-old girl.

START →

ANITA

Hello. I'm Anita. From across the
street. My mom said you needed
somebody to water your plants.

2 INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

2

Monk leads Anita into his apartment.

MONK

I'll be gone from Friday until Sunday.

(hands her 3 DOLLARS)

~~So that's three days. Here you go.~~

~~A dollar a day. Paid in advance.~~

Monk hands her a PRINTED LIST of NAMES and PHONE NUMBERS.

MONK (cont'd)

I'll be with my friend Natalie, at
her parents'. This is their main
line. And this is her cell phone.

ANITA

Okay.

MONK

(indicates list)

And that's your name and number, in
case you hit your head and get
amnesia. That happened to me once.

Anita reacts, baffled. Monk hands her a KEY.

MONK (cont'd)

Here's my key. Don't lose that.

ANITA

Okay.

MONK

You might want to hide it somewhere.

ANITA

Okay.

"MONK" - ANITA

(CONTINUED)

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ANITA

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2 CONTINUED:

2

MONK

But write a note. So we can find it, in case something happens.

ANITA

Like what?

MONK

Things happen. ~~Things happen every day. To people. Like Trudy. My wife. She just went out to run some errands and her car blew up...~~
~~(wistfully)~~
~~Just like that. She was gone.~~

(CUT TO:)

A sad, strange, awkward beat.

ANITA

Are you okay?

MONK

(recovering)

I'm fine. Anyway. The mail goes over here...

Monk indicates a TABLE. There's SIX OR SEVEN ENVELOPES, SOME CATALOGS, and some RUBBER BANDS.

MONK (cont'd)

You sort it by zip code. Then subdivide it alphabetically by return address. Then bundle it with these rubber bands. Two bands, length-wise, evenly spaced. Like this. Very easy.

As he speaks, Monk demonstrates: he quickly sorts the envelopes and catalogs, then wraps them up in rubber bands. Anita watches, stunned.

MONK (cont'd)

It's all in the book.

Monk hands Anita a LARGE LOOSELEAF BINDER, with chapter-heading tabs. He's been working on it for weeks.

MONK (cont'd)

(reading Chapter Titles)

What to do in Case Of Fire- In Case Of Earthquake- Flooding- Nuclear Attack- Biological Warfare. So you know what a "Dirty Bomb" is?

(CONTINUED)

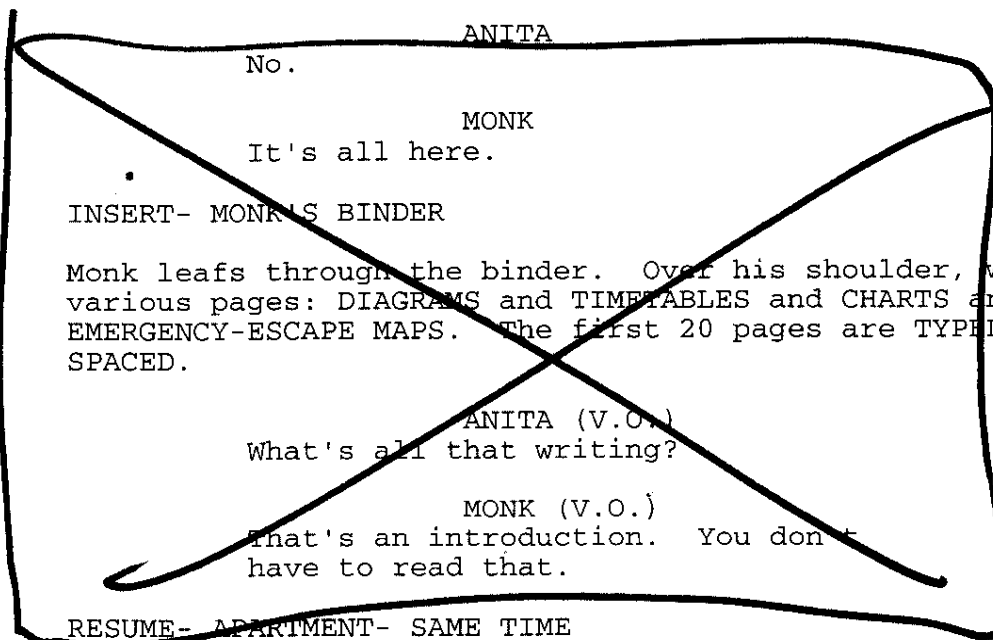
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ANITA

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2 CONTINUED: (2)

2



Monk hands Anita the binder. It's big. And heavy. Anita struggles with it.

(pick-up) →

ANITA
What about your plant?

MONK
It's over here.

Monk leads Anita to a LARGE, HARDY PLANT- a Philodendron- in a big pot.

MONK (cont'd)
Actually, it's not my plant. It was
Trudy's. She loved it.
(sighs)
~~It's all I have left... Trudy... My~~
~~darling...~~

Monk touches the plant, lovingly. Another sad, wistful beat.
Anita picks up a WATER SPRAY BOTTLE.

ANITA
So I just spray it...?

Before Monk can stop her, Anita SPRAYS the plant.

MONK
(sharply!)
What are you doing?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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ANITA

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2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

MONK (CONT'D)

That's regular mist! It has to be
on fine. Fine mist!

Monk takes the WATER BOTTLE from her.

~~MONK (cont'd)~~

~~You over-watered it!~~

ANITA

Sorry.

There's a HAIR DRYER, nearby, on a shelf, for just this contingency. Monk clicks it ON and starts drying his beloved Philodendron, as...

~~MONK~~

~~(to the plant)~~

~~It's all right, sweetheart... I'm
right here... I'm right here...~~

Suddenly, Monk is overcome. He goes limp. He has a
breakdown. He sits. He shakes his head.

MONK (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I can't do it... I can't
leave...

ANITA

You're not going?

MONK

I'm not ready. I'm sorry. I'll
call Natalie. I just can't go.

A beat. Anita looks at him. She's very concerned.

ANITA

I'm going to go now.

(then)

Do you want your money...?

Monk- the cheapest man in America- nods... and takes his
THREE DOLLARS back.

ANITA (cont'd)

(concerned)

Maybe I'll come back later and see
how you're doing.

// END

Monk nods, weakly. Anita leaves. Monk is alone, with his
plant, and his memories.

THE END

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