

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

You're going home.
(beat)
Maybe you're right. Maybe this guy is the guy. But he still gave you some good advice. You gotta relax. Give yourself a break. Turn your brain off.

MONK

I- I can't.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Monk. Go home. We'll take it from here.

25 EXT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER -- DAY 25

Outside. At the MAIN ENTRANCE.

Monk is leaving the hospital. His nose is still bleeding. A TAXI is waiting, by the curb.

TAXI DRIVER

Taxi?

Monk hesitates. He looks back, at the hospital.

"MONK" - DR. SCOTT

26 INT. HOSPITAL - MRS. ESTERBROOK'S ROOM - SAME TIME -- DAY 26

Meanwhile. Upstairs. Dr. Scott is making his rounds. He's leading FIVE YOUNG INTERNS from patient to patient...

They enter a HOSPITAL ROOM. They crowd around the bed. The patient: MRS. ESTERBROOK, 50's.

street →
[scribble]

MRS. ESTERBROOK
(surprised)
Dr. Scott- ?!

DR. SCOTT
Hello, Shelly. Did you miss me?

MRS. ESTERBROOK
They said you were sick.

DR. SCOTT
Don't worry about me, darling. I'm the Rock Of Gibraltar. And so are you.

DR. SCOTT

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26 CONTINUED:

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Mrs. Esterbrook beams. She loves Dr. Scott.

DR. SCOTT (cont'd)
I brought some friends with me. The
best and the brightest... or so I'm
told. Mr. Collins. You're up.

He hands a MEDICAL CHART to an anxious, shy intern named
COLLINS.

DR. SCOTT (cont'd)
She's your patient. What do you
see?

INTERN COLLINS
Okay. Elevated white count... waxy
coloration...

DR. SCOTT
What is your diagnosis, doctor?

INTERN COLLINS
(unsure)
Advanced diverticulitis...?

DR. SCOTT
Is that your final answer?

Collins hesitates. Then nods.

DR. SCOTT (cont'd)
Congratulations, Mr. Collins. You
just killed my favorite patient.
(to the Interns)
Mr. Collins has conveniently
overlooked her persistent fever and
right lower quadrant pain, indicating
what?

(impatiently)
Indicating what?

An Intern named EVA- sharp, eager to please- responds.

INTERN EVA
Appendicitis.

DR. SCOTT
There may be a doctor in the house
after all. Any questions?

MONK'S VOICE
Yes. I have a question.

(CONTINUED)

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DR. SCOTT

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26

Everyone turns. It's- Monk! He's back. He's standing with the Interns, his nose still bleeding. Dr. Scott tenses.

DR. SCOTT

Mr. Monk? I thought I sent you home.

MONK

I had some unfinished business.

DR. SCOTT

(explaining)

This is Adrian Monk. He's with the police department. I'm sure you all heard about what happened to Graydon Whitcomb.

The Interns nod, solemnly. Monk holds up the long CARDIOGRAPH PAPER.

MONK

Could you take a look at this, Doctor?
It's from an EKG.

DR. SCOTT

Yes. I think I've seen one or two of these.

Monk indicates some short gaps in the long printout.

MONK

It's from last night. Midnight to 3 AM. But there are some gaps. Here. And here. It looks like it was disconnected.

~~DR. SCOTT~~ **DR. SCOTT**

Eva. Explain these gaps to Mr. Monk.

INTERN EVA

There are gaps like this in any EKG. Any time a patient rolls over, or changes position.

MONK

(indicates graph)

How long is this gap, right here?

INTERN EVA

Eight seconds. Maybe ten.

(CONTINUED)

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26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

~~DR. SCOTT
(smugly)
Ten seconds. Not much help, is it?
Anything else?
Monk doesn't respond. A tense beat.~~

INTERN EVA
What's going on?

DR. SCOTT
It's almost too absurd. You all
remember my patient, Nate Vigderson.
87 years old. Osteo-arthritis.
Kidney failure.
(amused)
He is Detective Monk's number one
suspect.

The Interns chuckle.

DR. SCOTT (cont'd)
(indicates Monk's
nose)
That may not be blood, Mr. Monk.
You may be losing cranial fluid.

The Interns chuckle again.

MONK
(pointedly)
Actually, I have a different suspect.

DR. SCOTT
Well. That is a relief.

MONK
This one had a motive. The victim
was planning to testify against him
in a malpractice suit.

Dr. Scott steps up to Monk. They're eye to eye.

DR. SCOTT
I hope your new suspect wasn't hooked
up to a heart monitor too. Because
that would mean he couldn't possibly
have done it.
(beat)
Am I right?

Monk doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

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DR. SCOTT

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DR. SCOTT (cont'd)

It would also mean you're wasting both our time. Your time may not mean much, Mr. Monk. But my time- in this hospital- is a precious commodity.

(then)

Go bleed somewhere else.

// END

27 INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SCOTT'S OLD ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

27

Moments later. In Dr. Scott's OLD HOSPITAL ROOM.

The room is empty. The bed has been stripped. The mylar "Get Well Soon" balloons are still floating near the ceiling.

Monk enters, still dabbing his bloody nose.

He looks around. He checks out the HEART MONITOR. He peeks behind it. He tugs on the cables. Everything seems normal. He sighs, frustrated.

Then- a friendly HOSPITAL JANITOR enters.

HOSPITAL JANITOR

Don't mind me.

The Janitor empties a TRASH CAN. Then he removes the cluster of MYLAR BALLOONS, which exposes- for the first time- a corner of the ceiling.

Monk, as always, is looking up. He notices: a WATER STAIN on the ceiling- just like the one he saw in Nate Velderson's room!

MONK

(puzzled)

There's a stain.

HOSPITAL JANITOR

Yeah. There's a leak upstairs.

MONK

I saw the same stain in another room.

HOSPITAL JANITOR

They're probably connected. Or used to be. A lot of these rooms were divided up a few years back.

(shrugging)

Not my problem. That's all I know.

(CONTINUED)

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