

11 CONTINUED:

11

Monk- as "Mr. Melville"- is supervising them. He has become obsessed with making the table setting perfect. He's carefully measuring- with a ruler- the distance between a plate and a fork.

The Staff watches, anxiously. Monk nods, satisfied. He moves on to the next setting. He measures.

MONK

The fork is a centimeter too close.

MRS. MURPHY

It's only a centimeter.

MONK

For the want of a nail, Mrs. Murphy, the kingdom was lost.

Monk carefully repositions the fork.

MONK (cont'd)

One centimeter off on this side, one centimeter off on that side... before you know it, what have you got?

PATRICK THE COOK

Two centimeters?

MONK

Who folded this napkin?

SUSIE THE MAID

I did, sir.

MONK

Do you call this an octagon? It's more like a trapezoid.

Monk carefully re-folds the napkin.

MRS. MURPHY

Mr. Melville. It's two-thirty in the morning. We've been here all night.

MONK

(focused on napkin)
Uh huh.

MRS. MURPHY

The luncheon isn't until Sunday afternoon.

"MONK" - MRS. MURPHY

(CONTINUED)

1/3

MRS. MURPHY

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11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

MONK

Almost done, Mrs. Murphy.
(noticing something)
How tall is Mr. Fairchild?

MRS. MURPHY

About my height.

MONK

Then he belongs here, across from
Mrs. Claridge. Symmetry. Sweet
symmetry.

Monk switches some NAME CARDS around.

MRS. MURPHY

(delicately)
That's fine, sir, except...

MONK

Except...?

MRS. MURPHY

You can't put Mr. B. next to his
stepsisters.

MONK

Why not?

~~PATRICK THE COOK~~

~~They hate each other.~~

MRS. MURPHY

There was an accident. A car crash.
About year ago. Their mother died a
few moments before Mr. Buchanan's
father.

MONK

Yes. I've heard the story.

MRS. MURPHY

Apparently, when it came time to
divide the estate, Patricia and Clara
felt they weren't treated as fairly
as they might have been.

MONK

I see. How much did they get?

MRS. MURPHY

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

2/3

MRS. MURPHY

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11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

MONK

I see.

(beat)

And they wanted more?

MRS. MURPHY

Yes sir. Apparently they did.

// END

12 INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN -- NEXT DAY (DAY 4)

12

The next day. In Police HQ.

Monk, Natalie, STOTTMMEYER and DISHER are gathered around a BOOMBOX. They're listening to Frank Buchanan's FRANTIC 911 CALL.

The cell phone reception was awful; Buchanan's voice is faint and crackly...

911 OPERATOR (ON TAPE)

9-1-1. What is your emergency?

FRANK BUCHANAN (ON TAPE)

(desperate)

There's been an accident... my wife... she's dead...

911 OPERATOR (ON TAPE)

Okay sir. Just relax. Where are you?

FRANK BUCHANAN (ON TAPE)

On Stilson Road... near Spider Lake... I'm feeling her pulse now... she's definitely dead... her neck is broken... she's not breathing...

911 OPERATOR (ON TAPE)

Sir. Stay right where you are. There's an ambulance on the way.

FRANK BUCHANAN (ON TAPE)

I don't think-

(suddenly gasping, in pain)

Oh no- oh no...

911 OPERATOR (ON TAPE)

Sir. Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

3/3