MONK
I treed to work here, part-time.

He crosses to a STELF OF BOOKS.

MONK (cont'd)
It was right here. I was standing

It was right here. I was standing right here. It was a Tuesday. Four thirty. She was wearing a blue bloase. A button was missing. I remember it all...

NATALIE Like it was yesterday.

MONK <u>It was</u> yesterday.

18 INT. THE SAME LIBRARY - 1981 - FLASHBACK (FB-1)

DISSOLVE TO: The same library. 25 years earlier.

The library is being reorganized. Books- THOUSANDS OF BOOKS- are STACKED UP everywhere, randomly. Monk- looking 25 years younger- is working there, restocking the shelves.

Trudy steps up. Heartbreakingly lovely. And sweet. And smart.

START ->

YOUNGER TRUDY

Excuse me. Hello.

Monk turns. He sees Trudy- his Trudy- for the first time.

YOUNGER TRUDY (cont'd)
I can't find a book. This is not
the Dewey-Decimal System that I know
and love.

Monk is lovestruck. He can't speak.

YOUNGER TRUDY (cont'd)

Do you work here?

a second

17

1/5

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

Andr Lind

18

YOUNGER MONK

(collecting himself)

Yes. I do. We're boing and the stacks upstains. What are you looking for?

YOUNGER TRUDY

This is a long shot. Trevor Rosenthal's biography of Alexander Pope. Volume Two.

Monk closes his eyes. He thinks. He walks down an aisle. He reaches into a stack, and-miraculously-finds her book.

YOUNGER TRUDY (cont'd)

How did you do that?

YOUNGER MONK

I saw it last week.

YOUNGER TRUDY

And you remembered...?

YOUNGER MONK

Photographic memory. If I see something once, I never forget it.

YOUNGER TRUDY

That sounds... pretty awful. My bad memory is my salvation.

Monk hands her the book.

YOUNGER MONK

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown, Thus unlamented let me die..."

YOUNGER TRUDY

"Steal from the world and not a stone Tell where I lie."

(impressed)

You know Alexander Pope.

Monk taps his head, and shrugs. Photographic memory.

YOUNGER TRUDY (cont'd)

So you never forget anything? So, for example, you're never going to forget this- me- us- talking- right here?

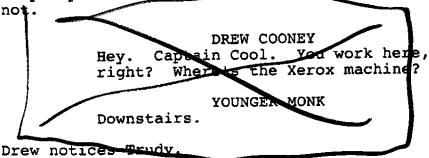
Monk shakes his head. No. He'll never forget.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

younger TRUDY

18

Then- the moment is shattered. Another student- DREW COONEYsteps up. Drew is tall, confident... everything Monk is



DREW COONEY

Whoa. It's Trudy right? I met you at Poor Herbies two weeks ago. I've been thinking about you. You owe me a few hours sleep, young lady.

Trudy smiles, charmed. Monk watches, helplessly, as Drew The Stud moves in...

YOUNGER TRUDY

(remembering)

Drew.

DREW COONEY

I wanted to call you, but I lost your number.

YOUNGER TRUDY

Oh please.

DREW COONEY

It's <u>true</u>! It's been driving me crazy. Have a little mercy here. Give me another chance.

Nearby: Monk's heart is breaking.

YOUNGER TRUDY

It's a new number. I don't even know it myself...

Trudy opens a DATEBOOK, and indicates a phone number. Drew glances at it. He has a pen and paper. But nothing to write on.

DREW COONEY

Hey. Captain. Do me a favor.

18 CONTINUED: (3)

younge Truby:

Drew gestures "turn around". Monk- humiliated- turns and bends over. Drew uses Monk's back as a writing surface.

DREW COONEY (cont'd)

(to Trudy, as he writes)

What are you doing?

YOUNGER TRUDY

You mean <u>now</u>? I'm heading back to the Student Center.

DREW COONEY

Me too. I'll walk you.

(taking her books)

Are these yours? See? Chivelry

NEND

Truly and Drew walk away. As they do, Drew turns and winks at lonk. Menk watches them go, helplessiy.

19 INT. LIBRARY -- RESUME PRESENT DAY

19

The FLASHBACK ends. Monk and Natalie are in the library.

MONK

That's how I got her number.

NATALI

You mean when he wrote on your back?
You felt it? You can do that?

Mañik

I have sens live skin.

MATALIE

It's like a superpower- a really weird, not-very-useful superpower.

MON

It took me three weeks to call her. It was the bravest thing I ever did. She was already seeing that other guy, Drew. For a while, she was dating both of us...

NATALIE

Then she chose you. She chose you. Never forget that.

MONK

I don't know why

(MORE)

4/5

burger Tru

TAG

EXT. CAMPUS - STONE BENCH -- NIGHT 43

43

Later that night. Monk and Natalie are leaving.

They walk past the STONE BENCH that Monk was weeding and cleaning earlier. He stops. He stares at the bench. He remembers a day, 25 years ago...

EXT. CAMPUS - SAME STONE BENCH - 25 YEARS AGO -- FLASHBACK 44 (FB-4)

The same spot. 25 years ago. Trudy and Monk- both youngerare on the bench. It is, we sense, their bench.

They're both studying, reading. Trudy is leaning against him. Monk has been waiting to tell her something.

YOUNGER MONK

Trudy.

 $oldsymbol{U}$ She looks up.

YOUNGER MONK (cont'd)

I just... there's something... (then)

I love you.

Trudy considers this.

YOUNGER TRUDY

Well then. We're in big trouble. (smiles)

I love you, too.

1/END SUZ

Monk takes her hand. He clasps her hand. He will never let go.

45 CAMPUS - STONE BENCH - RESUME PRESENT -- NIGHT EXT.

45

Back to the present. Monk stares at the bench, longingly. A beat, then... Natalie gently leads him away.

END OF SHOW