## ACT THREE

20 INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY (DAY 4)

20

The next day. In Police H.Q. In the Interrogation Room.

Stottlemeyer is questioning  $\underline{\text{his}}$  primary suspect: HELEN HABBERT, a middle-age woman. Sharp. Bitter.



A CONTRACT

22

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER Do you mind if I tape this?

HELEN

(shrugging)
It's your party.

Capt. Stottlemeyer starts a TAPE RECORDER.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Action You teach physical education at the East Rockaway Middle School. So... you must be in pretty good shape.

HELEN

I guess so.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER How tall are you, Ms. Habbert?

HELEN

\*

Five eight.

C<del>ada Georgieme</del>ver

(lepertal, paintedly)

Five Colons

Capt. Stottlemeyer glances at the big ONE-WAI MISSOR.

21 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

21

In the next room: Monk and Natalie are watching this, through the ONE-WAY GLASS.

We INTERCUT BETWEEN the two rooms as necessary...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - RESUME - SAME TIME

22

The interrogation continues. Stottlemeter is playing to the one-way mirror. He knows mond is witching

\* THE CONTINUED)



MONK

馬

## 22 CONTINUED:

22

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
You bought a house last year, from
Sean Corcoran. Is that correct?

HELEN

You're asking about those letters I sent. I meant every damn word. That man lied to me! The roof leaks! The furnace is crap! I got carpenter ants in both bathrooms!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (for Monk's benefit)
You seem to have very strong feelings about Mr. Corcoran.

HELEN

I hated his guts. I'm sorry about what happened. But it's in the Bible-"As you sow so shall you reap".

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(repeating, for Monk's
benefit)
You hated his guts. I notice you're
wearing lipstick. Do you wear
lipstick every day?

HELEN Is that a crime now?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER No ma'am. Wearing lipstick is not a crime.

(<u>reintedly, to the</u> mirror)
lot of which wear ripstick. Its
cesn't mean in thing at

OBSE VATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

In the next room: Monk reacts, stung.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

Stattlemeyer is talking to his suspect- but he's <u>really</u> talking to Monk. There's a lot of tension between him and Monk, even though Monk is in the next room.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER Where were you on Friday night, around seven thirty?

2/5

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

HELEN

Friday night? I was sick. I came home early and took a sleeping pill. That was, about, five o'clock.

During this, to needle Monk, Stottlemeyer rips up a STYROFOAM CUP and scatters the pieces around the room. He grins. He knows it's driving Monk crazy.

OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

He's right. Monk reacts to the styrofoam litter. He whimpers, helplessly.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

The interrogation- and the mind games- continue...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER You didn't see anyone? Or talk to anybody?

HELEN

No. I live alone. I just went to sleep.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER So you don't have an alibi for Friday evening?

HELEN

I guess not. Do I need one?

The mind-fuck continues: Stottlemeyer casually crosses to a DESK LAMP, and tilts the lampshade slightly, as...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER On the phone, you mentioned that your father was a locksmith.

HELEN

That's right.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER And you worked in his store?

HELEN

A couple of summers. In high school.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER So you could pick a lock?

HELL

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22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

HELEN

If I had to. I guess.

OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

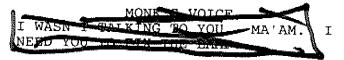
In the next room: Monk CLICKS ON the INTERCOM-MICROPHONE.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

MONK'S VOICE comes BOOMING through a HIDDEN SPEAKER.

MONK'S VOICE COULD YOU FIX THE LAMP PLEASE.

L don't fool like it.



HELEN

(anxiously)
Who <u>is</u> that?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER That's nobody. Forget it.

MONK 3 VOICE

I AM THE LORD YOUR GOD. I AM COMMANDING YOU. FIX THE LAMP. AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PICK UP ALL THAT STYROFOAM... ALL THE PIECES...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER He's not the Lord Your God.

MONK'S YOICE

OH YES I AM.

CAPA. STOTTLEMEYER
He's an ex-cop who hates himself and
hates his life and isn't happy unless
EVERYONE ELSE IS AS MISERABLE AS HE
IS.

Capt. Stottlemeyer angrily removes a SHOE and rubs it along the one-way glass... leaving a big dark <a href="mailto:smudge">smudge</a>.

OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

Landing of

In the next room: Monk reacts to the smudge grins at him, emegly, through the glass.

Stottlemeyer

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

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22 CONTINUED: (4)

3

22

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

MONK'S VOICE
MA'AM. WIPE THAT SMUDGE OF . I
COMMAND YOU!

elen galps. She starts to rige.

Sit down

CAPT STOTTLEMEYER

elen sits. She's contused. And frightened

MONA'S VOICE

WIPE THAT SMUDGE! DON'T MAKE ME SMITE YOU!

CAPT, STOTN EMEYER He's not smiting anybody

MONK'S VOICE WIPE THAT SMUDGE!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER I told you to sit down!

Helen sits. Then rises. Then sits.

HELEN

(confused)
This is not how they do it on "Law and Order".

1/END

INT. POLICE HO - BULLDEN MOMENTS LATER

Moments later. In the bullpen area. Monk, Natalie and Stottlemeyer are standing around.

No one is speaking. Lots of bad feelings. Lots of ancer. A tense beat. Another beat.

Lt. Disher enters. He's smiling upbeat. Oblivious.

LT. DISHER How'd the interrogation go?

No response. Another tense beat

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)
I got a roast pig for the party

Another long, cense beat.

5/5

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