

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 his primary suspect: HELEN HABBERT, a middle-age woman. Sharp. Bitter.

START →

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
Do you mind if I tape this?

HELEN
(shrugging)
It's your party.

Capt. Stottlemeyer starts a TAPE RECORDER.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
~~For the record, your name is Helen Habbert.~~ 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.

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~
(repeating, pointedly)
~~Five foot eight.~~

Capt. Stottlemeyer glances at the big ONE-WAY MIRROR.

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...~~

22 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - RESUME -- SAME TIME 22

~~The interrogation continues. Stottlemeyer is playing to the one-way mirror. He knows Monk is watching.~~

"MONK" - HELEN

*** THIS CAN CHANGE ... FYI (CONTINUED)**

5/1

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.

~~(pointedly, to the mirror)~~

~~A lot of women wear lipstick. It doesn't mean anything. Anything at all.~~

OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

In the next room: Monk reacts, stung.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

Stottlemeyer is talking to his suspect- but he's really 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?

(CONTINUED)

2/5

HELEN

"MR. MONK AND THE CAPTAIN'S GIRLFRIEND" - Prod/Net Draft - 4/13/07 29

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?

3/5

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

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.

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~I don't feel like it.~~

~~MONK'S VOICE~~

~~I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU MA'AM. I
NEED YOU TO FIX THE LAMP.~~

HELEN

(anxiously)

Who is that?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

That's nobody. Forget it.

~~MONK'S 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 VOICE~~

~~OH YES I AM.~~

~~CAPT. 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 smudge.

OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

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

(CONTINUED)

415

HELEN

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

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

Helen gulps. She starts to rise.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 Sit down.

Helen sits. She's confused. And frightened.

MONK'S VOICE
 WIPE THAT SMUDGE! DON'T MAKE ME
 SMITE YOU!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 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".

// END

23 INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - 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 anger.
 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, tense beat.

5/5