

ACT TWO

7

INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN -- NEXT DAY (DAY 3)

7

The next day. At Police HQ. Monk, Natalie, Capt. Stottlemeyer and Lt. Disher are reviewing the case.

Stottlemeyer is still skeptical. He's on the fence.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Okay. Tell me again. From the top.

Lt. Disher reads from his NOTEBOOK.

LT. DISHER

"Husband, Robert Sherman, owned an expensive rug. Intruder's shoes indicated that he wiped his feet."

NATALIE

Why would a kid, breaking and entering, wipe his feet?

MONK

START →

Because he wasn't really breaking and entering. They knew each other! It was a set up!

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~Maybe~~

Across the room: a hooker named LOVELY RITA- world-weary, heavily made up- is sitting alone at a desk. She's HANDCUFFED to a chair. She's been listening to them.

LOVELY RITA

Maybe the kid- the intruder- was planning to steal the rug. He didn't want to scuff it up.

Our foursome turn. They consider the Hooker. Amazingly, she has a point.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Thank you.

LOVELY RITA

Anytime.

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~(shrugging to Monk)~~

~~Maybe he was planning to steal the rug~~

"MONK" - LONELY RITA

(CONTINUED)

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7 CONTINUED:

7

LT. DISHER
(resuming, from
notebook)
How about this. "Phone in bedroom
was unplugged".

LOVELY RITA
(from across room)
It doesn't mean anything. I unplug
my phone all the time, when I want
to sleep late. Or when I'm working.

Again, they all consider the Hooker. They nod. The Hooker's
right.

~~CAPT. STOTTEMEYER
She's right. It doesn't mean
anything.
LT. DISHER
Here's another one. "The wife's
slippers..."~~

NATALIE
The husband said she was cold. That's
why she went downstairs. Why didn't
she put on her slippers?

A beat. Everyone turns, expectantly, to the Hooker.

LOVELY RITA
She wasn't really cold. She just
said she was. She was going
downstairs to get a bite of that
chocolate cake in the refrigerator.

~~MONK
What chocolate cake? Who are you?~~

LT. DISHER
This is Rita DePask. AKA The Lovely
Rita. She's a material witness in a
knife fight downtown.

LOVELY RITA
Alleged knife fight. Alleged. I
loove that word.

~~CAPT. STOTTEMEYER
(resuming)
Lovely Rita has a zany sense of humor
enough. Some hotshot lawyer could
explain away that whole notebook~~

(cut to) →

(CONTINUED)

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~~MONK
 That's true. But if you add them
 all up- if you look at the big picture-
 it's plain as day. He's the guy.
 CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 Was the wife insured?
 MONK~~

pick-up →

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
Where's the motive?

LOVELY RITA
There's always a motive.

Rita- still handcuffed- drags her chair across the room.
She joins our group!

LOVELY RITA (CONT'D)
You got two people living together,
under the same roof- one of them
wants the other one dead. Believe
me. I know.

~~MONK
 He didn't love her. I was there
 when the M.E. wheeled his wife out.
 All he was thinking about was his
 rug.~~

Rita is sitting right behind Monk. She leans in. She makes
Monk very uncomfortable. He stiffens.

LOVELY RITA
You're cute.

MONK
No I'm not.

LOVELY RITA
You ever unbutton that top button?

MONK
No.

// END

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 There's only one problem with your
 theory. They never met.
 Capt. Stottlemeyer holds up a THICK FOLDER.~~