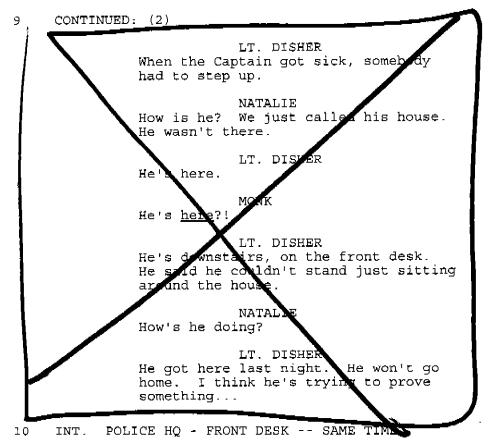
9

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"MR. MONK AND THE MIRACLE" - Prod/Network Draft - 9/11/08 14.



Downstairs. In the lobby. Capt. Stottlemeyer is sitting at the FRONT DESK. He's talking to a simple, unassuming elderly couple: MR. AND MRS. PARINI.

Capt. Stottlemeyer is tired. And in pain. His back hurts. He's <u>taking aspirins</u>, as...

MR. PARINI Are you alright?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

It's my back. I'll be alright.

(resuming)

So Mrb. Tarimi, let me get this exception two

and a half weeks ago. You said somebody vandalized your house. ?

MR. PARINI

That's right.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER I have your file right here.

(CONTINUED)

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09/11/2008 16:36 FAX

MR. PARWI

"MR. MONK AND THE MIRACLE" - Prod/Network Draft - 9/11/08 15.

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Stottlemeyer takes out a GLOSSY PHOTOGRAPH of the Parinis' door. Painted, in grey, on the door: a simple, rough sketch of a PEDESTAL FOUNTAIN with an ANGEL POURING WATER FROM A VASE. Beneath it, printed, is the word "DRINK".

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D) You thought some teenagers had painted this... thing on your front door.

MR. PARINI

It's a fountain.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
This <u>fountain</u> on your door. But now you'd like to withdraw the complaint?

MR. PARINI

That's right. It wasn't any teenager. I know that now. It was God. It was a sign from God.

CAPT. CTOTTLEMEYER
(Wearily)
UN huh. God drev a Nittle picture.
On your door.

MRS. PARINI

It was a miracle. All summer, my lungs were burning.

MR. PARINI

She couldn't breathe. We went to three different doctors.

MRS. PARINI

Then I heard, on the news, about the fountain. At the Franklin Park Monastery.

MR. PARINI

We went to the fountain.

(indicates the photo)

It looked just like this. It was this fountain. And when she drank from it...

MRS, PARINI

I was cured.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

You were cured?

(CONTINUED)

09/11/2008 16:37 FAX

IR. PARINI

"MR. MONK AND THE MIRACLE" - Prod/Network Draft - 9/11/08 16.

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MR. PARINI
She's eating again. She can sleep. #END It's a miracle!

POLĪCE HQ - BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER 11 INT.

11

Later. Upstairs. Stottlemeyer enters. He walks slow He s in <u>He's using a can</u>

NATALIE

There he is.

MONK How are you feeling?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

How do I look?

MONK

Bad. You look bad. You look terrible.

ATALIE

Back problems are the worst.

into a chair. Slowly. Stottlemeyer lowers himself

He winces.

MONK

What does the docto say?

> CAPT STOTTLEMEYER

(bitterly)

I've been to <u>five</u> doctors.

The best in the city. ve a clue. I've tried Specialists.

They don't Mave a clue. Even this crap. everything.

Stottlemeyer takes out a DISTINCTIVE PURPLE GLASS BOTTLE.

MONK

What is it?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

My aunt sent me a whole carton. Some kind of hippie organic herba

concoction from Hell.

ottlemever drinks from the bottle. He winces.

(CONTINUED)