

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

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9

LT. DISHER  
When the Captain got sick, somebody had to step up.

NATALIE  
How is he? We just called his house. He wasn't there.

LT. DISHER  
He's here.

MONK  
He's here?!

LT. DISHER  
He's downstairs, on the front desk. He said he couldn't stand just sitting around the house.

NATALIE  
How's he doing?

LT. DISHER  
He got here last night. He won't go home. I think he's trying to prove something...

MONK - "MRS. PARININI"

10

INT. POLICE HQ - FRONT DESK -- SAME TIME

10

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 taking aspirins, as...

~~MR. PARINI  
Are you alright?~~

~~CAPT. STOTTMLEYER  
It's my back. I'll be alright.  
(resuming)~~

STRAIGHT →

So. Mrs. Parini, let me get this straight. You filed a complaint two and a half weeks ago. You said somebody vandalized your house..?

MRS. PARINI  
That's right.

CAPT. STOTTMLEYER  
I have your file right here.

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**MRS. PARINI**

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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.

MRS. PARINI

It's a fountain.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

This fountain on your door. But now you'd like to withdraw the complaint?

MRS. PARINI

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

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(wearily)

Uh huh. God drew a little 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)

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**MRS. PARINI**

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MR. PARINI

~~She's sitting again. She can sleep.~~  
It's a miracle!

MRS. PARINI

Write that down. It's a miracle.

11 INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

11

Later. Upstairs. Stottlemeyer enters. He walks slowly. He's in pain. He's using a cane.

NATALIE

There he is.

MONK

How are you feeling?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

How do I look?

MONK

Bad. You look bad. You look terrible.

NATALIE

Back problems are the worst.

Stottlemeyer lowers himself into a chair. Slowly. He winces.

MONK

What does the doctor say?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(bitterly)  
I've been to five doctors. Specialists. The best in the city. They don't have a clue. I've tried everything. Even this crap.

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 herbal concoction from Hell.

Stottlemeyer drinks from the bottle. He winces.

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