

13 CONTINUED:

13

Monk rises.

JACK, JR.
Where are we going?

MONK
I'm calling a taxi. I'm going back to the prison, to talk to your cellmate.

JACK, JR.
(anxiously)
You can't talk to Shiv! He'll know you talked to me. He'll know we're together!

Monk considers this. Jack has a point. He sighs.

MONK
Okay. I'll have the Captain ask around. Let's go.

JACK, JR.
Now where?

MONK
Plan B. Lindsey Bishop's house.

"MONK" - SUPERINTENDENT

14 INT. LINDSEY BISHOP'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

14

Later that day. In Lindsey Bishop's neat, modest CONDO. A middle-aged SUPERINTENDENT leads Monk and Jack, Jr. inside. Jack is pretending to be a grieving sibling. He's weeping... really blubbing.

START →

JACK, JR.
I still can't believe it. I can't believe she's gone.

SUPERINTENDENT
I didn't know she even had a brother.

JACK, JR.
(anguished)
We weren't close. And now it's too late. It's too late! All the things I should have said.

SUPERINTENDENT
I'm gonna miss her, too. She was probably my favorite tenant.
(to Monk)
Are you family, too?

(CONTINUED)

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Superintendent

"MR. MONK'S OTHER BROTHER" - Prod/Network Draft - 10/13/08 26.

14 CONTINUED:

14

MONK
I'm his Pen Pal.

SUPERINTENDENT
Okay. I'll leave you two boys to
it. Just lock up as you leave.

11 END

The Super leaves. The door shuts. Instantly, Jack turns
off the tears and returns to normal.

JACK, JR.
Nice guy.

MONK
I can't help but notice: your fake
crying looks a lot like your real
crying.

JACK, JR.
Thank you.

Monk starts looking around. He goes into his "Zen Monk"
mode.

JACK, JR.
I love that thing with the hands.
You're like one of those pantomime
guys.
(then)
What are we looking for?

MONK
I'm not sure. I'll know it when I
find it.

Monk opens a BUREAU DRAWER. Inside: ASSORTED JEWELRY-
carrings, necklaces, bracelets, an expensive men's
wristwatch.

Across the room: there's some SPARE CHANGE on a coffee table.
JACK, JR. scoops it up.

MONK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JACK, JR.
I promise you, Brother. She's not
gonna miss it.

MONK (CONT'D)
(sharply)
Put it back. Put it back. Put it
back or I'll tell Dad.

(CONTINUED)

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