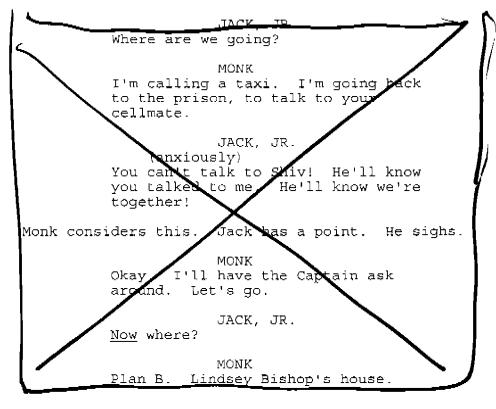
Noz

Monk rises.



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

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 blubbering.

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

(CONTINUED)

SUPERINTENDENT

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

14 CONTINUED:

MONK

I'm his Pen Pal.

SUPERINTENDENT

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

MEND

14

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

JACK, JR.

Nice guy.

MONK

T 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 Mands. You're like one of those pantomime guys.

(then)

What are we looking for?

MONK

I'm not sure. I'l Mnow it when I find it.

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

Across the room: there's some SPARE CNANGE 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)