ACT ONE

3 STUDIO - PARKING LOT -- NEXT MORNING

Morning. The parking lot is now a FULL-ON CRIME SCENE: a MEDICAL EXAMINER, COPS, CSI TECHS, and our beloved foursome. MARISSA'S BODY is lying where she fell, by the gate.

We're mid-scene. MONK is already in his amous "Zen Monk" We's pacing... thinking...

Everyone is watching him. Waiting. Waiting. Finally ...

MONK

There's something wong here.

(beat)

This is wrong. (another Kea

This is very wrong (another beat)

This is very... very...

LT. DISHER

Educated guess.

MONK

This was no random mugging. This was all about <u>her</u>. He was after her.

LT. DISHER

He took her purse. And some jew

MONK

He wanted us to think robbery. was stabbed six times.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

That's right. Two in the neck.

Four in the back.

Monk indicates MARISSA'S BODY.

MONK

I think she was stabbed <u>three</u> times.

times... with a pair of scissors.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Scissors- ?

(then, nodding)

Yes. It's possible.

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"MR. MONK GETS LOTTO FEVER" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/6/08 6 CONTINUED: (3) OFFICER KELTON She looks mad. MONK That's just her look. Nearby: LT DISHER is jotting something in his notebook. CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER glances over. CAPT. STOTTI MEYER What's that? Stottlemeyer takes Disher's notebook. He reads from it-CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D) "It looks like her number came up"? DISHER It's a zinger (indicates the BODY) She was the Lott Girl. Her number came up. Set it? (then Remember last year, Sgt. Beechum shoved that junkie into a lamppost, and he said "I'll keep you posted"? CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (chuckling) eah. I heard about that. LT. DISHER Everybody heard about it! People were repeating it. It was famous. (indicates notebook) This is even better. This is a classic. CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER If you say so. LT. DISHER just have to pick the right moment. Get ready

The Medical Examiner steps up, along with TWO PARAMEDICS and TWO UNIFORM COPS, including Kelton.

(P: UR-UP

MEDICAL EXAMINER Captain. If you're ready to release the body, I can take her downtown.

"MR. MONK GETS LOTTO FEVER" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/6/08 7.

3 CONTINUED: (4) 3

He hands Stottlemeyer a RELEASE FORM. As Stottlemeyer signs...

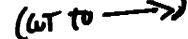
> MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D) I still don't get it. Who'd want to

kill the Lotto Girl?

It's the perfect set-up! Disher opens his mouth, but- before <u>he can speak-</u>

OFFICER KELTON

I guess her number came up.



Everyone- except Disher- chuckles. Disher is furious! He angrily flings his notebook at Officer Kelton!

OFFICER KELTON (CONT'D)

(startled)

Hey!? What are you doing?

LT. DISHER

What are <u>you</u> doing? That was line and you know it!

OFFICER KELTO

What are you talking about?

LT. DISKER

I said the same thing ten minutes ago! As the Captain.

APT. STOTTLEMEYER

For the love of God. Randy, this is a crime

LT. DISKER

must've heard me talking about Look! I wrote it down!

Disher picks up his notebook, and excitedly flips it open.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)

Here it is! "Her number came up.

<u>Now let's see vour metebook!</u>

OFFICER KELTON

I didn't write it down. I just thought of it.

pa-lease Can you believe thi

(CONTINUED)

"MR. MONK GETS LOTTO FEVER" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/6/08 8.

3 CONTINUED: (5)

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MEDICAL EXAMINER Maybe you both thought of it. Like those two guys who invented the

telephone...

"ENO

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER like those two guys who invented the telephone.

LT. DISHER I'M GONNA HAVE YOUR BADGE, MAN!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYED (leading Disher off) Sheckey, come on. Let's walk it off.

Nearby: Natalie is standing alone. MR. LAWRENCE, the Station Manager, steps up with a <u>printed list</u>. He looks sad, shaken.

MR. LAWRENCE Excuse me. **I**'m Stan **J**awrence. the station manager. Here's that list you wanted.

NATALI I'll make sure they get it. (then) How long did sh work here?

ME. LAWRENCE Not long. A few weeks I didn't really know her. (shaken)

I still can't believe it. I should've had more Mights back here!

NATALIE You can't blame yourself. You can't blame yourself. It was one AM The parking lot was empty. I don't think more lights would've made a difference.

MR. LAWRENCE Thank you, Officer. That's very nace of you to say.

NATALIE Actually, I'm not with the police. I work with Mr. Monk.

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