

ACT ONE

3 INT. A HOUSE IN MONK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LIVING ROOM -- DAY 3

Across town. In an APARTMENT in Monk's neighborhood.

An ADORABLE YOUNG GIRL, maybe 8, is sitting at a PIANO. She's practicing a SIMPLE PIECE OF MUSIC by CHOPIN over and over. And over. And over.

The DOORBELL RINGS. The GIRL'S MOTHER crosses to answer it.

MOTHER

Don't stop, honey. You sound great.
Don't slouch.

The Girl continues to practice, as Mom opens the door. It's TWO UNIFORM OFFICERS.

POLICE OFFICER

Sorry to bother you, ma'am. We've had another complaint.

MOTHER

I don't believe it. From who?

POLICE OFFICER

He wouldn't give his name. We think it's the same guy.

MOTHER

Well, it can't be the people downstairs. They're on vacation.

POLICE OFFICER

We believe it's someone across the street.

MOTHER

Across the street?! You've got to be kidding! You were just outside- could you hear anything?

POLICE OFFICER

No ma'am. But he keeps calling. Two, three times a day.

MOTHER

He must be some kind of world-class lunatic.

POLICE OFFICER

Yes ma'am. The city's full of 'em.

START →

"MONK" - Police Officer

//END

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