

4 CONTINUED:

4

Mrs. Kloster takes a SMALL GUN from a closet. She makes sure it's loaded, then tucks it under her pillow.

PAULINA
(concerned)
Have you had lunch, ma'am?

MRS. KLOSTER
Lunch? No. I must have forgot.

PAULINA
You didn't have breakfast either.
So you haven't eaten all day? I'm going to make you something...

MRS. KLOSTER
That won't be necessary, Paulina.
I'm just going to take a bath. And maybe lie down...

PAULINA
You have to eat, ma'am. I have some tuna salad. I'm going to make you a sandwich. I'll be right back.

5 INT. KLOSTER HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

5

Moments later. In the kitchen. Paulina is preparing a TRAY OF FOOD: a sandwich and some tea.

Nearby: NIGEL, the family cook, is cleaning up.

START →

NIGEL THE COOK
How's she look?

PAULINA
Scared to death.

NIGEL THE COOK
Of what? The son-of-a-bitch is in Canada.

PAULINA
Even if he was on Mars, she'd be scared. I don't blame her. Why doesn't she just go somewhere?

NIGEL THE COOK
Why don't we?

PAULINA
I would, if it wasn't for her. She needs me.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - NIGEL THE COOK

1/2

NIGEL THE COOK

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5 CONTINUED:

5

NIGEL THE COOK

What she needs is a good therapist.
They both do. I'm glad I'm not a
genius. It screws with your head.

Paulina's tray is ready. She starts to leave.

NIGEL THE COOK (CONT'D)

(indicates the teacup)

You want to do her a favor? Put a
little scotch in there.

// END

6 INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- SECONDS LATER 6

Back upstairs. Paulina re-enters the BEDROOM.

PAULINA

We didn't have any green tea. I
found some Earl Gray...

Paulina stops. She sees: Mrs. Kloster, sprawled out on the
bed- dead. Paulina gasps! She drops the tray of food!

Across the room, on the TV: Gregory Kloster makes a move.

GREGORY KLOSTER

Check.

Gregory Kloster grins, icily... as if, somehow, he knows his
wife is dead...

7 INT. POLICE HQ - CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME 7

Across town. In Police HQ. Monk, Natalie and ANOTHER
DETECTIVE are in Stottlemeyer's office.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(angrily, into phone)

Kevin. It's a restraining order.
You write 30 of them a day.

(sighs)

No. He hasn't hit her.

(another sigh)

Yes. She's still in the house.

(beat)

Because Adrian Monk says so. That's
how I know.

(then)

Yeah. Let's do that. Let's sleep
on it.

Stottlemeyer SLAMS the phone down! He fumes.

(CONTINUED)

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