

Gregory Kloster is walking toward them, looking brilliant and smug and confident. He's surrounded by a SMALL ENTOURAGE: a couple of REPORTERS, a LIMO DRIVER.

START →

REPORTER

Mr. Kloster, what are your plans now?

GREGORY KLOSTER

I don't have any plans. I'm still in shock. Susan was my reason for living. ~~She was my weak and my redeemer.~~

(reciting)

"Down, down, down-  
~~into the darkness of the grave,~~  
~~and by the way,~~  
The beautiful, the tender, the kind."

REPORTER

Where's that from?

GREGORY KLOSTER

Look it up.

// END

Our foursome step up. During the following, Monk doesn't speak. He glares at Kloster intensely.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(flashing his BADGE)

Mr. Kloster? Leland Stottlemeyer. San Francisco Police. This is Randy Disher.

LT. DISHER

Are you surprised to see us?

GREGORY KLOSTER

Yes I am.

(then)

I mean, I'm surprised to see you here. I expected you to meet me at the gate.

LT. DISHER

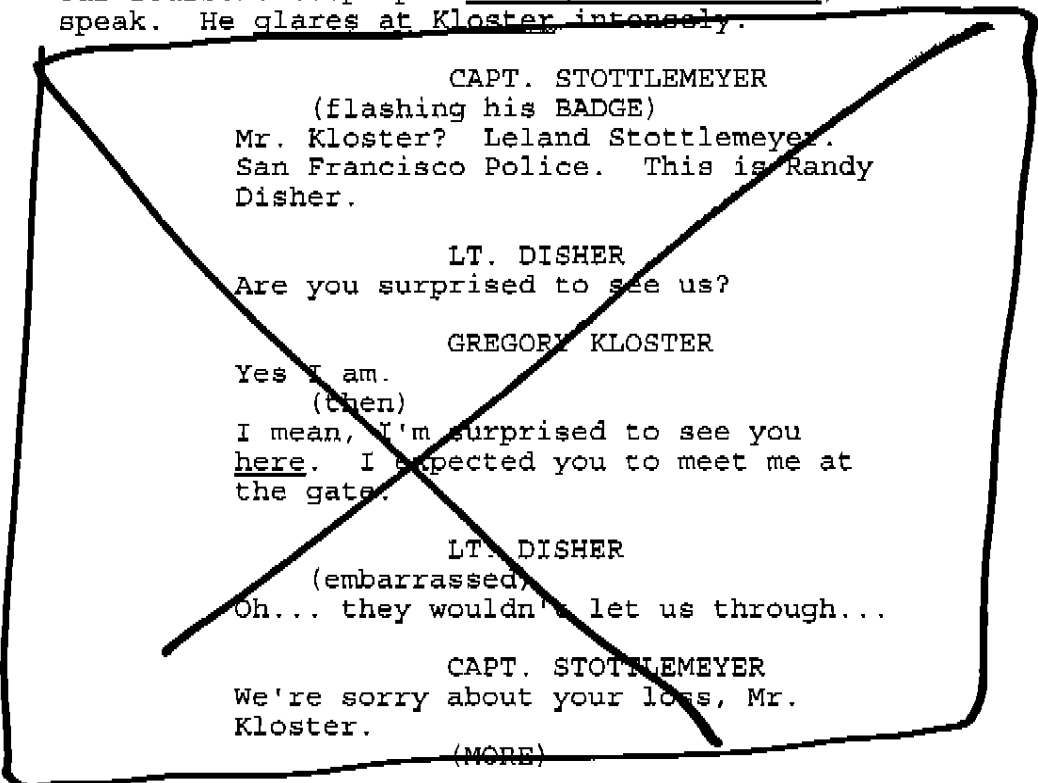
(embarrassed)

Oh... they wouldn't let us through...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

We're sorry about your loss, Mr. Kloster.

(MORE)



"MONK" - REPORTER

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