

22 CONTINUED:

22

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(sighs)
Okay. Fine. You saw it first.
(looking around)
Where is it?

MONK

But here's the rule: you can't touch it.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

We understand, Monk. We're all cops here.

MONK

I can touch it. And Natalie can touch it. Just me and Natalie. Nobody else.

Monk opens his hands to reveal: he's holding a FROG. A live frog. Ribbit. Ribbit.

MONK (CONT'D)

I'm going to call him Hoppy, because he likes to hop.

Everyone reacts, stunned.

MONK (CONT'D)

(excitedly)
There's a box in the car, remember? It can be Hoppy's house! I'm gonna go get it!

Monk happily runs off, carrying his frog. Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Disher watch him go. They exchange baffled looks.

23 INT. AARON LARKIN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

23

Later that day. We're in a corporate office. A large RECEPTION AREA. A sign says: THE LARKIN GROUP.

Monk, Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Disher enter. Monk's bizarre transformation continues; he's even more boyish and distracted than before.

Behind the desk: Larkin's receptionist, DORIS. 60-ish. She has a COLORFUL BIRTHDAY BALLOON tethered to her chair.

START →

DORIS

Back again?

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - DORIS

1/4

Doris

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23 CONTINUED:

23

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Yes ma'am. Like a bad penny. Is he in?

DORIS

He's just finishing a phone call.
You can have a seat. He'll be right out.

Our foursome sit. They wait. A beat.

MONK

(to Doris)
I have a frog. He's in the car.

DORIS

(puzzled)
Really.

Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Disher exchange baffled glances:
"What's wrong with Monk?"

Monk indicates Doris's BALLOON.

MONK

Is it your birthday?

DORIS

Yes it is.

NATALIE, STOTTLEMEYER & DISHER

(overlapping)
Happy birthday... congratulations.

MONK

How old are you?

NATALIE

(embarrassed)
Mr. Monk- !!?

MONK

Are you a hundred?

NATALIE

(whispering to Monk)
What is your problem?!

DORIS

(reluctantly)
I'm sixty-three.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

DORIS

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23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

MONK

Sixty three. Wow. Sixty three. So
I was close.

DORIS

I wouldn't say that.

MONK

~~Sixty three is my favorite number.~~

Doris smiles politely.

MONK (CONT'D)

~~My worst number is pi. Because it
never ends. 3.1415926535738... wait-
I got mixed up-
(starting over)
3.141592653...~~

During this, the OFFICE DOOR OPENS. Aaron Larkin enters.

AARON LARKIN

Sorry to keep you waiting. Have you
heard anything?

CAPT. STOTTMEYER

Not from your wife. We have heard
from a number of local merchants.

LT. DISHER

Apparently Sarah was trying to sell
some of her jewelry.

AARON LARKIN

Well. That's her right, I suppose

MONK

(indicating Doris)
Guess how old she is?

Doris reacts, confused, embarrassed.

DORIS

I think I'll take my break now.

AARON LARKIN

Yes. Of course.

Doris rises. She starts to leave.

MONK

Do you have to go make water?

(CONTINUED)

3/4

DORIS

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23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

DORIS
Yes. Yes I do.

// END

Doris walks away.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(low, to Natalie)
Is he drunk?

Natalie shakes her head; she doesn't know. The questioning resumes.

LT. DISHER
Sir, We've been talking to some of Sarah's friends. They said Sarah was afraid for her life.

AARON LARKIN
That's crazy.

During this, Monk sits in Doris's SWIVEL CHAIR. He swivels around and around, impatiently. Like a little kid.

MONK
I'm hungry.

NATALIE
You just had lunch.

MONK
So?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(resuming, to Larkin)
When we spoke this morning, I asked you for a list of all your properties.

AARON LARKIN
That's right. I have it right here.
(into INTERCOM)
Emily, could you bring in that list?

MONK
(as he swivels around)
Hello. Goodbye. Hello. Goodbye.

EMILY- a young, attractive coworker- enters, carrying some PAPERS and a BOTTLED WATER. She's drinking from the bottle.

AARON LARKIN
(introducing)
Emily Carter, my office manager.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/4