

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

The Cabbie WAVES and DRIVES OFF. Some OTHER PASSERBY have overheard this. They stop. They recognize Natalie!

FIRST PASSERBY

I thought that was you! It's you, right?

NATALIE

(blushing)

I guess it is.

SECOND PASSERBY

Natalie Teeger! Oh my God. I hate to bother you. Would you mind?

The Passerby holds out a PEN and PAPER, for an autograph.

NATALIE

Sure. Okay.

But Natalie has nothing to write on.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Monk? Would you mind?

Monk sighs. He turns around, and leans over... just as Natalie did in a previous scene. She starts to write, then pauses.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I never know what to say...

MONK

(bitterly)

I know what to say.

6

INT. MALCOLM O'DWYER'S APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

6

Meanwhile, up the street. In a cluttered, insane THIRD-FLOOR APARTMENT.

It's as if the guy from "A Beautiful Mind" became obsessed with the lottery: BLACKBOARDS covered with mathematical equations... clippings and photos of LOTTO GIRLS- including Natalie- and PAST LOTTO WINNERS... HUNDREDS OF BUNDLES of losing tickets, etc.

Stottlemeyer and Disher are questioning the occupant. His name is MALCOLM O'DWYER, wild-haired, middle-aged. Stottlemeyer is holding a file of handwritten letters.

"Monk" - Malcolm O'Dwyer

(CONTINUED)

1/5

MALCOLM

"MR. MONK GETS LOTTO FEVER" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/6/08 20.

6 CONTINUED:

6

START →

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Did I write those letters? Yes I wrote the letters. My name's on them. I'm not gonna deny it. Did you bother reading them?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Yes sir. I did.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Then you know- I didn't threaten anybody. I was offering the producers and the Lotto Commissioner some constructive criticism.

(bitterly)

I don't know why they don't listen to me. I know more about the California Lottery system than any living American, living or dead.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I'm sure you do, Mr. O'Dwyer.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

It's not just a game. Not to me. I've dedicated my life to winning the lottery.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(looking around)

Yes sir. I can see that.

LT. DISHER

Sir. Where were you a week ago Friday?

MALCOLM O'DWYER

A week ago Friday? That would be...  
4, 7, 23, 35, 53, 64.

LT. DISHER

Excuse me?

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Those were the winning numbers. I was here, like always. Watching the drawing.

(bitterly)

Three prime numbers. I didn't see that one coming.

(CONTINUED)

2/5

malcolm

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Do you own a pair of scissors,  
Malcolm?

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Of course I do. Who doesn't?

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~Could I see them, please?~~

O'Dwyer finds his scissors. Ordinary scissors. Stottlemeyer examines them, as...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

How about metallic paint?

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Paint?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

We found traces of it on Miss  
Kessler's fingers. ~~A shade called~~  
~~Titanium~~

MALCOLM O'DWYER

You can't be serious. You think I  
killed Marissa Kessler?

Disher indicates a HUGE WALL, COVERED WITH PHOTOS- some publicity shots, some candid shots. A few feature the victim, Marissa Kessler. One photo- half-hidden, barely noticed- is a CANDID SHOT of sound engineer Billy Logan and a friend, who we will know as EUGENE MADDOX, eating at an outdoor cafe.

LT. DISHER

You've got her picture on the wall.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

I've got everybody's picture on the wall!

(gesturing)

These are all the past Lotto Girls. Jackpot winners. The staff and the crew of the show. Gaffers. Secretaries. They all know me. I'm a freelance journalist. I publish a newsletter- Lotto World.

O'Dwyer holds up a CRUDE, XEROXED NEWSLETTER.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Yeah. We've seen it. What's this?

(CONTINUED)

3/5

Malcolm

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6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Stottlemeyer indicates a DRY ERASE BOARD with a hodgepodge of numerical equations... and prominently, six "chosen" numbers.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Some numbers I'm thinking of playing.

For security, O'Dwyer erases the board.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Nobody's gonna steal your numbers, Malcolm.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

You'd be a fool not to. These six numbers aren't just chosen at random. It's my own logarithm, based on probability, emergent number patterns, and the theories of Sir Isaac Newton.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Six numbers? You only buy one ticket a week?

MALCOLM O'DWYER

It's all I need. How many do you buy?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Depends. Twenty. Usually.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

(chortles, derisively)  
You're just shot-gunning it, aren't you? And I suppose you get the machine to pick all your numbers for you? When I started out, I didn't know what I was doing either.

LT. DISHER

How much money have you won?

MALCOLM O'DWYER

You mean ever? Or this year?

LT. DISHER

Let's say ever.

MALCOLM O'DWYER

Zero. It's not really about winning or losing.

(CONTINUED)

4/5

marked

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
It's the lottery. It's all about winning. What else is there?

MALCOLM O'DWYER  
It's the journey, Captain! It's how you get there! I'd rather lose my way than win a twenty million dollar jackpot your way.

///END

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
I think we're done here

They start to leave. Disher stops, and turns.

LT. DISHER  
You think you're pretty smart. But let me tell you something, Mr. Lottery Expert...  
(delivering his "zinger")  
We've got your number.

A stunned, baffled beat. No response.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)  
Play on words.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
(wearily)  
Randy. Give it up. You had your chance.

During this, Monk enters. He's alone. Monk scans the cluttered, insane apartment.

MONK  
(stunned)  
Mother of mercy.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
We were just leaving.

MONK  
I don't blame you. Who is this guy?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER  
A very colorful dead end. Where's Natalie?

MONK  
Downstairs. Signing autographs.