

3 CONTINUED:

3

MONK

Who brings scissors to a mugging?
Scissors say what?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Unpremeditated. Act of passion.

MONK

And why this door? Her car was parked
down the street. The front door
would've been closer.

Monk indicates a MUD PUDDLE near the rear door.

MONK (CONT'D)

Plus, the mud on her shoes. She ran
through this mud puddle, near the
exit. There's a light right here.
If she was walking, she would've
seen it. Conclusion: she was running
from the building. Conclusion:
whatever happened, started inside.
There was a fight. He was angry.
He grabbed some scissors and chased
her out here.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(convinced, to Dishar)
Find the station manager. I want a
list of every employee that was here
last night.
(on second thought)
Make that: every employee period.

LT. DISHER

Yes, sir. Any ideas on motive?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

I guess you could say 12 million
people had a motive, including me.
She was the Lotto Girl. She broke
my heart three times a week.

"MONK" - Officer Kelton

Nearby: Monk has resumed his "Monk trance". He's pacing again, deep in thought. A young, star-struck ROOKIE COP named KELTON steps up.

START →

OFFICER KELTON

Excuse me. Mr. Monk? I have a
nephew. He's ten years old. He's
your biggest fan. He clips out
articles. He thinks you're cooler
than Spiderman.

(CONTINUED)

1/4

KELTON

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3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Monk is flattered, but tries to act nonchalant.

MONK

Really? Kids.

Officer Kelton holds up a PEN and a PIECE OF PAPER.

OFFICER KELTON

If I could get your autograph, he'd think I was some kind of hero.

NATALIE- as Monk's "chaperon"- pulls Officer Kelton away.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk is working. Maybe when he's finished.

OFFICER KELTON

Oh. Sorry.

Monk changes gears. He quickly concludes his work, "scanning" the crime scene in fast motion.

MONK

(very quickly)

~~Am I done? Scanning? done?~~

All done.

(casually)

You said something about an autograph...?

OFFICER KELTON

That would be great. Thank you so much.

Monk needs something to write on. He motions for Natalie to bend over.

MONK

Would you mind?

Natalie sighs, then reluctantly bends over. Monk starts writing SLOWLY, CAREFULLY on Natalie's back.

OFFICER KELTON

(to Natalie)

Are you okay?

MONK

She's fine.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

Kelton

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3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

OFFICER KELTON
She looks mad.

MONK
That's just her look.

(cut to →)

Nearby: LT. DISHER is jotting something in his notebook.
CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER glances over.

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
What's that?~~

~~Stottlemeyer takes Disher's notebook. He reads from it-~~

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)
"It looks like her number came up?"~~

~~LT. DISHER
It's a zinger.
(indicates the BODY)
She was the Lotto Girl. Her number
came up. Get it?
(then)
Remember last year Sgt. Beechum
shoved that junkie into a lamppost,
and he said "I'll keep you posted"?~~

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(chuckling)
Yeah. I heard about that.~~

~~LT. DISHER
Everybody heard about it! People
were repeating it. It was famous.
(indicates notebook)
This is even better. This is a
classic.~~

~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
If you say so.~~

~~LT. DISHER
I just have to pick the right moment.
Get ready.~~

~~The Medical Examiner steps up, along with TWO PARAMEDICS and
TWO UNIFORM COPS, including Kelton.~~

~~MEDICAL EXAMINER
Captain. If you're ready to release
the body, I can take her downtown.~~

(CONTINUED)

3/4

Kelton

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3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

He hands Stottlemeyer a RELEASE FORM. As Stottlemeyer signs...

(pick-up →)

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)
I still don't get it. Who'd want to
kill the Lotto Girl?

It's the perfect set-up! Disher opens his mouth, but- before
he can speak-

OFFICER KELTON
I guess her number came up.

Everyone- except Disher- chuckles. Disher is furious! He
angrily flings his notebook at Officer Kelton!

OFFICER KELTON (CONT'D)
(startled)
Hey!? What are you doing?

LT. DISHER
What are you doing? That was my
line and you know it!

OFFICER KELTON
What are you talking about?

LT. DISHER
I said the same thing ten minutes
ago! Ask the Captain.

~~CAPTAIN STOTTEMEYER~~
For the love of GOD, Rand, this is
a ~~scene...~~

LT. DISHER
He must've heard me talking about
it! Look! I wrote it down!

Disher picks up his notebook, and excitedly flips it open.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)
Here it is! "Her number came up."
Now let's see your notebook!

OFFICER KELTON
I didn't write it down. I just
thought of it.

//END

~~LT. DISHER~~
(derisively)
Oh please. Can you believe this
guy?

(CONTINUED)

4/4