

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

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

START →

~~THE~~ PASSERBY

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

NATALIE

(blushing)

I guess it is.

~~THE~~ 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.

11 END

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" - PASSERBY

(CONTINUED)

1/1