

ACT THREE

28 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN (STOCK) - NIGHT 28

Night. The ocean sparkles in the moonlight...

29 EXT. USS PHILADELPHIA - UNDERWATER (STOCK) -- NIGHT 29

Under the surface: the sub glides through the water...

30 INT. SUBMARINE - MESS HALL -- NIGHT 30

On board. It's dinner time. Hungry SAILORS are squeezed into the tiny MESS HALL. They're jammed in around the tables.

Monk is squeezed in between OFFICER MENDES and OFFICER KRAMER. He's pressed against them. Like sardines. Monk can barely move his arms. He's in hell.

START
Pt. 1

→
PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
Where's your lady friend?

MONK
She's staying in the Infirmary.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
(knowingly)
Lt. Albright. He's got her in his sights.

OFFICER MENDES
"The target is acquired!"

The SAILORS chuckle and high-five each other. Monk doesn't quite get it, but chuckles politely.

MONK
Target.

Monk tries to separate his food, but can barely move his arms.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
What are you doing?

MONK
I'm separating my food. →

~~OFFICER MENDES~~

MONK - "PETTY OFFICER KRAMER"

(CONTINUED)

1/4

PETTY OFFICER
KRAMER

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30 CONTINUED:

30

MONK

~~I don't know.~~ It's a nervous habit.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

Is there a name for that?

MONK

Why don't you ask him? He's the expert.

Monk indicates an EMPTY CHAIR across the table- the only empty chair in the room. It's Dr. Bell's chair. The Sailors exchange knowing looks; they're aware of the "Dr. Bell" situation.

Monk finally gets some MEAT on his fork.

MONK (CONT'D)

~~What is this, in case I have to describe it later to a doctor.~~

OFFICER MENDES

If it's brown, it's probably brisket.

Monk is disgusted. He pushes his plate away.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

You're not hungry?

MONK

I'm starving.

(then, casually)

So, tell me about Commander Crumwalt.

OFFICER MENDES

~~For the best C.O. I ever sailed with. I guess nobody told him Lincoln freed the slaves.~~

MONK

Were he and Lt. Kenney close?

OFFICER MENDES

You're on a sub, brother. Everybody's close.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

Kenney and the C.O. went way back. I think they did a stretch in NATO together.

The COOK steps up. He's holding a tray of food.

// END
Pt. 1
[scribble]

(CONTINUED)

3/4

PETTY OFFICER
KRAMER

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31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

~~NATALIE
I don't know. Steven. I don't know.
I keep picturing him.
LT. ALBRIGHT
I understand.
NATALIE
You do? Then explain it to me.~~

32 INT. CREW BERTHING AREA -- SAME TIME

32

Meanwhile. In the CREW SLEEPING AREA: rows of COMPACT BUNK BEDS, squeezed together. SOME SAILORS are in bed, asleep.

Monk is there, with Officer Kramer and Officer Mendes.

**START
PT. 2** →

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
This is you. The sheets are clean.

Kramer indicates a TINY BUNK.

MONK
Does it fold out, or..?

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
No. This is it.

A puzzled beat.

MONK
Does it fold out?

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
No. This is it.

Another beat.

MONK
Does it fold out?

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER
It's actually more comfortable than
it looks.

MONK
It would almost have to be.

Officers Kramer and Mendes climb into their bunks. Monk indicates "Dr. Bell"- or rather, the air.

(CONTINUED)

3/4

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32 CONTINUED:

32

MONK (CONT'D)

What about my friend? Is there room for him?

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

Right. Dr. Bell.

Officer Kramer indicates an EMPTY BUNK.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

He can have Jonesy's rack.

MONK

Where's Jonesy?

OFFICER MENDES

Jonesy broke his neck.

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

In January. When we hit that mountain.

MONK

How's he doing?

PETTY OFFICER KRAMER

He died, in Bethesda Hospital. A week ago Tuesday. Goodnight, Mr. Monk.

WENDPEZ

Officer Kramer CLICKS OFF the LIGHT. The room goes dark. A beat. Then- Monk CLICKS the LIGHT BACK ON.

MONK

(realizing)

A week ago Tuesday? That's the same day Lt. Kenney died.

33 INT. POLICE HQ -- NEXT DAY (DAY 3)

33

The next day. In San Francisco. Lt. Disher is on the phone.

LT. DISHER

You might be right about Lt. Kenney...

34 INT. SUB - COMMUNICATION ROOM / POLICE HQ - INTERCUT -- SAME TIME

34

On the sub. Back in the Communication Room. Monk, Natalie, Lt. Albright and "Dr. Bell".

(CONTINUED)

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