

12 CONTINUED:

12

START →

DET. DOYLE (CONT'D)
Edith Capriani?

Mrs. Capriani nods. Doyle and Monk both hold up their badges.

DET. DOYLE (CONT'D)
I'm Sgt. Doyle.

MONK
(proudly)
And I'm Detective First Grade Adrian
Monk.

DET. DOYLE
We received a report. There was an
attempted homicide?

MRS. CAPRIANI
(shaken)
He tried to kill me.

MONK
Who tried to kill you?

MRS. CAPRIANI
Mister Barton. He lives with me.
He tried to suffocate me!

Monk is still holding up his overly-polished badge. It glint
from the sun.

DET. DOYLE
(annoyed)
Monk. She's seen the badge.

Monk sheepishly puts away his badge.

DET. DOYLE (CONT'D)
(resuming)
When did this happen?

MRS. CAPRIANI
This morning. In bed. When I woke
up he was covering my mouth.

DET. DOYLE
Is Mr. Barton still inside?

MRS. CAPRIANI
(bitterly)
He's going crazy in there! He thinks
he owns the place! But it's my name
on the lease!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - MRS. CAPRIANI

1/3

MRS. CAPRIANI

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

MRS. CAPRIANI (CONT'D)
 (screaming, toward
 apartment)
 IT'S MY APARTMENT!
 (resuming)
 He's just a deadbeat. Good for
 nothing.

Monk and Doyle tense. They withdraw their revolvers.

DET. DOYLE
 You go in. I'll cover the back.

Doyle dashes around the house, to the backyard. Monk slowly... carefully... approaches the front door. His gun is drawn. He's ready for anything.

Suddenly- there's a LOUD CLANGING noise at an open ground-floor front window! Monk turns, startled. It's- a cat.

MRS. CAPRIANI
 DON'T SHOOT HIM!

Mrs. Capriani runs up the steps, arms flailing, past Monk. She lovingly scoops the cat into her arms.

MRS. CAPRIANI (CONT'D)
 (to the cat)
 Oh, Mister Barton, I can't stay mad
 at you!

MONK
 He's a cat.

MRS. CAPRIANI
 Shhhh. He thinks he's people.

11 END

Monk sighs. He puts his gun away. He CLICKS ON his walkie-talkie.

MONK
 (into WALKIE TALKIE)
 Louie. It's okay. It's a false
 alarm.

Monk- for the moment- is alone. He exhales. He turns. He notices something. There's a TALL OFFICE BUILDING down the street.

MONK (CONT'D)
 That's the Burkman Building, isn't
 it?

(CONTINUED)

2/3

MRS. CAPRIANI

"MR. MONK AND THE BADGE" - Prod/Network Draft - 9/8/09 32.

17 CONTINUED:

17

Monk sighs. He approaches the old woman. He flashes his
BADGE.

START
SC.2

MONK

Hello again. I'm Detective First
Grade-

MRS. CAPRIANI

I know who you are. What took you?
I've been sitting here for three
hours.

MONK

(wearily)

Is this about your friend, Mr. Barton?

MRS. CAPRIANI

No. This is different.

MONK

Ma'am, the 911 line is for emergencies
only. Real emergencies.

MRS. CAPRIANI

This is an emergency. It's Mr.
Lawrence. He lives upstairs. He's
gone crazy!

Monk sighs.

MONK

"Mr. Lawrence".

MRS. CAPRIANI

He came downstairs for a visit. He
wanted milk. He likes milk.

MONK

I'm sure he does.

MRS. CAPRIANI

Then he started running around,
knocking things over. Screeching.
Screaming. He tried to scratch my
eyes out!

MONK

(amused)

Uh huh. Let me guess. He's Persian.

MRS. CAPRIANI

He's from Burma.

// END
(CONTINUED)

SC.2

3/3