

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

NATALIE

I'm not going to miss Julie's song
Why don't you take care of it here?
You can use the men's room like
everybody else.

MONK

I wish you could hear yourself
sometimes. The men's room is a public
facility. I don't do public
facilities.

NATALIE

I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Monk.
Because I'm not leaving.

5 INT. THEATER LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

6

Moments later. In the lobby. Monk is leaving. He's heading
for the EXIT. He passes the door to the MEN'S ROOM. He
hesitates.

INT. THEATER MEN'S ROOM - ANTEROOM -- SECONDS LATER

7

Inside. It's the plushest men's room we've ever seen- a
leftover from the movie palaces of the 1930s. It's larger
and nicer than most apartments.

We're in the anteroom. There are no urinals or stalls in
this section, only sinks and mirrors. GILSON, a dignified
men's room attendant, is also leftover from the 1930s.

Gilson stands at a TABLE of SOAPS and TOWELS. He's polishing
a COLOGNE BOTTLE.

The door opens. Monk peeks in.

START
SC. 1 →

MR. GILSON

May I help you, sir?

MONK

I'm sorry. I was looking for the
men's room.

MR. GILSON

This is the gentlemen's restroom,
sir.

Monk enters slowly. He looks around, stunned.

"MONK" - MR. Gilson

(CONTINUED)

1/6

MR. GILSON

7 CONTINUED:

MONK

This is the men's room? How long has this been going on?

MR. GILSON

Since the theater was built, sir. That would be 1910.

MONK

It's fantastic!

MR. GILSON

Thank you, sir. I like to think of it as someplace special. A sort of sanctuary, as it were.

Monk approaches the TABLE OF SOAPS.

MONK

You must have ten different soaps here.

MR. GILSON

Exactly ten. Yes sir.

Monk picks up a small, cellophane-wrapped bar.

MR. GILSON (CONT'D)

It's from China, sir. The Zangmer province.

MONK

I was reading about this.

Monk indicates a FOLDED WHITE HAND TOWEL.

MONK (CONT'D)

May I?

Gilson nods. Monk takes the towel, and feels it.

MR. GILSON

Peruvian cotton, sir. They're hand-woven.

During this, a BATHROOM PATRON emerges from the "inner sanctum" and crosses to a sink to wash his hands.

MONK

I didn't think people like you- I mean, attendants- still existed.

(CONTINUED)

2/6

Mr. Gilson

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7 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. GILSON

We're a dying breed, sir. Some people would consider this work beneath them, but I enjoy it. My father used to say "There are no small jobs, only small people."

The PATRON mistakes Monk for the attendant! He takes the towel from Monk, and hands Monk a dollar. The Patron exits.

Monk stares at the dollar tip, dumbfounded.

MR. GILSON (CONT'D)

I believe that's mine, sir.

MONK

Oh. Yes. I'm sorry. That would make more sense.

//END
SC 1

8 INT. THEATER -- MOMENTS LATER

Moments later. Monk returns to his seat. He squeezes past the Officer and his Wife. He sits down.

NATALIE

That was fast.

MONK

I went to the men's room.

NATALIE

Really? Mr. Monk. Congratulations! I'm so proud of you. How was it?

MONK

(gushing)

It was magical. It was spotless. I might become a patron of the theater, just so I can use it.

Monk stretches out. He beams.

MONK (CONT'D)

Two armrests. A clean bathroom. This is a perfect night at the theater.

The LIGHTS DIM. A FANFARE PLAYS. ON STAGE: an ACTOR walks out, dressed in TOP HAT and TAILS. He's pretentious. Excruciatingly bad.

(CONTINUED)

3/6

Mr. Gilson

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21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MONK

I thought she was imagining things
But I'm beginning to think she's
onto something.

(then)

Did you see anything? Saturday night?
The night we met?

MR. GILSON

No sir. Not that I recall. I'm not
the person to ask. I don't have the
best view of the house.

MONK

Well, if you can think of anything,
anything unusual, call the homicide
division and ask for me.

(as he leaves)

See you around.

MR. GILSON

It's always a pleasure, sir.

Monk pauses at the door. He takes another look around the
immaculate room. He nods approvingly.

MONK

Michelangelo.

Monk leaves. Gilson is alone. He looks very concerned.

22 EXT. CITY PARKING LOT - LATER -- NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

22

That night. Across town. In a dark, nearly-empty PARKING
LOT near the Chronicle Building.

John Hannigan is leaving work. He's in his car. He removes
the CLUB-LOCK from his STEERING WHEEL.

GILSON'S VOICE

Mr. Hannigan?

Hannigan turns. Gilson The Attendant is there, holding a
SMALL GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE.

Hannigan climbs from his car, still holding the CLUB-LOCK.

JOHN HANNIGAN

Gilson? What are you doing here?

MR. GILSON

Sorry to bother you, sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/6

street
sc. 2

MR. Gilson

22 CONTINUED:

22

MR. GILSON (CONT'D)

This is for you. A small gift. I thought it might help.

Gilson offers Hannigan the tiny package. Hannigan takes it, but doesn't open it.

JOHN HANNIGAN

(concerned)

There's a performance tonight. You took a night off, to bring me this...?

MR. GILSON

(very nervous)

Actually, I wanted to talk to you. About Saturday night. A policeman came to see me. A man named Monk.

JOHN HANNIGAN

Monk.

MR. GILSON

A woman was murdered near the theater.

JOHN HANNIGAN

Really.

MR. GILSON

Saturday night. About 8:30.
(then)

Are you involved in something, sir?
I just don't want any trouble...

JOHN HANNIGAN

It's just a coincidence, Mr. Gilson. That's all it is. You worry too much.

Gilson considers this.

JOHN HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

(casually)

While you're here, would you help me carry some boxes. I was supposed to bring them inside...

MR. GILSON

Yes sir. I'd be happy to.

Hannigan pops open his TRUNK. Gilson steps up. He looks into the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

5/6

MR. Gilson

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22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MR. GILSON (CONT'D)
(puzzled)
It's empty, sir.

JOHN HANNIGAN
No it's not.

//END sc. 2

Before Gilson can react, Hannigan steps up and- THUNK!- WHACKS him over the head with the steel club-lock!

Gilson collapses. Hannigan shoves him into the trunk! He tosses in the CLUB-LOCK and the GIFT-WRAPPED PRESENT, then SLAMS the trunk closed.

END OF ACT THREE

6/6