

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.

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)

"MONK" - PRETENTIOUS ACTOR

1/2

# pretentious Actor

"MR. MONK AND THE CRITIC" - Prod/Network Draft - 3/24/09 10.

8 CONTINUED:

START →

PRETENTIOUS ACTOR

I bid you welcome... to the magical  
boulevard of dreams, known as...  
BROADWAY!

// END

~~MONK  
Maybe I spoke too soon.~~

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. THEATER -- A HALF HOUR LATER

~~Later. The PLAY is in progress. A scene has just ended.  
The stage goes BLACK.~~

~~IN THE AUDIENCE: Natalie glances up, anxiously, to the  
CRITIC'S BOX. The critic, John Hannigan, is in shadows.  
All we see is: his silhouette and his signature fedora.  
Hannigan raises his arm; he's checking his night-glow watch.~~

~~NATALIE~~

~~He's bored. He's checking his watch.  
(then)  
He won't be bored for long. Julie's  
next.~~

~~ON STAGE, the LIGHTS come up. Julie is on stage. It's a  
"Little House On The Prairie"-ish set. She's playing a  
pioneer girl. She sings a sweet, simple ballad called "Away".~~

~~JULIE (SINGING)~~

~~What else can I do, love?  
You know it isn't you, love.  
I'd never be untrue, love.  
You know I'd never stray.  
But that river's rolling,  
Distant bells are tolling,  
Telling me that I am bound Away...~~

~~Julie is really quite good. Natalie relaxes. Even Monk  
smiles with enjoyment.~~

10 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF THEATER - LATER -- NIGHT

~~Later. The show is over. The THEATERGOERS are leaving.  
Monk and Natalie emerge. Natalie, of course, is gushing.~~

~~NATALIE~~

~~Wasn't she great? Wasn't she  
wonderful? She was so poised. Wasn't  
she poised?~~

(CONTINUED)

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