

5 CONTINUED:

Natalie indicates: a BALCONY BOX SEAT above them. It's an old fashioned, Lincoln-style theater box. With an EXIT DOOR.

The box has one occupant: JOHN HANNIGAN. A brilliant, pretentious critic. A snob. Hannigan is wearing a signature FEDORA HAT.

Who? MONK

NATALIE
John Hannigan. He's the theater critic for the Chronicle. What's he doing here? This is just a fundraiser.

(excitedly)
Maybe he's here for Julie, and wants to write about her! Do you think?

Maybe. MONK

Really? NATALIE

No. MONK

NATALIE
I hope he's in a good mood. He's usually so critical of everything.

MONK
Isn't that his job? I mean, he's a critic.

During this, an OLDER MILITARY OFFICER- in a FULL-DRESS UNIFORM- and his heavy-set WIFE arrive. They take the two empty seats to Monk's left. The Wife sits next to Monk.

START →

Hello. MONK (CONT'D)

Hello. SOLDIER'S WIFE

For a beat or two, the Wife and Monk "spar" over their shared armrest. Monk glances over. He notices: the MILITARY OFFICER is missing an arm- his right arm. Monk gets an idea.

MONK
Is that your husband? Would you two mind switching seats?

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - SOLDIER'S WIFE

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SOLDIER'S WIFE

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SOLDIER'S WIFE

Why?

MONK

I just want to thank him for his service.

// END

The Husband shrugs. He doesn't mind. The couple switch seats. The ONE-ARMED OFFICER settles in next to Monk.

MONK (CONT'D)

Thank you for your service.

So now: Monk has the armrest all to himself (the One-Armed Officer doesn't need it)! Monk stretches out. He smiles at Natalie, proud of himself.

NATALIE

(low, disapprovingly)

Now all you need is a headless man to sit in front of you.

MONK

Or a dwarf.

A beat. Monk frowns. He shifts in his seat.

MONK (CONT'D)

Ah no...

NATALIE

What is it?

MONK

We have to go.

NATALIE

Why?

MONK

I have a situation. It's nature. N.A. - Nature Alert!

NATALIE

You have to go to the bathroom?
(Monk nods)

I'm not leaving, Mr. Monk. I've waited all year for this.

MONK

Come on. We can be back in twenty minutes.

(CONTINUED)

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