

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Monk sighs. He puts on his coat. As they leave...

MONK  
All right. I'll take a look. You can owe me the money...

NATALIE  
You owe me the money!

MONK  
Why don't we just call it even...

20 INT. THEATER - CRITIC'S BOX - LATER -- DAY

An hour later. Downtown. Inside the theater. It's mid-morning. The theater, of course, is empty. Quiet.

Monk and Natalie are upstairs, in the PRIVATE BOX. Monk is in his famous Zen trance. He paces around the small box. He strays too close to the edge! He looks down. Vertigo!

MONK  
Whooooooooo!

NATALIE  
Stay away from the edge. You're doing great.

20

Monk resumes investigating. A THEATER MANAGER- middle-aged, female- is watching from the orchestra section below.

START →

MONK  
Did Mr. Hannigan always sit up here?

THEATER MANAGER  
As a matter of fact, no. That was the first time. Normally, he's down here. Fifth row center.

MONK  
Why did he move?

THEATER MANAGER  
I didn't question it. I figured he wanted his privacy.

NATALIE  
(excitedly)  
That's important, right? It sounds important! Why did he want to sit up here? What was so special about this seat?

→  
(cont.)

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - THEATRE MANAGER

1/1

20 CONTINUED:

20

shhh  
MONK

Monk continues looking around. He studies the EXIT DOOR. The EXIT SIGN, above the door, is dark.

MONK (CONT'D)  
The light's burned out.

THEATER MANAGER  
I didn't notice. I'll get the maintenance guys on that.

// END

Monk takes a closer look. He removes the SIGN'S PLASTIC COVER. Inside: a lightbulb that's been unscrewed.

MONK  
It's not burned out. Someone unscrewed it.

NATALIE  
Oooo! That's... something! That's something, right?  
(an idea)  
He wanted to make it darker, so when no one was looking, he could replace himself with an inflatable dummy!

MONK  
I don't think so. He was moving. I saw him clapping.

NATALIE  
Maybe it was, like a robot. Remember the egg-eating robot?

MONK  
No.

NATALIE  
You don't remember the case with the egg-eating robot?

MONK  
No. It sounds interesting. I've trained myself to forget certain things.

(puzzled)  
An egg-eating robot? Really?

Monk looks down. He got his hands dirty.

(CONTINUED)

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