

MONK
(panicking)
Dog! Natalie! Dog lick hand. Dog
lick hand! Dog lick hand! Boil
some water. Dog lick hand!

Natalie steps up with a wipe.

NATALIE
We don't have to boil water, Mr.
Monk. Calm down. Calm down. Shhhh.
Are you okay?

Monk nods. He collects himself.

MONK
(very calmly)
Dog lick hand.

NATALIE
Yes, I know. Dog lick hand. She
likes you, Mr. Monk. She's been
following you around.

MONK
Tell her not to like me.
(to Shelby, sharply)
Don't like me! You understand? Go
away.

Shelby reacts, sadly. She whimpers.

MONK (CONT'D)
(sharply)
You're a bad dog. Go away. Over
there.

Shelby sadly walks away. Monk watches her go. He's beginning to soften.

During this, an ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER enters. He's rough and grungy. He's carrying a SMALL CRATE.

START →

ANIMAL CONTROL GUY
Somebody call Animal Control?

SAMANTHA AUSTIN
Over here.
(explaining, to the group)
It's only temporary. Just until
Amanda gets back.

(cut to)

→

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - Animal Control Guy

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Animal Control

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The Animal Control Guy prepares his cage. Nearby: Natalie pulls Monk aside.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk. You should adopt the dog.

MONK

Excuse me?

NATALIE

It's only for a day or two- just until the owner shows up. It'll be good for you. I've been worried about you. You've been so lonely.

MONK

I'm not that lonely. I'm not dog-lonely.

NATALIE

I think you are dog-lonely. Dogs are family, Mr. Monk.

MONK

No. No. Dogs are animals, Natalie. They're filthy. They're naked. They eat. And then they un-eat. It's probably the worst idea you've ever had.

Monk glances down, Shelby is looking up at him sadly.

The Animal Control Guy steps up and grabs Shelby, roughly-too roughly. He shoves the dog into the tiny cage.

ANIMAL CONTROL GUY

Let's go. Into the crate. Don't gimme any trouble. I have two other pick-ups today.

The Animal Guy SLAMS- and BOLTS- the crate door.

NATALIE

Excuse me. What if she- the owner- doesn't come back? Do you..?

ANIMAL CONTROL GUY

No, no, no. Never. We're not what they call a "kill shelter".

NATALIE

~~Oh, thank God.~~

(CONTINUED)

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Pick-up →

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14 CONTINUED: (6)

14

LT. DISHER

What if no one claims her?

ANIMAL CONTROL GUY

After a month, we send her to what they call a "kill shelter".

The Animal Guy starts walking toward the door.

MONK

Wait.

Everyone turns. The Animal Control Guy stops. Everyone waits for Monk to finish.

MONK (CONT'D)

Wait.

Another beat. Monk is still thinking. Everyone waits.

MONK (CONT'D)

Wait.

Another expectant beat. Finally-

MONK

I'll take her.

Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Disher exchange astonished glances.

END OF ACT ONE

// END

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