

12 CONTINUED:

12

Monk can barely breathe. He's holding a HANDFUL OF WIPES up to his nose. Natalie is too.

MONK

I can't breathe. Open a window.

NATALIE

It is open.

Capt. Stottlemeyer is holding a HANDKERCHIEF up to his nose.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Dr. Zee said she's been dead for twelve days. Give or take.

Here's what stinks: a CORPSE. A woman's BODY, sprawled out on a kitchen floor. Her head has been bludgeoned.

We're in a LARGE, WELL-KEPT, UPSCALE HOUSE. It's a FULL-ON CRIME SCENE: COPS, CSI TECHS, DETECTIVES. The woman has been dead a long time. The smell is overpowering. Some of the COPS are wearing LINIMENT CREAM under their noses.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

Her name was Maria Fuentes. She was 37. She worked here. She was the live-in maid.

Stottlemeyer indicates: a WEALTHY COUPLE, across the room. They're the BUXTONS. The homeowners. They're visibly upset. They're talking to some OTHER COPS.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

Those are the owners- John and Claudia Buxton. They just got back from Barbados.

A few feet away: GAIL, an attractive Crime Scene Technician, is working.

Disher is trying to impress her. He's pretending the stench doesn't bother him. His eyes are watering. He can barely see. He's reading- with difficulty- from his TRUSTY NOTEBOOK.

LT. DISHER

(gasping, blinking)

Maria stayed behind. She was supposed to lock up the house.

GAIL

(concerned)

Excuse me. Lieutenant.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - GAIL

1/3

START
→

GAIL

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12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

GAIL (CONT'D)
Do you want some liniment cream?
It'll kill the smell.

LT. DISHER
No. I'm fine. This is not my first
crime scene.
(resuming, wincing
from the smell)

~~They came home this morning, at
8:30. They stood in the foyer and
went through the mail. Then Mr.
Buxton noticed his cell phone. It
was on the floor, over there.~~

→ wt to!

~~CAPT. STOTTMEYER
(explaining)
He forgot his phone. He left it
here.~~

During this, Gail steps away. Disher immediately grabs a
handkerchief and holds it up to his face.

~~NATALIE
Are you trying to impress that girl?~~

~~LT. DISHER
(innocently through
handkerchief)
What girl?~~

~~NATALIE
That CSI tech. Do you think that's
a quality she's looking for in a
man? Do you think she's saying: Why
can't I meet an attractive, thirty-
something, nonsmoker who's oblivious
to the stench of rotting flesh?~~

~~LT. DISHER
(eyes watering)
I honestly have no idea what you're
talking about.~~

Gail returns. Disher quickly removes the handkerchief.

~~LT. DISHER (CONT'D)
(resuming)
Anyway, he thought he smelled
something. He came into the kitchen
and practically tripped over the
body.~~

(CONTINUED)

2/3

GAIL

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12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

MONK
 There's blood on the book. The
 countertop is clean.

NATALIE
 What does that mean?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 It means the book was already there-
 it was already open- when she was
 killed.

NATALIE
 I don't understand. The killer opened
 the book to a page about head trauma
 before he hit her over the head?

MONK
 So it would appear.

LT. DISHER
 (gasping for air)
 That's... very... unusual.

Gail steps up to Disher.

Pick-up →

GAIL
 Are you sure you're okay? You're
 turning green.

LT. DISHER
 I'm just hungry. I'm green with
 hunger.

GAIL
 You're green with hunger?

LT. DISHER
 You've never heard that expression?

GAIL
 No. I never have.

Disher is weakening.

LT. DISHER
 Well, it's a very common expression.
 (then, casually)
~~What's this? Oxygen? How does this
 work?~~

// END

Lt. Disher grabs an OXYGEN TANK- turns it on- holds the mask up and starts inhaling.

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