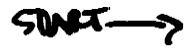
19 ::NT. SIDNEY GREENBLATT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- LATER THAT 19
DAY

Later. Downtown. In a small, sparsely-furnished apartment.

Stottlemeyer and Disher are trying to warn SIDNEY GREENBLATT. Greenblatt is in his 70's. Semi-senile. Paranoid. Angry. He doesn't listen. He YELLS everything.



SIDNEY GREENBLATT
GET OUT OF HERE! BOTH OF YOU! I'LL
CALL THE POLICE!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(calmly)
Mr. Greenblatt. We <u>are</u> the police.
We're trying to help you-

SIDNEY GREENBLATT
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP! JUST LEAVE
ME ALONE!

Sidney has a heart condition. He takes out a BOTTLE OF PILLS and- with shaky hands- swallows one.

LT. DISHER

Sir. We think you might be in danger-

SIDNEY GREENBLATT
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU THINK!
GET OUTTA MY HOUSE!

Stottlemeyer holds up a PHOTO OF JIMMY BARLOWE.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
Do you know this man? His name is
Jimmy Barlowe. Sometimes they call
him Mad Jimmy? He owns a couple of
casinos in Reno-

SIDNEY GREENBLATT I NEVER HEARD OF HIM! OKAY? YOU SATISFIED?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER Well, he knows <u>you</u>.

SIDNEY GREENBLATT
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHO KNOWS ME!
WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE JUST LEAVE ME
ALONE!? YOU'RE GONNA GIVE ME ANOTHER
HEART ATTACK!

1/2

Symmen

"MR. MONK IS SOMEONE ELSE" - Producer's/Network Draft - 6/3/09 30.

## 19 CONTINUED:

19

Greenblatt picks up POTS and PANS and starts <u>hurling them at Stottlemeyer and Disher!</u> CRASH! CLANG! CRASH!

LT. DISHER

(ducking pots)

Sir, we can protect you. We can put you in a safe house-

SIDNEY GREENBLATT

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH YOU. OR
ANYBODY! GOODBYE GOODBYE!

//END

LT. DISHER wants us to reave.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

You think?

(to Greenblatt)

Okay, okay. Sidney. We're leaving

Stattlemever and Disher back away, toward the door.

LT. DISHAR

I don't get it. Why would Jimmy Barlowe want to kall this guy?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Maybe he met in.

20 EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - CAFE -- DAY

20

Meanwhile. Across town. Monk is undercover again, as Frankie DePalma.

He's in Venice Beach, on the boardwalk. He's sitting at an OTTDOOR CAFE with Lenny and Tony G. Three wiseguys, relaxing, having drinks.

LENNY

S Frankie. How's it look?

MONK

How's what look?

LENNY

The job. The old man. How you gonna get in?

MONK

I don't know. I haven't even seen the house.

(CONTINUED)