

7 CONTINUED: (3)

Natalie goes limp. She gives up.

NATALIE

It's this case, Mr. Monk. I just hate it.

Natalie holds up a NEWSPAPER. On the front page: a photo of the TWO DEATH DOLLS. The HEADLINE: SECOND VOODOO DOLL SLAYING- POLICE BAFFLED- CITY IN PANIC.

MONK

You mean the two voodoo dolls?

NATALIE

Three. The Captain called a half hour ago.

8 EXT. ROBERT BOYD'S HOUSE - LATER -- DAY

Later. We establish: a LARGE, UPSCALE HOUSE. Some SQUAD CARS are parked out front.

9 INT. ROBERT BOYD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Inside. A nice house. Big rooms. Expensive taste.

The living room is a FULL-ON CRIME SCENE: COPS, CSI TECHS, etc. ROBERT BOYD'S BODY is on the floor. He apparently collapsed suddenly, near a SMALL TABLE, as he opened the mail.

DR. Z- the Medical Examiner- examines the body. He turns to Stottlemeyer and Disher.

DR. Z

If I had to guess now, I'd say acute myocardial infarction- your basic no-frills heart attack. I'll know more when I get him downtown.

Boyd's niece, ANGELA DILWORTH, mid-30s, steps up. She's shaking. Angry. Nearly hysterical.

ANGELA

Excuse me. Are you in charge?

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

Yes I am.

~~DR. DISHER~~

~~We both are.~~

"MONK" - ANGELA

START →

1/4

ANGELA

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9 CONTINUED:

9

ANGELA

It wasn't his heart. It was that doll! That damn doll! That doll killed him!

Angela indicates a SMALL CARTON on the desk. Beside the carton: another VOODOO DOLL! On the doll is a POST-IT NOTE. It says: ROBERT. Attached to its chest: a LITTLE RED PLASTIC HEART, that's been cracked in two. Some CSI TECHS are carefully examining it.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Miss...?

ANGELA

Dilworth. Angela Dilworth. He was my uncle.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Miss Dilworth. I need you to take a deep breath. Can you do that for me?

Angela nods. She composes herself.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your uncle. I know you're upset. But we have to ask you some questions. Can you tell us what happened?

ANGELA

(weakly, sadly)

I was upstairs. I heard him scream. I came down. I guess he had opened the mail. He just collapsed. I'm an ER nurse. I tried to resuscitate him. I tried everything. Abdominal compression. It was too late. He was gone.

Lt. Disher holds up a PILL BOTTLE.

LT. DISHER

We found these on the kitchen counter. Nitroglycerin.

ANGELA

(nodding)

He had a bad heart. He's been sick for years. That's why I moved back here. To help. I was the only family he had.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

Angela

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ACT FOUR

24 INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT 24

Moments later. Natalie is on the couch. She's not dying, but she's in real pain. Monk and Reverend Jorgensen are comforting her...

MONK
How do you feel?

NATALIE
Hurts.

MONK
I know. Just hang on. They'll be here soon.

REVEREND JORGENSEN
Maybe we should induce vomiting.

MONK
NO! No. Let's call that Plan...
Never Do.

TWO PARAMEDICS- a male and female- rush in with their equipment. The female paramedic is- Angela Dilworth! She's wearing her Paramedic Cap.

MALE PARAMEDIC
We got a call. Somebody O.D.ed?

REVEREND JORGENSEN
Over here!

The Male Paramedic examines Natalie. He urgently checks her vital signs, takes her pulse, etc, as-

MALE PARAMEDIC
What did she eat?

REVEREND JORGENSEN
A homeopathic solution. About fifteen ingredients. She wasn't supposed to drink it.

Reverend Jorgensen recognizes Angela.

REVEREND JORGENSEN (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Hello.

START

SC. 2

3/4

(CONTINUED)

Angela

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24 CONTINUED:

24

ANGELA

Hi.

Monk recognizes her, too.

MONK

Angela, right?

ANGELA

Mr. Monk. Small world.

MONK

You're a paramedic?

ANGELA

Didn't I mention that?

MONK

(puzzled)
No. No you didn't.

MALE PARAMEDIC

What was in it? Specifically?

REVEREND JORGENSEN

Nothing that unusual. Some alkanet root. Deer tongue. Bat nut. Motherwort. Root bark. Graveyard dirt.

MALE PARAMEDIC

What wasn't in it?
(to Natalie)
Think you can walk to the ambulance?

Natalie struggles to her feet. In pain. Wincing. Monk starts to accompany them.

MONK

I'll go with you.

ANGELA

Sorry. There's no room.

// END
SC.2

REVEREND JORGENSEN

~~You can come with me. I hope you don't mind a little mess.~~

25 EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

25

Seconds later. The AMBULANCE races across town! SIREN shrieking! LIGHTS flashing!

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(CONTINUED)