TEASER

1 EXT. FIREHOUSE -- DAY (DAY 1)

1

We're downtown. We establish a local FIREHOUSE...

2 INT. FIREHOUSE -- DAY

2

Inside. About a DOZEN FIREMEN. And TWO FIRE TRUCKS.

It's a quiet afternoon shift. The guys are sitting around, reading, cleaning equipment, playing cards, etc. A MECHANIC is working on an engine. Nearby: greasy tools on a bench.

A grizzled old retired fireman named CAPPY emerges from the kitchen, carrying a plate of stale SANDWICHES. Cappy is sort of the firehouse's "mascot." The guys love him.

START______

CAPPY

Okay fellas. Get 'em while they're hot...

TWO FIREMEN each take a stale sandwich.

FIRST FIREMAN
Hey Cappy, what's in this? In case
my doctor wants to know.

GECOND FIREMAN Here's a guiz. Which is more dangerous; a lour plarmer at a fireworks factory or one of Carpy's lumber?

Some OTHER FIREMEN chuckle.

CAPPY

(bitterly)

A couple of wiseguys. Let me tell you wiseguys something. When I was on the payroll we respected our elders. I come in here. I volunteer. I cook for you guys. Do I get a "Thank you, Cappy"? "We appreciate your help, Cappy"? No. What do I get? Jokes. And they're not even funny jokes. They're old and stale.

// END S. 1

The First Fireman raps the rock-hard sandwich against a wall.

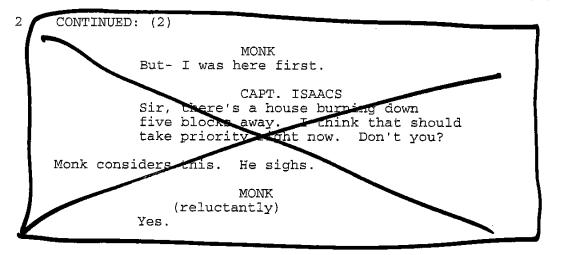
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CAPPY

2

3

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3 INT. FIREHOUSE -- LATER

Moments later. Monk and Cappy have been left behind. They're sitting alone in the firehouse. It's empty. Quiet.

They're testing Monk's smoke detectors, one at a time. Cappy is smoking a CIGAR. He blows some smoke at a SMOKE DETECTOR. It BEEPS. Cappy turns it off, and drops it in the box.

START Sc. 2

CAPPY

How many rooms do you have?

MONK

Five.

CAPPY

Thirty smoke detectors for five rooms?

MONK

Plus two hallways. And a vestibule.

CAPPY

I used to say you can't be too careful. I'll never say that again.

During this, a MAN enters the FIREHOUSE. Well-built. 30's. Leather jacket. He looks nervous. His SHOES ARE SQUEAKING.

The Man is sneaking along the far wall, toward the wall of FIRE TOOLS and COATS. He's on the other side of the fire truck. He's trying not to be seen. Cappy notices him.

CAPPY (cont'd)

Excuse me. Hello?

Cappy steps up to the Man.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 3

4

3

CAPPY (cont'd) You're not allowed back here.

// END Sc.Z

The Man grabs a FIREMAN'S SHOVEL from a wall and swings it at Cappy! He hits Cappy over the head! CLUNK! Cappy collapses.

Monk comes running up.

MONK

Cappy- ?!

The Man turns toward Monk! Monk GRABS the shove!. They grapple! Monk YANKS the shovel from the Man's hands.

Then- the Man grabs a BUCKET OF DEGREASING CLEANSER. Нe HURLS THE ACYDIC LIQUID IN MONK'S FACE.

MONK (cont'd)

ARRGGR

Monk SCREAMS IN PAIN! He staggers. He CLUTCHES HIS EYES

INT. FIREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Moments later. NATALIE enters the empty firehouse, carrying a shopping bag. She looks around, puzzled.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk? / Hello?

She hears MOANING Natalie hushes over. Monk has his hands over his eyes.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Oh my God. Mr. Monk?! Are you all aht?

MONK

(weakly)

Is Cappy okay? Check on Cappy...

Nearby: Cappy is lying on the ground, his head bloodied Natalie crosses to him. She feels his pulse.

NATALIE

I- I think he's dead.

Natalie takes out her cell phone. As she dia

NATALIE (cont'd)

What happened?

(CONTINUED)