

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
SC.1 →

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.

~~SECOND FIREMAN~~

~~Here's a quiz. Which is more dangerous: a loud alarm at a fireworks factory or one of Cappy's lunches?~~

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 SC.1

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

"MONK" - CAPPY

(CONTINUED)

1/3

CAPPY

"MR. MONK CAN'T SEE A THING" - Producer's/Network Draft - 3/8/06 3.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

MONK

But- I was here first.

CAPT. ISAACS

Sir, there's a house burning down
five blocks away. I think that should
take priority right now. Don't you?

Monk considers this. He sighs.

MONK

(reluctantly)

Yes.

3 INT. FIREHOUSE -- LATER

3

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)

2/3

CAPPY

3 CONTINUED:

3

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

// END SC.2

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 shovel. They grapple! Monk YANKS the shovel from the Man's hands.

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

MONK (cont'd)
ARRGGH!

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

4 INT. FIREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER 4

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

NATALIE
Mr. Monk? Hello?

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

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

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 dials.

NATALIE (cont'd)
What happened?

(CONTINUED)

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