

15 INT. REAR OF TRANSFER VAN -- CONTINUOUS 15

Inside. Monk is alone in the rear section. As the van door closes, he leans forward and jams the PLASTIC ID CARD into the door's lock-chamber, so the latch doesn't completely engage!

16 EXT. PARKING LOT - TRANSFER VAN -- SAME TIME 16

Sheriff Rollins and Deputy Bell climb into the front of the van. They start the van. They drive away.

17 EXT. RURAL ROAD - TRANSFER VAN - MOVING -- LATER 17

Moments later. The TRANSFER VAN is driving down a quiet highway... through an isolated, rural area. Lots of WOODS.

18 INT. REAR OF TRANSFER VAN - MOVING -- SAME TIME 18

In the van: Monk is quietly... carefully... unbuckling his seatbelt. He's PREPARING TO ESCAPE!!

Through an opening, we can see into the van's front seat. Rollins and Deputy Bell are chatting. It's just small talk; we barely notice it.

Sheriff Rollins- in the passenger seat- is opening a PLASTIC CONTAINER of ORANGE JUICE.

START
SC. 1

SHERIFF ROLLINS

A cold like that, you shoulda stayed home.

DEPUTY BELL

I can't. I used up all my sick days.

During this, Monk is sliding, slowly... slowly... down the bench, closer to the rear door.

SHERIFF ROLLINS

Guess how many sick days I've used, the last ten years. Zero. Nada.

DEPUTY BELL

You're Superman.

SHERIFF ROLLINS

I just take care of myself. I don't smoke. I'm on the treadmill every morning. I'm drinking a quart of juice every day- orange juice, apple juice. I plan on living forever.

"MONK" - Deputy BELL

1/5

Dept. Bell

"MR. MONK IS ON THE RUN - PART I" - Prod/Network Draft - 10/8/07 21.

18 CONTINUED:

18

DEPUTY BELL

Nah. It'll just seem like forever.

Deputy Bell glances in the REAR VIEW MIRROR. He SLAMS ON THE BRAKES! The VAN stops. They turn around.

The van's REAR DOOR is wide open. MONK IS GONE!!! Sheriff Rollins and Deputy Bell exchange astonished looks.

19 EXT. WOODS - MONK ON THE RUN! -- DAY

19

In the woods. Monk has a FOUR MINUTE HEAD START!

In the classic "Fugitive" tradition, Monk is running, stumbling, lurching through the thick brush. In his JUMPSUIT. With his HANDS MANACLED.

Even now- running for his life- Monk touches every tree as he passes. He misses a tree. He goes back. He taps it.

20 EXT. WOODS -- SAME TIME

20

Behind him: Sheriff Rollins and Deputy Bell are in pursuit! They run through the woods. Their guns are drawn.

DEPUTY BELL

(into CELL PHONE)

All units- we are code blue- we are in pursuit- mile marker 42, heading west-

(cut to ->)

Sheriff Rollins stops, and looks around, frustrated.

21 EXT. WOODS - SERVICE ROAD -- SAME TIME

21

Monk is running down an isolated SERVICE ROAD. The road forks. A sign, pointing left, says: SEWAGE TREATMENT FACILITY.

Monk runs past the sign, without reading it. He takes the left fork. He runs out of frame.

A beat. Another beat. Another beat. Then Monk reappears. He runs back toward the fork, and takes the other road.

22 EXT. HIGHWAY - REST AREA -- LATER

22

Ten minutes later. Sheriff Rollins has set up a makeshift COMMAND CENTER at a HIGHWAY REST AREA.

Dept. Bell

"MR. MONK IS ON THE RUN - PART I" - Prod/Network Draft - 10/8/07 22.

22 CONTINUED:

22

PATROL CARS screech up, SIRENS BLARING! There are already EIGHT OFFICERS on site. They huddle around Sheriff Rollins-

(pick-up) →

SHERIFF ROLLINS

(urgently)

I need a map of the area. Make sure it's up to date. And satellite photos if you got 'em.

(to the group)

~~Listen up, because I'm not repeating myself. Adrian Monk is a homicide suspect, with a history of mental illness. He is 5 foot 10 inches tall. When last seen, he was handcuffed and on foot. I want roadblocks on I-17 and Chester Avenue. I want you to stop every car, every truck, every tricycle that tries to get through. Understand? Don't say anything. Just nod.~~

The OFFICERS nod.

SHERIFF ROLLINS (CONT'D)

I need a helicopter.

DEPUTY BELL

Ten minutes.

SHERIFF ROLLINS

Where are my dogs?

DEPUTY BELL

They're on their way.

// END SC.1

23 EXT. WOODS -- SAME TIME

23

A few miles away. Monk is running through some THICK BRUSH.

We HEAR: fabric ripping. Monk glances down. His breast pocket has torn. The pocket fabric is flapping around.

Monk- being Monk- becomes obsessed with the torn pocket. He tries to hold it in place while he runs!

24 EXT. CLEARING - CAMPSITE -- MOMENTS LATER

24

Moments later. Monk is still obsessed with his torn pocket.

He reaches a CLEARING. A YOUNG COUPLE are camping out. They're sitting, under a tree, about 20 yards away.

3/5

(CONTINUED)

Dept. Bell

ACT FOUR

40 INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - LATER -- DAY

40.

In Police HQ. The ~~SPECIAL TASK FORCE~~- including Stottlemeyer and Disher- are still searching for Monk. Sheriff Rollins is still in charge.

SHERIFF ROLLINS
Anything on those credit cards?

DETECTIVE
No sir.

SHERIFF ROLLINS
(frustrated)
He's a fox. We have to think like a fox. Make sure the hotels are covered. Double-team everybody at the bus stations and the airport.

LT. DISHER
You don't have to worry about the airport. He's afraid to fly.

SHERIFF ROLLINS
Maybe he figures that we assume he's afraid to fly, so he'll head for the airport.

LT. DISHER
Or- he knows that we assume that he thinks that we...
(confused)
Wait. He thinks...
(then)
Maybe if I write it down.

Stottlemeyer is watching all this, skeptically. Nearby: Deputy Bell is looking through a PILE OF MAIL- letters, catalogs. Stottlemeyer picks up a letter, reads the address.

START →
SC.2

CAPT. STOTTMMEYER
Natalie Teeger?

DEPUTY BELL
We're intercepting her mail.

CAPT. STOTTMMEYER
On who's authority?

Deputy Bell indicates Sheriff Rollins.

4/5

Dept. Bell

"MR. MONK IS ON THE RUN - PART I" - Prod/Network Draft - 10/8/07 43.

40 CONTINUED: 40

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D)
(re: Rollins, half to himself)
Who is that guy?

DEPUTY BELL
He's the guy calling the shots- that's who he is.

Stottlemeyer's CELL PHONE rings. Stottlemeyer glances at the CALLER ID. The area code is from Angel, California.

DEPUTY BELL (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(anxiously)
Yeah. I'm fine. Excuse me.

11 ENB
SC.2

41 INT. POLICE HQ - AN OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER 41

Seconds later. Capt. Stottlemeyer enters an office.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(into phone)
Hello?

42 EXT. PAY PHONE - STREET - ANGEL, CA - INTERCUT -- SAME TIME 42

On a street. Somewhere. Anywhere. Monk is calling from a PAY PHONE. Monk- being Monk- is covering the filthy mouthpiece.

We INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM, as necessary...

MONK
Leland. It's me.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
(stunned/relieved)
Monk- ?! Thank God. Are you okay?

Stottlemeyer closes the OFFICE DOOR, for privacy.

MONK
(excitedly)
Leland, I know who set me up. It was that Sheriff-

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
Rollins? Why?

5/5

(CONTINUED)