

2 INT. PARKING GARAGE -- SAME TIME 2

Inside. On parking level P-2. There's a problem. Work has stopped. Some CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are staring- glaring, annoyed- at something.

We reveal: the problem is... Monk! Monk has chained himself to a concrete post! There's a padlock on the chain. He's a one-man protest demonstration.

The Foreman enters. He's furious.

START →

FOREMAN  
Cheese and crackers. Who is this guy?  
(to Monk)  
What the hell do you think you're doing?

Monk doesn't respond.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
Haven't you heard the news, buddy?  
We're supposed to tear this place down.

MONK  
You can't do that.

FOREMAN  
I can't, huh? I got two bulldozers out front that says I can!

MONK  
I'm not leaving.

FOREMAN  
Alright, buddy. I don't know what your story is, but you're going home. Where's the key to that lock?

Monk holds up the KEY. Then TOSSES IT away... into a SEWER!

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
Cheese and crackers! What is your problem? For Christ's sake, it's a parking garage. It's a good thing. We're building a playground here. For the kids. Don't you like kids?

Monk doesn't respond. The Foreman sighs.

"MONK" - FOREMAN

(CONTINUED)

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Foreman

"MR. MONK FIGHTS CITY HALL" - Prod/Network Draft - 10/22/08 3.

2 CONTINUED:

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FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Let me guess. You park here every day. It's your favorite spot.

MONK

I don't even have a car.

FOREMAN

You don't have a car?! Then what the hell are you doing?

//END

MONK

(softly)  
My wife died here.  
(pointing)  
Right over there. Her name was Trudy.  
She died here.  
(beat)  
You can't tear it down.

END OF TEASER

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