

ACT FOUR

39 INT STADIUM - PRESS BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

39

Back in the PRESS BOOTH. It's halftime. Below, on the field: a lame, generic MARCHING BAND is performing.

BOB COSTAS

What a fantastic game. This morning, the Condors were favored by 12, but the Wildcat defense has played a nearly-flawless two quarters of football, and we go into the half with the score tied ten to ten.

Costas clicks off the mic. He turns to Stottlemeyer.

BOB COSTAS (CONT'D)

Ten to ten. Monk would have loved that, huh?

Stottlemeyer smiles, weakly. He misses his friend.

40 INT STADIUM - WILDCAT'S LOCKER ROOM -- SAME TIME

40

Meanwhile, downstairs. In the Wildcat's LOCKER ROOM.

It's halftime. The WILDCAT DEFENSIVE SQUAD (about 15 PLAYERS) and a COUPLE OF COACHES are gathered around a BLACKBOARD. Brian Binsack- their unscrupulous Defensive Coordinator- is addressing them...

COACH BINSACK

START →

It was a good first half, but we have a long way to go. We have to maintain control. We have to stay physical. Stay focused. They're gonna be throwing some change-ups at us. Look for the three-point option out of the wishbone formation.

Binsack is holding two playbooks: a normal one, and a SMALLER BINDER FILLED WITH XEROXED PAGES. He refers to the xeroxed pages as he diagrams a play on the chalkboard.

FIRST WILDCAT PLAYER

A three point option? I haven't seen that since college.

COACH BINSACK

Well, we're going to see it today.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - COACH BINSACK

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COACH

"MR. MONK MAKES THE PLAYOFFS" - Prod/Net Draft - 9/23/08 47.

40 CONTINUED:

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COACH BINSACK (CONT'D)

You can count on it. Probably on their first possession.

11 END

We now reveal: Monk is hiding in the locker room! He's behind a CORNER or a PILLAR. He's watching Coach Binsack. He focuses on the xeroxed pages in Binsack's hand.

DEVOUT WILDCAT PLAYER

Okay, guys. Let's take a knee.

THE PLAYERS and COACHES kneel and lower their heads. As he kneels, Binsack places the ~~STOLEN PLAYBOOK~~ on a desk.

DEVOUT WILDCAT PLAYER (CONT'D)

Lord, let Your light continue to shine on this team today. Protect our friends and keep us free from injury. Help us find our path to victory. Give us the wisdom and strength to accept whatever fortune befalls this team today...

And blah blah blah. While the Team is praying, Monk sneaks... quietly, carefully .. across the locker room! He grabs the stolen playbook!

One of the Players glances up.

FIRST WILDCAT PLAYER

Hey! That's our playbook!

The Wildcat Players turn. Monk backs away...

MONK

(anxiously, babbling)

No! Wait! It's not your playbook!  
It's stolen property-!

But the WILDCAT PLAYERS aren't listening. They rise. They move toward Monk, menacingly.

MONK (CONT'D)

I'm a former police officer. Here's the thing. Here's the thing. When I say "Here's the thing", you're supposed to stop.

41 INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- SECONDS LATER

41

Seconds later. In a hallway. Monk is running for his life! He's clutching the stolen playbook!

(CONTINUED)

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