

TEASER

1 EXT. STREET - NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

1

Downtown. After midnight. A nightclub. CLUBGOERS stand behind a VELVET ROPE.

A professional football quarterback, DAVID GITELSON, emerges from the club with his date, an ATTRACTIVE PARTY GIRL. They've both been drinking. A lot.

Gitelson is wearing a cap that says: CONDORS. He's mobbed by adoring FANS.

street →

ASSORTED FANS

CONDORS! WHOOO! ~~WILL WE WIN THE~~  
PLAYOFFS, BABY!

Gitelson stops and scribbles an autograph.

DAVID GITELSON

We're going all the way. You can bet on that!

Gitelson and his date push through the crowd, and into a waiting LIMOUSINE.

2 INT. LIMO - MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER

2

Later. In the LIMO. Gitelson and his date are in the back seat. There are EMPTY CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES all over. They're really drunk. They're gonna pass out.

DAVID GITELSON

What time is it?

PARTY GIRL

Don't ask me. I don't even know what day it is. I'm not even a hundred percent sure what my name is.

DAVID GITELSON

(kissing her, indicates bottles)

Good. This stuff is working.

Gitelson moves his TEAM DUFFEL BAG.

PARTY GIRL

What's this?

"MONK" - DAVID GITELSON

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1/2

# DAVID

"MR. MONK MAKES THE PLAYOFFS" - Prod/Net Draft - 9/23/08 2.

2 CONTINUED:

2

DAVID GITELSON

I told you. I came right from practice.

The duffel bag is half open. Sticking out: a ZIPPED-UP LEATHER NOTEBOOK, with the team logo and the words: CLASSIFIED-EYES ONLY. The Girl reaches for the notebook.

PARTY GIRL

(playfully)

"Classified"? What's in here? Are you some kind of spy?

Gitelson grabs the NOTEBOOK back. He indicates a CHAMPIONSHIP RING on his finger.

DAVID GITELSON

Top secret. Need to know. You can't open this unless you're wearing one if these. Or we're both in trouble.

The LIMO DRIVER, SHAWN MESSNER, turns around. 40-ish. A semi-shady guy.

SHAWN MESSNER

Mr. Gitelson? Sir? Are we going home?

PARTY GIRL

I wanna go to the other club. To that after-party.

DAVID GITELSON

To the after-party! This is not a limo- it's a party train! WE'RE GONNA PARTY ALL NIGHT! WHOOO! WHOOO! PARTY TRAIN!

SHAWN MESSNER

(wearily)

Yes sir. You're the boss.

**END**

3 INT. LIMO - BACK SEAT -- LATER

3

Twenty minutes later. The limo has pulled over. In the back seat: Gitelson and his date have passed out. Drunk.

The driver, Shawn Messner, is looking at them.

4 EXT. DOWNTOWN - QUIET STREET -- SECONDS LATER

4

We now reveal: the limo has stopped on a DESERTED STREET.

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