

ACT ONE

5 INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN -- DAY (DAY 2)

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The next day. In POLICE HQ. Monk, Natalie, Stottlemeyer and Disher are there, along with a FEW OTHER DETECTIVES, including SANCHEZ and MCKIERNAN.

ALL THE MEN (except Monk) are excitedly talking about the big game, the way guys do...

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

The Condors have been there. They've been to the playoffs- the Cats are gonna choke-

LT. DISHER

Not this year- they've got Richardson on the line- best running back in the league-

START →

DET. MCKIERNAN

I heard Richardson was hurt-

(cut to →)

They AD LIB more football talk. They ignore Monk completely. Natalie feels Monk's pain, and tries to help...

NATALIE

Mr. Monk said something interesting today, about the big game.

Everyone stops. They wait.

MONK

(embarrassed)

No. I didn't say anything...

NATALIE

Yes you did. What was it again?

MONK

(reluctantly)

It's just that, I saw a photo of the team in the newspaper. And I noticed that, if you added up all their uniform numbers, it adds up to a thousand.

The Other Guys nod politely.

"MONK!" - DET. MCKIERNAN

(CONTINUED)

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NATALIE  
(proudly)  
Wow. Imagine that. Exactly one thousand. Anybody else notice that? That's gotta be a good omen, right?

The conversation is dead. The Guys nod politely.

DET. SANCHEZ  
Hey, everybody's coming on Sunday, right? I got a new 52 inch plasma TV. We'll fire up the grill, watch the Condors kick butt. Here you go. I printed out directions.

Sanchez starts handing out LEAFLETS. He offers one to Disher.

*Pick-up →*

LT. DISHER

I can't make it. I'm working Sunday.

DET. ~~SANCHEZ~~ MCKIERNAN

You signed up for Sunday?

LT. DISHER

I'm getting double overtime. It's a national holiday.

DET. MCKIERNAN

The playoff game is not a national holiday.

*1 END*

Disher reacts, baffled. He turns to Stottlemeyer.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER  
Sorry, man. I didn't think you'd believe me.

Sanchez resumes handing out FLYERS.

DET. SANCHEZ  
Here you go. See you there. Here you go...

He passes right by Monk.

NATALIE  
What about Mr. Monk?

DET. SANCHEZ  
(handing Monk a FLYER)  
Oh. Sure. Sorry. I didn't think... Here you go.

(CONTINUED)

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