

COACH BINSACK (CONT'D)
You can count on it. Probably on
their first possession.

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.

SMAT →

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...

// END

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)

"MONK" - DEVOUT WILDCAT PLAYER

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