

40 CONTINUED:

40

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.

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 blak 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.

*SNEAK* →

FIRST WILDCAT PLAYER  
 Hey! That's our playbook!

*"END"*

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" - FIRST WILDCAT PLAYER*