

ACT TWO

14 EXT. PARKING LOT - DRUNKEN FANS' AREA -- MOMENTS LATER 14

Moments later. The scene of the "accident". A few FIREFIGHTERS and SECURITY GUARDS have cleared the area around the burnt-to-a-crisp GRILL. The grill is still smoldering.

Chet the Rabid Fan has been injured. He's burned his hand. A PARAMEDIC is there, bandaging it.

START →
Sc. 1

PARAMEDIC
You're a lucky man. If you were standing six inches closer, you might've been killed. I need to get you back to the hospital.

CHET
Not today, pal. No way. I've never missed a Condor game in my life.

CHET'S DRUNKEN FRIENDS
CONDORS! WHOOOO! WOOO!

Chet puts a GIANT FOAM #1 FINGER on, over his bandaged hand. He starts waving it around gleefully.

CHET
Good as new. Better than new.
(waving his new "hand")
GO CONDORS! WOOOOO!

PARAMEDIC
(wearily)
I guess I'm done here.

// END Sc. 1

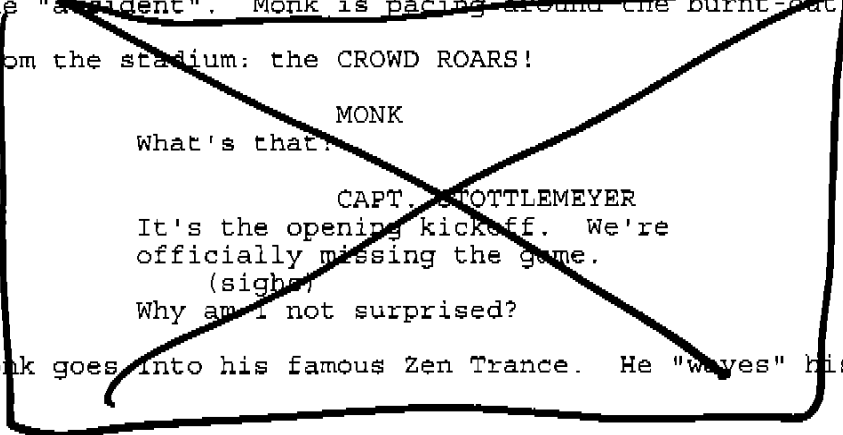
A FEW FEET AWAY: Monk and Capt. Stottlemeyer are investigating the "accident". Monk is pacing around the burnt-out grill.

From the stadium: the CROWD ROARS!

MONK
What's that?

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER
It's the opening kickoff. We're officially missing the game.
(sigh)
Why am I not surprised?

Monk goes into his famous Zen Trance. He "waves" his hands.



"MONK" - PARAMEDIC

(CONTINUED)

1/2

PARAMEDIC

"MR. MONK MAKES THE PLAYOFFS" - Prod/Net Draft - 9/23/08 26.

18 EXT. PARKING LOT - NEAR WILDCAT TRAILER -- MOMENTS LATER 18

Later. Near the Wildcat Trailer. The same PARAMEDIC is dressing Stottlemeyer's cut. Monk and THREE ROWDY WILDCAT FANS hover nearby.

START →
Sc. 2

PARAMEDIC

Hold still...

Stottlemeyer is really pissed off. He's glaring at Monk.

MONK

What did I do?

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

(bitterly)

"Catch him by the toe".

FIRST WILDCAT FAN

What the hell were you doing in there, man? That's private property.

MONK

We were looking for you. There was a grill that exploded, in Section 5, about an hour ago. Do you know anything about it?

FIRST WILDCAT FAN

(shrugging)

We heard about that. That wasn't us, man. We just got here.

SECOND WILDCAT FAN

Anyway, that's not how we roll. We put beer in cars, stuff like that

PARAMEDIC

(to Capt. Stottlemeyer)

It looks like it cut the skin. You're going to need a shot.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

Not now. I'll take care of it after the game.

PARAMEDIC

(muttering, packing up)

I don't know why I even bother showing up.

|| END

(CONTINUED)

Sc. 2

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