

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHET
 (to Monk & Stottlemeyer)
 Help yourself.

MONK
 What is it?

CHET
 Turducken.

MONK
 Tur...?

CHET
 Turducken. Turkey stuffed with duck
 stuffed with chicken.

Stottlemeyer- still in party mode- grabs some Turducken, and
 takes a bite.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER
 Mmmmm. That's great. That's good
 Turducken.

CHET
 (to Monk)
 You hungry?

MONK
 No. Thank you. I don't think I'll
 ever be hungry again.

The PORTABLE TV is still on. ON THE SCREEN: the Condors fumble the ball. The DRUNKEN FANS react. They GROAN.

U
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CHET & FANS
 Nooo! Another interception?! It's like a horror show.

FIRST DRUNKEN FAN
 Their defense is killing us, man.

CHET
 They gotta pull Landow outta there.

FIRST DRUNKEN FAN
 They got nobody else. Gitelson didn't show up today. They were just talking about it. He's M.I.A. Nobody knows where he is.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - SECONDS DRUNKEN FAN 1/3

START →

SECOND DRUNKEN FAN

What the hell is going on? Our back-up quarterback doesn't even show up?

(CUT TO →)

CHET

No. Wait. Davey Gitelson? He's definitely here. I saw him this morning. I asked him for his autograph, and he blew me off.

(shrugging)

I think it was him.

MONK

(down to business)

Excuse me. We're working with the police. I wonder if we could ask you a couple of questions about what happened.

CHET

Sure.

Monk holds up the gas-tainted CONDORS SPORTS BOTTLE.

MONK

I found this Condors' water bottle...

CHET

CONDORRRRS!!! WHOO!

THE OTHER FANS

CONDOOOOORS!!! WHOOOOOO! WHOOO!
ALL THE WAY BABY!

MONK

(trying to interrupt)

Yes. Okay. That's a good point. Well put.

CHET WALSH & OTHER FANS

WHOooo! CONDOOOOORS!!! WHOOOOOO!
WHOooo!

MONK (CONT'D)

Yes. Okay. Whooo. There was some gasoline in here...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Did you notice anyone tampering with the grill?

"MONK"

CHET
 (shrugging)
 There's no big mystery here.
 Everybody knows who did it.
 CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 They do?

Chet points with his giant foam hand. He indicates: an RV, across the parking lot, painted with BRIGHT TIGER STRIPES.

(pick-up) →

CHET
 (bitterly)
 His name is Brett Larkin. He drives down from Seattle. Him and his moron loser friends.

SECOND DRUNKEN FAN
 Legally, we can't stop them from parking here. Believe me, we checked.

MONK
 Why would they blow up your grill?
 You could've been killed.

CHET
 I'll tell you why.
 (screaming, toward the Wildcat RV)
 BECAUSE THE WILDCATS SUCK! YOU'RE GOING DOWN! LOSERS!

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 (catching on)
 They're Wildcat fans. It's like rivalry.

FIRST DRUNKEN FAN
 It's a tradition, man.

SECOND DRUNKEN FAN
 Two years ago, they put a bag of bees in my car.

// END

~~CHET
 When his mom spat on my mom. Then we flipped his RV.
 (beat)
 God, I love football~~