

TEASER

1 EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - COURTYARD -- DAY (DAY 1) 1

Downtown. A modern OFFICE BUILDING. Or, perhaps, a complex of buildings. Out front: a well-kept courtyard, with a BIKE RACK, half-full of bikes.

A young Asian man, JOHN KURAMOTO, approaches. He looks around furtively. He's a bike thief!

He crosses to a new, ordinary-looking BICYCLE, locked with a KEYPAD LOCK and STEEL CABLE. He removes a pair of BOLT CUTTERS from his backpack. He snips the cable.

2 EXT. COURTYARD - PARK BENCH -- SAME TIME

ACROSS THE COURTYARD: Monk and Natalie are sitting on a BENCH. Monk is upset about something. He's shaking.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk? Are you okay?

Monk nods, weakly.

NATALIE

What happened?

MONK

You didn't see it?

NATALIE

See what?

MONK

Doggie... You know. Doggie... doo.

NATALIE

Dog doo? Did you step in it?

MONK

Almost. I missed by this much.

NATALIE

But you didn't actually step in it?

MONK

I could smell it. That's bad enough. Take a good look around, Natalie, because we are never going outside again.

"MONK" - JOHN KURAMOTO

FYI

(CONTINUED)

1/5

JOHN

2 CONTINUED:

2

NATALIE

You're gonna be okay. Just relax.
We'll just sit here for awhile.

Monk removes his shoe, and examines it.

Nearby: Kuramoto is stealing the bike. The LOCK and CABLE
are tucked into the FRONT BASKET.

As he rides away, the bike hits a pothole. CRASH! Kuramoto
falls off!

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Did you see that?

Natalie rises, concerned. But Monk is oblivious.

MONK

See what?

NATALIE

(calling)
ARE YOU OKAY?

Natalie walks away... toward the fallen biker.

MONK

What are you doing? Natalie?!

NATALIE

He might need help.

MONK

He's fine. I can tell from here.
Natalie, it's none of our business.
(calling after her)
Come back here! I command you!
What about me?

ACROSS THE COURTYARD: Kuramoto is recovering. Natalie steps up.

START →

sc. 1

NATALIE

Are you okay?

JOHN KURAMOTO

Yeah. I must've hit a rock.

MONK

(from a distance)
What about me?

(CONTINUED)

2/5

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Natalie ignores Monk. She notices: the BOLT CUTTERS, sticking out of Kuramoto's backpack.

NATALIE

Hey. I like your bolt cutters.

JOHN KURAMOTO

Thanks.

Kuramoto examines the bike. The CHAIN has slipped off the rear sprockets.

JOHN KURAMOTO

Aw hell.

NATALIE

They always slip off. My daughter has a bike just like this.

Natalie squats. She quickly, expertly, fixes the bike.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

It's easy. You just snap it back on...

JOHN KURAMOTO

(anxious to go)

Wow. Thanks a lot. I'm lucky you came along.

NATALIE

Grad I could help.

(indicates TRAFFIC LIGHT)

You've got a green light. Watch out for those potholes!

Kuramoto peddles away. Natalie watches him go. She waves. She smiles, proud of herself. It feels good to help people.

During this, a man bursts from the building in a white lab coat. This is DEAN BERRY, the CEO of BetaVegaTech. Dynamic. Brilliant. Upbeat. He's always smiling. I mean, almost always; at the moment, he's furious!

DEAN BERRY

HEY! Stop that guy! Somebody! Stop him! HE STOLE MY BIKE!

Berry turns to Natalie, who is still waving at the bike thief. Natalie has bicycle grease on her hands. It might as well be blood.

(CONTINUED)

" END
sc. 1

3/5

JOHN

12 CONTINUED: (5)

12

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 That's okay. We'll find them. If
 they exist.

DEAN BERRY
 I'm sorry. I don't understand any
 of this. It was just your basic
 bike. It doesn't make sense.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
 There's one thing for sure. It makes
 sense to somebody...

13 EXT. LOCAL CEMETERY - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 2) 13

That night. In a LOCAL CEMETERY. It's late. After midnight.
 Gravestones. Shadows.

~~John Kuramoto- the fugitive bike thief- creeps across the
 cemetery. He's wearing a knapsack. He's nervous.~~

A SHADOWY FIGURE is waiting for him.

START
C.2 →

SHADOWY FIGURE

Over here.

Kuramoto turns, startled.

JOHN KURAMOTO

You scared me.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Were you followed?

JOHN KURAMOTO

No. It's cool. I did what you said.
I took two buses.

(anxiously)

Sorry about that cop. I didn't have
a choice. I got two strikes against
me already. I couldn't take another
hit.

The Shadowy Figure steps forward, into the light, revealing:
it's Dean Berry's loyal assistant, Sarah Longson!

SARAH LONGSON

(calmly)

It couldn't be helped. It was him
or you.

(then)

It's payday.

(CONTINUED)

4/5

John

13 CONTINUED:

13

Sarah tosses Kuramoto a DUFFEL BAG. He opens it. It's filled with CASH.

SARAH LONGSON

There's a little extra in there. Travel expenses. You shot a cop. You're going to have to disappear for a while.

JOHN KURAMOTO

I got no problem with that. If you're ever in Buenos Aires, look me up.

SARAH LONGSON

You have something for me?

JOHN KURAMOTO

Yeah, yeah. Right here.

Kuramoto tosses her the BACKPACK.

SARAH LONGSON

And the gun. The one you shot Adrian Monk with. You still have it?

Kuramoto tenses. He taps his pocket.

SARAH LONGSON (CONT'D)

You'd better give it to me. It's the only evidence they have against us. I'll get rid of it.

Kuramoto hesitates, then hands her his HANDGUN.

JOHN KURAMOTO

So... I guess this is goodbye.

SARAH LONGSON

I couldn't have said it better myself.

// END

Sarah Longson calmly pulls the trigger- BLAM! One shot. Kuramoto falls, dead. sc. 2

Then she retrieves the cash-filled DUFFEL BAG, and walks away... into the shadows.

END OF ACT TWO

5/5