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MONK

The Butcher's Hand!
 (to Natalie, urgently)
 Wipe! Wipe! I need a wipe!

Natalie hands Monk a WIPE. He uses it to grab a TRASHCAN LID!

Budjik attacks, thrusting the knife! Monk uses the trashcan lid like a shield! He blocks the knife! He pushes back! For a brief second- maybe half a beat- Monk is Indiana Jones!

Budjik is thrown backwards, onto some GARBAGE CANS. He rises. He looks angrier than ever. But- before he can attack- Mrs. Zlatavich starts pointing and screaming!-

MRS. ZLATAVICH
 ("It is him- The Butcher's Hand!")
 TU ALEKSKI- BUDJIK'S HANDAY! BUDJIK'S HANDAY!

Budjik freezes. All around him: SHOPKEEPERS and PASSERSBY- all of them Zemenians with long, bitter memories- stop and turn.

MRS. ZLATAVICH (CONT'D)
 BUDJIK'S HANDAY! BUDJIK'S HANDAY!

A DOZEN ANGRY ZEMENIANS recognize Budjik! They slowly surround the War Criminal.

ANGRY ZEMENIAN MAN
 Bu aleksi! Dormfa taynu!

The ANGRY MOB moves closer. Budjik backs away. He's scared shitless. He has the knife. But they have the numbers.

"MONK" - UNIFORM OFFICER

Before anyone gets hurt, a POLICE CAR comes screeching up, SIREN BLARING. TWO UNIFORM COPS bolt from the car, GUNS drawn!

START →

UNIFORM OFFICER
 DROP THE KNIFE! ON THE GROUND! DO IT!

// END

Budjik hesitates... then drops the knife. He kneels. The UNIFORM COPS tackle and handcuff him.

Nearby: Monk is dusting himself off. Mrs. Zlatavich steps up. She clutches Monk's hands. She squeezes them, tightly.

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