

39 CONTINUED:

But his target, Regis, is bobbing and weaving. The Iceman is frustrated. He can't get a clean shot.

40 INT. THE RING -- SAME TIME

In the ring. The weary Boxers exchange MORE BODY BLOWS! THUD THUD THUD! The CROWD CHEERS!

DING! Again, Regis staggers to HIS CORNER. He's SWEATING profusely. Monk is disgusted. He opens a FIRST AID KIT.

LOUIE FLYNN

What are you looking for.

MONK

Deodorant.

(an idea)

Stay here! I'll be right back!

41 INT. RINGSIDE - NATALIE'S SEAT -- CONTINUOUS

Seconds later. Ringside. Monk rushes over to Natalie.

MONK

(frantic!)

DEODORANT!

NATALIE

What?

MONK

Deodorant! Do you have any! It's not for me, it's for Regis! This guy really reeks.

NATALIE

Mr. Monk, who cares- ?

MONK

Hurry up! Hurry up! The bell's gonna ring!

Natalie opens her purse, and looks for deodorant. Nearby: two COCKTAIL WAITRESSES are talking...

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Connie. They want us upstairs. Skybox Number Five didn't get their food.

**START →**

**- END**

Monk has overheard this. He turns. He looks up. He notices, on the upper skybox level: the GLINT OF A RIFLE SCOPE!

(CONTINUED)

**lot!**

**"MONK" - COCKTAIL WAITRESS**

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