

13 CONTINUED:

13

THE ICEMAN (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm working on it right now. You just make sure my money's ready.

The Iceman hangs up. He grabs TWO DRINKS from the bar... and crosses to a table in the corner.

AT THE TABLE: a lonely, middle-aged salesman named JIMMY, who wears a cap, glasses and a goatee. The Iceman has- apparently- been drinking and chatting with Jimmy all night. Jimmy's a little drunk.

START



THE ICEMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. That was my old lady. She acts more like a parole officer. You never been married, huh?

JIMMY

(shyly)

Me? No. Not even close.

THE ICEMAN

Smart man. Smarter than me.

The Iceman puts the drinks down.

JIMMY

(reaching for wallet)

I got these.

THE ICEMAN

Nah. Save your money. It's all covered. When I'm traveling, I get reimbursed for everything.

JIMMY

Pretty sweet.

THE ICEMAN

Not as sweet as your job.
(casually)

You were saying, you work at the Bay Arena...?

JIMMY

I work for a food service company. We cater all the skyboxes, luxury suites.

"MONK" - Jimmy

(CONTINUED)

1/2

Jimmy

"MR. MONK TAKES A PUNCH" - Prod/Net Draft - FULL REVISED - 5/19/08 28.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

THE ICEMAN
(acting impressed)
Wow. So you must have the best seats
in the house. I mean, if there's a
game or a big fight...?

Jimmy nods. The Iceman indicates Jimmy's LAMINATED BAY ARENA
SECURITY PASS.

THE ICEMAN (CONT'D)
What is that? Your security pass?
May I?

The Iceman takes a closer look.

THE ICEMAN (CONT'D)
Is that a hologram?

JIMMY
Yeah. So it can't be copied. I
guard this with my life.

THE ICEMAN
(knowingly)
I'm sure you do.

JIMMY
(glancing at watch)
It's two thirty. I better call a
cab...

THE ICEMAN
I'll drive you home.

JIMMY
You don't mind?

THE ICEMAN
I don't mind.

The Iceman grins.

// END

END OF ACT TWO

2/2