

MONK

Now you're razzing me! Hysterical!
It sounds just like me!

KYLE

(more mocking)
"It sounds just like me."

MONK

I love it. You'd think it would get
annoying, but it doesn't.

Up ahead: Norman and Will are staggering.

NORMAN

(weakly)
I'm hungry.

WILL

Me too. When's lunch?

LT. DISHER

I thought we'd stop around noon.

NORMAN

What time is it now?

LT. DISHER

Good question. Let's see.

Lt. Disher finds a STICK and sticks it into the ground.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)

It's called a sundial.

WILL

Why don't you just use your watch?

LT. DISHER

This is more fun. It's more
authentic. The pioneers didn't have
wristwatches or Ipods.

(reading the sundial)

I'd say it's about...

(glancing at his watch)

Ten twenty five.

The boys groan. Disher indicates some WILD BERRIES.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)

If you want a snack, you can eat
some of these berries.

"MONK" - NATURE NICKY

START
SC. 1

(CONTINUED)

1/6

N. day

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

NATURE NICKY

Not a good idea. They're called Moonseed Berries. They're extremely toxic.

Disher indicates a DIFFERENT BUSH.

LT. DISHER

Not those berries. I meant those berries.

NATURE NICKY

They're the same kind.

// END SC. 1

MONK

Why don't we just agree: everything in the woods is bad for you. Let's not eat or touch or smell anything.

LT. DISHER

Guy. Let's stick to the schedule. Let's get over that ridge. Then we can eat.

The group resumes hiking.

MONK

(to Disher, mockingly)
Okay "Dad". Whatever you say.

LT. DISHER

Hey. Why don't we sing a song? Remember this one?

(singing)

One hundred bottles of beer on the wall,
One hundred bottles of beer...

ALL THE KIDS

(joining in)

Take one down, pass it around-
99 Bottles Of Beer On The Wall...

MONK

Let's sing the original version. It goes like this-

(singing)

One hundred bottles of beer on the wall -
One hundred bottles of beer -
Take one down, then put it right back -
Make sure it's evenly spaced -
With the labels facing front -
There's still a hundred bottles of
beer on the wall...

2/6

Widay

"MR. MONK GOES CAMPING" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/8/09 32.

ACT THREE

22 EXT. WOODS - TRAIL -- MOMENTS LATER

22

Seconds later. SHEER PANIC! Monk, Disher and all four boys are running from the bear (which we don't see here)!

They run- frantically- through the woods! They SCREAM!-

THE BOYS
ARRGHH! I DON'T SEE IT! I CAN HEAR IT!

MONK
CALL 9-1-1!

LT. DISHER
I LEFT MY CELLPHONE!

Nicky has grabbed his homemade FISHING POLE! He's swinging it wildly, as he runs, as if it were a sword!

Norman stops. He's just remembered-

NORMAN
MY VIDEO GAME! IT'S IN MY TENT!

MONK
Forget the game! EVERYBODY RUN!
JUST KEEP RUNNING!

23 EXT. WOODS - ANOTHER CLEARING - LATER -- MORNING (DAY 3)

23

Hours later. A few miles away. It's MORNING. Monk, Disher and the Boys have been running all night.

They reach a CLEARING. They stop. They're out of breath. They're lost. And frightened.

NORMAN
I think we lost it.

NATURE NICKY
I don't think so. That was a mature grizzly. They can run up to thirty miles an hour.

LT. DISHER
I read somewhere. He's more afraid of us than we are of him.

START
SC. 2 →

(CONTINUED)

3/6

Nicky

23 CONTINUED:

23

MONK
That's not true. That can't be true.

Nicky points to Monk.

NATURE NICKY
This is all his fault!
(to Monk)
If you see a bear, you're not supposed to yell. You're supposed to talk to it, calmly.
(low and calm)
Calmly... like this...

WILL
Did you see him? He was screaming like a little girl!

~~MONK
I wasn't screaming, exactly...~~
~~KYLE
You were screaming and crying. We all saw you. It was pathetic.~~
~~MONK
I was warning you. I was sounding the alarm, like Paul Revere.
(concerned, eying Kyle)
So when we talk to, oh, let's say, our parents, I think we should go with the Paul Revere angle.~~
~~KYLE
Was Paul Revere a Screaming Monkey? Because that's what you were.~~

Monk tries to laugh this off, good-naturedly.

NATURE NICKY
What do we do now?

LT. DISHER
Okay. Let's review the situation. We've been running for-
(checking his watch)
One hour and twenty five minutes.

NATURE NICKY
Mostly in circles...

(cut to) →

4/6

n. day

25 CONTINUED: (5)

25

DISHER RINGTONE
 (to Luke and Del)
 This is gonna rock your world. Are
 you ready for this? I'm Randy Disher!

LUKE
 Who?

LT. DISHER
 The Randy Disher Project. That's
 me! I'm your ringtone.

Monk tenses. He hasn't solved the whole case yet, but he
 realizes: these men are dangerous. Monk wants to get rid of
 them, as soon as possible.

MONK
 (anxiously)
 Guys. Why don't you take the pole.
 It's our gift. We're heading home
 anyway. Nicky, it's all right.
 Give him the pole.

Nicky sighs, and starts to hand Del the pole. But Kyle grabs
it, and insists-

KYLE
 No way! Five hundred dollars or
 nothing! That's our final offer!

Del is fed up. He snaps! He grabs the pole from Kyle! Del
 and Luke run off- into the woods- carrying the crude fishing
 pole!

Our group watches them go.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 HEY!!?

LT. DISHER
 (confused)
 What was that about?

Monk turns to Nicky, anxiously-

MONK
 Nicky. Tell me about that fishing
 pole. What was it made of?

NATURE NICKY
 (shrugging)
 It was just... Japanese Maple.

(Pick up) →

(CONTINUED)

5/6

N. Day

25 CONTINUED: (6)

25

MONK
What about the string?

NATURE NICKY
I just found some string. The hook was a paper clip. And the sinker was a bullet from that other campsite.

MONK
A bullet?

NATURE NICKY
One of those bullet shells. They were all over. You said we could take 'em.

// END
SC.2

Monk thinks. He turns to Disher.

MONK
Remember the armored car, Friday morning? I think those were the guys. I bet that shell casing tied them to the murder weapon!

Disher nods.

LT. DISHER
Wow. That was close.
(reassuring the Boys)
Don't worry. They're not coming back. They got what they wanted.

Kyle makes an annoying GAME SHOW "BUZZER" NOISE.

KYLE
EEEERRRR! Wrong answer. The bullet's still here.

Kyle holds up his BIG DEAD FISH. We now see: the fishing line is sticking out of its mouth!

MONK
He swallowed it?

LT. DISHER
Hook, line, and sinker.

26 EXT. WOODS - ANOTHER CLEARING -- SAME TIME

26

Meanwhile, a mile away, Luke and Del reach a clearing. They stop running. They catch their breath.

(CONTINUED)

6/6