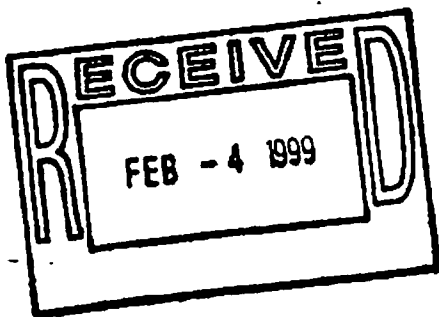


**SECRET AGENT MAN**

"Welcome to P.O.I.S.E."

written by

Richard Regen



Fourth Draft Polish  
February 3, 1999  
Registered WGAE

TEASER

FADE IN

INT. MOOMBA- NIGHT

The nightclub of the moment. Gorgeous women in slinky dresses and hip-hop boys. The air reeks of smoke, music, and sex.

MEDIUM on MONK, by himself, at the end of the bar, a Beefeater martini in front of him. He is in his late twenties- tall, medium build- muscles without the steroids. Dark hair cut stylishly, wearing a navy Prada suit with a white shirt and ice-blue tie.

MONK'S POV. on the bartender- a STUNNING CHINESE WOMAN in a short black cocktail dress, her blonde hair up, body to kill.

The Bartender approaches Monk. Instead of doing what any other guy would have, which is stare at her ample cleavage, Monk locks eyes with her and never wavers.

BARTENDER

Ready for another?

MONK

Sure thing.

She smiles at him and she goes to get the drink.

SCOTT

You Monk?

Monk turns to see a BALDING, MIDDLE AGED GUY in a bad suit right behind him. The guy looks nervous.

MONK

That I am. You must be Scott.

SCOTT

I need a drink. Bourbon, and make it a double.

MONK

A man after my own heart.

Monk gets the bartender's attention. As she sees Scott standing next to Monk, her expression changes from flirtatious to malevolence.

Monk looks over and sees Scott is GONE.

CUT TO:

EXT. FDR DRIVE- NIGHT

The traffic is light. We see a sleek black Avanti cruising up the

ribbon of highway that cuts up the East Side of Manhattan.  
INT. AVANTI (MOVING)- CONTINUOUS

MONK'S POV- on a BLUE FORD SEDAN that he is discreetly following.  
JAZZ is playing quietly on the radio.

A panel opens on Monk's dashboard, revealing a small COLOR MONITOR. A MAN in his forties also dressed in a navy suit appears.

BRUBECK

Give me a status report, Monk.

MONK

I'm following Scott. He's on the FDR Drive.

BRUBECK

What happened at the club?

MONK

He bolted.

BRUBECK

What spooked him?

MONK

I think it was a who, not a what.

BRUBECK

I don't care, just don't lose him.  
Scott is your responsibility.  
Brubeck out.

The screen goes BLACK and the panel slides back in place.

MONK

(muttering to himself)  
Your responsibility.

MONK'S POV. on the Ford as it suddenly CAREENS from the left lane across to the right. Traffic scatters to avoid it.

A car CUTS OFF Monk, who deftly AVOIDS it.

EXT. FDR DRIVE- CONTINUOUS

The Ford SIDESWIPES a TAXI and FLIPS OVER three times before coming to a stop on its side with the driver's side up.

Monk pulls the Avanti up ten yards behind the wrecked Ford. He JUMPS OUT and RUNS to the Ford just as smoke starts billowing from the engine.

MEDIUM on Monk as he climbs on top and opens the door. Scott is

...seen in by his seat belt.  
(CONTINUED)  
CONTINUED

FLAMES start to flare up around the car.  
Monk feels his pulse, sees the driver is dead. Monk/We notice a small BULLET HOLE in Scott's left temple.  
Monk/We also notice he died clutching something in his hand. The FLAMES are growing, so Monk grabs at the object in Scott's hand, then JUMPS from the car just as---

The Ford's gas tank EXPLODES. Monk lands in a heap.  
He looks down at the crumpled object in his hand. He opens it and We/He see it is an empty pack of French cigarettes- GITANES.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN- NIGHT

SMASH CUT TO:

Late in the fourth quarter. Knicks-Lakers. The Garden is packed.  
Latrell Spreewell steals the ball and dishes to Patrick Ewing on the break.  
Ewing SLAMS home a thunderous tomahawk jam and the Knicks home CROWD ERUPTS. Tie game. Lakers call a time-out.  
The Garden faithful rise to their feet to give the Knicks a STANDING O.

MEDIUM on MONK, at his usual courtside seats, two down from Spike Lee. He is dressed in black pants, a black turtleneck, and a mod black leather jacket, all by Helmut Lang.

MONK'S POV. Just up the row of courtside seats is a tall, sexy SUPERMODEL. She is with a pudgy WALL STREET TYPE.

Monk catches the Supermodel's eye. She smiles at him...  
The BUZZER sounds, signaling the time-out is over and the game is about to resume.

Monk notices that the luminescent dial on his triathlon watch is flashing. An annoyed look crosses his face.

Instead of taking his seat, Monk starts walking towards the tunnel that leads beneath the seats.

We HANDHELD follow Monk as he moves beneath the stands into the warren of fluorescent-lit tunnels under the Garden.

Monk passes a number of FANS, USHERS, and SECURITY PEOPLE and

into increasingly deserted sections.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED)

He approaches one door that reads "Authorized Personnel Only" and keys in a code to a security panel on the wall.

He then opens the door, enters, and it closes behind him, leaving Monk in a PITCH BLACK ROOM.

MONK

Monk.

An elevator door suddenly opens before him. He gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR- NIGHT

It looks like any old elevator except there are no buttons or switches of any kind.

We see there is merely a small GLOWING INDENTATION in the shimmering stainless steel wall.

Monk makes a fist and places his pinkie ring- a beautiful star sapphire in a platinum base- in the indentation.

MUZAK begins to play and a hidden wall monitor flashes on. We/Monk see numbers start counting down from one to minus ten.

We realize the Muzak song playing is "Secret Agent Man". Monk discreetly taps his foot to the tune.

The elevator door opens and Monks walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S HEADQUARTERS- NIGHT

It's a big room but we can't see it because the lights are out. The only visible thing is a Eames lounge in black leather with a small George Nelson side table.

Monk crosses the room and sits down in the Eames chair. He puts his feet up on the ottoman and, like a switch has been flicked, the LIGHTS GO ON.

We see he's in a room the size of a football field. In one corner is a high-tech work station/desk.

In another area, two Florence Knoll sofas with a Saarinen coffee table are set up by a full wet bar.

MONK

This better be good. The game  
was tied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Brubeck's voice emerges from seemingly nowhere and everywhere at  
the same time.

BRUBECK

Turn on CNN.

MONK

CNN.

A wall of twenty synchronized HIGH DEFINITION TELEVISION MONITORS  
FLASHES ON. With a CNN logo superimposed in the corner, We/Monk  
watch video playback of an EXPLODING PROTON ROCKET.

MONK

And what are we watching?

BRUBECK

This morning, a Russian Proton  
rocket carrying the service module  
for the new International Space  
Station blew up forty-three seconds  
into flight. A billion dollars in  
hardware. Gone.

MONK

Ouch.

VOICE

Coltrane has called a meeting.  
Do you know when you can come in?

MONK

Yeah.

Monk picks up a remote control and the monitors change to the  
Knicks-Laker game.

Shaquille O'Neal drives the floor and throws down a MONSTER JAM  
to put the game into overtime. Monk winces.

MONK (cont'd)

Right after overtime.

END OF TEASER

SMASH CUT TO:

ROLL TITLE SEQUENCE- "Secret Agent Man"

ACT ONE

INT. MONK'S HEADQUARTERS- NIGHT

Monk is smiling, watching the bank of monitors where the Knicks are congratulating each other after their victory over the Bulls.

Monk flips off the TV screens and gets up from his lounge. He walks over to the far wall where the wet bar is located.

MONK

Car.

The entire wall, along with the wet bar and stools, instantly RISES UP, revealing the glimmering Avanti roadster.

Monk always smiles when he sees the car- he loves his Avanti. He gets in behind the wheel.

MONK

Street.

The wall comes DOWN.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CITY HALL- NIGHT

Downtown New York. Deserted at night. City Hall is floodlit. Monk parks the Avanti and gets out.

He walks over to a subway entrance that looks long disused. A heavy iron gate is padlocked by a rusty chain.

MONK

Monk.

The entire gate slides open and Monk walks down the staircase.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL SUBWAY STATION- NIGHT

The elegant City Hall subway station, out of use since 1924 but still an architectural wonder.

In the spooky silence, we only hear STEPS as Monk walks alone up the entire length of the deserted platform till he reaches a

door.

MONK

Monk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The door LIFTS UP and Monk steps in.

CUT TO:

INT. P.O.I.S.E. HEADQUARTERS- NIGHT

Monk is standing in the gleaming anteroom to P.O.I.S.E. headquarters.

It looks like the waiting room of a very upscale doctor. One low sofa, a surfboard coffee table, two Bahaus club chairs.

An attractive YOUNG WOMAN in a chocolate tunic is sitting behind a desk. Monk walks up to her and smiles.

MONK

Roach. You're looking quite lovely this evening.

ROACH

Save it, Monk. You're late. Again.

MONK

Then why don't you let me in?

ROACH

You know the rules.

She holds her hand out. Monk looks at her, then pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his breast pocket and hands it to Roach.

MONK

Can't give a guy a break, can you?

She smiles at him. Monk moves to the door on the far wall.

ROACH

The other one too.

He reaches into his other breast pocket and pulls out a loose cigarette. Monk drops it in Roach's outstretched hand.

With her other hand, she reaches under the desk and presses an unseen button. The door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- NIGHT

Dark wood paneling, maroon carpeting, a long rosewood conference table.



Monk walks in and see four fellow P.O.I.S.E AGENTS are waiting for him. All are dressed in similar navy blue suits. They are-

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MINGUS- Late twenties, tall, blonde hair, pale complexion, bookish demeanor. Handles weapons and tactics.

BAKER- Late twenties, medium build, dark skin, wavy black hair. Deals with logistics and transportation.

FITZGERALD- Late twenties, athletic build, brownish red hair she wears up. In charge of political and economic analysis.

BRUBECK- Older than the rest, probably about forty. Supervisor. He is scowling at Monk.

BRUBECK

Why are we always waiting for you, Monk?

Monk smiles at him.

MONK

Because I'm not very punctual?

MINGUS

He's out of uniform.

Monk sits down.

MONK

Some of us have a social life, Mingus.

MINGUS

I have a social life.

BAKER

He means women.

MINGUS

I know what he means, Baker.

BRUBECK

You are out of uniform, Monk.

MONK

My suit got dirty in the explosion.

BRUBECK

What happened to the guy you were tailing? An accident?

MONK

Perhaps, but more likely it was  
the bullet lodged in his brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BRUBECK

He was shot?

MONK

Low caliber, mercury tip. Long  
range and very professional.  
Seems like a lot of trouble for  
an engineer from NASA.

A speakerphone APPEARS in the center of the conference table,  
right in front of Monk. COLTRANE'S voice is deep and resonant,  
with an accent that is hard to place.

COLTRANE (V.O.)

My sentiment exactly. I find  
Scott's death very troubling.  
Especially in light of what  
happened to the Russian Proton.

BRUBECK

You think there's a connection, sir?

COLTRANE (V.O.)

I think a connection's more likely  
than a coincidence. The man you  
were following, Monk, had inside  
information on the new International  
Space Station. Information he was  
absolutely paranoid about bringing  
to the normal authorities.

MONK

Apparently, he was paranoid enough.

FITZGERALD

Mr. Coltrane, do you believe that  
the Russian missile explosion wasn't  
an accident?

COLTRANE (V.O.)

Our man in Moscow is looking into  
it, but my hunch is that it was not.

BAKER

But who would benefit?

MONK

Follow the money.

COLTRANE (V.O.)  
That's what Monk is going to find  
out in Florida.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK  
Florida?

COLTRANE (V.O.)  
We've heard whispers from NASA  
that something is amiss in the  
space program. They have a  
launch in three days and it must  
go up without a hitch.

MONK  
Isn't Gillespie down there?

COLTRANE (V.O.)  
Using Gillespie would tip our hand.

MONK  
Who's on my team?

COLTRANE (V.O.)  
Holliday will get you up to speed.  
And of course, there's Parker.

MONK  
Oh right. Of course. Parker.  
(beat)  
Who's Parker?

PARKER (O.S.)  
That'd be me.

Everyone in the conference room looks up and sees PARKER is  
standing in the open doorway.

Tall, lithe, African-American, mid-twenties, a quiet confidence  
about him. The only thing that looks strange about him is  
his ill-fitting navy suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON STREET- NIGHT

We see the Avanti entering the Holland Tunnel.

INT. AVANTI (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Monk is driving with Parker in the passenger seat alongside him.  
JAZZ is playing quietly on the radio.

MONK

You like jazz?

PARKER

A little. Kenny G is cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Monk takes a sideways glance at Parker.

MONK

I don't want to make you any more insecure than you are already wearing that suit, but if they're having me train you, you might want to consider other career opportunities.

PARKER

Why's that?

MONK

Well, I would guess that in school you were the straight A's, teachers pet, never let anyone copy your homework type of kid.

PARKER

Really, and who were you?

MONK

I was the guy beating you up for your lunch money.

PARKER

Maybe they think you've matured.

MONK

I hope not.

PARKER

Or they could just be grooming me, to replace you.

Monk looks at Parker, sees that he's just giving him shit.

EXT. NEW JERSEY HIGHWAY- CONTINUOUS

The Avanti exits the tunnel.

INT. AVANTI (MOVING)- CONTINUOUS

MONK

So, Parker, where do you come from?

PARKER

After Annapolis, I was assigned  
to the Office of Naval Intelligence.  
Headed up the missile technology  
control protocols.

CONTINUED

(CONTINUED)

MONK  
(sarcastic)  
Sounds exciting.

PARKER  
I liked it.

MONK  
Why'd you leave?

PARKER  
I got downsized out. They offered  
me this.

MONK  
Just part of the peace dividend, huh?

PARKER  
Something like that.  
(beat)  
What does P.O.I.S.E. stand for  
anyway?

Monk looks at him.

MONK  
Beats me.

Monk pulls the car up to a curb and stops. He gets out and  
Parker follows.

EXT. AIRFIELD- NIGHT

Monk and Parker are approaching a sleek Gulfstream IV corporate  
jet.

MONK  
What's with that suit?

PARKER  
It's a navy suit. I was told  
to wear a navy suit.

MONK  
I can see it's a navy suit. Where  
did you get it? The Kremlin?

PARKER  
Same place I've been getting my  
suits for years. Brooks Brothers.

Monk LAUGHS to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Some friendly advice...let's  
keep that our little secret.

Parker eyes his suit and then eyes Monk who has already started  
up the steps to the jet.

CUT TO:

INT. GULFSTREAM- NIGHT

The interior of the Gulfstream is done similarly to all  
P.O.I.S.E. offices- cool Fifties furniture and muted tones.

Monk and Parker are sitting in loungers when HOLLIDAY appears  
from the cockpit. She is wearing a navy blue Prada suit and  
mico-mini, showing off her well-built frame and long legs nicely.  
A thick pair of nerd glasses are perched on her nose.

HOLLIDAY

This Parker?  
(off Parker's nod)  
I'm Holliday.  
(She shakes his hand)  
Welcome to P.O.I.S.E.

PARKER

Thanks.  
(a glance at Monk)  
What's it stand for?

Monk and Holliday exchange a knowing glance.

HOLLIDAY

Beats me.

Monks smirks. Holliday takes a seat.

PARKER

Well...exactly what branch of the  
government do we work for? It was  
all a little vague.

MONK

Knowing whom you work for is  
dispensed on a need to know basis.

PARKER

Well do you know?

MONK  
Haven't felt the need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

HOLLIDAY  
Heard you had to cancel a date  
tonight, Monk. Anybody I know?

MONK  
I doubt it. She's a model.

HOLLIDAY  
Another model? When are you going  
to date a woman with some substance?

MONK  
You mean, someone like you?

HOLLIDAY  
You could do a lot worse.

MONK  
And I have.

HOLLIDAY  
What do you think, Parker? Should  
Monk ask me out?

MONK  
Why are you asking him? He doesn't  
even know whom he's working for.

PARKER  
Could we get things back on a  
pertinent course?

HOLLIDAY  
Hologram.

A HOLOGRAM appears on the table Holliday begins her presentation. Various images appear behind her to illustrate what she's talking about.

HOLLIDAY  
The new International Space Station  
is the biggest engineering project  
ever attempted in space. It will  
consist of forty interlocking  
modules that when joined together  
will be the size of three football  
fields.

Monk glances at Parker, who looks like that kid in algebra class

who actually liked algebra.

15

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

HOLLIDAY (cont'd)

It will require ninety four missions to lift all of the space station components into space. They will be split equally by the Russians and Americans. Unless, of course, there's another fireworks display like that Russian Proton rocket. If so, the entire project could derail.

MONK

So who wouldn't want there to be a new International Space Station?

PARKER

Klingons?

Holliday LAUGHS. Monk offers an indulgent and withering smile.

MONK

Coltrane thinks somebody doesn't want the space station to proceed on schedule and in such matters I've learned to trust his intuition.

PARKER

You honestly think there's some sinister person or group who doesn't want this shining example of multinational cooperation to become a reality?

MONK

Maybe, but I think it more likely that someone thinks they can make a profit from it.

PARKER

Like who?

CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE (MOVING) - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the face of a four year-old boy CHRISTOPHER CREWS.

PULL BACK to find him sitting next to his father COMMANDER STEVE CREWS, mid-forties, tall and trim, with close-cropped hair,



dressed in an orange jumpsuit with black flight boots.

The humvee is driving towards---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL- NIGHT

On the launch pad in the distance, lit by floodlights, sits a fully loaded SPACE SHUTTLE, the USS CONSTITUTION.

MOVING CLOSER, we see a large countdown clock is set around the chain link fence surrounding the perimeter of the launch area.

It ticks down the time until Constitution's lift-off.

INSET:                   03 DAYS, 14 HOURS, 34.67 SECONDS

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNCH PAD- NIGHT

The area around the shuttle is a buzz of frantic activity in preparation for the launching.

Trucks and vans, all bearing NASA markings, are pulling up to or away from the pad.

Dressed in white coveralls and white hardhats, NASA TECHNICIANS swarm around the launching pad, going about their business.

MEDIUM on the white HUMVEE pulling up to the pad. Crews gets out and is pulling his son out just as he is approached by a middle aged, balding paunchy fellow.

MALTIN

Everything is on schedule, Mark.  
You'll go up without a hitch.

CREWS

I wasn't worried, Steve. You run  
a tight ship.

MALTIN

Have to. We have seventeen payloads  
to deliver this year alone if we're  
going to get the space station up and  
running on time.

Maltin sees the boy is awed by the sight of the shuttle.

MALTIN

She's a beauty, isn't she Chris?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MALTIN

And your dad is the best pilot  
we have.

CHRISTOPHER

(grins)  
I know.

Christopher gives his dad a THUMBS-UP. Crews gives him a WINK in return. Christopher smiles BIG. It's clearly their little thing.

Maltin points to the top of the launch pad.

MALTIN

Hey, Chris, you want to see it  
from all the way on top?

The kid smiles and nods his head. Holding his father's hand, we see them walk to the base of the launch pad where there is an elevator.

OFF MALTIN, giving Crews a stare gone cold.

An ARMED GUARD waves Crews through and he gets on the elevator.

MEDIUM on Christopher's happy, excited face as the elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF LAUNCH PAD- NIGHT

A NASA TECHNICIAN- engineering type, mid-thirties- is waiting for the elevator.

The doors OPEN and Christopher is standing there ALONE, with a tear streaming down his face, looking scared.

TECHNICIAN

Hey, where's your dad?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ORLANDO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT- DAY

Monk and Parker have just gotten off the Gulfstream and are approaching a WHITE AVANTI sedan that is parked on the tarmac. They both are wearing navy Prada suits with white shirts. The only thing different are their ties and sunglasses.

As they get to the car, Holliday comes bounding out from the Gulfstream and runs after them.

HOLLIDAY

Monk...Parker...

(as they turn)

We just got word. The shuttle commander has disappeared.

CUT TO:

INT. CREWS LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A nice house. Ikea all the way but very homey. Parker and Monk are sitting on the sofa waiting.

MRS. CREWS- mid-thirties, quite attractive, casual in a sweater, capri pants- appears and sits down across from Parker and Monk.

MRS. CREWS

It's difficult getting the little one to go to bed. His dad always reads him a bedtime story.

MONK

I know this is hard on the whole family.

She nervously pulls at a kleenex in her hand.

MONK

Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about your husband?

MRS. CREWS

Ask away. I just want to help.

MONK

Were there any problems?

MRS. CREWS

Problems?

MONK

Financial, work related...marital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MRS. CREWS

We have a good marriage Mr. Monk.  
 He's a good man. A good father  
 and a good husband. That's it really.  
 Mark always joked that he's probably  
 the most boring man alive.

Monk and Parker chuckle along.

MONK

Does he have an office here? Any  
 papers I could look through?  
 Anything might help.

MRS. CREWS

End of the hall on the right.

Monk stands up.

MONK

(to Parker)  
 Mr. Parker has a few more questions.

Monk exits. Parker smiles at Mrs. Crews.

CUT TO:

INT. CREWS' STUDY- CONTINUOUS

A typical study. Books line the wall. Desk with computer. Easy chair in the corner. Monk is standing in the middle of the room taking it in.

He then sits down at the desk and produces from his pocket a small TRANSMITTER, which he attaches to the back of the computer.

Monk feels someone watching him and LOOKS UP to see a three-year old BOY standing in the doorway staring at him. Monk approaches the boy, kneeling down so they are eye-to-eye.

MONK

Hey champ, what's your name?

CHRISTOPHER

Cwistofer.

MONK

Like Christopher Robin?  
 (The boy nods his head)  
 What's the matter? Can't sleep?  
 (The boys nods again)

You want me to read you a story?  
 (The boy nods again. Monk offers  
 his hand)  
 I'm Monk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Christopher shakes his hand.

INT. CREWS LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

PARKER

That's about all the questions  
 we have for now.

He stands up. Mrs. Crews does likewise.

MRS. CREWS

I hope I've been helpful.

PARKER

Very. And don't worry. I know  
 your husband will turn up soon.

MRS. CREWS

That's what I'm praying for.  
 (beat)  
 I wonder where your partner  
 has gotten to.

CUT TO:

INT. CREWS STUDY- CONTINUOUS

Monk is sitting in the easy chair with Christopher on his lap,  
 reading a book. The kid's eyes are fluttering asleep.

MONK

Good night stars, good night air,  
 good night noises everywhere.

Monk looks down and see Christopher is asleep, then looks up and  
 sees Mrs. Crews and Parker in the doorway looking at him.

CUT TO:

INT. AVANTI (MOVING) - DAY

Monk is driving with Parker next to him.

PARKER

Did the boy see anything?

MONK

The elevator stopped, two big men  
 in white got on.

PARKER  
White? NASA techies?

Monk shrugs  
CONTINUED

(CONTINUED)

MONK  
They pulled his father off and  
then he was alone.

PARKER  
Description?

MONK  
Just big. I didn't want to push  
him. He was too scared.

PARKER  
You're pretty good with kids.

MONK  
My folks died when I was eight.  
I used to read to my little  
brother every night.

Parker looks like he wants to ask something but thinks better of  
it.

Monk takes his sunglasses out of his breast pocket and puts them  
on. He pulls the car to a stop. A NASA UNIFORMED GUARD appears.

MONK  
We're here to see Steven Maltin.

CUT TO:

INT. MALTIN'S OFFICE- DAY

Monk and Parker sit across from Maltin, who is behind his desk.

MONK  
Thanks for meeting with us on  
such short notice. I'm sure  
things are a little frantic.

MALTIN  
You're a master of understatement.  
What can I help you with?

MONK  
Do the Russians know what happened  
to their rocket?

MALTIN  
If they do, they're not telling us.

MONK

What's your status as of now?

CONTINUED

(CONTINUED)

MALTIN

Our status? Screwed. We can't launch without Crews.

MONK

You must have other pilots.

MALTIN

We're trying to keep Crews' disappearance under wraps. If the Russians get wind of another problem, they'd more than likely drop out of the space station project entirely.

MONK

What would happen then?

A beat; maltin really doesn't want to face that possibility but...

MALTIN

We'd seek alternative solutions.

MONK

Like?

MALTIN

The Chinese Long March rockets are capable of placing heavy components in earth orbit. Then there's the French.

MONK

The French?!

MALTIN

They've been sending up Ariane rockets from their launch facility in French Guiana for years.

PARKER

But the Ariane can only carry small satellites.

MALTIN

For now, but somebody will get the business of launching the space

station components into orbit.  
There's just too much riding on it.

MONK

How much business we talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MALTIN

Five to ten billion dollars.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE NASA HEADQUARTERS- DAY

Monk and Parker are just getting to the parked Avanti. They face each other over the roof of the car.

PARKER

What do you think?

Monk looks at Parker.

MONK

This stinks of the French.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S STONE CRAB DINING ROOM- DAY

Monk and Parker are sitting in a huge booth on the back wall. A WAITER is taking away a huge platter of cracked stone claws.

MONK

What did I tell you? Nothing in the world like stone crabs.

PARKER

Monk, shouldn't we be doing something?

MONK

Okay. Say hi to Gillespie.

We/Parker see that GILLESPIE has appeared. He is in his mid-twenties, -medium height, faintly Latino, dressed in a white Prada suit, white shirt with wide lapels and no tie. He sits down at the table.

GILLESPIE

(faint Hispanic accent)

You must be Parker.

MONK

Gillespie's our man in Miami.

PARKER

Rough.

GILLESPIE

I manage as best I can.



Gillespie reaches in his breast pocket and pulls out what looks like a silver cigarette case. He opens it to reveal a small HDTV monitor with Brubeck on it. Gillespie sets it in the middle of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Did you get my report?

BRUBECK

Monk, not the French again.

MONK

Look, I know in the past I've been a little off about the French, but everything points to them. They could make billions for their Ariane program.

As other P.O.I.S.E. members talk, they appear on the screen.

FITZGERALD

Except for the fact that their new heavy-lift Ariane is three years from prototype.

MONK

As is their first deodorant. Brubeck, I know the French are involved. I can feel it.

BRUBECK

For the last time, the French are not the root of all that is evil in the world.  
(to Parker)  
Monk doesn't like the French.

PARKER

Who does?

BRUBECK

In any case, information has come to light that points in another direction. Mingus?

MINGUS

Our man in Moscow says that the Russians have figured out what happened to their rocket. After going through telemetry data, they discovered that an automatic self-destruct order was transmitted

through a microwave pulse.

PARKER

What was the source?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MINGUS

Unconfirmed. Possibly China.

FITZGERALD

The Chinese rocket program is headed by General Hua Guofeng. He's set it up as a private fiefdom within the People's Liberation Army.

BRUBECK

The General has set up his daughter Mi Hua as the head of a top fashion house in Paris. It goes by the name Mi Mi. They use it as a cover to steal Western missile technology.

PARKER

We kept an eye on the Chinese rocket program while I was in the Pentagon. General Hua used a front company to buy a decommissioned Minuteman base in North Dakota. We should take a look.

MONK

On the way back from Paris. We should check out General Hua first.

Before Brubeck can reply, Parker jumps in.

PARKER

I disagree. That base in North Dakota has a low frequency array for flash microwave transmissions. They could have brought down the Proton from there. We should check that out first.

BRUBECK

Parker may be right.

MONK

Which means he may be wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER NORTH DAKOTA- NIGHT

The Gulfstream is flying through a raging blizzard.

CUT TO:

INT. GULFSTREAM- NIGHT

Monk and Parker are dressed in black parachutist's jumpsuits with black helmets, complete with headsets.

Monk is looking glumly out the window. Parker is acting like a kid going to the circus.

MONK

Night jumping in a blizzard. Fantastic.

PARKER

Cheer up, Monk. There won't be any patrols out in this muck.

MONK

Parker, why are you so happy about this?

PARKER

I haven't done a low altitude in years. Not since my SEAL training.

MONK

SEAL training? You said you were in the Office of Naval Intelligence.

PARKER

After the SEALS.

Parker moves to the cabin door and opens it. WIND and SNOW rush into the cabin. Parker smiles at Monk.

MONK

(loud, over the wind)

I must have forgotten to mention it.

With that, he JUMPS out of the plane. Monk shakes his head, moves to the door and JUMPS out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINUTEMAN BASE, NORTH DAKOTA- NIGHT

Monk and Parker approach the main road leading to the base, which is surrounded by cyclone fencing topped by razor wire. Parker surveys the scene through a pair of night vision binoculars. He's hyped but Monk seems curiously subdued.

PARKER

The place looks deserted.

MONK  
Maybe because it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PARKER  
They're probably using passive countermeasures to suck us in. I've seen this scenario before.

MONK  
So, Rambo, what should we do?

PARKER  
I'm familiar with the lay-out of a Minuteman facility. I'll loop around the outside of their perimeter, locate a weak point and initiate a penetration.

MONK  
Uh-huh. What do you want me to do?

PARKER  
In fifteen minutes, stage a diversion at the main entrance. I'll move in then. We'll converge on the command and control shed. It's the only structure big enough to house their operation.

MONK  
I think I can handle that.

Parker CLAPS him on the back and heads off into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. MISSILE SILO- NIGHT

We watch as Parker repels down the inside of a deserted missile silo. He hits the ground and produces a GLOCK 9MM PISTOL.

He exits out an access door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

Parker, with gun in hand, makes his way up the hallway. He moves like a commando, eyes open for intruders.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL- NIGHT

Parker is moving up the stairwell, commando-style.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

Parker comes to a door marked "Command and Control". A shaft of light is coming from beneath.

Parker BURSTS through, gun drawn. Monk is sitting in a corner with an OLD MAN. They're playing checkers.

PARKER

Monk?

MONK

Hey, Parker. How are you doing?  
Say hi to Ira.

PARKER

Ira?

MONK

He's the night watchman. Ira,  
this is Parker.

IRA

Hey, Parker. Want some soup?

PARKER

Soup?

MONK

Navy bean.

Parker comes over and sits on a folding chair next to Monk and Ira. Parker looks confused.

PARKER

Monk, what's going on?

MONK

He's about to king me.

PARKER

That's not what I meant. Where are  
the Chinese?

MONK

Ira, you ever seen any Chinese  
people around here?

IRA

I ain't ever seen anyone around here.

MONK

Well, we are in the middle of nowhere. Any more bright ideas, Parker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PARKER

No. Just a question.

MONK

Shoot.

PARKER

What do we do now?

Monk starts WHISTLING the French national anthem.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS STREETS- DAY

We see a black Bentley limo moving through the traffic of Paris.

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING)- DAY

Holliday is sitting between Parker and Monk in the back seat of the Bentley. Baker is driving.

Monk is in a navy four button suit, Holliday is in a crimson business suit and skirt combo and Parker is dressed in baggy jeans, a skin tight black top and a Tommy Hilfiger jacket.

They are watching a small HDTV screen set in the back of the limo.

BBC NEWSCASTER

Tensions are high on the Chinese Russian border. The U.N. is on alert.

PARKER

I guess the Russians aren't thrilled about their rocket being destroyed.

HOLLIDAY

CNN.

The screen switches to a CNN newscast.

CNN NEWSCASTER

The Russians believe the explosion of the Proton may have been an act of deliberate sabotage. Some hard-liners in the Kremlin are

arguing that either China or the United States are responsible.

PARKER

This is really escalating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Let's get the real scoop. MTV.

The screen switches to an MTV newscast with KURT LODER.

LODER

In concert news, the band Primus is getting ready to kick off their new North American concert series, promising fans, and I quote, "the most noise this side of World War Three." Two days and counting till that kicks off.

The screen goes BLACK.

MONK

Why does Loder always have to smirk when he's giving us bad news?

HOLLIDAY

Plus he always has to wear that black tie.

PARKER

Wait, Kurt Loder is in P.O.I.S.E.?

Monk and Holliday look at each other, then they look at Parker and shrug their shoulders.

PARKER

You two going to let me in on the plan?

HOLLIDAY

There's a runway show at Mi Mi. You're a male model. It's a perfect cover.

MONK

And what am I?

HOLLIDAY

A buyer for Barney's.

MONK

And who are you?

HOLLIDAY

Your plucky assistant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Wait. Why is he the male model  
and I'm the buyer?

HOLLIDAY

Sculpted muscles are out this year.  
The androgynous look is in.

PARKER

Androgynous?

Monk starts LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, FASHION SHOW- DAY

The pandemonium of a fashion show before it begins. MODELS,  
STYLISTS, and HAIR & MAKE-UP PEOPLE are rushing to and fro.

Parker is being fitted in a clear plastic cape and matching clear  
plastic pants with just a g-string underneath, all under the  
watchful eye of a STYLIST.

STYLIST

Girlfriend, that is so you.

OFF PARKER, who doesn't look thrilled.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION TENT- DAY

The BUZZ of a runway show a few minutes before it starts. There  
are two free seats in the front row. Monk and Holliday take  
them.

GWYNETH PALTROW in sitting next to Monk, chatting with a  
GIRLFRIEND. Two seats up is ANNA WINTOUR.

Monk is taking in the scene when a STRIKINGLY GORGEOUS CHINESE  
WOMAN in a black leather mini-dress walks up and offers her hand.

MI HUA

Hello, I am Mi Hua. You must be  
the new buyer for Barney's.



Monk shakes her hand and smiles.

MONK

Monk.

MI HUA

That's all? Just Monk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Just Monk.

Mi Hua smiles at Holliday but pays her no mind.

MI HUA

Were you ever a model?

MONK

Yeah, back when muscles were in.  
But my bookings dried up with  
the whole androgyny thing.

MI HUA

For me, muscles never went out.  
(she smiles)  
I'm having a party at my home  
tonight. Could you attend?

MONK

I'd like nothing better.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE- DAY

Mi Hua approaches a wall, which opens to reveal a staircase. She walks down and the wall closes behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM- DAY

Mi Hua enters a high tech control room with walls of monitors and control panels manned by white-jacketed CHINESE TECHNICIANS. Half the monitors are showing the fashion show above them, the other half show the shuttle on the pad at Cape Canaveral.

Mi Hua walks up to BEEFY CHINESE GUY in a black suit who is standing serenely off to the side.

MI HUA

Tonight, when Monk arrives, we'll  
find out what he knows.

BEEFY

Then what?

MI HUA  
Then we kill him.

END OF ACT TWO

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

EXT. RUE DE CALAIS- NIGHT

The Bentley pulls up in front of an elegant mansion. Monk exits and strides up to the front door. He is wearing a black suit, white shirt and black tie.

He rings the door bell and the huge craved wood door open is opened by a BUTLER. Monk walks past him and the door is closed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ- NIGHT

An opulent suite overlooking the Parisian skyline. Holliday is sitting on the sofa with a pile of files in front of her that she is looking through.

HOLLIDAY

Is he in?

Parker is at the desk watching a COMPUTER MONITOR that is tracking Monk's progress with both a homer showing his location on a map of Paris and a VIDEO HOOK-UP.

PARKER

He's in.

HOLLIDAY

How's the party look?

VIDEO IMAGE: Food. An elaborate spread whisked past by waiters.

PARKER

Fattening.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION- NIGHT

INSET- Monk has a small pin on his lapel- the VIDEO CAMERA'S EYE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The main salon of a Parisian mansion. 18th century French furniture. Chinese porcelain. Important modern art. Kline. De

Kooning. Rothko. Pollock.

A CHIC PARTY is in full swing- BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, WAITERS in tuxedos. Monk is making his way through the throng. He takes a glass of champagne from a passing waiter.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ- NIGHT

On the video hook-up, We/Parker watch the champagne coming off the tray. We are watching the party through Monk's lapel pin.

PARKER

He's having champagne.

Holliday makes a face and picks up the phone.

HOLLIDAY

Room service. A bottle of Dom Perignon. Vintage.

She hangs up the phone and looks at Parker.

HOLLIDAY (cont'd)

Why should Monk have all the fun?

Parker realizes champagne sounds good, makes an approving face.

BACK TO:

INT. MANSION- NIGHT

ON MONK in front of a buffet. He's heard the entire exchange.

MONK

Because Monk's taking all the risk.

INSET- Monk is wearing a tiny ear piece and obviously has a microphone somewhere as well.

Mi Hua, looking very sexy in backless black dress and long black gloves, approaches Monk.

MI HUA

Monk, I am so glad you could make it tonight.

MONK

Mi, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

MI HUA

Did you see anything you liked at

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Second block of faint, illegible text, appearing as a separate paragraph or section.

Third block of faint, illegible text, continuing the document's content.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text, showing further progression of the document.

Fifth block of faint, illegible text, with some lines appearing slightly more distinct than others.

Sixth block of faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly a conclusion or footer.

the show today. I though McQueen's designs for Chanel were so bold and inventive.

MONK

You mean Lagerfeld don't you. McQueen's still with Givenchy.

MI HUA

Of course. How silly of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Monk gives her his most devastating smile.

MI HUA

Why don't we talk "shop" in the library?

Mi Hua hooks one arm through Monks and they glide...

CUT TO:

INT. A HALLWAY- NIGHT

They pass a door. MUSIC EMANATES from behind the door. Springsteen's "Blinded by the Light" as covered by Manfred Mann. Monk raises an eyebrow to the SONG. Moves on.

INT. A BEDROOM- NIGHT

Opulent.

Crews is tied up in a chair in front of a TV. We can't see what he is watching. Crews stares straight ahead. Unblinkingly. The MUSIC drones on.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY- LATER

An elegant book-lined study. Rich wood paneling. Persian rugs.

Monk and Mi Hua are sitting on the leather sofa watching a big TV screen where a fashion runway show is playing to LOUD MUSIC. Mi Hua takes a remote and MUTES the sound.

MI HUA

And that was how I got my first collection shown in Paris.

MONK

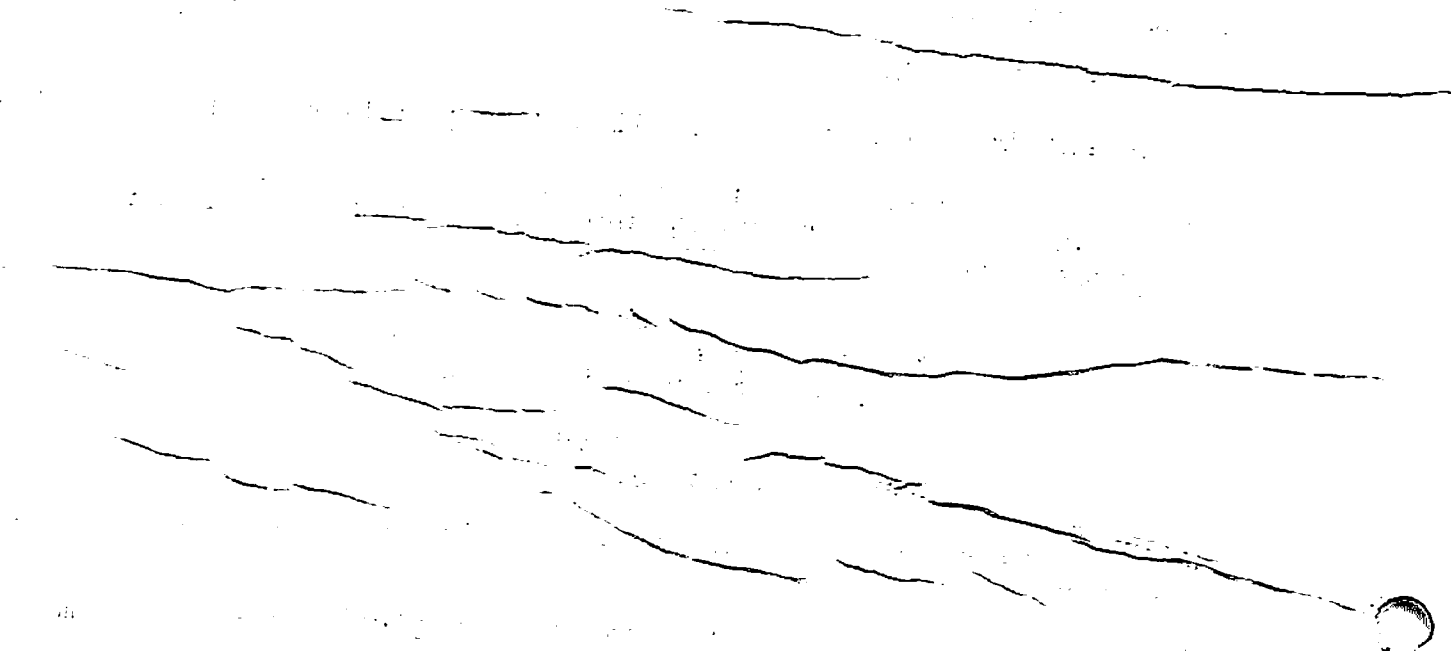
Very impressive.

They separate for a moment and she SHOVES HIM down into the prone position.

She stands up and starts taking off her gloves one at a time, very slow, very sexy.



*[Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*



Mi Hua moves closer to Monk and KISSES him HARD. He returns it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ- NIGHT

ON HOLLIDAY, who is making a face as she watches the gloves coming off on screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

She turns back to Parker, who has exchanged places with her and is now on the sofa. There is a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket on the coffee table.

PARKER

What's he up to now?

HOLLIDAY

Nothing. Why don't you open the champagne?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY- NIGHT

ON Monk as Mi Hua blindfolds him with one of the gloves.

Monk smiles, waiting for what comes next. Then, Monk realizes there is a GUN at HIS HEAD.

PULLING BACK we see the Beefy Chinese Guy is holding the gun. Mi Hua pulls the blindfold away from Monk, smiles, and puts one finger to her mouth to signal him to remain quiet.

We see her take the lapel pin off his jacket and carefully place it on the coffee table so it is directly facing the television showing the taped fashion show. Then she takes out his ear piece.

The Beefy Chinese Guy pulls Monk up by the scruff of his neck.

Mi Hua walks over to a panel by the wall, touches it, and IT OPENS, revealing a narrow staircase going down.

Mi Hua signals Beefy to follow her. She starts walking down the stairs. He DRAGS Monk along with the gun to his head.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ- NIGHT

Parker opens the Dom Perignon with a LOUD POP of the cork.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT- NIGHT

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Second block of faint, illegible text, continuing the document's content.

Third block of faint, illegible text, showing further progression of the document.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text, with some lines appearing slightly more distinct than the previous ones.

Fifth block of faint, illegible text, showing a continuation of the document's narrative or data.

Sixth block of faint, illegible text, located near the bottom of the page.



A PUNCH connecting with Monk's jaw with a LOUD POP.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ- NIGHT

Holliday is on the sofa drinking her champagne. Parker is sitting in front of the COMPUTER monitor. The video is still focused on the TV SCREEN. Parker looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PARKER

This is weird.

HOLLIDAY

What?

PARKER

The homer on Monk's watch is in a different location than the lapel pin.

Parker and Holliday look at one another.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT- NIGHT

Monk is lying on the floor, all beat up, between the two Thugs. Beefy is rubbing his fist.

Mi Hua strides up and stands over Monk.

MI HUA

Last chance to talk, Monk.

Monk rubs his jaw and pulls himself to a sitting position. A beat while he collects himself.

MONK

You know, I'm starting to get the feeling this date isn't going well.

Mi Hua looks at Beefy.

MI HUA

Kill him. I'm going back to the party.

Mi Hua marches out. Beefy looks at the two Thugs, who roughly GRAB Monk under his arms and PULL him to his feet. Monk smiles at Beefy, who smiles back, then SLUGS Monk in the face.

CUT TO:

1941

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general survey of the situation in the country.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the economic situation in the country.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the social situation in the country.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the political situation in the country.

5. The fifth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the cultural situation in the country.

6. The sixth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the international situation in the country.

7. The seventh part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the military situation in the country.

8. The eighth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the diplomatic situation in the country.

9. The ninth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the foreign trade situation in the country.

10. The tenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the financial situation in the country.

11. The eleventh part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the budget situation in the country.

12. The twelfth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the tax situation in the country.

13. The thirteenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the monetary situation in the country.

14. The fourteenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the exchange rate situation in the country.

15. The fifteenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the foreign exchange situation in the country.

16. The sixteenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the foreign investment situation in the country.

17. The seventeenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the foreign aid situation in the country.

18. The eighteenth part of the report is devoted to a detailed analysis of the foreign debt situation in the country.

EXT. PARIS STREET- NIGHT

A motorcycle is BLASTING through the streets of Paris.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Holliday is driving the bike with Parker holding on for dear life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

HOLLIDAY

Hey, Parker, watch the hands.

PARKER

Sorry, I'm just trying to hang on.

HOLLIDAY

Good idea.

Parker's eyes go wide as he see they are coming to a a CAR stopped at an intersection.

Holliday JUMPS the motorcycle over the stopped car.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION- NIGHT

Mi Hua is in a corner of the party surrounded by a crowd of fawning party-goers.

MI HUA

And I told Madonna, she'll wear that to the Oscars over my dead body.

The whole crowd LAUGHS. Mi Hua is SUDDENLY SPUN around by an angry Parker.

PARKER

That can be arranged.

MI HUA

What's the meaning of this?

PARKER

Where's Monk?

Mi Hua/We see that POLICE CARS are sitting outside the mansion with their LIGHTS FLASHING.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

The bedroom where Crews is tied up watching TV. The door is KICKED OPEN by Holliday, who has her gun drawn. Crews just keeps his eyes glued to the set.

HOLLIDAY  
Commander Crews?

Strangely, Crews doesn't react, not until Holliday finds the source of the music and shuts it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He looks up at Holliday, his face registering nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY- NIGHT

Beefy is walking up the alley to a parked car. Behind him, the two Thugs are dragging/marching a half-conscious Monk along with them.

Beefy opens the trunk to the car. This obscures his view of-- Parker BRAINING Thug #1 with some kind of Vulcan death grip.

Thug #2 THROWS Monk to the ground and reaches for his gun, but not before he also get DROPPED by a SNAPPING JAB to the throat.

Parker has a half-second to be pleased with himself, when BULLETS start WHIZZING by him.

Beefy is shooting, and Parker DIVES behind the front of the car for cover.

Beefy walks around the other side of the car, steps over Monk's prostrate body, and looks down at Parker.

Beefy LEVELS HIS GUN his gun at Parker's head and smiles. he is about to SHOOT when---

REVERSE- Monk taps Beefy on the shoulder, and as he turns, COLD CLOCKS him in the face, knocking him out cold with one punch.

Parker looks up at the beat-up Monk.

PARKER  
Nice move. Where did you pick that up, Special Forces?

MONK  
Golden Gloves.

Parker smiles at Monk.

PARKER

Thanks.

Monk reaches out his hand to Parker.

MONK

No, thank you.

He pulls Parker to his feet. They look at one another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PARKER

Any time.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION- NIGHT

The party is now filled with GENDARMES mixed in with the beautiful fashion people.

INT. LIBRARY- CONTINUOUS

Monk and Parker walk in. Along with some FRENCH DETECTIVES, Holliday is standing with Mi Hua. Crews is sitting in a chair appearing dazed and HUMMING "Blinded by the Light".

Parker and Monk walk up to Holliday.

HOLLIDAY

Crews was upstairs.

PARKER

Let's get him back to Florida.  
He's got a flight to catch.

MONK

He looks like he's already orbiting  
Pluto. Is he alright?

PARKER

A little druggy but he's fine.

Monk nods to Parker and walks to the door with Holliday in tow.  
They pass right by Mi Hua.

MI HUA

My father the general will make  
you pay, Monk. Count on it.

MONK

You know, a gentleman would never  
strike a woman.

Monk looks at Holliday, who COLD CLOCKS Mi Hua.

MONK

Fortunately, Holliday is no gentleman.

EXT. RUE DE CALAIS- NIGHT

Monk, Parker and Holliday exit the villa. Monk's under thoughts.

HOLLIDAY

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Something doesn't feel right.  
It was too easy.

PARKER

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

MONK

Look? I want a full set of X-rays.

PARKER

Face it...we're just good.

MONK

Not that good.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL- DAY

A few hours before the launch. The SHUTTLE CREW members, dressed in their space suits, are getting on a small shuttle that will take them to the launch pad.

MEDIUM on Crews, who is last. His wife and Christopher are with him. He kisses her and then picks up Christopher and kisses and hugs him.

Crews walks to the shuttle, where Monk and Parker, dressed immaculately in matching navy suits, are waiting for him. He's humming a TUNE, MUMBLING the LYRICS to...

CREWS

"Some silicone sister and her  
mannequin mister told me I got  
what it takes..."

Monk frowns.

MONK

That song...

CREWS

What? Oh, keeps running around in my head. "Blinded by the light, wrapped up like a ....deuce playing motors...I don't...wrapped up like something." Anyway, thanks for everything guys.

PARKER

Have a good mission, Commander.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He shakes their hands and boards the shuttle bus, but first he pauses and looks back at his wife and son.

Christopher gives his father the thumbs-up. Crews hesitates, and instead of winking back, also does the thumbs-up.

MEDIUM on Christopher as a distressed/puzzled look crosses his face.

Monk and Parker watch the shuttle move off in the direction of the launch pad.

PARKER

Well, nothing like wrapping up a case to whet the old appetite. I'm really in the mood for a little French food. You know any bistros around here, Monk?

But monk is not listening, he is watching Christopher, who looks concerned. He kneels down to the child's eye level.

MONK

What is it, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER

There's something wrong with my daddy.

INSET: The countdown clock reads:

00 DAYS 03 HOURS 52 MINUTES 12.47 SECONDS

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NASA OFFICES- DAY

Monk and Parker dog a harried Maltin. They're talking on the MOVE....

MALTIN

You want me to stop the shuttle launch two hours before lift-off because of a four year old kid?

MONK

He thinks something is wrong with his father and I believe him.

MALTIN

I don't have time for this.

MONK

You really want to risk it Maltin?

Maltin stops in his tracks, confronts Monk.

MALTIN

Risk what? Crews has been checked out by NASA doctors. He's fine.

Maltin is back on the MOVE.

MONK

Maybe you're right, maybe you're wrong. The only way to find out is to talk to Crews.

MALTIN

Commander Crews is in the middle of his preflight checks and I'm not going to distract or upset him, especially after what he's been through the last few days.



MONK

The point is that we don't know what he's been through the last few days. Which is why we have to stop the launch.

They follow Maltin into...

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

Small conference room, a table, chairs, a TV monitor showing the shuttle on the launch pad. No sound, just a clock counting down till lift-off.

MALTIN

(to Parker)  
Would you please talk some sense into your partner?

PARKER

He's making sense. We have to stop the launch.

Monk and Parker take a long look at Maltin, their expression reading pure defiance.

MALTIN

Fine, we'll do it the hard way.

Maltin quickly ducks out the door and LOCKS IT. Parker lunges for it but he's too late.

MALTIN (O.S.)

I'll let you out once the shuttle makes orbit. Make yourselves comfortable.

PARKER

Hey, you can't do this!

The door SLAMS and we hear it being LOCKED.

PARKER

Can he?

MONK

His house, his rules.

PARKER

Monk, you sure about all this?  
(Monk nods)  
Then what do you want me to do?

MONK

Why don't you use that SEAL  
training to get us out of here.

Parker nods, moves to the door.

MEDIUM on Monk as he pulls a Mount Blanc fountain pen out of his  
breast pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He presses the end and FOUR PRONGS sprout from the end. He  
stands the pen on top of the monitor.

MONK

Holliday.

The television monitor CHANGES from the shuttle to Holliday, who  
doesn't look surprised to see Monk at all.

HOLLIDAY

What, no date tonight?

MONK

Save the small talk, Holliday,  
we have a problem.

HOLLIDAY

Talk to me.

MONK

Something is wrong with Crews.  
What condition was he in when  
you found him in Paris?

HOLLIDAY

You saw him. He was fine.

MONK

What was he doing?

HOLLIDAY

Not a lot. They had him tied up.

MONK

Tied up?

HOLLIDAY

Yeah. Crews was tied up watching a  
music video...some Manfred Mann song...

MONK

"Blinded by the Light"?

(he sings)  
"Blinded by the Light, wrapped up  
like a vision of pollution in  
the night."

HOLLIDAY  
Something like that.

MONK  
Find out the lyrics. Call the boss  
if you have to.

(CONTINUED)  
CONTINUED

PARKER  
Why would Coltrane know the  
lyrics to a Manfred Mann song?

MONK  
Not that boss, the Boss, Springsteen.  
He wrote the song. And Holliday,  
see if the Chinese have experimented  
with mind control techniques. I  
need it now.

Monk snatches the pen off the monitor, puts it back in his  
pocket. The image of the shuttle on the pad with the countdown  
clock comes back on.

INSET: 00 DAYS 01 HOURS 57 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

Monk turns to find Parker hovering behind him.

MONK  
You take care of the door?

PARKER  
I'm working on it...but about the  
Chinese...they do have an extensive  
mind control program but the CIA  
says it's never been effective.  
Subjects remain under control for  
only brief periods of time.

MONK  
How does it work?

PARKER  
There's a word or trigger phrase to  
put the subject under control and  
another to bring him out. You're  
going where with this?

MONK  
I think the Chinese got to Crews.

The trigger's inside that song.

PARKER

Chances are it's in the lyrics.

MONK

It's perfect. No one understands  
the lyrics to that damn song.

Parker smiles, holds up his hand, makes a confident "Just a second gesture".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PARKER

(sings)  
"Blinded by the light...wrapped  
up like a...like a..." Damn!  
We better get help.

Parker turns to the door, uses his NASA guest pass ID to spring the lock and comes face to face with...

...an ARMED GUARD standing outside the door to the conference room.

ARMED GUARD

Please remain in the room, gentleman.

PARKER

Do you know what comes after...  
(sings)  
"Blinded by the light...wrapped  
up like a...like a...something  
something...in the night"?

ARMED GUARD

Huh?

MONK

You're no help.

Monk reaches through the door opening and JERKS the GUARD into the door frame. He DROPS to the floor and they drag him into the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CONTROL BUILDING- DAY

Monk and Parker emerge from the building and step into the blinding Florida sun. They have disguised themselves with the white coverall and white hard hat that all the NASA technicians seem to wear.

Monks pulls out his Mont Blanc and speaks into it.

MONK

What do you have for me, Holliday?

HOLLIDAY (V.O.)

Zilch. Patty said Bruce is working out and she doesn't want to bother him.

PARKER

It'll come to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Until it does, I'm going to check something out.

PARKER

And in case it doesn't, I'm going to stop that launch.

They start away. Monk turns back.

MONK

Hey Parker...

(on Parker's turn)

Do me a favor. Don't get yourself killed. It'll make me look bad.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

The Guard who had been knocked out by Parker emerges and walks quickly to a wall phone. He dials four digits.

GUARD

We have a security breach.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL- DAY

The control room we've seen countless times. The buzz and chatter of technicians prior to launch.

MEDIUM on Maltin, who is on the phone.

MALTIN

Well, find them goddamnit!

He hangs up the phone and puts his headset back on. He looks up at one of the monitors that shows Crews.

MALTIN

How are we doing, Commander?

Crews smiles at Maltin.

CREWS

Preflight checks are normal  
and we're go for launch.

MALTIN

Roger that, Constitution. Go for  
launch.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNCH PAD- DAY

The pad is evacuating of personnel prior to the lift-off. A big van pulls up to pick up an assembled group of NASA TECHNICIANS.

As they pile into the van, we see Parker slip out of the rear door. He closes it quietly and hides before anyone notices.

The van pulls away. Parker gets on the elevator to take him to the top of the pad.

Before the elevator door close, Parker has a glance at the countdown clock mounted in the distance.

INSET: 00 DAYS 00 HOURS 56 MINUTES 17.23 SECONDS

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MALTIN'S OFFICE- DAY

Monk is trying the door, see that it's locked. A NASA GUARD rounds the corner at the end of the hallway walking in Monk's direction.

MONK

Hey there, I think someone has  
tampered with this lock.

The Guard doubles his pace, gets to the door.

GUARD

We've had a security alert. You'd  
better stand back.

The Guard opens the door with a pass key and goes past Monk, who follows him in.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNCH PAD- DAY

CLOSED CIRCUIT CAMERAS are mounted throughout the pad. Parker, helmet pulled down to hide his features, steps on a girder and

disconnects the CAMERA'S CIRCUITRY.

INT. MISSION CONTROL- DAY

A TECHNICIAN watches as one..two...three CAMERAS go black. He gets Maltin's attention.

TECHNICIAN

Sir, we just lost three cameras.

Maltin swivels in his chair and focuses on the tech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

TECHNICIAN

Sir, now we have movement on the elevator on the launch pad.

MALTIN

I thought the pad was cleared.

TECHNICIAN #2

It was, sir.

An angry flicker in Maltin's expression tells us he knows what's up.

MALTIN

Send the elevator back down.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, sir.

Maltin turns around and picks up the phone.

MALTIN

Send an armed team to the pad.

As he hangs up the phone, Maltin catches sight of Mrs. Crews and Christopher, who are observing the launch from the glassed-in VIP area behind mission control.

Maltin smiles at Mrs. Crews, but a look in his eye tells us he's up to no good.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR- DAY

Parker is in the elevator when Monk calls over his earpiece.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PARKER AND MONK, who is sitting behind Maltin's desk tapping on his computer.

MONK

What are you doing, Parker?

PARKER

Improvising.

The elevator STOPS and starts going down.

MONK

You remember that trigger yet?

PARKER

Yeah, its--

(sings)

"Blinded by the light..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The doors open and Parker is facing SIX ARMED NASA GUARDS.

PARKER

(sings)

"Wrapped up in a pair of handcuffs  
tonight..."

MONK (V.O.)

What?

PARKER

Was I speeding, officer?

OFFICER

Hands out wise guy, and it's  
"wrapped up like a deuce, another  
runner in the night."

ON MONK, as he reacts to this.

PARKER

You sure?

OFFICER

About the Boss? Please. I grew up  
in Asbury Park. Had my first beer  
at the Stone Pony.

Parker puts his hands out like he's cooperating, and as the first guard approaches, Parker DROPS him with a CHOP to the neck.

Then he BULL RUSHES into the next guard. The other guards RUSH IN in and subdue Parker, none too gently.

BACK TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL- DAY

Where Maltin is on the phone.



MALTIN

Good, bring him here.

Maltin hangs up the phone and, much to his amazement, sees Monk is standing in the VIP room talking to Mrs. Crews and Christopher.

Maltin's eyes go wide and he motions for TWO GUARDS stationed by the control room entrance to go after Monk.

The two head off and there is a brief COMMOTION in the VIP room, and in a move so quick we almost miss it, Monk makes a move that DROPS both guards, which we don't hear because of the glass.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Monk is telling something to Mrs. Crews. All the technicians in the control room go quiet watching.

CREWS

Hey, you guys OK over there?

Maltin and the rest of the Technicians turn back to their work.

MALTIN

Sorry, Constitution. Just a little glitch but we are go for launch.

MRS. CREWS (O.S.)

Steve?

Maltin turns to see Mrs. Crews behind him, holding Christopher in her arms. Past them, Parker is being put in hand cuffs.

MRS. CREWS (cont'd)

I know it's out of the ordinary, but could Christopher wish his dad a good flight?

MALTIN

Sure, why not.  
(into headset)  
Commander, someone wants to talk to you.

He puts the headset on the boy, who looks at his dad on the video hook-up.

CHRISTOPHER

Daddy?

CREWS

Hey, Chris. You want to tell me something?

CHRISTOPHER

Uh-huh.

CREWS

What is it, pal?

CHRISTOPHER

(sings)

"Blinded by the light, wrapped up  
like a deuce, another runner in  
the night."

A beat. Crews shakes his head slightly and blinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CHRISTOPHER

You OK, daddy?

CREWS

Yeah, son. I'm fine.

Christopher gives him a thumbs-up. Crews looks at his son, smiles, and winks. then he blows a kiss to his wife.

ON MALTIN, sees that Parker has joined Monk in the VIP area. One of the guards is removing Parker's hand cuffs.

Monk and Parker stare at Maltin through the wall of glass.

Maltin BOLTS. Monk takes out a coin, flips it.

PARKER

Heads.

Monk smiles.

MONK

Tails.

Parker takes off after Maltin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH- DAY

A CROWD of spectators is waiting for the shuttle launch.

Off to the side, away from all the RVs, barbecues, and chubby kids, is a gleaming white Avanti.

CUT TO:

INT. AVANTI- DAY

Monk and Parker are talking to Coltrane. We only hear his

sonorous voice.

MONK

We suspected someone had to be working inside NASA. Finding Crews in Paris was just too easy.

COLTRANE

How did you connect Maltin?

MONK

Maltin's private computer records connected him to the Chinese. Tom Scott worked directly under

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK (cont'd)

Maltin. He must have found out that General Hua had offered Maltin a lot of money to bring down the shuttle, so they killed him.

COLTRANE

Good work, Monk.

MONK

Actually, sir, it was Parker that figured most of it out.

Parker smiles at Monk.

COLTRANE

Then good work the both of you. Coltrane out.

A beat.

PARKER

Most of it?

Monk smiles and gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH- DAY

Monk and Parker, standing on either side of the Avanti. In the distance, We/they watch as the space shuttle BLASTS OFF the launch pad. Everyone on the beach APPLAUDS at the awesome sight.

MONK

We'd better get back to New York. Duty calls.

PARKER

Seems a shame not to have a few  
stone crabs while we're down here.

Monk smiles at Parker.

MONK

Not bad for the first day on the job.

PARKER

You going to tell me what P.O.I.S.E.  
stands for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONK

Sure Parker, I'll tell you.  
(beat)  
When you earn it.

FADE OUT

THE END