

30 EXT. CHURCH, LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER -- MORNING 30

Moments later. By a side door Jack and Monk are unloading a carton of toys. A GRATEFUL PRIEST thanks them...

31 EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - HIGHWAY -- MORNING 31

Back on the road. The truck drives past another sign: SEATTLE-200 MILES.

32 EXT. HOSPITAL - SEATTLE - LOADING DOCK - LATER -- DAY 32

Later. At a HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK. The truck pulls in. TWO NURSES are waiting for them.

33 EXT. GAS STATION - LATER -- DAY 33

Later. Monk and Jack have stopped at a GAS STATION. Jack is at the pump, filling the tank.

The pump's DISPLAY SCREEN reads \$99.40. Jack keeps pumping until the price hits \$100.00 exactly- Monk's favorite number. Jack turns off the pump. Monk smiles, and nods.

34 EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - HIGHWAY IN MOUNTAINS - LATER -- DAY 34

Back on the road. The truck is driving through some mountains.

35 INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - HIGHWAY -- LATER 35

In the cab. Monk and Jack. Monk has embraced the trucker's lifestyle: he's wearing a TRUCKER'S CAP, which he keeps adjusting and re-adjusting.

MONK
(singing, fiddling with his hat)
On the road again, I just can't wait to get on the road again...

The CB RADIO SQUAWKS. It's ANOTHER TRUCKER, whose handle is "Gumbo Pot".

START →

GUMBO POT (OVER CB)
Atticus One, this is Gumbo Pot.
Thought you'd like to know- you're coming up on a plain brown wrapper.

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"MONK" - Gumbo Pot

Gumbo POT

"MR. MONK MEETS HIS DAD" - Producer's/Network Draft - 8/16/06 39.

35 CONTINUED:

35

Monk The Trucker grins. He grabs the CB MICROPHONE.

MONK (INTO CB)

Roger that. If we see it, we'll stop and pick it up.

JACK MONK

No. A "plain brown wrapper" means an unmarked police car. He's trying to warn us.

Monk ~~grabs the CB MICROPHONE~~ again.

MONK (INTO CB)

(disapprovingly)

Gumbo Pot. This is Atticus One. You're making it harder for the Highway Patrol to enforce the local speed limit. Which isn't very cool. Over.

GUMBO POT (OVER CB)

Jack? Who the hell was that?

//END

Monk notices: a SMALL ELECTRONIC BOX, built into the dashboard. It says FRANKLIN GPS- 5000 MILES.

MONK

What's this?

JACK MONK

GPS. Eye in the sky. Like the one who tripped up my friend.

MONK

"Five thousand miles" ...?

JACK MONK

It's a memory chip. It remembers the last 5,000 miles you drove. I'd rip it out, but it wouldn't do any good. It's all transmitted back to a computer in Toronto.

Monk thinks. He gets an idea. He takes out the ROAD MAP and reviews their trip.

JACK MONK (cont'd)

What are you doing?

MONK

We drove San Francisco... Chicago... Seattle. It's about 5,000 miles.

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