

55 EXT. NATALIE'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

55

Capt. Stottlemeyer steps outside, sadly. He pauses. He reaches into his pocket, and takes out a PICTURE POSTCARD.

CLOSE UP of THE POSTCARD. On one side: five words, neatly-printed- "I Wish I Wasn't Here".

Stottlemeyer turns the postcard over. On the other side: a TOURIST-BOARD PHOTO of a little town called SPARKS, NEVADA.

We MATCH DISSOLVE to...

56 EXT. CAR WASH - SPARKS, NEVADA -- DAY

56

Sparks, Nevada. A perfect place to disappear.

We're at a local CAR WASH, which we established in the teaser. We're in the AFTER-WASH AREA where WORKERS are hand-drying the cars with towels.

But there's a problem. The line is stalled. FIVE CARS- newly washed- are lined up, waiting to be dried. CAR WASH WORKERS are YELLING IN SPANISH and HONKING CAR HORNS.

CAR WASH WORKER
Cual es el problema? Apurate!

The Car Wash Manager, an angry little man named MANNY, emerges from the OFFICE.

START →

MANNY
What's the problem?

CAR WASH WORKER
Es el nuevo. Es terrible!

Manny marches to the front of the line. A newly-hired TOWEL MAN- whose face is hidden- is drying a car. He's leaning in, working intently, obsessively... cleaning every square inch.

MANNY
RODRIGUEZ!

"Rodriguez" turns. It's- Monk! We barely recognize him. He's wearing a T-SHIRT, JEANS, and a STUBBY BEARD.

MANNY (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

"MONK" - MANNY

56 CONTINUED:

56

MONK

(meekly)

I'm drying the car.

MANNY

How many times have I told you? It doesn't have to be perfect. You don't have to wipe every damn nook and every damn cranny!

Monk is holding the car's removable CIGARETTE LIGHTER. He's wiping the heating coil with a Q-Tip.

MANNY (CONT'D)

What is that?

MONK

Cigarette lighter.

MANNY

That's a perfect example. You don't have to clean the inside of the cigarette lighter. Nobody cares about the inside of a damn cigarette lighter!

Nearby: a BIG PILE OF DIRTY RAGS.

MANNY (CONT'D)

What are those?

MONK

They got dirty.

MANNY

Of course they got dirty! It's a car wash!

Manny takes the numbered ticket off the CAR'S DASHBOARD.

MANNY (CONT'D)

(calling, to the
Waiting Customers)

FIFTY FIVE! YOU'RE ALL SET.

(resuming, exasperated)

Look, Rodriguez. It's not complicated. Even you can understand it. We are paid per car. Per car. Say that with me.

MONK

Per car.

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(CONTINUED)

Manny

MANNY

The faster we work, the more money we make. Comprende? Fast- more money. Slow- less money.

TR

CARLOS, a FELLOW CAR WASHER, steps up. He's young, likable.

CARLOS

Mr. Manny. Relax. You're going to have another stroke. (indicates Monk) This guy's the best rag man I've ever seen. Look at that car. It's better than new. It's like a diamond. When the owner sees it, he will love it. He will tell all his friends and be a customer for life...

The CAR'S OWNER steps up. He's furiosus.

CAR OWNER

It's about friggin' time. I've been waiting there for 20 minutes. You won't be seeing me again.

MONK

(sheepishly)

Have a nice day.

Theirate Owner climbs into his car, and SCREECHES AWAY. Monk, Manny and Carlos watch him go. Then-

MANNY

(to Monk)

You've been warned. Comprende?

// END

57 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - SPARKS, NEVADA - LATER -- DAY

57

A few hours later. We establish: a sad, cheap MOTEL.

58 INT. MONK'S MOTEL ROOM -- SAME TIME

58

Monk is living here, in this cheap, sparsely-furnished room.

He's sitting on the bed. Numb. Alone. Lonely. Just staring at the wall. There's a KNOCK on the door.

MONK

Hello.

The door opens. It's KATHY, the Motel Owner's teenage daughter. She is pushing a MAID'S CART.

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