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Sunday. Game day! At the STADIUM PARKING LOT.

A TAILGATE PARTY is in full swing! It's a circus. Rows of PARKED CARS and TRUCKS and RVs. ROWDY FANS drinking. FANS hollering at each other. FANS cooking on grills.

STOTTLEMEYER'S CAR pulls in. Stottlemeyer climbs out. He's very off duty, wearing a CONDORS JERSEY and CONDORS CAP. He locks his car with his keychain- BEE-BOOP!- and walks away.

BACK IN THE CAR: Monk is still in the car! Stottlemeyer forgot about him. He's having trouble unlocking the door.

Meanwhile, Stottlemeyer walks away, oblivious. He passes an already-drunk FAN, sitting by a COOLER FULL OF BEER.

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BEER COOLER FAN

CONDORS! WE'RE GOING ALL THE WAY! WHOOO!

(indicates COOLER)
Help yourself.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER Don't mind if I do.



Stottlemeyer takes a BEER. As he does, Monk finally catches up.

CAPT. STOTTLEMETER (CONT.)

(barely noticing, popping his beer)

There you are. Pretty sweet, huh?

They walk through the crowd. Monk looks around, appalled.

MONK

Who are all these reople? Where are their parents?

∠APT. STOTTLEMEYER

It's a Tailgate Party. These guys get her early and party and get all pumper up for the game.

MONK

(puzzled)

But... they're not actually playing

the game?

(CONTINUED)

- BEER COOLER FAM