

MONK (CONT'D)

Tweezers.

Natalie opens her purse, and hands Monk some tweezers. Monk reaches into a small opening between the wall and a bulkhead. He removes a small, curved sliver of plastic.

NATALIE

What is it?

MONK

Plastic. There's some kind of adhesive stuck to it. Maybe duct tape.

Monk smells the plastic piece.

MONK (CONT'D)

Gunpowder.

LT. ALBRIGHT

What does it mean?

MONK

I don't know. Probably nothing.

Then- an ALARM- a BLARINGLY LOUD ALARM- sounds! It's a drill! CREWMEN scramble down the hall!

START → LT. ALBRIGHT
(to PASSING SAILOR)
Sailor. What's going on?

PASSING SAILOR

We're shipping out! Fleet-wide A-S-W!

Lt. Albright turns to Monk and Natalie.

//END

LT. ALBRIGHT

It's a drill. An emergency exercise.

MONK

(horrified)
He said we're shipping out!?

11 INT. USS PHILADELPHIA - CONTROL ROOM -- SAME TIME 11

Meanwhile, in the control room. Commander Crumwalt and the CHIEF OF BOAT are issuing orders-

CHIEF OF BOAT

The deck is clear. Secure the hatch.

(CONTINUED)

MONK - "PASSING SAILOR"

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