

Hodge steps up, with our foursome.

START
Sc. 1 →

HODGE

Natasia. Sweetheart. These people are from the police department. They want to talk to you about Clea Vance.

NATASIA

Why?

MONK

I don't know. We're probably just tilting at windmills.

NATASIA

(lost)
Windmills?

HODGE

It's a literary reference, my darling. It's from a book.

A book? Natasia rolls her eyes.

NATASIA

I guess I can talk while I change. I'll meet you over there.

Natasia walks away. Our foursome start to follow. Natasia stops. She turns.

NATASIA (cont'd)

Only one of you.

~~Monk, Capt. Stottlemeyer and Lt. Disher huddle-~~

~~CAPT. STOTTEMEYER~~

~~Monk should go. It's his case.~~

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~The only fair way is alphabetical.~~

~~MONK~~

~~Adrian...?~~

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~(quickly)~~

~~No. I mean last names. So let's see. A...?~~

~~(looking around)~~

~~No. B? No. C? No...~~

"MONK" - NATASIA

(CONTINUED)

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NATASIA

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~~CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER~~

~~(interrupting)~~

~~That's it. Monk's going.~~

10 EXT. PRIVATE AREA- MOMENTS LATER 10

Moments later. Nearby. In a PRIVATE, SCREENED-OFF AREA.

Natasia is changing. She's surrounded by her ENTOURAGE. They fawn over her, fix her hair, etc.

Monk is there, surrounded by them. He's very uncomfortable.

MONK

You were Clea's roommate?

NATASIA

And best friend.

During all this, Natasia is changing into a different dress. She's naked. She turns away from Monk.

Monk winces! He recoils! He averts- and covers- his eyes.

MONK

Oh. Oh. Oh.

NATASIA

It's okay. I'm not shy.

Monk peeks at Natasia. He sees: her bare shoulders. She has a dark mole on her left shoulder. Monk tries to brush it off.

MONK

You have something...

NATASIA

It's a mole. It's my trademark.

Monk becomes obsessed with the single, asymmetrical mole.

MONK

(resuming)

Did you know Pablo Ortiz?

NATASIA

I didn't know him. Except that Clea was terrified of him. He was stalking her.)

(CONTINUED)

2/4

NATASIA

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10 CONTINUED:

10

MONK

There's no evidence of that. No phone calls. No other witnesses.

NATASIA

Are you saying I made it all up? Why would I do that?

MONK

I don't know.

Monk picks up a MASCARA PENCIL and starts to make an identical mole on the other shoulder.

NATASIA

I saw what I saw. He brought her flowers. He hit on her. I already testified all about this, a year ago.

MONK

I know. I read your statement.

Natasia glances over, and catches Monk mid-mole-drawing.

NATASIA

What are you doing?

MONK

If you put one on this side, you'd be perfect.

Natasia angrily grabs the pencil from Monk's hand.

NATASIA

Any more questions?

MONK

No.

NATASIA

Good. Because I have to get back to work.

//END
SC. 1

~~By now, Natasia has changed into a sexy new dress. She storms off. Her Entourage trails behind her.~~

~~A beat. Then Stottlemeyer and Lt. Disher step up. Monk is a little rattled, from being so close to a nearly-naked woman.~~

~~CAPT. STOTTEMEYER~~

~~How'd it go?~~

(CONTINUED)

3/4

NATASIA

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12 CONTINUED:

12

NATALIE
(concerned)
I don't know if that's exactly the
word I would use...

13 INT. NATASIA'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

13

Across town. Natasia is alone, in her sparsely-furnished
ULTRA-HIP STUDIO APARTMENT.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Natasia answers. It's Simon Hodge.
For once, Hodge isn't smoking.

START
SC. 2 →

HODGE
Are you surprised?

NATASIA
Not after today. I figured you'd be
freaking out. Do they know anything?

HODGE
I don't think so.

Natasia leads him inside. Hodge makes sure the door is closed
behind him.

NATASIA
You're not smoking?

HODGE
It leaves an odor. I don't want
them to know I was here.

NATASIA
Who?

HODGE
The police.

Natasia stops. She tenses.

NATASIA
I didn't tell them anything.

HODGE
But you will. Eventually.

// END SC. 2

A beat. Then Natasia tries to rush past him. But Hodge
grabs her! He THROWS her down!

(CONTINUED)

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