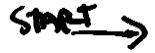
I EXT. BIRTHING CENTER -- SAME TIME

Meanwhile. Across town. We establish: a small medical clinic called THE PALGROVE BIRTHING CENTER.



DR. NASH (V.O.) Wendy Straud has been working here for nineteen years. She was the first midwife I hired.

2 INT. BIRTHING CENTER - RECEPTION ROOM -- DAY

Inside. A reception area. It's a warm, cozy place. New Agey. Dim lights.

Monk and Stottlemeyer are talking to DR. NASH, the clinic's director. Nash is an ex-hippie. With a pony tail. He obviously doesn't like cops.

At some point, Nash signs a form. He's <u>right-handed</u>.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER Did she ever disappear before?

DR. NASH
She's never missed a day of work. I
don't think she's ever been late.
Hence my phone call.

Hence we're here.

MONK
Has anyone heard from her? Maybe one of the other nurses?

DR. NASH
No. Nobody's heard from her.
(pointedly)
And they're not nurses. They're midwives. There's a difference. A
midwife is a qualified autonomous
practitioner, specializing in the
natural birth experience.

There's a lifesize NEWBORN BABY DOLL on display. It has a <u>rubber umbilical cord</u> attached. During this, Monk is casually, absent-mindedly pulling on the doll's cord, <u>untwisting it</u>.

NP" - DR. NASH

1

2 CONTINUED:

DR. NASH (CONT'D)

(annoyed)
Excuse me. What are you doing?

MONK

(shrugging) Just straightening it out.

DR. NASH It's an umbilical cord. They're never straight.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (indicates Monk)
I bet <u>his</u> was.

"END

Dr. Nash and Monk tussel over the <u>rubber umbilical cord</u>.