

1 EXT. BIRTHING CENTER -- SAME TIME 1

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

START →

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 2

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 right-handed.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

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.

CAPT. STOTTEMEYER

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 rubber umbilical cord attached. During this, Monk is casually, absent-mindedly pulling on the doll's cord, untwisting it.

"MONK" - DR. NASH

(CONTINUED)

1/2

NASH

"MONK" - Prod/Network Draft - 9/18/09 2.

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 his was.

// END

Dr. Nash and Monk tussel over the rubber umbilical cord.

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