

We see the vice principle of the school, Arleen Cassidy is walking alongside Sharona and Adrian. Adrian is walking on the cobblestone path, carefully trying to step on every single, irregular one and avoiding the cracks. Both Arleen and Sharona are ignoring his little bizarre routine.

ARLEEN:

I was living in New York when I heard the news about Trudy. I cried for weeks.

MONK:

Ahh. We all cried.

ARLEEN:

And they never caught the people responsible?

SHARONA:

We're still looking. Were you and Trudy close?

ARLEEN:

Oh, we were like sisters. But everybody felt that way about Trudy. I helped her through algebra, and she got me through English lit. She was a wonderful writer. Did you ever read any of her poems?

MONK:

I read them almost every night.

ARLEEN:

Oh. I'm so sorry I never made it to the wedding. Was it wonderful?

Adrian almost seems misty-eyed as she looked up.

MONK:

It was...wonderful.

SHARONA:

So, uh, what happened here today?

ARLEEN:

One of my teachers died a few hours ago. I'm still shaking. Um, her name was Beth Landow. She was first-rate -- one of the best English teachers I had. They found her over there by the clock tower. The police are calling it an apparent suicide.

MONK:

But you don't believe them?

ARLEEN:

No, it's not that - I don't believe them. But they didn't know her.

MONK:

Why don't you think Miss Landow killed herself?

ARLEEN:

Look, Beth worried --maybe too much. She cared -- maybe too much, but she was not suicidal. I will never believe that, ever.

MONK:

You want me to look into it?

ARLEEN:

I-I can pay you.

MONK: No. No, uh, I couldn't take a nickel.

Sharona just stares at him, appalled that she can see another paycheck floating out the window.

MONK:

It's for Trudy!

ARLEEN:

(grateful) Thank you, Mr. Monk.