

Blue Moon Rising

By Pam Hardin

In my stories, David and Maddie are married and have a baby.

ACT I

DAVID'S OFFICE

Bert sitting at David's desk, leaning back in the chair as if he owns the office. An attractive young lady is sitting across the desk from him. They are both smiling and obviously enjoying their conversation.

Woman: You're doing me a big favor, Bert.

Bert (full of himself): My pleasure. I'm at your disposal. And I think I can safely say that you may have the run of our humble abode. That is, of course, once I get the final approval from my supervisor.

Woman: Imagine. Getting the chance to see a real detective agency up close.

Bert (boasting): It's really the only way you can get to the nitty gritty where it's all happening. And if I do say so myself, this modest little operation has been right in the thick of it.

Cut to AGNES' DESK

She is trying to work at her desk, but keeps glancing at David's office door until, finally, with an air of determination, she walks over and knocks on the door.

Bert (from behind the door): Come in.

Agnes cautiously opens the door, and peeks in the office.

Agnes: Bert, may I speak with you for a minute, please?

Bert, obviously annoyed at her, politely excuses himself to his guest as he follows her out the door.

Cut to OUTSIDE DAVID'S OFFICE

The two of them are in silhouette, taking the same pose David and Maddie have taken so many times outside that same door.

Agnes: Bert, please listen to me. I'm telling you, this is a bad idea. Mr. Addison isn't going to like it, and I know Ms. Hayes wouldn't like it either.

Bert: Agnes, will you please let me handle this?

Agnes: You are going to get his okay on this, aren't you?

Bert: Of course I am.

Agnes: Well, I'm just warning you. Even if you do talk Mr. Addison into this, you're both going to have some explaining to do when Ms. Hayes gets back. Why don't you just forget the whole thing?

Bert: Agnes, this is business. You just can't admit that it was my knack for being in the right place and that "seize the moment" attitude that brought this great fortune right to our doorstep. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a guest waiting.

Agnes: Yeah. And that great fortune is pretty good looking, isn't she?

Bert: Agnes, she's just a kid. She's young enough to be my...younger cousin. And besides she's got a boyfriend, okay? This is strictly business.

Agnes: You just seem a little anxious to make her your business.

Bert looks at her disgustedly, then walks back into David's office, and closes the door. Agnes, exasperated, goes back to her desk. Just as she sits down, she sees David walk past the "Blue Moon" sign on the window and quickly buzzes David's office to signal Bert.

David: Morning, Ms. Dipesto.

Agnes: Good Morning, Mr. Addison. Did Ms. Hayes and the baby get off okay?

David (chuckles): Yeah. Just left last night, and she's already called twice, and left me notes all over the house telling me what not to touch.

Agnes: Gosh! What an honor being a judge at a beauty pageant! Just like she's a star! I think she's just worried about leaving you alone. That's all.

David: Yeah, I guess she didn't watch much of the fourth season. Agnes, how can anyone get so worked up about a two day seminar on hair and make up?

Agnes: I dunno. But I bet she's excited to see all her old friends. And, being in Chicago, her mom and dad will get to see the baby.

David: Yeah, just so she doesn't enjoy basking in the limelight again too much. Then again, I guess we could always make her Miss Blue Moon...Wonder where we can get a deal on a second hand crown?

As he starts towards his office, Agnes reaches over her desk, and grabs his arm.

Agnes: Oh, Mr. Addison!

David (taken aback): Ms. Dipesto. Don't worry. We'll lift one off a prom queen if we have to.

Agnes: No. It's just I think I should tell you...

Cut to DAVID'S OFFICE DOOR

Bert rushes out and hurries over to David and Agnes, taking David by the right arm. Agnes bolts around her desk, taking his left.

Bert (gently tugging his arm): I thought I heard your voice. Mr. Addison, I need to...

Agnes (gently tugging the other arm): We were in the middle of something, Bert.

David: Okay, somebody make a wish here.

Bert: Mr. Addison, I really need to speak to you. Could we go into Ms. Hayes' office?

David (puzzled, nodding towards his office): What is Agnes fumigating in there again?

Bert leads David by the arm into Maddie's office, passing by the office staff. In unison, they look at Bert and David and shake their heads disapprovingly. Agnes gives up and hopelessly watches them walk passed her.

David (turns back to the staff, clapping twice): Listen up, class! There's a substitute teacher today. The test has been postponed, and there's no homework tonight! So, put the books away, and let's start making those paper airplanes!

The staff cheers as David and Bert walk into Maddie's office. As the door closes behind them, we hear the music start to play, "Celebrate Good Times..."

David: Look, Bert, you can't have her office. She'll only be gone a couple of days this time.

Bert: Mr. Addison, sir, I've got unbelievable news! Opportunity knocked, and I was there to answer it.

David: Never open the door to strangers, Bert.

Bert: I've taken it upon myself to reach my beyond my regular duties as your loyal and faithful servant... your right hand man... To reach into that reservoir of skills that you have honed in me...To think outside the box...

David: This is a short story, Bert. Jump into it with both feet.

Bert: I'm sorry, sir. But do you know who is sitting in your office as we speak? Only a reporter for one of the most widely read publications in the nation.

David: A reporter? What's a reporter doing here?

Bert: Well, I'm not exactly sure reporter is the right word. Maybe she said writer... Anyway, she wants to write about Blue Moon.

David: Been cruising the "frat" parties again, Bert? Probably working on

her term paper.

Bert: No. No. I was at the bookstore. We met in the Periodicals section. And, as fate would have it, there she was. Our hands met as we both reached for the last copy of "Files and Scandals on the Rich and Filthy" on the shelf.

David just looks at him and rolls his eyes.

Bert: Research purposes. Anyway, we got to talking, and I told her I'm a detective...

David: And she fell for it? That's the oldest pick up line in the world. I told you to stay away from the coeds, Bert. Too brainy. They think too much.

Bert (not really hearing him): Mr. Addison, you may want to sit down for this next part, because when you hear where she works...

David: I'm braced, Bert. Where?

Bert: Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I'm not actually sure. The conversation was moving pretty fast. But her name is Allison Parker, and I know I'm sure the words "Time" or "Newsweek" were uttered. Or maybe it was "Life." Are they still in business? Anyway, she wants to interview me! Us!

David: Maybe she said "Us", as in "Weekly"... Sounds like love to me. But, unless I missed an episode, aren't you still...

Bert: Look, it's like I told Agnes, this is strictly business. Didn't you hear me, sir? "Time" or "Newsweek!"

David: Bert, it's not that I doubt you, but it's a little hard to believe that any

of those big guns could be so desperate for material. Why us?

Bert: Who cares, sir? The point is, think of the publicity. The national exposure. I'm going to give her the low down on what it's like to be a real detective.

David: And who's going to give it to you?

Bert: I think I've gained enough knowledge during my tenure here to give her an extensive interview on the subject of investigative methods and techniques. I might even be able to regale a true-to-life story as a supplement to the more standard text book material. That is, if it meets with your approval. I mean, seeing as you and Ms. Hayes do run Blue Moon...

David: I gotta tell ya', Bertie. I'm not sure the Blonde would go for this. It's taken a lot of sweat and fancy footwork to create even the illusion of a business here... flimsy as it is. It wouldn't take much digging to blow our cover. Not that she hasn't already had her share of covers, you know. I'm just not sure she's looking that kind of exposure anymore.

Bert looks at him like a wounded puppy.

David (seeing his reaction): All right, listen...

Bert looks hopefully again.

David: I probably got rocks in my head, but seeing as how you don't get many chances to play Private Eye...

Bert: I have your blessing?

David: If you can weave a detective story out of this sorry place, go out there,

and spin a yarn. Spin lots of yarn. But let me warn ya', it might take a lot of balls.

Bert (all smiles): No problem there. Thank you, sir.

He turns to leave Maddie's office.

David: Hey, just one thing ...Don't lay it on too thick, okay, Bert? Nothing I'm going to be sorry for. You get me? 'Cause if you do, it's going to be the Wrath of Blonde for both of us.

Bert nods, but David doesn't look completely convinced as he watches Bert walk out.

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COMMERCIAL  
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ACT II

MADDIE'S HOUSE

We see a close up of the downstairs phone ringing when David rushes into the picture, ready for work, tie loose around his neck.

David (picking up the phone, out of breath): I told you never to call me here. What if my wife answers?

Cut to MADDIE on the other end of the phone.

Maddie: You're still there . . .

David (smiling): Oh, it's you! Things must be picking up there. I've haven't talked to you in almost an hour.

Maddie: I was just thinking some more about this Viola thing. It doesn't make sense. Why would they want to talk to him? To us? It must be some kind of joke.

David: You got me. They were hud-

dled up all day yesterday. She's going to need a neck brace if she cocks her head anymore sideways.

Maddie: We run the agency, David, not Mr. Viola. Why don't you just tell him, "No?"

David: Well, for one thing, it gives him something to do, and for another, it keeps him out of my office. I should have gotten him involved in a project years ago.

Maddie: I just wonder what he's telling her.

David: Like I said, Maddie, I told him to play it cool. Sounds like this is just some kid reporter who's playing Viola's ego like a drum. The worst that could happen is he might get himself engaged, and he'd have some explaining to do to Agnes.

Maddie: Even so, a lot of people read both those magazines. If you're going let him do this, you're going to have stay on him. I mean it, David.

David: I got it under control. But, if it'll make you feel better, I'll see if I can arrange a little chitchat. Now, will you go and enjoy yourself?

Maddie: I'll try.

David: I was about to say, "See you tomorrow night," but I'm sure I'll be talking to you again in an hour or so.

Maddie (smiles): All right. I'll quit worrying. Just be good 'til I get there.

David (smiles): That's not going to be much fun, but I'll try to do it for you. Bye.

He puts down the phone and heads

out the door singing "Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch... I can't help myself..."

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Cut to BLUE MOON OFFICE.

We see a close up of a hand on a phone and then see Agnes raise the receiver to her ear.

**Agnes:**

Blue Moon Investigations.

Read all about it!

It's coming out soon.

We'll soon be in print

But don't look in the cartoons.

The Good. The Bad. The Ugly, too.

The whole story will be there

So, here's hoping you don't sue.

**Agnes:** Oh, hello, Ms. Hayes. No. No lawsuit yet, Ms. Hayes. No, he's not in yet ...Yes, she's in there talking to Bert again. Do you want to leave a message for Mr. Addison? Okay, I'll tell him. Good-bye, Ms. Hayes.

David walks in as she puts the phone down.

**Agnes:** Good Morning, Mr. Addison. Ms. Hayes just called. She's seems a little... anxious today.

**David** (checking his watch): Not even an hour this time. She's extra jumpy today. Must have had a second cup of coffee. So, what'd she say?

**Agnes:** Not much. Just that she's glad we're not being sued, and she wants you to call her.

**David** (shakes his head): Thanks, Agnes.

He heads towards his office.

Cut to INSIDE DAVID'S OFFICE

Bert and Allison are sitting on the couch talking.

**Bert:** This place was nothing but a hole in the wall of the investigative world when we came in and gave it life ...It was that tenacity ...That perseverance ...

**Allison** (interrupting): I've got it! "The Man Behind the Man." What an angle!

**Bert** (uncertain): Well, I don't know if I'd...

Bert and Allison look up as David opens his office door. Agnes hurries up behind David in the doorway.

**Agnes:** I'm sorry, Mr. Addison, I forgot to tell you that your office is being used again.

**Bert:** It's okay, Agnes. I wanted Allison to meet Mr. Addison, anyway.

Bert and Allison both stand to greet David, as Bert does the introductions.

**David:** Nice to meet you.

**Allison:** Mr. Addison, I've been hearing a lot about you.

**David** (looking at Bert suspiciously): Oh, really?

Bert is silent.

**Allison:** I certainly have. Bert has been so great, telling me all about the Blue Moon story. The day to day intrigue and all the thrilling cases he's solved... with your help, of course.

David looks at Bert again. Bert looks away, embarrassed.

**Bert:** Well, this is really a team effort, Allison. No question about that.

**Allison:** Of course. And I've met Ms. Dipesto and the others. This is really an offbeat place.

**David:** I guess that's one way to put it.

**Allison:** Mr. Addison, Bert told me he wasn't here from the very beginning, so I was hoping you might be able to fill in some of the gaps. Would you be willing to sit for an interview?

Bert looks at her as though his nose is a little out of joint.

**David:** Well, sure. Anything I can tell you... But I'm sure Bert here has already told you the best parts. Even better than the things that really happened.

**Allison:** Great. Do you have time right now? Or whenever you can...

**David:** Now's as good a time as any. Have a seat.

Bert sinks down in his seat, dejected, as Allison starts to interview David.

**Allison:** So, how long have you been in business?

**David:** Let's see, as Blue Moon, coming up on six years, I guess. Started out as City of Angels, but we re-named it once Maddie got here.

**Allison:** That's interesting. And how long have you worked here?

**David** (smiles): Forever. At least it seems like it.

Allison laughs as she takes notes. Then there is a knock at the door. Agnes sticks her head in.

**Agnes:** Mr. Addison, it's Ms. Hayes again.

**David:** I'm sorry. I better take this. I

don't like her to get too exercised over long distance.

**Allison** (looking at her watch): That's okay. I really should get going anyway. I've got a class.

As Allison turns her back to gather her things, David gives Bert a questioning look. Bert shrugs.

**Allison:** Could I come back this afternoon so we can continue, Mr. Addison?

**David:** Sure. Stop by anytime.

**Allison:** Thanks. I will.

She starts to leave the office and then turns back almost as an afterthought.

**Allison:** Oh, thanks, Bert. Maybe I'll see you later, too.

**Bert** (dejected): Right.

They both leave David's office as he picks up the phone.

**David** (into his phone): I'm impressed. I didn't think you could hold out this long.

Cut to MADDIE

**Maddie:** We're taking an early flight. We're due in at 7:10 tonight.

**David:** You're what? Aren't you supposed to be in the center ring at the beauty stroll tonight?

**Maddie:** They can get an alternate. We can't afford to get sued.

**David:** Maddie. Nobody's suing anybody. You know Agnes gets her material from "Rhyme-a Word-a-Day-Digest." It was just the luck of the calendar.

**Maddie:** I don't care. I don't like the sound of this whole thing.

**David:** Maddie. Stay in Chicago. (Then mumbling) I can't believe I hear myself saying that ... There's nothing going on here, so why don't you just...

He stops, realizing she's already made up her mind.

**David:** What time's your flight due in again?

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COMMERCIAL

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ACT III

BLUE MOON OFFICE

It is later that same afternoon. The music is playing. Jurgenson and O'Neill are on opposite sides of the office tossing a football back and forth. Everyone else is sitting on top of a desk, snacking, laughing, and enjoying the picnic atmosphere. Bert walks in the office.

**Agnes:** Where have you been?

**Bert:** I had to get away from all this fun for awhile. This is supposed to be a business, you know?

**Agnes:** Bert, you really need to lighten up.

Bert doesn't respond, but looks over to David's closed office door.

**Bert:** Mr. Addison in?

**Agnes:** Yeah. He's in there talking to your friend.

**Bert** (alarmed): You mean Allison? How long has she been in there? And were they playing football when she came in?

**Agnes:** Sure. She caught a pass from Jurgenson. But she just got here, so she missed the toasted marshmallows.

Bert shakes his head and heads for David's door.

**Agnes:** Bert! He said no interruptions. And I think that included you. Anyway, what are you so worried about, that Mr. Addison will come out the hero in your story?

**Bert** (disgusted): No! But, how's this going to look? Football in the office. Toasted marshmallows. And there hasn't been one client walk through that door since she's been here!

**Agnes:** Is that all that's bugging you, Bert? We've gone a lot longer than this without a client walking through that door. You should have been here in the first season...

**Bert:** Nothing's bugging me, Agnes. And anyway, she doesn't need to know about our dry spells. I just thought I might be able to help out in there, just in case Mr. Addison has a different memory of certain events than I do. You know how memories are ...They can play tricks on you.

**Agnes** (laughs at him): Well, I guess you'll find out when the article comes out, won't you?

**Bert:** I guess.

He mopes over to his desk.

Cut to INSIDE DAVID'S OFFICE

Allison sits on the couch, and David sits in the chair as they talk.

**Allison:** So, did you always want to be a detective?

**David** (laughs): Hell, no. I wasn't

really a detective until Maddie started working here. Some days, I still wonder if I am now. But I'll tell ya' something. Maddie doesn't know it, but she was actually my first case.

**Allison:** Really? What do you mean?

**David:** I hadn't been in LA too long. Needed a job, you know? So, I started showing up on every doorstep of every two-bit operation in LA until I wandered into this place. There was this old guy here passing out paychecks to a bunch of "do nothings" with their hands out. I figured I could "do nothing" as good as the next guy, so I talked myself into a job. I'd be a gopher, a paper pusher, anything. The thing was, there was nothing to "go for" and no papers to push.

**Allison:** No cases?

**David:** No cases. No nothing. Back then it was just me and Agnes and a handful of other loafers that have come and gone. Only saw the old guy who hired me on payday. He'd stop by, hand out the checks, and leave. Not a bad gig.

**Allison:** So, what did you mean that Ms. Hayes was your first case?

**David:** I finally figured out that the old guy was just a flunky or something. A front for "Mad Hayes, Inc." So, I started wondering, "What's Mad Hayes, Inc.?" I had a lot of time on my hands, and I was supposed to be a detective, right? So, I decided to chase it down. Problem was, I chased in circles for months ...All the roads to Mad Hayes, Inc. led right back to that same old guy.

**Allison:** So when did you figure it out?

**David (laughs):** About two years later when Maddie showed up in my office ready to fire us all. I told ya', I wasn't much of a detective.

Allison laughs, and continues to take notes.

**Allison:** So, you met when she came in to fire you?

**David:** Yep. That's a whole other story. Seems she was losing money on us hand over fist. And suffice it to say, Maddie did not want to play detective with me. Lucky for me, she finally did.

**Allison:** So, you two starting running a detective agency together when neither one of you had really ever been detectives before?

**David:** Not too smart, huh? But we both needed jobs, so what the hell? But getting her to go along with me on this thing was maybe the one smart thing I've done in my life. So I'm sure not gonna second guess it now.

**Allison:** Something must have clicked because... well, you got married, right?

**David:** Yeah, but that was a lot of years and over sixty scripts later. It didn't exactly click right off the bat, but maybe we wore each other down. Call it "On-The-Job Training."

**Allison (laughing):** Oh, Mr. Addison, this is great stuff.

**David:** Look. As long as we're talking here, let me ask you something flat out. What kind of thing you got in mind here? I mean, we don't usually have people banging on our door to get "The Real Blue

Moon Story." You interested in PI work or something?

**Allison:** Honestly? No. But, I'm always looking for good stories, and when I met Bert, he seemed tell a good story. You know, "The Mind and Work of a Detective"?

**David:** Tell ya' the truth, you might need a real talent with the quill to draw any crime stories out of this joint, Bert's tall tales not withstanding...

**Allison (checking her notepad):** But all those cases! Imagine ...chasing a murderer in an airplane, posing as a mental patient to trap a sexual harasser ...and then actually solving the "perfect crime" single handedly. I don't know how he did it all.

**David:** I take it you don't watch much TV.

**Allison:** Excuse me?

**David:** Nothing. I'll admit he does have a flair for the dramatic. Don't get me wrong, there's some meat in there. It's just that sometimes Bert likes to add a little extra gravy.

**Allison:** Mr. Addison, are you saying that Bert might have exaggerated a little for my benefit?

**David:** Look, Bert's a good guy. He might even be a pretty fair detective, given his own show and some good writers. It's just that, like you said, his real talent is story telling.

**Allison (smiling):** To tell you the truth, Mr. Addison, I'm not too worried about that because I think I've found a better slant for the story anyway. I mean, this whole

place is such a hoot! The receptionist talks in rhymes ...You have picnics and football in the office.

**David:** It's different, I'll give you that. But I'm going to be straight with you here. Maddie's a little skittish that our offbeat style and Bert's legendary heroics might not read like such a hoot to potential clients.

**Allison:** What are you getting at, Mr. Addison?

**David:** Nothing. It's just that you'd be doing me a favor if you could just tone Bert down a notch in print. Maybe use less exclamation points or something...

**Allison:** Oh, I get it. She's got a business to run.

**David:** You got it.

**Allison:** Mr. Addison, I don't mean to get too personal here, but what's her story? How'd she end up running a detective agency of all things? She was model, right?

**David:** Like I said, that's another story.

**Allison:** Well, I'd love to hear it sometime.

**David** (looking her straight on): Listen, I think you're on the up and up. Now, I can't promise anything, but give me a day or two, and maybe I can get her to tell you about that herself. Let me see what I can finagle.

**Allison:** That'd be great. Bert has my number. I guess I better run. Thanks for everything.

**David** (smiles): Okay. See ya'.

Allison leaves David's office walks by Agnes out the Blue Moon door. David sits back down at his desk for a few seconds. Suddenly, he rushes towards his door, but realizes he is too late to catch her.

**David** (mumbling): I gotta ask her which subscription we should renew . . .

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Cut to THE BEAMER

It is night. David is driving. Maddie occasionally glances back at the baby as they drive.

Maddie: Great. So, now she's won you over and you want me to talk to her.

David: Will you just hear me out? Something about this just doesn't add up. She's just not slick enough to be a big time reporter. And I don't think she's out to do a hatchet job on us. Just talk to her, and you'll see what I mean.

Maddie (lets out a deep breath): Why should I?

David: Because you'll feel better if you do. And it'll help me figure out if I'm reading this thing right. And because we might just be able to do an end-run around Viola and steer this baby home.

Maddie (shaking her head): I don't know if it's the jet lag or what, but for the life of me, I can't think of a good argument for you right now.

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ACT IV

The next morning, Allison is seated across from Maddie's desk with pen and paper in hand, and David beside her. Maddie is behind the desk. They are in mid-conversation.

Allison: So, what was your first case? I mean, once you went into business together?

Maddie (to David): Wasn't it that one you stole? I didn't find that out until years later.

David: Not stole exactly. I was just in the right place at the right time on that one.

Maddie (smiling): I just remember that it was my first experience as a detective and he told me I didn't have the right look. Couldn't pull it off, he said. Doesn't exactly build confidence...

David (smiling also): Maddie, you didn't exactly fit it in with those low lifes. But you pulled it off pretty good. We managed to find a contract killer without getting anybody killed, so we thought maybe we weren't half-bad at this.

Allison: So, things picked up after that?

Maddie (looking at David): I wouldn't exactly say that. That first year was pretty difficult, wasn't it?

David: Yep. But it had its moments.

Maddie: He'd give me pep talks every day about everything from entrepreneurial zeal to Kleenex to keep me from closing the place down. I didn't know what I'd gotten myself into. And we didn't exactly have same business philosophy...

Allison: But was there some defining moment when you made the decision to commit to the business rather than close down?

Maddie (sighs, looking at David again): I don't know if it was one moment. But it was probably sometime after he followed me to Buenos Aires and convinced me to get on with things.

Allison: You went to Buenos Aires on a case?

Maddie: No. Not exactly. We hadn't been in very business long. And I went down there to try to get back a great deal of money that had been stolen from me... But David was right. It was time to move on.

David: I just didn't think it was doing her any good to hang on to that dream. It was gone. Let it go.

Allison: So, you came back and finally started getting some cases.

David: They started to straggle in. Probably every nutball case in LA. But we took a lot of 'em, argued over all of 'em, and even solved a few.

Maddie: More than a few, as I remember.

Allison: Any memorable ones come to mind? Either of you?

David: The first thing we had to do is come to some meeting of the minds. Being detectives was the easy part. But we nearly killed each other in the process.

Allison: How long did it take you to get on the same page?

Maddie: We'll let you know as soon as it happens.

David: There were a few landmark cases in the early days. Like the Everett case, for one.

Allison: What made that case significant for you?

Maddie: It had some very serious issues involved. Euthanasia, for one.

David: That, and she kissed me in the parking garage. First time!

Allison smiles big. Maddie cringes.

Maddie: David! And I did not. He kissed me.

David: Now, let's not start that again.

Maddie: David, I think Allison is interested in how we built the business up. Tell her about the Graydon case.

David: Graydon?

Maddie: There was a great deal of money at stake for us, but it also involved a possible kidnapping. We hadn't been in business together very long...

David: Oh, yeah! The limbo case! I stood to get a three grand bonus in that deal.

Allison: The limbo case?

Maddie (rolling her eyes): The limbo thing was a little aside. And I won that bet, if you remember...

David: Talk about coming to a meeting of the minds. Maddie decided that I wasn't mature enough for her. I mean, as a business partner. The kids here in the office used to like to limbo, you know, just for fun...

Maddie: David, I meant tell her about the case...

David: I never understood the case anyway. But after that, we usually tried to meet each other half way. And now, some of us even limbo on special occasions, right Maddie?

Maddie now seems resigned to let the interview stray off the path she had in mind.

Maddie (smiles): Right.

Allison (taking notes furiously): So, what was your favorite case? Ms. Hayes?

Maddie: I'm not sure I have a favorite. But I remember one that we stumbled onto accidentally that turned out to be a godsend. It was the first time I met David's brother. You want to tell it?

David (smiles): Yeah. He starts waving this "found" money around. The guy who "found" the money first was a little tense about losing track of it. The cops were a little tense about losing track of him. We spread a little of his wealth around at the mall one day. The guy turned himself in...

Maddie: And the reward money gave us a little reprieve, which we really needed at the time. I also think David and his brother came away with a better appreciation for each other.

David: 'Til then, Maddie was spending her time appreciating him.

Maddie: That's not true.

David (teasing): It sure is. He was starting to look pretty good to her, until she figured out all that moola he was throwing around wasn't his.

Maddie (smiles): I might have turned my head for a half a minute. That's all.

And I didn't know you noticed.

Allison (putting her pen down): I don't mean to get too personal here, but when did it start to happen for you two?

Maddie and David just look at each other.

David (smiling): You want to field that one?

Maddie: Well, I'd say it was a gradual thing. Don't you think?

David: Not for me, it wasn't. I just didn't think I had a chance.

Allison: So, when did you think you might?

David: Hard to say. But my first inkling might have been when she showed up out of the blue when I went to New York.

Maddie smiles, looking a little embarrassed.

Allison: What was that about? Were you on a case?

David: No, I went back for a funeral. By myself, you know? And I come back to the hotel room one night and there she is. She just showed up.

Allison: That's so sweet.

Maddie: Impulsive. That's for sure. We'd had a pretty heated discussion that morning over a business matter.

David: I'll say it was heated. You could've fried an egg on her forehead!

Maddie: Then he got a call and had to leave before we straightened it out. I guess I just felt bad for him.

Allison: So, things started to change

after that?

Maddie: Not right after. But we probably came back with a different perspective.

David: What she means is, things had been simmering for awhile. Maybe they just started to bubble a little after that.

Allison (looking at both of them looking at each other): So, I guess we should get back to the business. Mr. Addison, I haven't asked you what your favorite case was.

David: I wouldn't call this a favorite, but I will tell you one I'll never forget because Maddie cracked it. No doubt about it. Brought me down a peg or two.

Allison: I'd love to hear about it.

Maddie: Me, too.

David: One time an old friend of mine came in here claiming she'd lost something, some jewelry, I think. She wanted Maddie to find it. Except she wasn't exactly on the up and up.

Maddie smiles as she immediately remembers the case he's re-telling.

Maddie: A very good friend of his, evidently. And I'll admit, it didn't sit very well with me almost from the start.

David: That's putting it mildly. You didn't like her from the word go, did you?

Maddie: It all just seemed a little too convenient. She shows up. A day or two later, her husband is dead. It was just hard to believe someone like that could be capable

of murder.

Allison: A murder case? Wow! That must have difficult for you, Mr. Addison, seeing a friend involved in a murder case.

David: Yeah. But it was worth the price of admission to see her jealous.

Maddie: I told you, I wasn't jealous.

David: Don't be so modest, Maddie. You had it figured right off. And if you didn't have your antenna up over the whole thing, she would've gotten away scott free.

Maddie: You just weren't seeing things clearly. And I wasn't ... Anyway, go on, Allison. I'm sorry we seem to keep getting off topic like this.

Allison (as she takes notes): Don't worry. You're giving me plenty. Now, just a little more background info. Did you two date a long time before you got married? I mean, did you spend a lot of time together outside of the office? Besides going to Buenos Aires and New York, of course...

Maddie (to David): Did we ever go out on a date?

David (to Allison): Not according to her we didn't. We tried a few times. Just never worked out too well.

Maddie: We did go out to dinner the first time you met my parents.

David: Because your dad invited me. How 'bout that time you first met Richie?

Maddie: That was only because

you were trying to impress him. But we did go to your dad's wedding together.

David: Yeah. That one might count.

Maddie: Then there was the engagement party.

David: Another disaster. How 'bout the Laundromat?

Maddie (smiles): Now, that was a date...

Allison watches them in amazement. Her head moves back and forth, looking at him, then her, as they banter effortlessly like a tennis match.

Allison: How do you guys do that?

Maddie: Do what?

David: Years of practice.

Allison: Okay then, moving right along. Back to the business... How is it having both a personal and a business relationship? I mean, like when you go out on cases.

David: Maddie probably worries about that more than I do.

Maddie: I've always thought it's better to keep the two separate as much as possible.

Allison: So, you've never let it interfere with the business?

David and Maddie just look at each other and smile.

David: That's up for debate.

Allison: I guess now that you're married, it's even harder.

Maddie: I don't know. I think it might even be a little easier now

than it used to be.

Allison: Why is that?

Maddie: Probably because we've finally learned how to maintain a balance.

David: And because she didn't want anyone to know we had more than a nodding acquaintance back then.

Maddie: It wasn't that exactly.

David: It was that exactly.

Allison: So, what made you finally decide to let it all out?

Maddie: I don't think it was anything we really decided.

David: But it got pretty hard to hide while she was pregnant.

Maddie (looks at him, embarrassed): David!

Allison: I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked that. We seem to keep veering off topic. I'll try to watch that.

David: We've been having that problem for years. It's okay.

Maddie: It really is. Go on, Allison.

Allison: Last few questions. Can either of you think of a case where it really started to click? One where you turned a corner somehow and there was no going back?

David (looking at Maddie): A couple come to mind.

Maddie (looking back at him): One or two do stand out.

David: The first one was probably...

Maddie and David (together): The McClafferty Case.

Allison: That's amazing. You said that right at the same time!

David: You think that's something, you ought to stick around and eavesdrop with the rest of 'em out there. You'd get an earful.

Allison (laughs): So, that's the first one where you really knew you could make the business go?

David: No, I think we kinda got our footing under us awhile before that.

Maddie: We were actually doing fairly well by then.

Allison: So, what was it about that one?

Maddie (carefully): I think we both just felt a real connection to that one somehow. Wouldn't you agree, David?

David: Big connection.

Allison waits for more, but there is an awkward silence for a few seconds.

Allison: Ok! So...Were there any others?

Maddie: Then right after that there was...

Maddie and David (together again): The Kendall Case.

Maddie: A completely different set of circumstances there...

David: But I think we both kinda took that one to heart, too.

Maddie: Yes. We did.

Allison: So, what were they about? Were they tough to crack?

David and Maddie just look at each

other before either of them answers. Allison notices both their voices change in tone, as they look at each other and choose their words more carefully.

David: We probably shouldn't get into too many of the particulars.

Maddie: David's right. Client confidentiality. These are very personal issues.

Allison: I promise to change the names to protect the innocent.

David: Let's just say, some of it hit close to home...

Maddie: There were a lot of parallels...

David: We were into some new territory...

Maddie: It was very complicated...

Allison looks at each of them, hoping one of them will elaborate.

David: Like you said, I think we just felt we turned a corner there.

Maddie: There was no going back.

Allison shifts uncomfortably, then tries to lighten the mood.

Allison: But it worked out, right?

Maddie (eyeing David): And it worked out.

David (eyeing Maddie): Right.

Allison: Well, Ms. Hayes, Mr. Addison, I think I've taken up enough of your time. I can't thank you enough. You've all been just great. I'll make sure you get a copy of the story when it's done.

David closes Maddie's office door

behind her as she leaves, and turns back to Maddie.

Maddie: Hey, we kind of got off track a few times there. And I think we might have left a few details out of that last answer.

David: So, she got the condensed version. Besides it did work out, didn't it?

Maddie: Eventually. We just skipped a few plot twists.

David: Good. We didn't need a lot of those plot twists anyway.

Maddie (smiles): Maybe. I just wonder if it will leave holes in the article.

David (bells go off): Damn! The article! We still don't know what subscription to renew!

Maddie just chuckles as the scene ends.

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COMMERCIAL

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EPILOGUE

DAVID'S OFFICE

David is sitting at his desk when Maddie walks in.

Maddie: Look what came in the mail?

David: Looks like a magazine. Is it...?

Maddie: Sure is, with a note from Allison.

Maddie reads:

Not sure how it happened – I set

out to write a detective story, but thanks to you two, somehow it ended up as a romance!

Allison

Maddie tosses the magazine on David's desk and he looks down at the magazine cover reading "News of Our Life and Times."

David: What happened to "Time" or "Newsweek?" I would've even settled for "Life," if it's still around...

Maddie: It seems that this is a college publication. We made the "Off Campus Romance" section. By the way, she added a P.S.

P.S. The version I wrote for my Intro. To Screen Writing class got an A-. Professor's comment – Interesting premise. With right casting, might even find an audience.

David: I guess nobody watches TV anymore...

Maddie: Well, at least we can't lose too much business on an article nobody reads.

David: Where's Viola?

Maddie: He's going to be crushed. She called him Herbert Quintola.

David heads for his door.

Maddie: David!

David: I'll be right back. I just want to show Mr. Quintola what can happen when you open doors for strangers.

Maddie: So, are you going to read the story?

David: We could put it in the trash heap. And Bert can take my turn stacking it.

Maddie (clutches the magazine): Absolutely not. I love a good romance.

David (stops at the door and winks back at her): Just wait 'til tonight... Besides, I think you already know how this one ends.

She smiles back mischievously as he walks out of the office.

David: BERT!!!

Freeze frame on him heading out the door as the

EPISODE ENDS

The Cybill portraits from Tanya

