

DAVID AND MADDIE'S REUNION

By Ella Marsay

This is a continuation of the story that began in the Winter 2004 issue of *Moonlighting Strangers*.

ADDISON HOUSE: LATE NIGHT

FADE IN

Probably three or four in the morning. Weary eyed, Maddie, David and Ritchie trudge through the front door in the middle of conversation.

Ritchie: I can't understand how trouble finds me all the time.

David: Easy target.

Ritchie: But this time everything really was legit. Totally. Completely.

David: At least on your part.

Ritchie: ...No easy money schemes. No short cuts, no kick backs.

Maddie: Are you sure you had no clue that Al was cooking the book? I mean, there was a lot of money in that safe.

Ritchie: I swear, Sis. Come on, you guys got to believe me.

Maddie: Of course we believe you, Ritchie, but it's not us who you have to convince.

David: The police have you pegged as their prime suspect.

Ritchie: I know it looks bad. A guy sprawled out in front of an open safe, clutching the key, a gash on his head.

David: Yeah, that gash on his head. We've got to find the murder weapon.

Ritchie: Well, I'll leave that to the professionals. (Ritchie gets up and heads for the kitchen) Got any food, Sis?

Maddie: (Calling after him) Leftovers in the fridge.

Alex: (O.C.) Uncle Ritchie!

Alex, clad in a Lakers jersey and PJ bottoms, runs into the living room and gives him a hug.

Ritchie: Hey peanut! How's my girl?

Alex: Great, now that you made bail!

Ritchie: Don't I always?

Maddie: Say your hellos and good-byes. You have school tomorrow.

Alex: I'll take a nap in Bio. (To Ritchie) What happened? Are you going to be on the news again?

Ritchie: How about, we talk about it upstairs. I'll tell you a bedtime story about the drunk bum Uncle Ritchie was booked with tonight.

Alex: Deal.

Their voices trail off as they head up the stairs.

Alex: So who do they think you killed now...?

Maddie and David sit in the living room. It's dark. They're quiet, tired, the epic battle from earlier still very much on their minds.

Maddie: So....

David: So....

Maddie: So, how do you think we should handle this?

David: Handle what?

Maddie: What do you mean "what?" I mean Ritchie. The investigation.

David: (Bitterly amused) You mean you are going to work with me on this?

Maddie: David, of course. Ritchie is family. I want to help him any way I can.

David: Wow, that's pretty big of you.

She looks at him, a bit stung.

David: (Hands up, offering truce) I'm sorry. It's late.

Maddie: (A pause. Accepting the truce) Look, just let me get a few hours sleep. My schedule is pretty clear tomorrow anyway except for that reception tomorrow night. Other than that...

David: Sure...

Uncomfortable silence. We get the impression that either one of them could launch in to a ten page monologue if they had the guts.

Maddie: (Just to say anything) Hey, did you get dinner? We have tons of food...

David: That's okay, I'm not really hungry. (Seeing a way out) You know what? I am going to head back to the office and see if I can't get a jump start on this whole thing. Maybe snag a nap and shower. I'll meet you there in the morning.

Maddie: (Hiding disappointment) Yeah, good idea.

David: I'm just going to run upstairs and say good night to Alex...Good morning.

Maddie: Sure.

David: (He smiles) Get some sleep.

She nods and watches him head upstairs.

ALEX'S ROOM

Ritchie is perched on the side of Alex's bed.

Alex: So did they cuff you this time?

Ritchie: Naw, they know me. No need. I'm as gentle as a pussycat. Couldn't hurt a fly. Which is more than I can say for you. Heard you got tossed from your basketball game for laying some girl out.

Alex: Oh, you heard about that, huh?

Ritchie: Your Dad told me.

Alex: Figures. I hope I didn't disappoint him.

Ritchie: Nah. He hopes he hasn't disappointed you. They both do.

Alex looks up at him. They both know what they are really talking about.

Ritchie: They love you a lot, ya know?

Alex: I know. But loving ME isn't really the issue.

Ritchie: (Puts a stray hair behind her ear) You're really worried about them, aren't you?

She shrugs.

Ritchie: Well, let me tell you something, kid. For them, this is repeat history.

Alex: On whose watch?

Ritchie: Look, I have known your parents a long time. Trust me. This will all work out.

Alex: I really want to believe that.

Ritchie: Kiddo, don't you worry. Uncle Ritchie is never wrong.

Off her look...Fade out

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#### CAR: DAY

#### FADE IN

Maddie and David ride along in their newer model BMW. David is driving. They are a little more at ease since we last saw them probably because they have something other than themselves to talk about.

**Maddie:** Well, it is three in the afternoon and I am completely worn out. If it wasn't for all that coffee I drank at the police station, I would be asleep by now.

**David:** (No malice) Well, it's been a while. You've probably lost your tolerance for this kind of stuff.

**Maddie:** Even if I was a little rusty, I could still tell you that that crime scene was absolutely clean. No murder weapon. No finger prints, nothing. It's a big dead end.

**David:** Now, now. You know as well as I do that the cleanest of murder scenes hide the most gruesome of crimes.

**Maddie:** True. But we still should have found something. We turned that nightclub upside down, not to mention Al's car and penthouse. And nothing. I forgot how frustrating this job can be.

**David:** I say it was a day well spent. I think we actually accomplished quite a lot.

**Maddie:** (Amused) Oh yeah, like what?

**David:** Well, I know I can have exactly three and one third cups of coffee before I have to use the bathroom. (Off Maddie's look.) What? That's something I didn't know about myself this morning. Bert says, "A good job is one where you learn something new every day."

**Maddie:** (Smiling) Well, if Bert says it...

**David:** ...And I'm repeating it, then we really didn't accomplish anything today.

They laugh. A little less tense.

**Maddie:** You know David, despite bad luck on this case, I had a lot of fun today. You and me in the field. Seems like old times.

**David:** (A smile) I had fun too. (A VERY hesitant minute) Look, you aren't too tired to go out and get some dinner, are you? Nothing fancy. Maybe some hot dogs, a little ice cream...

**Maddie:** (Hates to say this) David, I have that reception for the magazine tonight.

**David:** (His good nature hits a brick wall. Smoldering) A party, huh? Funny, I don't remember getting an invitation.

**Maddie:** I didn't think you'd want to go.

**David:** It's a cocktail party, right? I've been known to enjoy a cocktail or two in my day.

**Maddie:** Well, come with me then. I am the guest of honor.

**David:** The guest of honor, huh? And what will I be? The lucky loser that tags along?

**Maddie:** (Annoyed) Since when does David Addison have an inferiority complex?

**David:** I don't feel inferior. You're the one who thinks I'm inferior.

**Maddie:** Now you sound paranoid...

**David:** I suppose that Ben guy will be there.

**Maddie:** Actually no. He left me a message that he feels like he is coming down with something.

**David:** Worn out, huh? I bet. It's hard work moving in on my wife.

**Maddie:** He's not like that, David! You don't even know him.

**David:** And that's a good thing. (He waves his fist)

**Maddie:** And you wonder where your daughter gets it...

Maddie's cell phone rings.

**David:** Maybe Ben feels better.

She pulls it out of her purse. Looks at the caller ID.

**Maddie:** It's Alex's school. Now what? (She answers) Hello? ...Yes, Sister... No...Sure okay...Yes, we could be available. Before practice today? ...Right now, then. Okay. See

you soon.

**David:** What's the matter? She burn the school down?

**Maddie:** I don't know but whatever it is, it's not good. Sister Josephine sounded very concerned.

**David:** What do you mean? Like Poor-Sweet-Alexandra concerned. Or The-Demon-Spawn-Must-Rot-In-Hell concerned?

**Maddie:** Like we-are-in-just-as-much-trouble-as-she-is-concerned. I hate this. Sister Josephine makes me nervous. I feel like I always say the wrong thing around her. Like it's my fault I wasn't born Catholic.

**David:** Good thing you married well. Off Maddie's look. Cut to.

#### PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE: DAY

A stuffy principal's office in a catholic school. Maddie and David sit across from Sister Josephine, a stern looking nun in full garb. They look like they are the ones who are in deep trouble.

**Sister:** I want to thank you both for coming. I'm sorry for the short notice, but I felt this situation had reached a point where intervention would be the next logical step.

**Maddie:** What is it you want to talk with us about, Sister?

**Sister:** Let me begin by saying that you have always been one of my favorite families. You seem to be very supportive of Alexandra, and of course your involvement with the basketball team has always been

appreciated.

**Maddie:** But...

**Sister:** Well, recently it has come to our attention that Alex may be having some...well... problems. We were hoping you could shed some light on that.

**Maddie:** We'll certainly try.

**Sister:** How is she with you two at home? I mean, her behavior and attitude. Have you noticed any changes?

**Maddie:** No, not that I've seen. David?

**David:** (Shaking his head) No.

**Sister:** Could there be issues within the family? Maybe her home life is a little...chaotic?

**David:** It's always been a little chaotic. We're chaotic people.

**Sister:** (Sensing she touched a nerve. And then) Mr. and Mrs. Addison, I know that what goes on in your home is really no one's business but your own, and I do respect your privacy. But it does become my business when one of my students is being adversely affected by their family... situations...shall we say?

**Maddie:** (Realizing. Nervously polite.) Oh, you mean her uncle! Sister, this happens to him all the time. The charges should be dropped in a few days. He wasn't even the one making the book. It was his partner, you know, the one that was murdered who was running the gambling ring.

**David:** (Sotto) Maddie, this ain't confession. (He takes her hand. The perfect parents.) Sister Josephine, Maddie and I appreciate your concern. And maybe we have been a little... preoccupied, but we didn't

think Alexandra...

**Maddie:** IS Alex okay, Sister Josephine?

**Sister:** That's what we wanted to ask you. I'd like to think I know Alex quite well, as I am, shall we say, "in contact" with her often. I have always been impressed with her. She's kind and sweet and although she can be rambunctious at times, she never lets her scholastic performance suffer.

**David:** She gets a lot of studying done in detention.

**Sister:** Well, that may have been true in the past. (She passes a folder to them) But as you can see, we have reason to doubt that now. In just a six week span, Alex's GPA has dropped from an A- to a D.

**Maddie:** (Looking the folder over.) I can't believe this. This is terrible. David, look at this.

(Hands him the folder)

**Sister:** I have to say that I have been a principal for a long time, and in my experience suffering academics is usually just a symptom of a greater illness. There is almost always a deeper problem.

**Maddie:** Well, I can't imagine what that could be. We know our daughter and, believe me, she's not one to hold back if something is bothering her.

**David:** Maybe she is just over committed. She's in the choir and she plays softball and now she's on the basketball team...

**Sister:** And that reminds me. There is the matter of the basketball team.

**David:** What do you mean?

**Sister:** Deacon Thomas has also informed me that Alexandra is failing Arithmetic.

**David:** (A sigh) Oh no.

**Maddie:** Did you say failing?

**Sister:** And as such, she is not eligible to participate in extracurricular activities.

**Maddie:** (A moment to take all this in) I can't believe this is happening. Alex isn't the type to be so...self destructive...

**David:** (David, the consummate coach) When you say "extracurricular activities..."

**Sister:** I am sorry, Mr. Addison. Believe me, I am a sports fan and we all know how great an athlete Alexandra is, and what she means to the team...

**David:** Sister, we have the playoffs coming up. I am sure Alex will pick up her grades...

**Sister:** Mr. Addison, surely you don't want me to break the rules just because she is the coach's daughter?

**David:** What's it worth to ya?

Off everyone's look we cut to...

ADDISON KITCHEN: LATE AFTERNOON

Alex is on the phone with Libby. She is wearing an apron that says "Cooks do it in the kitchen" covered in sauce.

Intercut.

**Libby:** I can't believe you are doing all this. Throwing midterms. Blowing off class. You are in such deep trouble.

**Alex:** We can only hope. As we speak, my parents are in the same room, and do you want to know why?

**Libby:** To plan your funeral?

**Alex:** Because I am a genius. Right now, Sister Mustache is lamenting of my erroneous ways, lecturing Maddie and David on their parental shortcomings. Soon they will leave her office wracked with guilt and an overwhelming urge to say an Act of Contrition. They will then arrive here, engage me in meaningful conversation where we all will reconcile. We'll dine and we'll all live happily ever after.

**Libby:** Happily ever after? Have you ever seen the show?

**Alex:** Oooh, I hear the car. Gotta go.

David and Maddie come through the front door. Not happy

**Maddie:** Alexandra, are you here?

She appears in the foyer.

**Alex:** You called me Alexandra, I'm not sure I want to be.

**Maddie:** (Re: Alex's apron) Tell me that's not blood.

**Alex:** Sauce.

**Maddie:** Either way it stains. Wipe it off. (And then) What are you doing anyway?

**Alex:** Homework.

**David:** For the first time in weeks apparently.

**Alex:** (Taking this in) What's up? Why the parental faces?

**David:** We just got back from Sister Josephine's office.

**Alex:** What'd ya do?

**Maddie:** (Annoyed) Living room, now.

**Alex:** Ooo, family meeting. How very Brady.

They take a seat. Maddie and David on one couch, Alex across from them on the other. Interrogation time. Like Maddie and David want to play Detectives...The Home Game.

**Maddie:** (Strained calm) So...

**Alex:** So...what?

**Maddie:** So, how's school going?

**Alex:** Fine.

**Maddie:** Fine, huh?

**Alex:** (Her father's smirk) What, you want an essay?

**David:** How are the grades?

**Alex:** (She eyeballs her parents.) Okay, let's cut to the chase. What did the hag say?

**Maddie:** Your GPA has dropped from an A- to a D.

**Alex:** It's more like a really low C-.

**David:** And you are failing Math.

**Alex:** Ah, yes. But that is augmented by the B in Health.

**David:** You can use the word "augmented" in a sentence but you only have a D in English?

**Maddie:** What's going on with you!

**Alex:** Nothing is going on with me, Mom. I don't know. I've just been busy.

**Maddie:** Busy goofing off.

**Alex:** (Looking for an ally) Dad...

**David:** Don't look at me. I am just as peeved as your Mom. I'm out a point guard for the playoffs.

**Alex:** (Panic) What?

**David:** You know the rules. You gotta pass to play.

**Alex:** You have to fail the whole semester, not just a few tests. I looked in to that.

**David:** That's not what Sister said.

**Alex:** That woman is crazy.

**Maddie:** Can you two forget the sports for a second? What about these grades? What about getting into college?

**Alex:** Mom, I'm only in eighth grade. I'll bring them up.

**Maddie:** Honey, it's not so much about the grades. It's you. We're worried about you. Is there something you want to talk with us about? Are you having a hard time at school?

**Alex:** No...no.

**Maddie:** Are the classes too hard? Do you not like the teachers?

**Alex:** Mom, no. I like school. Really.

**Maddie:** Maybe we should make an appointment with your guidance counselor...

**Alex:** Mom, stop. It's nothing like that.

It's quiet for a moment. David has been watching Alex closely this entire exchange. Taking a more sensitive tact, he very lovingly takes her hand.

**David:** Look, Sweetheart. I know your Mom and I have been preoccupied lately and we haven't really checked in with you as much as we

wanted to. But we're here now, and if you have a problem we want to help you fix it.

Holding her Dad's hand, she regards them a moment. Both of them together, completely focused on her. It suddenly hits her. This is her big chance.

**Alex:** You want to help me fix it, huh? You can't even fix yourselves!

**Maddie:** Honey, what are you talking about?

**Alex:** (Standing up. Here it goes.) It's too quiet around here! (And then) For months there hasn't been a single screaming match between the two of you. No door slamming, no throwing things. Nothing! I can't take all this tranquility!

**Maddie:** Alex...I don't understand...

**Alex:** When was the last time you guys were in a room together because you wanted to be? Dad, you are always at the office or the club, and Mom, you're off at your magazine. We never have dinner together. We never do things anymore.

**Maddie:** So, you are saying you want us to spend more time with you.

**Alex:** You people are detectives, right? Figure it out! I don't want you to spend more time with me. I want you to spend more time with each other!

Maddie and David look at each other. Guilty as charged.

**Alex:** Look, I don't know exactly why you are angry at each other, but you can't just not talk about it! You guys are like two big babies moping around. Mom, you're miserable. When you are here, all you do is cook. And if it weren't

for Dad's extra practices he holds because he's miserable too, I would have gained twenty pounds by now.

**David:** Alex...

**Alex:** (Starting to cry) I'm not finished! You two keep telling me how much you love me. And I know that. I have always known that. That's why I did all this. (A pause) I'm not having problems at school. I messed up my grades on purpose. It was the only way I knew to get you in the same room together. I didn't know what else to do! I don't want you to get divorced. I just wish you would both quit acting so stupid and get over yourselves already! You two love each other, and if you truly loved me you would try as hard as you can to work things out.

She storms out in tears. Up the stairs and into her room with a slam of the door. Maddie and David dumbfounded.

**David:** Well, she told us, didn't she?

**Maddie:** I should go talk to her.

**David:** Leave her alone a minute.

**Maddie:** I want to see if she is okay.

**David:** Wait. (Takes her hand and pulls her back down). I think you and I are the ones that need to talk.

Maddie smiles, relishing his hand in hers. They sit together for a long moment. She looks down, catching a glimpse at his watch.

**Maddie:** Oh my God, is it really past four! I'm going to be late.

She gets up.

**David:** You can't be serious. You've got a family crisis here!

**Maddie:** I know, and I hate that I have

to leave like this but I don't have a choice.

**David:** (Getting up, following her) You have a choice! You have a huge choice...

**Maddie:** You could choose to go with me.

**David:** You're unbelievable, you know that?

**Maddie:** Why? Because I won't let you bully me to do things your way?

**David:** Bully you?

**Maddie:** I wanted to talk last night at the office, but you couldn't be bothered then. But now that you have a minute, the whole world has to stop...

**David:** Were you just here for the past half hour? Your daughter needs you...

**Maddie:** I heard every word!

**David:** Well then...

**Maddie:** ...And what I heard her say is that her problems won't go away unless we solve ours.

The phone rings. David looks at the caller ID.

**David:** (Bitterly) It's Ben. Your date for the evening, I presume.

He holds the phone out to her as if it were a challenge. It rings again...and again...They look at each other...

**Maddie:** (Simply) I should take the call, David.

They stare at each other a long moment. A war of the wills. Finally, he pushes the "answer" button and hands it to her.

**David:** Tell Alex I went to pick up dinner. Have a good time at your party.

He leaves with a slam of the door. Maddie watches him go, clutching the phone in her hand.

Fade out

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LATE NIGHT: ECLIPSE

A jumping night club. Loud music, free flowing booze, good looking people. David is at the bar and obviously in his element. He is dressed to please. Black T shirt and jeans, towel slung over his shoulder, coyly smoking a cigarette. He is surrounded by about ten women all hanging on his every word.

He is laughing and cavorting when over a blonde's shoulder he sees Maddie making her way through the sea of people. He excuses himself from the group and meets her at the edge of the bar.

David: (Cautiously friendly) You're smart to come to this end of the bar. The service is much faster here.

Maddie: The air is clearer, too. (She takes the cigarette from his hand and stubs it out in the ashtray. From her pocketbook she hands him a piece of gum.) I didn't think you were working tonight.

David: Yeah well, one of Ritchie's bartenders called in sick at the last minute. Alex went to stay the night with Libby... didn't have anything else to do. So here I am.

Maddie: Here you are. (She looks down the bar) Among friends it looks like.

David looks behind him to see the group of girls watching their exchange. He smiles.

David: So, what about you?

Maddie: What about me, what?

Hot Girl: Hey David, thanks a lot!

On her way out, a pretty girl leans over the bar and gives him a kiss on the cheek leaving a red lipstick mark.

David: Hey honey, see you next week. (Off Maddie's unsettled look.) Look, how about we head upstairs to Ritchie's office? It's quieter up there and we can talk. That is, if you want to.

Maddie: Sure.

We watch them disappear behind the bar and up the stairs.

RITCHIE'S OFFICE: LATE NIGHT

They walk through the door revealing a bachelor's pad dream. Decorated to the nines. Pool Table, big screen TV, stereo, aquarium and a big huge beautiful brass bed in the back bedroom.

Maddie: Oh my goodness! David, this is gorgeous. Al's office was just an office but this is like a penthouse.

David: Well, you know Ritchie, pretending to have class is as close as he gets to actually having it.

Maddie: (Wandering around) Wow! You could live up here.

David: (Pointedly) Some of us have been.

A Long Silence. David goes behind the bar and pours himself a drink.

David: So...

Maddie: So...

David: What are you doing here? I mean, I'm surprised you're here. I know you had some big plans tonight.

Maddie: Not that big... More busi-

ness than pleasure. Wasn't much fun really... I missed you.

David: You did, huh?

Maddie: Yeah. (And then) I went home and your car wasn't there, so I thought I'd try here. I hope you don't mind.

No answer. Maddie takes her coat off and we notice she is dressed to kill. Short red dress, hair swept up. She perches herself on the arm of the couch, letting the slit of her skirt rise up her leg.

David: (Watching her) You look great.

Maddie: Thanks.

David: You still have the gift of gams. I always loved you in short skirts.

Maddie: Not that I mind the compliment, but I don't think either one of us wants to discuss my fashion sense.

She means business and we can tell David wants to also. He takes a deep breath, summons his game face...

David: Maddie, I...

Maddie: (This hurts) David, the other night when you said... you wanted to see a lawyer...I think I've been in a state of shock ever since. I never thought that you and I...that it would come down to that. I mean...divorce. I just... I guess I thought that what we had was stronger than that. (And then) You know David, I'm sorry for whatever part I had getting us here, but there are two of us in this marriage and I refuse to take all the blame.

David: This doesn't have anything to do with blame. This has to do with being happy. You being happy.

Maddie: I am happy, David! That's

just it. I know you think that creating my magazine was a function of me filling some void in my life. Don't you see, it's just the opposite. It was about me being confident and secure enough in my life to pursue a dream of mine. I had a great husband...great kid. We were financially secure. Why not go out on a limb and take a chance? (And then) I don't know. Maybe I asked too much of you... or of our marriage. But if you ever felt slighted, you should have told me.

David: Tell you? Tell you? I tried...

Maddie: You didn't say a word, David. Nothing. You just... shut down. I have tried over and over to reach out to you. To include you in this. But you wanted no part. What was I supposed to think? How is that supposed to make me feel?

David can't look at her. Can't answer.

Maddie: I want to work this out, David. I do. But I can't keep chasing you all over town begging you for your attention. (Her voice trembling, composure crumbling) If you want to save this marriage... if you still love me...you need to talk to me.

Paralyzed. Maddie being unhappy is his personal hell. Silently he crosses the room and sits down on the couch. He can't look at her. We sense David's mood get even more intense, like what he is about to say is a bearing of the soul.

David: You know, sometimes... I don't think you ever understood how much I loved you. I mean, from the minute I saw you, I loved you. And I know how whacked that sounds, but...(This is big) Maddie, all I ever wanted was to make you happy.

Maddie: Oh, David

David: I mean it. From day one... I remember when we first started working together, no cases, no money... there were times I didn't think I could pay my rent, but as long as I knew you would be okay, that you were happy, it didn't matter to me. (He looks over at her, still on the arm of the couch) Nothing mattered to me except you, and that's the way it's been ever since.

He gets up gathering his thoughts. Pacing the room as he speaks.

David: (Con't) You know, after you and Alex left tonight, I was alone for a good couple of hours. I mean, there I was, all by myself, sitting there... just thinking about stuff. Not just about you, but about Alex, and the office... (And then)... It's a good life, you know? We made Blue Moon together, made a family together.... I know we've have had our share of down times but on the whole, I think we've been pretty damn lucky.

Maddie: We have, haven't we?

David: Yeah. (A pause) You know what else I was thinking about tonight? When we first met and you slapped me. You remember that?

Maddie: (A smile) You deserved it, Addison.

David: And when we first made love.

Maddie: ...I slapped you then, too.

David: Yes, you did. (They laugh.) Yes, you did. We've definitely had our moments, but I can't deny that all of the happiness in my life comes back to you. You and me... we've made a lot of history.

Maddie: (Teary eyed) Good history.

David: And Alex, God, we really won the kid lottery with her, didn't we? I mean, she's special. We knew that the minute she was born.

Maddie: Just the fact she was born at all.

David: And what we had, I always thought was special, too. Maybe it's just because of our line of work but...I don't know. I listen to these jerks all day running down their wives, cheating on 'em, leaving 'em. They could care less. But me... You and me. (Choked up) Honey, this is breaking my heart.

She goes to him, sitting on the corner of Ritchie's desk.

Maddie: This is breaking my heart, too! I don't want this to end but I feel like I've already lost you. I miss my husband, David...so much... And my partner...(The bottom line) I love him. And I want him back.

Overwhelmed by her. He slowly takes her in his arms, holding her head against his chest.

David: (Whispering as if comforting her) He never left, Baby. He never left.

And they hold each other for a long time. Both tearful. Afraid to let go.

Maddie: So is my job still open?

David: What are you talking about?

Maddie: My job. Blue Moon?

David: What do you mean?

Maddie: I've been doing some thinking, too, and if you really feel that strongly about it, I'll sell the magazine...

David: Wait a minute...

Maddie: I would....

David: I can't make you do that. I wouldn't want you to do that.

Maddie: It's not worth our marriage...

David: Nothing's worth our marriage, Baby. (He holds her rubbing her back.) Look, I guess I owe you a huge apology. I should have been more supportive...

Maddie: Yeah, you should have.

They begin to kiss.

David: And I was selfish, and childish...

Maddie: (Mid kiss) Immature, and let's not forget unreasonable and jealous.

David: (Mid kiss) That's quite a list...

(Getting lost in the passion. Like they have gone too long without it. She is still sitting on the edge of the desk. He pushes her back on it, and things fall to the floor. Blotter, phone, clothes...)

Cut to...

ADDISON HOUSE: EVENING

We hear Aretha Franklin's "Think" blaring in the background. The doorbell rings. Alex runs down the stairs in PJ's to get it.

Alex: I'm armed. What do you want?

Harvey: Hey Alex? It's Harvey, the messenger from the police department...

Alex: Oh, hold on. (She undoes the

lock and lets him in.) Hey Harvey, how've ya been?

Harvey: Good, real good.

Alex: Where have you been hiding? We haven't seen you in forever.

Harvey: Yeah, I know. I was just thinking I haven't been here in a while. I've been to the Viola's a lot, though.

Alex: Yeah, Mr. V has been handling a lot of Blue Moon's case-work lately. Looks like my 'rents have decided to limit themselves to murder investigations within the family.

Harvey: Yeah, sorry to hear about your uncle.

Alex: Yes, well, never a dull moment in the Addison household.

Harvey: I guess not. Well, here you go. (He hands her the folder) Tell your Mom and Dad I said hello.

Alex: Sure.

She closes the door and sits down at the table in the foyer. She pieces through the folder. Pictures of the crime scene. Al dead in front of the safe. Al holding the key to the safe in his right hand. Then the autopsy report. We watch her read. She then sets the paper down thinks a minute.

Alex: (Con't) A stroke? Oh my god. A stroke! (Suddenly thrilled) Oh my god...

Cut back to

RITCHIE'S OFFICE: LATE THAT NIGHT

Post coital Maddie and David carnage. Clothes everywhere, furniture ajar. They lay naked under a throw on the floor wrapped together like Velcro.

Maddie: It's been a long time since we've done that on a desk.

David: It's been a long time since we've done that period.

Maddie: (Propping herself up on her shoulder, looking down at David on his back) David, Can I ask you something?

David: (A smirk) Yes I can, but I'm no spring chicken. You are going have to give me a few minutes to reload.

Maddie: (Playfully slaps him) That's not what I wanted to ask you.

David: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. (Sensing it's something serious) Shoot.

Maddie: Look, the other day... and well, I guess the past few months you and I... may have said and done some things that we might regret. (This is hard to say) And I just want you to know that no matter what was said or done, I know you wouldn't have done it if you were happy at home...or with me.

David: Whoa! Honey, what are you saying?

Maddie: David, I know what goes on in night clubs like Eclipse and you are a good looking man and you were angry...

David: (Sternly) If you are insinuating what I think you are insinuating, then let me set the record straight. I have never cheated on you, okay? And I never will. (A

pause) I have everything I need right here with you. (He pushes a stray hair behind her ear.) I mean it.

Maddie: I believe you.

David: And anyway, shouldn't I be the worried one? (He picks up her hand looking at her wedding ring) I'm the one with the cover girl wife.

Maddie: That was a long time ago.

David: Bet that Ben jerk doesn't think it was so long ago.

Maddie: Trust me, Ben's not interested.

David: Baby, I've known you for a while and I have never met a man who hasn't been at least a little interested in you.

Maddie: God David, we've been married for twelve years. You'd think you'd have learned to handle your jealousy by now.

David: Well, if you stopped looking so damn sexy maybe I would.

Maddie: Ben's a nice guy. He's a big help to me...

David: I bet he'd like to be.

Maddie: You've got him all wrong, David.

David: The two times I've seen the guy he acts all nervous and strange. And I know why, he's got a crush on you.

Maddie: Or he's got a crush on you. (And then) David, Ben is gay.

David looks at her. Incredulous.

Maddie: He thinks you have a cute butt.

David: (Smiling, staring at the ceiling) Great.

Maddie: I should be the one who is jealous.

David: Enough!

Maddie: Well, you do have a cute butt.

They laugh. He pulls her head back down on his chest. He strokes her hair.

David: (Mood turns serious again) Have you?

Maddie: Have I what?

David: You know...anyone else?

Maddie: No.

David: You don't have any regrets, do you?

Maddie: David...

David: No really, I want to know. Do you have any regret about me...us?

Maddie: You mean other than your obnoxiousness, your arrogance, your disorganization...

David: (Laughing) Yes.

Maddie: (Hedging) No...Not really. Not about you. It's me. (A pause, running her fingers through his chest hair.) I regret not having more children. Sometimes I feel like I let you down. You're such a wonderful father. You were meant to have more children.

David: We sure had fun trying though, didn't we? Besides, I don't think I could have handled more. We've got our hands full with the one we got.

Maddie: David, I'm serious.

David: I know. (He holds her tighter.) Honey, you being the mother of my daughter means everything to me. So what if we didn't have a litter? We didn't think we could have babies at all.

Maddie: She's always been full of surprises, hasn't she?

David: She's full of something.

They laugh.

Maddie: (She looks up at him) The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

David: (Smiling back) So, are we okay?

Maddie: Yeah, we're okay.

David: Good. I'm glad because I feel a little bit in a party mood. What about you? You feel like celebrating?

Maddie: This is a David Addison moment of spontaneity, isn't it?

David: Well, I was thinking about our anniversary...

Maddie: (Pleasantly confused) Our anniversary? Why? It's months away.

David: I'm planning ahead. I thought that would impress you.

Maddie: Well, I'm definitely amused. So what about our anniversary?

David: I was thinking about doing something big. I don't know, like a big wingding. You know, cake, flowers, lace, taffeta. Maybe snap a few pics for your magazine, wha'd'ya say?

Maddie: How did you know about that?

David: A little detective work.

Maddie: Remind me to thank Ritchie and his big mouth. But are you sure? Some guys might think something like this was... well...cheesy.

David: Are you kidding? I love dairy food.

Maddie: But are you sure?

David: God, I would think you would jump at an opportunity like this.

Maddie: Why?

David: When the general public takes a gander at me in a tux, those rags will be flying off the shelves. We'll be rolling in the dough.

Maddie: Oh, I see. You are looking at this as purely a prude business decision. Everything has a price, huh?

David: Not everything. (With love) Hey, it sounds like a pretty good deal to me. Great excuse to hire a band and drink champagne. Probably cheer our daughter up. C'mon, what do you say? Will you marry me?

Maddie: (Happiness) You know what's even sexier than you in a tux? You not in a tux. (Pulling him on top of her.)

They start to make love again. Just as the passion builds they are interrupted by Maddie's cell phone.

David: (A mouthful of flesh) You're busy. Let it ring.

A few more rings. Guilt of two worried parents seeps in.

Maddie & David: Alex.

He reluctantly rolls off her. She

feels around on the floor for her phone.

Maddie: (Answering) Hello

Alex: Mom, where are you?

Maddie: I'm at Eclipse. Is something wrong?

Alex: Are you with Dad?

Maddie: Yes, he's right here. But what's up? Are you okay?

Alex: Oh, I'm great! And so is Uncle Ritchie.

Maddie: What do you mean?

Alex: Harvey the police-medical examiner-messenger guy just brought over Al's autopsy results. And I know I'm not supposed to snoop in you guys' case files, but I thought since it's about Uncle Ritchie and you weren't here... well, this is a family business and I thought I'd pitch in.

Maddie: Alex...

Alex: Well, it was murder scene investigation or long division. Put the phone up so Dad can hear this, too!

She holds the cell phone out.

Alex: Anyway, great news! Al's death wasn't murder at all. It says right here he died of an acute stoke

originating on his right side. You know what that means, right? If he dies of natural causes then there was no murder and if there was no murder...

Maddie: Alex...

Alex: ...And I know that doesn't explain the gash on Al's head, so I checked the crime scene photos Mr. Viola took. Everything is just like the report said. He is in front of an open safe and he has a key in his hand. But in one of these pictures you can see the edge of the coffee table sticking out right in the path where he fell. He must have hit that on his way down! And even if there was any question, it's not enough to charge uncle Ritchie, at least in my opinion.

Maddie: If only all law enforcement officials were junior high students.

Alex: (Smiling) Hey, did you guys make up?

Maddie: (Warmly) We'll talk about it when we get home. I promise.

Alex: Okay, I love you and yes, the doors are locked and yes, I will go back to my homework.

Maddie: We love you, too. See you in a bit. (She puts down the phone.) Well, what do you think we

should do with this information?

David: Nothing till the morning, then I'll tell Ritchie the good news. Once again he has sidestepped the slammer.

Maddie: Morning, huh? That's a good seven, eight hours away. I guess we have some time to kill...

David: And we are already naked...

Once again passion ensues.
Dissolve to

A DARK ROOM

A disheveled Rachael Bennett sits at a desk with a drink and a smoke thumbing through old pictures. Most are of Chelsea and her brother and sister but we also see a man. We recognize him as Ritchie's dead partner Al. Putting the pictures aside, she reaches for the stereo remote. As the beginning notes to Aretha Franklin's "Do Right Man, Do Right Woman" play, she turns back to the pile of photos, coming across a surveillance photo of Al and his mistress. In the spirit of a woman scorned, she stubs her cigarette out on his face.

End Act II

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