

# This Is Whose Life?

By Pam Hardin

## ACT I

The scene opens as Maddie enters her doctor's office with her doctor following behind her. The doctor closes the office door and sits behind the desk, looking at Maddie's medical file. She sits in the chair directly in front of the desk.

Doctor: That should complete the examination for today. Everything looks great. Your weight, the measurement of the baby, and the sonogram, of course. I've reviewed the records from your previous doctor, and everything seems consistent. I am just sorry that the baby wasn't in position to tell you if you have a little boy or girl.

Maddie (smiles and nods): Oh, well. I guess we'll find out soon enough.

The doctor continues to look at the file as she talks to Maddie.

Doctor: It does, however, look like we'll need to adjust your due date slightly.

Maddie (looking puzzled): What? Why is that?

Doctor: It happens quite frequently. The first due date given in the earliest stages of pregnancy often need to be adjusted as the pregnancy progresses. By this point in the pregnancy, we can usually determine a more accurate due date using the baby's measurement,

mother's weight, along with the data from sonograms.

Maddie: What does that mean?

Doctor: In your case, that will push your due date back by close to three weeks.

Maddie (very surprised): So I was wrong in my original. . . (Her voice trails off)

Doctor (looking at the sonogram data in front of her): I would say that based on today's sonogram, you conceived approximately three weeks later than was originally estimated.

Maddie: Three weeks? Are you sure?

Doctor: Yes, reasonably. By this point in the pregnancy, the due date is usually amazingly accurate. Today's sonogram would indicate that you're in your twenty first week. In layman's terms, that's just over five months along. (Pauses looking at Maddie) Well, unless you have any other questions, I'll see you next time.

As the doctor finishes making notes in her file, Maddie's mind wanders back to an earlier doctor's appointment in Chicago. Maddie thought she had estimated accurately. But if she had miscalculated, that meant . . . she became lost in her own thoughts. She had always been so careful, or so she thought. But all birth control methods have some

rate of failure. And there was that one time . . .

Doctor (trying to get Maddie's attention back): Maddie, did you have any other questions?

Maddie (talking mostly to herself): Five months. . . . That was right before I left for . . . (Then turning back to the doctor) No. Thank you, Doctor. I'll see you next time.

Maddie gets up to leave the office with a blank stare as scene moves into the Blue Moon Office.

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Maddie's theme begins as Maddie walks slowly down the hall to the Blue Moon office. She's exhausted from the lack of sleep lately. Before she reaches the office, she looks around the hallway to make sure no one is there. Then she looks at herself in the reflection in the window of a vacant office in the corridor. She hadn't gained an awful lot of weight yet. In fact, from the waist up, she didn't see any change at all in her appearance, aside from the tired look in her eyes. What weight she had gained was centered on the growing "pooch" that had developed in her middle section. Between that, plus all that she had on her mind, she couldn't remember the last good night's sleep she had. She continues to the Blue Moon office, pausing briefly before opening the door, forces herself to pick up her pace

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and change her expression as she walks in.

Maddie (somewhat distracted) She does not respond.

wouldn't mind feeling behind, as long as it's yours.

The phone at Agnes' desk is ringing, but Maddie doesn't see anyone there. Suddenly, Agnes and Bert pop up, giggling, while the phone continues to ring. When they see Maddie, they immediately separate, straightening their clothes, as Agnes picks up the phone, which has already stopped ringing.

Maddie (to Agnes, ignoring David): I'll be in my office.

Maddie (looking at her mail, exasperated): David, What is it?

Agnes: Yes, Ms. Hayes.

David: You tell me. You sleep late? Have a late date? Have a sleep over date?

Maddie goes into her office and starts to close the door behind her, but David catches up in time to slide in before the door closes.

Maddie: If you must know, I had a doctor's appointment, ok? I had to get my medical records transferred here from the doctor in Chicago. Satisfied?

Maddie (too preoccupied to care): Good Morning, Ms. DiPesto.

Maddie (getting seated behind her

**We wouldn't want anyone in this office to have a personal relationship. And we certainly wouldn't want the agency affected by a personal relationship. Gotta set a good example.**

David (still looking her over): Yeah, I'm satisfied. So. What's the verdict? Is it a baby? Or did the doctor just suggest that you start passing on desserts from now on?

Agnes: Good Morning, Ms. Hayes.

Maddie: Any messages?

Agnes (handing Maddie her mail): Just Mr. Addison. He's been out here every five minutes all morning asking about you. (She looks at the watch around her neck) He's just about due . . .

desk): David, we really have to do something about Mr. Viola and Ms. DiPesto. I think their personal relationship is affecting their . . . professional relationship. I don't think it sets a good example. . . . (Pauses and glances towards her door) Can't they do that at home?

Maddie (dismissively as she continues to look over her mail): It went fine. Good. (And then more hesitantly) She just did a sonogram, you know, took my weight, measurements. Normal stuff.

David sticks his head out of his office.

David: Ms. DiPesto, Is she . . . (then looking at Bert, and then Maddie): Cheer up, Bert. She's got maternity leave coming up. (Raises his eyebrows) It'll be like a three-month recess.

David (sitting on the corner of her desk): Right. We wouldn't want anyone in this office to have a personal relationship. And we certainly wouldn't want the agency affected by a personal relationship. Gotta set a good example. (Looks in the camera and rolls his eyes)

David: Oh. Well, good. I guess I'll get out of your hair then. Got the new double issue of Beach Bimbos. Should make for some good ogling practice, you know, with summer coming up and all...

Bert just smiles as he heads back to his desk.

David meets Maddie at Agnes' desk.

David: Well, Good Afternoon, soldier. We were just about to mark you as AWOL. Luckily, I still have all the numbers of all the local cab companies, airports, and train stations handy, just in case you take off again.

Maddie (starts to respond but she decides to drop it): David, I'm really behind. What do you want?

Maddie (still not looking up): Ok. Have fun.

(Then as he turns to leave)

Maddie (trying to gather her courage and still sound casual): Hey, it looks like I'll have a few extra weeks to

David: Maybe you wouldn't feel so behind, if you stopped taking mornings off. (And then looking down towards her behind) I sure

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get ready for this motherhood thing. I mean, I hate to disappoint you and Viola. I know how anxious you two are for my maternity leave to start.

David smiles, but then takes his hand off the doorknob and looks back at her.

David: What do you mean?

Maddie (still trying to look interested in her mail, but wondering if David understands what she is trying NOT to say): Well, it's just that the doctor pushed the due date back a few weeks, that's all.

David (immediately getting the significance of this news): A few? What's a few?

Maddie (STILL acting casually although she does look up at him finally): Oh, two or three weeks. I'll need all the time I can get to get ready.

David (forcing her to look directly at him): Maddie, are you telling me what I think you're telling me?

Maddie (still evasive, wanting to avoid this conversation with him): What David? What are you talking about?

David: You know what I am talking about. And you know what this means as well as I do. Do I have to do the math for you? That would mean you got pregnant . . .

Maddie stops him before he can finish the statement.

Maddie (getting agitated): All right. All right. Yes, I know what it means. It means I probably got pregnant a few weeks later than I thought.

David (smirks): When the space-man was back up in orbit, probably half way to Mars or some place.

Maddie rolls her eyes, not appreciating his reference to Sam.

David (smiling): It was that time in the closet, wasn't it? I knew it was too dark to . . .

Maddie (embarrassed): Well, we always knew it was a possibility,

**David (smiling): It was that time in the closet, wasn't it? I knew it was too dark to . . .**

didn't we?

David (sarcastically): Yeah. Knowing what I know about birds and bees, I did. That is, until you came back swearing that I had nothing to do with the whole shindig. What happened to safe?

Maddie: Ok. So maybe, I was wrong . . .

David: Maybe? (Shakes his head and laughs)

Maddie: Can we do this later? Or not do this at all? I'm beat, and I have a lot to do. (She looks at her watch.) You know that we have a client coming in at noon.

David: Noon? What about lunch? You and junior need to get your nourishment, you know.

Maddie: Out. Out! We'll talk later, ok?

David (smirking): Ok, you're the boss, and I know how much you like being on top.

Maddie cringes.

She pushes him out the door. As she heads back to her desk, she decides, instead, to stretch out on her couch for a few minutes, hoping to get a second wind before the client is due. But she barely closes her eyes when there is a knock at her office door.

Maddie: Yes?

Agnes (pokes her head in): There's a woman here to see you. Is this a bad time?

Maddie (sighs, looking at her watch): The client? She's early. Please show her in.

Agnes closes the door behind her. Maddie gets up, straightens her clothes and takes a deep breath.

Seconds later, Agnes shows the client in to Maddie's office. David follows her in without an invitation from Maddie.

Maddie (extending her hand): Hello, I'm Madolyn Hayes, and this is my . . . (After all this time, she always hesitates here.) partner, David Addison.

David (to the client): Hello again. (Looking at Maddie) We met out there. (David points to the outer office.)

Client (looking at Maddie): Hello. My name is Samantha Wally . . . Sam.

Maddie: Won't you please sit down, Ms. Wally?

Sam is an attractive blond woman with shoulder length hair. She is around 35 years old, tall, almost glamorous, and very well dressed. She is polite, but, even in her initial greeting, seems a bit formal. David and Maddie give each other a quick

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glance, noticing the familiarity of the client's name.

Maddie: Hello, Ms. Wally. What can we do for you?

Sam: Well, it's not really me. I'm here about my sister Terry. Teresa, actually . . . I call her Terry.

David and Maddie exchange glances again.

David: What can we do for your sister, Ms. Wally?

Sam: She has a baby. An adorable little girl. And I want you to find the baby's father.

Maddie: Your sister doesn't know where the baby's father is?

Sam: No, I want you to find him for me.

Maddie and David look at her, waiting for more.

Sam: You see, I managed this restaurant. And Rick, the baby's father, was already a bartender at the place when I took the job there. He helped me run the place. He'd stay after closing to help me do the books, the inventory, you know? Later on, we would just hang around the restaurant and talk. As we got to know each other, we started doing things together. We didn't even really date. At first, we would just go to dinner, then family gatherings . . . a couple of weddings, things like that. Things just kind of happened between us. I guess you would say we had an affair, although I never considered myself the kind of person who has affairs.

Maddie: Go on, Ms. Wally.

Sam (sighs) I knew it wasn't right. I mean, he was sleeping with the boss. I hated it, and I loved it at the same time. We were just so attracted to each other. I just couldn't seem to end it. Well, anyway, we were as different as night and day. The funny thing is we fought all the time. About nothing and about everything. He was fun, a little reckless, maybe. Maybe that's what attracted me to him.

Maddie and David both nod, not looking at each other. While they listen to her story, they glance at

**I knew it wasn't right. I mean, he was sleeping with the boss. I hated it, and I loved it at the same time. We were just so attracted to each other. I just couldn't seem to end it.**

each other, both struck by a sense of deja vu.

David: Yeah, well, I guess it could get complicated.

Maddie (embarrassed) gives him a look that tells him he's hit a nerve with her.

Maddie: Go on, Ms. Wally.

Sam: It got very complicated. We didn't tell anyone. I guess I was kind of embarrassed about the whole thing. But, I know people at the restaurant were whispering. Then, one time we went out to dinner with my family. I'm the oldest, you know? And do you know how it feels to always show up at family gatherings alone, partic-

ularly when you get to a certain age?

Maddie nods as if she's been there.

Sam: So, Rick went along with me as my "date." That's when he met Terry for the first time. So, I guess I feel kind of responsible. . . . Rick and I were trying to figure out our "relationship." We were kind of in limbo, but I still wanted to try to be friends. He and Terry just hit it off. I mean, Terry never had any problem getting dates. She's cute, fun. Not loose . . . just fun. I've always been able to attract men, but somehow, I've never found it

easy to get close . . . emotionally. Maybe I was just scared. But not Terry . . . I just never expected them to get involved. The funny thing is that I was never sure Rick was really the one for me. At least, not the kind of guy I always imagined myself with. I guess I just didn't want him with anybody else either, especially my little sister. The truth is, it hurt to see them together . . . Well, one thing lead to another with them . . .

She pauses as if that is the end of the story.

Maddie: And?

Sam: And now I want to find him. I have some pictures of him. (She hands two snapshots to Maddie) His name is Rick . . . Richard Modell.

David: Modell? As in "model?"

Sam (nods): With an extra "L." M-O-D-E-L-L.

She pauses for a moment as Maddie looks at the photos. They showed a man with an appealing smile, and what looked to be slightly thinning hair. His age was hard to judge. He was good looking, though maybe not in the traditional GQ way. But his face, his look, definitely exuded sex appeal. Maddie: Go on, Ms. Wally. . . . But before she could continue, David spoke up.

David (to Maddie): Ms. Hayes, could I speak to you for a moment, please? (And then to Sam) Will you excuse us for just a moment, please, Ms. Wally?

Sam (slightly surprised by his interruption): Certainly.

David lightly takes Maddie's arm and escorts her outside the closed door of her office. In the background, Agnes and Bert are huddled again by her desk, whispering and giggling. When they see Maddie and David, they both jump back and go back to their desks. Maddie and David ignore them, and face each other, nearly nose to nose outside Maddie's door.

David (looking up and mimicking the Twilight Zone theme.) I know it's a little early in the show for our "Should We Take the Case" scene, but we need to get this in before the first commercial break. Maddie, this whole thing is giving me a super size case of deja vu, (and then looking Maddie up and down) . . . heavy on the vu. I know this is usually your line, but I don't think we should take this case.

Maddie: David, don't you think we should hear her whole story before we decide if we should take the case?

David: Maddie, I feel like I'm watching "This is Your Life, Maddie and David," and I don't want to spoil

the ending. What do you say we wait for the video?

Maddie: David.

David: Look, that woman just rattled off the names of every person the two us have encountered in the past five years. There are Sam's and Terry's, Wally's and Richards. . . . Hell, there's even a baby. Which reminds me . . . we still need to get back to the little thing we started, say, about five months ago (looks down at her stomach) . . . before our lives just started to flash before your office in there.

Maddie (rolling her eyes): David! Ok, so some of the names are the same. It's a coincidence. . . .

David: A coincidence? Huh! That's an understatement.

Maddie: David!

David: Maddie!

Maddie: David, I'm going back in there to hear her out. Are you coming?

David: Well, seeing as though I just got handed this new "case" earlier today (looking at her stomach again), it looks like I'm going to be pretty booked up. . . .

Maddie just leers at him.

David (rolls his eyes): Ok, I'll just

have to juggle some things around.

As Maddie heads back into her office, David looks into the camera: You're right, the other case will probably last at least a few more episodes. I love multi-tasking . . .

Maddie (back in her office and addressing Sam): Ok, Ms. Wally. We'll take the case. But, I have a few ques . . .

Sam: Oh, that's great. Listen, I gotta run. If you need anything more, please give me a call. My address and phone number are on that paper with the pictures.

Sam rushes out before Maddie can say another word. Stunned, she just looks back at David.

Maddie: Talk about a cliffhanger. I feel like there are major holes in this plot so far . . .

David: Keep watching. I'm sure it'll be continued.

Scene Ends.

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COMMERCIAL BREAK  
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ACT II

Scene in the Beamer. It is later the same afternoon. David is driving.

Maddie: We need more. More details. More information. More everything.

David: More?

Maddie: More. Like why does she want to find him, for starters?

David: Maddie, this isn't a case, it's a soap opera. Tune in for today's episode . . .

Maddie: Well, if you hadn't interrupted her to drag me out of the office while she was telling us the story . . .

David: You saw how fast she high tailed out of there. Anyway, I got the drift of it. And I heard enough to know that we don't want this case. I mean, we're living this case, right? I'm already getting my Sam's mixed up with my Samantha's, my Terry's with my Teresa's. And I don't even want to talk about Richard . . . I had all I could take of that in my childhood.

Maddie: David, we took the case, so let's just work on it, ok?

David: Fine.

Maddie: Fine.

David: Good!

Maddie: Good!

Maddie: I will admit, though, this case feels a little slimy. The guy is a scumbag.

David: What?

Maddie: He's a scumbag.

David: And why do you say that?

Maddie: Where should I start? He's a bum. He's irresponsible. He was in a relationship with this poor woman. Then he hits on her own sister, right in front her, and then hits the road when the sister got pregnant. A scumbag!

David: You don't know that. First of all, that so-called "relationship" was already heading south when he met this other woman. You heard her, Maddie, the broad didn't know what she wanted. Didn't want him, but didn't want him with anyone else. And how do we even know if he's the father anyway? Sounds like the kind of babe that gets around, and those things can be pretty hard to pin down, you know.

Maddie: Typical man.

David: And anyway, what's she doing parading the merchandise in front of other potential buyers when she's still in the mood to haggle?

Maddie: And what does that mean? They just went to dinner with her

snatched him up.

Maddie (looks at him): She snatched him? It was her own sister! If he were any kind of a man, he would have respected the relationship he was in and . . .

David: I guess that's your s idea of a relationship. Sneaking around . . . Can't make up her mind . . .

Maddie: David Addison, You are a . . .

David: What? A man? I know, I know. Men are pigs. She's so innocent. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Maddie just seethes, but doesn't say anything.

David: Ok, look, since this conversation is starting to sound like a re-run, can we change the channel, and do some follow up work on Case number 1? You know, the one we started this morning?

Maddie (still angry): What are you talking about?

David: You know. Follow up. You've been a detective for a long time now, Maddie. You know about follow up. What surprises me is that, being the good detective that you are, I'm really surprised that you were ready to nab the wrong culprit. . . . What'd you think Sam would look better in stripes than me? I mean, your Sam this time, just in case you're checking your cast of characters. Maybe we should give everybody numbers to keep them straight?

Maddie (out loud to herself as he keeps talking): Here we go. For the life of me I can't figure how I let this happen to me. I'm fairly intelligent, right? So, how could I have missed it? I mean, where was the fork in

**You heard her, Maddie, the broad didn't know what she wanted. Didn't want him, but didn't want him with anyone else.**

family!

David: It means you can't have it both ways. While she was dicker-ing, some other smart shopper

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the road? Where did I go left when all the signs said "Go Right, Go Right?" I guess I never was very good with a road map. Somewhere there were big arrows pointing . . . but did I see them?

David and Maddie simultaneously: What? What did you say?

Maddie: David, what are you talking about?

David: The case! I mean Case #1. Shouldn't we finish talking about it?

Maddie: There is only one case. You remember, Sam? I mean . . . Sam, the client . . . Samantha. Anyway, we're going to need more than a name and a couple of pictures to find this guy. And since you interrupted her, and our initial calls haven't turned up much. The only thing to do is to go and see her to find out what else she can tell us.

David: And what about Case #1?

Maddie (leers at him): Just drive. (Looking at the road, a road map in her lap) It should be right up here.

David pulls up in front of an upper middle class home in a residential neighborhood. He and Maddie get out and walk up to the door. Sam sees them through the window and meets them at the door.

After the greetings, they sit in a small, elegant, and very formal living room.

Maddie: Ms. Wally . . .

Sam: Why don't you just call me Sam?

Maddie (smiling but uneasy, since she isn't much more comfortable with Wally): Sure. Fine. Sam.

David can't help but smirk again,

watching her stumble over that name.

Maddie (under her breath, but making sure David hears her): I can't wait until we run across a "Jillian."

David (under his breath): What are the chances?

Sam doesn't react to this little exchange between them.

Maddie (to Sam): Sam. We made some calls inquiring about Richard Modell. The Police and the DMV. But, I'm afraid we haven't come up with anything yet. At least there's no police record locally.

Sam: If it were that easy, I could've found him myself. That's why I hired detectives.

Well, like I said, we worked together, or rather he worked for me.

Maddie: Ms. Wally . . . Sam, is there anything else you can tell us? Anything at all? We were hoping to get some more background information.

Sam: Well, like I said, we worked together, or rather he worked for me. Of course, he's long gone from there, but I guess I should have given you the name of the restaurant. He left without any notice at all. Just disappeared. I stayed on awhile, and then I left, too. Too much history there. (She hesitates) I also know that he had an affair with another woman there after I left.

Maddie: Do you have her name?

Sam: It's Jill Davis.

Maddie: Jill? As in Jillian?

Sam: Yes, I think so. Everyone called her Jill.

David (to Maddie under his breath): Don't say it.

Maddie just smiles.

Sam: We were pretty close for awhile, but we . . . kind of . . . lost touch.

Maddie (gently): Sam, don't you think that it's up to your sister to decide if she wants her child to see her father?

David: Forgive me for saying this, Sam, but are you sure he is the baby's father?

Maddie gives him another look that tells him he just drifted across the line between their business and personal lives. She is uncomfortable that the two have become so intertwined.

Sam: I'm reasonably sure. She told me so, and Terry and I are very close, Mr. Addison.

Maddie silently ponders that word. Reasonably. That's the word the doctor used when adjusting her due date this morning. Her mind snaps back to the conversation at hand.

David: That doesn't always mean

Maddie (cuts him off immediately, smiling): Sam, can you tell us why you want to find him? Any information you can give us might help in our investigation.

Sam (answering David's question rather than Maddie's): She wouldn't lie to me about something as important as this, Mr. Addison.

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Maddie gets little frustrated that her question is being ignored while David pursues his own line of questioning.

David: And does he know?

Sam: I don't know what he knows.

David (mumbling): The father's always the last . . . (His voice trails off)

Sam begins to pick up on the awkward glances between Maddie and David.

Sam (looks at Maddie, as if just realizing she is pregnant): Look, Ms. Hayes, when I came first came into your office, I didn't know you were . . . If this case is uncomfortable for you two, then . . .

She glances just long enough at Maddie's stomach that Maddie understands her implication. Maddie is suddenly embarrassed. She guesses that Sam has figured out that David is her baby's father. Somehow, although unmarried, she was never self-conscience about her pregnancy. But with this latest revelation by the doctor this morning, it occurs to her that clients might wonder about her relationship with David, given her obvious condition.

Sam (continues): Well, it just hit me that with you expecting a baby, that this might hit a little too close to home. (She looks at David) I don't mean to get too personal, or imply anything. It's just that some people might be bothered by a situation like this, you know, with baby in the middle. . . . I guess not everyone gets the white picket fence.

David: No, they don't. But this just happens to be right up our alley. And in our business, we learn to

separate the business from the personal. Don't we, Ms. Hayes?

Maddie (uncomfortable with this conversation): Yes. We certainly do, Mr. Addison.

Maddie (to Sam): It's fine. Don't

**But with this latest revelation by the doctor this morning, it occurs to her that clients might wonder about her relationship with David, given her obvious condition.**

you worry, Sam.

Maddie tries again: But, if we knew why you want to find this man, it may give us some direction. . . some understanding . . .

Sam (hesitates): Well, he owes us. . . He owes Terry some money. A lot of money. I guess she was naive enough to think she'd get it back, even after things with them ended. He just left. Rick was the kind of guy who couldn't settle down. Wouldn't grow up. There were times that I thought he had changed, but it was always a problem between us. I guess, we were always trying to change each other. But Terry never seemed to mind. She just accepted it. He treated it like a fling, but now there's a baby to think about.

David: Sounds like he didn't take it very well.

Sam: I told you. He just took off before she even found out. He just wasn't the "commitment" type.

Maddie: Don't you think he might change if he knew he was a father? (Maddie wasn't sure if she was asking the question about Richard or David)

Sam doesn't have a chance to answer.

Maddie (without waiting for an answer to her first question): Sam, don't you think you'd be better off going to a lawyer?

Sam: I've tried that. But a lawyer can't really help if we can't find him. So I thought, who's better at finding missing persons than a detective? And, besides, they need the money. They're struggling. I've tried to help, but I really can't . . . I mean, it's bad enough the baby doesn't have a father around.

At least, he could help support her.

Maddie: Well, I guess that gives a little more to go on. We'll go now, and let you know what we find out. Just one more thing. . . . Where is Terry in all this? Maybe if we could talk to her . . .

Sam (slightly evasive): I want to leave her out of this.

With that, David and Maddie get up to leave.

Scene Ends

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COMMERCIAL BREAK  
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Act III

Scene in the Beamer. Maddie is driving now. She hands David a map.

David: I don't need a map.

Maddie: Just like a man. And just how do you expect to find this place? You want to stop and ask for directions?

David: Are you kidding? Yuk! Besides, I always heard that pregnant women get like an ESP thing, kind of like a "Sixth Sense." By the way, that has a nice ring to it. Would make a good movie title . . .

Maddie: Read the map.

David: I guess it has nothing to do with directions.

Maddie (frustrated): Men!

David directs Maddie to make various turns through a suburban area until they see the restaurant. It is nearly deserted. A woman greets them at the door.

David: Good Afternoon. May we speak with the manager?

Woman: I am the manager.

David: We're looking for a man who worked here a few years ago. Richard Modell? Is there anyone we could talk to who might be able to provide us with some information on him?

Woman: Who are you?

Maddie: We're private investigators. I'm Madolyn Hayes, and this is David Addison. We're from Blue Moon Investigations. And you are Ms. . . .

Woman: Madison. Adeline Madison.

Maddie and David just glance at each other.

Adeline: Well, I'm afraid that we couldn't give out that kind of information even if we did have it. Employee records are confidential. But, I understand he left rather . . . suddenly.

David: Ms. Madison, do you have an employee here by the name of Jill Davis?

Maddie (correcting him): Jillian Davis.

Adeline: Why do you ask?

David: We'd like to talk to her.

Adeline: I've heard her name, but she doesn't work here anymore either. And as I said, we don't give out information about former or current employees. I tell you, there certainly have been a lot of people through here lately asking questions. I've told them all the same thing.

David: Other people have been asking questions?

Adeline: Yes. A man came by not too long ago. Looked something like you (pointing to David). And then a woman was by here another day while I was here. Looked something like you (pointing to Maddie).

Maddie: Were they asking about Ms. Davis?

David: Or Mr. Modell?

Adeline: Yes (looking at Maddie) and Yes (looking at David)

Adeline continues (lowering her voice): Look, you're private detectives, right?

Maddie: Yes.

Adeline: Are they in some kind of trouble?

Maddie: No. We'd just like to talk to them.

Adeline (hesitating and looking around to make sure no one hears): Look, I haven't been here long myself, and I don't know what's going on, but I might be able to get a message to Jill, if you want to leave your number. She still has friends here.

David: Thank you. We'd appreciate that.

Adeline: I can't promise anything, but I'll see what I can do.

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Scene shifts to Blue Moon Office the next morning. Maddie and David sit in his office with Jillian Davis. She is probably in her late twenties, maybe thirty, quite pretty, with short dark hair, and shy in demeanor.

Maddie: We really appreciate your coming in so quickly, Ms. Davis. I hope we didn't inconvenience you too much.

Jill: Not at all. I'm not due in at work until later, so it was no problem to stop by. I got a message that you were asking about me. What's this about?

Maddie: Ms. Davis, the reason we wanted to talk to you is that we were hired by Ms. Samantha Wally.

Jill: Sam? Is she okay? I mean, did you see her? How did she seem?

Maddie (slightly puzzled): She's fine. She just thought you might be able to give us some information on the whereabouts of Richard Modell.

Jill (looks down with a sigh): Oh, Rick. So, that's what this is all about. Do you mind if I smoke?

(Continued on pg. 54)

Maddie: No, go right ahead.

David: Do you know where Mr. Modell might be?

Jill (cautiously, as she lights up): Well, he worked with Sam and me. Actually, he worked with me. He worked

F O R Sam. We even kept in touch for awhile after he left. Well, actually, we . . . dated. I don't know if

Sam told you that. Rick dated a lot of women. We got involved after he and Sam stopped seeing each other. I guess some people would call it an affair, although I don't usually have affairs.

David (mumbles): Lots of people around here NOT having affairs...

David (to Sam): Was this before or after he dated Sam's sister? Or maybe while?

Jill (more nervous): I don't know what you mean.

David and Maddie look at each other wondering how to proceed.

Maddie: Ms. Wally said that her sister, Teresa, also dated Mr. Modell. I think Mr. Addison was just trying to establish a time line.

Jill (very nervous now): I don't know about that. But, like I said, Rick dated a lot of women. I just know about Sam and Rick. I know they tried to keep it quiet, but everybody in the place was talking about it. I know you're thinking that I'm one to talk. But at least I wasn't his boss.

Maddie and David both nod at her as if to say "we know" but do not look at each other.

David (somewhat sarcastically): Yeah, I can imagine.

Maddie (giving David a look): Go on, Ms. Davis.

Jill: Well, after Rick left, we kept in touch. He told me about him and Sam, as if I didn't already know. I guess they kind of just drifted apart. I even asked Sam if it would bother her. You know, if Rick and I started seeing each other.

David: And she never mentioned her sister?

Jill (not answering directly): After Sam left, she and I kind of lost contact. Rick and I were pretty involved by then. But it didn't work out with us either. I

wanted . . . different things, a different life than a bartender could give me. There were always debts. . . . I couldn't take it. And anyway, I always had the feeling that he still

cared about her. Hard to describe . . . (She seems to get lost in her thoughts) I think we were just a fling, but with Sam . . . I just think it went deeper with them somehow. They sure had something . . . Chemistry, I think they call it. But I haven't seen either one of them in a long

time.

Maddie: You said there were debts?

Jill (again somewhat evasive): Look, I tried to help. But gambling has that effect on some people. They liked to go to Vegas. Ever been to Vegas?

Although they both nod, Maddie and David have different reactions to the thought of Las Vegas. His expression is happy, whimsical, while Maddie looks mortified about an embarrassing memory.

Jill continues: It's very seductive to some people. Sometimes it's the ones you'd least suspect. Take him. He was a great guy. But he liked to party. He'd come in hung over lots of times. He hid it pretty well. But I guess people eventually found out, and he left suddenly. (She pauses)

Now, Sam was just the opposite. Always seemed in control, stable.

L e v e l h e a d e d . They were like oil and w a t e r . That's probably why it didn't work. And that's where I came in. He was charming. . . Different than anyone I'd ever d a t e d before. But, I guess I got

what I deserved, after what we did to Sam. She never let on, but I know it hurt her seeing Rick and me together.

**David (mumbles): Lots of people around here NOT having affairs...**

**I think we were just a fling, but with Sam . . . I just think it went deeper with them somehow. They sure had something . . . Chemistry, I think they call it.**

(Continued on pg. 55)

Maddie: So you don't know where he is now?

Jill: He's probably tending bar somewhere. But mostly what he liked to do was play. And it's hard to play on what a bartender makes. I don't know, but I'd bet he's still here locally. He had his local hangouts. I might be able to make a list. He always had something going on. That's really all I can tell you.

Maddie: Thank you, Ms. Davis. Would you mind leaving us a list along with your address and phone number, in case we have any other questions?

Jill (hesitantly): If you insist. But I don't know anything else.

She retrieves her wallet from her purse and jots her name and number along with a short list of bars and hangouts, on a slip of paper. While her wallet is unfolded on her lap, Maddie notices a picture of a baby inside.

Maddie: What a beautiful baby.

Jill (quickly closes the wallet and places it back in her purse): Yes, she is. Thank you.

Jill rises to leave.

David: Is that your baby?

Jill: Yes. (Then handing the slip of paper to Maddie) I really need to be going. Good day, Ms. Hayes, Mr. Addison.

Maddie (looking at her curiously): Good day, Ms. Davis.

She leaves David's office, and he closes the door behind her.

Maddie: Well, what do you think?

David: Like I said. This is better than Days of Our Lives.

End of Scene

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COMMERCIAL BREAK

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ACT IV

Scene begins in Maddie's office. She is on the phone.

Maddie (on the phone): Thank you, Ms. Wally . . . Sam. I'm sorry we didn't get this information while you were here. We just need it to complete our client file. We'll keep you updated on our progress. Good-bye.

David walks in the office and Maddie hangs up.

**I guess I'm tired or just careless. (Immediately regretting she used that word since it seemed a perfect opening for David. But he let it go).**

David: Hey, Blondie. I thought we could start checking out some of the places on Jill's list. Looks like she's got local pool halls, bars, pawnshops. There's even a racetrack here. Start dropping his name around and see if anything turns up. Wish he'd just played the lottery. We could go and pick up the winnings, or at least the winner, that is. (Pointing to the phone) What was the jing-a-ling about?

Maddie: I guess I'm tired or just

careless. (Immediately regretting she used that word since it seemed a perfect opening for David. But he let it go).

Maddie: You know, we never asked Sam where she's working now. I mean, she said she left her job, and we never asked her where she went.

David: Well, we didn't get much of a chance. She scampered out of here pretty quick. So, what's the point?

Maddie: So, it's standard employment information we get for all our clients. I don't know why it never occurred to me that it might be relevant here.

David: Is it?

Maddie: I don't know. But, I just called her and got the name of the restaurant where she's working now. I think we should at least check the work record. Just good detecting, right?

David: And what is it you're looking for, Detective Hayes?

Maddie: I don't know. Maybe Richard Modell?

David (laughs): What is pregnancy doing to your brain? Like she said, if it were that easy, why would she hire us?

Maddie: I don't know. But, David, there's just something peculiar about this case. Everybody's so . . . evasive. It just doesn't add up. It's just a feeling I have.

David: You mean a "sixth sense?"

(Continued on pg. 56)

Maddie: Something like that. . . .

David: It better mean a big clue. This is the fourth act, you know.

on how you want to number them.

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Maddie: I have a hunch that . . .

Maddie (rolling her eyes and ignoring him): David! Where was Sam for those ten months? The picture in Jillian's wallet got me thinking. What if Samantha took a maternity leave during this "employment gap?" What if there is no sister? Or what if there is a sister, but she has nothing to do with the baby in question? What if . . .

Scene switches to David's Office Maddie knocks but enters without waiting for answer. As she does, she hears Bert and David in mid conversation.

David opens his mouth, but Maddie jumps in before he can say anything.

Maddie: Yeah, I know. "Sixth

David (walking toward his office door with his arm around Bert's shoulder): . . . So I say, you can never be too safe, Bert. I mean, rubber is so, only so reliable. You spring a leak at the wrong time, and it can get pretty chancy. Trust me, always have a back up or you could have an accident. (Then looking at Maddie) Right, Ms. Hayes?

**I once knew a woman . . . slept with two men . . . married a third . . . got pregnant and didn't tell anybody except an innocent by-standing friend of man number 2, or number 1, depending on how you want to number them.**

David: What if we wrap this up pretty quick? Show's almost over. And we have an interesting epilogue regarding Case number 1. (To the Camera) Let me give you a heads up, if you normally tune out early, you might want to stick around for this one.

Maddie (eyes open wide, exasperated): Mr. Addison, may I speak with you privately, please?

Maddie: David!

Bert (nods in agreement): Thank you, Mr. Addison, sir. That certainly is good advice. I'll replace the spare tire right away. I certainly wouldn't want to risk an accident.

David: Ok. Even if your hunch is right, how you going to prove it? There's still some missing pieces here and unless we can find the infamous Richard Modell . . .

There is a knock on David's office door.

Sense" Right. Enough already.

Agnes (peeks in). There's a man here to see you.

David: Good boy, Bert. (Then to Maddie as Bert leaves) Ms. Hayes, did you want to see me?

Maddie continues: Doesn't it seem strange that Samantha, is so interested in the father of her sister's baby? Don't you think that Teresa, uh, Terry, would want to find him herself. After all, it's her baby? And it's her money. And Richard . . . So far, we know he's had relationships with at least two women and he has a baby with a third. . . . That doesn't sound strange to you?

David: In this episode? We really already have our hands full, and we're kind of running out of time. . . . Maybe you can pencil him in for next week . . .

Maddie: Send him in, please.

Maddie (relieved): As a matter of fact, I did. Turns out, there's a ten month gap in Samantha Wally's employment record. Ten months! It was ten months between the time she left the place where she worked with Richard and Jillian, and time she started where she is now.

Agnes returns with the man, and closes the door behind her.

David: So?

He reaches out to shake hands with Maddie, but before he can introduce himself...

Maddie: So . . . Sam . . . Samantha didn't mention any gap. What could that mean?

David: Not really. I once knew a woman . . . slept with two men . . . married a third . . . got pregnant and didn't tell anybody except an innocent by-standing friend of man number 2, or number 1, depending

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Maddie: Richard Modell!

David: You're timing is great. You see, we have this epilogue to do and . . .

Maddie: You look just like your picture, Mr. Modell. How did you find us? What are you doing here? I don't even know where to start.

Rick: I know this is a little out of left field.

Maddie: Please sit down. We have a lot to talk about.

Richard: Ms. Hayes. I see you already know me. (Then turning to David) And Mr. Addison.

David just glances at the camera and shakes his head.

Maddie is struck by how familiar he looks to her. Maybe it was just the pictures that Sam gave her, but his expression seemed very familiar, one that Maddie would swear that she'd seen before.

Rick: Thank you. Jillie told me you were asking questions about me.

David: Jillie?

Rick: Her real name is Jillian.

David: Right. We heard. You mean she knew where you were, and that whole story she laid on us was...

Rick: Bogus.

David (looking at his watch): Whoa...whoa...whoa. I know we need to wrap this case up quick, but you can't just show up in our office like this. We're supposed to go out, drive around in the car looking for you. . . . I mean, there was no running around, no chase. . . . Haven't you ever watched the show before?

Maddie: David! Mr. Modell, we were hired to find you. We've been

tracking down leads and talking to people, and now here you are.

Rick: Sam hired you, didn't she? Jillie told me. She called me today, so I thought I should come over and see you. What did Sam tell you?

David: She said she's looking to get some money back from you. Some money her sister loaned you.

Maddie: And then there's the baby. (Maddie closes her mouth quickly, as if she let something slip.)

Rick: She told you about the baby?

Maddie: You knew about the baby?

Rick: Of course, I knew about the baby. Jillie told me. In fact, she's giving me custody of the baby.

Maddie: Then I'm lost. We're talking about Terry's baby. How could she give you custody of Terry's baby?

Rick: What do you mean Terry's baby?

Maddie: Sam's sister.

Rick (confused): I don't know what's going on here, but Jillie is Terry, and Terry is Jillie. Teresa Jillian Wally Davis. Davis is her married name.

Maddie simultaneously with David: She's Jillian?

David simultaneously with Maddie: She's Terry?

Then they look at each other.

Maddie and David together (remembering the picture in Jill's wallet): The baby!!

David (holding his head): This is too much.

David continues: Hold the phone. Hold the PHONE. Sam was the one who told us to talk to Jill . . . Jillie . .

. to find you . . .

Maddie: For her sister . . .

David: Who had a baby. . . .

Rick: No. Sam had the baby. I mean Jillie has the baby, but Sam had the baby, and now I'm going to have the baby.

Maddie and David (together): What?

Rick: Sam had the baby. Sam's the baby's mother. Why would she tell you it was Jillie's?

Maddie: Well, actually, she told us it was Terry's but . . . well, never mind. Why does she use two names?

Rick: I don't know. Maybe it's just a way to start over. New name. New start.

David: It didn't strike you a little weird? A red flag?

Rick: I guess I just didn't think about it. Maybe I just don't see these little things in the women I'm involved with. I guess it's like I've got this blind spot . . .

Maddie just looks at David.

Maddie: Mr. Modell, why didn't she tell us she is Sam's sister?

Rick: She wanted to talk to me first. She didn't know what to do.

Maddie: When she was here, I noticed the picture of her baby in her wallet.

Rick: She told you that was her baby? She said she's the baby's mother?

Maddie: Yes, she did.

Rick: But, she told me that Sam is the baby's mother.

(Continued on pg. 58)

Maddie: Mr. Modell, Sam did say that her sister is the baby's mother. But she really seemed more interested in some money her sister loaned you. Something about paying off gambling debts . . .

Rick: What? I'm no gambler. Sure, I like Vegas. I play the slot machines, black jack. I even like to play poker. But nothing serious. . . And I'm not the one in debt.

Maddie: Sam also said you played a little hard. . . . She made you sound kind of . . . wild. Even Jill talked about Las Vegas.

Rick: Ok. So I played a little hard. But what's wild to Sam is not necessarily wild to most normal people, ok? Anyway, what's wrong with having fun on the weekend? Kicking back. But irresponsible? She's one to talk.

Maddie: What you mean by that?

Rick: You met Sam, right? She looks so sophisticated, together, independent. But, believe me, she can be irrational, neurotic, and, even . . . irresponsible. Even so, I wanted to marry her a long time ago. But she just wouldn't commit. I guess I'm not exactly what she envisioned herself ending up with.

At that, David looks at Maddie, and Maddie looks away.

Rick: Things with me and Sam were never easy. Very passionate, but very volatile. And always loud. Sam's so sexy . . . so gorgeous. But she can be so . . . uptight. Things with us were kind of up in the air. Then I met her sister. Her family called her Terry. It took me a few minutes, but then I realized that it was Jill, from the restaurant. So

that's why I've always called her Jill, or Jillie. I never even knew they were sisters. I mean Sam was the boss. How would it look if people knew she had her sister working for her? Jillie always worked the early shift, so I only saw her a couple of times in passing. I guess it had been over with Sam and me for awhile. It's just that neither of us really admitted it up until then. Jillie was just there at the right time, and things happened with us. I guess you could say we had an affair.

David: But I bet you're not the type that normally has affairs.

Rick: No, I'm not.

**Did you tell them about the time we got married there on a whim?**

**David looks at Maddie.**

David (under his breath): Right.

Rick: But it was hard with all three of us being there together, so I decided I had to leave. I went to Vegas, got a job there, tending bar.

Rick continues: I didn't hear from either of them for the longest time. Then, one day, a few months later, Jillie called me. She found me through a mutual friend. She told me Sam had a baby, and took off. She wanted to know if I'd heard from her. Jillie had custody of the baby. She even sent me some pictures of her. I don't know who she looked like, but she was just beautiful. Jillie asked me not to come, not even to call, because of her husband. I figured the baby was mine, and I would have loved to raise her

myself. But, I was living in a little cracker box, working nights. I was hardly making it myself, and I sure couldn't take care of a baby, so I knew she was better off with Jillie.

Maddie: So, the baby is Sam's. (Maddie hated the way that sounded as soon as she said it.)

Rick: Well, all this time I thought so. But now you're saying that Sam told you that the baby is Jillie's. And then Jillie comes in claiming it's hers. So, I'm not sure of anything right now. I mean, I didn't see either of them for months.

David: Let me get this straight. You're telling us that you have a baby, and you don't know who the mother is? (Putting his hands over his face, and mumbling) Okay, that's all, folks . . .

Before Rick can respond, there is a knock on David's door. Agnes looks in.

Agnes: I'm sorry to interrupt, Ms. Wally is here to see you.

David (looking at his watch): Good. We're really need to get this one in the can. Show her in her, please, Agnes.

Agnes shows Sam in, and closes the door behind her again.

Sam: Ms. Hayes. Mr. Addison. Rick. You are here . . . We need to talk.

Rick: How'd you find me?

*(Continued on pg. 59)*

Sam (to Rick): Terry told me you were here. She told me they were asking questions, and she told me she's giving you the baby.

David: Well, maybe you could tell us a few things.

Sam: Look, you found Rick for me, and that's what I asked you to do. As far as you're concerned the case is closed.

Maddie: Sam, we didn't find him. He found us. Your sister told him we were looking for him. Why didn't you just call your sister yourself?

Sam: And who would I call? You know, she's not Teresa Wally anymore. And she's not Jill Davis anymore. She left that name behind at the place where we all worked together. Besides, I couldn't show my face there again. She's not even Agnes Pawn anymore.

David and Maddie (together): Agnes Pawn?

Sam: Believe me, I checked. I decided to hire a detective. And even if I did find her, she wasn't going to just hand over the baby. She thought I was too irresponsible to have her. And for a long time, she was right. I knew if I had any hope of getting my daughter, I'd have to find Rick. And hope that maybe he could lead me to Terry and the baby.

Sam continues: You see, a little while after Terry got involved with Rick, I found out I was pregnant. I didn't tell anyone. I went back east, stayed with my cousin for awhile, and had the baby there. I even made her promise not to tell anyone in the family. But she was taking a job

overseas, so I had to figure out where to go. When Terry told her that she and Rick broke up, I decided to tell Terry everything. She convinced me to bring the baby back to stay with her. I knew she had problems of her own, but my options were bad.

Maddie: Did you try to contact Rick?

**David: You weren't on a train, were you?**

**Sam: No, it was a bus, why?**

**David: Never mind.**

Sam: Not then. Because I knew that would hurt Terry too much. It was a fling for him, but she was really hurt when he left. She got married on the rebound. She and her husband were already having problems, but they were trying to make it work. I was afraid that having Rick around would have been too much on her. In fact, they're separated now, which is probably for the best. If they stayed together, I'm afraid she'd kill him. Terry only married him for his money. But at least, they gave my daughter a home. Besides, I didn't want Rick to feel obligated to us, just because of the baby, so I never told him.

David: But what is this about money this morning? Was that all just a song and dance?

Sam: Believe me, I needed money. I was sending Terry money to help with the baby when I could. Once she and her husband separated, he

sure wasn't going to help her support my baby. And there were also the gambling debts . . .

David (looking at Rick): You told us you weren't a gambler, and that you weren't in debt.

Sam: But I was. We used to go to Vegas. Boy, we liked to party. (Looking at Rick) Sometimes he'd come to work looking like death warmed over.

Maddie looks at David.

Sam: But, me? I didn't know when to stop. That's when the trouble started. Vegas can make you do things you never thought you'd do. Did you tell them about the time we got married there on a whim?

David looks at Maddie.

Rick: It was spontaneous. When we got back to LA, she just flipped out on me. She just wasn't ready. So, we got it annulled. We tried to stay friends, but it just didn't work out. That's when I met Jillie. And, I think you know the rest. I sure didn't know she was pregnant.

Sam: So, there I am. Single. Pregnant. In debt. After the baby was born, we stayed with Terry for awhile. But having us there really put a strain on their marriage. I had to get away. She convinced me to leave the baby with her. It was a hard thing to do, but I couldn't take care of a baby. She was married, albeit, not happily. But she was more stable than I was. So, I left.

Maddie: Where'd you go?

Sam: Well, for awhile, back to Vegas. I just drifted. Then I was

*(Continued on pg. 60)*

coming back to LA one time, after I'd just lost my shirt one weekend, and I met this guy.

David: You weren't on a train, were you?

Sam: No, it was a bus, why?

David: Never mind.

Sam: Anyway, I got talking to this guy. A nice little guy. Kind of scruffy. His name was Herb.

David and Maddie together: Herb?

Sam: Yeah. We talked the whole way home that trip. And boy, could that man talk! He convinced me that what's important is your family. So, when I got back, I decided to get my life together. Got a new job. Got my own place. But what I really wanted was my baby back. Terry didn't think I was ready. She wanted to keep her. She even hid her from me, which she thought was for the baby's own good. She's changed her name a few times. Every time she "starts over." But it sure made it harder to find her. So, I came to you. I don't hold a grudge. She's helped me a lot over the years. Gave me a lot of money. Took care of my baby for me when I couldn't. She thought she was looking out for the baby. She was right not to just hand her over to me. You see, I have this tendency to run and hide when things get too hard for me to handle.

David looks at Maddie.

Maddie: But, Sam. Why not just tell us from the very beginning that you were looking for your sister and your baby?

Sam: Well, for one thing, I really was looking for Rick. He really is her father. And maybe deep down, I know that Terry has been more of a mother to her than I have. I guess I

was ashamed to admit I'd been so irresponsible. I mean, look at me. I like to think I'm an independent, modern woman, right? I always accused him of being irresponsible. It's kind of ironic that he was the one ready to commit, and I was the one who handed over our baby and took off. But Terry knows I'm ready now, and she trusts Rick. So that's why she's going to let him have custody. (Looking at Rick) I just hope he'll have me, too.

Rick: You bet I will.

They embrace.

Sam: Well, we really need to go see our daughter. Mr. Addison. Ms. Hayes. Thank you for everything. I'm just sorry that I wasn't completely honest when I first came to you.

Maddie: I'm just glad everything came out all right.

Sam and Rick get up to leave the Blue Moon Office. Maddie and David escort them to the door.

Maddie: By the way, what's your daughter's name?

Rick (smiling): Annie. She's a doll.

Maddie (an odd feeling comes over her): That's a pretty name.

Sam: She's named after my cousin. I don't know what I would have done without her. I hope that Rick can meet her one day. Well, thank you, Ms. Hayes, Mr. Addison. Good luck to you both. (She glances at Maddie's stomach.)

Rick (looking at Maddie): I see you two are . . . (He then stops, embarrassed) I mean . . .

Maddie: Yes! (Nodding towards David) We are!

Sam: Well, Congratulations. And, again, I'm sorry for all the trouble we caused you.

David: All's well that ends well. We may even start to specialize in reuniting families.

Rick: I have a feeling that there will always be a market for happy endings.

Maddie glances at Rick's face, and could swear she catches a smirk.

They shake hands all around. As the door closes behind them, Maddie and David just look at each other and shake their heads in disbelief.

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## EPILOGUE

In Maddie's Office. It is starting to get dark, and her office is dim.

David peeks inside the door of her office, and sees Maddie laying on the couch, just starting to wake up.

David (softly): Hey. How ya doing?

Maddie (confused, not fully awake): Hi. Tired. (hands on her stomach and trying to get comfortable) And I'm starting to feel like I'm carrying around a bowling ball. (As she starts to wake up, she realizes there is a blanket over her) Hey, it's getting dark outside. How long did I sleep?

David (looking at his watch): Oh, I'd say close to six hours. Checked on you all afternoon, but you never budged. Although I guess it must be hard to do much tossing and turning with a bowling ball under your dress. I just tucked you in and let you sleep.

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Maddie (sits upright, fully awake now and alarmed): SIX HOURS? I slept for six hours? David! We had an appointment with a client at noon. And I'm behind on so much work. I . . .

David: Don't worry. I told you. . . . Let me worry about your behind. (Smiles at her) And I met with the client.

Maddie (smiles at him, embarrassed): You did?

David continues:

I did. It wasn't for [REDACTED] us. A messy **Uh-huh We're all alone.** paternity case with neurotic **I sent everybody home,** mother, a nitwit **closed up shop early.** father, and a baby in the middle. So, I made an executive decision, and [REDACTED] turned it down.

Maddie (vaguely remembering her dream and trying to clear her head): What? David . . . We did take that case. . . . We just solved it, and . . . Ugh. David, I just had this weird dream and . . . never mind.

David: Ok, no more pickles and ice cream for you. You know we always run into trouble when you start dreaming. . . . But, speaking of pickles and ice cream . . . we never did get back to what we were discussing when you first got in today. The day kind of got away from us.

Maddie: Sorry about that. I guess I've had a lot on my mind.

Maddie, getting her bearings back, just looks up at him, resigned to the fact that she can't keep avoiding this conversation with him. He sits down beside her on the couch.

David: So . . .

Maddie: So . . .

David: So, now what? When do we set up housekeeping?

Maddie (looking weary): What? We don't . . . I mean, now nothing. David, this doesn't change anything.

David: You know, Maddie, the whole time you were in Chicago, I didn't know if the baby was mine . . . didn't even know if you were ever coming back . . . and now . . . Look, we love each other, right? And we're going to have a baby. Can't we just own up to it? You'd sleep a lot better . . .

Maddie (sighs): You know, I think today was the first time I've really slept since I got back from Chicago.

David: Maybe that's because you've spent the last few months in denial, which made us both miserable.

Maddie just looks at him without responding.

David: Maddie, I told you a long time ago that I love you. Way before we knew about the baby. And I just want us to be together. Especially now. Hell, that's what I've always wanted. It just took me two years to admit it.

Maddie (still uncertain but softening): David, I don't want you to feel obligated just because of the baby.

David: Of course, I'm obligated. But, Maddie, I want you. The baby's just a bonus. . . . I've been betting on us all along. Even when the odds didn't look good.

Maddie (still vaguely remembering her dream): Are you a gambler?

David: I like safe bets. What do you

say, Maddie?

Maddie: What's safe?

David (smirking): Well, nothing, obviously. . . . But I'm willing to take my chances on this one.

Maddie (worn down by his charm): I love you, David.

David: I love you, Maddie.

Maddie (flirty): You know, I really can't afford to lose any more sleep, and you do seem to have this effect on me.

David moves closer to her on the couch and they kiss, as the Moonlighting Theme quietly plays.

Maddie: Has everyone gone home?

David (kissing her again): Uh-huh. We're all alone. I sent everybody home, closed up shop early.

Maddie: I guess we should head home, too. (Raises her eyebrows) Your place or mine?

David (surprised): What? You mean . . . Are you sure you really want to?

Maddie: Do you? (hands over her stomach) Even though things have changed a little since the last time.

David (smirks): What do you think? But do we really have to wait until we get home? I mean, we are all alone . . .

Maddie: You mean here?

David: Uh-huh. We can try out the new sofa bed . . . What da ya' say? Of course, I know how you feel about office behavior.

Maddie (smiles): Right. So, we better make sure we don't get caught.

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(She glances towards the open door of her office)

David gets up, closes and locks the door. Then he goes over and closes the window blinds. They sit close together on the couch and start kissing again. He leans over her gently.

David: So much for setting a good example.

Maddie: Just don't tell the boss on me.

They start to kiss more passionately.

David: You still like to be on top?

Maddie (smiles): Not necessarily.

She begins to unbutton his shirt as he unzips the back of her dress. He moves carefully around her, so as not to lay directly on her expanding belly. She leans in so that she is almost over him. They separate just long enough for him to take his shirt off and for her to peel her dress off of her shoulders.

Maddie: Well, why don't you do the honors (looking at the couch) while I freshen up a bit.

She gets up, holding the front of her dress up so that it doesn't fall off her shoulders. As soon as she closes her bathroom door, he throws the cushions aside, drags the coffee table out of the way, and pulls the bed out. Minutes later she returns, and lets her dress fall off her shoulders to the floor. They lay down together on the bed, as close as Velcro despite her bulging middle.

Maddie: So, have you ever slept with a pregnant woman?

David: Who said anything about

sleeping? As I remember, you slept all afternoon.

Maddie: Oh, that's right. So, I guess we'll have to find something else to do.

David (smiling): I'm sure we'll think of something.

She lies flat on her back, while he leans gently over her, their mouths anxiously searching for each other. They both remove their remaining clothes and continue to feel for each other's bodies. They make love in the same perfect rhythm that they have always had in bed together. Afterwards, they lay close together under the sheet and kiss gently. Then she lays her head on his chest.

David: I guess this sets a whole new standard for office behavior.

Maddie smiles but before she can respond, there is a knock on the door. Startled, Maddie and David both raise their heads up.

Maddie (trying to sound calm): Yes?

Camera shows Agnes outside the door.

Agnes: Ms. Hayes? I don't mean to interrupt, but when I drove by, I just noticed your car was still here. Are you okay? Are you still sleeping or . . .

Maddie: No, Ms. Di Pesto. I mean, yes. We're fine. I mean, I'm fine. (Looks at David smirking)

Agnes: You sure? If you're going to work tonight, I could get you some dinner or . . .

David: Don't worry, Agnes. Just go on home to Bert. We're fine.

Maddie cringes that Agnes now knows that David is in her office with her.

Agnes: Mr. Addison? I didn't know you were still . . .

They hear the door knob rattle.

Agnes: Ms. Hayes, your door is locked.

David: What we're working on in here is highly confidential, Agnes. Very sensitive. You understand . . .

Agnes: Yes, Mr. Addison. So, I guess you won't be needing anything else tonight.

Maddie (smiling at David): No. Ms. DiPesto. I think we've got it covered. Good night.

Agnes: Good night, Ms. Hayes. Good night, Mr. Addison.

Maddie and David together: Good night, Ms. DiPesto.

They disappear together under the sheets. Then David pops his head up again.

David (to the camera): I told you to stay for the epilogue.

He raises his eyebrows with a sly smile as he disappears under the sheet again.

EPISODE ENDS