

# DAVID AND MADDIE'S REUNION

By Ella Marsay

Act I

BOARDROOM: DAY

We pan across a very classy, very feminine boardroom. A bunch of women and one or two men are listening intently to a voice at the head of a table. It is a familiar voice, and as we hear it rattle off sales statistics we realize that it belongs to Maddie Hayes. It's been twelve years since we last saw her. She is older but still a knockout in a power suit. She is seated at the head of the table with a logo of "Maddie Magazine" proudly displayed on the wall behind her.

**Maddie:** ...So people are getting to know who we are. In the year since the launch of Maddie Magazine, we have attracted a respectable size readership and I have all of you to thank for that. I would, however, like to build on our successes and I thought we could take this opportunity to maybe brainstorm some new and innovative marketing strategies. So... Ben, marketing is your area of expertise. I turn it over to you.

Ben is good-looking, forty-ish... The type of man that we'd think Maddie would be attracted to. Very take charge, very smart. We can tell by his demeanor that he is quite fond of her, too.

**Ben:** Thank you. Okay... Marketing Strategies. I was thinking we definitely would benefit from something more hip and flashy than just your run-of-the-mill advertising campaign. What do you all think?

**Sally:** I agree. There is a lot of competition out there. What we need is something that sets us apart.

Something special.

**Ben:** How about a contest or something?

**Ann:** Or a model search?

**Maddie:** That's been done, and contests... I don't know.

**Linda:** Maddie's right. Those things are passé. What's hip now is "Reality." Fear Factors and Survivors... things with an edge.

**Maddie:** I don't know if this magazine is the place for that.

**Carrie:** What if we did something deeper than that? Something... I don't know...spiritual.

**Ann:** Like love. Every woman loves a good love story.

**Carrie:** What if we did a wedding issue?

**Linda:** Been done.

**Carrie:** No...no. Not just your every day gowns and flowers guide to weddings. What if we concentrated on one couple and cover not just their wedding, but their relationship. How they met, their life and, of course, the wedding itself.

**Linda:** You mean we could focus on all the facets of their relationship, from pre-marital counseling to catering to...

**Maddie:** But isn't that the type of stuff we see all the time in Bride magazine?

**Sally:** No wait, I think Carrie is on to something. And what if it isn't just a regular wedding, but if it's like a renewal of vows.

A good idea. A room full of hopeful

chatter.

**Carrie:** That's right! That way we could look at their marriage, too. How they stay happy. There are a whole bunch of articles waiting to be written about that.

**Ann:** And still hold on to the wedding angle with dresses and flowers.

**Maddie:** (Starting to buy it) So a renewal of vows. Okay, I can see that. But where do we get the couple?

**Ann:** How about a celebrity couple?

**Sally:** Celebrities are so hard to work with.

**Ann:** But they would attract readers...

We see Carrie has been observing Maddie who looks slightly "off" or preoccupied, in a way that only a close friend would notice.

**Carrie:** (Eureka!) Wait a minute! How about one of us?

**Linda:** What?

**Carrie:** Yeah, one of us. One of us who happens to enjoy a bit of celebrity herself. One of us who has an anniversary coming up. One of us with a gorgeous husband...

All eyes on Maddie

**Maddie:** Wait a minute. You can't be serious. Me?

**Ben:** How many years has it been, Maddie? Ten?

**Maddie:** Twelve. Look, I do like this idea, but you are going to have to think of someone else. I'm busy. He's busy. We're busy. No way.

Hallway.

Maddie and Carrie talk quietly

between themselves.

**Maddie:** I can't believe I am agreeing to this.

**Carrie:** I can't believe you don't see this as a good thing. This could be exactly what your marriage needs right now. A stroll down memory lane. Reaffirming your love for each other. It would be a great excuse to spend some time together.

**Maddie:** That's true. It's just... He's so busy with work and now... He's helping his brother open this new nightclub... I don't know. There is that hopeless romantic part of him who would probably like the idea but...but lately... things seem a lot more hopeless than romantic.

**Carrie:** Maddie, that can't be true. He loves you.

**Maddie:** Yeah, right. (A pause) I really want to believe that. But lately... he barely comes home at night. He sleeps at the office, sometimes even at the club. When he is home.... It's like he's not. (And then...this is hard). Sometimes I wonder if there is someone else...

**Carrie:** Whoa, Maddie! That's crazy! He's nuts about you! Look, you said yourself he's a hopeless romantic. That's why vow renewal ceremonies were created. Just ask him. It doesn't hurt to ask him, right?

Off Maddie's look we cut to....

ST. AUGUSTINE MIDDLE SCHOOL  
GYM: DAY

A girls' basketball game is getting ready to start. Girls are warming up on the floor passing balls back and forth. Referees are talking with each other. Typical pre-game things.

Up in the bleachers we see Bert and

Agnes Viola. They are watching their daughter, Libby Viola, on the floor.

**Bert:** I hope she is properly hydrated before she goes out there. These girls from Holy Virgin are masochists.

**Agnes:** You know Bert, this is why Libby doesn't like you to come to games. You get so worked up.

**Bert:** It's going to be a blood bath, I can feel it. And look at those girls. They're giants! They all have at least twenty pounds on her. She's going to be trampled.

**Agnes:** Bert...

**Bert:** Is she wearing that mouth guard I got her? We've spent a small fortune on braces. At least we could protect our investment.

**Agnes:** Bert!

**Bert:** I'm sorry, but that's my baby out there. (He waves) Hi pumpkin!

We see a wiry girl with curly dark hair give a painfully embarrassed smile. She is standing next to her coach David Addison. He has his arm around her.

**Libby:** Oh my god, Mr. Addison, can you do something about him? He is so embarrassing.

**David:** (He glances at Viola) Well kiddo, look at it this way. At least he's not breathing into a paper bag anymore. That's progress.

Libby looks at David. Not buying...

**David:** Okay ladies, bring it in!

The girls form a huddle around David.

**David:** All right, I like what I am seeing out there. Some good passing and some good shooting. We just got to make sure we can keep our energy up throughout the game. Cally, remember to keep your hands up. Kaitlin, mark your man, and Libby,

keep your head in the game instead of the boys' football practice (He motions them to come in closer.) Now, remember the Virgins like to play rough. The Lord says, "An eye for an eye," so this time if they pull your hair, you pull back!

The girls yell and cheer and disperse across the floor.

**David:** Okay, two more minutes of warm up. Let's go!

**Agnes:** (She watches Bert wipe the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.) Honey, maybe you should go back to the office.

Shock cut to...

**Bert:** Sweetums, our daughter needs our support. Besides, I've had just about enough of that place. It's so damn depressing.

**Agnes:** Oh, come on. It's not that bad.

**Bert:** You don't know the half of it. You are answering the phones all day. You aren't with him as much as I am. (Re: Libby) Does she have her inhaler?

**Agnes:** Herbert!

**Bert:** I'm sorry. (He nods to David) David Addison is a broken man. He's miserable. He doesn't care about working, doesn't care about the cases. Even office recreation fails to interest him. I think he just wants everything back to the way it was before. You know, when Maddie was around.

**Agnes:** I don't understand why he is taking it so personally.

**Announcer:** (Over PA system) And now your starting lineup for St. Augustine Catholic Junior High....

**Bert:** The prescription is current on her contact lenses, right?

**Agnes:** Shhh... I want to hear her be announced.

**Announcer:** ...Number 55 Libby Viola!

They clap. Agnes waves with pure joy as we see Libby take her place on the floor.

**Agnes:** That's my baby.

**Announcer:** ...And at guard, number seven Alexandra Addison!!!

And for the first time we see the Addison Hayes offspring. She is twelve, and we can tell by her smile that she is a happy kid. As she walks out, she slaps hands and carries on in modest Addison coolness. Obviously Miss Popularity and a friend to everyone. We also see that she looks a lot like Maddie except for her dark hair and her father's devilish smirk.

She looks up at the stands. The Violas wave. She waves back. She gazes at her dad who gives her a wink. She then runs out taking her place next to Libby.

**Bert:** Where is Maddie anyway? I thought you said she was coming to the game?

**Agnes:** Probably got held up at work. She'll be here.

#### ON LIBBY AND ALEX

**Libby:** (To Alex) My dad looks like he's gonna puke.

**Alex:** At least he didn't bring his own first aid kit this time. And just think, we're only eighth graders. Maybe by the time we are seniors his game induced panic attacks will be a thing of the past.

The girls break apart and start passing a basketball.

**Libby:** Speaking of dads, yours doesn't look so good either.

**Alex:** Yeah, well, I don't think he's

been getting a lot of sleep.

**Libby:** It's not getting any better, huh? That sucks. I hate when my parents fight.

**Alex:** Are you kidding? I wish they would fight. That would mean things were back to normal.

**Libby:** My mom and dad are really worried about him. I guess he's a mess at the office, too.

**Alex:** Probably because he doesn't know what to do without my mom there.

**Libby:** She's not there at all?

**Alex:** I don't think so. She's working on her new magazine all the time. And on the weekends her publicist Ben has her go to all these press parties and stuff. Dad hates it. He doesn't even go with her.

**Libby:** So it's all over the magazine.

**Alex:** No, I don't know. I think there's other stuff, too. Plus, my uncle has that new nightclub...

**Libby:** You mean "Eclipse" opened already?

**Alex:** Yeah, a couple of weeks ago, and my uncle doesn't have enough money yet to hire all the bartenders he needs, so my dad is filling in. But he's there like every night and sometimes he doesn't even come home. They don't talk or do stuff... I don't know, I guess they don't really see each other anymore.

**Libby:** That's so bizarre. One minute you're complaining about their excessive PDA and now...possible train wreck en route to Splitsville station. Bummer.

Off Alex's annoyed look we cut to...

David pacing as he watches the girls in their final warm ups. He is aware

of a very pretty woman checking him out. She looks very familiar to him, and she confuses his stare for interest rather than his attempts to place her. As he sits down on the bench, she slinks up next to him.

**Rachael:** So coach, we going to win today or what?

**David:** (Friendly) I don't know. This is the toughest team in the diocese. The Virgins like to play rough.

**Rachael:** Hmm...Interesting paradox.

He smirks...appreciating her appreciation for double entendres.

#### ON BERT AND AGNES

**Bert:** (Watching the exchange in front of him) Looks like that Bennett woman is finally circling for the kill. She's been eyeing him for weeks.

**Agnes:** She's harmless.

**Bert:** Look, she's like drooling on him.

**Agnes:** Well, I feel sorry for her.

**Bert:** I can't believe you. Haven't you any sense of loyalty? She is trying to move in on your best friend's husband, for heaven's sake. I would think you should feel a little more than sorry.

**Agnes:** Look Bert, her husband just left her with three kids in a place she has lived in for less than a year. She works sixteen-hour days in an inner-city emergency room. I don't think she gets out much. She's probably just lonely.

**Bert:** (Re. David) A lot of that going around.

#### ON DAVID AND RACHAEL

**Rachael:** You do a good job with these girls. Chelsea loves the team, says you're a great coach.

**David:** Thanks. (Suddenly realizing) Oh! I thought you looked familiar. You're Chelsea's mom.

**Rachael:** (Extending her hand) Rachael Bennett. Well, Louis actually. I'm going back to my maiden name. Getting divorced.

**David:** I'm David. David Addison (Shaking her hand but his attention is on the court) Cally, eye on the ball, honey! Sorry...

**Rachael:** No, I'm sorry. You have a game to coach...

**David:** No, I mean, "I'm sorry." You said you were getting divorced.

**Rachael:** Oh, thanks. Yeah, it's hard, you know. On me, on the kids, especially Chelsea. She really misses a male figure in her life.

**David:** I hear ya. Chelsea seems okay to me, though. She's a good kid.

**Rachael:** Thanks. (And then.) You relate to the kids well. I like that in a guy. Which one is yours?

**David:** Alexandra. Alex. (Not seeing her on the floor, he pulls out his wallet and flashes her picture) She's the point guard.

**Rachael:** Oh, she's the spunky one with the temper.

**David:** (Laughs) That's the one.

**Rachael:** (Looking at his wallet) Hey, what's with the photo of Maddie Hayes? You a fan or something?

**David:** You could say that. She's my wife.

**Rachael:** Oh, you're married? (Glances at his hand) Oh, I ah, I didn't see a ring.

**David:** Huh? (He looks down in a slight panic) Oh... I've been helping out at my brother's bar washing

glasses and stuff. (He digs around in his pockets) Hmm... I must have left it by the sink at work.

**Rachael:** Yeah, I know how that goes. My husband owns a few bars himself. He never wore his ring at work much either. His girlfriend didn't like it.

**David:** (Amused) Ah, ha.

ON BERT AND AGNES

**Bert:** She's undressing him with her eyes. That vixen, that harlot.

**Agnes:** Bert, they're just talking.

**Bert:** She's just so obvious.

**Bert:** Look, I know we are both trained observers as our profession dictates, but with all due respect my sweet, my eyes are a little bit more trained than yours.

**Agnes:** Well, detective or not, I know it takes two to tango, and I don't think David Addison wants to dance.

ON RACHAEL AND DAVID

**Rachael:** Huh, so you're married to the Blue Moon Girl. You two must make beautiful kids.

**David:** Thanks, actually Alex is our only one.

**Rachael:** One was enough, huh?

**David:** (Non plussed) No, we wanted more but ...we were lucky just to have her.

**Rachael:** Oh, I was just...I didn't mean...I was just making conversation.

**David:** No, it's fine.

**Rachael:** Really, people's fertility issues are none of my business.

**David:** Getting pregnant was never the problem, it was staying pregnant that was the trick. (A little shocked by his own openness) So...

**Rachael:** (Lightening the mood) Well, Alex seems like a great kid. She looks just like your wife, except for the hair, of course.

**David:** (Slightly flirtatious, running his hand over his bald scalp) You mean that she has some...

**Rachael:** No, No! I just meant that it's dark. She has dark hair.

**David:** I'm kidding!!

They laugh, and to the casual onlooker it may look very much like these people are enjoying each other's company. From across the floor, Libby sees the exchange, too. She is still passing the ball with Alex.

ON LIBBY AND ALEX

**Libby:** Hey, Al?

**Alex:** Hey, what?

**Libby:** Do you think your parents would ever really get a divorce?

**Alex:** (Slightly alarmed, she holds the ball in her hand) Why? Did you hear something? Did your parents say something?

**Libby:** No. But other people... have been talking.

**Alex:** Who? Who's been talking?

**Libby:** Look, I don't want to start anything...

**Alex:** Lib, come on. You are my best friend. You're like my sister. You got to tell me!

**Libby:** Okay! Okay! (A beat.) Chelsea Bennett said that your dad and her mom were going to "hang out."

**Alex:** What do you mean, "HANG OUT"? What did she say?

**Libby:** Nothing against you! You know how she wants to be like your best friend.

**Alex:** Libby...spill...please!

**Libby:** (A big breath. This is hard.) Okay. Today during bell choir practice, Chelsea passed a note to Cally and I saw it. It said that Chelsea's mom wanted to go out on a date with your dad. Look, don't get upset, okay? It's no big deal. It's probably, you know, just the grapevine.

Alex looks around. Rachael and her father chatting, Chelsea obliviously throwing the basketball with Cally. Back again at her dad. Tapping her foot. Hayes temper beginning to flair. She strides over to Chelsea.

**Libby:** Alex, where are you going?

**Alex:** To prune the grapevine.

**Libby:** (Under her breath) Shit.

**Alex:** Hey, big mouth!

Alex grabs a ball out of Kaitlin's hands and violently bounces it off Chelsea's head. She falls to the floor.

**Alex:** (Con't) Got anymore stories you want to tell?

Chelsea is a waifish little girl. The small demure type always looking to be liked.

**Chelsea:** (Stunned. Rubbing head.) Ow! What was that for?

**Alex:** You know exactly what that was for! You got a story to tell, I'd love to hear it.

People are picking up on this melee. A referee comes over.

**Bert:** What's going on over there?

Alex shoves Chelsea back to the ground.

**Alex:** Take it back, you little liar! Take it back!

**Chelsea:** Take what back? Alex, I don't know what you are talking about!

**David:** Hey! Hey! What's going on over here?

**Alex:** Nothing!

Chelsea gets up, brushes herself off.

**David:** Libby, what happened here?

Alex shoots her a "keep quiet" look.

**Libby:** Um...I'm not sure, Mr. Addison.

**Chelsea:** Geez Alex, I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry.

David watching her, studying her for any indication.

**David:** Alex, apologize to Chelsea. Alex!

Alex doesn't move.

**David:** (Raising his voice, very parental) Hey, are you hearing me?

Referee who has been watching steps in.

**Ref:** Look, I don't know what this is all about but Junior High rules are pretty strict about fighting. I got to throw her out of the game.

**David:** Wait a minute, this is resolved, right? This is resolved! And anyway they're teammates.

**Ref:** Doesn't matter. Fight is a fight is a fight. She's out.

Alex jerks away from her father and stalks toward the locker room.

**David:** (Hands Libby his clipboard) Give this to your dad and have them start the game. I'll be right back.

#### LOCKER ROOM

Libby sitting on a bench, now more mad at herself than the girl. David comes in and sees her sitting there.

**David:** (Half mad) You going to tell me what that was about?

**Alex:** Can I just be left alone, please?

**David:** Not until to give me some sort of explanation for what just happened out there. You were about to turn her into road pizza.

**Alex:** It's nothing, Dad.

**David:** Well, nothing got you tossed from the game. You just disappointed a lot of people...

**Alex:** Daddy, did Chelsea Bennett's mom ask you out on a date?

**David:** (Blindsided) What are you talking about?

**Alex:** Mrs. Bennett. Chelsea Bennett told everyone that her mom was getting a divorce and that she was hanging out with you...

**David:** (Honestly confused) Mrs. Bennett? Who's...?

**Alex:** You were just talking with her out there.

**David:** (Realizing) Oh, her? Baby, I just met her two minutes ago.

**Alex:** And where's Mom anyway? You should be talking to her instead.

**David:** Wait a minute. Wait a minute. What is this about? What does your mom have to do with this?

Alex just sits there with tears in her eyes. She looks up at her dad like a little lost child.

**Alex:** Daddy, is there something wrong with you and Mom? I mean between you and Mom.

**David:** (Covering) Honey, no, we're just... No.

**Alex:** I'm too old not to notice. I know something isn't right and some kids were talking about it...I just got upset out there. I'm sorry.

Dumbfounded. He sits down on the bench across from her, looking her in the eye.

**David:** Angel, I'm not going to lie to you and say that things are all hunky dory at home right now. But I can tell you this. Your mother and I love you with all our hearts. You are the most important thing, and if you are unhappy or if someone or something is hurting you, we want to know about it, okay?

**Alex:** Okay.

**David:** And as far as your mom and I go, it's not your place to worry about it. We're the grownups and we'll worry about that. Got it?

**Maddie:** (O.C.) Alex, are you in here?

**Alex:** (Knows what's coming) I'm here, Mom.

**Maddie:** (To both) What's going on here? Agnes just told me you were thrown out of the game for fighting. What happened?

**David:** Just a little war of words.

**Maddie:** Well, are you okay? Did you get hurt? David, you should really say something to the Virgin coach. Those girls are vicious.

**David:** She wasn't exactly the one on the receiving end.

**Maddie:** (Calmer) Oh... well... At least you're not hurt. She looks down her daughter, obviously sad. What was all this about?

**Alex:** (She glances up at her dad) Chelsea Bennett was talking behind my back, I got upset and... (trying to gloss over)...I handled it wrong. I'm sorry.

**Maddie:** Well, I hope you apologized to her because she is sitting out there with her eye swollen shut... Alex.

She sees her parents look down at her. Both TOGETHER in the same

room focused on the same thing for the first time in a long while. Overwhelmed. Tears come to her eyes. She wipes them away.

**Maddie:** Honey, are you okay? What is it?

She shakes her head.

**Maddie:** Sweetheart, if you are upset or angry about something, we want you to tell us. You can tell us anything.

**Alex:** I know, Mom. Really. I just don't feel like talking right now.

David reaches out to caresses her head.

**Alex:** Look, I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking out there. I guess anger management is a gene I don't have. Mom, I'd like to go home. I'm not feeling very well.

**Maddie:** (Unsure) Okay. Get your things. I'll meet you in the car.

**Alex:** Daddy. I'm sorry about the game. (She steps up on the bench to reach his cheek for a kiss. She heads out the door.) Oh my god, Mr. Viola is making them wear football helmets!

**David:** Not again. Tell him I'll be there in a minute.

**Maddie:** What's gotten in to her? She can't just go around hitting people.

**David:** I know, and I talked to her about it and she won't be doing it again. I think she learned her lesson.

**Maddie:** What did that little Chelsea say anyway?

**David:** Who knows? Look, it's over. Forget about it. Alex will be fine.

**Maddie:** (Sees a small window of opportunity. Takes his hand.) How about you, you fine?

**David:** (Tensely) Sure. Of course.

**Maddie:** (Just as tense) I'm sorry I'm

late, but I was home putting dinner on. Roast and potatoes. All your favorites. (She pulls his arms around her) I've got something I want to talk to you about.

**David:** (A little standoffish) That sounds great but I promised Ritchie I would tend bar at the club tonight and then I have to stop at the office...

**Maddie:** Oh... well...

**David:** (Seeing her disappointment trying to ignore it) It's just I have a lot to do at the office...

**Maddie:** (Trying to make light) Sure, sure. Maybe if you get in early we can have a late dinner. Just you and me.

A long, uncomfortable moment

**David:** Look, I better get back out there before Bert gets them saying a Rosary. (He gives her a quick peck on the cheek.) I'll see you later.

Maddie: (Watching him go) Yeah. Later.

#### MADDIE'S HOUSE: NIGHT

This is the first time we have seen Maddie's (Now hers and David's house) in twelve years. Just as impeccably decorated as we last saw it, except it seems warmer. Like a family lives there. Maddie and Alex at the dinner table in front of way too much food. The mood is quiet, maybe a little sad.

**Alex:** (Overwhelmed) Wow... There sure is a lot of food here

**Maddie:** I made too much, didn't I?

**Alex:** Um... no. (Picks up a heaping bowl of mashed potatoes) I was just thinking how totally hungry I was for mashed potatoes, baked potatoes, sweet potatoes....

**Maddie:** I guess I'm not used to not having your father here.

**Alex:** That would explain the starchy food. I learned in health class that you crave them when you're depressed.

**Maddie:** (A little too defensive) I'm not depressed! What makes you think I'm depressed?

**Alex:** Hey listen, I got a note from Mr. Tabor, my Bio teacher. He wants you to sign it.

She pulls it out of her pocket and slides it across to her.

**Maddie:** What did you do now?

**Alex:** It's actually what I didn't do, if you want to get technical about it.

**Maddie:** No homework for the third day in a row. Alex...

**Alex:** Hey look, it's basketball season and Dad held extra practices last week. And then I had other commitments...

**Maddie:** "Other commitments." That's all you got? I'm used to Addison caliber excuses.

**Alex:** Well, I am under a lot of stress these days. I come from a broken family, you know. Some times we kids suffer.

**Maddie:** That's the kind of material I was looking for. Wait a minute, what are you talking about? You don't come from a broken home.

**Alex:** (Avoiding) Now, if you'll just sign this, I will be on my way.

**Maddie:** Alex, sit down.

**Alex:** Mom....

**Maddie:** Sit!

She does, reluctantly.

**Maddie:** Look sweetheart, I know things are a little...off... around here and I know you have noticed... but...

**Alex:** Is this the speech when you say, "no matter what goes on between you and Dad you guys will always love me?" Cause if it is, I can save you about ten minutes and three pages of dialog because he already had it with me.

**Maddie:** He did?

**Alex:** Yeah, and I know all that.

**Maddie:** Good.

**Alex:** So I'll be upstairs...

**Maddie:** Alex, I'm not finished. Look, I'm glad you know this has nothing to do with you, but I can see you are upset.

**Alex:** Mom...

**Maddie:** Alex, this is me. I know you. You and your father have the same look when you're trying to avoid something. Baby, I know how crazy it is around here, but I want you to know that if you have a problem or have something to say, we want to hear it.

**Alex:** Mom, I know.

Clearly not wanting to talk, Maddie relents.

**Maddie:** Okay, look. I'm not that hungry either. Why don't you head upstairs and do your homework, and I'll clean this all up.

**Alex:** Okay...(She eyes her mother a moment, worried.)

**Alex:** Mom, are you all right?

**Maddie:** (Forced) I'm fine. I'm just... You know what? I have a few errands I have to run. I'll be back in a little while.

Alex nods and watches her go.

Fade out.

ECLIPSE NIGHTCLUB: NIGHT.

A trendy bar. Dark, classy, place with well-dressed, good-looking people drinking Manhattans and Martinis. Ritchie Addison is behind the bar smoking a cigarette mingling with the clientele. Maddie comes through the door dressed as trendy as the place in great fitting blue jeans and a black leather jacket.

**Ritchie:** Hey, sis!

**Maddie:** Hi! Hey, it looks like a good crowd in here tonight.

**Ritchie:** Sure does. A few more weeks of this and I'm looking at a brand new BMW and a trip to Aruba. What can I get you?

**Maddie:** How about a white wine?

As he gets her drink, she looks around the place. Meat market. Her gaze falls on a weird-looking, fat guy with a very attractive, very young woman.

**Maddie:** Ritchie, over there. That's Al, your partner, right?

**Ritchie:** That's right. And I know what you're thinking, but I asked for ID before I served her. Pretty good fake.

**Maddie:** What? His wife was unavailable this evening?

**Ritchie:** He's getting divorced. Pretty messy, too, I guess. I don't know, maybe he just needs a friend. You know, a shoulder to cry on...

**Maddie:** Looks like he's interested in more than just her shoulders.

**Ritchie:** (Appreciating the view) She does have some nice...shoulders... Well, it's none of my business. I am only his business partner not his conscience. His personal life is personal.

**Maddie:** (Cautiously) Is that your policy with all your employees?

**Ritchie:** (He knows) Ah, is that why you're here? Hunting down hubby?

**Maddie:** He said he was working here tonight.

**Ritchie:** He was, but then he headed to the office. Said he had some work to catch up on.

She nods, looking blankly at her glass.

**Ritchie:** (No bullshit) Trouble in paradise, huh?

**Maddie:** Maybe. He hasn't said anything to you at all about me...or us?

**Ritchie:** (He thinks about this for a minute) All right, I normally don't stick my nose or anything else where it doesn't belong... but I will admit I have noticed Davie a little down lately. But that's it. Come on, he loves you. You're everything to him. You know that.

**Maddie:** I want to believe that Ritchie, but lately...

**Ritchie:** I think he just misses you.

**Maddie:** If he misses me, why doesn't he want to spend time with me?

A very pretty girl in a very short skirt leans across the bar for a napkin.

**Sarah:** Hey Ritchie, where's David?

**Ritchie:** Sorry honey, he's off tonight.

**Sarah:** Damn, it won't be ladies night without him. Tell him Sarah and the girls missed him, won't ya?

**Ritchie:** Will do. (Off Maddie's unamused look) Okay, I know what you're thinking and let me be the first to tell you, he's not interested. Why would he be? He's married to the woman of his dreams. The woman of most men's dreams.

**Maddie:** Thanks.

**Ritchie:** Let me say this. I readily

admit that I know nothing about women, but I do know something about being a man. Men like to feel needed by the women they love. You got this big magazine now all by yourself. Other men are sniffin' around.

**Maddie:** Oh, Ben? Please.

**Ritchie:** Men are like dogs. You got to throw us a bone once in a while. We like to know that you care... that we are appreciated.

**Maddie:** You know, the magazine is doing a special issue on couples reaffirming their wedding vows. I was going to ask him if he wanted to do it for our anniversary. You know, we'd make a big deal out of it. I thought maybe it would be good for us.

**Ritchie:** Who says it wouldn't?

**Maddie:** I know he hated it when I started the magazine, but I figured he'd just get over it. It's just so strange. He's not one to hold back if something is bothering him.

**Ritchie:** Don't take this the wrong way, but you couldn't be overreacting.

**Maddie:** Ritchie, Alex asked me tonight if we were getting a divorce.

**Ritchie:** (Makes an ouch face. Puts his hand over hers) Look sis, you know how much I love you guys. I'm like your biggest fan. Like I said, he loves you. You'll work it out.

**Al:** Hey Rich, I just found this next to the sink in back. Looks like a wedding band. Probably belongs to one of the waiters. (Winks at Maddie) Definitely not mine.

Maddie immediately recognizes it.

**Ritchie:** Thanks. I'll hold on to it.

**Maddie:** I'LL hold on to it. (She takes it in her hand, looks at it.) It's David's.

**Ritchie:** Are you sure?

**Maddie:** Of course I'm sure. The date of our wedding is engraved on the inside.

Her face clouds.

**Ritchie:** Hey, Maddie, I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it.

**Maddie:** I've never known him to take it off.

**Ritchie:** Look sis, I hate to see you guys like this. He said he was going to the office. Why don't you go and have yourselves a chat?

Dissolve to...

ALEX'S BEDROOM: NIGHT

Alex is lying on her bed, phone to her ear. She is talking to Libby.

**Libby:** So, how nailed are you for today's game?

**Alex:** Two weeks grounded. I figure I can get it down to a week for good behavior.

**Libby:** Thank God your father came back to the game. We were losing big time with my dad in charge.

**Alex:** Don't be so hard on your dad. It's not every kid who has a personalized first aid kit.

**Libby:** Don't remind me... Speaking of parents...did you talk to them?

**Alex:** I tried. I just don't know what to say to them. They're both so messed up. My mom was pretty sad at dinner. I think she went out to find him.

**Libby:** What about you, Alex? Are you okay?

**Alex:** (A chink in the armor) I'm okay...it just seems like it's getting worse. It's like they have run out of reasons to be around each other. The only time they ever even talk anymore is about me.

**Libby:** I can totally relate to that. That's why Steve and I broke up last month. Other than having the same Spanish teacher, we didn't have any common interests.

**Alex:** If there was just something I could do about it.

**Libby:** You know what would be cool? If you planned a family vacation together so you guys would have to spend time together.

**Alex:** Libby, I didn't say I wanted to hang out with them. I just want THEM to hang out with them.

**Libby:** What they need is like a case to work on together. Something that they couldn't pass off to my parents. Something important.

**Alex:** I get what you are saying... So a case that only they could solve. A case involving a common interest.

**Libby:** Oh My God! I got it! What is their biggest common interest?

**Alex:** What?

**Libby:** You! Alex! You!

**Alex:** I don't get it.

**Libby:** Don't make them spend time with you, make them spend time ON you!

**Alex:** Wait a minute, so what you are saying is that I should be their case.

**Libby:** Yeah!

**Alex:** What do you mean? Like get into trouble and cause them problems so they have to be parental.

**Libby:** Yeah, act like you do, but step it up a notch.

**Alex:** Wait a minute, wait a minute. So what you are saying is that if I require more parental supervision, maybe they would be around more.

**Libby:** That's right.

**Alex:** That's good, but I wish I had some help. Like a mild family crisis or forced imprisonment...

**Libby:** Yeah...like remember in History class they taught us that the best war strategies were when battle was waged from multiple fronts.

**Alex:** I wouldn't know. I haven't been to History in a while.... Wait a minute. I got a beep. Someone's calling on the other line...Hello... No, they can't come to the phone right now. Can I take a message? I'm their daughter... Yes, that's my uncle Ritchie... Yes, I'll try and get a hold of them right away... Thank you... (She flips back to Libby.) Oh my god, Libby! Great news! My uncle's just been arrested for murder!

BLUE MOON ELEVATOR: LATE NIGHT

She rides up deep in thought. Preparing herself for confrontation. As she steps off she almost bumps into Agnes and Bert.

**Maddie:** Whoa! Oh excuse me. I'm sorry. I wasn't looking where I was going.

**Agnes:** What are you doing here at this hour?

**Maddie:** I should be asking you two the same thing.

**Bert:** Oh, we just had a few loose ends to tie up. Anselmos.

**Maddie:** What is it with those Anselmos? Every generation seems to get into more and more trouble.

**Bert:** (Sensing the need for girl talk) Honey, how about I get the car and meet you by the elevator?

**Agnes:** Sure...Okay.

**Bert:** Goodnight, Maddie.

**Maddie:** Goodnight.

**Agnes:** So, is Alex okay? She seemed pretty upset at the game.

**Maddie:** Yeah, I just wish I knew what set her off. It's not like her to start fights like that. Libby hasn't said anything to you about it, has she?

**Agnes:** No, not a word.

**Maddie:** So...he's here, huh?

**Agnes:** He is but he's not. You know what I mean. (A pause) I'm glad you are here to talk with him.

**Maddie:** Yeah, well... wish me luck.

**Agnes:** Good night.

Maddie walks thoughtfully down the hall through the Blue Moon door. This is the first glimpse we have seen of it in twelve years. Totally updated, state of the art. It is clear that they have truly built it up to a complete success.

She looks around a moment, as if she hasn't been there awhile. She makes her way to David's office. She looks around, wistful. We notice it is no longer his but Bert's office.

CUT TO

David is sitting at her...now his desk pretending to work. It is dark, except for the dim light of the desk lamp. He is obviously troubled. He thumbs through a few papers when something catches his eye. It is a picture of Maddie, Alex and himself in happier times. He picks it up, thinks better of it, then puts it back down...

**Maddie:** Hi ya, stranger.

David jumps. She stands in the doorway, bathed in shadow

**Maddie:** I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I looked for you in your office but it looks like Bert took it over...

**David:** Yeah, I moved in here about a month ago. Figured you didn't need it anymore...

**Maddie:** Oh, good idea. I guess I haven't been here in a while.

**David:** Guess not.

Very painful pause.

(They talk simultaneously)

**David:** What are you doing here?

**Maddie:** What are you doing here?

She walks to the office.

**Maddie:** I ah, went to the club to look for you and Ritchie said you were here. I thought I'd drop by.... for a couple reasons actually. I thought maybe we should talk.

**David:** (Avoiding) I've got a lot of work to catch up on here... Murders, assaults, frauds... and that's just the Anselmos...

**Maddie:** (Being a good sport) Sounds interesting. Anything I could help you with?

**David:** You're kidding, right?

**Maddie:** Why would I be kidding?

**David:** Oh well, surprise, surprise, Mrs. Addison. I didn't think you had the time or interest in us little people anymore. Should I curtsy or kiss your feet?

**Maddie:** David...

**David:** So what else?

**Maddie:** What else what?

**David:** You said you came here for a couple different reasons...

**Maddie:** Right. Well, like I said, I was at the club and Ritchie wanted me to give this back to you. (She pulls his ring out of her pocket laying it in front of him.) It was by the sink in the back room. He thought

you might be missing it.

**David:** (Looks at it a moment. Little reaction) What? You think I left it on purpose?

**Maddie:** I didn't say that.

**David:** No, but you were thinking it.

**Maddie:** (Confused as hell) What's wrong with you?

**David:** Wrong? (Picking up files, heading for the door) I don't know. You tell me? What's wrong?

**Maddie:** David, I have never seen you like this before.

**David:** Seen me what? Busy? Well, when you run a business all by yourself it happens. Oh, of course, you probably know that, being a media mogul now and all.

**Maddie:** David, why are you treating me this way?

**David:** (He blows by her. Out the door, through the outer office, into his. Maddie following.) Personal issues shouldn't be addressed on company time...

**Maddie:** David, please! (Maddie grabs him and pulls him to face her. Tears in her eyes.) Please, I can't stand this anymore!

**David:** (Yelling) What is "this"? What can't you stand?

**Maddie:** This...this rift between us. I don't know what going on, but for months you have been copping this attitude with me. I don't know if it is anger or hurt or what but...

**David:** So this is all on me...

**Maddie:** This isn't about blame, David. I just want to some answers. I want to know why you are so angry with me. I want to know why you avoid me, why you ignore me.

I have to run all over the city just to have a conversation. You're never home. You haven't touched me in weeks. I lay in bed at night and I wonder where you are...who you are with.

(They begin talking simultaneously)

**David:** Where I am? What I'm doing? What about you, huh? Where are you? I'm your husband, Maddie, and I have no clue what is going on in your life. New job, new life! It's like I don't know you anymore!

**Maddie:** ...What am I supposed to think? You don't even wear your ring anymore...Yeah, and I'm your wife, remember? You don't understand. It's like I don't know you anymore.

(Simultaneous talk ends)

**Maddie:** David, please stop yelling.

**David:** What, was Blue Moon not good enough for you? What am I to you? Just some jerk who was holding you back, right?

**Maddie:** David, please...

**David:** So, what? Blue Moon bores you? It's not challenging enough? Your magazine stimulates you.

**Maddie:** It's not that at all, David! It's just something I did on my own, a side interest that grew. I don't know. Something I did that... I could be proud of. (Realizing the really poor choice of words) I didn't mean...that came out wrong.

He sits on the edge of his desk arms folded. That hurt.

**David:** (Very quiet) This was never good enough for you, huh? I, me, this, me and you...

**Maddie:** No!

**David:** ...So was Blue Moon like

a side job until something better came along?

**Maddie:** I can't believe you're saying this!

**David:** (Explosion) Why do you have to ruin everything we have spent 16 years to build? We had a good business and a good marriage and you traded that all in for some rag. How is that supposed to make me feel?

**Maddie:** David, I love you! I would never trade in what we have for anything. You have to know that.

David shooting daggers.

**Maddie:** You know having my own magazine has always been a dream of mine and I can't understand why you won't support me in this. I thought if we could make a go of this, we could retire and never have to work again...

**David:** You thought...not we.

**Maddie:** David...

**David:** The magazine may be your dream, but Blue Moon was ours. We built this place from the ground up, Maddie. We, Us. That doesn't mean a damn thing to you, does it?

**Maddie:** It means everything to me. You mean everything to me.

**David:** You know, my whole life there have really only been three things that have truly made me happy. You and Alex and this agency. Stupid me, but I thought you felt the same way. But it looks like you're on to bigger and better things, huh?

**Maddie:** (Stung) What about you? Are you on to better things?

**David:** What do you mean?

**Maddie:** I hate to ask you this because I'm not sure I really want an answer. But...(A Pause. The hardest thing she has ever had to ask) David, is there someone else?

**David:** (Disbelief) WHAT?

**Maddie:** Please don't make me ask you again.

**David:** Wow, this is unbelievable. You really think...(Confused) Did Alex say something to you?

**Maddie:** (Just as confused) Why would Alex...

**David:** Forget it. (Weirdly touched that she'd care. Low voice) No...no, there is no one else.

**Maddie:** (Relieved) Look David, I don't want it to be like this. I never wanted it to be like this. Maybe we should get some help. Maybe we should see a therapist...

**David:** Maybe we should see a lawyer.

**Maddie:** What?

**David:** I think you're right. It's stupid to go on like this. It's not fair to either one of us and it definitely is no good for Alex.

**Maddie:** David.

**David:** Look, you said yourself, it's not getting any better. And if I can't make you happy and we both want different things...

**Maddie:** Who said you don't make me happy....

**David:** Maybe divorce is the only option...

They stare at each other. The gravity of the moment very apparent. Suddenly a cell phone. They both feel for theirs.

**David:** That's me... It's Alex... Hey, baby. Yeah, I'm at the office with your mom. When did this happen?

**Maddie:** What? Is she okay?

**David:** Okay. No, you just sit tight. Everything is fine. Look, it's going to be a late night so do me a favor. Go down stairs, lock all the doors, and arm the security system...Okay...I love you, too... Finish your homework.

**Maddie:** What's going on?

**David:** It's Ritchie. I've got to go the police station.

**Maddie:** Wait a minute! What's he doing at the police station?

**David:** His partner was just found dead in the back alley of the club. They're charging Ritchie with murder.

## **END ACT I**