

Talk Dirty Section.....Season One

THE NEXT MURDER YOU HEAR

Scene: The meeting at the radio station.

Sonny: Guess he wanted to keep his days free.

David: Why do you think that was?

Sonny: I'm not sure.

David: Take a guess.

Sonny: See, a lot of married men work during the day. A lot of married women don't.

Maddie: Oh.

David: **Everybody needs a hobby.**



Scene: On the street

David: Now that is what I call a case – sex, violence, hit tunes.

A stone faced Maddie pulls open the driver's side door, and the two of them slide in.

David: If we crack this thing, they'll make a movie. Mel Gibson will play my life. I'll go on TV. I'll talk to David Hartman...Barbara Walters. Women from all over the country will send me letters...**make lewd suggestions.** Is this a great country or what?

He turns on the tape player.

Paul's voice filtered:

Heartbreak Hotline.....you're on the air.

Maddie reaches over and angrily shuts off the tape deck.

Maddie: We're not taking this case.

David: Get out of town!

Maddie: Paul McCain is a disgusting human being.

David: He's dead!

Maddie: Good, he got what he deserved.

David: You don't know that.

Maddie: Given the amoral way he lived his life, his violent death comes as no surprise to me.

David: You're mad because **he boinked a couple of hausfraus?**

Maddie cannot believe what she has just heard.

Maddie: I'm not having this conversation. We're not taking this case.

They pull away from the curb, and there is a pause.

David: I'm gonna say something to you.

Maddie: Be still, my heart.

David: Judge not lest ye be judged.

Maddie: Where did you get that?

David: I read it on a bumper sticker. But I think it's pretty damned profound. It's a great case, Mad—

Maddie: It's a perverse case.

David: It's a great case.

Maddie: I don't want to talk about it.

David: Wait a second.

Maddie: I don't want to talk about it. When we get back to the office, we're going to dedicate ourselves to finding another case – a real case – the kind with a client with some morals with a checkbook.

David: Fine

Maddie: Fine

David: Good.

Maddie: Good.

David: You're weird.

Maddie: This is very meaningful. Humpty Dumpty is calling me cracked.

David: No, no, no, no, no, no. **You're repressed or obsessed or one of those "essed" words. Every time something comes up that involves men or sex or...uh (searching for the word)**

Maddie: **Boinking?** Is that the word you're looking for?

David: See what I mean. That's not normal.

Maddie: I'm supposed to sit here and discuss my mental health with a man who refers to the act of human procreation as "**boinking**".

David: See, see what I mean? Right away...you get all stiff and tense.

Maddie (furious): No, no, no. Not right away. Not with everybody. Not with anybody. Just you. You make me stiff and tense.

David: I make you stiff and tense because I'm the only person in your life.

Maddie: Ha!

David: What? Are you denying it? Are you saying there's someone else in your life? Are you denying the fact you're not in bed...alone....every night by nine thirty?

Maddie: There are plenty of people in my life. Plen—tee.

David: Name one.

Maddie: I will not.

David: Because you can't. Because there is no one. **Because you're repressed, or obsessed, or one of those "essed" words.** And that's why you're not gonna take this case. This great case!

Maddie: I'm not listening to you.

David: Because it makes you crazy to think **that anybody out there is boinking when you can't.**

Maddie: I can't hear you.....

David: Because it makes you crazy **that the whole world is out there boinking...the whole world except you.**

Maddie: Not a single word. Not a single word.

David: **Boink.**

Maddie: Shut up.

David: **Boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink.**

Maddie: Stop it!

David: Can't you hear them out there?

Maddie: Stop it, David?

David: **Boink, boink, boink, boink.**

Maddie: Get out of my car!

David: **Boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink, boink.**

Maddie: Get out of my car!

David: **Boink, boink, boink, boink.**

Maddie pulls over, the passenger side flies open, and David rolls out onto the sidewalk, as the car tears away.

David: Whoa!!



Scene: Walking towards McCain's apartment.

Maddie (half to herself): So this is where he lived.

David: Yes. Ladies and gentlemen...this is where Paul McCain, late of the Heartbreak Hotline..currently residing twenty thousand leagues under the sea, hung his hat and **defiled his dames.**



Scene: In the bar.

David makes his way towards the phone. A beautiful barmaid walks by, and he stops her.

David: **Can I have your baby? No, of course I can't. That's a trick question.**

He shoves a fiver at her.

David: Bring me two of anything in the tequila family.



Scene: In Maddie's office.

Maddie: David, David, David...you look awful.

She helps him off the back of the door.

David: Don't you "David, David, David" me, you.....**wanton woman.**

Maddie: **Wanton what?**

David: **Wanton woman.** That's what I called you, cause that's what you are. **A wanton woman. A woman that's wanton.** Don't deny it. I know what I'm talking about. I called your house every fifteen minutes last night.

Maddie: You did?

David: Yes, I did.

Maddie moves towards him.

Maddie: That is so sweet.

She reaches to lay her hand on his shoulder.

David: **Keep your mitts off of me, you Scarlet Pimpernel.**

Maddie: Scarlet what?

David: I guess I have to bear a lot of the guilt for this. I'm the guy who drove you to it. Working with me...side by side...day in and day out.....bound to make a weak willed woman like you a little crazy.

Maddie: David.....

David: We're mature adults here. I understand the problem and I'm willing to help you solve it.

Maddie is getting mad.

Maddie: David.....

David: I mean....**we can't very well have you out there on the streets of Los Angeles filled with all these primal urges, embarrassing yourself and the agency, now can we?**

Maddie: David, stop. Stop now, while there's still time.

David: **Of course we can't. Which is why....and I've given this a lot of thought.... I will be more than happy to accommodate any urges, passions, or desires you may be filled with and find yourself unable to relieve.**

Maddie stares at him, not quite believing what she's hearing.....

David: **You understand the offer I'm making you?....I happen to think it's damn nice of me.....the trick is not to make a pig of yourself...think carefully about what you want.....**

Maddie lifts her foot and slams it down on David's.

David: Ow.....

Maddie: For the good of the company, and the safety of your life, I'm going to forget the last three minutes ever happened. Nod yes if you understand.

David nods.



Scene: In the car.

David: You think Laura Boyd killed her own husband?

Maddie: You don't? Addison, it's obvious.

David: It's not really obvious to me.

Maddie: **That's because you think with your zipper.** Laura Boyd is a woman who married solely for money...cheated on her husband...had him killed, and then set up her lover to take the blame.



Scene: In the hallway, after Maddie has bitten David's leg.

David: I told you to bite, not eat.

Maddie: I'm so sorry. **From the bottom, all you men look the same to me.**



Scene: Epilogue.

David: You wanna do something tonight? Get something to eat or something, maybe?

Maddie (rising): Addison, we've been over this before...you know I have to be at home...alone...in bed by nine thirty.

David slips his arm around her and leads her to the door.

David: Ah, c'mon. It's not a school night. There's all kinds of great things going on out there. Can't you hear them?

Maddie: Hear them?

David: Sure. **Boink. Boink boink. Boinkety boink boink. Boink boink boink boinkety boink.**