

Talk Dirty Section.....Season One

THE MURDER'S IN THE MAIL

Scene: In the Blue Moon Reception Area....Maddie storms up to the door where the two movers have settled in...leaning against the piano...one eating...one smoking.

Maddie: Take it back!

Workman #1: But.....

Maddie: I'm not paying for it. Cancel it. Take it back. Cancel the chopper and the wench.

David: **You mean winch....you're the wench.**

Maddie: (turning to him): Watch it.

David: Wight.



Scene: In the confessional

Roy Hirsch: I mean...you guys are supposed to help me out in situations like this. I mean....that I'm not going to be the only one to die if anything goes South. **Now, you guys cover me and I'll make sure everybody else's behind is covered.**



Scene: In Roy Hirsch's apartment

Maddie: I think this deadbeat is dead.

David: Another old trick. Stick him with a pin.

Maddie: I will not!

David: Yank out one of his nose hairs.

Maddie: Addison!

David: **Rip off all of your clothes and see if he reacts.**

(off her look)

You're right. Bad idea. That would kill me!



Scene: In the hallway, trying to break into the apartment.

David holds out his hand.

David: Credit card.

Maddie: Credit card?

David: Credit card.

Maddie opens her purse and begins to fish through her things. A door down the hall opens, and a man walks towards Maddie and David. David quickly turns towards Maddie.

David: **Look, would you be more comfortable going to a motel?**

Maddie looks up at him, shocked, as the man walking by, speeds up, embarrassed.



Scene: Outside the restaurant kitchen.

Maddie: This is humiliating.

David: It is not humiliating. Serving food and drink to people is not humiliating. It's an important job. It's a vital link in nature's food chain.

The door swings open and Maddie walks out...in a small, form fitting server's outfit.

Maddie (not pleased): I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about this.

David (pleased): What about it?

Maddie: Where's the rest of it?

David: What are you talking about? I think you look terrific. **I think all of you looks terrific.**

He can't help but notice the neckline.

David: **Leave any room for tips in there?**

Maddie (starting off): That's it!

David (stopping her): I'm sorry. You're right. But we have no choice. Just remember...you're dressed like that for America....and I, for one, salute you.

Maddie: **Salute you, Addison.**

Maddie: That's good. I like that. OK, ready? Look waitery.