

# ARDEN

## Season 2, Episode 1 “To Bea or Not to Bea”

By Christopher Dole, Sara Ghaleb, and Emily VanDerWerff

Created by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole, and Sara Ghaleb

### REGULAR CAST:

BEA CASELY: Michelle Agresti  
BRENDA BENTLEY: Tracey Sayed  
ROSALIND URSULA: Shannon Estabrook  
PAMELA PINK: Charlita Gaston  
ANDY WHEYFACE: Benjamin Watts  
LORENA CHRISTOPHER: Mia Drake  
DANA HAMILL: Libby Woodbridge

### GUEST CAST:

JULIE CAPSOM: Lindsay Zana  
LATE NIGHT HOST: Grant Patrizio  
SIDEKICK: Adam Emperor  
ANNOUNCER: Christopher Dole  
BEA IMPERSONATOR: Emma Sherr-Ziarko  
BRENDA IMPERSONATOR: Michaela Swee  
TERRY GROSS TYPE: Jennifer Liao  
REALITY SHOW HOST: Mike Bash  
JUDGE: Tal Minear  
AWARDS SHOW PRESENTER: Daniel Mills  
JANITOR YORICK: Emily VanDerWerff  
GUARD: Mike Bash

**CONTENT WARNING: This episode contains adult language, drinking, fighting, loud noises, discussion though not depiction of gore, and brief prison scenes.**

**GLOSSARY:**

**RED = STUDIO**

**GREEN = FLASHBACK**

**PINK= MONTAGE**

**PURPLE = FIELD AUDIO**

**BLUE = ADVERTISEMENTS**

**ANDY:** Arden is brought to you, as always, by Wheyface Industries. The people.

[click play]

**ROSALIND:** So. Previously. On Arden. Meet intrepid radio journalist Bea Casely.

**BEA:** This isn't an investigation, it's journalism.

**ROSALIND:** A little while back, Bea found herself with the chance to make her dream show: a true crime podcast dissecting the 2007 disappearance of Hollywood superstar Julie Capsom and her one-time boyfriend Ralph Montgomery.

[Red carpet sound effects]

**JULIE:** I think girls my age should stand up and speak out! And that's what Jane Austen Fight Club is all about!

**ROSALIND:** There was just one problem.

**BRENDA:** They want action, suspense. They want results!

**ROSALIND:** Detective Brenda Bentley crashed the party. Bea and Brenda had run into each other before, back when Julie actually disappeared, and Bea and Brenda... like to argue.

**BRENDA:** Well you've got another thing coming!

**BEA:** Just tell me what your evidence is! ...And it's *think*.

**ROSALIND:** In their search for Julie, the two were joined by the world's greatest assistant, Rosalind Ursula. That's me. And hyper-competent producer Pamela Pink.

**PAMELA:** [over studio mic] Thank you. Please don't editorialize.

**ROSALIND:** And they also got to contemplate the ravages of late-stage capitalism with eccentric billionaire Andy Wheyface, the owner of both Brenda's detective agency and Bea's radio station.

**ANDY:** Explain how I bought out the station to make sure Bea and Brenda--

**ROSALIND:** I'm just doing the bare minimum, Mr. Wheyface. Like you asked.

**ANDY:** Explain how we're both airplane pilots! That could be important!

**ROSALIND:** Anyway, every step Bea and Brenda got closer to the truth, more complications arose, almost as if there was an elaborate conspiracy to hide the truth. Because there was!

**JULIE:** We got through everything else.

**RALPH:** But there's something about this one, it just... pings me.

**ROSALIND:** Julie and Ralph were alive! And living in Verona, Italy! And once team Arden found them, everything fell apart.

**JULIE:** So, this stupid thing I did as a teenager, it's given me everything. But my choices also destroyed everything.

**ROSALIND:** Brenda gave up the show-- Possibly because of how close Bea was getting to her new girlfriend, Lorena Christopher, fellow podcast host.

**LORENA:** I didn't get a chance to say this on the show, but... I am so proud of you.

**ROSALIND:** Julie went to jail, Arden became a hit, and Brenda's still missing over a year later.

**BRENDA:** You can lose a forest, but you can't lose a tree. You gotta cut that motherfucker down.

**ROSALIND:** If you wanna know anything more, listen to season one! There's a torso in a car trunk! [beat] That's pretty much it, right?

**ANDY:** Tell them how I finally won the endless struggle with the self.

**ROSALIND:** Oh, that didn't make the final edit. Editors deemed it un-noteworthy. Sorry.

**ANDY:** But if it didn't make the final edit... did it even happen?

**ROSALIND:** I mean, if *you* have fond memories of it--

**ANDY:** It's only canon if it makes the final edit! Dammit. You win again, you! [he groans]

**ROSALIND:** I'm so fucking sick of these two Andys! Anyway, I have a treat for our listeners to kick off season two. During season one, I logged all of Bea's original case notes, and I found some fascinating audio of Bea and Brenda getting drinks. In 2008. Don't go getting any ideas!

**ANDY: 11 years ago... on Arden!**

**[CLICK PLAY]**

*[The sound of a busy bar... rights-free honky tonk music, people laughing, so on and so forth. It's a fun night out.]*

**BRENDA: Is that thing on?**

**BEA: I just said, "Do you mind if I record this?" and you said, "Sure," so I thought--**

**BRENDA: I also saw you press the record button. I'm not an idiot.**

**BEA: Right. So I'm meeting with Detective Brenda Bentley, who's in full uniform -- a nice touch.**

**BRENDA: Ooh. Casely. You like the uniform?**

**BEA: [flustered] We're here to discuss the Julie Capsom case. It's January 1, 2008, and we're in The Double-A Steakhouse and Bar of Eureka, California.**

**BRENDA: Do you always announce where you are?**

**BEA: As radio is a purely auditory medium, it's impossible for the listener to--**

**BRENDA: I get it. And if you get too sozzled, you want to know where to find the best beers and steaks in all of Eureka!**

**BEA: I'm not drinking. Notice the water.**

**BRENDA: That's not vodka?**

**BEA: I don't put ice in my vodka, no.**

**BRENDA: Geez, too fancy for our townie ways, I see.**

**BEA: No, I love townies. Uh. I mean. Just tell me how the investigation is going.**

**BRENDA: C'mon, Casely--**

**BEA: You can call me Bea.**

BRENDA: Not if you call me Bentley.

BEA: Fair.

BRENDA: Get a drink with me. What's the worst that could happen?

[click stop]

[click play]

BEA: [a little drunk] It's ridiculous. Absurd even. But what if Julie was hiding clues to her eventual disappearance in plain sight?

BRENDA: [still on her first drink] Yeah, we run into that a lot in missing person cases.

BEA: You do?!

BRENDA: No, Casely.

BEA: You know, I'll bet you have *great* stories.

BRENDA: Oh. I *do*.

BEA: [completely sincerely] I'd love to hear them sometime. [suddenly embarrassed] Not like that! Not like that!

[click stop]

[click play]

BEA: [even drunker] OK. You shot down all of my theories! What's yours?

[a moment]

BRENDA: I don't like to theorize.

BEA: Bullshit! I never met a cop who didn't like to theorize just a little bit.

BRENDA: How many cops have you met?

BEA: A few. [beat] One or two. [beat] You're a cop.

BRENDA: Look, let me tell you how this is gonna go. We're gonna find a body, probably up in the woods somewhere. Probably a few years from now. And you'll never know. You'll never understand why this happened. Because even if you could sit across from Julie Capsom and ask her, she would never tell you. You can't answer things like this. You just can't.

BEA: There's truth, though. Objective truth. You *can* find out what happened.

BRENDA: Yeah. *What* happened. But you can never find out *why*.

BEA: I don't know about that.

BRENDA: The truth is more than knowing what happened, Casely. And it always runs away from you. In the end.

BEA: Maybe. Sure. [a beat] I should not have had so much vodka. Woo!

BRENDA: I forget you're just a kid sometimes.

BEA: I'm barely five years younger than--

BRENDA: I'm not talking about how old you are.

BEA: Look. You still haven't told me your theory. I know you have one.

BRENDA: It's unprofessional to--

BEA: C'mon.

[a pause]

BEA: C'moooooooooooooooooooo! [beat] Please? I shared all my stupid ideas with you.

BRENDA: Like the hidden messages in Jane Austen Fight Club?

BEA: [defensive] If you play that movie backwards while listening to Now That's What I Call Music 15--

BRENDA: We already went over that! [sigh] All right, all right. I have one theory I really like. It's a little unconventional--

BEA: Ooooh.

BRENDA: So. Middle of the night. Middle of nowhere. Like she was just lifted up into the sky, right? [beat] I'm thinkin' aliens. Little green men. Big-eyed freaks.

*[something has shifted between them, and you can even hear it]*

BEA: Aliens?

BRENDA: I was kidding around!

BEA: No you weren't!

BRENDA: Look, just take it off the record.

BEA: That's not how this works. You can't say something on the record, then take it off. I'm not too drunk to forget that.

BRENDA: Fine. Listen. Take it off the record, and... I'll... I'll make it up to you.

BEA: How? No one will ever hear this!

BRENDA: You can't know that. If people hear me talking about aliens, they'll think I'm a joke. Casely. You can't. You can't make me a joke.

[Click stop]

[the sound of TV static, and then a channel flipping over]

LATE NIGHT HOST: Now what's this look like to you?

SIDEKICK: That's a bear. I know bears, and that's a bear.

LATE NIGHT HOST: Right? And yet Brenda Bentley, the, er, *genius* detective who helped find Julie Capsom -- writes on her Instergam: "Finally, a missing link! The mighty skunk ape!"

SIDEKICK: I wish I got that excited every time I saw a bear.

[laughter from host, audience, etc.]

["Oh boy you fucked up" bass guitar riff]

[the sound of TV static, channel flipping over]



**[“Love Ire and Spite” by Love Underwater begins to play]**

**[an SNL type show]**

**ANNOUNCER: Is it Tuesday? Then it’s time for Laughing on a Tuesday -- Live!**

**[wild applause]**

**ANNOUNCER: And now, it’s everybody’s favorite podcast: Arden! We join Bea Casely in the progress of solving a mystery!**

**BEA IMPERSONATOR: We’ve almost found her! We’ve almost found Julie Cap--**

**[the sound of window breaking]**

**BRENDA IMPERSONATOR: Now hold the phone! [audience applauds] What about aliens? I found this weird green blood--**

**BEA IMPERSONATOR: That’s guacamole.**

**[laughter; the sound of TV static, channel flipping over]**

**TERRY GROSS TYPE: It was taken away from you, though.**

**BEA: Well--**

**TERRY GROSS TYPE: And no one’s seen Brenda Bentley. Outside of the now infamous “skunk ape” Instegram post--**

**BEA: I know what you’re doing here. You want me to speak ill of my co-host. But I’m here to talk to you about season two. Let me tell you about Dana, an amazing young woman who--**

**TERRY GROSS TYPE: No, no, no. Let’s talk about this, Bea. A co-host wouldn’t leave you high and dry. Would she?**

**[TV static, etc.]**

**REALITY SHOW HOST: Next on the Costumed Comedian... he came all the way from the afterlife... see if you can figure out the identity of... The Ghostly Giraffe!**

**[cheers]**

**ANDY:** [making next to no attempt to disguise his voice] Hello, hello, hello! And boooooo! It is I! The ghostly giraffe! The funniest -- and spookiest! -- ungulate in show business! Now! A joke! A priest, a college student, and a politician are in an airplane when the engines give out! But there are only two parachutes. The politician says, "The world needs me!" He grabs a parachute and leaps from the plane. The priest turns to the student and says, "I've lived a long and fulfilling life. Take the parachute!" But the student says, "No worries, father. It's a Wheyface Industries brand parachute and can easily support up to six people!" [silence, Andy stutters] ....Up to six people!

[rim shot, mild laughter]

**JUDGE:** Ooooh, I know that voice. I think it's... Bill Gates?!

[TV static]

**BEA IMPERSONATOR:** We've almost got him! William McKinley's assassin is as good as--

**BRENDA IMPERSONATOR:** NOW HOLD THE PHONE! [sustained applause] What about the skunk ape?

[laughter]

[TV static]

**AWARD PRESENTER:** And the Poddy goes to... Bea Casely, host of Arden!

**BEA:** Thank you for this considerable honor, though I dispute our classification as a comedy. There are so many people I couldn't have done this without. My producer, Pamela Pink. Andy Wheyface, the guy who signs my checks. Literally. He signs all the checks. [audience laughter] Rosalind, the greatest assistant alive. And, I have to thank my partner, the woman who stole my heart... the one, the only, Lorena Christopher. You've shown me what love is.

[TV static]

**REALITY SHOW HOST:** I'd say it's time to find out who the Ghostly Giraffe is, but I think we already know.

**ANDY:** Oh ho! But you do not! For I am not Tom Han--

**REALITY SHOW HOST:** C'mon, man. You're Andy Wheyface.

**ANDY: How did you know?!**

**[TV static]**

**LATE NIGHT HOST: It's such a pleasure to have you here. Now... did you bump into any skunk apes backstage?**

**BEA: [laughing a little too hard] No, no. I think that's Brenda's department.**

**LATE NIGHT HOST: Now where is she?**

**BEA: She'll be back for season two, as we head to Montana to examine another twisty mystery.**

**LATE NIGHT HOST: Maybe the mystery should be where Brenda Bentley is!**

**SIDEKICK: Yeah. You could hire the skunk ape to find her. He seems dependable.**

**[Bea laughs a little too hard again]**

**[TV static]**

**BEA IMPERSONATOR: [exasperated] Behind this door is the Zodiac killer. I just have to open and--**

**BRENDA IMPERSONATOR AND ENTIRE AUDIENCE: NOW HOLD THE PHONE!!!**

**[wild laughter and applause]**

**[TV static cuts out]**

**[Love, Ire and Spite concludes]**

**[click play]**

**[We're back in the recording booth of Wheyface Radio. Bea's at her typical seat at the table. Rosalind's off in the corner, Pamela and Andy at the mixing board.**

**There's just one person missing.]**

**PAMELA: [on studio mic] All right. We're recording. Arden, season two, intro, take one.**

**BEA: We're recording? The light's not on.**

PAMELA: Yeah, Dr. Lheureux broke the light.

BEA: Then how do I know I'm recording?

PAMELA: You're just gonna have to trust me, and trust me, you're recording.

BEA: [deep breath] Eight years--

PAMELA: Hold on. Okay. Yeah. You're not recording... and... okay... now you are.

BEA: I'm not in the zone any more.

PAMELA: Imagine yourself trying to get a small child to fall asleep by reading the list of ingredients on a cereal box. Congrats! You're in the zone!

BEA: [sarcastic] Wow, thanks. That did the trick. [weirdly confrontational] Eight years ago, Dan Hamill was found dead on his ranch, Hamill Hills. His death rocked his small town of Elsinore, Montana. His daughter, Dana, has tried to keep his memory and his ranch alive. But every day, the ranch gets closer to being sucked up by corporate vampires. Could one death be emblematic of the death of the entire American Dream?

ROSALIND: Booooooooooooo!

BEA: Excuse me?

[click]

PAMELA: No booing when the recording light is on. Or, uh, you know -- when we all know it would be on if it were functional.

ANDY: Ohhh, I get it! She's doing what Brenda would do if she were here. It's conflict, I love it!

BEA: Brenda would never boo me in the middle of a take. Okay. Take two. Eight years--

ROSALIND: I'm gonna boo you again if you make this show's introduction about your hard-on for the death of rural America or whatever you've got in mind.

BEA: It's MY show, actually.

ANDY: It's all of our show! Though legally, I do own 84 percent of it.

BEA: What about the other 16 percent?

ANDY: I lost it to Ms. Pink in a game of crabs.

BEA: Crabs?

PAMELA: He's talking about playing craps, but where you throw live crabs instead. Can we please get back to the introduction-

ROSALIND: They kept crawling off the table-

BEA: Does Andy have an underwater casino?

ROSALIND: Crabs can go on land, Bea! Free your mind! [beat] But yes, this happened at the underwater casino.

PAMELA: As sixteen percent owner of Arden I demand you all stop talking. Except for Bea who will talk exactly the right amount to record the season two introduction.

ROSALIND: But-

PAMELA: No!

ROSALIND: We've got to rewrite it! There was a murder! A super gruesome, super weird murder! One that the cops refused to investigate! And there's a meticulously preserved crime scene, and Dana, she's so *interesting*, and--

BEA: Yes, yes, a gruesome murder. Scalps flying off heads and all that. But what's compelling here is Dana and the way she symbolizes the systematic failing of the working class by--

ROSALIND: A man was literally torn to shreds!

BEA: That happens on ranches!

PAMELA: You just don't want to go to Montana.

ROSALIND: City girl can't hack it in the middle states?

PAMELA: Oh you didn't know? Bea's from-

BEA: Boston! But there were farms in Massachusetts. Mostly for apples.

ANDY: Fascinating! I thought New York did apples and Boston did beans. Tell me more.

PAMELA: Okay, everyone out! The booth is talent only!

ANDY: I want a rematch on that crabs game.

PAMELA: Tomorrow night. High tide.

[blessed silence as Rosalind steps out, Andy lingers at the back of the room]

PAMELA: Okay, Bea, you've got this.

BEA: [paper ruffling, pages turning, etc.] Eight years ago Dan Hamill was torn to bloody bits in--. No. That's too much for an opening. Uhhh. Eight years ago in small town America a wealthy rancher died. His brother took over after marrying the rancher's widowed wife, and the town wide scandal -- Do I want to bring that in?

PAMELA: I really thought that document you brought in was prepared copy.

BEA: Yeah, I just wrote fifty of these.

PAMELA: *Like* fifty or-

BEA: I couldn't pick an angle! It's not like Julie where everyone knows what happened. And I want this to be good. No, not just good. *Beautiful*. It's what Dana deserves.

PAMELA: Oh for Pete's-- Bea. Get over yourself. We got a horrific death and a family of wackadoo rich people. It'll be good.

BEA: Yeah. Fine. Okay, let's go again. [switching to an alarmist 'news at 11' voice] What would you do if you found your father dead in a grain auger? What if your uncle married your mom? Would you call an investigative cold case podcast? Find out on season 2 of Arden! [voice ends] [beat] That felt good. What do you-

PAMELA: I think I should just write the intro. Like I did for season one.

BEA: Are you sure? I mean, I can help you with--

[phone goes off]

BEA: Ah, gotta take this. [answers] Hi Lorena!

[door opens and closes as Bea leaves]

[silence]

ANDY: That last take... had potential. [pause] That's quite a glare you're giving me. I wonder if we could weaponize it.

PAMELA: This season was supposed to be smoother! It was supposed to be better! It was supposed to have less, "Pamela? Can you fix this?" But look at this mess! Look, I agree that the Arden brand requires a co-host --

ANDY: Crime *and* banter! That's the Arden guarantee.

PAMELA: And yet every time I give you a list of qualified candidates --

ANDY: You're still sore about this? I told you, six months ago I was in --

PAMELA: I know, I read about it six months ago. Guess what, all of the candidates I had for you then got hosting jobs elsewhere *because they're good at this*. I had a new list for you three months ago --

ANDY: I was in -

PAMELA: Then one month ago --

ANDY: Well, that time I was visiting the moon mines!

PAMELA: You can't take a phone call at the moon mines?

ANDY: Only on the surface.

PAMELA: We needed to find another co-host *then*. Not *after we've started recording*.

ANDY: We already have a co-host.

PAMELA: Do you still think Brenda is coming back?

ANDY: She's never let me down.

PAMELA: You heard her in that Remembering Forgotten Memories clip. She said she didn't want this anymore.

ANDY: The heat of the moment!

PAMELA: Have you heard from her?

ANDY: ...No. Nothing. Maybe she took some lessons from Julie in how to disappear!  
(laughs, trails off) Oh no. Oh no, oh no. [beat] My friend.

PAMELA: [dryly] Wow, I never thought about it that way. We have to assume she's not coming back.

ANDY: Normally I'd hire Brenda to solve this. But I can't hire Brenda to find Brenda! Do I hire another PI? Do I know another PI? Who PIs the PI?

PAMELA: We're not going down this rabbit hole.

[pause]

ANDY: Do we need to push back production?

PAMELA: Except for Bentley, we're all ready to go. We've got all the space rented for the production team up in Elsinore, we've got the studio, everyone has been rearranging their lives so they can head up there for the next few months. Rosalind basically lives there already --

[Andy snaps his fingers]

ANDY: By God, that's it!

PAMELA: What? Oh. *Oh*.

ANDY: Of course! It was staring us right in the face the whole time! You heard her booing! That's *chemistry*.

PAMELA: I mean... she knows the case better than anyone. We might as well give it a shot.

ANDY: Excellent! (calling out into hallway) Rosalind! Rosalind, do you have a second? I've got a notion.

[click play - Bea's stepped into the hall to take her call]

BEA: It's a disaster. Worse. A debacle.

LORENA: [on the phone, wryly] A *debacle*. Well. We can't have that.



BEA: I swear to God the show is cursed. Or haunted. Nothing goes right.

LORENA: I told you that whole neighborhood is plagued by the spirit of notorious Vaudeville comedian Harry Hatfoot--

BEA: I told Andy. He had an exorcism done. [a bad Andy impression] "I won't be surprised by any ghost with a hat for a foot!"

LORENA: Look, in the early 20th century, it was considered the height of comedy to put a hat on your foot, and -- it was a different time. We'll leave it at that.

BEA: [genuinely excited] God, I could listen to you explain outdated forms of comedy all day long. And all night, too.

LORENA: Why don't you just leave work right now? Come over. I'll show you what I can do with a hat and a foot.

[Bea giggles.]

LORENA: And then I'll take you out on the town. Show you off before I have to relinquish you to Montana for the next few months.

BEA: Oooh. Can we go to that one place you took me? The Italian one?

LORENA: Olive Garden?

BEA: Yes. I loved it. So authentic.

LORENA: [amused] We'll go on a tour of Italy. Together. Then we'll go back to my place and tour of Italy our... y'know, that one just didn't work out.

BEA: God, I'm gonna miss you. Look, come to Montana, okay? Don't you want to get away from the city? The smog and the traffic and the ghosts of hat-footed Vaudevillians?

LORENA: I don't think I can produce the show from *Montana*.

BEA: It's just you doing a spooky voice!

LORENA: [not as offended as she maybe should be] It's not *just* me doing--

BEA: A sexy spooky voice. [beat] I just mean you can record that anywhere!

LORENA: [now actually a little annoyed] It's not spooky. It's mysterious.

BEA: God. I'm sorry. I sound like such a jerk. [beat] I just miss you already.

LORENA: I'll come and visit. Often. But my life is here.

BEA: And ours someday. I promise you I know that. I just think... if this season is good... if we can really tell Dana's story and tell it well... I just want to be proud of it, you know? And it's all on me now. In a way I thought I wanted, but--

LORENA: I get it, sweetheart. Really.

BEA: I keep thinking the door will open, and Brenda will breeze in, wearing a "Bad Hair, Don't Care" T-shirt and start bellowing about the skunk ape's spy network.

LORENA: It's a lot without her helping you. And I know you don't want to go to Montana!

BEA: Montana? There's nothing the matter with--

LORENA: Oh, I thought--

BEA: It's not a big deal. Montana is great. Montana is fine.

LORENA: I must have misunderstood.

BEA: ["footage not found" voice] I've been working since Santa Fe. Non-stop. Covering for an absent cohost and a whole studio where only Pamela and I know what we're doing.

LORENA: Rosalind seems capable.

BEA: Oh, she is, she is. Especially at foley effects. And drumming. I just need a break.

LORENA: [teasing] Hopefully not from me.

BEA: Not from you. From--

[awkward cut]

ANDY: Read it.

PAMELA: I'm not--

ANDY: It'll be fun.

**PAMELA: [sigh] Sounds like everybody needs a Wheyface break!**

**ANDY: Yay**

**[click-play]**

**[dramatic ad music]**

**ANDY (trying to do a trailer voice): In a world where crime abounds - and true crime abounds even more - a world where good people like you go to bed in fear, wondering if YOU'RE going to become the truest crime of them all, one show is going to make the difference. To solve the crime. To make you laugh. To make you cry. To make you think. To make you juggle, unless you're already juggling. Welcome. To the new, improved Arden.**

**[70s crime show music]**

**ANDY: Meet. Bea Casely.**

**BEA (who clearly has no idea what's going on): You can't stop me from finding the truth!**

**ANDY: The reporter who won't stop digging, whether it's a metaphorical hole to find the truth, or an actual hole!**

**BEA: Why did you give me a shovel? They can't see me!**

**ANDY: Say the line?**

**BEA: ...I have a shovel and I'm not afraid to use it!**

**ANDY: Meet. Rosalind Ursula.**

**ROSALIND (really into this): I'm gonna get to the bottom of this whether you like it or not!**

**ANDY: The intern-slash-assistant-slash-pilot-slash - good Lord, you have a lot of jobs.**

**ROSALIND: A girl's gotta pay her rent.**

**BEA: I thought you lived in the janitor's closet --**

**ROSALIND: And you would not believe what I'm paying for it!**

**ANDY: Together, they're going to look into the cases that really matter!**

**BEA: ...And I say to you, Senator, that it is YOU who are the corrupt crumbum!**

**“SENATOR” [ANDY]: By Jove, you’re right! I AM the corrupt crumbum! How did you know?!**

**ROSALIND: With teamwork, good detecting, and banter! That’s the Arden way!**

**ANDY: With crime, comedy, and.... Romance?**

**BEA and ROSALIND: NO.**

**ANDY: They’re not going to stop no matter who gets in their way!**

**[gun cocking sound effect]**

**“GANGSTER” [PAMELA]: Hands up, youse dames! You’s ain’t’s gonna’s solves this cases!**

**BEA: Your fighting skills are as poor as your grammar! HIIIIII-YA!**

**[fight sounds]**

**ANDY: Swing the shovel!**

**BEA: They can’t see it!**

**ANDY: This season, join hosts Bea and Rosalind as they journey to the far-off land of Montana! Where a grievous crime has been committed! And --**

**BEA: ...Andy?**

**ANDY: Yeeeeees?**

**BEA: Are we sure this is the right approach?**

**ANDY: It’s exciting! Action-packed!**

**BEA: OK. You’re the boss. [incoming text sound] Oh, sorry, I gotta take this --**

**ROSALIND: Look out! You’ve still got the shovel over your--**

**[sound of shovel hitting and, presumably destroying, a mic. A long moment of silence.]**

**BEA (muffled): ...I'm not paying for that!**

**ANDY: ...Arden Season 2. You're listening to it *right now*. Brought to you by Wheyface Industries. The crime-solving good people.**

**[click-stop; Rosalind is doing intern-work in the offices at Wheyface Radio as Bea approaches]**

**BEA: Rosalind?**

**ROSALIND: Yes boss?**

**BEA: You don't need to call me boss.**

**ROSALIND: Oh, it's habit from my waitressing days. Touristy dads love it.**

**BEA: Do you want to host the show?**

**ROSALIND: Sure. The public adores me. I adore avenging past wrongs via detective work. A real lovefest all around.**

**BEA: And you understand the show is real journalism, not just one of your gigs?**

**ROSALIND: Come on, I think it'll be fun. I have more experience than Brenda did.**

**BEA: I just worry... about your focus. You're still working cases for Arden detective agency, and searching for Brenda. Feels like your heart is in detective work.**

**ROSALIND: I'm in my early 20s, let's not go committing my heart to anything. Plus someone has to make sure the audience doesn't fall asleep during your soothing exposition monologues. Plus I've already done all the background research for this season and formed relationships with the family and *you* made me a reporter-**

**BEA: *Junior* reporter-**

**ROSALIND: Look, I already cut this introduction to Dana together. Just listen to it.**

**[click play]**

**ROSALIND: [on tape in studio, background is ranch noises] This is Dana Hamill.**

DANA: So over there is where the old house used to be. My grandparents still lived there right up until they died. My dad built that house--

[her voice trails off into the background]

ROSALIND: [studio] To see her, you'd think she was any other 29-year-old former rodeo queen from Montana. When she was 17, she could ride a bucking bronco longer than any other woman from Montana. Now, she works on her family ranch. She cares for the cattle. She's a crack shot. But Dana has unfinished business.

[melancholy piano music begins to play]

DANA: So right before Easter 2011, I'm up at college. I get this phone call from my Dad. He's all excited to see me, and talking up a storm. I have a few more things I need to do in Bozeman before I can come back home, but I tell him I love him, and how much I can't wait to see him. [beat] That was the last time I ever talked to him.

ROSALIND: [studio] The police say Dan Hamill died in an unfortunate farming accident. That's not uncommon around these parts. [beat] But Dana doesn't believe that.

DANA: They came out and took one look at the place where he died and closed the case right then and there. They just didn't care. [beat] But I know he was killed. He was murdered. Somebody-- somebody *did* this to him.

ROSALIND: [on location] And what would you say to that person?

DANA: What can you say to somebody like that? "You monster"? "He was my dad"? [beat] I wouldn't say anything. I'd just look him dead in the eye. Let him see what he took from me. [beat] It's not about what I need or want to say. It's about answers. That would be enough.

[click stop]

BEA: Okay. Yeah. That was good. I just worry--

ROSALIND: Oh my God, do *you* not want to host this season?

BEA: I do. I've been working really hard!

ROSALIND: On your brand. Which I respect! It's all about the hustle.

BEA: Don't say the hustle like this is a movie about hard-knock dance crews.

**ROSALIND:** Oh, hey, I was in a hard-knock dance crew. The year was 2008--

**BEA:** How am I not surprised?

**ROSALIND:** The point is: I'm not going to try to steal your spotlight or your *Variety* interviews, or your L.A. Weekly queer podcaster of the year award-

**BEA:** I lost that to Mr. Murder Man and Mr. Mr. Murder Man

**ROSALIND:** Those sellouts?!

**BEA:** I know!

**ROSALIND:** I just want to catch Dan Hamill's killer and get paid. The fame is all you, boss.

**BEA:** Do you view me as a touristy dad?

**ROSALIND:** Very much, yes. You had me make your reservations for Olive Garden tonight.

**BEA:** Have you been? They just give you breadsticks! When I went to Italy they charged me for breadsticks every time and I hated it.

**[click play]**

**PAMELA:** Okay, so now, the "recording" light won't turn off. But don't assume you're always being recorded--

**ROSALIND:** Except we are.

**PAMELA:** I mean don't assume the microphones in front of you are picking you up. But, of course, please assume the legion of tiny microphones hidden throughout the building that never turn off *are* recording you.

**ANDY:** If you're just joining us this season, everybody involved in Arden is under constant surveillance.

**BEA:** [sigh] Yes, yes, the panopticon, the panopticon. Can we all just shut up about the panopticon? [beat] Pamela. Did you write the intro for me?

**ANDY:** Pamela! They're asking you to fix things! Just like you predicted!

**PAMELA:** It's the sheet of paper on the table. The one that says "Arden intro."

BEA: Oh, hey, yeah, this could work...

ROSALIND: As co-host, you want me to take a crack at reading it?

BEA: You're the co-host. I'm the host.

ROSALIND: I was unaware of the distinction.

BEA: You can't just jump right to host. First you have to prove you won't make amateur mistakes. [reading] On Good Friday--

PAMELA: We're not recording yet.

BEA: But the light's -- you know, we just talked about this, didn't we?

ROSALIND: I am nodding vigorously.

BEA: Don't think knowing you have to narrate your actions makes you a podcast pro!

ROSALIND: I am continuing to nod vigorously so the listeners at home can follow along.

PAMELA: Okay. We're set. Take... whatever this is.

BEA: On Good Friday 2011--

ROSALIND: For those of you who aren't aware, Good Friday is the Christian observation of the crucifixion of Jesus--

BEA: I realize the Christian church's stranglehold on our culture has waned, but I think people know what Good Friday is.

ROSALIND: People know what Easter is, because there's candy for it. So maybe -- "Two days before Easter Sunday 2011"--

BEA: Will you just stop--

ANDY: This is great, folks. Keep it coming.

BEA: *Two days before Easter Sunday 2011*, Dan Hamill stepped into a grain bin to fix a mechanical error. He would never step out again. He was caught--

ROSALIND: Pushed! It was no accident.



BEA: We don't know that yet!

ROSALIND: We wouldn't make the show if we didn't think it was a murder.

PAMELA: But we can't say that yet. Wheyface Legal said so.

ROSALIND: I'll allow it. But only for my old pal, Pamela. [beat] Or should I say my old pal *Pal-mela*.

PAMELA: Wheyface Legal also asked that you never say that again.

BEA: *He was caught* in the blade of an auger, which dragged him down, breaking his limbs, breaking his back, and ultimately tearing him to shreds. He left behind a daughter who's still searching for answers.

ROSALIND: We should say Dana's name.

BEA: You think? But nobody knows who she is.

ROSALIND: So? She's the one people will connect with. She was wronged. Over and over and over again, and--

BEA: I get that you've been researching this for the past 10 months or whatever--

ROSALIND: Yes! I have! And-- We should just mention Dana's name. Is all. It's her story.

BEA: I mean, really, the story of *Arden* is the story of the investigation into--

PAMELA: For God's-- It's everybody's story. We're all important. Can I just get a clean take of this fucking introductory monologue?!

BEA: He left behind a daughter who's still searching for answers. And the more she--

ROSALIND: The more *Dana*--

BEA: Will you let me do my--

PAMELA: That's it. I've had enough banter! Everybody out. Rosalind out. Andy out. [the sound of a bucket clattering over] Janitor Yorick -- definitely out.

YORICK: [heavy Danish accent] But I spilled the--

**PAMELA:** *Out.*

**[The others leave]**

**ANDY:** [grumbling on the way out the door] No one respects my creative vision!

**PAMELA:** Now. Bea. From the top--

**BEA:** So when the recording light is on it means--

**PAMELA:** The podcast is cursed. It has to be--

**BEA:** Have you seen Hat-Foot Harry?

**PAMELA:** From the top!

**BEA:** On Good Friday--

**PAMELA:** Jesus Christ! [the sounds of buttons clattering]

**BEA:** Literally in this case--

**PAMELA:** This instrument board -- OK. Finally. We're recording. *Now* from the top.

**BEA:** [verging on monotonous] On Good Friday, 2011, Dan Hamill stepped into a grain bin to fix a mechanical error. He would never step out again. He was caught in the blade of an auger, which dragged him down, breaking his limbs, breaking his back, and ultimately tearing him to shreds. He left behind a daughter who's still searching for answers. And the more she looks into --

**PAMELA:** I'm stopping you there. That was... that was a good start.

**BEA:** A good start?

**PAMELA:** It was a little... dire. Could be more inviting. More energy.

**BEA:** [sigh] Yeah.

**PAMELA:** I know this isn't Julie. You don't have the connection to it. And I know Montana--

**BEA:** It's not about that.

PAMELA: Okay. Sure. But Bea... you can't melt down like this on day one.

BEA: This isn't me melting down.

PAMELA: Sure. Let's just go from the top.

BEA: On Grood Fri--

PAMELA: You said "Grood." Which should be a word but, regrettably, isn't.

BEA: I did not--

[playback]

BEA: On Grood--

BEA: Whoa. OK. From the top. [clears throat] On Groo-- goddammit. On *Good* Flyday -- I said "flyday," didn't I?

PAMELA: Yep, but we're gonna push through this. Keep that energy up!

BEA: On Grood Flyday--

PAMELA: Maybe try two days before Easter--

BEA: Two days before Easter Sunday 2001-- goddammit not 2001. I know this. I do. I swear I--

PAMELA: Do you need a break?

BEA: I don't need a break! I don't need to leave the studio, and I don't need--

PAMELA: Bea--

BEA: The show's a disaster already. And it's my fault.

PAMELA: I'll admit you struggling to pronounce the word "Good" is a new one, but--

BEA: No. We know this show doesn't work without Brenda. And I'm the reason she's gone. And I'm the reason everybody thinks she's a joke.

PAMELA: You're being too hard on yourself. She made her choices. You made yours.

BEA: You can lose a forest--

PAMELA: Huh? You can't lose a *forest*.

BEA: Never mind.

PAMELA: It's going to work out, Bea. It is. That's the whole thing about Good Friday -- he got over it!

BEA: A ringing endorsement of the most sacred mysteries of Christianity.

PAMELA: I'm kidding. I'm just saying -- darkest before the dawn. You know?

BEA: It's been a year. You know? A whole year. If she didn't hate me... she'd be back.

PAMELA: I don't think that's true.

BEA: You didn't hear her on that phone call.

PAMELA: Okay. Maybe so. But I'd take her at her word -- she doesn't want this any more. And you do. Right?

BEA: [a long pause] Yeah?

PAMELA: Great. From the--

[the sound of the door opening]

ROSALIND: Okay. Okay. Okay. Holy crap.

PAMELA: We're in the middle of--

ROSALIND: It can wait. This is big.

BEA: I'll say Dana's name. Okay? I'll--

ROSALIND: We know where Brenda is.

BEA: [clatter as she gets up] Where?

ROSALIND: Well... that's the thing...

*[click play]*

*[the clanking of jailhouse doors... and then the sound of two phones being picked up]*

GUARD: You have five minutes. Or until Ms. Capsom says she's done.

BRENDA: Hey, Julie.

JULIE: I have to admit I thought it would be Bea.

BRENDA: Gotta keep 'em guessing.

JULIE: What do you want? You trying to write a book?

BRENDA: I'm about 20 pages in to a novel. The setting? Far future Chicago, the time of the Mothmen. And in the time of the Mothmen, the bug zapper is king.

JULIE: Not that kind of book. [beat] A book about me.

BRENDA: Okay, yeah, that makes more sense.

JULIE: It's very on-brand for you to burn precious seconds of your time answering questions you don't need to dignify.

BRENDA: I like the hard-boiled thing you've got going on. I do.

JULIE: Everybody quakes in the prison yard when they see me coming.

*[but Julie laughs]*

BRENDA: This is what? Month eight?

JULIE: Of 18. Thanks for that.

BRENDA: Noooo problem. And Ralph and the kid--

JULIE: Safe outside. He took community service. A sweetheart deal. Won by my father.

BRENDA: Ah.

JULIE: Yes. Ah.

BRENDA: Look, I just wanted to come and say--

JULIE: If you want forgiveness, you're not going to get it. I accept you were both doing your jobs. But I don't have to be okay with it. [beat] But fans of the show took up donations to get me a sweet commissary fund. So thank you, indirectly, for the ramen.

BRENDA: You're welcome! [beat] I think the whole thing got away from us a little bit, and by the time we knew you were really alive, we were looking right at you.

JULIE: What are you doing here? Really?

BRENDA: I don't know. I guess-- [beat] So I kinda disappeared from my life--

JULIE: Right. Your one move.

BRENDA: Huh?

JULIE: I listened to season one. Every time you screw up a case, you run away. It's what you do, apparently. Run.

BRENDA: [pause] Did you like the show?

JULIE: Objectively speaking, it was perfectly fine.

BRENDA: Well, ya got me there. [beat] And my one move is running away? Takes one to know one.

JULIE: It does.

BRENDA: Damn. You're too good at this.

JULIE: Oh, you don't want forgiveness. You want advice, and you think-- [she laughs] Well, shit. Okay. Here's my advice. I ran away. And it worked. It worked really well, but that's because I had something to run *to*. And you don't. Not yet. When you find that, you'll know.

BRENDA: You seem like a cool kid, Julie.

JULIE: [laughs bitterly] Sure. That's what I was going for. You thinking I'm a "cool kid."

BRENDA: [blurting it out] I just... I don't know if I can do it again.

JULIE: Do it again?

BRENDA: I heard they're doing another season.

JULIE: Another season of Arden?

BRENDA: Yeah, I guess there's a family angle this time? And I know I *should* get involved -- what's Bea without me, right? But I just don't know--

JULIE: [v. bitter] Yeah, because the first season worked out so well for everyone.

GUARD: That's time, ladies.

JULIE: You two? Solving crime? Good luck to whoever's lives you're going to ruin this--

[click of the phone going dead]

BRENDA: [quietly] Okay.

*[click stop]*

*[click play]*

*[outside the prison... Brenda's feet crunch on gravel, and a breeze rustles]*

BRENDA: [to herself] Well. Son of a gun. [then calling out] Fancy meeting you here!

BEA: [calling] Hey, Brenda.

BRENDA: [again to herself] Hey, Bea.

[Arden theme begins]

**BRENDA: Shortly before Easter in 2011, a Montana rancher stepped into a grain bin to fix a mechanical error. He wouldn't step out again. The local police ruled it an accident, but his daughter has spent the last eight lonely, quixotic years trying to prove that he was murdered. So was this the perfect murder? And what does Dan Hamill's death tell us about the decline of the American small town... and the American dream? Join us, won't you, as we unravel this mystery... on Arden.**

[Love, Ire, and Spite begins to play]

**EMILY: Arden season 2, episode 1 "To Bea or Not to Bea" was written by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole, and Sara Ghaleb, and directed by Sara Ghaleb. Our recording engineer was Ernesto Hurtado, and the episode was recorded at the Rebel Talk**

**Network studios in Los Angeles. It was edited by Christopher Dole. Our composer is Christopher Hatfield.**

**Arden stars:**

**BEA: Michelle Agresti**

**BRENDA: Tracey Sayed**

**ROSALIND: Shannon Estabrook**

**PAMELA: Charlita Gaston**

**ANDY: Benjamin Watts**

**LORENA: Mia Drake**

**DANA: Libby Woodbridge**

**EMILY: Our guest stars this week are:**

**JULIE: Lindsay Zana.**

**LATE NIGHT HOST: Grant Patrizio.**

**TERRY GROSS TYPE: Jennifer Liao**

**GAME SHOW HOST/GUARD: Mike Bash.**

**AWARDS SHOW PRESENTER: Daniel Mills.**

**JUDGE: Tal Minear.**

**SIDEKICK: Adam Emperor.**

**BEA IMPERSONATOR: Emma Sherr-Ziarko.**

**BRENDA: IMPERSONATOR: Michaela Swee.**

**EMILY: This episode featured the song Love, Ire, and Spite by Love Underwater. Download this song and others by the band on Bandcamp. You will believe someone can rock out on a harp.**



**Arden was created and executive produced by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole, and Sara Ghaleb. Our co-executive producers are Chad Ellis, Libby Hill, and Ernesto Hurtado. Our logo is by Dylan Farr.**

**This series is produced in Los Angeles County on the ancestral lands of the Tongva, Tatavium, and Chumash. Our website is ardenpodcast.com. You can also find us on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and Tumblr.**

**Do you like this show? Do you want to help us make more of it? There are so many ways you can do that! The quickest and easiest way is to toss us a few dollars on Patreon. You'll get access to early episodes, behind the scenes material, and episodic commentary. You can also, for a limited time only, still support us on IndieGoGo, where we still have a number of attractive perks available. You can buy special Arden-related merchandise on TeePublic, including a very festive Skunk Ape T-shirt.**

**You can rate, review, and subscribe to the show wherever you found it -- Apple Podcasts, Spotify, Stitcher, and other platforms.**

**But no matter what, we appreciate your earballs, gentle listeners. As always, our location scout was Michelle Agresti, who said:**

**BEA: And I hated it!**

**EMILY:Join us next time for more adventures in Arden. Thank you, and good night.**

**[“Love, Ire, and Spite” concludes. Inspiring music fades in...]**

**ANDY: This week and every week, we'd like to thank our Executive Producer Donors: Amy Tate, Danny Bell, and DJ Sutherland, who are more than the Good People. They're the best.**

**This week, we'd like to thank our IndieGogo Backers Abigail Mills, adaglas, Adelaide Rieck, Adrian Vigil, aespiano, Alan DeHaan, Alex Chudzik, Alex Koppel, Alex Telander, Alex Welch, Alfonso Magaña, Alice Tobin, Amalia Levari, Amanda, and Amy Giacomucci, who all know exactly how to celebrate Grood Flyday.**

**LOVE, IRE, AND SPITE, by Love Underwater:**

Where do we go from here? You used to treat me like a friend but I didn't go home last night and I woke up to our clothes next to your bed. It's not that I regret it- I don't think I could regret any time with you- but if this isn't friendship, what the hell, what the hell are we gonna do?

I wanted to call you, I wanted to ask what's going on, but I'm scared of the consequence of not leaving well enough alone. Did you even mean it or were you just drunk on a lonely night? I know better than anyone that the words you say aren't always so contrite.

If I'm honest then you're right, there's nothing left to say, but I can't be silent as you're walking away. I'm screaming for you the only way I know how- by making it poetic and writing it down. Love's the other side of our mistakes and our flaws so it's painful and it's angry and it's broken and raw. If you leave me like this, I swear on last night, like a desperate fury, I will haunt you.