

ARDEN

Season 2, Episode 8

“Out of Joint”

By Lenny Burnham

Created by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole & 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
OLIVIA BRECKENRIDGE: Saoirse Ó
Súilleabháin

GUEST CAST:

CLYDE HAMILL: Zach Grenier
TRUDY HAMILL: Rebecca Metz
JAKE WUNDER: Mike Bash
ASHER CASELY: Omar Andrade
HAROLD CASELY: Eric Morgan Stuart
CONNIE CASELY: Sarah Rhea Werner
RED DUTTON: Nelinda Palomino
HARDWARE STORE OWNER: Grant
Patrizio

Content Warning: This episode contains adult language, loud noises, discussions and depiction of mental illness, discussions of death, discussions of medical abuse, intense family situations, speculations about murder, and a funeral.

RED = STUDIO

PURPLE = FIELD AUDIO

BLUE = ADVERTISEMENTS

BLACK = REAL LIFE? Unrecorded audio!

ANDY: Arden. Wheyface Industries. Good People. You must get it by now, right?

[click play]

[the sounds of a hushed crowd in a bar, and then the whine of a microphone as someone sits]

DANA: Hi. [beat] This one's for Paul.

O-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh

O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh

O-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

I don't wanna be here anymore

I don't wanna be here anymore

I don't wanna be here

In this junkyard of a place

I don't wanna do this anymore

I don't wanna do this anymore

I don't wanna do this

I'm so tired of taking up space

Melt me down, a change is overdue

Melt me down and make me something new

It's all gone to hell, you can be sure

It's become too awful to ignore

We have failed our fathers

And we haven't got an excuse

So come apply the furnace to the ore

Don't you let me go until I'm pure

In another shape

Perhaps I'll finally be of some use

Tell me, how much more can I go through?

Melt me down and make me something new

Sell my soul for scrap

Break me down for parts

Salvage what you can

I need someone to mold me

No one ever told me

What horrors could befall
A decent man

Knock me out and don't let me come to
Melt me down and make me...
Something new

O-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh
O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh
O-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

[and over her concluding "Ohs," we hear--]

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.

[Dana's song ends, and there's a strange and stony silence]

[quiet crying, cigarette being smoked. A funeral, but muffled, behind doors. A door opens]

PAMELA: ...Ms. Breckenridge?

OLIVIA: Yeah? [seeing who it is] Oh. Great.

PAMELA: We met very briefly. I'm the --

OLIVIA: You found him. [beat] His body, I mean.

PAMELA: Yes. [out of her element] I... We've halted production for the time being. While the investigation is... we're letting/ the police finish their investigation.

OLIVIA: Investigation? He *tripped*. He relapsed and tripped into a cow tank and drowned. Christ. A cow tank. [beat] You here to get me to go back in there? So you can get my weeping on tape?

PAMELA: Like I said, we've shut down production/ and I would never violate--

OLIVIA: You think I care about the show?

PAMELA: No! [beat] When I was 14, my older brother died. Hit and run.

OLIVIA (the gall!): Fuck. You really are trying to get me to talk? During my dad's funeral?

PAMELA: I'm saying I know how you feel. The facts of his death are public. But your grief should be private. [beat, prompting] Say the thing you think it's not polite to say. I can take it.

OLIVIA: You exploit the most vulnerable, painful moments in people's lives all the fucking time. You exploited/ my friend's grief over her--

PAMELA: Dana *wanted* her story--

OLIVIA: Father's death. You pumped her full of false promises, and now you're abandoning her.

PAMELA: We're doing the responsible thing.

OLIVIA: Now that you harassed/ my dad into--

PAMELA: The police are still investigating/ what--

OLIVIA: We *know* what happened to him. Please stop picking at this. Drop it.

PAMELA: I'm sorry for your loss. Arden will never contact you again.

[leaves; silence; funeral music]

OLIVIA: [choked back sob] Fuck it. One more. [she lights a cigarette] This goddamn town.

[click stop; click play]

[we are with Bea & Brenda whispering while they observe a loud spectacle]

DANA: [Exaggerated sobs] : --and nobody cares, and nobody's sad, and--

TRUDY: Dana, for goodness' sake!

CLYDE: Out of the grave, Dana.

BRENDA [stage whisper]: She knows we're not recording anymore, right?

BEA [stage whisper]: Even if we were, I don't think audio could really capture the theatricality of throwing herself into a grave. And show some respect, Brenda. We're here as mourners.

BRENDA: I'm just saying, she's laying it on pretty thick.

BEA: Oh, please. All love has a layer of dramatic artifice to it!

BRENDA: Geeze, you're bringing down this funeral. It's weird. So we learned she doesn't have an alibi for the night her dad died. And then we had to halt production. A little convenient, huh?

DANA [still from the grave]: Fine. FINE! Whatever. Live your lie!

[physical strain sounds, whatever makes sense for climbing out of a grave]

BEA: Okay, I hear you, but if I'm Dana and I'm killing anyone, it's my mom right? And Clyde. Not Paul. She loved Paul. And look, I'm not one to gossip at a funeral...

BRENDA (reassuring): You're a classy dame.

BEA: But in the parking lot I heard Dana and Olivia arguing about how they spent *that* night together. Like *together*. Or maybe not *together* together, but an all night type of together.

BRENDA: Really? Huh! Olivia wouldn't cover up for her dad's/ death--

BEA: Drop it, we have to leave this alone. The investigation is over.

BRENDA: The truth is never over.

BEA: That doesn't even make sense. The truth is final and finite. It's The Truth.

CLYDE: Now take my hand! Ow! This is my good suit, Dana!

BRENDA: This is getting hard to watch, I'm pulling her out of there.

BEA: Godspeed, Brenda Bentley.

[We hear some more of the scuffle, and click stop]

[knocking at a door, and then the door opens with an exasperated sigh]

OLIVIA: Pamela told me none of you would be contacting me ever/ again--

BEA: Oh! I left my gloves here. [beat] No big deal. [beat] I'm going to Missoula, and my mom'll make a thing of it if I have to borrow gloves-- [beat] Shit. I'm sorry. I shouldn't complain about my family. [beat] I mean I'm sorry to remind you that I have a family. [beat] I'm just going to go.

OLIVIA: [darkly amused by this] So gloves?

BEA: Thank you.

OLIVIA: For the record you do not have my consent to record this conversation.

BEA: I'm not recording.

OLIVIA: ["you're lying"] Sure.

BEA: I'm not! [beat] I love your dress.

OLIVIA: Oh god. Yeah I uh-

BEA: You found it when you were packing and then had to try it on? That's why it always takes me two hours to pack. Lorena hates it.

OLIVIA: It was my mom's. Why it doesn't fit right. I'm taller. She was a bit wider.

BEA: You could belt it?

OLIVIA: I didn't know my dad was still hanging onto this stuff in the attic. Like pieces of some life he thought he'd have and never did. I didn't even know she left this dress. I have this memory of my mom wearing it at some party. She... she looked too beautiful for this town. I would picture her out there somewhere in this dress. But the dress was in the attic the whole time. [beat] There you go. Another character beat you can use. Sad trans girl misses her mom.

BEA [beat]: This is sorta horrible to say... but if I were you, I would want to hear it?

OLIVIA: Then you really don't have to say it.

BEA: Yes. Sorry. [beat, she just can't] At least now you never have to come back to Montana?

OLIVIA: Oh, Bea. [beat] Enjoy Missoula.

[click stop]

[Highway noises. The low hum of the engine. Occasional honking.]

LORENA: What do you miss about your hometown, Bea? I want the full tour.

BEA: Oh nothing. There was the cookie shop -?

ASHER: Closed a few years ago.

BEA: Dang. They were as big as my head, Lorena. It was glorious.

LORENA: Thank you for driving us to Missoula, Asher. I'm excited to meet your parents. Finally.

BEA: It was hard to come up with excuses to avoid them once we went on hiatus.

LORENA: And... .. you wanted to... introduce them to me?

BEA: Yes! But in an abstract way. I want to hit all those milestones with you. I merely dread the reality of being in a room with you and my parents at the same time. You know how it is!

LORENA: I really don't. [beat] Unless... I thought your parents were comfortable with us dating?

BEA: They're thrilled! You've been written up in The New Yorker. You're a great get.

ASHER: Sorry to butt in, but-- the show's on hiatus because the *police* asked you to leave? Wouldn't that be the time a reporter doubles down on an investigation? Are podcasts different?

BEA: So you see. It'll be like that. The whole weekend will be like that.

ASHER: I'm genuinely asking. You know I take justice very seriously. As Lieutenant governor-

BEA: Lieutenant governor isn't a real job! You just like people calling you lieutenant!

ASHER: I don't make people call me "Lieutenant Casely!" That's just-- [beat, calming] Look, I don't even know why you're so worried about our parents. It's me they always pile ridiculous expectations onto. I don't think they have any expectations for you.

BEA: Mmhmm. And how exactly are you not living up to their expectations, Lieutenant Casely?

ASHER: Well, they thought I'd be a named partner at a firm by now.

BEA: But aren't you a partner at--

ASHER: Yes, but not a *named* partner. It's very different.

LORENA: He's right. It *is* very different.

[click play]

BEA: Mom? Dad? This is my girlfr-- *fiancee*, Lorena.

CONNIE: *The* Lorena Christopher! In my house! I'm Connie Casely. Bea's mom.

HAROLD: Harold Casely, such a pleasure. We're big fans of your podcast.

BEA: You told me you don't have time to listen to podcasts.

CONNIE: It's hard to make time. But we heard one episode of Lorena's show and were hooked!

HAROLD: Yes! It was an episode in the season on the secret Mankiewicz brother, Rudolph--

LORENA: Was it "Forgotten Siblings"? That's the one about his friendship with Gummo Marx, Cecil Barrymore, and Marley Chaplin. One of my *absolute* favorites.

CONNIE: Bea is so lucky. I bet you give her lots of great podcasting tips.

BEA: A lot of it was covered in my journalism degree, mom.

LORENA: I give her some feedback. Sometimes. But you don't have to worry. She's great at--

CONNIE: That's Bea, learning from the best! She used to follow me with her little play camera.

LORENA: You're a photojournalist, right, Connie?

CONNIE: Yes, I've always felt like journalism was truly a visual medium.

[BEA SIGHS LOUDLY]

HAROLD: That's why we appreciate how much archival footage you incorporate into your show. We're so glad you could join us. [beat] Oh! Asher, I'm so disappointed Lynn couldn't make it. I need to pick her brains on Weitzman's new paper on the latest trends in energy economics.

ASHER: She's disappointed, too. And Clara keeps asking to see gammy and gampy again!

CONNIE: Gammy and gampy! I'll never get over it.

BEA: [a disgusted noise]

ASHER: I was going to wait to announce this, but why not right now? We're renewing our vows this summer. It's our sixth anniversary! And you're all invited. You too, Lorena!

BEA: You couldn't wait for the ten year milestone?

ASHER: What can I say? When you're in love you just want to celebrate it all the time?

LORENA/BEA: That's beautiful, Asher. / Come on, man.

[click play]

HARDWARE STORE OWNER: Have we got a deal on hammers! Four for the price of three!

ROSALIND: I actually already have a hammer, but--

HARDWARE STORE OWNER: You could use four more hammers? Couldn't we all!

DANA: [cutting in, manic] Rosalind? What are you doing at Yohansson's Yard and Yarn?

ROSALIND: Buying four hammers, apparently. [beat] I was, uh, looking for you.

DANA: Well, c'mon. I'm shopping. You can help me carry stuff. Like this!

ROSALIND: [huffing with effort] A propane tank? Can't you just refill the one you--

DANA: Yep, I'm killing the planet, but it's on the family tab. I have so few ways left to screw 'em.

ROSALIND: In that case I'll grab another.

DANA: Three needless propane tanks? Hell yeah. Suck it, mom.

ROSALIND: So Dana, we haven't talked since--

DANA: I made things weird?

ROSALIND: You didn't- I'm sure I completely misread the situation. [She didn't and they both know. The silence is so bad, you guys] Anyway, it's been a bit, pal!

DANA: Oh I'm sure you've been crazy busy with Arden stuff /with this new development--

ROSALIND: Technically, I got fired. And the show shut down production.

DANA: [sudden laugh] So you might as well have slept with me. Your loss!

ROSALIND: I'm sorry for not being there after Paul's death. There's things I can't/ deal with--

DANA: [calling] Hey, Bill! Where are the candles?

HARDWARE STORE OWNER: Should be behind you!

DANA: Behin- son of a bitch. Standing in front of them.

[She loads up too many candles]

ROSALIND: [hushed] Can we talk about this? Please? You haven't texted/ or called or--

DANA: My life was falling apart, forgive me if I didn't respond to any of the memes you sent. [beat] Look, we're all good in my book. That whole thing is not even on my radar anymore.

ROSALIND: Fantastic! Not fantastic. But I'm glad you're OK. And you're taking your meds...?

DANA: Come on, Ros. Don't be a goof. I *am* going to leverage a little bit of pity and guilt from you for a super weird favor.

ROSALIND: I am the queen of weird favors. I won't deal pandas though. It's not right.

DANA: Remember that thing you told me you tried after your dad died? The really stupid thing?

ROSALIND: Urban climbing?

DANA: I'm going to hold a seance.

ROSALIND: Any chance I could sway you over to urban climbing?

DANA: Too much death on the ranch, I gotta get comfortable with it. Drop the ghosts a line.

ROSALIND: Aren't you afraid that might look...

DANA: I'm *already* under conservatorship. [beat] I'm a completionist. Gotta try everything!

ROSALIND: This isn't like me going to a boardwalk psychic because I couldn't afford therapy. You're under a microscope.

DANA: Yeah, from Arden! Look, Rosalind, I don't know what you're playing at here. You believe me, you keep information from me, you push, you pull, I don't get it. Are you on my side or not?

ROSALIND: I....

DANA: Grain bin seance! Tomorrow! Bring your pals! We'll laugh, we'll cry, we'll get closure.

ROSALIND: [very much not liking this idea] Woo.

[ad music]

BEA: Hi, Arden listeners, I'm Bea Casely and I'm here to tell you about Wheyface's state-of-the-art, high-tech... [sighs] Do we really have to do this?

ANDY: Read the ad script, Bea. We both have places to be.

BEA: I'm here to tell you about the Wheyface grain bin. Andy, I really don't think we should be advertising this on this particular show.

ANDY: How's that? Oh! Do you mean because of the horrific death?

BEA: Yes. That.

ANDY: People have forgotten about *that* horrific death because it's been replaced by the *new* horrific death! That's what my marketers have told me. We're launching this product on all our shows. You should hear how Quentin and Quentin discuss the grain bin in their quoits program.

BEA: How big is the market for grain bins? How often does anyone really *need* a grain bin?

ANDY: We believe there's an untapped market in cities. Anyone who buys a Wheyface bin will need a new one often. Planned obsolescence, that's how you keep sales up!

BEA: The Wheyface grain bin. Sleek design, peak efficiency and-- I'm not saying this last part.

ANDY: Do one take with it and then we'll edit it out.

BEA: Sleek design, peak efficiency and... incredible safety features that will... make you wish you'd bought one sooner. Oh god, that is just ghoulish.

ANDY: Look, just hit the talking points. Our marketing team wrote them for every platform. We don't have time to tailor them for this one show. Where we discuss the horrific grain bin death.

BEA: The Wheyface grain bin from Wheyface Industries. The good people. [beat] Are we?

[click play]

[we're outside Dana's trailer]

CLYDE: Good morning. [beat] I've brought your meds. Your lithium. Your Valium --

DANA: Kinda in the middle of something, I'll come by for them later.

[We hear a spray can]

CLYDE: Goodness. I've never seen anyone become *more* active on diazepam. [beat] Do I want to know why you're spray painting a pentagram onto a sheet?

DANA: I'm getting into heavy metal.

CLYDE: Well, it's good you have a project. [beat] I know you don't like to be analyzed--

DANA: Not by you.

CLYDE: But I'm glad you're taking time for yourself. People don't like to say it, but grief is selfish, and that's okay. We feel like we have to feel everything for the person we've lost. It's overwhelming. Their pain, their sorrow. It's on us. But we can feel the good stuff, too.

DANA: Do you really believe that?

CLYDE: I miss your dad, too, you know. [just the sound of Dana setting up] Here. This is my favorite memory of Paul. He always had a carrot for Chrysanthemum, but he made sure nobody was looking when he fed her. [beat, strained voice] You were close to him. If you wanted to talk--

DANA: So I'm about 7. I was supposed to go hiking with dad, but he was sick. No. Hungover. And I was crying because I couldn't understand why Dad wasn't doing what I wanted. So Paul took me on that hike instead. It was spring, so the wildflowers seemed unending. He helped me knit them into necklaces. He put them in his beard, and we brought a little bouquet back home. Every year he would go back there and pick a vase of wildflowers for our house. Every year.

CLYDE: That's beautiful, Dana. Hold on to that. You'll be so glad you hung on to--

DANA: Beats yours, right? Yours was about feeding a fucking horse. [she scoffs]

CLYDE: Well, nobody has ever suffered like you, huh?

DANA: Nope.

CLYDE: [sighs] Just... take your pills with lunch, all right? They'll be right here. Waiting for you.

[click play]

HAROLD: ...And I told the Tenure Board "Sure, but what do you do with the salami?"

LORENA: [laughing] My goodness! Quite a story.

BEA: Dad, you keep telling this story, but... what did they do with the salami?

HAROLD: [beat] Ate it, I assume.

CONNIE: Asher, why don't you tell us about... was it a charity you started?

ASHER: Just a small passion project. I'm preparing a bill to build new homeless shelters. Yes, I know. Shelters aren't a permanent solution. We need to seize the wealth from billionaires like—

[knocking]

ANDY (on other side of door, knocking): Hello? Bea? Bea's family? Anyone home?

BEA: Oh, my God. Asher! You conjured him.

CONNIE: [opens door] Hello... Can I help you?

ANDY: I'm Andy Wheyface. This is my date.

RED: Yes, Bea, it is I. Your old nemesis. Alexandria "Red" Dutton. Of Fortinbras. And I'm dating Andy Wheyface. Of Wheyface Industries! The absolute star-crossed tragedy!

ANDY: We have a lot in common. Red here also only sleeps three hours a night.

HAROLD: Bea, honey, I didn't realize you were friends with so many... capitalists.

BEA: Andy's my boss. He's/ not really--

ANDY: Come now, Bea! You and I are close enough for me to visit your family!

BEA: Is something wrong? Do we have to rush off in your helicopter? Immediately?

ANDY: We're staying right here. You're familiar with Wheydate, yes?

RED: *Am I!*

ANDY: I've decided to do a hometown, meet-the-parents installment of my ongoing series--

BEA: Andy, you're supposed to go to *your* hometown and introduce her to *your* parents.

ANDY: I'd *never* introduce someone I wasn't completely sure I wanted to marry to my parents.

RED: My family is the Fortinbras corporation, and I can't just introduce Andy to my immediate supervisor! She is a 9-year-old girl. [beat] My God, you're lieutenant governor Asher Casely.

ASHER: Why yes, I am. My reputation precedes me?

RED: The only lawyer in Montana to win a lawsuit against Fortinbras! [beat] I hated you, of course, but I had to admire the moxie, as well as your jawline.

BEA: Here I was worried the app was only setting Andy up with lesbians.

RED: [laughs] You know what they say about a grown woman's sexuality. "It comes and it goes." Lorena! I saw our mutual friend Teresa Hollandaise recently. She sends warm regards.

LORENA: Regards to her! She still has my copy of *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*.

BEA: [grumbled] We know how many fruits there are! It's more than one!

HAROLD: Asher, maybe the others would like to hear about the time you bested Fortinbras?

ASHER: Everyone gather 'round. I'm happy to tell you all about it. So, an old farmer--

LORENA: Just one farmer, or was it class-action?

ASHER: That's a great question, Lorena. The answer is more complicated than you'd think.

[click play]

[sounds of texting... Bea laughs every so often... a door opens]

LORENA: [irritated] Oh. Here you are. Texting. With Brenda, I assume?

BEA: Not this time. Pamela wants my advice on what to bring to a seance.

LORENA: A *seance*?

BEA: I told her red wine? Feels safe.

LORENA: Pamela is a spiritualist?! Well, it was all the rage in the twenties.

BEA: Oh no, Dana is holding a seance to contact her dad. Should be a capital D disaster.

LORENA: That's a horrible idea!

BEA: I know!

LORENA: I'm sorry you have Fo-Mo about missing a woman's traumatic breakdown. [beat] You also missed all of Asher's slides from the Andes. [beat] And Andy asking when he'd acquired some mountains. [beat] And Red inquiring what it would cost to rename them the Andes Mountains sponsored by Andy Wheyface.

BEA: Followed by a lecture on capitalism from my father, I'm sure?

LORENA: It's ongoing. [beat] What are we doing here? I thought you wanted me to meet--

BEA: I do. My parents... they're... they don't see what's wrong with you! [beat] I mean--

LORENA: And what is wrong with me, Bea?

BEA: Nothing! You're fine! You're always fine! It's that they *only* see what's wrong with me.

LORENA: They treat you perfectly well. At least from what I can see.

BEA: You don't see what's wrong with them. [text] Ha! Brenda sent me a funny cow she met.

LORENA: If you don't want to be here, go back to Elsinore. But I'm staying here. On the trip I agreed to take with my fiancée. Whom I love. [beat] You should join us downstairs.

BEA: [texting] Yeah. Okay.

[click play]

[the echo of the grain bin]

BRENDA: Hi! I never know if I should arrive fashionably late to a seance, or if punctuality is key.

DANA: Oh! Good! You're here! You can help me set up!

BRENDA: [climbs in bin] Wow. That pentagram is Pinterest worthy. If your dad loved pentagrams, he'll be sure to show up. [fishing] He'll definitely see how much effort you put in.

DANA: [laughing] Please don't *watch* me do this. It's just lighting candles. Grab a lighter!

BRENDA: [pause] I'm excited for this. I can't wait to talk to Dan. Got lots of questions for him.

DANA: You and me both, pal. [beat] But what would *you* have to say to my father?

BRENDA: I wanna ask who was on the ranch the night he died. What do you wanna know?

DANA: [long pause] I think your friends are here.

BRENDA: I'm really curious about this! What do you wanna know?

DANA: Well. You'll find out. Won't you?

[sound of walking on grass]

PAMELA: For the record, I strongly object to this but someone here has to play the cynic.

ROSALIND: Brenda's a cynic!

PAMELA: Brenda is the world's most open minded cynic.

ROSALIND: Look, a seance? It's silly but it really did give me a sense of closure. It was nice to say goodbye to something that wasn't a cold body.

PAMELA: I would be very respectful of that if last week you hadn't tried to convince me that ghosts are real and live in grain bins.

ROSALIND: [approaching] Ghosts don't *live* anywhere.

PAMELA: Exactly, they don't- [she sighs]. Do you remember what we talked about?

ROSALIND: I am no longer with the show and no longer investigating for Arden. Officially. Yeah. I'm not doing this for information, I'm doing it because I want Dana to like me.

PAMELA: That is literally what we talked about!

[sound of clambering in to the bin, and--]

PAMELA: So many candles. [beat] I uh, I brought wine?

DANA: A class act, as always, Pamela.

BRENDA: And isn't that pentagram fancy? A regular big city pentagram!

DANA: Right. Brenda is also here.

ROSALIND: If this is the whole gang we can get started. Everyone join hands.

PAMELA: You're a medium now?

ROSALIND: I'm an exceptional. But yes, I read up on WikiHow. Look, Dana, if this gets intense--

DANA: We're having fun! When does the chanting start?

ROSALIND: Let's stay silent, during the channeling. Everyone clear your mind.

DANA: [muttered] Come on, come on.

ROSALIND: Dan Hamill! Are you there? This circle is a welcoming place!

BRENDA: How are you doing that? That buzzing. Can anyone else hear--

PAMELA: No. Don't *you* start with-- We're not doing this.

BRENDA: I don't think it's a ghost! I just think it's kinda annoying.

ROSALIND: If it *is* a ghost it is welcome here. The ghost is... wait... Dana--

BRENDA: Dana's the ghost?

ROSALIND: Dana, I'm starting to get a bad feeling.

PAMELA: We all get bad feelings!

DANA (gasp): I see him! Dad! Dad is that you!

BRENDA: What are you looking at?

DANA: Right in the middle of the circle, don't you all see him. Daddy?

ROSALIND: I don't see anything.

DANA: I feel him! Dad, DAD!

ROSALIND: Okay, Dan doesn't want us all to see him and that's his call to make. Oh, spirits! Please guide us. Dana is here and she wants to talk to you.

[sound of movement/ clanging]

BRENDA: Okay, what *is* that sound?

PAMELA: Don't escalate this.

BRENDA: *I'm* escalating?

DANA: I feel... I think I see someone. Dad? Hello? [hopeful] Paul? Is that you?

[loud clang; everyone jumps/makes a STARTLED noise]

BRENDA: It was the door.

DANA: Shit. Shit. [Dana runs to door and opens it] Olivia!

OLIVIA: [from outside] You can just fuck right off!

DANA: Olivia, wait! [Dana scrambles out, we stay with her] Hold up! What are you doing here?

OLIVIA: Your mom called me to check on you. It looked like you were having a party where your father died. I don't usually take her side, but I had to admit it sounded weird.

DANA: It wasn't a party!

OLIVIA: I saw wine!

TRUDY (far, then closer): Dana, honey, I heard yelling.

DANA: Oh it's nothing, mom! [beat] How long has Olivia been *spying* for you?

OLIVIA: You were trying to contact my dead father. One ghost wasn't enough for you?

DANA: It was a lark, a joke seance like Halloween.

OLIVIA: You said you could see my dad. Is he a joke to you?

TRUDY: Which is it, Dana? [beat] Are you having hallucinations?

DANA: What?

TRUDY: Clyde doesn't think the new sedatives are working. Now you're seeing things.

DANA(the gall!): I'm *grieving*?

TRUDY: Maybe it's time we take you to get real help. There's a hospital in Bozeman--

OLIVIA: Okay, let's not go nuts here. Poor choice of words. Let Dana sleep it off.

TRUDY: I'm getting my car keys.

DANA: She's bluffing. She'd never--

[click play; highway sounds... we're in a car]

DANA: This is ridiculous. It was a joke. Mom. -- Mom, watch the fucking road.

TRUDY: [fumbling with phone] That song you sang at the bar? I recorded it -- [press play]

DANA: [singing earlier] I don't wanna be here anymore. I don't wanna be here anymore--

[the song continues under the next, but quietly]

TRUDY: "I don't wanna be here anymore." "I don't wanna *be here* anymore"?

DANA: And I thought when you showed up to my show, you were finally engaging with my music. [the car shudders to a halt] Wait, mom-- Mom. Mom mom mom mom. Look at me. I'm not sick, mom. I'm sad. I'm not sick, I'm sad. How many times did you say that to me? "Dana, you're not sick. You're sad. Get to school." "Well, I don't see a temperature. Must be the sads again."

TRUDY: You make me sound so awful. Every story you tell about me, you make/ me sound--

DANA: And you were right. I was sad. I was *really sad*.

TRUDY: You couldn't *bear* things. Little things would get you. You couldn't get past them. A friend teasing you. Losing your favorite toy. Your goldfish dying. People move past things, hon.

DANA: Do they? Look at the world!/ How many grudges--

TRUDY: The world is the world! You're my daughter, and I'm taking you to the hospital.

[as the car starts up again--]

DANA: Take me home, and in the morning-- [fumbling with a pill bottle] See? The new pills? [talking around them] I'm taking them. [swallows] From now on, I'll be good, okay?

TRUDY: Why would I believe that? You lie to me, Dana. You treat me like a fool, and--

DANA: [outburst] It's Liv! It's Liv. It's-- [sigh] It's always Olivia. I hurt her. I didn't mean to, but I never mean to, and I always do. And I can't keep hurting people who are trying to help me.

TRUDY: Then let me help you. You need to go to the hospital.

DANA: My problems are at home, I can't fix them somewhere else.

TRUDY: Your problems are wherever/ you are!

DANA: You're right, okay? I took it too far. But I see that, and I want to go back. Let's go back. I'll stop fighting you, just please don't hand me over to strangers. You don't know what they'll do to me. [beat, sincere] I'm not sick. I'm sad. [the car stops, the sound of a blinker] Remember when Olivia left? You practically moved into that trailer with me. Watching movies. Making our favorite foods. You took care of me, mom. I wouldn't have made it through that time without you.

TRUDY: [heavy sigh] Dana--

DANA: I've already lost so much and I need you to take care of me, but it has to be you. You're the one who took care of me. And you still can. You still can if you-- [her voice breaks]

TRUDY: Okay, baby. [beat] Okay. But just for tonight. Then we'll... reassess.

[click play]

[in Rosalind's hotel room... knocking at the door]

BRENDA: [through door] All your lights are on. [beat] We need to talk about this.

ROSALIND: [she opens the door] Do we?

BRENDA: What was Dana trying to do tonight? Everything there was a performance. Either you're in on it, or she's playing you.

ROSALIND: She's a dramatic person!

BRENDA: So who's her audience? Who's supposed to be watching her? You spend all that time with her. And you don't have any idea. [beat] You need go back to Los Angeles.

ROSALIND: No. We're so close to solving--

BRENDA: We're not close to solving jack shit. [beat] I'm saying this as your boss.

ROSALIND: Now you want to be my boss?

BRENDA: You want to quit? After I had your back--

ROSALIND: *You left.* [beat] Do you think I care about Arden? This is my case! Everyone keeps trying to take it away from me. [beat] You think you can just mosey back in-!

BRENDA: I needed a break! I wasn't leaving *you*. I thought you could handle it! I really expected you would be fine!

ROSALIND: I always am! I'm always just dandy! Why would you ever need to check in?

BRENDA: Ahhh, fuck. You're right. I left. And I left you in over your head. That's on me. [beat] I'm worried about you. And about Dana. I'm your friend. Talk to me. Tell me what's going on.

ROSALIND: I think Dana is acting out, and being an asshole, and maybe even lying. But I think she's doing that because she's SAD. [Yawn] I need some shut-eye. See you back in Los Angeles, boss.

[the sound of the door shutting, and off that--]

[ad music]

[the sound of a faucet running and filling a glass, and then... Andy is whispering]

ANDY: Hallo, good people. It's the middle of the night here in the Casely's kitchen. What a splendid time to record an ad. An ad for SameClothes! You're a busy human! Full of human activities! Acquiring food! Seeking fortune! Building community! When can you figure out what to wear? Never worry about clothing again with SameClothes! The only subscription fashion service that provides the same clothes to all! Send us your preferences! We will disregard them. Send us your measurements! We will consider them! Soon you too will walk through the world in a salmon shirt, brown pants, and beige shoes. [ominously] Clothes are a skin. Shed your old skin. Burn it in a pyre that we all shall watch and join hands and feel our skin become one --

[door opens]

HAROLD: Oh, hello, Andy! You grabbing a midnight snack too?

ANDY: A glass of water, actually. And I thought, might as well record some copy.

HAROLD: Let me see that. [beat] Can I offer notes? You do realize this is a horribly unviable economic model! The outfits you describe aren't fit for the modern workplace, substantially decreasing your potential consumer share. Now, if you threw in a nice blazer --

[click play]

RED: --normally I'd never date the competition, but what can I say. One day, this app showed up on my phone. Like magic! The algorithm matched us up, and I always trust the algorithm.

CONNIE: Did anyone opt into Wheydate? It's on my phone, and I'm very happily married.

RED: If you could sell a happy marriage, you'd be rich! [confrontational] What do you know?

CONNIE: Nothing? I guess when it's true love, you just know.

RED: Oh, I'm not sure this is true love. I've only felt true love but the one time. [dreamy sigh] I don't know if you're familiar with the television program the Costumed Comedian.

I saw only a handful of episodes, but the Ghostly Giraffe on that program. My God. What a man!

BEA: Wasn't Andy the Ghostly Giraffe?

RED: [shocked] Was it? [beat] I could have sworn it was Tom Hanks!

LORENA: No, Tom was the Loch Ness Monster Truck.

ASHER: [door opens] We're back. [beat] And somebody's learned about grocery stores.

ANDY: There are pancakes in this box. Even though it sounds like sand. The mystery!

RED: My ghostly giraffe!

ASHER: Andy was explaining why it's nice to have investigative reporters on staff. With ongoing media consolidation, especially with the rise of loosely-regulated new media like podcasts--

BEA: God, Asher, I'm not single handedly destroying journalism.

ASHER: Is Wheyface unionized, Andy? Do all employees get health insurance and fair wages?

ANDY: Yes! [thinks] Well. All the ones who aren't murderers!

LORENA: I have been meaning to ask Bea about adding me to her health plan. I've been paying a lot out of pocket as a freelancer. Not the most romantic reason to get married!

ANDY: You don't need to be married. Bea can add you as a domestic partner or check the "it's complicated" box on the form. Wheyface Insurance is valid at most hospitals and *all* Wheyface Wellness Saloons, which are not legally hospitals because of their two drink minimum.

BEA: We shouldn't bug Andy with too many union questions. I'd hate for him to get the idea that not all major corporations are unionized. [text sound] Sorry.

ANDY (chuckling): We should get Harold in here! [beat] Did you know your father is an economics professor at the University of Montana?

HAROLD: [walking in] No longer the cool professor! I gracefully aged out of being the cool one.

CONNIE: We have photos of Harold as the cool one. Here's one from Bring Your Daughter To Work Day. He brought Asher too because we wanted to raise our children as equals.

LORENA: Oh, that suit is darling! Bea, just look at you - Bea?

[rapid texting sound]

BEA: Sorry, everyone. It's Brenda. Work thing.

CONNIE: We're your family, Bea. How long has it been since--

LORENA: Just take a day, sweetheart. Take a day to--

BEA: Don't *manage* me, Lorena. Just for the love of-- [she huffs and stomps off]

HAROLD: Well. There's our, Bea. [the family laughs... Lorena reluctantly joins in]

[click play]

[a bicycle pulls up and "parks" on gravel at Hamill Hills Ranch]

CLYDE: Hey there, Ms. Ursula!

ROSALIND: Hi Clyde. I'm here to check on Dana.

CLYDE: About that. My step-daughter has decided she will no longer cooperate with Arden. As of now, she is restricting access. To respect her wishes, I have to ask you to leave my property.

ROSALIND: This isn't for the show, I just wanna pop in and tell her goodbye. It'll be a minute.

CLYDE: It's within my rights to call the sheriff.

ROSALIND: You call him. It would take him at least twenty minutes to get here. Just a pop in!

CLYDE: She doesn't want to see you, Rosalind. She's going to spend some time alone with family. It's what she needs. For her own stability. Please.

ROSALIND: [outburst] That doesn't make any *sense*. Dana would never choose to talk to you guys instead of/ me.

CLYDE: Instead of what? A team trying to make money off of her tragedy?

ROSALIND: Joke's on you. This podcast doesn't turn a profit! Let me talk to her one more time. I don't want her to think I gave up on her. She's my friend --

CLYDE: She is not your *friend*. She is a very unwell young woman. And you manipulated her. I saw you sneak out of her trailer in the mornings. You used her and for what? A podcast?

ROSALIND: I was helping her find peace.

CLYDE: That must be why she's so happy now. We have cameras here, I will press charges if you come back. [beat, faux cheer] We look forward to hearing the show.

[click stop; more texting noises... the door opens]

LORENA: Bea, the pancakes are getting cold-- [beat] Why are you packing your suitcase?

BEA: Red is headed back to Elsinore, presumably to do evil. She's giving me a ride. I should get back there by the evening. [a too-long beat] If you wanted to come along, we--

LORENA: I see. [beat] What's so important back in Elsinore/ that you--

BEA: God, I'm sorry. I'm not avoiding you. I'm avoiding my family. This is what they do. They just glom on to my romantic partners and turn them against me.

LORENA: Do you think I've been... turned against you?

BEA: I could see the way you were smiling when my mom was telling me not to be on my phone. Like you thought I was being ridiculous. [beat] And I have very good reasons to care about what's going on back there. Because it's all... bad. This is still my job.

LORENA: You took time off.

BEA: The show was technically shut down, so-- [beat] I said I'd stay in touch.

LORENA: So one of us took this visit to see your family seriously. [beat] And it wasn't you.

BEA: I really didn't think-- [text noise]

LORENA: What is it? [pause] May I see it?

BEA: [hesitant] Sure.

LORENA: Is this what you think of me? [beat] I've been assimilated into the Casely collective?

BEA: I was venting! People vent!

LORENA: Vent to *me*. I'm who you're supposed to vent to, even if it's about me. But you won't tell me when I'm upsetting you? You don't have that problem with anyone else.

BEA: You keep taking my family's side! Is it wrong to want someone who's on my side even when I'm being ridiculous? I'm not sure what else I'm supposed to want from a *marriage*.

LORENA: Someone who'll point out when you're being unfair to your family and that someday, when they're gone and you can't try to make amends, you might regret pushing them away.

[long silence]

BEA: Yeah, that's not what I want to hear right now. [beat] You don't always have to be sensible!

LORENA: You don't have to be ridiculous! [beat] I asked you to marry me. How long did it take for you to make up your mind whether you-- Don't roll your eyes! You hurt my feelings, Bea. You hurt my feelings, and you didn't even seem to notice.

BEA: I'm trying to tell you something about my family and how little they understand me, and you keep taking their side! All it took was one compliment about your show -- one compliment! -- and you melted. God, you are so easy. [she laughs] Come to think of it, giving you a fawning compliment was how I got a date with you. Is that all this was built on? I was nice to you?

LORENA: [angry] Bea. [calms] That's really unfair. [beat] And this is *not* about them. You're trying to make it about them, but it's about *us*. When have you ever fought for *me*? Not for your show, not for the Julie Capsom scoop, not even for a ridiculous costume contest. For *me*?

BEA: [after a long silence] All the time.

LORENA: Uh huh. [beat] Bea, you... you... [she cuts off]

BEA: You can say it.

LORENA: You take me for granted. I'm tired of it. I deserve better. From you. Or someone. Don't go back to Elsinore, Bea. Stay. Fix this.

BEA: We can talk after I'm settled. You've made some really good points, and--

LORENA: [finally *fucking sad*] Bea. Please. [beat] I want you to fight for me.

BEA: [after a long pause] No. You're right. You're always right. I *don't* want to. [beat, then sincerely apologetic] And I'm sorry. [beat, before she can cry] I have to go.

[the sound of her suitcase hitting the floor, rolling out... we stay on Lorena's tears]

[click play; highway sounds]

RED: So. Lorena's staying behind. And you're coming with me. [she chuckles] Yeah, I never bought that whole... whatever it was.

BEA: Oh, it's fine. Everything's fine. And it's more real than whatever that stunt was with Andy.

RED: It's funny, I took the date so I could make him fall in love with me, break his heart, crash Wheyface stock, and make millions. I couldn't bring myself to do it. I fell in love with him for real.

BEA: Over a weekend with my parents?

RED: That's what your parents taught me. Love is a sparkling gem. Treasure it, Bea.

BEA: I guess I'm happy for you. It's nice to know true love is real.

RED: It is nice. Of course love is also a weakness, so to keep my edge I must cut all ties and learn to forget my heart ever sang with love's song. [beat] Can you get me the salt out of the backseat? I need to stop by a farm and sprinkle it about the Earth. [beat] You know! Girl's trip!

[click play]

TRUDY: It's just a little further, sheriff.

JAKE: All right. [beat] How is Dana?

TRUDY: She's... [a pause as numerous answers occur to her] calmer. Sleeping. Like a baby. [they walk a few more steps and then] Well. There it is.

JAKE: [whistles] "Hamills are pigs and should die like pigs." And *red* spray paint. That's how you know they mean business. [beat] I hate to ask, but-- Do you think it's possible that Dana --

TRUDY: Absolutely not. Dana might hurt me. She'd never hurt the ranch.

JAKE: I just heard about the funeral, and--

TRUDY: Oh boy! Wow. [laughs uneasily] Jumping into a grave! Who does that?

JAKE: I've seen you better, Trudy. Are you sure everything here is fine? If something's wrong--

TRUDY: It's fine. I'm fine. We're fine. [beat] I know you think an investigation into Paul's death will help calm her mind, but Dana... Dana just can't accept that sometimes things happen. They *happen*. And stopping them... well, you might as well stop the sun coming up.

JAKE: I get it. [beat] But we have to investigate. So far all the evidence suggests it's an accident, but... well, sometimes you just get a hunch. And you gotta make sure it's wrong.

TRUDY: Oh, of course! [maternal] You're such a good sheriff.

JAKE: So the graffiti, if you have anybody you think--

TRUDY: Probably just the workers. Agitated about the sale, and with that podcast riling things up... If you could come back tomorrow more formally, maybe.

JAKE: Like the old arrangements with Dan?

TRUDY: [laughs, shocked] Oh no! No, that's not what I meant. People know you take these things seriously. Just seeing you around... it'll make them think twice.

JAKE [noticing something]: Does that camera work?

TRUDY: The one on the bin? Yeah. Why?

JAKE: It's probably not much of an angle on the tank where Paul died, but...you gotta look. Until you can disprove that hunch.

TRUDY: Of course. I could get you the hard drive with the footage later today?

JAKE: Actually if you had it now--

TRUDY: [through a tight smile] Of course. Not a problem at all.

[click stop; in the studio]

BEA: I leave for a few days and you guys summon the dead? I hate missing the fun.

BRENDA: I think the fun's over. The Hamills have stopped cooperating with Arden. Dana too. And even if they didn't, Pamela's pulled the plug. Rosalind's headed back to LA soon.

BEA: Wow. I thought she'd have to be dragged out of here.

BRENDA: I'm kinda making her. Pretending we have cases to tend to. I need old Rosalind back. She was making everything worse. Or Dana was making her worse. Or Rosalind was making Dana worse. [beat] Sometimes, two people can chase each other in circles until they fall over.

BEA: Yeah. Sometimes people just shouldn't be together. [her voice cracks]

BRENDA: You okay?

BEA: Yeah. I'm... yeah. [beat] It's really good to see you.

BRENDA: It's really good to see you. [beat] Missoula sounds like it was a trip.

BEA: It was. [beat] And the *seance*?!

BRENDA: She's keeping something from us. [beat] Something is seriously wrong, and I can't figure out what it is. I don't think I can leave until I figure out what it is. How about you?

BEA: I'm not leaving either. Not until we know the truth.

BRENDA: Seriously? Aren't you and Lorena going back to LA for Easter/ weekend--

BEA: This is what's most important to me.

[click play]

[a low wind... we are up very high... on the bluff... a truck approaches... someone gets out]

OLIVIA: This better be good. I'm not as nostalgic about this fucking bluff as you are.

DANA: [genuine, vulnerable] Hi to you, too. [beat] Late at night was the only time I could sneak--

OLIVIA: I need you to know that I'm leaving town in the morning. For good. Forever. And I hear your mom kicked Arden out. So I guess this is it for your whole little plan, huh? It's done?

DANA: The plan worked, Liv. [beat, triumph] They bought it. The Arden people think I'm crazy. Mom thinks I need her protection. You *know* how this is going to look to everybody. You *know*.

OLIVIA: And all you had to do was *blindside* me with a *seance* starring my *dead father*.

DANA: [calming] Hey. Hey. Hey now. [beat] It was an act. It was just an act.

OLIVIA: And for what? A ranch? A piece/ of land?

DANA: You said you missed it. Remember, the night before -- You said you missed the sunrises, you missed the stillness in winter, [building courage] and you missed-- and you missed-- me.

OLIVIA: I do miss it, Dana. It was my home. But it's not any more. [beat] I miss a thing that disappeared when I was eight. When I come here, all I see are ghosts. And you're one of them.

DANA: See how much we have in common?

OLIVIA: If this is your version of an apology/ I'm going to skip it.

DANA: Wait! [a long pause] Marry me.

OLIVIA: [actually bursts into laughter] Okay, fuck you.

DANA: I'm dead serious. I've never been more serious about anything in my life. [beat] If I get married, they'll have to put the conservatorship/ on hold--

OLIVIA: You'd have to get their permission *legally* / to get married

DANA: And then we'd go to court, and we'd show all the new evidence, and--

OLIVIA: And why don't you just go show the judge all of that now?

DANA: Because this whole town is in Clyde's pocket, but with you there--

OLIVIA: Show Jake Wunder! Show Arden! Show anybody you trust!

DANA: I trust you. [beat] You are the *only* one I trust.

OLIVIA: Don't say it.

DANA: I still love you.

OLIVIA: Good night, Dana.

DANA: You're going to leave me here, with *them*. Again?

OLIVIA: Do you know *anything* about my life in Denver?

DANA: You have a boyfriend--

OLIVIA: What's his name?

DANA: And a job--

OLIVIA: What do I do?

DANA: And... I think a dog?

OLIVIA: You only know the things about me that are convenient to know. [beat] Every Sunday morning, Brad -- that's my boyfriend -- and I drive down to West Side Books & Curios. We order a coffee, and we pick out a book for each other. Whoever makes the other laugh the hardest gets to pick where we have lunch. [beat] I remain undefeated. [beat] You'd take that away from me? To keep pouring salt in an old wound you won't let heal?

DANA: You want this too. Maybe not me, but you want this ranch. This town. I see how you look at it. You were supposed to be here for what? A week? And you've been here almost a month?

OLIVIA: And now I'm done. Goodbye, Dana.

[she gets back in her car and slams the door; the engine starts up]

DANA: WAIT! [window rolls down] You'll stop by the studio before you go? To do the... thing?

OLIVIA: Oh my God, yes. I will stop by the studio, and then I will go far, far away.

DANA: [pause] I'll call.

OLIVIA: [a laugh, but not unkind] You do whatever you wanna do, Danes. You always do.

DANA: Bye, Liv. [the truck pulls away, and-- to herself] Save yourself.

[end of episode]