

ARDEN

Season 2, Episode 6

“The More Deceived”

By Allison Solano

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
OLIVIA BRECKENRIDGE: Saoirse Ó
Súilleabháin

GUEST CAST:

CLYDE HAMILL: Zach Grenier
TRUDY HAMILL: Rebecca Metz
PAUL BRECKENRIDGE: Oscar Jordan
JAKE WUNDER: Mike Bash
ROWAN DABROWSKI: Ptolemy Slocum
ALEXANDRIA DUTTON: Nelinda Palomino
TERESA HOLLANDAISE: Jennifer Liao
GWEN VANDENSTERN: Katie Wright
DEPUTY: Grant Patrizio
PHARMACIST: Omar Andrade
MC: Katie Wright
NORMAL GUY: Kirk Novak

Content Warning: This episode contains adult language, loud noises, brief violence, dead naming of a trans woman, intense family situations, discussions and depiction of mental illness, discussions of alcoholism, and adult situations.

RED = STUDIO

GREEN = FLASHBACK

PURPLE = FIELD AUDIO

BLUE = ADVERTISEMENTS

YELLOW = WHEYDATES!

BLACK = THE FUTURE!!!

ANDY: Arden is brought to you by Wheyface Industries. Under the water, in the air, Wheyface, Wheyface, always there. [pause] In all territories except Greenland.

[click play]

ROWAN: Welcome back, Bea. That was a long bathroom break.

BEA: It's amazing how being interrogated makes one dawdle on the way back.

ROWAN: This isn't an interrogation. I'm on your side. Remember that. [beat] So the climax. April 3 through April 5, 2019. Three days that doomed the investigation.

BEA: I wouldn't call it the "climax." A lot happened after that.

ROWAN: The classical definition of the term. The point of no return.

BEA: Sure. The point of no return. That's fair.

ROWAN: Take me through those days. Let's start with on April 3.

[but his voice fades, and click-stop; click-play]

[diner noises]

TERESA: Thank you for meeting me for a breakfast date. Very little time in the life of a high stakes negotiator. Let me stop you before you say more. Yes, it's my title. Look at my card.

ANDY: Teresa Hollandaise. High-stakes negotiator. [beat] My God. Look at *my* card--

TERESA: This actually says "Eccentric billionaire"! I suspect we will get along just fine. But. Before we begin: You should know I've sent my location to a dozen friends.

ANDY: Pardon?

TERESA: You can't trust anyone. [she yawns] Sorry. I didn't get much sleep last night.

ANDY: [yawning too] Goodness. I must be tired too!

TERESA: [sigh of relief] Oh thank God. You're not a psychopath.

ANDY: Of course I'm not! I screened myself for that on Wheydate.

TERESA: You yawned when I did. Psychopaths don't do that.

ANDY: Does psychopathy come up often in the world of high-stakes negotiation?

TERESA: *All* the time. And the yawn thing is one of my little tricks to read a room. I read about it on Facebook and thought, "Oh, makes sense!"

ANDY: Well! I assure you, I intend the opposite of murder.

TERESA [apprehensive]: ...pregnancy?

ANDY: No! Breakfast!

TERESA: Great. Breakfast I like. Sorry. I'm always apprehensive.

ANDY: Apprehension is totally normal in this situation! I have a related feeling!

[the sound of papers smacking on the table]

ANDY: This contract stipulates that if you kill me, Wheyface Industries has the right to a five part miniseries to analyze your psyche, hopefully preventing further murders! I'm very into murder prevention right now.

TERESA: Shouldn't you be more concerned about being murdered than a miniseries?

ANDY: I'm not afraid of a meaningful death.

TERESA: [a beat] My God. [another beat] When can I see you again?

ANDY: Well, let me see. You can see me... RIGHT NOW!

[click stop]

BEA: Okay. Studio session take one. April 3, 2019. We rolling? Cool. [beat] Listeners, this has gotten complicated. There are a few too many suspects and a few too many motives here.

BRENDA: Everybody wanted Dan Hamill dead. *Including* the horse. Footnote 1: So far as we know, horses cannot commit murder.

BEA: They would *never*. [beat] So we thought before we get too much further, we'd establish a list of suspects, then examine how likely each of them is to have done the crime.

BRENDA: But first, a lead fell into our laps.

BEA: Recently, I spoke with a woman named Alexandria “Red” Dutton, of the Fortinbras corporation. She’s negotiating the company’s purchase of the Hamill Hills Ranch and is currently in Hatchet Falls, the nearby county seat. She has agreed to meet us for an interview. After we left a number of voicemails.

BRENDA: I’m real good at voicemails.

BEA: After that’s done, we can try to establish a timeline, and--

[a phone pings during this line]

BRENDA: Hang on. [dials cell] Wunder, my boy, what’s up? ...No kidding. Listen, can I put you on speaker, Sheriff? I’m here with Bea and Pamela. [puts phone on speaker]

BEA: Sheriff Wunder? Is everything all right?

SHERIFF JAKE: It is. I think. ...Paul Breckenridge just confessed to the murder of Dan Hamill.

BRENDA: That was easy.

[click-play]

ROWAN: And was it that easy?

BEA: [sigh] It was not.

[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.

[music out; click play]

PAUL: [his voice trembling] Hey sweet pea. It’s me. I um, I was hoping to catch you, but I guess this’ll have to do. [long pause, then soft crying] I did it. I killed Dan. I didn’t mean

to... But it's all my fault. And I'm going to the sheriff now, turning myself in. Whatever happens, just know I love you, Olivia. I'm so proud of you, being true to yourself. I'm sorry your old man is such a coward.

[click stop]

BEA: Paul Breckenridge left that voicemail for his daughter, who forwarded it to us. Needless to say, my colleagues and I were stunned by this turn of events.

[rewind to a few moments ago]

BRENDA: Did I call it or what, baby!

BEA: You didn't call it -- I figured out the jacket! ...Was it the jacket? Tell me it was the jacket!

SHERIFF JAKE: Yeah, Paul says it was his jacket.

BEA: Yes! In your fa -

[back to the present]

BRENDA: So, listeners... We did it! Didn't even take us half a season and we did it.

PAMELA: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. He's confessed. Doesn't mean he actually did it.

BRENDA: It fits, doesn't it? They have a big ugly blowout. Paul leaves his jacket behind. Dan drunkenly tries to get it out, gets stuck. Paul goes back to get his jacket, maybe Dan's already dead, or maybe Paul just...decides to not help him. That's a workable theory of the crime.

BEA: You're right. It fits.

BRENDA: You sound disappointed. Do you not want to have solved the case?

BEA: There was so much more we could've talked about... Do we need to cancel with Red?

PAMELA: Let's keep the appointment. They likely brought Paul up to county in Hatchet Falls.

BRENDA: So two birds? One stone? Yeah? [beat] Wow, why would you need to kill two birds? You only need one, asshole. The planet is dying!

[time cut, car noise]

BEA: [radio voice] Alexandria Dutton's hotel is-- [normal voice] what the hell?

BRENDA: Is that...Dana? Talking to Alexandria Dutton? [beat] Screaming at Alexandria Dutton?

DANA [muffled through the car]: Talk to me! Come on!

[Car door opens, sound of Brenda and Bea walking out]

ALEXANDRIA: Ms. Hamill, these wild and feverish accusations aren't helping your case.

DANA: You framed Paul Breckenridge! Listen, okay? Just listen to me. They think they can get me to stop looking into this if they can find a patsy.

BRENDA: Dana, I can see you're upset. But Paul *confessed*. How does that make him a patsy?

DANA: They paid him off to take the fall. Accidental death. Your investigation ends, and once everyone stops paying attention that murderer sells off *my ranch* --

ALEXANDRIA: I've already contacted the police, so let's wrap this up, OK? Your little display doesn't impress anyone, Dana. Childish. No wonder your mother's so disappointed--

[a punch sound, a scuffle]

DANA: Let me go!

BRENDA: I can't do that, Dana. Not if you're going to attack--

BEA: Ms. Dutton are you alright?

[police sirens]

ALEXANDRIA: Just a bruise. I'll just add assault to the police report. [beat] Needless to say, we won't be doing that interview. Not by a long shot.

[click-play]

[police station noises]

DANA: Officer, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have done it. I've learned my lesson.

DEPUTY: Sure you have. Wait here. I'll be right back.

[a beat]

OLIVIA: Dana?

DANA: Olivia? What are you doing?

OLIVIA: Knitting mostly.

DANA: I meant what at the station.

OLIVIA: I know. I'm waiting for Dad.

DANA: Oh. Right.

[a beat]

OLIVIA: Wait. Are you in *handcuffs*?

DANA: Your dad didn't do it.

OLIVIA: Dana, if this is some conspiracy theory I really don't need it.

DANA: It's *not* a conspiracy theory. Your dad couldn't have done it. How many times did he help my dad out of some jam? Paul could never kill my dad. It's true. You know it's true.

OLIVIA: Thank god. I don't think dad did it either, but everybody else-- [beat] It's just good to have somebody else agree with me. Thank you. Really.

DANA: Hey, be careful who you're agreeing with here. People might think you've lost it. [laugh]

OLIVIA: Dana... why are you in handcuffs?

DANA: I may have... screamed at a Fortinbras person about how they framed your dad. The screaming may have been followed by punching.

OLIVIA: Are you joking?

DANA: No. I've still got a mean jab when I need it. [beat] God, just more proof for my mother.

OLIVIA: Proof of what?

DANA: She's always threatening conservatorship. So she can be my legal guardian.

OLIVIA: Holy shit, Dana. That's - that's *incredibly* bad. You're going to fight this, right?

DANA: Yeah. Well. Hard to argue that I'm not crazy.

OLIVIA: No. You're not crazy. You've never been--

[a beat]

OLIVIA: Wait. Have you been taking your medication?

DANA: God, Liv. Of course I have. [beat] Have you been taking your estrogen?

OLIVIA: Okay, yeah, sorry. I shouldn't have asked.

DANA: Sorry I snapped. I honestly don't mind being asked by you. At least you care. At least you don't think I'm some weird problem to be... managed.

OLIVIA: You just don't seem yourself.

DANA: I know. I feel weird. It's all this stress.

OLIVIA: It's really not my place, but is there someone you can talk to?

DEPUTY: Ms. Hamill? I have some information for you, if you'd like to step into this room?

DANA: You can say it here.

DEPUTY: Privacy is --

DANA: She's family.

DEPUTY [sighing]: Fine. Alexandria Dutton agreed to drop charges if you agree to see a doctor for a conservatorship evaluation. There's a car waiting for you outside.

DANA: Screw that.

DEPUTY: Ms. Hamill, it could be six months in prison.

DANA: I can survive anything. Right, Liv?

[silence]

DANA [desperate]: Olivia?

[click-play]

[outside the police station]

BEA [radio voice]: It's been nearly six hours since we arrived at the station, and we're still outside, waiting for a sign of Paul or...Dana! Whose car is that? Where's she going?!

BRENDA: Nowhere good.

PAMELA: We're gonna be here for hours, aren't we?

BEA: Someone should be here when we find out what happens with Paul.

BRENDA: Yeah. And you're someone. I should follow up on a different lead. Dinner.

ROSALIND: Oh, there's a cool little coffeeshop--

[all yell]

ROSALIND: What? I was getting a little shut-eye back here. [yawns] Haven't been sleeping well. Or at all some nights. [yawns again] Oh, my God, you're all psychopaths.

BEA: What?

ROSALIND: Oh, it's something Andy was telling me. He read it on Facebook. People who don't yawn when other people yawn are psychopaths. None of you yawned!

PAMELA: Did Facebook get that peer-reviewed?

ROSALIND: Huh. Probably not.

PAMELA: Then if I stab you, know I have very good reasons.

ROSALIND: I'm also waiting to follow up on another lead right here in Hatchet Falls. Dana's old college roommate, Gwen VanDenStern. She was there that night when Dana got the call that said her dad had died. She owns a bookstore here!

PAMELA: Fine. I have these Bugles in my purse. Bea and I will just eat those while we wait.

BRENDA: Go team. [beat] And go dinner!

[bag rustles]

BEA: Huh. I thought Bugles had a prize inside.

[click stop; click play]

[the sound of a bookstore back office; in the background, someone is doing a reading]

ROSALIND: If you don't mind saying your name and stuff into this microphone--

GWEN: I'm Gwen VanDenStern. I'm the owner of Brevity Is the Soul of Wit Books: A Bookstore, Coffeehouse, and Tea Room.

ROSALIND: I wanted to ask how you knew Dana Hamill.

GWEN: She was my college roommate most of freshman year at MSU --

ROSALIND: That would be Montana State.

GWEN: Go Bobcats! But yeah, before her dad died, Dana was my roomie. There were three of us in the suite -- me and Dana and Rosie.

ROSALIND: You liked Dana, I'm sure.

GWEN: Sure. I guess. Didn't see her much. She was in a band, and she had an intense class load. [beat] We got a saying here at the gym: "Push yourself. Don't punish yourself." Let's just say it would never occur to Dana there was a line between those two things.

ROSALIND: What did you know about her life outside of school?

GWEN: Not a lot. Sometimes, her boyfriend would drop by--

ROSALIND: Boyfriend!?

GWEN: Yeah, from back home. What was his name? Lars?

ROSALIND: Oh. *Oh!* She goes by Olivia now.

GWEN: She goes-- oh, all right! Gosh, I'm sorry. No idea. You have to understand I haven't talked to Dana since that night she left.

ROSALIND: Were you still awake for the phone call about her dad's death?

GWEN: Still awake?

ROSALIND: Yeah. Phone records place the call when Dana found out about her father's death to around 5 am, shortly after Paul Breckenridge discovered the body.

GWEN: Oh, not that call. The fight. That had to have been about 8 pm.

ROSALIND: The fight?

GWEN: Yeah. Rosie and I were getting ready to go out to a party, and I went to see if Dana could deign to unwind herself for a single night. I get to the door, and she's on the phone with her dad. That's not unusual. They talked a lot. Mostly fighting, but--

ROSALIND: Mostly fighting?

GWEN: Oh, it was a see-saw, those two. He'd withhold her money for books. She'd scream. He'd pay up. She'd say thank you, daddy. I told her to get out from under his thumb as soon as she could, but you know Dana. Doesn't listen.

ROSALIND: So that night--

GWEN: I've never forgotten what she said, because it wasn't how I'd talk to my dad. First she says, "Fuck you. I don't need your money." And then there's this long silence, and I watch her face get redder and redder, and then she picks up one of her textbooks and throws it at the wall, and she says, "Why don't you just die already?"

ROSALIND: Come on. Dana loved her dad.

GWEN: Maybe so. [beat] Rosie and I were headed down to go to the party already, and Dana came with us. She said she was going to Elsinore for the Easter weekend, that she

needed to take care of some stuff. We begged her to blow it off, to have fun, but she got in her car. [beat] That was the last time I saw her. [beat] How is she?

ROSALIND: [a long moment] She's good. [beat] So you're saying Dana left Bozeman--

GWEN: Had to have been... 8:30? Couldn't have been later than 9.

[door opens]

BOOKSTORE WORKER: Ms. VanDenStern, Rowan Dabrowski is here, and he's mad about being on the second shelf of staff picks?

GWEN: Oh, I have to deal with this. You want to meet Rowan Dabrowski, Rosalind.

ROSALIND: No, I'm fine.

[Gwen exits]

ROSALIND: Shit.

[click stop; click play]

[restaurant sounds]

BRENDA: And I'll have three BLTs, and--

LORENA: Oh my goodness! Brenda!

BRENDA: Lorena? What are you doing here?

LORENA: Just waiting for the rest of my book club to arrive. You're welcome to join me.

BRENDA: [teasing] So you're not here because you're following Bea around?

LORENA: Oh, Brenda. You're a card. I would love if we could be friends. [now Lorena is teasing] If you're going to be in Bea's life on a more permanent basis. [beat] We have a lot in common. If I'm not mistaken, you even nursed a little crush on Bea for a while.

BRENDA: Past tense crush. [beat] But sure. Your fiancée's cute. Congratulations.

LORENA: I'm not Ralph Bellamy, Brenda. [beat] His Girl Friday? You've seen it?

BRENDA: [lying] Of course I've seen it. I love that girl. You know the one. Friday.

LORENA: It's a great movie where two journalists talk quickly to each other. The two reporters are divorced. The woman is engaged to a rather drab new man, who's played by Ralph Bellamy. She keeps insisting she's on the verge of marrying poor Ralph, but she can't quite tear herself away from her ex. [beat] You see?

BRENDA: Not even a little bit.

LORENA: I know the story I'm in, Brenda. If there's an audience watching us--

BRENDA: As a true-crime podcast, we do, uh, literally have an audience.

LORENA: Precisely. I've met Bea's fans. I know how people see me. They saw you and Bea together first, and they just see me as something in your way. [beat] But imagine if what they had seen first was Bea and I meeting at PodCon. How we hit it off. Had drinks later. That's a good story, too. [beat] It's just a matter of what story we're telling.

BRENDA: Oh, that's the editors. It's just showbiz, kid. I really do wish you both the best. You're great together. Plus, if there's a story about me, it's about how I'm a renegade P.I. with a taste for danger. [beat] Bentley and Company. Thursdays this fall.

LORENA: Okay. Good. We can both be in Bea's life. But she's going to be my wife.

TERESA: [from farther away] Lorena! Hey, hon!

LORENA: Oh, that's my friend Teresa. She's in my book club and--

BRENDA: Oh, I don't want to interrupt. Best of luck with the books.

[click-stop; click-play]

[ad music]

BEA: Do things happen to you that just don't make sense? Are you sure you're the person you think you are? Has the world around you begun to feel cold and unkind? Do you find yourself lying awake at night, tormented by the question: what happens to sheep when they die? [beat] Andy? I'm not sure I'm following this.

ANDY: [solemn] Keep reading.

BEA: [sighs] Beyond the tall grass, there is a place for all of us. Follow the red line through the mountains of sound. The path is long, but when you emerge beneath the

stars, you will know and be known. At the end and at the beginning, you will find the answers in... *The Hatchery*.

ANDY: [echoing with dark glee] *The Hatchery*.

BRENDA: I'm confused.

ANDY: What's to be confused about? [musing] I woke up in that bin, and it was all so clear.

BRENDA: What the hell is *The Hatchery*?

[Andy laughs]

ANDY: [ominous] You'll see. [brightly] Brenda why don't you take this next bit?

BRENDA: Oookay. [reading] Research from leading experts indicates that although the surface may appear peaceful, the abyss is dark and empty. Soon we will all be wearing hazmat suits--

ANDY: --available to purchase from Wheyface industries, the Good People.

BRENDA: But that will not protect you from the undying flame. Look closer. The evil draws near. But if you are careful, you may climb the stairway to oblivion. Only then will you be safe, deep within... *The Hatchery*. [breaking from the script] Is it a prophecy? I went to this fortune teller once and she told me to "beware the wooden spear." I did get a nasty splinter the next day.

BEA: Oh, it's a horror film! They're always doing weird creepy marketing, like Blair Witch.

ANDY: What are you two on about? It's all there on the page!

[sound of rustling paper]

BEA: There are six pages of this? [skimming bits] "Beyond time there can be no pain." "You will learn how to greet the rider." This part just says "Mollusks." ...Is it a self-help class?

ANDY: No! [like it's obvious] It's *The Hatchery*. [clears his throat, reading] Wooden walls contain the spirit, but spiders feast on the mind. Get yours before it disappears. Deeper than hunger, wilder than desire, it will fall together in a pile of bones when you reach... *The Hatchery*.

BEA: Bones?!? I give up.

BRENDA: At least he didn't have us do a demonstration.

BEA: That's what we *think*.

ANDY: [quickly] Wheyface Industries is not liable for any mutations, fugue states, or deaths resulting from *The Hatchery*. All purchases are non-refundable. Please enjoy responsibly. Brought to you by Wheyface Industries, the Good People.

[ad music ends; click play]

ROWAN: So. April 4th dawns. Paul's still in jail.

BEA: Yeah. So I stay in Hatchet Falls. I want to be clear. *That* seemed like the story.

ROWAN: Understandably so. [beat] And where are the other major players?

BEA: Dana is back home after being evaluated for the conservatorship, something she texted Rosalind about, which set off-- [she trails off into]

[diner sounds]

TERESA: Thank you for meeting me for another breakfast date.

ANDY: The most important meal of the day! That's the Wheyface guarantee.

TERESA: That is conclusively not a Wheyface guarantee. Let me lay my cards on the table. I'm a lesbian. But I asked a girl from my book club out, and she turned me down. So, I thought, why not marry for money? [beat] Were we to wed, we would rarely speak. I would appear at three social functions per year as your wife. I would, of course, look devastatingly attractive.

ANDY: Hmmmm. I'd require one social function per month, though you'd only be required to appear attractive at half of them.

TERESA: Six social functions and you let me buy a WNBA team.

ANDY: 10 social functions and we make every decision possible via tense negotiation.

TERESA: I'll install a red phone in my office that connects only to you.

ANDY: My God, how I've longed to have such a phone in my life!

TERESA: 10 social functions, tense negotiations, the WNBA team, and you support me in a vanity run for president where you are forced to say, at every appearance, “Teresa Hollandaise. Because she’s better than me.”

ANDY: I’m into hyphenation.

TERESA: Hollandaise-Wheyface? It’ll never catch--

[somebody sitting down suddenly]

ROSALIND: Hey, Mr. Wheyface. Hey, uh-- who’s this?

TERESA: Teresa Hollandaise. High stakes negotiator.

ANDY: Very likely the love of my life. [Eyes narrow.] Or my greatest nemesis to date. [Beat.] Perhaps both. [Beat.] Fetch me my notebook! I must sketch!

ROSALIND: Before we get to that-- Do you know anything about Fortinbras?

TERESA: I’ve come across Fortinbras many times in my job. And they play dirty. You know Red Dutton? I used to grab cocktails with her. She would bounce ideas off of me.

ANDY: Oooh. We’ve been unable to get much traction with Ms. Dutton. Could you call her?

TERESA: What should I ask her about?

ROSALIND: The Hamill Ranch Deal.

TERESA: It’s ringing. [a beat] Hey, Red! How ya been? [a beat] I’m calling for a favor. Do you know about the Hamill Ranch deal? Right. You too. Thanks. Cocktails on me next time.

ROSALIND: Well?

TERESA: She told me to “fuck off and die.” [beat, admiringly] God, that absolute hellcat.

ANDY: What’s going on with Fortinbras, Rosalind? I try not to poke that particular hornet’s nest.

ROSALIND: Dana sent me this text--

ANDY: She writes, [reading] My mom had me evaluated for conservatorship. It wasn't Dr. Yates or any doctor I've ever met. Fortinbras is involved. [beat, kindly] I like Dana, too, but she sees conspiracies everywhere. She thinks the nighttime is some evil giant's shadow.

TERESA: This is no conspiracy. I know of at least two cases where Fortinbras "assisted" in pushing the rightful owner of some property aside using conservatorships. It's usually an older person, but drug use, alcoholism, mental illness -- it's all fair game to them. Does your friend have any of these issues?

ROSALIND: I can't speak to that.

TERESA: If she has anything, it's not looking good. Fortinbras finds their own doctors. Everybody is bribed. It's all just playtime to them. Money flattening everything.

ROSALIND: I... should make some calls.

[click-stop; click-play; car noises]

BRENDA: Good morning listeners. Or whenever you're listening to this, but it's morning to me. I just caught a lucky break. Turns out ol' Clyde Hamill thought he'd sneak up here to Hatchet Falls, but he didn't count on me spotting him and tailing him. And then briefly losing him, until he checked into the local CVS on Welp. [beat] He rated it three stars. Monster. [a CVS door beeps as Brenda enters, she whispers] Listeners, I have eyes on Clyde in this CVS. He's looking at greeting cards. [beat] He just politely chuckled at one with a kitten on front. [beat] Now, he's checking out the wine selection. Oh, now he's going to the pharmacy counter. He's using the CVS to get prescription medication?! Okay, yeah, this is a bust.

CLYDE: What's a bust?

BRENDA: How did you--

CLYDE: We're the only two customers in this entire store. And you whisper very loudly.

PHARMACIST: Got your prescriptions, Clyde. Who's your friend?

CLYDE: Oh, this is Brenda, she's on a podcast. Looking in to my brother's death.

PHARMACIST: Oh, so she's gonna finally figure out how you killed him?

CLYDE (laughing) Ah, Bernard. Always busting my balls. They found the actual culprit.

PHARMACIST: They'll still getcha for it.

CLYDE: You see what I have to live with? Gets to a guy. Listen, Brenda, can I have a sec?

BRENDA: Sure. Let's pop over into facial soaps.

CLYDE: Hmm. I could use a new moisturizer. Ranching *is* hell on the skin. [beat] I just want to say thank you. For catching my brother's killer. Were Dan and I on the best of terms? Of course not. And... you heard Bernard. The teasing is-- I got the ranch and... Trudy and I found each other, but... I lost my *brother*. Grief's a tricky thing. It broke Dana. She'd yell and scream if I said so, but I do love her. I hope this brings her peace.

BRENDA: If Paul really did it... having an answer helps. It does. It helps. [beat] You know the jokes will never go away. People always talk.

CLYDE: Yeah. I know. But now maybe people will believe me when I say I miss him. Maybe we'll all find peace. [beat] You're probably wondering about the champagne and the card. Actually, it's for all of you. I had my doubts, but... y'all did it. You really did.

BRENDA [uncomfortable]: You're welcome.

CLYDE: Listen, the last time Rosalind and I spoke... there were cross words. Could you maybe convey that I spoke out of turn? I only wish her the best. All of that?

BRENDA: [suddenly feigning a yawn] Of course.

CLYDE: Did you just fake yawn?

BRENDA: [fake yawning again] I am very tired. The beds in that hotel -- not great!

CLYDE: Well. I've gotta get back to Trudy. Once this is all resolved, come by to dinner on the ranch - all of you. We'll have a regular old rodeo. Your boss will love it.

BRENDA: [into mic] Listeners, he didn't yawn either time. [beat] Yeah, I know. It's not much. But it's something, right? [beat] Ah, hell. What am I even doing?

[click-stop; click-play]

[Bea and Pamela are still waiting in the car. Bea's phone buzzes over and over and over again]

BEA: Oh, my God, Lorena. I *get it*. We haven't seen each other. I'm *working*.

PAMELA: That's a lot of missed texts.

BEA: She knows how I feel about her showing up when I'm trying to do work. [sighs] But... it's Lorena. You know? It's PodCon and Santa Fe and going skiing for Valentine's Day. It's that stupid couple's costume that made no sense. We used to just click, and then... marriage enters the equation. And why *marriage*?

PAMELA: Do you want me to give you a brief history of marriage, historically limiting force in the lives of women, but if you have a party, people give you presents, so why not?

BEA: No. I mean, why do *Lorena and I* need to get married? [beat] How'd you decide to marry--

PAMELA: DON'T SAY HIS NAME. So long as no one says his name on Wheyface property, it will never appear on any of our shows, and Andy will not own his soul.

BEA: Oh, Andy owns the souls of all of our family members. You have to read the contract.

PAMELA: I dumped guys without thinking. Tons of guys. I need to tell you about my 20s. But after a few dates with my thus far unnamed husband, I couldn't figure out how to ditch him. And after a few years, I wanted to make sure I wouldn't leave unless I had a damn good reason. So I swore I'd stay with him in front of friends and family. I signed some papers. We had some chocolate cake.

BEA: Are you happy?

PAMELA: Happiness is unrealistic. Careers tank. Cars break down. People die. But he's with me. I like him. I like us.

[a beat]

PAMELA: Does that help?

BEA: No. Kinda? I don't know.

PAMELA: I love you, Bea. And I like Lorena. I even like Bea and Lorena, the package deal. But do *you* like Bea and Lorena? Ask yourself what--

BEA: [suddenly] That's Paul and Olivia! Paul! Olivia!

[Car door opens; Bea's running steps]

OLIVIA: Don't talk to us. My father has been cleared of all charges. I'm taking him home. Bye.

PAUL: No, Olivia. I have to come clean. It's time for me to be true to myself.

OLIVIA: [sighs] Dad... let's at least clean up. He needs to rest. I'll let you know when he's ready.

[click stop; click play]

OLIVIA: So you two always travel in pairs?

BEA: For important interviews like this, yeah.

PAUL: Hey, you two. Thanks for letting me get back to human again.

OLIVIA: Dad, do you want me to stay while you do this?

PAUL: If that's all right?

OLIVIA: Of course.

BRENDA: What would you like to tell us, Paul?

PAUL: I'm sorry. This was a bad idea. You should go.

OLIVIA [heavy sigh]: Thank god. Would you two please leave?

BRENDA: One second. [beat] Paul. I like you. But Dana gave us the voicemail you left for Olivia. You *confessed*. So what cleared you after less than 30 hours in jail?

OLIVIA: He didn't do it. Said and done. So get the hell--

PAUL: Sweetie. [beat] You're right. I have something to say. [pause]

OLIVIA: Dad, if you want, they can go to Wunder. You give him the okay, he'll tell them.

PAUL: No. I owe it to Dan. After all these years. After that night. [a deep breath] I found Dan blackout drunk in the grain bin, clutching a bottle, raging. Coulda been the union thing, but honestly, I could hardly tell he was slurring so bad. I crawled in, tried to get him to come out. That made him madder. He came at me, but he tripped. Spilled his

whiskey all over my jacket. I can't be around the smell, makes me wanna drink. So I threw the jacket at him.

The next morning it was cold, and I'd calmed down. I went back for my jacket. But inside the bin... the grain was the wrong color. Red-brown. Then I saw...the parts left of him. And my jacket, shredded, stuck in the auger. He died trying to pull that thing out. *My* jacket. I saw his jacket in front of the grain bin. The same one. I put it on. I called the sheriff. Goddammit, Dan.

I went back to the bottle. I kept the jacket, telling myself I deserved to be reminded of what I did. I told everyone I lost my jacket, and once winter rolled around, Olivia bought me a new one. I kept Dan's jacket. But... that's all.

BRENDA: Can we see the jacket?

PAUL: I gave it to Wunder.

OLIVIA: That was really brave, Dad. [beat] He's pretty tired. I think you both should go.

[click stop; click play]

[Dana's tuning her guitar at the bar for another open mic as Rosalind approaches.]

DANA: Oh! Rosalind! Hey!

[the sound of microphones rubbing against each other -- a hug]

ROSALIND: Sorry. Got stuck in Hatchet Falls, and--

DANA: I heard what happened to Paul. Pretty crazy, huh?

ROSALIND: The conservatorship - I learned something --

DANA: It'll be fine. My mom's been really nice since I saw the doctor. I think she just wanted to see I was serious or whatever. They'd've told me if it was happening. [beat] You're gonna love this new song. I've been, like, a creative genius while you've been gone. Stuff just pouring out.

ROSALIND: Dana are you... are you okay?

DANA: Yeah? [beat, shit-eating grin] You missed me, huh?

ROSALIND: Yes, but-- [beat] Dana, you realize if your mom gets the conservatorship... that's it. The sale goes through. Nothing standing in its way. It's over.

DANA: Says you. There's things we can do. [beat] Come over tonight. Sleepover!

[Trudy walks up to them]

TRUDY: Hello, girls. I swear, Rosalind, if you stay over more often, I'll have to have Dana invite you to Easter Dinner, so we can properly meet her girlfriend.

ROSALIND: [we can hear her embarrassment] It's not... like that.

TRUDY: Can I have a word with my daughter?

ROSALIND: It's really not like-- [beat] I'll just go... grab a seat with Paul.

[she goes]

TRUDY: I thought you should hear it from me. The conservatorship has been approved.

DANA: The fu -- *Jesus*, that was fast. [beat] How? How did you get--

TRUDY: Judge Masterson determined it was clear you're a danger to yourself. So--

DANA: You got your wish? [beat] I'm sure Red Dutton will be out at the ranch tomorrow.

TRUDY: Who cares, Dana? It's a *ranch*. Do you really think staying there is the best for you? The way you look at that grain bin. With the sale money, we can send you back to college! We--

DANA: Did it ever occur to you what I might want to do was *run the fucking ranch*? The place I love more than anything else? I didn't want out of there. I never did. *You* wanted that for me.

TRUDY: Sweetie--

DANA: All that time, I thought he was the ghost. He was the one haunting us. But now I get it. I'm the ghost. And nobody wants a ghost around.

MC: Dana Hamill, you're up!

PAUL: [cheering] The best damn singer in all of Elsinore!

DANA: Okay. I guess Paul wants a ghost around.

TRUDY: We all love you. That's why you need to listen to me very carefully. [she lowers her voice] We know. We know you were in Elsinore that night. The cops know too.

DANA: I wasn't in town that night. I wasn't--

TRUDY: The camera on the gas station? It saw you driving like a bat out of hell back into town that night. The night he died. At 10 pm. Like you were headed to the ranch.

DANA: Mom. What are you saying?

MC: Dana Hamill!

TRUDY: It's not what I'm saying. They're saying it. *They were saying it.* And I can only hold off Wunder for so long. Clyde was never protecting himself. He was *always* protecting you. They think you did it, Dana. You and I and Clyde know that's not true. But the cops--

DANA: *I wasn't in town--*

TRUDY: Dana.

MC: Going once--

DANA: All right, all right!

[a smattering of applause]

PAUL: There she is! Heck yeah!

DANA: Hello, to my fan!

[She begins playing her guitar very fast. Too fast.]

DANA:

[spoken] Someone up there help me!

Arms, don't quit on me now
I got no time to mess around
Legs, don't quit on me now
Hold me up and stand my ground

Head, don't quit on me now
No need to show how much you know
Heart, don't quit on me now
Beat and let the hot blood flow

I won't forget my phantom limb
The one she says that she can't see
Cut off from what would make me whole
My missing part aches
But my heart won't quit on me

[spoken] Fuck, someone down there help me!

Tongue, don't quit on me now
There's no one else to say what's true
Hands, don't quit on me now
He told me we've got work to do

I won't forget my phantom limb
The one she says that she can't see
Cut off from what makes me whole
My missing part aches
But my heart won't quit on me

They'll remember me
Will they remember me?
They'll remember me.
I remember...
I remember...

[click-play]

BEA: Hey, Pamela. We're back!

PAMELA: How was Paul?

BRENDA: Just another heartbreaking story of death and small town disintegration.

BEA: So *vivid*. [beat] Is something wrong, Pamela? You look concerned.

PAMELA: You remember how Rosalind went to the gym last night to talk to Dana's old roommate? I went to log that audio, figuring she just forgot. Which is really unlike her.

But when I looked... not only was it not logged, but... as near as I can tell, she'd erased it. She's hiding something. [beat] She and *Dana* are hiding something.

[click-play]

[Wheyface ad music]

ANDY: Mad at an authority figure? Frustrated by your bagel guy? Infuriated by your boyfriend? Somebody bought all the Bugles? Have you considered...murder? What an ultimate solution!

BEA: Andy, no.

ANDY: Stay with me folks and rightfully concerned employee! Wheyface does not condone murder. A controversial stance? Maybe. Brave? Definitely yes. That's why we now have...The Maybe Don't Murder Hotline! If you're contemplating murder call 1-800-NOMURDER! That's right! 1-800-NOMURDER. Let's try it out.

[dialing number, ringing]

ANDY [recording]: Hello, and welcome to The Maybe Don't Murder Hotline. To proceed in English press 1. [beep of pressing one] If you are considering a crime and have a conscience, press 1. If you have no conscience and empathy does not interest you, press 2.

ANDY [reality]: Ohh! So many options!

[beep of pressing one]

ANDY [recording]: You have pressed 1. Please, remember your potential victim, however horrible, has a family; the guilt will haunt you. And--

ANDY [reality]: True, but dull! Let's try number 2!

[beep of pressing two]

ANDY [recording]: You have pressed number 2. Consider the cultural and legal consequences! No one wants to be friends with a murderer. You'll miss out on several parties! And if you think no one will find out, consider the advancements of forensic research. They are extraordinary! Lastly, what about cleaning up your crime scene? Who has *that* kind of time? You can't hire someone to clean it, if you did, you'd have to kill them too! Now you're back at square one! Ugh!

ANDY: Well. I'm convinced! If you, or someone you love is considering murder, call 1-800 NOMURDER today! Don't wait for tomorrow, maybe you shouldn't murder...today!

[ad music out]

ROWAN: So, April 5th.

BEA: [heavy sigh] April 5th.

[click play]

PAMELA: Morning production meeting for Friday, April 5, 2019. Anybody seen Rosalind?

BRENDA: I drove by Hamill Hills last night. Her car was there. [sighs]

PAMELA: I always figured I didn't have to worry about *her*, of all people, sleeping with a source.

BEA: Wait. You worry about me sleeping with a source?

PAMELA: ["can you believe this??"] Bea.

BEA: Wow. Just because I have undeniable sexual energy--

[sound of a door opening]

LORENA: Hello, hello, hello, and welcome back! I drove down to Bozeman and bought bagels! The best bagels in Montana! According to the owner! I asked.

BEA: Sweetie, we're having a production meeting.

LORENA: Well, it doesn't look like Rosalind is here, so I can drop in until she arrives, and--

BEA: I don't want bagels right now. [testy] We do have things to discuss without Rosalind.

[door opens again]

ANDY: And this is the flagship hub for Wheyface Radio Montana. Where all the magic happens.

TERESA: I don't get it. This is just a radio station.

LORENA: [suddenly standing] Teresa? Teresa Hollandaise? H... hi. Hello. Hi.

ANDY: You two know each other?

TERESA: Lorena is in my book club. [beat] Funny story. [beat] Which I will tell now. I asked her out the other night, only to learn she was engaged to someone, who I assume is--

BRENDA: Don't look at me!

TERESA: Oh, wow, the other one?

BEA: Oh come on. I'm so much more than "the other one."

TERESA: At any rate, in a moment of weakness, fearing I would never have what I long for, I decided to abandon love entirely and instead marry a rich man for his money. I apologize to you, my fellow lesbians, women who love women, and pansexuals.

ANDY: Never apologize, Teresa. How do you think I got so rich? Certainly not apologizing!

BRENDA: You apologize all the time--

ANDY: Yes, you're right. I'm sorry for lying. Now! We must be off. Wheydate waits for no date!

BEA: You're still dating a woman who confessed to having no attraction to you whatsoever.

ANDY: The honesty is refreshing. [beat] Teresa, tell me that delightful little parable again about how you'd empty all my bank accounts on our wedding night.

TERESA: Well, after giving you a mild sedative--

[exit]

BEA: Geez. What a piece of work. [beat] *She* asked you out?

LORENA: [stricken] Yeah.

BEA: Imagine if you had to be jealous of Andy. [a long beat] Oh crap. You're jealous of Andy.

[click stop; click play]

[sound of people waking up in bed together; wow what an impossible audio thing!]

DANA: Morning, sleepyhead.

ROSALIND: Morning. Did we... sleep together?

DANA: Yeah. Is that... weird? [beat] I liked it. Waking up next to somebody?

ROSALIND: No, I guess it's fine. Clothes are on! [awkward laugh; yawn] God, I'm tired.

DANA: I'm not. I'm up. I'm wired.

ROSALIND: What time is-- Fuuuuck. I'm late for-- [yawns again] Where are my shoes?

DANA: Are you sure you have to go? Couldn't you stay? There's so much going on, and I'm having trouble wrapping my head around all of it.

ROSALIND: Pamela is already suspicious of me. I can't miss the production meeting.

DANA: Why would she be suspicious of you? You're the best! [beat] You know when I listened to the first season, you were my favorite?

ROSALIND: Really? That's sweet.

DANA: You were smart, and funny, and you could do whatever they asked. And nobody thanked you or appreciated you or told you how good you were. [beat] I know this sounds silly, but I felt like I knew you. You know? Like if you ever just met me, you would *understand*.

ROSALIND: Okay, I see a shoe over there, so I'll just be on my--

DANA: And then I met you, and we just *clicked*. Like I knew we would. And I meet the real you, and you're smart and funny, sure. But you're *kind*, too. You're so kind. And beautiful! And you're basically my best friend. Maybe my *only* friend. [beat] Please stay. [beat] I need you.

ROSALIND: [has been here before with others] Oh fuck. [beat] Dana--

DANA: What?

ROSALIND: I'm sorry if I led you on, but this really can't--

DANA: Led me on? [nervous laugh] What do you think I'm saying here?

ROSALIND: We just spent an entire night cuddling in your bed.

DANA: I'm not *in love* with you. Okay? I don't like girls like that. I just don't! [beat] Okay, yes, Liv, but when we were married, that was *different*, and maybe--

ROSALIND: Right. Maybe I misread this, but-- [beat, somehow this is not a brag] This happens to me a lot. And it has to stop there. I just... I can't. Okay? I can't.

DANA: Stay. We should talk about this. [beat, voice cracks] Something's wrong. I can't get it fixed. I need somebody here for me, and you're the only one left. [beat] Do you *want* me to be in love with you? I can try, Rosalind. I can try so hard. I can try and--

ROSALIND: I don't. Sorry, but I don't. This might be easier if I did want that. I gotta get to-- [beat, noticing something] Oh shit. Red Dutton is here.

DANA: Red Dutton is-- [beat] Those *snakes*!

[click stop; click play]

[Lorena rushes out into the parking lot, Bea on her tail]

BEA [laughing]: Lorena, come back, it's fine! You can be jealous of Andy! Crushes are normal.

LORENA: Yes, you're so very sensible. As always. Do you even care? That I have a crush?

BEA: Is there a right way to answer this?

LORENA: You can't give me an answer? What a change.

BEA: Oh you're bringing *that* up again? We figured it out! You can't just-- it's not fair.

LORENA: Life isn't fair.

BEA: You're my mother now. Wonderful.

LORENA: I'm sorry. I don't want to fight. I just... Teresa wants to get married.

BEA: Yeah, to Andy!

LORENA: Oh, not to Andy. Not to me. Just in general. It came up. Happens when you're reading *The Gay Marriage Generation*. I want someone who wants what I want.

BEA: Lorena, I said yes. I don't know what more you want me to--

LORENA: I want you to want to marry me!

BEA: And I want to marry someone who doesn't come visit me during a stressful time in my life, when I'm trying to make *something I'm proud of*, and make the whole experience about *them*.

LORENA: Well, if we're married, I'll be around even when it's annoying to you. As your *wife*.

BEA: That's not what I'm saying! You show up, out of the blue, when you say you're not coming to Elsinore, and you *propose* to me? And now you're so moved in up here that you have a book club you attend regularly? And a crush on one of the locals? You bother me, every single day, when I'm trying to work, and you don't seem to understand that my job is important to--

LORENA: You're right. [beat] I'm awful.

BEA: Not awful. Just... I go away for a little bit, and you fall apart? You realize I travel for my job a lot, right? This is a thing we're going to have to deal with.

LORENA: I was worried.

BEA: Oh come on. Worried about what?

LORENA: I was worried about Brenda.

BEA: About... Oh. [beat] *Oh*. I get it. [beat] She's... something.

LORENA: When she came back, I panicked. Things were good when she was gone. And now... I'm being paranoid. I know you chose me. I *know* it.

BEA: I didn't choose you. I love you. You're my girl. [beat] But love isn't a pie, you know? I don't have eight slices to give out to everybody, and that's it. I have different amounts for everybody. Including Brenda. She's important to me. But you're *my* love.

LORENA: Sorry about the proposal. I was going to wait until you got back from Montana, and maybe talk about it, and then propose at Olive Garden. Hide the ring in the breadsticks.

BEA: Oh, an instant yes to that plan.

LORENA: I screwed it all up, and I hope... you can forgive me.

BEA: Yes. Of course. [beat] But maybe give me some space right now. We're dealing with some things, and-- [beat] It doesn't mean you don't love me if you don't bring me bagels.

LORENA: They were *awful* bagels, too.

BEA: The worst.

[they kiss, and off their kiss]

[click stop; click play]

[ranch at dusk noises; the clanking of chains, a door opens and Paul and Olivia are standing at the grain bin where Dan died]

OLIVIA: Dad, I've gone to a lot of therapy and revisiting your best friend's preserved crime scene seems really unwise. I mean, even if I hadn't gone to therapy--

PAUL: I know, but I need to do it. Will you talk to me while I'm in there?

OLIVIA: I'll be here.

[Paul climbs into the grain bin]

PAUL [echoing]: I'm in.

OLIVIA: ...So...how do you feel?

PAUL [echoing]: It could be worse. It's nothing compared to the day he died. [beat] Have you listened to the recording? The one where Dan speaks to Dana and he says "Remember me?" Clyde and Trudy gave it to me. They wanted me to know how she was doing. I thought, maybe he was still here and I could talk to him again.

OLIVIA: You ever notice how they're very concerned with everybody knowing Dana is a total mess? That seem a little weird to you? [beat] Dad? [beat] Maybe you should come out?

PAUL: I feel weird in here. Something's wrong.

OLIVIA: What do you mean?

PAUL [echoing]: Something's off. I think. I think... [he lets out a little shiver] Dan?
[scrambling for the door] I gotta call Dana.

OLIVIA: Dad, please. She's got enough right now - don't set her off on --

PAUL: The sheriff?

OLIVIA: What would you tell him? You saw something in an abandoned grain bin?

PAUL: We have to tell *someone*, Liv. We have to warn them. Before...

OLIVIA: Before what?

PAUL: Before we can't stop it any more.

[click stop; click play]

PAMELA: She hasn't come in. She's compromised the investigation. She's quite possibly... well, I don't know what she's doing with Dana, but it's unethical. [beat] I have to fire her.

BRENDA: Pam--

PAMELA: I'm telling you two because I know she's your friend.

BRENDA: I just don't think she would screw anything up that badly. I don't--

BEA: Pamela's right, Brenda. We don't know what Gwen said, but it had to have been--

ROSALIND: [at the door] Dana was in town that night. Earlier than anybody thought. At least, that's my best guess. She left college hours before she said she did. She had a fight with her father and possibly said she wished he would die. [beat] Hi, everyone.

PAMELA: Where have you been?

ROSALIND: I fucked it all up. I fucked it-- [she heaves, as if to cry]

PAMELA: Were you with Dana?

ROSALIND: I haven't seen her in hours. I left, and they were confining her to her trailer.

BEA: They?

ROSALIND: The cops. Dana was threatening Red. Trudy was within her legal rights to-- [beat] A week ago, I told Dana about Clyde and Trudy. How they got together earlier than we thought, and... it all flew out of control. I thought I could handle it, but... I couldn't handle it.

PAMELA: Thank you for the explanation. You shouldn't have done that. [beat] You're fired.

ROSALIND: No. Wait. There's more. [the sound of computer keys] I was too ashamed to show up today, so I tried to think of leads we haven't followed.

BRENDA: The ghost tape? That's a stretch.

ROSALIND: First of all, I stripped out some of the reverb, some other effects, pitched it up--

[click play]

NORMAL GUY'S VOICE: Remember me.

BEA: Who's that?

ROSALIND: Nobody I know. But allegedly... the ghost.

BRENDA: Could it have been taken from TV or something?

ROSALIND: No, it was recorded on a high-quality mic. The only ones I know of in all of Elsinore are in this very room. Somebody went to lots of effort to make this.

PAMELA: So it's doctored audio. As we suspected. Probably Clyde, Trudy, or Dana made it. The former two to discredit Dana; the latter to make the case seem more interesting.

ROSALIND: But then *Paul* called, and he said there was something wrong with the bin. So I started looking at the sound *from the bin*. Because the underlying sound bed *is* from the bin.

[she taps some keys]

ROSALIND: And listen to this.

[eerie and isolated over the normal thrum of the bin -- a strange, mournful moan, echoing]

BRENDA: The *fuck* is *that*?

ROSALIND: It's not doctored. I don't know of anybody who could do this. Or at least nobody in Elsinore. That's for sure.

BEA: So there's no ghost but also maybe a ghost?

ROSALIND: No. Something is up with that bin. [beat] Remember that fucking Hatchery ad? Andy said he woke up in the bin and had the idea for that ad.

BRENDA: So, what? A haunted bin? That's your evidence

ROSALIND: I'm saying we go out there right now. You and me, Pamela. Give me one last shot. And if nothing else, you'll have some amazing audio of us ghost hunting.

PAMELA: It's raining.

ROSALIND: It'll let up.

PAMELA: And my husband is in town.

ROSALIND: It'll take an hour. Tops.

BEA: It *would* be good audio--

PAMELA: Don't *you* start. [beat; heavy sigh] Fine. Let's go. I'll go gather some equipment.

[and they exit, leaving--]

BEA: You okay?

BRENDA: Huh?

BEA: I mean, with Rosalind fired and all--

BRENDA: She'll get her job back. [beat] And even if she doesn't, she can still be *my* assistant.

BEA: Right. And an airplane pilot, and a wildlife conservationist, and, and, and--

[They laugh]

BEA: What do you think it was about Dana? Like, don't get me wrong. Dana is charming. She's great. But she calls Rosalind, and they're just, like... inseparable.

BRENDA: [realizing something] Ralph Bellamy.

BEA: Oh, of *The Awful Truth*? [beat] Is there an *awful truth* we've missed? What are we doing?

BRENDA: Whose story is this, Bea?

BEA: I don't know?

BRENDA: Who called *us*? Who told *us* the narrative we've been following? Who got in Rosalind's head? Who is the *only suspect* we've never even *considered*? And who was in Elsinore that night, long before her father died?

BEA: No. [beat beat beat] *No*.

BRENDA: Dana's told us where to look all along. And she's never wanted us looking at her.

BEA: Because she... has something to hide.

BRENDA: And we fell for it. Like suckers.

BEA: If she's a killer... Well, let's do what we do best. [beat] Let's solve this fucker.

[click-play

[the sound of a light rain falling on a roof... growing in intensity. Dana is knocking on a door, agitated]

DANA: Come on. Come on come on.

[the door opens; Liv is on the phone]

OLIVIA: It's probably no one. Oh shit-- [pause] I can call you back.

DANA: [breath shuddery] Hi.

OLIVIA: Dana, what are you--

DANA: I brought you-- [fumbles in pockets] I brought you this.

OLIVIA: A flower?

DANA: First bloom of spring. [beat] I thought--

OLIVIA: Oh my God. A flower. Like--

DANA: Uh huh. Like that. Like our flower.

OLIVIA: Dana, I don't know if--

DANA: You're right. I'll go. I'll--

OLIVIA: Is everything okay?

DANA: ...No. No. No nothing is okay. Nothing is-- [beat] I'm not okay. [beat] I'm not okay, and the pills aren't working any more, and I'm scared. [beat] I fucked it all up with Rosalind. [beat] And I think they're using me. The Arden people. I really think... I really think... I really think...

OLIVIA: Danes...

DANA: I need my friend. I just... I need my friend. And I thought... I'll bring the flower, and she'll just know. She'll just know that I-- it was stupid, and I know that, but I need my friend. Okay?

OLIVIA: Okay. [beat] Thank you for the flower

DANA: You're welcome.

OLIVIA: Come inside. I'll make coffee. [beat] It looks awful out there.

DANA: It is.

[the sound of the door swinging shut]

[click-stop and after a long pause, click play]

ROWAN: So that's April 5th. The point of no return. The tragedy was already in motion.

BEA: After that night, after everything that happened, we shut down production. We stopped recording. The police asked us to, but we also felt like... well, like it was responsible. So we stopped. We stopped making Arden season two.

[click-stop]

EMILY: Arden season 2, episode 6 "The More Deceived" was written by Allison Solano and directed by Christopher Dole. Our recording engineer was Ernesto Hurtado, and the episode was primarily recorded at the Rebel Talk Network studios in Los Angeles. It was edited by Chad Ellis. 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

OLIVIA: Saoirse Ó Súilleabháin.

EMILY: Our guest stars this week are:

CLYDE: Zach Grenier.

TRUDY: Rebecca Metz

ROWAN: Ptolemy Slocum.

PAUL: Oscar Jordan.

JAKE: Mike Bash.

TERESA: Jennifer Liao.

RED: Nelinda Palomino.

GWEN: Katie Wright.

DEPUTY: Grant Patrizio.

PHARMACIST: Omar Andrade.

NORMAL GUY: Kirk Novak.

This episode featured the song "Phantom Limb," written by Laura Stratford and performed by Libby Woodbridge. You can find it on our soundtrack album.

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.

That's the end of the first half of our second season, everybody! We're hard at work on the second half, though we've been delayed by the global outbreak of Covid-19. Your support will help us work around this unprecedented situation. But we also know this is a hugely uncertain time, and just having you listening to us is more than we ever could have asked for. Thank you, thank you, thank you, from the bottom of our hearts.

But no matter what, we'll see you soon, gentle listeners. As always, our snake wrangler was Oscar Jordan, who, when we asked him what happened to the snake he brought to set, said:

PAUL: I gave it to Wunder.

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

[Inspiring music plays]

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 Grace Buckley-Crist, Griffin Newman, Haley M McAden, Hannah de Groot, Hazel Reuer, Hilary Blake, hip_e_chick64, Holly G. Glymour, Holly H. Stratford, Isabel S Sepúlveda, Izzy O'Connell, Jacob Watson, jag1881, Janet O'Keefe, and Jared Walske, who are never the Ralph Bellamy of their story.

“PHANTOM LIMB”, written and composed by Laura Stratford, performed by Libby Woodbridge

[spoken] Someone up there help me!

**Arms, don't quit on me now
I got no time to mess around
Legs, don't quit on me now
Hold me up and stand my ground**

**Head, don't quit on me now
No need to show how much you know
Heart, don't quit on me now
Beat and let the hot blood flow**

**I won't forget my phantom limb
The one she says that she can't see
Cut off from what would make me whole
My missing part aches
But my heart won't quit on me**

[spoken] Fuck, someone down there help me!

**Tongue, don't quit on me now
There's no one else to say what's true
Hands, don't quit on me now
He told me we've got work to do**

**I won't forget my phantom limb
The one she says that she can't see
Cut off from what makes me whole
My missing part aches
But my heart won't quit on me**

**They'll remember me
Will they remember me?
They'll remember me.
I remember...
I remember...**