

Arden, Episode 2.07
"Rosalind and Pamela Are Dead"
By Sara Ghaleb and Libby Hill
Created by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole & Sara Ghaleb

REGULAR CAST:

ROSALIND URSULA: Shannon Estabrook

PAMELA PINK: Charlita Gaston

PAMELA: Arden is brought to you by Wheyface Industries.

ROSALIND: The Good People.

[click play; the ranch]

ROSALIND: Good evening, ghost hunters! I am, of course, Rosalind Ursula, and I'm here with Ms. Pamela Pink, and we are going to find some ghosts.

PAMELA: We're not going to find some ghosts.

ROSALIND: Place your bets! Will we find ghosts? Won't we find ghosts? Agree to disagree!

PAMELA (sarcastic): Cut to credits.

[intro music]

ROSALIND [Her best Brenda voice]: In late 2018, I made a new best friend--

PAMELA: This better be about how you got fired after breaking several rules of journalistic ethics in your attempt to cover for a murder suspect.

ROSALIND: [beat] It is not.

PAMELA: End of intro.

[end intro]

[inside the grain bin, we hear an echo when they speak or move]

ROSALIND: We are in an allegedly haunted grain bin at the Hamill Hills Ranch of Elsinore, Montana, site of at least two ghost sightings. It's the place where Dan Hamill gruesomely died. Is he the ghost? Are we ghosts? Are we human? Or are we dancers? Those answers and more! Soon! [beat] Pamela will you explain what special equipment we're using? [beat] Pamela? Oh, she has headphones on, listeners, so... PAMELA! PAAAMEEEELAAAA!

PAMELA: What? [pulling headphones off] What?! What.

ROSALIND: Can you explain to the listeners that we have incredibly legitimate ghost hunting equipment that can absolutely capture a ghost's ghost voice, should a ghost be here?

PAMELA: Yes. I can absolutely guarantee that this equipment could capture a *ghost* should one exist. Anywhere. Ever. Yes. [beat] And stop saying ghost.

ROSALIND: What a sport!

PAMELA: I'm texting my husband now that I will see him in an hour. Clock's ticking.

ROSALIND: Can you give me something to work with here?

PAMELA: Maybe the ghost will talk to you.

ROSALIND: So you're a skeptic *and* a believer? This is great content.

PAMELA: I want to get out of here in [checks watch] 58 minutes. You're not sucking me into your Scooby Doo schemes.

ROSALIND: You're on an abandoned ranch after hours. You're already in a Scooby Doo scheme, sorry to say.

PAMELA: How dare you. [beat] And where is everybody? Dana's not in her trailer. There were no lights on in the ranch house. It's spooky. [beat] Not ghost spooky. [beat] I don't have to qualify why being on an abandoned ranch in a perfectly preserved murder bin is spooky.

ROSALIND: Dana signed a location release. We can be here whenever we want.

PAMELA: Can she even do that? She doesn't own the ranch.

ROSALIND: Well THAT is an issue tied up in court. So we're probably fine.

PAMELA: As your former employer, your fast and loose interpretation of the law has been very enlightening. I'm putting my headphones back on.

ROSALIND: And if we see a ghost, I want it on record that I get to keep my job.

PAMELA: I never agreed to that.

ROSALIND: Damn. I thought her headphones were on.

[fast forward]

PAMELA: Quit pacing. The microphones are picking it up.

ROSALIND: I'm sure the EVP recorder knows what's me and what's a ghost. Like, it's only function is to pick up ghost voices, so it better.

PAMELA: I cannot believe we had one of these. The Wheyface Radio budget is out of control.

ROSALIND: Isn't overseeing the budget your job?

PAMELA: You think it's my job to order the *electronic voice phenomenon* supplies? On top of creative development, production, hosting a call in talk show-- I'm starting to hear why you think I do every job, but office supplies are not *technically* my job. [beat] My job is supposed to have more authority and less... field work. [beat] God, I need a raise. If I'm going to puet up with--

ROSALIND (not listening): [gasps] Look! [pointing] Look over there. It's--

PAMELA: What? What are you pointing at?

ROSALIND: Shhhhh. Shhhhhhh! Shhhhut up!

PAMELA: [completely normal speaking voice] Rosalind, cut it out.

ROSALIND: Don't you see it? Don't you-- [beat] Dan, is that you? Say something. [beat] Ideally into one of these microphones. State your name, title, and pronouns as clearly as possible.

PAMELA: [exasperated] *Rosalind!* This is over!

ROSALIND: No! No wait! What did you do? He's gone! You scared him away!

PAMELA: Scared *what* away? There was nothing *there*.

ROSALIND: The ghost! I saw him! He was right there, standing over by the wall.

PAMELA: I really thought you were better than this, but I guess not.

ROSALIND: Better than this? I said we'd see a ghost. And we saw a *fucking ghost!* What more could you possibly want?

PAMELA: I didn't see shit. Because ghosts don't exist.

ROSALIND: What? You think it was a trick of the light? A weather balloon? It was three yards away from us. We're all alone here. It was a ghost!

PAMELA: Nothing was there! You're lying. Badly. We can't just report what we'd *like* to be true. And we *definitely* can't make things up.

ROSALIND: You're telling me you didn't see *anything*. That's not possible. It must be on the EVP recording. You don't want to admit you saw a ghost.

PAMELA: No, Rosalind, what I don't want is to be sitting in a blood soaked grain bin, arguing with someone I already fired about ghosts. Which aren't. Real.

ROSALIND: If you were never going to believe we saw something, even if we saw something, then why did you waste my time doing this?

PAMELA: I thought you could be quiet and professional for an hour while we got some grain bin audio. I didn't think you'd go so far as to fake the fucking supernatural.

ROSALIND: Okay, but you'd better log this audio, so you hear the proof.

PAMELA: I will be sure not to delete this audio without logging it.

ROSALIND: Oh, come on. I can go interview Gwen again!

PAMELA: That's not the point.

ROSALIND: It's not like the story's gone. It's not irreparable damage.

PAMELA: The reason I fired you is not because you fucked up Dana's story. It's because you refuse to see that you fucked up *your* story. I can't believe you anymore. I can't trust you.

ROSALIND: I came clean!

PAMELA: *Three days later.* Christ was gone that long!

ROSALIND: We get it! It's Easter.

PAMELA: Deleting *any* audio is an automatic firing offense. But you deleted audio that put your friend at a crime scene. And you became inappropriately close friends with the subject of our investigation. And you never for a second questioned her bias. You let Dana decide which leads we followed. You shared confidential information with her. You undermined the integrity of this entire investigation. I trusted you. That's why you're fired.

ROSALIND: What did you expect? I'm not a journalist. You sent me up here by myself. Nobody helped me. Nobody fact checked me. You're mad at me? You should be mad at yourself.

PAMELA: I told you to take a step back. Bea told you to take a step back. And you kept digging in your heels. More and more.

ROSALIND: I don't know how else you expected me to get that information! You never said.

PAMELA: Could you have had more help? Sure. You could have had more help. You definitely should have had more editorial oversight. But forgive me for assuming that I didn't have to spell out for you "don't hold sleepovers with a murder suspect."

ROSALIND: I told you nothing happened at the sleepover!

PAMELA: The sleepover happened! That's the problem!

ROSALIND: And Dana's not a murderer.

PAMELA: If you didn't think that, then why do you care that she was on the scene?

ROSALIND: Because Clyde and Trudy would do anything to make her look horrible.

PAMELA: Do you even hear yourself right now? It's like you're reciting Dana's talking points. You can't stop making excuses for her. You're so... sucked in by her.

ROSALIND: You didn't care that I was close to her when I was getting her to spill her guts to the show, but now that you've got all that audio, suddenly what I did was wrong. She *never* would have said that stuff to someone she didn't trust.

PAMELA: I don't want to scold you. You made a big mistake, and mistakes happen. Don't lie about them. I hope you can learn to accept responsibility when you screw up and not just double down by, for instance, saying you saw a ghost.

ROSALIND: I saw a ghost!

PAMELA: You're embarrassing yourself.

ROSALIND: Fine. I lost the job. I messed up. I'll move on. [beat] But Pamela, you *have* to believe me. I saw something. Right over there. Like... a guy. A silhouette. Big. Tall. Moving toward me. I felt... *terrified* of him. And sick. Faint. And then you yelled, and he was gone.

PAMELA: If you're really seeing ghosts you should have your head checked out.

ROSALIND: What the fuck does that mean?

PAMELA: That ghosts aren't real! So either you're lying to me or your eyes are lying to you.

ROSALIND: Why would I keep at this after you fired me?/ You're being so stubborn!

PAMELA: I did fire you so I don't have to listen to- [sighs] We've had a long day. I need to pack up this gear. Wait outside.

[Click stop]

[The sounds of the two of them walking back to the car over the quiet ranch, let this play out a while if you like]

ROSALIND: Boy. It sure is muddy.

PAMELA: Yes.

ROSALIND: The rain probably, right?

PAMELA: I didn't wear the right shoes for this.

ROSALIND: But you look *great*. Are you excited to see your husband?

PAMELA: Yes.

ROSALIND: What are you guys gonna do? You gonna go make a baby?

PAMELA: You and I are not talking anymore.

[more walking, more silence, more owl sounds]

ROSALIND: We *can* talk, you know. We're not recording anymore. [beat, too jokey] I'm apparently off the record forever now!

PAMELA: We *could* talk. But we won't.

[more walking, more silence, more owl sounds]

ROSALIND: I don't think Wheydate is working for Andy. At first I was like "An algorithm to find love? Brilliant!" But now... yeesh. You're in an apparently happy relationship, weigh in.

PAMELA: [ignoring] I have an ad I was going to have Bea record, but maybe I'll just do it.

ROSALIND: Do you need help -- I don't work for you anymore.

PAMELA [radio voice, same as regular voice]: Hello. Have you ever bitten into a burrito, rice bowl, or sandwich and thought "What is that incredible taste?" only to learn that your dining companion hates it? That's cilantro! Fresh, clean, citrusy. Controversial, and beloved for it. If only there was a way to bottle such an enigmatic flavor. Well there is! Introducing-

ROSALIND: Oh my god. Hey! [Running]

PAMELA: Introducing Wheyface Brand Cilantro Soap, the soap that tastes like cilantro!

ROSALIND [from a distance]: PAMELA!

PAMELA [annoyed]: Some people say that cilantro tastes like soap, and finally we can all agree it does. Wheyface Brand Soap that is! Now you're wondering, can I eat this soap? Won't that make me sick? It will make you very sick. But you'll know if you DID eat it, it would taste like-

[splashing]

ROSALIND: I THINK HE'S DEAD. HELP ME GET HIM OUT!

PAMELA: Holy shit.

[Running; the sound of two women pulling a large man's body out of a watering tank. They get him onto the ground.]

PAMELA: He's cold.

ROSALIND: I know CPR.

[Sounds of CPR -- Rosalind does chest compressions and mouth-to-mouth. Pamela begins to count to 30 -- we fast forward eventually, but keep checking back in, as they go on and on and on; eventually she stops and dials on a phone]

PAMELA: Hi. I'm at Hamill Hills ranch outside of Elsinore. I pulled a man out of a cattle watering tank. He's not breathing. [beat] My name is Pamela Pink. [beat] He's nonresponsive. He's very cold. Blue. I think he drowned. He might be... he's probably... [beat] We did CPR. Is there anything else we can do for him? [beat] Yes. I...we can wait with the body. [she hangs up] They say it's going to be about 30 minutes before an ambulance can get here.

ROSALIND: 30 minutes! He needs one now!

PAMELA: It's all the way over in Hatchet Falls. [beat] Should we call Olivia?

ROSALIND: She doesn't want to hear this from us. No one wants to know-[breaks off emotional]

PAMELA: Yeah. [beat] We'll give her a couple more hours of peace. Before.

ROSALIND: [tearing up] Paul.

PAMELA: [giving her a side hug] I know.

ROSALIND: This is the worst fucking day.

PAMELA: Of all the people we met working on this project, Paul seemed like the only one who really cared. About anyone. [beat] He was kind.

ROSALIND: You thought he was the killer just a couple of days ago!

PAMELA: I'm sorry, Rosalind.

ROSALIND: And now we're the only people who know Paul's dead.

PAMELA: For 30 minutes, at least.

ROSALIND: What was he doing here in the middle of the night? [suddenly jumps up] Wait. Shit. We destroyed this crime scene.

PAMELA: It's not a crime scene.

ROSALIND: It's muddy. There's footprints. Do you remember which footprints are yours? Or mine? Which ones are Paul's? Don't move!

PAMELA: Paul and I will stay right here.

ROSALIND: Okay. Good. Perfect. I won't move either.

PAMELA: What evidence could you have found? He drowned. There's no weapon.

ROSALIND: Someone else might have been here. Someone else might have pushed him in.

PAMELA: Like a cow?

ROSALIND: Like a murderer!

PAMELA: Why murder Paul?

ROSALIND: Why murder *anyone*?

PAMELA: Would you feel better if Paul had been murdered? [beat] I... get it. Sometimes it's easier to believe something fantastical than to accept that terrible things happen. Even to good people. I know Dana thinks there's some grand conspiracy, but/ you don't have to.

ROSALIND: No! This is what I do. I'm a detective, and until we know otherwise, this is a crime scene. Even if it doesn't look like one.

PAMELA: If there was evidence here, I think the rain and the cows ruined it before we did.

ROSALIND: We spilled the water all over, and we put Paul right in the middle of the footprints. And fingerprints are unlikely to be helpful here, but we still got our own all over everything.

PAMELA: What was the alternative? Leave him there?

ROSALIND: No. Not if he might have been alive. [beat] We're not the Kennedys.

PAMELA: We did the right thing. If it was my dad, I'd be glad somebody tried to save him.

ROSALIND: [skeptical] Yeah.

PAMELA: Shit. I should call my husband. Let him know I won't be back. That's gonna be a fight.

ROSALIND: You use the dead body excuse a lot?

PAMELA: [laughs] It's always something. [into phone] Hey, hon? [beat... beat... beat] No, I know. I'm sorry. I'm fine. [beat] Listen. So there's a problem. [beat... beat... beat] Okay, that is also a problem. I'm sorry I bailed on you to go ghost hunting. It's been a day. [beat] Okay honey, there's a dead body! The cops won't let me leave! [beat] No, I am not making this up. You want proof? [beat] No, I am *not* looking for an excuse not to spend time with you. [beat] Of course I want to... do that. [beat] I won't talk about that in front of Rosalind. [beat] / don't care? You haven't even asked who the *body* is! [beat] No I'm not going to leave Rosalind alone in a field with a dead body. [beat] We can talk about this after the sheriff gets here. [hangs up]

ROSALIND: [beat] I wasn't listening. If you're wondering.

PAMELA: Good.

ROSALIND: Thank you for not leaving me out here.

PAMELA: It's scary with all the ghosts.

ROSALIND: Luckily, the ghost seemed scared of you.

PAMELA: Most people are.

ROSALIND: Sorry if I messed up your plans. [beat] Sorry that tonight is... the way it is. The evening took a turn. [beat] Is everything okay? You can go if it's not.

PAMELA: I can't go now. If I cave on this dead body thing, I'll never win an argument again.

ROSALIND: I'm not sure if you have a strong marriage or you're just really committed to the bit, but I admire it either way.

PAMELA: What is marriage if not commitment to a bit? [Ros isn't getting it] Let me put it this way. It's the middle of the night. I'm standing in a field in Montana. It's cold and wet. There's a dead body. I'm with an employee I just fired. My husband flew in specifically because I'm ovulating. I haven't yet seen him. And he's mostly just mad that I didn't call to update him sooner. [beat] So, yeah, pretty strong.

ROSALIND: So I'm definitely fired then?

PAMELA: Yes.

ROSALIND: Well at least now we can talk as equals.

PAMELA: Great. Let me tell you what I really think.

ROSALIND: Why would you tell me you're ovulating? Sorry, let's move away from Paul. [They walk away a reasonable distance] [whisper shout] I can't believe you said the word "ovulating" out loud. [beat] Are you okay? How long have you been... I hate to use the phrase "trying to get pregnant," because it just means "screwing," but how long has this been going on?

PAMELA: 18 months.

ROSALIND: Ah. So, like, *two* babies by now.

PAMELA: God no. [beat] Can we not do this here? Now.

ROSALIND: Of course. It's a completely inappropriate time for girl talk. We just have to live in this moment of grief.

[a long silence. Then Rosalind sniffing]

PAMELA: Are you going to-

ROSALIND (fighting off tears): I'm fine, I'm fine.

PAMELA: It's okay to cry.

ROSALIND: No, it's stupid! (closer to tears) He was so young!

PAMELA: So. A year and a half ago, my husband came to me and said maybe we should have a baby. I hadn't been thinking about it, but we'd always talked about having a baby. So I threw out my pills, and we tried. And we tried. And we tried.

ROSALIND: Ew.

PAMELA: Thank you. [beat] Nothing really happened. We saw someone, went to see if something was wrong. And they couldn't tell us anything, but they had a bunch of suggestions anyway. Not that any of *those* have worked. [beat] In all the times I imagined having kids, I didn't think it would be like this. I didn't think it would ruin sex and disrupt my job and make me cry.

ROSALIND: You didn't think having kids would ruin sex or disrupt your job or make you cry?

PAMELA: I didn't think *trying* to have kids would do all those things. It's different.

ROSALIND: You don't have to *have kids* to have kids. You can outsource it! It's a gig economy!

PAMELA: Do you mean adoption?

ROSALIND: Yes! Or surrogacy if your husband's one of those "gotta be my sperm" guys.

PAMELA: Ha. It's all invasive. Adoption. IVF. Surrogacy. Whatever. Everything costs money. Everything costs time. [beat] I'm supposed to be able to do this. My body evolved to do this. But I can't. Or. Maybe I can someday. But now what I wonder is... maybe I don't want to.

ROSALIND: I might be wrong, but, some people, they bail when things get hard. You don't seem like one of those people. [beat] If you want out now, maybe you really never wanted to do it.

PAMELA: It's not that easy. You get to a point in your life where certain decisions are forever decisions. We're all working on a timeline, and you never know where you are on that timeline. But there are some things you do know. I'm probably never going to win Miss America now, and it's pretty late in the game to become a Supreme Court justice. And if I don't get pregnant in the next five years, I may never have the chance again.

ROSALIND: If in five years, you're happy, what does it matter?

PAMELA: That's what I thought five years ago.

ROSALIND: I know why you would think, standing with- why you think you're running out of time, but chill. When I was 10, I thought I would have kids by the age I am now. Most of the girls

I grew up with do. And I didn't, obviously. I crossed out that path, but look at me now! Well, not now, because I'm unemployed and covered in mud and my best friend might be a murderer. But I'm very confident, and that has to count for-- wait--[Sound from the road. They stop to listen but it's just a truck] Thought that might've been the ambulance...Heh. I thought I would get a degree and a husband and kids. But 10-year-old me didn't know me at all!

PAMELA: What paths haven't you crossed out? What's still on the list from when you were 10?

ROSALIND: There's no list. I've got the detective thing, and if that doesn't work out, I'll be a spy or a chef or something. Life's malleable.

PAMELA: That's not true. Things matter. There are rules. There are schedules. There are other people you have to account for. You can't just reinvent yourself forever.

ROSALIND: Sometimes you gotta though. I mean, we didn't all go to J school in the 80s.

PAMELA: How old do you think I am?

ROSALIND: Over 30. Regardless. Things are different now. You need ten jobs if you want to make rent, so that's ten personas at least.

PAMELA: Rosalind, you're doing really well for yourself. You're incredibly accomplished. Everyone respects you.

ROSALIND: You *just* fired me. What are you talking about?

PAMELA: Okay, it's possible I don't know what I'm talking about. [beat] But this is an isolated incident. You can't base your whole life on what's happened in the last five minutes, especially not *these* last five minutes. You've done so much. You've got connections. You're going to be okay. You don't need us.

ROSALIND: Easy for you to say.

PAMELA: No, seriously. I believe in you.

ROSALIND: You don't believe a thing I say. But you believe in me? Great pep talk.

PAMELA: You're conflating things. Believing *in* you and believing you are completely different. And I believe you can do anything. Except maybe be a reporter.

ROSALIND: I could be a reporter! You just need to tell me what to do.

PAMELA: I can't train you to not solve problems. That's what makes you good at everything you do, but you can't do that here. We report on the fire; we don't put it out.

ROSALIND: All Bea talks about is how Arden will fix America, and I can't help one person?

PAMELA: I'd hate to see your answer to the trolley problem.

ROSALIND: Okay, first, you cut loose the five people who are tied to the tracks. We all have a pocketknife on us, right? Then you run over and untie the one person who's tied to the tracks. Everybody's saved! Why does nobody think of this?

PAMELA: See, you don't understand what we do here. You think Arden is a means for you to do what you want to do anyway.

ROSALIND: If Arden isn't here to solve a murder, then yes, I don't understand what we're doing.

PAMELA: Then you agree that you don't want this. [beat] This isn't about not liking you, or not loving you, or not thinking you're the most capable person in the world. You literally can't do this one thing that we have to do.

ROSALIND: You act like this is a me problem. But this whole show is off the rails. Why am I the one who's getting in trouble for this? Bea went to Julie Capsom's house on her own. Brenda left for a year. Bea brought her fiancée here! Yeah, I've been inappropriate, but I'm on task!

PAMELA: To be fair, Bea obviously doesn't want Lorena here at all.

ROSALIND: It's hard to watch, honestly. [beat] Did Lorena just *show up* one day?

PAMELA: I'm next door to them in the hotel, and I can feel the waves of passive aggression emanating through the wall.

ROSALIND: What is it about Bea that just makes everyone lose their goddamn mind for her?

PAMELA: I've known Bea for 10 years and roughly 15 romantic partners and I don't actually know. My guess is that she cares *so much* about *everything*, and that kind of laser focus can be intoxicating. When you're getting it, at least. As mentioned -- 15 romantic partners.

ROSALIND: Brenda's only had one real girlfriend since I've known her. Kate. They had been together three years and Brenda still introduced her to me every time I met her as "my main squeeze." Ironically. I think? Kate just kept trying to get Brenda to take her even five percent more seriously, and Brenda never even noticed. Kate's married to an accountant now.

PAMELA: Bea gets super serious, super quickly, then immediately frightens herself. [beat] Bea's like a horse. A horse who... runs fast... and then scares herself.

ROSALIND: Does that happen?

PAMELA: I don't actually know any horses.

ROSALIND: You know Chrysanthemum!

PAMELA: Not socially. [beat] So wait. Bea and Brenda both make the other person chase their attention endlessly? Goddammit. Is that why they've been chasing each other for a decade?

ROSALIND: I know Bea's engaged, but... she and Brenda are... gonna bang someday. Right?

PAMELA: That's why I'm trying to make this thing between you and me right! When those two sleep together, it's gonna be a real shit show. And we're going to have to clean it up.

ROSALIND: Only if it happens during production.

PAMELA: We don't know how long production's going to last. [beat] We had deadlines, but the death of a -- Paul, is going to change things.

ROSALIND: [sigh] Paul. I won't see him at any more open mics. Dana's gonna be wrecked.

PAMELA: You can be there for her now. There's no conflict. You can just be her friend.

ROSALIND: We do have some reason to believe she's covering up murder evidence.

PAMELA: There is that.

ROSALIND: God, I was so done with Dana forty minutes ago, but I can't bail on her now. He was like family. This is like her losing her father again.

PAMELA: You can't feel like you owe her yourself because you started telling her story.

ROSALIND: I know but... I can't shake that if I'd had a Rosalind when my dad died, maybe it would have fixed all my problems. And I spent all this time trying to help Dana too late, and now that it's happening again maybe I could help her now. But at the same time, fuck Dana for throwing my friendship under the bus like three times this week.

PAMELA: Some problems don't have solutions. Some problems you just live through. Some people you just live through. You get what I'm saying, right?

ROSALIND: Did you know she told me she loved me? Just this morning?

PAMELA: Is that bad? Or... is that good?

ROSALIND: It's fucked up! She doesn't want me! She wants Olivia. She knows that I'm asexual! She knows I'm not interested in *that* or dating whatever she was trying to get! But she thinks she can just snap her fingers and I'll change. It's not enough that I'm her friend and the only one who believed her and that I was going to make her a hero! No. I won't fuck her when she's lonely, so she thinks I'm the asshole. It's not fair.

PAMELA: I'm sure she doesn't think that. People want things in a moment, and they move on.

ROSALIND: Maybe she will move on and be cool settling for my friendship. Maybe she'll still like me *despite*. I don't know how I can trust someone who views my friendship as a compromise.

PAMELA: You deserve better than that from a friend. And it's good you realized that so young. I was *so much older* than you when I realized I could ask for more from my friendships.

ROSALIND: Okay, but like, she never tried anything before Olivia showed up, and now, suddenly, she's like "ha ha what if I'm in love with you, just kidding!" She was so hurt that I couldn't want her back. Like what I am was... personally vindictive in some way. Fuck her! I'm not the problem. She's like so deeply repressed she thinks everyone can turn themselves off and on. She does it to Olivia, too! Dana will say she just wants to be friends, but when Olivia *actually* just wants to be friends I can see on Dana's face that she's thinking "I'm meeting you halfway. Why won't you be who I want?"

PAMELA: You think she wants Olivia to be her husband again? Is that it?

ROSALIND: I think she's okay with Olivia being Olivia. She just wants everything else about her to be the way it used to be. And she wants Olivia to be happy about it. It's all irrelevant as long as Olivia is *hers*. Dana takes it personally when people aren't who she wants them to be.

PAMELA: And that's bad. But you've told me before you wanted Dana to be what *you* want. She was going to be this amazing story that made everyone take you more seriously.

ROSALIND: Fair enough! Maybe that's what friendship is! Maybe we're all lying to each other all the time about what we want! Please, call me out in this cow pasture, when we're standing next to the *corpse of someone I liked*, and it's so fucking cold, and I am *having a bad day*.

PAMELA: Sorry. Sorry. [beat] But you have other friends besides Dana, right?

ROSALIND: It's hard for me to make friends. Because of how boring most people are. [Pamela scoffs, Ros continues sincere:] I was close to Brenda. I loved Brenda. The best boss. And then, she was just gone. [beat] I'm not close to a lot of people. I'm so *busy*.

PAMELA: I feel that.

ROSALIND: Yeah, is Bea your best friend, or just someone you spend a lot of time with?

PAMELA: You realize I produce more shows than this one, right? And I'm not friends with all of those people. I *choose* to be friends with Bea. Yes, she needs a little more hand-holding, and maybe I respond to that on some subconscious level. But she's fun. [beat] What? She is!

ROSALIND: Fun? Just the other day, she did a 10-minute rant on split infinitives!

PAMELA: Yes! Exactly! Those are the problems she has! She's the lowest maintenance high maintenance person I know. I have to put out a million fires a day, and every time she calls me, it's, like, "Pamela, I don't know what to do with all this kimchi." And I can answer that for her! Wait. Do you hear that--?

[They listen at the road. Something drives by, but not for them]

ROSALIND: Is it true you two met because she crashed your wedding?

PAMELA: No. She crashed my bachelorette party. She was dating the stripper. She thought she was dating a regular fireman at first, then she decided to just go with it. I asked her what tipped her off, and she said, with complete seriousness, that it was all the baby oil. She thought it was just to get down the pole, and then she figured it out.

ROSALIND: Aw. She's always had a nose for news.

PAMELA: She approaches everything like an investigative reporter, which is also the only way I know how to wind down. We share an intellectual curiosity? Or we're both nosy? One of those.

ROSALIND: Sorry, I'm still on Bea is your fun friend.

PAMELA: I like a low stakes personal life.

ROSALIND: That's why you're bugging about the baby thing.

PAMELA: Yes, I'm worried if I don't have 2.5 children in the next 3.5 years my carefully cultivated middle aged, middle class, mediocre weekly wine and game night plans will collapse like a house of cards.

ROSALIND: You said that like a joke but I don't think it was.

PAMELA: ... Yeah. [beat] But what happens if I don't have kids? What then?

ROSALIND: Yeah, that seems like a thing you'd always have to put up with.

PAMELA: If all relationships are two people trying to get somebody else to be the person they want, what happens if someone wants you to be a mother, and you'd rather not?

ROSALIND: Never seemed to bother my mom that I wanted her to be a mother.

PAMELA: We'll put a pin in that. Save it for the next corpseside chat.

ROSALIND: Wow, dark. Really dark. [beat] So you *don't* want kids?

PAMELA: I don't know if I don't want kids, or if I don't want to decide if I don't want kids.

ROSALIND: What?

PAMELA: I wasn't like you. I had a plan for how my life would go. [beat] Look. I think if I had had kids five years ago, I would have been happy with that decision. But I didn't. And now I'm not sure. So did I change? Did my circumstances change? Did I just not know myself in 2014?

ROSALIND: I could flip a coin? Wheyface has a quarter for that. It's not legal tender, but it flips smoother for more accurate results.

PAMELA: We're not doing that. But listen. You're trying. That's nice. I appreciate that. You're still pretty young. And we're different. I had a very clear life plan, and I followed it to a T. I *have* accomplished nearly everything. And I'm pretty happy! So that is a winning formula, but if I don't have kids, if I deviate from the plan... I've never done that. What is that version of Pamela? Who is she? I don't recognize her. But she's real, because she's me. Right now. In this moment.

ROSALIND: Does the other Pamela believe in ghosts?

PAMELA: Don't start. It's not that I feel bad about maybe not wanting kids. It's that I feel bad that I might be the kind of person that doesn't want kids. I was so sure of who I thought I was, and that woman had kids. But now... not being sure... this feels unfamiliar, and I hate it.

ROSALIND: I'm not gonna talk you into this. I'm on team Be Alone Forever.

PAMELA: You realize this isn't "be alone forever" for me if I don't have kids, right? I *do* have my husband to consider. [beat] Unless the "having kids" thing is a dealbreaker for him.

ROSALIND: Love's so fragile. That's why I'm alone. Simpler. I planned ahead on that one.

PAMELA: [slightly sarcastic] Yeah, you're so lucky you don't have to deal with any other people.

ROSALIND: Look dude, have the kid, don't have the kid, but I can't really help if your worst possible nightmare scenario is my actual inevitable life.

PAMELA: Oh boo hoo. It's different, you want to be alone.

ROSALIND: I don't *want* to be alone. I shouldn't have to be alone! Just because I don't want to date anyone. I don't fully know what my options are, but I should hope they're better than being a cautionary tale for the maritally indifferent.

PAMELA: Oh God. I'm sorry. That was so rude of me. I--

ROSALIND: No, I'm also being an asshole. You love your husband. You should be trying to figure out your best life. [Sighs] I can't fix something I can't understand.

PAMELA: You don't need to fix it! I'm talking and you're helping by being here! Anybody else would be trying to help me fix it, and it would make me absolutely furious.

ROSALIND: Ah, you came to me for that trademark Rosalind Ursula social indifference.

PAMELA: Exactly, thank you. Actually trademark that before Andy does.

ROSALIND: I have. Okay, here's my Rosalind advice: Worst comes to worst you can adopt a ward who you raise to hate all men like that cool lady in the fancy dress from that old book.

PAMELA: Miss Havisham? From Great Expectations?

ROSALIND: More like lowered expectations, Charles Dickens. Ohh, get Wheyface to start a baby timeshare thing! You have Andy's ear. You can make that happen.

PAMELA: I don't need that kind of power. [beat] I mean. I've thought about it. Could I make Wheyface a better place by moving up the ladder? Yes. But... that would never happen. [beat] God, a timeshare baby would be perfect though. Someone's gonna get there first. [beat] One-third the diapers. Same pride in their accomplishments. Holidays would be a nightmare.

ROSALIND: Join a polyamorous compound? Like that one documentary? With the wicker man?

PAMELA: No, I can't let my husband figure out other women might like his jokes.

ROSALIND: Well, I'm out of ideas. Just try not to view the decisions you make as "future regrets" so much. You're a natural fixer. You'll be fine.

PAMELA: I think that was real advice.

ROSALIND: I'm so sorry. I take it back.

PAMELA: Fuck though, at some point choices do become future regrets.

ROSALIND: That's why I like to make as many choices as possible. Play the odds.

PAMELA: How do you just not care?

ROSALIND: I *care*.

PAMELA: Don't get me wrong. I envy that. It's not... not caring, but how do you not get hung up on caring? How do you not get bogged down in the choosing? Teach me.

ROSALIND: I used to be a planner. We didn't have money, so I knew that if I wanted to go to college I needed a plan. From ages 12 to 17 I did *everything* right to get the scholarships I needed. And I pulled it off. And then when I was 19 everything went to shit. As a dropout with no prospects I just had to start doing *stuff*. Whatever I could get my hands on to keep me busy, keep my car, *eat*. I'm well suited for it now, I think.

PAMELA: You skipped over about 15 things between "hopes and dreams" and "complete nihilism." Is that when your dad died?

ROSALIND: [is quiet]

PAMELA: And you've been going a million miles an hour ever since. [beat] When I was 14 my brother was hit by a car. I had just started track and whenever I was running, I wasn't thinking about my brother. So I kept running.

ROSALIND: Did that help you, like, process your grief or whatever?

PAMELA: No, but I got really good at running. [beat] I didn't love it. But it was a way to think about something else for a while. How much my legs ached, how much my lungs hurt. It gave me distance from the pain. It gave me... time. So when I was ready to think about him again, I knew I could handle it. I could deal.

ROSALIND: Hm...

PAMELA: What is it?

ROSALIND: This is so stupid.

PAMELA: What?

ROSALIND: All I can think about now is challenging you to a race.

PAMELA: You'd lose. [beat] It's okay to want things. It's okay to make plans and think about what the future might hold. Do you *want* to live your life like there's no tomorrow?

ROSALIND: Yeah, well I got really invested in Arden, season two, and look how that turned out!

PAMELA: We're having two very different conversations here. Try to keep that in mind. [beat] The problem was never you investing in Arden. You're just out of practice at caring an appropriate amount.

ROSALIND: [takes a moment] When my dad... when he died no one seemed to care. They were *sad*, but no one else was worked up about it. They told me it was bad luck. But it was a staph infection. He didn't have insurance. Didn't go to the hospital. I saw him the week before and he was fine. He would have stayed fine if his work site was less sketchy, or if he was still on my mom's insurance, or if doctors weren't like a million dollars! One day I had a dad, and one day I didn't, and it was for the stupidest fucking reason and everyone told me to accept it. And oh boy, if you can get yourself to accept that, nothing else seems to make a dent.

PAMELA: So... what? You lost someone so you checked out?

ROSALIND: Checking out would have been obsessing over it forever. Everyone's lost someone and everyone dies. And you can't halfass caring about *that* so better to let it go.

PAMELA: You need to learn to.

ROSALIND (waits): Thought there'd be more to that.

PAMELA: Unfortunately, no. You hurt every time and move on every time. No exceptions.

ROSALIND: I miss being a teenager. This fucking sucks.

PAMELA: I believe that's the thesis behind almost all bad pop music.

ROSALIND: Yeah, and all good pop music is about how party-rock is in the house *tonight*.

PAMELA: Don't remind me how much younger you are than me.

ROSALIND: God, I used to blast that song 30, 40 times in a row. Drove my dad *crazy*. He asked me if there were any other songs, but it was the only one that sounded right. Like what I was going through. [Laughs] Years later, I can recognize a manic episode but at the time, I thought LMFAO had gotten at a core truth of existence. [beat] LMFAO, I did not mean to tell you that.

PAMELA: I mean, I knew you were taking meds for something.

ROSALIND: Wow, yeah, little something called bipolar one. A super chill sexy time.

PAMELA: It's 2019, we're all on meds. It's not that interesting. I overcorrected on that. Are you-?

ROSALIND: Okay? Yeah. I'm medicated. I've got a therapist. I have a good system in place. [beat] It sucked when I was undiagnosed and grieving and I didn't know why I was ruining my own life, but now? It's part of me. And I'm obviously fantastic, so, shrug.

PAMELA: And Dana--

ROSALIND: Is someone whose dad died who has a bipolar disorder? Yeah, it's come up. It was a good way to get her to trust me.

PAMELA: You can open up too much to a source. [beat] I mean, you obviously know that *now*.

ROSALIND: Got it. First rule of reporting: no more seductions.

PAMELA: Are you sure no part of you wishes Dana did mean it when she said she loved you? Not like, I know you aren't attracted to her but-

ROSALIND: I guess I wish someone would say they love me but not want anything.

PAMELA: You want a love where someone doesn't feel entitled to ask anything of you, and you don't feel entitled to ask anything of them? Is that it? That's pretty unrealistic.

ROSALIND: But wouldn't it be the best thing in the world? I know actual love involves compromises, I just don't want who I am to be one of them. [beat] That was my dad. If I was happy, he was happy. So I had that. And I'm never going to get it again. [beat, too jokey] And *that's* kind of a bummer!

PAMELA: That's really hard, Rosalind. I'm sorry.

ROSALIND: Oh, it's fine!

PAMELA: Is it?

ROSALIND: Dana would make me feel like I was incredible just for showing up and listening. I let myself forget we had agendas. It wasn't romantic. It was just... nice to not have to be the world's most impressive person to be valued.

PAMELA: I have that with my husband. He's the one person in my life who doesn't treat me like I have to fix everything. I can just go home and... not solve the world's problems.

ROSALIND: I thought you liked solving the world's problems.

PAMELA: I do. Until I don't. My husband is why I'm still able to love solving problems, because he doesn't expect that of me. He mostly just wants to hang out.

ROSALIND: A baby is going to want you to solve all of its problems forever.

PAMELA: Yeah.

ROSALIND: That's all you got? Yeah?

PAMELA: When you have that kind of love, that my husband and I have, where there aren't necessarily expectations of each other, it makes you want to give them whatever they want. Because they don't expect that of you. He wants a child, and I want him to have everything he wants. But I also want me to have everything I want. That's the problem. [beat] All I'd ever seen was how fucked up my parents were when my brother died, and I always thought it was too risky. Why take that risk? But I see you, and I see how much you loved your dad. *Love your dad.* And I see that it's a balance. There's an equilibrium. There is a benefit to giving someone else that kind of love. Being that in someone's life.

ROSALIND: Oh my God, did we solve your problem?

PAMELA: Oh, no, we just made it 10 times worse. Thanks.

ROSALIND: Well, that's why you fired me. And I'm sure this whole process has been complicated by... what did you say you were taking?

PAMELA: Completely inappropriate for you to fish for that.

ROSALIND: You were the one who was like "we're all popping pills left and right." Come on, can't we gossip and gab between girlfriends?

PAMELA: What decade is it for you?[beat] I take Lexapro for depression, which is none of your business at all, but I'm not ashamed of it or anything. And you're double fired because that was terrible reporting. Really, it's a good time to get out. Paul's death is going to change things.

ROSALIND: It's not a cold case show anymore.

PAMELA: This doesn't look like a case at all.

ROSALIND: I'm free to investigate it as a homicide without Arden's permission.

PAMELA: You should get out. It's a good time for it.

ROSALIND: Olivia will need answers.

PAMELA: *Dana* will need answers. I don't want to watch you get sucked into a blackhole.

ROSALIND: Dana's not a blackhole. She's a lonely woman who wants too much, but I don't have to give too much.

PAMELA: Sure. I think I read that when an unstoppable force and an immovable object meet they can usually have a casual, friendly acquaintance.

ROSALIND: Maybe you could learn to give an inch now and again.

PAMELA: I came out here tonight for you!

ROSALIND: And you called me a liar the second I said something you didn't like!

PAMELA: You said you saw a ghost!

ROSALIND: I did!

PAMELA: The afterlife isn't brooding in grain bins! That's a pointless thing for the afterlife to be!

ROSALIND: I felt the ghost. It wasn't only my eyes, it was everything. I trust me.

PAMELA: You want me to say I believe you? Even though I think you're wrong?

ROSALIND: Yes.

PAMELA: That's the sort of lack of clean resolution you need to get used to. If I've taught you nothing else, hold onto that.

ROSALIND: Damn, Pamela. You're an immovable object too.

PAMELA: I move all the damn time. I just have an even, authoritative voice. [beat] I don't think you're a liar. In general.

ROSALIND: Thank you. Because I suspect in 10 years time one of us will be running Wheyface Industries and I'd hate for things to be weird between us.

PAMELA: I don't want to run Wheyface Industries.

ROSALIND: Well yeah, once you make it to the top you gotta put it back into the hands of the workers lest power corrupt you. Or did you mean you just fucking love producing radio?

PAMELA: [pause, quietly] Wheyface Radio is good. I want to do something *great*. Maybe I will someday. [beat] Right now, though, what I want, more than anything, is a cigarette.

ROSALIND: Going to read the room and not point out your own self destructive behavior.

PAMELA: Great. But next take -- try not saying anything. Wait. Do you hear that?

ROSALIND: Sirens? I don't hear anything from the road?

PAMELA: No, it's close. Booooooooooooooooooooo. Boooooooooooooooooooooo.

ROSALIND: It's really not funny, Pamela!

PAMELA: Excuse you, I think I know a ghost when I hear one. I mean, what else could possibly-

ROSALIND: Wait, do you hear that?

PAMELA: This'll be good.

[Sirens in the distance]

ROSALIND: They're finally coming.

PAMELA: I guess the good news is, at least today was better than tomorrow.

ROSALIND: What's tomorrow?

PAMELA: Tomorrow we have to live with it.

[Sirens get closer]

ROSALIND: Wait, is that a cow?

PAMELA: They're all asleep.

ROSALIND: Moooooooooooo. Mooooooooooooooooooooo.

PAMELA: You are triple fired.

[The End]