

ARDEN, Episode 8:
"Family Did It"

By Christopher Dole, Sara Ghaleb, and Emily VanDerWerff

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INTRO

OUTRO

ANDY: ...Where's the script? I'm supposed to be getting a new way to say "Arden: Brought to you by Wheyface Industries: The Good People" and etcetera, but those blasted writers are so slow! It'd be faster to put a bunch of the Prime Primate Mates in a room full of keyboard and have them write the copy! Say, that gives me an idea...What do you mean you're already recording?

BEA: Good morning, afternoon, evening, night, or any other assorted time of day, listeners.

BRENDA: And if you're listening from outside time and space you probably want "Calls from the Void" which airs at 1 AM.

Bea: Are they paying you to plug that?

Brenda: I might be guest hosting this week.

BEA: Welcome back to a new episode of Arden. So, a lot happened last time.

BRENDA: To be honest, I would've liked to have kept that cliffhanger out of the episode until we got the chance to follow it up and figure out what it meant, but -- (words cut together from sentences that have nothing to do with each other) "Our editors have such a keen sense of drama!"

BEA: Let's recap: Gerald says that the Capsom family --

BRENDA: Represented by Mr. Poins --

BEA: Tried to pressure him into saying that Julie's last words were that she was scared Ralph was going to kill her, while her actual last words were something like "I am awaited".

BEA: And then.

BRENDA: The big kahuna. The whole enchilada. The Hey! Macarena!. Ralph Montgomery was in Guinevera.

BEA: Yes. The long-delayed Julie Capsom film Guinevera finally debuted and.... Yeah, at about 52 minutes in - out of a stupefying three and a half hours -

BRENDA: He walks into frame and you have a meltdown at the premiere.

BEA: I did not have a meltdown --

BRENDA: The cover of Variety says otherwise.

BEA: I did not have a meltdown!

BRENDA: "Podcast Pro Pops Pretentious Premiere With Psychotic Screeching" - are there no synonyms for "yell" that start with "p"? I'm gonna look this up.

BEA: THE IMPORTANT THING is that they called me a Podcast Pro. Also, he and Julie share a look - and she smiles at him. Knowingly.

BRENDA: Which wouldn't be a big deal except this film shot a year before Ralph and Julie met.

BEA: Or are believed to have met. The Halloween story, the relationship that burned hot and burned fast, then simmered over a year into tragedy - it's all wrong. Because if they knew each other on Guinevera... is that when they met? Did they already know each other? Why has this been kept from us? Why was the Capsom family so insistent that Ralph had to be responsible --

BRENDA: And does this have anything at all to do with the torso in the trunk? Is it Ralph's? Does Poinc know who stole the evidence? And who burned my truck?

BEA: And now that such a powerful paper of record such as Variety has given me the respect I deserve by calling me a Podcast Pro, when are the people here (scripted statement recorded later) "going to continue to do excellent work producing this show, Arden, at which everything has gone completely smoothly from the beginning and frankly we're all just like family?"

:long silence:

PAMELA: You know what you just said is never gonna make it to air.

BEA: I know, but I really had to get it off my chest. Anyway, join us, as we continue to unravel this mystery --

BRENDA: Or just plain unravel --

BEA: On Arden.

[theme song plays]

BEA: On December 25, 2007, somewhere around 11 pm, Julie Capsom ran her car off the road and into a tree, in the middle of northern California's most desolate stretch of major highway, halfway between Eureka and Crescent City, California. One witness saw her pacing outside her

car, but by the time the police arrived, she had vanished. While dogs picked up her scent heading into the trees, it disappeared in the middle of a forest clearing. What happened to Julie that Christmas night? How could someone that well-known vanish, in the United States in the 2000s? And why has this case haunted us ever since? Each week, we'll explore a different part of the story and see if we can't untangle this web and find the answers. Join us, won't you, as we unravel the mystery... on Arden.

[end theme]

KAIL: Do you think I recall every extra on my set?

BEA: Kail McPherson, as you'll recall, is the director of *Guinevera*.

KAIL: Let me explain what an extra is: background color. Set decoration. They are not people. And I certainly don't invest my valuable time poring over every single one and saying, "Yes, this person is born to play Student #57 who walks across the background frame in a shot with no lines!"

BEA: Was Julie involved in casting the extras?

KAIL: She may have asked for a favor here and there, I suppose.

[cut]

NATALIE: She did that a couple of times, yeah. I'm in *Jane Austen Fight Club* for a few shots. But what you're saying doesn't make any sense.

BEA: Natalie Thomas, Julie's friend, was as surprised as anyone by the news of Ralph's appearance in *Guinevera*.

NATALIE: Maybe he was stalking her already? Or that's where his obsession was born.

BRENDA: Did Julie ever go to any of Tyrell's football games? He and Ralph were on the same team in high school.

NATALIE: She was in France for most of that. And she didn't like football. I never went with her to any of them.

BRENDA: Did you hear that? "I never went with her to any of them."

BEA: Right. So is that your working theory?

BRENDA: It's a start - after the whole Belle & blahblahblah nonsense, when Julie's sitting around waiting to be readmitted, Julie goes to Tyrell's football game, meets Ralph there. Rosalind!

[rustling]

ROSALIND: Yeah, boss.

BEA: - Jesus! Have you been there the whole time?

ROSALIND: Yeah. Rude.

BEA: You were lying under a pile of coats on the couch!

ROSALIND: I wouldn't have to sleep under a pile of coats if the sun wasn't so bright! I'll be honest, the Anselmo case has taken a lot out of me. Had to work night and day and night again to solve that one. And they gave all the credit to that PI and that model...

BRENDA: Anyways, Rosalind --

ROSALIND: Just swooped in at the end there, those jerks --

BRENDA: Please do an archive deep-dive. The exact dates of when Julie was in California during her high school years. Every date that Ralph and Tyrell played football together. Do they match. When do they match.

ROSALIND: Will do, boss. Just give me five more minutes of shut-eye. And keep it down, wouldya? Working folk tryin' to sleep here.

BEA: Okey-dokey. While Rosalind does that, what say you and I shake out the other end of our revelations from last time?

BRENDA: You mean Mr. Poin? I'm gonna shake that tree so hard he's gonna fall right on his [bleep] face.

BEA: Uh-huh. You know where his office is?

BRENDA: It's a Thursday. He's not at the office.

[farmers market background noises]

POINS: Step right up, folks! Step right up for the best marrows in Cali - you two.

BEA: What the heck is this?

POINS: I do have a life outside the law, Ms. Casely. Ms. Bentley.

BRENDA: Poins.

POINS: Raising marrows, I find, is a splendidly relaxing endeavor. With proper cultivation, you can grow them to enormous shapes and sizes --

BEA: Those are zucchinis.

POINS: Marrows. And unlike people, they can never disappoint you.

BEA:I don't know if that was an insult or a worrying veiled reference to your personal life.

BRENDA: Of course you'll be disappointed if you expect a human to compete with zucchinis this size.

[shocked gasps]

BEA: Brenda!

POINS: They're marrows!

BRENDA: Drop the farmer act, Poins.

POINS: You do realize you're at a farmers market.

BRENDA: We know you tried to pressure Gerald Abernathy into saying that Julie was scared of Ralph.

POINS: You have his word that I said that. Nothing more.

BRENDA: Admit it! You know who took the evidence! You know who burned my truck!

POINS:Was this your plan? Make a scene at a farmers market?

BEA: Mr. Poins --

POINS: I will concede that I spoke to Gerald Abernathy. I was doing my due diligence as attorney for the Capsom family. I will even admit that my office conducted its own investigation of Julie's disappearance.

BEA: May we see the results?

POINS: Did you really think I was going to just say “yes”?

BEA: If I buy a couple of your zucchinis --

POINS: Marrows!

BEA: Will you say yes?

POINS:No! Though, if you do want to buy some marrows, may I recommend chopping them up and using them for kebabs? I find they make an excellent meat substitute, or if you have a pasta maker --

BRENDA: I'll get those records, Poin. I'll sic Malcolm on you to do it.

POINS: Well, go ask him! And tell him Aaron Poin says his Artichoke hearts are weak and worthless! They're nothing compared to my marrows!

[sound cut; still at the farmer's market]

BRENDA: I can't believe you actually bought some of his zucchini.

BEA: I'm trying to cook more. Malcolm?

BRENDA: Malcolm Volio. Andy's primary lawyer.

BEA: Malcolm Volio - Vince's brother?

BRENDA: Be ready.

BEA: Why?

BRENDA: Well... you ever heard the expression “that guy has a stick up his [bleep]?”

BEA: Yes. It's a very common expression.

BRENDA: Well, in Malcolm's case, the stick's been up there so long that man and stick have merged into one.

BEA: ...Right.

BRENDA: Hey, Malcolm!

MALCOLM: Ms. Bentley. Ms. Casely, I presume. And I presume you are not here to admire or purchase any of my artichoke hearts.

BEA: This is a Thursday. Why are all the lawyers here instead of court?

BRENDA: Malcolm, Aaron Poins just told us his office conducted its own investigation of Julie Capsom's disappearance. I need those records.

MALCOLM: In what capacity do you require those records?

BRENDA: Explain.

MALCOLM: Are you asking as co-host, or private investigator? Were you officially commissioned in your capacity as private investigator to undertake this case, or are you simply dilly-dallying along with this podcast?

BEA: How's your brother?

MALCOLM: Enjoying his podcast notoriety. Ms. Bentley?

BRENDA: I believe the contract hiring me did also commission me as private investigator. So we should have the legal standing to subpoena the records - depending, of course, on how you yourself worded those contracts.

MALCOLM: Yes, of course. [writing sounds] Take this to Judge Hardbock, LA Superior Court. Since Julie was a resident of the district he represents, he has jurisdiction. And be sure to buy some of his lettuce heads as well.

BEA: Seriously? But I don't need lettuce!

[sound cut; still at farmers market]

JUDGE HARDBOCK: Well, this all seems to be in order. And may I ask, what did you think of Guinevera? The children are coming for the weekend, and they enjoy overly-pretentious too-long art films.

BEA: Then they will be thrilled.

JUDGE HARDBOCK: Splendid! I much prefer this phase of McPherson's career to his "hangout-comedy" phase. Besides, what gentle slice of life comedy turns into a violent murder spree halfway through?

BEA: Some would argue that's what makes Standing Casual a modern American classic.

JUDGE HARDBOCK: Some would be wrong. Let me just sign this here, [writing] and take this to Mr. Pains.

BEA: Thanks.

JUDGE HARDBOCK: Don't mention it. I see you bought some of Mr. Pains' zucchini?

BEA: Marrows.

JUDGE HARDBOCK: It's zucchini no matter how much he insists otherwise. May I suggest getting a couple of heads of lettuce as well to go with it? Between those two, you have the makings of a good salad or a fine stir-fry. Be sure to visit Judge Juniper's stall if you wish to make a stir-fry - she has the best homemade cooking oils --

BEA: Is literally every judge and lawyer in Los Angeles here?!

JUDGE HARDBOCK: Why shouldn't they be?

[sound cut; studio]

BEA: So that was educational.

BRENDA: Well, we got the records, didn't we?

BEA: Do you like zucchini?

BRENDA: Zucchini pasta's pretty good. You offering to make me dinner? Why, Casely, that's so --

BEA: I just have a lot of it!

BRENDA: I told you you didn't need to keep buying it to just to keep things calm. ...How much did you end up spending at the farmers market anyway?

BEA: Uuuuuuhhh. I'm just hoping it counts as a work expense.

BRENDA: Should we take a break? Let's take a Wheyface break.

*BEA: Losing keys. We've all done it. Isn't it just the worst? As the seconds tick on, you grow ever more frantic, filled with terror that something has gone horribly wrong - maybe you've left them outside where desperate, dangerous prowlers can find them and creep into your house! Maybe you got drunk and threw them in the trash in a fit of rage! Maybe you even *ate* them.*

But worry no more! With the Wheyface Subcutaneous Key Tracker - shorter name coming when we think of it - you can never lose your keys.

“But Bea,” you cry, “we know you as a trusted podcast host and spokesperson for Wheyface Industries, but there are already key trackers! What makes this different?” Well let me tell you, gentle listeners. There are indeed other trackers, but what if you lose the trackers? It could happen! Think about it!

ANDY: Preach on, Sister Bea!

BEA: Yes, thank you, Mr. Wheyface --

[chirp!]

BEA: ...What’s that sound?

ANDY: Why, that’s the sound the tracker makes!

[chirp! chirp!]

BEA: Why is making - oh, Jesus Christ, Mr. Wheyface, did you hide a set of keys in here for a “practical demonstration”?

ANDY: You’re one sharp cookie, Bea! You know, it suddenly occurs to me, why is that a compliment? Sharp cookies are not design-friendly --Like biscotti! Those things will cut deep if you’re not careful. I’ve been hospitalized twice for biscotti related injuries.

[chirping!]

BEA: You’re supposed to dip them in coffee to soften them.

ANDY : You’re sharper than any biscotti I’ve ever been impaled on! I’m going to go write that down.

[sound of leaving]

BEA: No! Please turn off the beeping first!

[chirping sounds continue and increase in intensity]

BEA: ...Oh, God. You can’t turn it off, can you.

ANDY: Nope!

BEA: Just remove the batteries!

ANDY: Can't! It's implanted in my skin.

BEA: What - oh, goddammit, subcutaneous --

ANDY: This way, even if you lose the keys, you never lose the tracker!

BEA: Just find the stupid keys and get out of my recording studio!

ANDY: You know, it's the damndest thing.

BEA: ...You can't remember where you hid them.

ANDY (laughing): Isn't that just hilarious!

[shuffling sounds]

BEA: Are these them?

[chirping sounds increase in intensity and frequency]

BEA: WHY IS IT STILL DOING THAT?!

ANDY: Well, we haven't figured out how to turn it off yet. And because it beeps more frequently and louder the closer you get to the keys --

BEA: GET OUTTA HERE!

[sound cut]

[clearly recorded later]

BEA: The Wheyface Subcutaneous Key Tracker. Never lose your keys again. Please note that if you purchase one of these, you agree to participate in the Wheyface Industries Tracking Program at all times. For further details on this program, please stop asking. Wheyface Industries. The Good People.

BRENDA: We're sitting here with Kathy Schnookerbrautsen --

KATHY: It's probably Dutch.

BRENDA: Kathy is a casting director with a wide range of experience in Hollywood independent films over the past couple of decades - most notably, Guinevera.

KATHY: That was a memorable one?

BRENDA: What can you tell us about the production? Whenever we tried to talk to Kail McPherson, we got - well, you know Kail.

KATHY: I do indeed. Have you ever noticed that on each one of his films, it's a totally different production team, totally different cast, everything?

BEA: Is that... uncommon?

KATHY: Not necessarily. But most major directors bring along a production posse, if you will - the same cinematographer, producer, editor, composer, or some combination. Or perhaps they have a common cast member, like Scorsese and De Niro, or Scorsese and Di Caprio, or Scorsese and Pesci. But not a single cast or crew member has ever been on more than one film directed by Kail McPherson.

BEA: Except of course for Kail McPherson!

KATHY: Well, yes. You ever hear the story of that fight he had with his cinematographer John Lengthweiss on *Beside the White Chickens*?

BEA: I'd always heard it was just threats.

BRENDA: Nah, I dated one of the costume designers on that *Detective Chimp* movie he directed a couple years back. And she told me she'd heard it was full-on punching. Like, they had to literally drag McPherson off him.

BEA: In some ways, it's not surprising that *Standing Casual* is the only film I've ever seen to bridge the gap between *How I Met Your Mother* and *Dogville*.

BRENDA: I'm guessing this is leading up to the thought that this was not a happy set.

KATHY: Let me put it this way. It's very much a "do your job and get out" set. But when you're off-set, what keeps the crew happy? The parties. His films are absolutely notorious for the party scene. And even by Hollywood standards, these parties are... wild.

BEA: So was Julie involved in the parties on *Guinevera*?

KATHY: Of course she was. There were even rumors - well, those would be too unkind to restate. But there are rumors.

BEA: Of... untoward activities?

KATHY: Precisely.

BRENDA: What can you tell us about the scene with Ralph?

KATHY: That was a first-unit shot on July 22nd, 2005. Usually, Kail would delegate these types of dialogue-free scenes to a second-unit director, but that one he shot personally. Ralph is listed on the production paperwork as "Student #39". He was actually supposed to also appear in an early assembly scene and as a witness at the end to McConaughey's meltdown monologue before he rides his wheelchair off the bridge after shooting up a donut shop, but he is marked as having been "absent" those days.

BEA: How did Ralph come to be cast?

KATHY: We did a cattle call through Central, his photo was in the pile.

BEA: So did Julie ever.... Intercede on his behalf?

KATHY: It's possible? I'm sorry, it's been twelve years and since then I've cast... gosh, it must be close to 50 projects in the interim. And I can tell you how it would've probably gone down: I'm in my office, going through photos, Julie sticks her head in, says, "Hey, I put a buddy of mine's resume and photo in the pile, his name's Ralph, can he be an extra?" I say, "Sure, not a problem", and that's that. Something that inconsequential.

BRENDA: July 22nd. So that puts it over 15 months beforehand.

BEA: And so the official story - the one we've all heard - may be a total lie. A fabrication. But to cover up... what?

KATHY: You'll have to tell me.

[sound cut]

ROSALIND: Hello, gentle listeners. It's your old pal Rosalind. And you probably have a lot of questions at this point. I do too! Don't you, Pamela?

PAMELA: I do, actually. Mostly along the lines of "Are you getting paid for this?" and "Are you union?"

ROSALIND: Good questions for another time! As has probably been hammered home this episode, if Julie knew Ralph before they officially “met,” that potentially changes the entire tenor of their supposed relationship.

Now, let’s take Natalie’s theory that this proves Ralph was a stalker. If that was the case, then why wouldn’t the Capsoms try to publicize it? That was the story they were pushing in the press, after all. That they didn’t means one of two things: one, they didn’t know, or two, Julie and Ralph were much closer than we were told. Or it could be a third, totally other thing too.

PAMELA Could be.

ROSALIND: So let’s make this easier. I’m about to eliminate one of those possibilities, because --

[door bursting open]

BRENDA: Rosalind, we just got the documents from Mr. Poins’ office. Gonna need you to go over them once you’re done with the high school records.

ROSALIND: Gotcha, boss. By the way, here.

BRENDA: What’s this?

ROSALIND: Photo of Ralph playing football, freshman year. High school newspaper photo - had to track down the hard copy in their library. Shockingly, a local public high school in Van Nuys has not put all its old high school newspapers online.

BRENDA: Yeah, and that’s Tyrell. Pretty good photo for a highschool newspaper.

ROSALIND: And right there, cheering them on --

BRENDA: Wait. Where’s my magnifying glass?

[Wheyface Tracker sound]

BRENDA: Oh, there it is. Oh, [beep].

ROSALIND: Yup.

BRENDA: Julie’s in the stands, cheering them on!

ROSALIND: So that moves the date from --

BRENDA: July 22nd, 2005 to October 2001. Do you know what day in October?

ROSALIND: Sorry, boss. Paper was a little damaged.

BRENDA: Well, you did what you could. Could you maybe get to work on the Poins papers?

ROSALIND:Gotcha boss.

[sound cut]

NATALIE: She never told me any of this stuff. Not at all.

BEA: Natalie, we're as shocked as you are. But it seems like Julie knew who Ralph was possibly as early as 2001. Can you think of any reason - if they were, say, involved, that she wouldn't tell you?

NATALIE: I don't know! Her parents, yes. Tyrell, yes. But she could've trusted me.

BEA: You've said in the past that Julie liked to come back home on all her breaks.

NATALIE: Yeah. Which honestly, was a bit weird?

BEA: Well, sure, she's a rich heiress, she could be living the jet-setting lifestyle if she wanted --

NATALIE: And... well. I don't know if I should say this.

BEA: For Julie?

NATALIE: Yeah. OK. Oooooook.

NATALIE: You know that Julie didn't get along with her parents, right.

BEA: Yeah.

NATALIE: But you don't know the extent of it. Any time she tried to exercise her independence, they did their best to shut her down. Sometimes, they could get rather - honestly, at the time, I thought they could be pretty mean. And demanding! The pressure they put on her. Looking back on it, it was too much. Now, I never witnessed anything bad - like, really bad - but that's what made it so scary. They didn't yell, they would just tell Julie how it was going to be and then... that's how it was.

Look - Robert and Kathleen loved their daughter. They just had a very specific idea of who she was supposed to be. Who she needed to be if she wanted to succeed.

BEA: And that, perhaps, would not involve any friends from Van Nuys.

NATALIE: Maybe not. But she could've told me. And Julie was never shy about bringing home boys her parents-

BEA: When was the last time you saw Robert and Kathleen?

NATALIE: The last time I saw Kathleen... it was a few months before she died. I didn't know she was sick, though - looking back, I probably should've seen it. I was in medical school then, actually. Guess I was just learning the ropes. She was thin. Too thin. Barely looked up, barely touched her food. And the last time I saw Robert was the funeral. Don't think he really sees anyone now, except when he comes out to support "Julie's Law". Sucks to have that as your last memories of people you cared about, y'know?

[sound cut]

BRENDA: Hey, should I do a koan now?

BEA: What?

BRENDA: Y'know, change the mood a bit. This has been getting a bit grim here.

BEA: Are there funny koans?

BRENDA: Depends on how you think about it.

PAMELA: Just stay on topic. For once.

BRENDA: Right.

[door opens]

ROSALIND: So was that all the papers Poins sent over?

BEA: I think so. Why?

ROSALIND: Because I was filing them, and there's a lot of weird stuff in there. Did you know Julie had a Swiss bank account? Crazy, right?

BRENDA: Rich kids, I guess. And she was studying in France.

ROSALIND: So why not a French bank account, huh?

BEA: We can definitely look into that. But yes, those were all the papers Poins sent over.

ROSALIND: OK. You ain't gonna like this. I hit the last document, summing up what they found

--

BEA: Oh, Jesus. Don't tell me.

ROSALIND: Afraid so. The last few pages are missing.

BEA: That deceitful sonofa - we had a zucchini-buyer/zucchini-seller deal! You don't break that! Those are the rules!

BRENDA: OK, let's ease down --

BEA: I could, I could- I could cut his heart out in the farmer's market!

PAMELA: Okay, commercial break! Commercial break!

BRENDA: Bea, have you ever been preparing for a party and thought, well, I just don't have enough drinks for everyone?

BEA: You've described every party I threw in college!

BRENDA: You threw parties in college?

BEA: Stick to the script!

BRENDA: Well, now you'll never have to worry with the Wheyface Industries Dehydrated Drinks for Adults!

BEA: The Wheyface Industries Dehydrated Drinks for Adults? What are those? And are they like Tang?

BRENDA: It's like Tang - for Adults! Now you don't have to spend your hard-earned dollars on overpriced boxed wine, bottled beer, and vodka in a paper bag! Simply pour water on the dehydrated powders, and zowie, you have alcohol that'll turn any party into a rager!

[the fizzing of a drink being made right now]

BEA: What flavors are there?

BRENDA: There's a classy Red Mer-lot from the South of France, a fine sparkling white from

the Napa Valley, beer for any Oktoberfest occasion! Say, I'm a bit thirsty now - :glug: ...Wow, this actually isn't bad! :glug:

BEA: How much alcohol is in there?

BRENDA: Why, enough to knock an elephant stone - ooooh god. That's a strong aftertaste.

BEA: And where can you buy it?

BRENDA: Oh, boy. Oh, boy. I think my internal organs just unionized. Awwwww, crap! This is like that time I drank a whole bottle of Jaeger!

BEA (still trying to stick the ad): You just mentioned beer and wine. Will there be other alcoholic beverages available soon?

BRENDA: [dry heaving]

BEA [over the sound of dry heaving]: Soon, there'll be margarita flavors, gin AND tonics, vodka stingers -

BRENDA: MEDIC! :crash:

BEA: ...Wheyface Industries Dehydrated Drinks - for Adults. Brought to you by Wheyface Industries. Good parties. For the Good People.

[door bursting open]

BEA: POINS! After I bought all that zucchini from you!

POINS: Marrows. You got through the documents that quickly?

BRENDA: We have an outstanding assistant.

POINS: Here's the thing, Ms. Casely, Ms. Bentley. I don't have those last pages.

*BRENDA: What? But it was your investigation. I looked over the summaries - you tracked everything Julie and Ralph had done for the past five years. You *knew* they knew each other.*

POINS: I did.

BRENDA: Why didn't you publicize it?

POINS: Attorney-client privilege.

BEA: Why didn't the Capsoms want us to know that? And what happened to the last pages of the report?

POINS: The last pages of that report are for the only people who deserved to have them: Robert and Kathleen Capsom.

BEA: Poins, what could have possibly happened that's worth going to this much trouble? Why not just let the truth out there?

POINS: That's not for me to say.

BRENDA: You slippery sonuva - who burned my goddamn truck?!

POINS: You are coming close to libel and - right. OK. It has occurred to me that you've never asked me if I knew Julie.

BRENDA: Well.... I assumed you had?

POINS: In that case, you assumed correctly. The Capsoms had been my clients for a few years at that point. And you may paint my clients as monsters at the heart of some dark conspiracy, but you must know that they loved their daughter very deeply. It broke their hearts, what happened to her, because of the path she went down.

BEA: ...What?

POINS: Before you came over here today, I spoke with Robert Capsom. I advised him that the only way you two would stop harassing this poor family is if he would speak with you regarding our investigation, and what we found. And he has agreed.

BEA: ...Robert Capsom hasn't given an interview since - since before his wife died.

POINS: So I hope you two realize the gravity of what I asked, and what he has consented to do. He will meet with you both tomorrow, 2 PM, at his home in Beverly Hills. But I ask you - not as his lawyer, but as his friend - walk away. Do the decent thing for once in your life, Bentley. End this now. Because nothing good will come of going any further.

BEA: The truth will come of it.

POINS: Very well. 2 PM, tomorrow.

BRENDA: One last question. Why are you wearing overalls and a straw hat?

POINS: I have to get to the farmers market. I have marrows to sell.

[sound cut]

[driving sound]

BRENDA: Nervous?

BEA: No. You?

BRENDA: You look nervous.

BEA: I'm not nervous. I'm eager.

BRENDA: Two sides of the same coin. Either way, you're looking forward to something - whether you can't wait for it to happen, or you'd rather wait forever.

BEA: That something from one of your koans?

BRENDA: You want me to read you one?

BEA: That'll be the day.

[car pulls up]

SECURITY GUARD: Yes?

BEA: We're here to see Robert Capsom.

[sound cut]

ROBERT: Julie was... a very brave child. Too brave, I think. Too much bravery destroys a person. It robs them of rationality.

BEA: Mr. Capsom. Thank you so, so much for agreeing to meet with us --

ROBERT: It's not a pleasure.

BEA: Oh.

ROBERT: This one has been hounding my family for years. You'd think we were lurking in every shadow, waiting to pop out and wreck your car --

BRENDA: Burn my truck.

ROBERT: Why should I care if a truck gets burned?

BRENDA: Because it has evidence of...

ROBERT: Of what? I lost my daughter. My nephew. My wife. And I alone am left to tell thee, Ms. Bentley. Your show talks about the Capsom Case Curse. It seems to me that I am the victim of it.

BEA: So you listen to the show --

ROBERT: Of course I listen to that drivel.

BEA: Be that as it may. Thank you for agreeing to meet with us.

ROBERT: Be seated. So. What do you want to ask me? I will only accept realistic questions, Ms. Bentley, please keep that in mind.

BEA: How long had your daughter known Ralph Montgomery?

ROBERT: When I met Ralph, I thought it was only a passing college fancy.

BEA: Wait, back up. You met him?

ROBERT: Of course. She brought him over here for our approval. Which should have struck a warning bell in my mind right then.

BEA: She didn't do that for most college boyfriends, then.

ROBERT: For none of them. Just him. Well, she did bring that ridiculous British singer over once, but that was just because a fundraiser needed some more stardom. And that was a disaster. Anyways, at the time, I thought they had been dating for a month. According to our investigation though, they had known each other at least since the beginning of high school. Perhaps more.

BEA: And were they involved that whole time?

ROBERT: Only they could've answered that.

BRENDA: Do you know how Ralph's torso ended up in the car?

ROBERT: That sounds dangerously close to an accusation, Ms. Bentley. I assume it was

because of his drug-dealing. Or some other half-cocked scheme - he was a jealous one, Ralph, and a protective one. The one is good, but the combination quite dangerous.

BEA: Protective? Was he trying to protect Julie? From who?

ROBERT: It doesn't matter. That jumped-up football player from Van Nuys failed, if that's what he intended.

BEA: You don't know that. Maybe --

ROBERT: I do. Ms. Casely, Ms. Bentley, the reason I called you here today is to discuss the last few pages of that report. I know that he failed - I know that all of these theories - you know there are people who claim to see her in Mexico? In Italy? In Thailand? But they're all wrong. Because Julie - my daughter - my daughter is dead.

:long silence:

BEA: They found her body.

ROBERT: Evidence of her remains.

BRENDA: Why not... tell everyone? The world --

ROBERT: The world wasn't owed the answer. And I ask you, just imagine - you know what a frenzy had occurred over her disappearance. Her remains would have been plastered on every front page. I - I didn't want that to be the last image everyone had of her. I wanted them to see her as alive, young, and beautiful, as they should've seen her for years.

Kathleen disagreed with me. But she went along with it. It ate her up inside. But she is with God now. As is Julie. And Tyrell. And I am left to tell thee. Now get the hell out.

[outdoor sounds]

BEA: Jesus. Do you need a drink? I feel like I need a drink.

BRENDA: So that's it? She's dead?

BEA: No. No, no, no. That's not it. Because if she's dead, who put her there? Robert said Ralph was protective and jealous - who was that from? Why did they try to cover up that they knew each other? Would that reveal the culprit?

[pops the trunk]

BRENDA: Are those... Wheyface Industries Dehydrated Drinks for Adults?

BEA: I got a bunch of 'em free. Perks.

BRENDA: Don't pour all of that into your water bottle --

BEA: I NEED A FREAKING DRINK!

[drinks]

BRENDA: You're... only supposed to do a teaspoon at a time.

BEA: Hooooo, boy. Ohh, that's going right to my head. That kicks in fast. Hooooooly shhhhhh.

BRENDA: I'm definitely driving.

BEA: Please. Right. OK. OK. We have the pieces. I'm sure of it.

BRENDA: We sure as heck do. Because I got the last pages of the report.

BEA: What?!

BRENDA: Made a copy before I left - all aboveboard.

BEA: Brenda, I could kiss you! Uh, that's the alcohol - I - ooooooh, God. Oh, this was a baaaad decision.

BRENDA: You good?

BEA: My pancreas is simultaneously on fire and melting.

BRENDA: Emergency Room?

BEA: And then the studio! We are gonna talk this out. We've got all of it. Let's put it togeth....
Gonna barf.

ANDY: Is Julie dead? What are the answers to all those questions? And is Bea going to barf? Well, that last question I can legally tell you is NOT the fault of Wheyface Industries Dehydrated Drinks for Adults, but a totally unrelated stomach flu! So enjoy a Wheyface Industries Dehydrated Drink for Adults, and stay tuned for the next episode of Arden! Brought to you by Wheyface Industries, The Good People.

[credits]