

Arden, Episode 2.09

“To Thine Own Self”

By Emily VanDerWerff and Mara Woods-Robinson

Created by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole & Sara Ghaleb

REGULAR CAST:

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

GUEST CAST:

CLYDE HAMILL: Zach Grenier  
TRUDY HAMILL: Rebecca Metz  
JAKE WUNDER: Mike Bash  
ROWAN DABROWSKI: Ptolemy Slocum  
RED DUTTON: Nelinda Palomino  
WILLOW: Julia Selden  
JOHN OLIVE: John Rael  
CHILD: Katie Wright

OLIVIA: Arden is brought to you by Wheyface Industries. The Good People.

[click play]

WILLOW: [a teenage girl] Yeah, I can get him. [beat, YELLING just off-mic] DAD. SOME LADY'S ON THE PHONE. HER NAME IS, uh -- [back in to phone] What's your name again?

PAMELA: Pamela Pink. I was one of his students back when--

WILLOW: [off-mic again] PAMELA PINK.

ROWAN: [picking up; Willow hangs up] Pamela Pink? My goodness. It must have been--

PAMELA: It's been about 12 years since--

ROWAN: You're still the only student to win an argument with me. To what do I owe the honor?

PAMELA: I have a problem. I need someone I can trust.

ROWAN: Is this Hamill Hills related?

PAMELA: [a too long pause] Yes. [beat] Professor Dabrowski... we made something really good. Honestly, it might be the best thing I ever do. [beat] And I don't know if we can air it.

ROWAN: You actually made a season of Arden out of that whole mess?

PAMELA: No, not Arden. Something else. [beat] It's called A Town Called Elsinore, and I can email it to you. It's a great story. Some incredible stuff about small-town America, and-- [beat] We found some real corporate wrongdoing. Really shady, nasty shit. And it's in there.

ROWAN: So what's the problem?

PAMELA: I don't want *us* to be the story. [beat] It might be arguable that we made things worse.

ROWAN: Did you?

PAMELA: No. [beat] I don't know. [beat] You know there's a target on our backs after all of this, after Julie. People think we make things worse, and I *know* we don't. I need somebody who's not me to say this thing should see the light of day. I need an auditor. I need a shield.

ROWAN: But you're not exactly free from bias. You made it, after all.

PAMELA: No. And maybe this is a hail Mary. But it *is* good. We did *good work*.

ROWAN: [pause] Okay. I'll come down there after the Fourth of July. But if I say to kill it--

PAMELA: Then I'll kill it. And we'll suffer the consequences.

[click stop]

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--

[the narration abruptly cuts out, almost a record scratch]

[click play; knocking at a door]

ANDY: Hallooooo... Bea? Bea Casely? Hallo!!! [beat, to someone] She'll be here. Soon.

BEA: [flinging open door] *What?*

ANDY: I brought you breakfast.

BEA: It's *five in the morning*.

ANDY: And I've been up for two hours. [beat] Besides, this gentleman came all the way from the bustling burg called New York City, and you wouldn't want to disappoint him.

BEA: Is this a Wheydate? [beat] Is this a Wheydate for *me*?

ANDY: Oh heavens no. I'm trying to make you feel better. Do you know who this is?

BEA: No?

JOHN OLIVE: Heya lady. I'm John Olive.

ANDY: The founder of... The Olive Garden. Your favorite!

BEA: The person who founded the Olive Garden *cannot* be named John Olive.

JOHN OLIVE: Look, lady, you want these unlimited breadsticks or not?

[a long beat]

BEA: Come in.

[time cut to...]

BEA: You know, I don't think he was the actual Olive Garden founder?

ANDY: I've been worried about you. I noticed you left Missoula in a hurry. Because you left with Red. And she was my ride. Then I saw Lorena crying, and after a little detective work--

BEA: Yeah. We broke up. [beat] Probably. [beat] It *felt* final, but-- [beat] We *were* going to spend Easter weekend together-- [beat] Let's just enjoy breakfast. We *really* don't have to talk about this.

ANDY: Well then, we shall talk about horses instead! I always expect their necks to be longer.

BEA: There's nothing wrong with their necks! [sighs] I remember this beautiful grey stallion at my grandparents' ranch. Mr. Pepper. My grandpa always said, "Mr. Pepper's brother got the doctorate." [she laughs at this] Get it? Dr. Pepper. [beat] You can laugh. It's hilarious.

ANDY: Brenda tells me you're something of a horse girl. I didn't know it went that deep!

BEA: Thanks for breakfast. Even if those breadsticks were *obviously* churros. And he only had seven? How do you call "seven" "unlimited"? [beat] Sorry. You cheered me up. Thanks again.

ANDY: You're my employee, Bea, but you're also my friend. And even when your friend breaks up with your other friend, ruining the season finale wedding you've had your heart set on, a Good Person is there for a friend. Also, as the founder, CEO, and sole beneficiary of Wheydate, I'm a relationship expert. The number of dates I've been on is in the high single digits!

BEA: [pause] I don't know what to do. It was bad. She said things she can't take back. I *definitely* said things I can't take back. [beat] So what do I do, dating expert?

ANDY: You know, I always was struck by how rarely you two argued. I've heard people say couples who don't argue are perfect. But I always wonder if they're just putting off that one *big* argument. Building and building and building. Until... kaboom.

BEA: Not bad for someone who's been on dates in the high single digits.

ANDY: Don't wait for her to call. That's my advice. If you love her, you can swallow your pride and apologize. And if you don't love her, she deserves to know that, too. Running away from your feelings never works for anybody. [beat] Except for me. I made so much money.

[click play; diner noises]

JAKE: God, you just glop that hot sauce on, doncha?

BRENDA: I like my eggs hot and saucy. So... how's the investigation going?

JAKE: We take active investigations very seriously, you know.

BRENDA: So it is still active. I have some questions.

JAKE: About what it might've been? And who might've done it? Sorry. Can't help ya, friend.

BRENDA: Oh fine. If you can't talk, you can't talk. Let's eat.

[breakfast sounds in increasingly strained silence]

JAKE: Fine. But this is all off the record. As always. So it sure *seems* like an accident. There's footage of him stumbling around drunk, then falling face first into the tank where he drowned.

BRENDA: But...? [pause] Look, I know it helps to talk things out until they make sense. So whatever we say, it's all hypothetical. You're throwing spaghetti against a wall. Just spitballing.

JAKE: On the video footage, when Paul falls, it doesn't quite look like a stumble. [beat] It looks like he was pushed. And something like that you expect to be in the tape, cut and dry. But the camera is far enough away from Paul that-- it's like this. [sound of items on table being grabbed] So the water tank is this big, round thing. Cattle drink out of it. I'm marking that with this salt shaker here. [moving cutlery] So my fork here? On this end of the table? That's the camera. It's far away, but you can see him by the tank. The next thing you see, splash, he's in. Something moves behind him. It's maybe a shadow. *Maybe*. Wouldn't bet my life on it one way or the other.

BRENDA: But... if it's not a shadow...

JAKE: Exactly.

BRENDA: Hamill family makes the most sense.

JAKE: Now I never/ said that--

BRENDA: I'm just saying, it's basically their backyard. And the timing, with his confession.

JAKE: The timing is needling me, a bit. Makes me feel like I should have known how to stop it.

BRENDA: So, reasonable suspects would be the same ones on the ranch the night Dan died: Clyde. Trudy. [beat] Dana? Did they look into Dana closely at all? Last time?

JAKE: [amused] More than anyone. [catching himself] Between us. All kinds of people *could* have been on that ranch that night, but her car was spotted in town. It could all be nothing. Ms. Breckenridge got a motel room that night, maybe Dana was with her and didn't even go to the ranch! All I know is, if I were you, I'd steer clear of the Hamills for a few days.

BRENDA: Have you seen Dana recently? I'm worried about her.

JAKE: Oh, you don't have to worry about her! She's got her mom! I've known Trudy for years. We took classes together at community college. I can tell you this much: No matter what you think of her, Trudy loves her daughter very much. She'd do anything to protect her.

[click play; a phone rings and rings and rings]

DANA: [voicemail] Hey, it's Dana. I can't talk right now--

ROSALIND: Damn it!

DANA: --but if you leave a message-- [hangs up]

ROSALIND: You wouldn't just cut us out. You wouldn't. What's going on, Dana? You can tell us.

PAMELA: [from another room] Holy *shit!*

[Rosalind moves to where Pamela is]

ROSALIND: What? What is it?

PAMELA: What are you doing here?

ROSALIND: I'm just packing up my stuff. I'm flying back to Los Angeles tomorrow.

PAMELA: That's probably for the best. [beat] I'm sorry. For how this all went down.

ROSALIND: Sure, sure. But that was an "I've found something" holy shit. [beat] You can at least confirm that for me. You found something, right?

PAMELA: You don't work on the show anymore.

ROSALIND: Still a detective! [beat] So what did you find? Dana isn't taking my calls. Even Brenda's mad at me. You're right not to trust me to blab, but *trust* me, I don't have anyone to blab *to*. And I know you well enough to know that *you* want to blab. So what is it?

PAMELA: I shouldn't--

ROSALIND: You're looking at the audio from that night. When we found Paul.

PAMELA: Yes. And I found the ghost.

[click play; outside; Bea opens the door to enter Wheyface Radio, when--]

OLIVIA: Bea?

BEA: Olivia! [beat] You're about the last person I expected to see.

OLIVIA: I need somebody I can trust.

BEA: Oh, I am *extremely* trustworthy. I think you'd really like me if you gave me--

OLIVIA: I don't trust anyone who works on the show that ruined my life. But you're the one person who works on it that I don't trust least. And I need your help. [tosses pill bottle]

BEA: Dana's prescription bottle?

OLIVIA: She left them at my place the night my dad died. She said they weren't working, but I think anybody can see she needs them. She's only gotten worse. She's erratic. And that's exactly what Clyde and Trudy want. They want her to be so bad they *have* to imprison her.

BEA: You think they've imprisoned her?

OLIVIA: They wouldn't let me say goodbye. I drove over there this morning to drop the pills off, and they wouldn't let me-- [sob] You're the only one who can help, Bea. The only one.

BEA: Oh, but they're not letting us see her either. Something fishy about all of it.

OLIVIA: I know. That's why I came to you. Her mom is watching her every move like a hawk, and if nothing else, you're irritatingly persistent. You'll get the pills to her.

BEA: Thank you. I *will*. You know, Olivia, I don't know why, but I think we could/ be good--

OLIVIA: I don't like Arden. I don't like what it did to my life, to my dad, to Dana. But before I talked to you, I looked you up. And you seem like a really good journalist. Like you care.

BEA: Thanks. I am. And I *do*. [beat] You know, if we had met under any other circumstances, I think we would be really amazing friends. We could talk about leaving Montana. We could talk about being queer girls in the big city. We could compare notes on ranch life...

OLIVIA: Uhhh... sure. Well. Get her those pills and be well, okay? See you in another life.

[click play; the sound of a whirring grain fan]

PAMELA: And then listen to this.

[the sound of the same fan, but lower pitched]

BRENDA: These are just two different fans. I don't get it.

ROSALIND: Tell her the thing! Tell her about the... what kind of noise was it?

PAMELA: Brown noise, and--

BEA: [entering room] Hey, I need some help. Olivia dropped off Dana's pills, and she asked us to get them back to her, because--

ROSALIND: How long has Dana been missing her pills?

BEA: Since the night of Paul's death. At least.

ROSALIND: Can I see those? [beat] [pill bottles being opened] OK, her gelcaps are a different color from my lithium. That tells us nothing, they're just gelcaps, maybe different manufacturers.

BRENDA: I'm still waiting to hear what's so exciting about the fans.

PAMELA: Well/ Brenda, it's--

ANDY: [entering] Bea! We were going to record those ads!

BEA: We're seriously still doing ads? When we're on hiatus?

ANDY: It pays the bills!

BEA: *You* pay the bills.

ANDY: And I make money when people buy Wheyface products!

BEA: This whole company, from pillow mattress to airline, is a pyramid scheme!

ANDY: What a coincidence! Read the copy.

BEA: [reading] That's why Pyramid Scheme is my new favorite board game! Pick it up to--



BRENDA: Ooh, I love Pyramid Scheme. I *always* win the golden pyramid.

ROSALIND: Because the directions are only written in Arabic!

BRENDA: Oh, it's an intuitive game. Figure it out.

ROSALIND: Sure. Dana's meds and mine look the same, but I just *know* something is different. I can almost feel it. [beat] Anyone have a digital scale?

PAMELA: Will everybody shut up? [beat, general silence] I found something. [click play, the sound of a grain fan] That's the fan on the ranch that dries the grain in the bins. Now listen to this. [click play; the fan sounds slightly lower-pitched]

BEA: It's a little lower? I don't get it.

PAMELA: The first one is from our first day out at the ranch, and the second one is from the night when Rosalind and I were there. The night Paul died. See, the raw audio/ is really--

BRENDA: I don't get it.

ANDY: Now, what if fans could play music? That might/ be a real opportunity--

PAMELA: The fan is the ghost.

BRENDA: Ghosts aren't fans, Pamela.

PAMELA: At first, I was just bored, wondering why the fan would run at two different speeds.

BEA: Probably because there are different drying needs at different times of day, right?

PAMELA: I went on WheyTube to find footage from other farms. The fans run at several speeds, but the lowest isn't as low as what we recorded that night. When Rosalind saw the ghost.

ROSALIND: She admits it!

BEA: You two have already argued this to death. We don't need to repeat--

ANDY: You know what makes good radio, though. Repetition, repetition, repetition.

PAMELA: Look at this paper I found.

ANDY: Repetition.

PAMELA: Andy!

BRENDA: [reading] Certain types of brown noise were consistent with creating the signs of a haunting, from odd sounds to spectral forms. [not reading] Huh?

PAMELA: There are certain frequencies of sound that affect your brain. They can make you see things. Hear things. And guess what frequency that fan has been artificially altered to run at?

BEA: Oh my God.

PAMELA: Somebody is making people see a ghost. Somebody is making *Dana* see a ghost.

[click play; a gas pump droning, someone blows on their hands]

OLIVIA: Fuck, it's cold.

TRUDY: [approaching] They're saying a blizzard might roll in. Imagine that!

OLIVIA: Trudy. Well. This is fucking great.

TRUDY: [laughs] Just picking up a sandwich for the hubs. These gas station sandwiches. Clyde loves 'em. [she makes a gagging noise; beat] Looks like you're finally leaving town...

OLIVIA: [forced small talk] Hence the gas. Long drive.

TRUDY: And in your father's truck.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

TRUDY: If there's anything Clyde and I can do--

OLIVIA: [holding back] Leave her alone. [beat] That's it. Just... leave Dana alone.

TRUDY: [still small talk] If Dana will leave *us* alone! I don't know that any of us saw this coming, you know? Dana stuck at home. You, out in the world. One of those little ironies, I suppose.

OLIVIA: [finally starting to blow] I guess you're pulling her strings now. Like you always wanted.

TRUDY: [laughing] Is that how you see me?

[gas pump shuts off]

OLIVIA: You know what I didn't tell anyone? I didn't tell them *you* called me and said Dana needed help. When I said no, you-- [she laughs bitterly] You *insisted*. You *bought me a plane ticket*. You like her unstable. Always have. I was too wrapped up in my own shit to see it before.

TRUDY: If you *think* you know me and my daughter, you--

OLIVIA: I know Dana. Better than anyone. And you're right. I don't know you nearly as well. But I can guess. [beat] You use the past like a bludgeon, Trudy. Because you know you fucked up. You should have left him. You should have taken Dana and gone far, far away.

TRUDY: That's really easy for you to say.

OLIVIA: You broke her, and you don't know what to do with her any more. [beat] You manipulate her, and *drug* her, and when you glue her back together, you promise it's the last time. You're just like him. Just like Dan. [a long moment] And you think yourself kind.

TRUDY: And since you left, you know everything? [beat] Come back soon. Don't be a stranger.

OLIVIA: [gradually going over the top] I'm done with you using me. I'm done with your whole fucked up family. I hope it snows. I hope it snows all month. I hope it buries the house and the cattle, and... and *you*. I hope... I hope you *starve* to death. It's what you deserve. [calming] I can't wait for Arden to tear you to shreds. So some good comes from all of this.

TRUDY: [laughs, genuinely amused] Well!

OLIVIA: *Fuck!* [beat] For once in your life, do the right thing. Leave her alone.

[car door shuts, truck pulls away]

[click play]

ROSALIND: So brown noise makes people see ghosts. People like Dana. And Paul. And me.

PAMELA: And *not* me. I had headphones in. I didn't hear what you heard. I wasn't affected.

BRENDA: What is this? A Scooby Doo episode? Where the villain is trying to scare people away from the old amusement park?

ROSALIND: Or the villain is trying to make her daughter seem crazy to sell the old ranch.

BRENDA: It *is*. It *is* a Scooby Doo episode. [beat] I need to sit down.

PAMELA: I haven't looked into the effects of the brown noise combined with lithium, but maybe the brain would be *more* prone to see things.

BEA: Dana said the medication wasn't working. And then she stopped taking it. If you're trying to discredit Dana, what a convenient time for her medication to stop working. Right?

BRENDA: Right! And even if her dosage was wrong, or she needed a different prescription, her therapist would probably have something to say about--

BEA: Unless she couldn't see her therapist any more--

BRENDA: Because she was placed under a conservatorship--

ROSALIND: And the pills weren't lithium at all.

BRENDA: What?

ROSALIND: I opened one of the gelcaps up. [beat] It's full of sugar. Dana was taking sugar pills.

[click play; different ad music than we've ever heard before]

RED: Hi. I'm Alexandria "Red" Dutton of Fortinbras Amalgamated.

CHILD: And I'm Anastasia Whitehall the Fourth, heir to the Fortinbras Fortune.

RED: [laughs] Yes you are. Someday you'll be my boss! The two of us are here to clear up some of the things that have been said about our wonderful company recently by opportunists in the media. 175 years ago, Fordham, Tinsley, and Bradbuck Whitehall had a dream, all at the same time, all on the same night. The next morning, they realized it was trying to tell them something. America was an engine. And engines need fuel. And people are fuel. And people need fuel too. And people fuel is called food. And they could make food. Delicious, wonderful food. Out of their one-room home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, they opened a general store: Fortinbras Farm and Supply. Quickly, they became known for their tasty delicacies: hardtack and fatback and sweet, sweet candy snacks. One store became two. Two stores became 20. Now, Fortinbras is busy feeding everything to everyone. And we're keeping the good name of small-town America alive, rock-ribbed and ever-steady. These are real Americans. Real Americans who like to eat food. Not fake Americans who eat food-like substances. As a close personal friend of Anastasia Whitehall the Fourth, heir to the Fortinbras Fortune, it makes me mad to hear the good name of Fortinbras dragged through the mud. "We feed America, from womb to tomb," said Anastasia Whitehall the First, when she took over Fortinbras. And that's what we want. We want to feed you. From womb to tomb. Fortinbras--

CHILD: We're everywhere.

RED: [laughs] And?

RED AND CHILD: And we love you!

[click play; the ranch... a low wind moans... the sound of a running hose]

TRUDY: Brought you one of those sandwiches you love! [pause] You're filling the tank?

CLYDE: Cows need somewhere to drink. [awkward silence] It's a perfectly good tank, Trude.

TRUDY: It's... a man died in it.

CLYDE: I know. I saw. [another awkward silence... what did he see? We don't know]

TRUDY: Well, I'll just leave this lunch here in your truck, and--

CLYDE: There's a bin over there where my brother died, and I indulge your daughter in keeping it just how it was. Look how that ended up.

TRUDY: You *know* how I feel about--

CLYDE: Christ, listen to that wind. Those clouds. Looks like a blizzard.

TRUDY: Clyde--

CLYDE: A blizzard on Easter! Can you imagine?

TRUDY: [a long silence] No. It's been a while since we had a blizzard on Easter.

CLYDE: Climate change. Don't let the boys at the co-op hear I said so! [he chuckles]

TRUDY: We can't keep using this tank. We just... can't. [beat] At least not until the police--

CLYDE: Oh, what do they know? It was an accident, Trude. Just an accident. [beat] I had the boys scrub the tank down, even. Nice and clean. Look how clear the water is.

TRUDY: You don't think people will talk?

CLYDE: People will always talk. And if they don't, your daughter will rile them right back up.

TRUDY: If you ever let her out of the house again.

CLYDE: I told you. She needs to be cared for. She's a danger to herself. If you really think a psychiatric episode can be cleared up in a couple of days--

TRUDY: I don't, but... that's another thing. Maybe we should find a professional.

CLYDE: We will. In time.

TRUDY: You mean once the sale goes through?

CLYDE: Of course not. Of course this isn't about *the sale*.

TRUDY: I'm worried about her, hon. Do you really think this is the best place for her?

CLYDE: [he laughs wryly] Maybe not. "The very ground is cursed."

TRUDY: Don't start with that again.

CLYDE: My mother's dying words. The very ground is cursed.

TRUDY: You sound like Dana.

CLYDE: My mother was hard. She thought the ranch was soaked in blood. Only an idiot would try to make this a livable place. Lucky for me, I'm descended from idiots. [beat] Imagine nothing here and trying to put something here. You'd have to be hard. Have to. [beat] Maybe it's not cursed. Maybe it's haunted. The land was stolen.

TRUDY: There's nothing in this world that hasn't been stolen.

CLYDE: Something about it... it infected Dan. It's infected Dana.

TRUDY: And it hasn't infected you?

CLYDE: No. [the hose shuts off] There's gotta be a better way to live.

TRUDY: Not here.

CLYDE: No, not here. [His voice breaks] If I never see that house again--

TRUDY: [tender] Eat your lunch. [the sound of a rustling bag; then, moos]

CLYDE: See? Cows got no idea. Cows just need to drink. And here's a perfectly good tank.

[click play]

BEA: [Bea makes “tasting” noises -- smacking her lips] Mmmm.

BRENDA: Bea, stop eating the sugar from the pills.

BEA: Sorry! It tastes good.

BRENDA: Of course it tastes good, it's *sugar*.

ROSALIND: There's no doctor who would agree to give someone with Bipolar Two a placebo.

BEA: So someone tampered with them? That is seriously messed up.

BRENDA: It had to be Clyde and Trudy.

PAMELA: I don't think we can assume--

ROSALIND: We can *definitely* assume. Dana has a mysterious “breakdown” and Clyde and Trudy immediately put her under conservatorship. They cut her off from the outside world.

BEA: They maybe make her see a ghost! Suddenly they have total legal control over the person who has been the biggest obstacle to the Fortinbras sale. Pretty convenient, don't you think?

BRENDA: Oh, and... when I trailed Clyde to the pharmacy, he was all buddy buddy with the pharmacist. Definitely possible he got him to make some... alterations to Dana's meds.

PAMELA: So he *could* have made alterations to Dana's meds. But we don't have any proof.

BRENDA: Pamela has a point. A maybe fan ghost, a couple of fake pills, and a theory isn't enough. But it's a solid lead. We should hand this over to the sheriff.

ROSALIND: And let them sit on it for another 10 years? Forgive me if I don't have absolute faith in the Elsinore sheriff's department.

BRENDA: This isn't our investigation anymore.

ROSALIND: But Wunder is *friends* with Trudy. Do you even think he'll listen?

BEA: Messing with someone's medication is dangerous. Dana's life could be at stake.

BRENDA: So what do you suggest? Get a confession? Break Dana out?

ROSALIND: Now there's an idea. We grab a truck, we drive right up on that yard, we open the door, we pull the ol' "Come with me if you want to live," we/ ride off--

BEA: Get arrested for kidnapping? [heavy sigh] There's not much we can do. Brenda's right.

PAMELA: In theory, we could sue to have the conservatorship lifted. It *is* limiting our access to a source artificially. But that would take months, and I don't think we'd win that case in Montana.

BRENDA: Here's the deal: We're journalists. We don't have any real authority here. Even if we're right, and we can figure out exactly what's been going on, there's nothing we can do to help Dana, legally. Clyde and Trudy know what they're doing. They've had years to plan this, you better believe they've taken measures to protect themselves.

BEA: You think they've been planning this for years?

BRENDA: Maybe not the pills exactly. But... Clyde's not a rancher. He never wanted the ranch. He wanted its value. It's worth millions, and all his workers say he's been trying to sell it for years. But every time, Dana got in the way. Until they found a way to undermine her.

BEA: It's subtle. They look like the good guys, take care of Dana in her time of need. Playing the part. Like they played the part of the grieving family after Dan's "unfortunate accident."

BRENDA: It would prove they're capable of...

BEA: Murder?

BRENDA: Maybe murder. Sheriff Wunder hasn't ruled them out as suspects in Paul's accidental death. You know what I always say!

BEA: About murder? [real "I know this" energy] Sock 'em in the jaw.

BRENDA: No, Bea. Sometimes the cover-up is worse than the crime. That's what I always say.

BEA: It's flimsy, but... there's something there. [sighs] You're right. As much as I dislike cops--

BRENDA: Rude.

ROSALIND: --this whole thing is a mess. First the gaslighting, the fake ghost, and now sugar pills? It's like our investigation has only encouraged them.

BEA: The last thing we need is to go in and make things messier. [deep breath] So this ends now. We take this to Wunder. It's the right thing to do.



BRENDA: I think it's our only choice.

PAMELA: We're agreed. We go to Wunder and hope for the best.

ROSALIND: There's no way he can ignore this. [beat] Good Friday? Not for Clyde and Trudy Hamill. For Clyde and Trudy Hamill... it's about to be a *Bad* Friday.

PAMELA: Please stop.

[click play]

SHERIFF JAKE: Wow. This definitely changes things.

BEA: That's what we thought, Sheriff.

BRENDA: Bee-tee-dubs, looking rather sharp in that cowboy hat, my good man.

SHERIFF JAKE: Thanks. I've got a guy, he makes them custom for me.

BRENDA: I might need to get his number.

BEA: [clears her throat impatiently]

BRENDA: But that can wait.

SHERIFF JAKE: You're sure it was Clyde and Trudy?

BRENDA: We don't have proof yet, but boy do we have motive. So yeah, pretty damn sure.

SHERIFF JAKE: Trudy was always so good to me, I never would have thought-- [he sighs]

BEA: Are you going to arrest them?

SHERIFF JAKE: Well, if this stuff checks out we're looking at felony charges. Fraud, tampering, prescription drug theft... And with-- [he thinks better of it] Good work, ladies.

BEA: But do you think it could be connected to Paul's death? Dan's death?

SHERIFF JAKE: Look, I really appreciate you bringing this to me. We'll take it from here.

BRENDA: Wait, that's it? What about Dana?

BEA: She could be in very real danger, especially if Clyde and Trudy find out--

SHERIFF JAKE: This is official police business now. I'm afraid I can't comment any further.

[click play; evening sounds, walking down Main Street]

ANDY: You know, it's really quite a place? This Elsinore? This beautiful American jewel, scattered across the upper plains of this... Big Sky Country. I could live here-- [he chuckles] *We* could live here. *We* could buy the whole town and keep it just like this. Just. Like. This. [beat] But if I've learned anything from the saga of Hamill Hills, it's that without change, we are doomed! Stasis is death! Momentum is life! [snaps fingers] We pay people to move here with crazy new ideas. Chain restaurants. A bait and tackle shop. *Two* bait and tackle shops. And a river to use them in! An opera! *We'd* make it *perfect*. What do you think, John?

JOHN OLIVE: Look, I appreciate the date. Very romantic. Actually kind of my thing for a while there, but... I don't want to own a *town*.

ANDY: Understandable. And you said something about parking--

JOHN OLIVE: Yeah, I gotta get back to New York. Feed my meter.

ANDY: Well. I suppose that's another failed Wheydate. But we tried, didn't we? Handshake?

JOHN OLIVE: Handshake.

ANDY: Oh, and would you look at that? The sun setting.

JOHN OLIVE: Shakin' hands beneath the setting sun like a couple of lovestruck teenagers? Oh, Andy Wheyface, I might fall for you yet!

[Old Hollywood-y romantic music plays]

LORENA: [trying her very best to Sound Normal and Not Cry] Did you miss me, Rememberers? This is Lorena Christopher, host of Remembering Forgotten Memories of Hollywood, with an exciting announcement. As my devoted listeners are well aware, we were scheduled to return to your airwaves next month to dive into the lies and secret lives of Ty Von Wise, the troubled star of *Eyes on the Prize*. But like the 1945 surprise hit that revitalized Von Wise's career, I am a *Fickle Female*... and there's been a change of plans! We're back early to bring you a very special series called *Dodged A Bullet: Hollywood's Most Disastrous Marriages That Very Nearly Happened, But Thankfully Did Not*. Join me as I open the bitter wounds of heartbreak, from the three doomed engagements of Harry Hatfoot, to the scandalous 1963 summer afternoon when Studs Carbunkle lost his bride... and his eye at the altar. We'll delve deep into history's most anticipated celebrity weddings that were called off in public spectacles of pain and humiliation, because sometimes, things just don't work out, but ultimately, it is probably for the best,

because there is nothing worse than marrying someone who is clearly not ready for marriage, they would have stomped all over your heart, and at least this way you're not trapped in years of expensive divorce negotiations! [deep breath] Download our first episode of *Dodged A Bullet: Hollywood's Most Disastrous Marriages That Very Nearly Happened, But Thankfully Did Not*. Only on Remembering Forgotten Memories of Hollywood.

[end ad music]

[click play; an eerie wind howls; someone knocks on a door]

BRENDA: How is it snowing? I shoulda worn my jacket.

BEA: You're wearing a jacket.

BRENDA: My *other* jacket.

BEA: [unzipping] Look, if you want my sweater--

BRENDA: Casely, you care!

BEA: Of course I do. [another knock]

TRUDY: [opening door, heavy sigh] Yes? What is it now?

BEA: We have a message for Dana. May we see her?

TRUDY: Absolutely not. She's resting. You may tell me. I'll make sure she gets the message.

BRENDA: We'd prefer to deliver it in person.

CLYDE: [approaching] You want to upset her even more? I'm within my rights to call Sheriff--

BRENDA: Don't worry. We're just coming from there.

TRUDY: Oh? What were you doing there?

BEA: We've concluded our investigation here. We've turned over our findings to the sheriff's department. And we'll be leaving for Los Angeles after the holiday.

TRUDY: You've... finished? What did you find out?

BEA: We've told the proper authorities. That's the long and short of it. [beat] Anyway, please let Dana know we're done here. She can look for the show to come out later in the year.

CLYDE: Right, so she can hear you turn us into villains? Make her relive the last couple weeks all over again? For what, the titillation of your *devoted fans*?

BRENDA: I'd be more worried about a different kind of *fan* if I were you.

CLYDE: What?

BEA: Oh my god, is it 6 already? I'm so sorry to be rude, but we should really be getting back to town. We have to get all the... audio off our SD cards. Right, Brenda? [Bea elbows Brenda]

BRENDA: Ow! Why did you--? [catching herself] Right. You know how it is. Busy radio lives!

TRUDY: Thank you, ladies. [beat] And watch out for those clouds. Looks like a bad one.

CLYDE: An Easter blizzard. How about that?

BEA: It was really great getting to know you, and--

BRENDA: [snorts]

BEA: And have an amazing summer.

CLYDE: You have an amazing summer, too, Bea. [beat] My best to Lorena. A sweet girl. And have a safe drive back into town. The roads'll be getting dangerous.

[footsteps walking away from the door as it closes; a car dings as Brenda and Bea settle in]

BEA: What was that about? Were you trying to tip off our chief suspect!?

BRENDA: I'm not the one who wished him an "amazing summer."

BEA: I was trying to distract them from your thing about the fan!

BRENDA: Oh come on, how could I resist that pun? [beat] Dana was right about one thing. That guy has definitely murdered at least five people.

[click play; the sound of a guitar being tuned, and then a soft knock]

TRUDY: [through a door] Dana? Those were the Arden gals. [beat, guitar noises] They're leaving. They're done investigating. They didn't find much. [beat, guitar noises] Remember to take your valium, sweetie. And I'll bring you some supper. Love to hear you playing.

[click play; studio wrapping up]

PAMELA: So you're off to LA finally?

ROSALIND: First thing in the morning. If I don't get to bed, I'll miss my flight!

PAMELA: Aren't you the pilot?

ROSALIND: Haha, yeah. [beat] Yes. Yes I am. I should get to bed. [beat] Hey, if the fan was the ghost, and the ghost voice was doctored audio -- what was that weird ghostly moan?

PAMELA: Beats me! Maybe it's proof positive of the afterlife? Arden finally cracked it!

ROSALIND: I mean, you have to admit it's *kind* of weird. Maybe something's really up with--

PAMELA: Rosalind, have a safe flight. Let's leave the afterlife to the professionals.

ROSALIND: I'll call Dr. Lhereaux immediately!

PAMELA: Great. Hey, Rosalind?

ROSALIND: Yeah?

PAMELA: [warmly] Stay safe.

[click play; the sound of the car driving]

BRENDA: Is that guy following us? The only other dumbass out on the road tonight.

BEA: I don't know. I've been paying attention to the road, the thing we're trying to stay on.

BRENDA: It's the pickup. The one about a quarter mile back. He turned out of the ranch shortly after we left, and then he turned onto the highway right after us, too.

BEA: Probably a ranch hand. It's not like there's another way into town.

BRENDA: Turn off on the Old Cattle Trail Road. Take the long way into town.

BEA: With a blizzard threatening to--

BRENDA: This isn't a blizzard. It's flurries!

BEA: It's not-- We're not arguing about this.

BRENDA: Turn off. If he follows us--

BEA: Then he follows us onto a long, dark, empty road. In the middle of a *blizzard*.

BRENDA: Then we take evasive maneuvers.

BEA: Oh for God's-- I'm not Vin Diesel. I'm not... Johnny Furious.

BRENDA: I have got to take you to more movies. [beat] Just do it, okay? And if you're right, you can laugh about this with everybody else in the morning. Brenda being stupid again.

BEA: Ah! He turned on his brights!

BRENDA: Here's the turn! [the sound of wheels squealing, then tumbling off down gravel]

BEA: I'm going too fast!

BRENDA: Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, he's following us.

BEA: Well what do I do NOW?

BRENDA: GUN IT! [the sound of wheels scratching against gravel] He wasn't expecting that.

BEA: Yeah, because he knows how *stupid* it is to be driving this way *in a blizzard*.

BRENDA: It's. Flurries.

BEA: What are we doing now? In this car that does not have four-wheel drive.

BRENDA: Kill your lights.

BEA: Kill my--

BRENDA: Do you trust me, Casely?

BEA: I just want to know for once what's *going on*.

BRENDA: This road is a straight shot to the old schoolhouse. If we can get there with a large enough lead, we can hide behind it and then hope he keeps going past us.

BEA: What about the brake lights, Brenda? They don't turn off.

BRENDA: [glove compartment opens] You let me worry about that.

BEA: This is a rental!

BRENDA: Just turn off your lights and keep driving, kid. I got this. [a switch flips]

BEA: WELL DON'T TURN ON THE INTERIOR!!

BRENDA: How else can I see the fuse panel? [switch flips] That should do it. Hold her steady.

BEA: I can't see a fucking thing.

BRENDA: Neither can I. [beat] If this is how we die--

BEA: It's oddly appropriate?

BRENDA: Exactly what I was thinking.

BEA: The schoolhouse!

BRENDA: Turn off the road, then get behind it as close as you can.

[the sound of all of that happening; Bea kills the engine; the door opens]

BEA: What are you doing?

BRENDA: I'm going to see if he passes us by. [door shuts]

BEA: I just want to go back to my hotel. And get in a bath. And pack. And go back to Los Angeles. To apologize. That's what I have to do. Just say, "Lorena, I'm--" [door opens]

BRENDA: Okay, he totally passed by. We should just double back and-- [the sound of the engine failing to turn over] That doesn't sound good.

BEA: What fuses did you pull?

BRENDA: I dunno. Five or six of them? I had low visibility, and--

BEA: God. Dammit. Brenda.

BRENDA: I saved our lives!

BEA: Maybe that guy was trying to get our attention because our taillights abruptly disappeared!

BRENDA: He was flashing his brights well before that. We were in danger.

BEA: Okay, if that's true, he'll turn back around when he realizes that we turned off the road, and if that happens, he'll end up back here. So either we're in mortal danger from a criminal, or we're in mortal danger from you stranding us in a nonfunctional car in the middle of a blizz--

BRENDA: Lively little snow flurry. And nothing more.

BEA: Oh my God. Just admit you're wrong! One time! Admit it! This is way worse than a flurry!

BRENDA: I think I saw some blankets in the trunk if we need to bed down in here.

BEA: No. You don't get it, do you? You see walls but you don't look for doors. You just run into them until they break, and... and then you say, "Oh, look at all these cool bricks I found."

BRENDA: I make the best of bad situations!

BEA: You make the bad situations. I wish I'd never met you.

BRENDA: You don't mean that.

BEA: Right now? In the middle of nowhere? Waiting to possibly die--

BRENDA: We're not going to *die*--

BEA: Yeah. Yeah I kinda do wish I'd never met you.

BRENDA: So call Pamela! Call Pamela and let her save the day.

BEA: That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to--

[phone dialing; straight to voicemail]

PAMELA: Hey, it's Pamela. I'm not available because my fine husband is in town, and yes I'm not saying his name on my work phone. [beat] Also, Bea, if this is you and you just did something stupid, please let it wait until morning. [beeeeep]

BEA: [huffs] Whatever.

BRENDA: You're more like me than you want to admit.

BEA: Oh great. Great.



BRENDA: Or maybe... we're more like each other than we'd like to admit. All we've got is this. Trying to solve this. Trying to figure it out.

BEA: I have other things.

BRENDA: Do you?

BEA: [beat] I fucked things up with Lorena.

BRENDA: I know.

BEA: I-- [a long pause] That's all I got. "I--"

BRENDA: A very popular pronoun.

BEA: I'm trying not to run away from my emotions anymore.

BRENDA: You? As of when?

BEA: As of today. That thing you said to me -- "You can lose a forest, but you can't lose a tree?"

BRENDA: I believe I said you gotta cut that motherfucker down.

BEA: Yeah. I kinda got... stuck on it. Like there was something in it I couldn't let go of.

BRENDA: It's pretty profound!

BEA: I'm not sure it is. I think it's just... you see everything as an obstacle. And you want to run it over as quickly as you can. And when I met you--

BRENDA: FUCK he's back.

BEA: Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

BRENDA: Get the fuck DOWN, Casely. [a pause... the sound of an idling engine in the distance] If he comes any closer, you throw open the trunk. I'll go for the tire iron.

BEA: And me?

BRENDA: You'll think of somethin'.

BEA: [beat] "I'll think of somethin'."? That's your plan?

BRENDA: I worry about plenty of stuff. I never worry about your ability to think of somethin'.

BEA: He's just sitting there?

BRENDA: He doesn't want to do this. It's late. It's snowing. He wants to get to church or dinner or school or... go to the Good Friday Ball? God, I should have read the Bible to prepare. [urging the other driver] C'mon, dude. You don't want to do this. Go away. Go home.

[and as if she willed it, the engine's sound retreats]

BEA: It could have been nothing.

BRENDA: That guy was looking for us.

BEA: Or he wasn't. Why would he be looking for us?

BRENDA: I don't know, maybe Clyde sent him to run us off the road!

BEA: Because *you* tipped him off?

BRENDA: Or could be Fortinbras, those guys are shady as hell.

BEA: Well, whoever was trying to "kill us" did a really bad job. Like we were right here.

BRENDA: He's racing off back to town. He must think we tricked him.

BEA: Which was our original plan?

BRENDA: But somebody knew that would be too obvious--

BEA: And is bad with fuse panels. See, this is what I mean. Some people see a tree and say, "Oh, what a lovely tree." You see a tree and say, "I gotta sharpen my axe!"

BRENDA: And all I'm saying is you think you love trees, but you really love cutting them down.

BEA: This metaphor is getting tortured.

BRENDA: Well? What about Lorena?

BEA: Don't bring her into this!

BRENDA: She's a consummate tree appreciator, and you couldn't have had less interest in her.

BEA: I got engaged to her! That's interest! That's expressing interest!

BRENDA: You were dragged kicking and screaming.

BEA: Because I wasn't ready for marriage.

BRENDA: Because you grew up in this place, among people who thought they were better than everybody else here, but deep down you were terrified you weren't. Because you liked getting your hands dirty. You liked cutting down trees. You liked being in the shit.

BEA: Of course. I'm a journalist.

BRENDA: You think that's what we're talking about?

BEA: I don't think I'm better than everybody else.

BRENDA: Agree to disagree. [beat] But the point is, you at least have the decency to be terrified that you're just as bad as the rest of us.

BEA: And blah blah blah I am? Is that where we're headed?

BRENDA: No. [deep breath] If we're not running from our feelings... You've made me a better person, Casely.

BEA: Oh shut the fuck up. Don't come in here and--

BRENDA: I'm trying to tell you something here!

BEA: Fine. Fine.

BRENDA: When I left... I thought I was in love with you.

BEA: You thought you were--

BRENDA: You got under my skin, okay? You got under my skin, and you got in my head, and--

BEA: If you're confessing a workplace crush, this is a weird time.

BRENDA: And I thought I had stopped being me, you know? Like... when I felt bad about what happened to Julie. Or even now, when we decided not to go after Clyde and Trudy... I never would have done that. Even a couple years ago. I was angry. I was so angry. [a beat, a long one] And what I realized was I wasn't in love with you but--

BEA: [kisses her]

BRENDA: Whoa. Casely.

BEA: Brenda?

BRENDA: What?

BEA: Shut the fuck up. For. Once.

BRENDA: Same to--

[and another kiss, the sounds of the car seats reclining, and then, abruptly--]

[the sound of a microphone's hiss]

DANA: Hey, gang. I know you haven't heard from me in a few days. I've been going through it. Really, really-- [swallows.] I got lost somewhere. And I'm trying to get out.

They took my legend  
They took my key  
They took my compass  
Away from me  
They say I'm crazy  
They claim I'm free  
They only tell me  
What not to be

Should I go off the map  
Knowing there's no comin' back?  
I mean  
You did the same

Yeah, I'm goin' off the map  
And I am never comin' back  
It's fine  
I'm going away  
Ay ay ay

I know each step of this rotten town  
They lie and laugh as they drag me down  
But I don't know what's around the bend

How can I choose where my road will end?

If I go off the map  
Then I am never comin' back  
I mean  
You did the same

Yeah, I'm goin' off the map  
And they will not see me again  
They can chart my course  
But that's just where I've been

So I think about it  
And I drink about it  
On the brink I shout:  
It hasn't crossed their minds  
That they could change  
Nothing's gonna change  
We're all dead inside and  
We're just trying to hide it  
They buried me alive  
I'm breaking out  
I doubt that they will change  
Nothing's gonna change  
Not like I am gonna change  
Not like I am gonna change...

If I go off the map  
I'm never, ever comin' back  
You know,  
I'd do it, too

When I go off the map  
They'll never, ever get me back  
I'll join you  
And find somewhere new  
Ooh ooh ooh  
Ooh ooh, ooh [she stops playing]

Thanks. Thanks for listening.

[click stop]