

ARDEN

Season 2, Episode 5

“More Kin, Less Kind”

By Mara Woods-Robinson

Created by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole, and Sara Ghaleb

REGULAR CAST:

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

GUEST CAST:

CLYDE HAMILL: Zach Grenier
TRUDY HAMILL: Rebecca Metz
PAUL BRECKENRIDGE: Oscar Jordan
JAKE WUNDER: Mike Bash
ASHER CASELY: Omar Andrade
DJ WALKIN: Alex Welch
GARY GALLAGHER: Grant Patrizio
CALLER 1: Jennifer Liao

CONTENT WARNING: This episode contains adult language, loud noises, vivid discussion of gore and violence, discussions of alcoholism, discussions of suicidal/self harm thoughts

GLOSSARY:

RED = STUDIO

GREEN = FLASHBACK

PURPLE = FIELD AUDIO

BLUE = ADVERTISEMENTS

BEA: Last time on Arden...

BEA: We're telling the whole story here. Not one person's story.

PAMELA: Why do you keep fighting her taking over?

TRUDY: If you ever have kids of your own, you'll see. They're never ready.

DANA: If you ever have a choice, pick the sun.

ANDY: This has been your preview of Wheydate! Make your profile now for your chance to meet with me!

BRENDA: Any other names of interest in the old police files?

JAKE: Well, there's one guy we talked to, Paul Breckenridge.

PAUL: There's someone you should talk to.

OLIVIA: I hope Dana gets real attention from someone who cares about her.

ROSALIND: Dana... we are friends, right?

DANA: Hell yeah we are!

CLYDE: Well, you had the moment, right? The moment where you both know.

BEA: So, let's start here. I'll buy you dinner. You in?

LORENA: Always. Lead the way, Ms. Casely.

DANA: ...Olivia, are what are you doing here?

OLIVIA: Uh, hi.... Guess I'm back?

[silence]

ANDY: Arden is brought to you, as always, by Wheyface Industries. The good people. People is not species specific.

[click-play]

[shock jock radio sound effects. Bea is in the studio of DJ Walkin', a local Montana shock-jock. It is way too early in the morning and both of them are powered on coffee and adrenaline.]

DJ: Welcome back to Wheyface In the Morning! I'm D.J. Walkin' and yes you ARE listening to the right station, we've been seized by Wheyface Industries. We have Bea Casely, host of Arden, in the studio this morning. She is just as contractually obligated to be here as I am.

BEA: You got that right, Mx. Walkin'.

[they both fake laugh]

DJ: Let's go to the phones! Talk to some listeners! Which is apparently what my show is now! First caller! You're on the air with me and Bea Casely.

CALLER 1 (an old woman): What happened to I'm DJ Walkin' Here!? I miss that show.

DJ: Same show, they made us change the name.

[click]

BEA: They changed a lot when they bought my station too. [sigh] I miss the neon wallpaper.

DJ: At least they're not changing the music. You know this station used to be all oldies until 2010? People got big mad about it at the time but they came around. I know I'm proud that we're Elsinore, Montana's most popular exclusively jazz station.

BEA: Only jazz? In rural Montana? That turns a profit?

DJ: We're the only thing you can pull in here in the valley if there's so much as a single cloud in the sky. A captive audience is a happy audience! Anyway, next caller, you're up.

CALLER 2: Wow. Good morning to you, Mx. Walkin, and might I say how much I admire independent radio. It's a real tragedy how corporatized it's become. I have a question for Bea.

BEA: NEXT CALLER!

DJ: Whoa, not so fast. With whomst am I speaking?

CALLER 2/ASHER: The name is Asher Casely--.

DJ: Casely? Are you--

BEA: [it pains her to admit this] My little brother, yes.

DJ: Oh my goodness! Mr. Lieutenant Governor!

BEA: Oh come on. It's a ceremonial role! He only took it to get the gavel!

[sound of banging gavel]

ASHER: You hear that, Bea? That's the sound of *the law*.

DJ: Lt. Governor Casely, thank you for taking time out of your busy day to address our listeners.

BEA: Oh, he's not busy! [beat] Look, can I call you back?

ASHER: Call? You're in the state. Drop by Helena! You can stay in our house. Wow. Do they even have houses in Los Angeles?

BEA: Of course they do.

ASHER: Do you live in one?

BEA: No, no one does!

ASHER: It's not too bad a drive either. I had to come by Hatchet Falls and thought I'd pop over to Elsinore, check in on my sister-

BEA: Don't you have much more important things to do, gaveling all over the place and such?

ASHER: Wow. *Family* is the most important thing of all, Bea.

[dial tone; Bea groans]

BEA: Please tell me no one listens to this show.

DJ: Oh, absolutely no one. I just complain and play jazz. Now for a mandated "Wheyface break." Let me read over the copy so I know what I'll be saying on air. I wouldn't want to interrupt the ad to ask a random question about something I've obviously *just* read.

BEA: Okay, for the record, we do clean takes of the ads. The show just won't use them.

DJ: Hold on. Does this say "Coaster Oven" or is it a typo? [beat] Ohhhhhh. It's to keep your coasters warm when you put a cold drink on them.

[Shock jock sound effect]

[Arden theme begins]

BRENDA: Shortly before Easter in 2011, a Montana rancher stepped into a grain bin to fix a mechanical error. He wouldn't step out again. The local police ruled it an accident, but his daughter has spent the last eight lonely, quixotic years trying to prove that he was murdered. So was this the perfect murder? And what does Dan Hamill's death tell us about the decline of the American small town... and the American dream? Join us, won't you, as we unravel this mystery... on Arden.

[music out; click play]

[the radio station... Pamela enters the studio, followed by Olivia]

PAMELA: I've gotta go grab the forms. You can hang out in the studio.

OLIVIA: Ooh, microphones. [Olivia taps a mic] Can I record anything?

PAMELA: No. Brenda did that once, and now we can't get rid of her. I'll be right back.

[Pamela exits; Olivia steps to the microphone]

OLIVIA: You're not recording are you? [beat] This is Olivia Breckenridge. Live Action News. [she does an overdramatic TV news type theme] God, I hope you're not recording.

DANA: They always are. They have microphones everywhere.

OLIVIA: Dana! God. Don't sneak up on me. We're not 15 anymore.

DANA: Sorry if I surprised you. I'm meeting a friend. We can be in the same room, right?

OLIVIA: Sure. Yeah.

[a long moment in interminable silence]

OLIVIA: So how've you been?

DANA: I convinced a true crime podcast to come out here and investigate the death of my father. [beat] So I'm great! Love to live endlessly in formative trauma.

OLIVIA: Haha yeah.

[another silence]

DANA: You look good. I can't see old you... well. Not really.

OLIVIA: Cool.

DANA: And you have a boyfriend? [beat] Sorry. Your dad. Never shuts up.

OLIVIA: Yeah. We live together. He's... he likes football. [beat] Doesn't every little boy dream of growing up to be the girlfriend in a beer commercial? [beat] We don't have to do this. Really.

DANA: [blurted out] I saw a therapist. Like you said at the hospital.

OLIVIA: Like I'd been saying our whole marriage. [beat] I can't believe it took me trying to--.

DANA: Something about that "she's just had her stomach pumped" clarity I really latched on to.

OLIVIA: Is it helping? Talking to a therapist, I mean?

DANA: Yeah. Took a while, but I got my diagnosis. Got my pills. Wouldn't have been able to do any of this without them.

OLIVIA: If it's too personal--

DANA: It *is* too personal. [beat] But I'll give you three guesses...

OLIVIA: Uh. I should see about those forms. It was good to see you, Dana. [beat] I mean that.

DANA: Breakfast. [beat] I know I screwed everything up. I know that. But I miss my friend. Maybe my only friend? And I hoped maybe you-- [beat] I'd like to split the sunrise special with you one more time. Old time's sake and all that.

OLIVIA (means it): Maybe. I'm only here a few days [starts to exit but] I thought about calling.

DANA: I would ask why you didn't, but. Well.

OLIVIA: I was mad at you.

DANA: You had reason to be. I was... not great. [beat] Bipolar Two.

OLIVIA: Mood swings.

DANA: No, that's Bipolar One. With its big mood swings. This is... I'll feel stable for long periods of time. Just kind of grey. And then it feels... it feels like I could pull the universe apart at an atomic level. And I wear myself out trying. [beat] It's not an excuse. For what I did. What I said. But it's real, and I'm better.

OLIVIA: Okay. [beat] Look, if you're not doing anything right--

ROSALIND [in the hall]: Dana? You here?

DANA: That's my friend. Sorry.

OLIVIA: Right. Cool. [beat] Breakfast.

DANA: Breakfast. [calling to Rosalind] Hey, bud!

[click play]

BRENDA: Casely! We're ready. Go on, do your thing.

BEA: My thing?

BRENDA: "Welcome back listeners, today we peel back yet another layer of the rural American psyche." Then I say, "Now hold the phone! Kinda like what Shrek said about onions" and then you get offended by my lowbrow tastes and we forget what we're supposed to be talking about.

BEA: Actually, Shrek is a poignant deconstruction of Otherness.

BRENDA: More like a poignant deconstruction of *og*reness.

BEA: [with great conviction] Exactly. God. What is with me? Not enough sleep, probably. I was up super early for that morning show--

PAMELA: Five AM is not that early. I listen to the show as I jog.

BRENDA: Pamela, please try to be relatable, for the fans.

PAMELA: The “surprise sibling” call in felt a little tired, but--

BRENDA: Your brother called in? Brother Bowdoin Casely?

PAMELA: He lives in Montana. In fact, Bea grew up here.

BRENDA: No way! I thought you were from-- [beat] Actually, that explains the horse thing.

BEA: Pamela, Asher and I were having a personal conversation.

PAMELA: It was on the air!

BRENDA: I’m hurt, Bea. Here at Wheyface Radios we’re a family, and families don’t keep secrets. They keep thorough documentation.

BEA: *That* is a wildly unfactual claim that possibly contradicts the entire point of this investigation, not to mention last season’s... In fact, that brings me to the focus of today’s episode: family, and the secrets *it* keeps. [beat] And “it” is correct. Family is a singular noun!

BRENDA: Oh my God singular noun. We are cookin’ with gas. But you have to say “Welcome.”

BEA: [sliding into full radio-Bea mode] Welcome back, Arden listeners.

BRENDA: Ooh, yes! Gave me chills. Now do one in a British accent.

BEA: [posh British accent] Welcome back, listeners.

BRENDA: [Cockney accent] To another episode of Arden.

[Bea and Brenda giggle]

PAMELA: The listeners have been sufficiently welcomed.

BEA: [back to radio-Bea] On the surface, the Hamill family is local royalty. They live in a giant house and run a hugely successful ranch. Dana Hamill grew up having everything she wanted.

BRENDA: Except for the horrific freak accident that left her fatherless, and drove her mother into the arms of her uncle. Don't think she wanted that.

BEA: That's why we sat down with Clyde and Trudy Hamill to discuss the impact of Dan's tragic death on their relationship.

[click play]

TRUDY: When I lost my husband, Clyde lost his brother. The tragedy brought us closer together. We didn't have to grieve alone.

CLYDE: You could say our relationship was born from shared trauma. It's actually quite common. I could talk to Trudy about my grief, because she was going through the same thing.

BRENDA: So your relationship only began after Dan's death?

TRUDY: [offended at the insinuation] Years after. And even then we took it slow. We wanted to make sure that this was something real before we acted on it.

CLYDE: Sure, people in town love to talk. But do you think it was my *plan* to marry my brother's widow? Hell, I even tried to fight it, but once I knew-- Love makes its own plans.

TRUDY: Aw.

[Bea and Brenda chuckle, a little charmed]

BRENDA: What was it like? When you realized you were in love?

TRUDY: That's a little private for--

CLYDE: Aw, hon. It's a sweet story. [beat] It was Fourth of July, and we'd gotten a thunderstorm. I'm stranded with the cattle, and here comes my savior, in an old truck. When I get in, "Unchained Melody" is playing. It's a perfect movie moment. I look at her, and I say it. "I'm in love with you." And she can't stop the smile that comes next, and... well...

TRUDY: It was sweet. [a long pause] After being sad so long... it was sweet.

[click stop]

BEA: But Dana has a different take on Clyde and Trudy's marriage.

[click play]

DANA: [recording from Open Mic Night - she's singing] Shameless. Sha-a-ameless. / It's like they couldn't wait for him to die. / And I wonder if my childhood was a lie. / Father's body bloody in the bin. / Mother finally gets her life of sin.

[click stop]

BRENDA: We can't use Dana's lyrics as evidence!

BEA: She's clearly implying that Clyde and Trudy's relationship predated Dan's death. She's even suggesting it was the reason he died.

BRENDA: Song meaning is left for interpretation.

BEA: "Father's body bloody in the bin"?

BRENDA: Okay, that one is very specific.

BEA: But maybe Dana's wrong. What if Clyde and Trudy just make each other happy? Doesn't everyone deserve to be happy?

ROSALIND: [yells dramatically, from farther away] Not if you're a murderer!

BEA: Rosalind? Where are you?

ROSALIND: Up here.

[Bea and Brenda gasp]

BEA: Why are you... dangling from the ceiling in a harness?

ROSALIND: Wheyface Industries physical fitness test. You guys gotta do it next.

BEA: And why does it require... crawling on the ceiling like a spider?

ROSALIND: Didn't you get the message? [she clicks play]

[Patriotic music plays]

ANDY: Greetings, Wheyface Industries employees! It's time for your annual physical fitness examination. You, Wheyface Industries employee, must be ready for anything. Including the impending war against the shape-shifting vampires living among us!

[Rosalind presses stop]

PAMELA: I hate to break up preparations for the coming apocalypse, but *we're still recording*.

ROSALIND: Dana has good reason for her suspicions. [unbuckling noises, then a thud] Ahhhh. Feels great to be out of that harness. Like taking off your shoes at the end of a long day.

BRENDA: When Clyde talks about Dana, he says her theories are a manifestation of grief and--

ROSALIND: Clyde?! The *murder* suspect? Clyde is just pulling bogus psychoanalysis out of his ass. The guy calls himself a therapist, but he's only a former high school counselor.

BEA: Doesn't mean he doesn't know his own step-daughter. Niece? No. Step-daughter.

ROSALIND: When I said "Dana's side of things" I meant her actual side. Like her words.

[click play]

DANA: [defensive] My childhood? Is this a shrink thing? Who told you to ask me that? Did Clyde tell you to ask that? [beat] He's not a therapist. He's only a high school guidance counselor.

BEA: Dana, it's okay. We're just trying to paint a portrait of your family dynamic for our listeners. What was it like growing up on the ranch?

DANA: It was great. I had a lot of freedom. My dad was really hands-on and encouraging.

BEA: And your mother?

DANA: She used to be warmer. She was happier with dad. We all were. He had this spirit about him. He was fun. Spontaneous. I must have been nine, and he sizes me up one day. Then he says, "Alright. It's time." And he leads me out to the truck and gives me my first driving lesson!

BRENDA: He taught you to drive when you were *nine*?

DANA: I was dying to learn. I already knew how to drive an ATV. He taught me that when I was... 7? He knew how bad I wanted to drive for real. And he trusted me. He knew I was

ready. After an hour or so, we were flying across the ranch. That was one of the best days of my life.

BEA: That sounds incredibly dangerous!

DANA: You sound like my mom. My overprotective, controlling, horrible mom. She flipped when she found out. God, she was always trying to ruin our fun.

BEA: For good reason! You could have been killed.

DANA: Dad knew what he was doing, he would have stepped in if anything went wrong. She never trusted him. And she doesn't trust *me*. I'm nearly 30 and she still wants to know where I am all the time! [scoffs] I'm not a *baby*. And I'm not like her. I'm not a whore.

[click stop]

BRENDA: That got rough.

BEA: I should send my mom flowers for being a good mom! No, if I do that she'll think something's wrong. And then the neurotic texts! Asking if I'm dying or, god-forbid, pregnant.

BRENDA: Don't get pregnant. You'll end up with a kid who writes songs about you at open mics.

BEA: Or hates me for being too protective or too embarrassing or just anything because kids are the-- [gasp] What if Lorena wants kids? She can't want to get married AND want kids!

PAMELA: Will you two shut up!? Stop projecting your own problems onto everything we record. It's dumb, and professionals don't do that! They are calm and objective like I am, you dillweeds!

BEA: Is everything okay...? [door slams shut]

BRENDA: Can she just leave the booth? Don't we need to start recording?

BEA: Oh shit.

[drawers and cabinets being opened and riffled through]

BEA: I've gotta find the secret hidden microphone that was definitely recording what I just said because I do not trust the editors to cut that--

BRENDA: Andy won't let anything air that jeopardizes the big two-part finale wedding.

BEA: Andy Wheyface will NOT be getting involved in my tasteful un-sponsored wedding.

BRENDA: You know how much a wedding costs? I'd be selling out in a second if I were you.

BEA: I don't even know if a wedding's gonna happen.

BRENDA: Oh. Uhh, want to talk about it, work pal?

[a knock]

TRUDY: Hello? Is this a bad time? This place looks ransacked.

BEA: Oh. Trudy. Hi. Just searching for... Nothing! What can we help you with?

TRUDY: I didn't want to say anything earlier, because... well, it's a sensitive topic. Dana isn't exactly... [awkward pause] She can have... trouble with the truth. Dana idolized her father. She was always running after him. In her eyes, he could do no wrong. But...

BEA: But what?

TRUDY: [long pause] Dan had a death wish. He didn't care what happened to him. Or believed nothing bad *could* happen to him. He drank on the job. Got into accidents all the time.

BRENDA: So something like him leaving an auger on while he was near it--

TRUDY: You can see why I think this was just a horrible accident! I can't tell you how many times I hid his keys. He taught Dana to drive as soon as she could see above the steering wheel so she could drive him around the ranch when he was wasted. He thought that was safer.

BRENDA: Jesus.

TRUDY: That was the worst part. He wasn't just a threat to himself, he was a threat to her. Thank god nothing happened to her! [her voice breaks] And now that he's gone, she blames me. I don't think Dan was [pauses too long] ill. But he was careless. Just... careless.

[click play]

ROSALIND: I'm here with Paul Breckenridge, foreman at Hamill Ranch and Dan's close friend. We've gotten to know each other at Dana's Open Mics.

PAUL: Always happy to talk to a fellow music lover.

ROSALIND: Likewise, but unfortunately I'm not here to talk about Dana's artistically ambitious folk pop. [beat] I'm here to talk about alcoholism. It's recently come to our attention that Dan's drinking was a bit more serious than we thought.

PAUL: Dan had a problem. And it was only getting worse.

ROSALIND: You were drinking buddies, right?

PAUL: Yeah. We were young and dumb. Can't tell you the trouble we got in together! [he chuckles] But once I had a kid, I realized old Jack Daniels was getting in the way of what was important in my life. I got help, got sober. Dan though, Dan never grew out of it.

ROSALIND: And what effect did that have on his marriage? [pause, he's struggling to think of what to say] Paul. It's okay. You had to have talked about it with Dan.

PAUL: Yeah... I was married. My wife left. She never felt like she could live in this goddamn town. Her words. "This goddamn town." She said I was no fun sober. Can you imagine? Me? No fun? She and Trude were best friends. But she left, Trudy stayed. Make of that what you want.

[click play]

[sound of phone text alert]

BEA: Oh my God, Asher! Leave me alone!

PAMELA: [over studio mic] Can you not bring your phone into the booth? Honestly--

BEA: Sorry! God, hearing Asher's voice on the radio this morning-- Oh my God. Oh my God! Clyde and Trudy are lying. They definitely got together before Dan's death. And I can prove it.

[click play]

[serene ad music]

BEA: Shouldn't Andy be here? Don't you need to pick up your husband from the airport?

PAMELA: Being trusted to direct an ad is a big opportunity for me, and if I hadn't volunteered Rosalind was going to swoop in like a hawk from the rafters. She was in the rafters trying to get down from her harness. Do you think you can record this in one take? No goofing around.

BEA: When do I goof around during the ads?

PAMELA: Are you going to ruin my anniversary weekend or are you going to read the ad?

BEA: [reading]: Do you need some "me time"? Do you want nothing more than to unplug your phone, burn your mailbox, and smash your doorbell with a hammer so you won't have to ever interact with another human again? Do you want a monthly subscription box full of bath bombs and earplugs so you can focus completely on yourself?

[As self] Oh man, I really do.

[reading the ad copy]: Well too bad, because Wheyface Industries will sell you no such box of lies. The self is an illusion, and illusion is another word for delusion, which is another word for fib, and the self is the biggest fib there is! Cutting yourself off from others is not only bad for you, it's impossible. All people are one, sharing the same needs and wants and particular emotions. You may think you are special. You're not.

[As self] Okay, this is a little aggressive, how is this supposed to- don't give me that Pamela face! I can see you. [beat] Wow you can go a long time without blinking! Fine.

[reading the ad copy]: The Wheyface There-Is-No-Self Care package is a monthly subscription box that sends products designed to remind you that you're not alone and material objects, such as our refreshing Citrus Splash shower gel, cannot replace connection. Our soothing Lavender-Listening scented candles are perfect for a candlelight vigil or power outages when people need each other most of all. You otherwise never need candles. You may try to be strong, but you don't need to stand alone. Other people will help you, if only you'd let them. Surrender to the united human consciousness, with our organic lip balm. Ask yourself, and again, both "you" and "self" aren't real things, do you really feel happier in total isolation?

PAMELA: Bea, are you okay? Bea. [Pamela comes out of the booth and hugs Bea] I got you.

BEA (emotional): I GOT YOU.

PAMELA: I need you to do something for me.

BEA: ANYTHING.

PAMELA: Wrap this up.

BEA: [over Pamela's shoulder in the hug] Okay: Disclaimer: Wheyface makes no guarantee that solipsism is not the only true reality and in fact you are the only real thing in a universe of your own invention. We don't have answers we're just trying to sell soap.

[click play]

GARY: It's here somewhere. There. "Unchained Melody." July 4, all right. But July 4, 2009. And, yeah, they switched over to jazz by July 4, 2010.

BEA: This station is about all you can pull in down here, especially in a storm. They lied.

BRENDA: Radio stations really keep a log of every song they play?

BEA: Have to. And since we now technically own this station--

ANDY: [in background] We have access to that log! And to think when I bought this station, it was just so I wouldn't have to find street parking.

BEA: Why are you here? Don't you have a Wheydate?

GARY: Yes, me.

BEA: Oh, sorry, I thought you were the computer looking up things guy.

GARY: I am. Gary Gallagher of Gallagher's Gadgets, Gizmos, and Electrical Engineering.

ANDY: Gary is a small business owner like me. Well, I'm more of a small business collector.

BRENDA: I just checked the weather records. There was a thunderstorm in Elsinore on July 4, 2009. And then nothing on that day for the next several years. Bad drought. [beat] Oh, I'm sorry. Hi, Gary. [beat, considering] Gary Wheyface. It'll take some getting used to.

GARY: You know I've been thinking about this and if we were to join souls eternally in holy matrimony, we should also re-brand. Gallagher-Wheyface's Gadgets, Gizmos, and Electrical Engineering Industries.

ANDY: Andy Wheyface-Gallagher. Andy Gallagher-Wheyface. Hm.

GARY: If it's easier, we can just change it to Gallagher Industries.

BEA: Okay, they'll be at this a while. And we have actual work to do. Right, Brenda?

BRENDA: I kinda want to see how this turns out is the thing--

BEA: BRENDA.

[smash-click to]

BEA: So, Clyde, tell us about your brother.

CLYDE: We didn't always see eye to eye, but I respected Dan. He really stepped up when our father left. I wouldn't have been able to go to college if he hadn't stayed to run the ranch.

BEA: So you loved your brother?

CLYDE: Yes. Of course.

BRENDA: Then why did you have an affair with his wife?

CLYDE: [sighs] For God's sake, she's in the next room. Do we really *need* to--

BRENDA: Unchained Melody? A thunderstorm? That sequence of events you describe can only have taken place in 2009. Trust us. We checked.

CLYDE: How can you possibly know that? A time machine?

BEA: Better. Accurate record keeping.

CLYDE: [an edge to his voice finally] There was no affair. [a pause, trying to gain control] She was a good and faithful wife. I was weak. I was the weak one. I--

[a moment for that to settle, then--]

BEA: Clyde... we've spoken to people around town. Ranch hands, classmates, even Paul. A lot of them have stories about you and Dan arguing. Dan yelling at you. Dan belittling you.

BRENDA: If he was abusive to you, then he likely was with her, too. Domestic violence often--

TRUDY: [in the door] He never laid a finger on me. Not once.

CLYDE: Dear, you shouldn't be here.

TRUDY: Dan was a bad husband. He was not an abusive husband. He was a troubled man, no doubt. A lot of anger in him. But his family was the most important thing.

CLYDE: He never hit me either. He helped me. Lent me money. Went to bat for me to help me find work. Yes. We argued. But we're family. That's what family does. The ways Dan was cruel were louder than the ways Dan was kind. But he was kind. He was. [he looks to Trudy]

TRUDY: He could be. I married him after all. But toward the end--

BEA: Then why? Why did you cheat?

CLYDE: We didn't--

TRUDY: Clyde.

CLYDE: We didn't cheat. [beat] We danced.

TRUDY: I picked Clyde up at the hospital.

CLYDE: Blew up a firecracker. Injured my hand. Classic Fourth of July injury, heh. They were able to fix it. Thank God. And I couldn't think of anybody else to call.

TRUDY: So he calls me. I come in to town, and he looks so sad and small sitting there, hand wrapped in bandages. "Unchained Melody" is on the radio. My favorite song. Always has been.

CLYDE: It's mine, too.

TRUDY: The rain was pretty. The song was gorgeous. He holds out his hand for me to help him up from the bench outside, and I... I didn't let go.

CLYDE: And we danced. That's all. A dance. A moment of weakness.

TRUDY: It felt like magic. Like a moment we got outside of it all. I'm sure you could check a security camera, drum up the past. But why? It was a sweet moment. I knew I loved him then--

CLYDE: I always knew I loved you.

TRUDY: But I also knew that never in a million years could I do anything about that.

BEA: You married the wrong brother? That's what you thought?

TRUDY: I married the man I married. I just thought... that night... it was a blessing. To see into another life like that. And I thought that was all I would get. A glimpse. And then--

CLYDE: And then. [beat] Did you get what you needed? Dan was complicated. We had a stolen moment. We're all people. We're all just people.

[click stop]

BEA: Do you buy any of that? Dancing outside a hospital in the rain? With a bad hand?

BRENDA: Maybe. Some suspects are so good at lying they overwrite the past for themselves.

BEA: You think that's happening here?

BRENDA: No. But there's more to the story.

BEA: We're running in circles on this. We need a new angle. I know who we should talk to.

[click play]

BEA: Thank you for talking to us again, Olivia.

OLIVIA: Well screw it, I'm in town anyway.

BEA: We are trying to get a better picture of the Hamill family from an outside perspective. The inside perspectives are a little... hard to follow. Family's like that, eh?

OLIVIA: Theirs is, I guess.

BRENDA: We're trying to get a better sense of Dan's character.

OLIVIA: Let me guess. Dana says one thing. Everybody else says another. [a beat] Here's the one thing I know was true about Dan. The people he loved the most, he treated the worst. Including his daughter. [beat] I assume you've heard the high school graduation story.

BEA & BRENDA: [at the same time] No.

BRENDA: What happened?

OLIVIA: [sigh] He humiliated her. He showed up drunk. Took the mic and started ranting about Dana leaving for college. He even took a swing at my dad for trying to get him off the stage.

BRENDA: He tried to hit Paul? Didn't that piss your dad off?

OLIVIA: My dad isn't like that. He always forgave Dan. He even left the graduation to make sure Dan got home safe. He was always too- They were really close. When he died, it messed dad up. He fell off the wagon.

BEA: It must have been tough on you, being in the middle of Paul and Dana's grief.

OLIVIA: Yeah, I suppose. But I was more worried about money. When my dad started drinking again, it got bad. He'd miss his shifts at the ranch. Or be in no state to work. Clyde had to let him go. He did right by us. Hired him right back once he was sober. But in the meantime, we had nothing.

[click play]

[generic classical music plays, faint chatter of voices, clinking of plates and glasses. Bea enters a nice restaurant, looking for Lorena.]

LORENA: Bea! Over here, darling

BEA: Lorena! [they hug, kiss "hello"] How was your day?

LORENA: Rustically charming. [a beat] Um, sweetheart, don't take this the wrong way... why is there dirt on your blouse?

BEA: Oh, shoot. [she brushes her clothes with her hands] The end of the Wheyface fitness exam is a full-on steeplechase. And-- [beat] You know what? Never mind. Long story. But now that it's just the two of us, we can have a nice, relaxing--

ASHER: Hey, B-brain!

BEA: Asher! What are you doing here?

ASHER: This is the only restaurant in town with a Yelp review. Where else would I be?

FRENCH CHEF: Oui, oui, our four star review is as authentic as our French cuisine!

LORENA: Lorena Christopher, nice to meet you. I'm Bea's --

ASHER: Is that a wedding ring?! [this is new information, but good news] Wow, Bea, never thought I'd see you wearing a wedding ring. And such a traditional one.

BEA: It's not a wedding ring. It's an engagement ring. And yes, the diamond industry is awful, [very proud] but *this* diamond is diamond-free.

LORENA: I had no idea Bea's family lived so close by, I would have invited you to the proposal flashmob. Please, forgive me.

ASHER: A flash mob! That's the most romantic thing I've ever heard. It's good she has you, Lorena. My sister needs someone fun to even her out.

LORENA: Oh, I'm not sure that's me.

ASHER: This is embarrassing. I'm such a RIFMOH head. Could you sign my--

BEA: What? You said podcasts were for lazy trust fund kids who can't be bothered to read.

ASHER: Not if you do them right. Lorena really elevates the medium. Did you know she records all of her episodes on period-appropriate equipment?

BEA: It's come up.

ASHER: You know, podcasts just don't sound right if you're not listening to them on vinyl. [beat] Lorena, the attention to detail in your research is just exquisite!

LORENA: Thank you. What did you think of our series about the Second World War's influence on the Technicolor escapism of Desmond von Holten's 1950s musical comedies?

BEA: Oh boy, I'm gonna need a drink. Waiter! [footsteps – a waiter walks over] Can I get a beer? The largest size of the least pretentious beer you got.

[click stop; click play]

[wine glasses clink]

LORENA: Mmm. Lovely finish. 2014 Chateau d'Ivresse Pinot Noir?

ASHER: The very same. Thank goodness I always travel with a host gift wine in case of emergencies. Otherwise we'd be eating this meal with-

[a beer can being opened loudly, then gulped down... beat... then a loud burp]

ASHER: Where are your manners, Bea?

BEA: [a few drinks in] Where's your butt, Ash? [beat] Like a cigarette butt. [laughs too loud]

[phone buzzes]

LORENA: Yet another text from Brenda?

BEA: No. Paul Breckenridge friended me on Facebook. Such a dad move. Wow, his pictures are old... [noticing something] Wait a minute.

ASHER: As I was saying, their vintner was a classmate of mine at Bowdoin. [Bea snorts] SO when I visited their vineyard in the south of France, he invited me to a personal tasting, and...

BEA: [fast, mocking, heard it a hundred times before] ...and you told him, "heyyyy this malbec is great but the grapes seem more suited to a cab sauv" and then that became their signature wine even though it all tastes the same. Sorry to interrupt, but I gotta bounce. Work emergency.

ASHER: [dripping sarcasm] Oh no, a true crime podcast emergency! I don't get it. They didn't even solve the case in Serial!

BEA: I guess they don't teach nuance at Bowdoin.

LORENA: Bea, wait. Where are you going?

BEA: Chasing a hot lead! I'll see you back at the hotel.

ASHER [to Lorena only]: Hot lead, isn't it a cold case? [they laugh fondly]

[click play]

[Outside in the parking lot, Bea hustles into Brenda's car, shotgun seat, Brenda notices something that surprises her]

BRENDA: Is that Lorena's car? Why did you make me come pick you up if she-

BEA: She's having too much fun with my brother, I couldn't tear her away.

BRENDA: That's... a good attitude to have.

BEA: And I had to call you! See, I was looking at Paul's old Facebook photos. There's pictures of him and Dan, before the accident, and they're wearing the same jacket. Black Carhartt.

BRENDA: Them and everyone else in the state of Montana.

BEA: I know, it's a popular jacket. And weirdly trendy in street fashion. But the next winter, after Dan dies, Paul is wearing a blue jacket!

BRENDA: So what? The guy got a new jacket.

BEA: But you heard Olivia today. They were strapped for cash after Paul relapsed. Why would he buy a new jacket? They're not exactly cheap. Unless something happened to his old one.

BRENDA: [taken aback] Wait. Bea...

BEA: I know it's a stretch...

BRENDA: No. You're wearing an engagement ring. [beat, not exactly bitter but not *not* bitter] So you said yes. Did you just leave your *proposal* dinner for this?

BEA: Oh, we got engaged last week. I was going to tell you. Soon I promise. I just didn't want it to be part of the show. For continuity reasons. [beat] Brenda, I swear I was going to tell--

BRENDA: I wish you had told me. That's all. But it's fine. You're fine. Congratulations. [beat] So you're thinking it was Paul's jacket in the auger? Then what happened to Dan's jacket?

[click play]

BEA: [still a bit tipsy] We're at the Elsinore Sheriff's Department. The building is dark, most of the staff have gone home to their families. Suckers. We're waiting to meet with Sheriff Jake Wunder. [She giggles] Wunder. It's such a good name.

BRENDA: He's not going to let us into the evidence locker.

BEA: I can be incredibly persuasive when I need to be.

BRENDA: Ew.

[click stop; click play]

BEA: We are now inside the evidence locker at the Elsinore Sheriff's Department, and Brenda Bentley is eating her words.

BRENDA: I don't think the phrase "imperative of objective truth" has ever been used that many times in one sentence before. Did you let us in just so she would stop talking?

JAKE: Gosh, no. I just like the company. You know, I checked out season one. You two are like a walking comedy show.

BEA: Why does everyone always say that? Arden is a highly respectable true crime podcast—

JAKE: [chuckles] Classic Bea.

BRENDA: So Sheriff Wunder, can you tell us what we're looking at?

JAKE: This here is the jacket that was found with Dan Hamill's body. Or what's left of it.

BEA: Listeners, you may note that the fabric is black.

BRENDA: And the sheriff's department was able to identify it as Dan's jacket?

JAKE: Well it was soaked in his blood. And it matched the jacket folks saw him wearing all the time. They figured it was hanging loose and got caught in the auger, dragged Dan down with it.

BEA: Do you have any photos from the crime scene in here? Accident scene? Is it still called a crime scene if it's not a crime?

JAKE: I think we've got some in this folder.

[Bea leafs through the photographs]

BEA: Look! There!

BRENDA: [surprised] It's Paul.

BEA: He's wearing the black jacket. He had it. Maybe he did just buy a new one the next year.

BRENDA: But what was he doing at the crime scene?

JAKE: He didn't tell you? Paul was the one who found Dan's body that morning.

[THE BOOM OF DOOM plays]

[click-play]

[Our good ol' friend, the Wheyface ad music kicks in]

BRENDA: Are you tired of being responsible for so many vehicles? Are you constantly worrying about whether you need to buy a new car, a new boat, or a new airplane just so you can get around on land, on sea, and in the sky above-- Um, Andy, you know most people don't own boats or planes? A lot of people don't even own a car.

ANDY: Really? Then how do they get around on land, on sea, and in the sky above at only a moment's notice?

BRENDA: They don't. They get bus passes and book their trips months in advance.

ANDY: Bus passes? Is that like a passport for buses? Fascinating!

BRENDA: Do you want the freedom to go wherever you want, whenever you want, using only the awe-inspiring power of your own body? Well unfortunately we haven't figured that out yet, but we've discovered someone who can. Introducing... ducks! [she pauses] Wait, are we just advertising the existence of ducks?

ANDY: [thrilled] Yes! You know about them too?

BRENDA: Yes, I know about ducks, the extremely common waterfowl.

ANDY: Aren't they marvelous? I was at a pond yesterday and this small fluffy creature walked past. I'd never seen anything like it before, so I called out to it and it spoke to me! A sound like I'd never heard before. Play the recording, Rosalind!

ROSALIND: You got it, boss.

[a duck quacks angrily]

BRENDA: Had you never heard of a duck before?

ANDY: No! Anyway, it spoke—

BRENDA: Quacked.

ANDY: --and I thought to myself, “That guy has it all figured out.” Did you know they can fly, walk, AND swim? Just like little boats. But also like people, because they are alive, and airplanes, because they can fly. Little airplane boat people. Say, is that copyrighted?

BRENDA: Nooooope. You can’t change what ducks are called.

ANDY: I’ll leave that to my lawyers to decide.

BRENDA: With trendy yellow beaks, adorable webbed feet, and cuddly soft feathers, none of which have any known purpose, ducks are better than we are. And if that’s not enough, they also make delightful noises when they talk. I mean it’s not actually talking-- [sigh] never mind.

ANDY: Play the rest of the clip!

[the duck quacks angrily]

ANDY: [on the recording] Who are you? I must know! Show me your mysterious ways. [more ducks join the angry quacking; Andy gasps] There’s more than one? [the sound of flapping wings, pecking beaks; Andy giggles] Oh my! That tickles! [giggles mix with yelps] Ah! Ow!

BRENDA: Wait. Did ducks attack you? Is that why you have red marks all over your body?

ANDY: It was the single most exhilarating experience of my life.

BRENDA: So what are you waiting for? Head to your local body of water today and see if you can find... ducks! Brought to you by Wheyface Industries, the good people.

[click play]

ROSALIND: Say hello to the fans, Dana.

DANA: Hello, fans.

ROSALIND: I am speaking with Dana in her trailer. Should we set the scene? This place is very goth, and I love it.

DANA: I'm almost thirty, I am NOT goth.

ROSALIND: Then explain this decorative skull.

DANA: It was a gag gift.

ROSALIND: A goth gag gift. Listeners, the skull is unnervingly realistic. It's eye sockets are staring deep into my soul. I feel like it's listening to me. Do you ever talk to it?

DANA: ...No? [beat] You said you were here on official radio business.

ROSALIND: Yes, yes of course. [professional radio voice] Dana.

DANA: [imitating her] Rosalind.

ROSALIND: What can you tell us about Paul?

DANA: [taken aback] Why do you want to know about Paul?

ROSALIND: We want a feel for all the players, you know. Paul was really close to the family, wasn't he?

DANA: He was family. He'd come over all the time to hang out with my dad, and he'd bring-- Look, you told me I didn't have to talk about my marriage.

ROSALIND: No, dude, you don't have to! This is just about your dad's social circle. I mean, Paul seems really nice, and he was friends with your dad so that reflects well on your dad.

DANA: Yes! Exactly, Paul is the sweetest guy. It is unfortunate that we have grown apart for... reasons. But he still comes to my open mics. I don't think he realizes what I'm singing about, but he's very supportive. He was like a second father to me when I lost my own.

ROSALIND: That was really selfless of him.

DANA: It was.

ROSALIND: I mean, not like Clyde who was only pretending to be nice out of guilt.

DANA: That fucker.

ROSALIND: Paul was not doing that, because he had nothing to be guilty about.

[beat]

DANA: Wait... are you trying to imply something?

[a knock on the door]

DANA: [shouting] Who is it?

OLIVIA: [awkward] It's Olivia!

[DANA goes to open the door]

OLIVIA: Hey, Dana. Oh great, Rosalind. From Arden, right?

ROSALIND: Rosalind Ursula, queen of the air, empress of the--

OLIVIA: So which one of you told them to look into my fucking dad?

DANA: Wait, what?

OLIVIA: They keep dropping by to ask him things. They're there right now.

DANA: Well, he doesn't have anything to hide or--

OLIVIA: It doesn't matter. This isn't a story about us. It's a story about you and about your ridiculous theories--

DANA: Hold on, hold on. Paul's a saint. The show is going to leave him alone. Right, Rosalind?

ROSALIND: It's not really up to me, I'm just an assistant.

DANA: Bullshit.

ROSALIND: I will voice my concern.

DANA: That's not good enough. Call them right now. Get Andy Wheyface on the phone and tell him that lead is done.

ROSALIND: [awkward, flailing] Okay, okay, I'm getting out my phone. Wow, Olivia, you came all this way to check on your dad? Good daughter alert. [we hear a phone ringing] Oh, huh, doesn't seem like he's there. I'll just bring it up in the next production meeting, and--

OLIVIA: Whatever. One of you needs to fucking fix this. Okay?

[the door slams on the way out]

DANA: Fuck. Fuck fuck *fuck*.

ROSALIND: Ex-wives, am I right?

DANA: What do you know about it?

ROSALIND: Nothing. Sorry. Nothing.

DANA: *Why are you talking to Paul?*

ROSALIND: We have to cover all the angles. We--

DANA: I told you what happened. Don't you believe me?

ROSALIND: Yes! But maybe you were right your dad was murdered but just wrong about- [this tactic is not working, pivot] You know I'm on your side!

DANA: No, Rosalind. I don't know that.

ROSALIND: [trying one last time, taking a deep breath] ... you're right about one thing. You just have to promise not to say anything about it for the integrity of the show-

[everything shifts, as Dana leans in closer]

DANA: What am I right about?

[click stop]

PAUL: Nice to see you again, girls! How's the investigation going?

BRENDA: Good.

BEA: We had a few follow-up questions. They're a bit sensitive, so--

PAUL: I'm an open book! [beat] You know why do they say that? Not like you couldn't just open a closed book. [beat] I'm a closed book, ladies. Open me up! [beat] No, the other way is better.

BRENDA: We're not gonna beat around the bush: What was it like to find Dan's body?

PAUL: Oh. [beat] I don't feel comfortable talking about that.

BEA: Do you feel uncomfortable or just cold?

PAUL: I'm not cold.

BEA: Really? Then why don't you go put on your jacket.

BRENDA: Dial it back, Bea. Paul, you found Dan. On a Saturday. A holiday weekend, no less.

PAUL: Ranches don't exactly get holidays. Cows don't care if it's Easter.

BRENDA: But you were there before anyone else that morning. And you just happened to *stumble* across his body?

PAUL: Just bad luck--

BRENDA: Dan had gotten violent with you before. Everyone knows that, Paul. And you knew with his drinking no one would question an accident. But that power grid fluctuation was never accounted for. You're probably the only one more experienced with the equipment than he was. And you went right for the body the next morning, like you knew where it would be.

[sound of a chair clattering over, microphone being stripped off]

PAUL: We're done here. If you think I'd kill my best fri--

[click play]

[the ranch house, Clyde is cooking dinner, Trudy is reading, a peaceful domestic scene; a door slams open and Dana bursts in, followed by Rosalind]

DANA: I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, and *everybody* tried to make me think I had *no idea*.

TRUDY: Dana, hon?

ROSALIND: Let's go back to your trailer, Dana. Let's just go back.

TRUDY: If you girls want to have a little late supper with us--

DANA: When did you start fucking him?

TRUDY: Dana!

DANA: Because it sure wasn't that bullshit story you tell people. [beat] I know now, mom. I know I was right about this, and if I'm right about this, then I'm right about everything else, too.

TRUDY: [disappointed mom] Rosalind. That was private. What you told her.

ROSALIND: It was gonna be on the show eventually. I just figured--

[a long pause, only the sound of frying dinner, and then footsteps--]

CLYDE: Well, Dana! Rosalind! Are you joining us for--

TRUDY: Rosalind told her, Clyde. What we told the others yesterday.

CLYDE: What we-- [a moment as the penny drops]

DANA: I'm supposed to believe you kept it in your pants? After your perfect movie moment in the rain?

ROSALIND: I should go--

TRUDY: Stay, Rosalind. Stay for supper.

ROSALIND: I've already eaten, I--

DANA: She said *stay*, Rosalind.

ROSALIND: Okay, but--

DANA: What else are you lying to me about? What else?

TRUDY: Sweetheart, this is really unlike you.

DANA: This is exactly who I am, mom. And you're always trying to tell me some other version of myself is the real one, but this is me, mom. This is me, and you made me this way. With your lies and your lies and your lies and your--

TRUDY: Dana, have you taken your pills?

DANA: Yes! This isn't about *me*. I don't need to be *micromanaged* or--

CLYDE: [raising his voice over her] I wasn't in the hospital with a burned hand.

TRUDY: Clyde--

DANA: I don't care why-

CLYDE: I was in the hospital because your father beat the shit out of me. Broke my nose. Broke a rib. Broke my heart.

ROSALIND: I should remind you that I record every interaction I have with--

DANA: Well, he must have had a good reason!

CLYDE: He did. He accused me of being in love with your mother. I was. I always had been. He was wrong that anything had come of it. Not then. But he was right to suspect my true feelings.

TRUDY: Dana, he was sick, paranoid. He wouldn't get help. Not like you. Not like my brave--

DANA: So what? You danced in the rain with a broken rib? Must have hurt like hell!

TRUDY: There was no dance, no. We sat, and we held hands, and we watched the rain. And I told him I loved him.

CLYDE: After I--

TRUDY: No. I said it first. You never would have dared.

DANA: How could you?

TRUDY: When I got to Elsinore, it was a Wednesday.

DANA: What the fuck does this even matter--

TRUDY: Your dad and your uncle, they used to stop at the Co-op in town to buy coffee right after morning chores. Your uncle took Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. Your dad took Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. And when I got to Elsinore and needed something to eat, and only one place was open that early, well. It was a Wednesday.

DANA: So what? If you get there on a Thursday--

TRUDY: I don't know, sweetheart. I really don't. Maybe Clyde and I... maybe it's all different. That's all life is, hon. Wednesdays.

ROSALIND: Technically also six other days, but--

TRUDY: I'm speaking metaphorically, Rosalind.

ROSALIND: I get nervous when there aren't jokes.

TRUDY: So yes, I told Clyde I loved him. But I also told him that I was glad I had gotten to Elsinore on a Wednesday. Because you, Dana, are your father's daughter. And nobody else's.

DANA: [starting to cry] You cheated on dad. Even if you didn't right then, you--

TRUDY: I loved somebody else. More than him. And if we acted on it or we didn't, what does it matter, Dana? What does it matter?

DANA: How can you even *ask* that?

[she gasps and wheels, running out of the house]

ROSALIND: I should see about... that.

CLYDE: Try not to tear this family apart any more than you already have.

ROSALIND: Yeah. I-- [long pause] Yeah.

[and she goes]

[click-play]

[outside, Dana is letting out anguished sobs toward the sky, as Rosalind approaches]

ROSALIND: Hey, pal.

[Dana pulls her into a hug, the sound of muffled microphones]

DANA: Thank you.

ROSALIND: You don't seem very happy.

DANA: No, I feel like shit, but I was right. That means something. And it's good, for all of us. Get everything out there and look at it and really talk about it. [beat] Dr. Yates says you get away from ground zero, and it starts to get better.

ROSALIND: I hope so.

DANA: You're a good friend, Rosalind. Maybe the only friend I've ever had.

ROSALIND: Thanks. You're a good friend, too. [beat] I should go. It's so cold, and--

DANA: Stay. Look up at all those stars. [sniffles] You wanna stay here? In the trailer with me?

ROSALIND: I have to be at work super early, and--

DANA: I'll take the floor, and you can take the bed.

ROSALIND: I really shouldn't--

DANA: Oh. Okay. [beat, colder] Fine.

ROSALIND: But... I mean... I could. Yeah. I could. If you don't mind getting up early.

DANA: I'd love that. Look at those *stars*!

[she lets out a loud, joyful whoop, and somewhere in the distance, the howl of coyotes]

DANA: Hear that? The coyotes? Means we're on the right track. Feels good, doesn't it

ROSALIND: [not enthusiastic] Yeah. Feels great.

[click play]

[Bea and Brenda are driving]

BRENDA: We sure caught Paul off guard. That's good. [beat] I really think we got him.

BEA: So what now?

BRENDA: Now we wait for him to do something stupid.

[click-stop]

['Gutless' begins to play]

EMILY: Arden season 2, episode 5 "More Kin, Less Kind" was written by Mara Woods-Robinson and directed by Christopher Dole. Our recording engineer was Ernesto Hurtado, and the episode was primarily recorded at the Rebel Talk Network studios in Los Angeles. It was edited by Christopher Dole. Our composer is Christopher Hatfield.

Arden stars:

BEA: Michelle Agresti

BRENDA: Tracey Sayed

ROSALIND: Shannon Estabrook

PAMELA: Charlita Gaston

ANDY: Benjamin Watts

LORENA: Mia Drake

DANA: Libby Woodbridge

OLIVIA: Saoirse Ó Súilleabháin.

EMILY: Our guest stars this week are:

CLYDE: Zach Grenier.

TRUDY: Rebecca Metz

PAUL: Oscar Jordan.

JAKE: Mike Bash.

ASHER: Omar Andrade.

DJ WALKIN': Alex Welch.

GARY: Grant Patrizio.

CALLER #1: Jennifer Liao.

EMILY: This episode features -- as in you're listening to it right now -- the song "Gutless," written by Laura Stratford and performed by Libby Woodbridge. You can find it on our soundtrack album.

Arden was created and executive produced by Emily VanDerWerff, Christopher Dole, and Sara Ghaleb. Our co-executive producers are Chad Ellis, Libby Hill, and Ernesto Hurtado. Our logo is by Dylan Farr.

This series is produced in Los Angeles County on the ancestral lands of the Tongva, Tatavium, and Chumash. Our website is ardenpodcast.com. You can also find us on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and Tumblr.

Do you like this show? Do you want to help us make more of it? There are so many ways you can do that! The quickest and easiest way is to toss us a few dollars on Patreon. You'll get access to early episodes, behind the scenes material, and episodic commentary. You can also, for a limited time only, still support us on IndieGoGo, where we still have a number of attractive perks available. You can buy special Arden-related merchandise on TeePublic, including a very festive Skunk Ape T-shirt.

You can rate, review, and subscribe to the show wherever you found it -- Apple Podcasts, Spotify, Stitcher, and other platforms.

[click-play]

[the sound of a ringing phone]

JAKE: Hello?

CLYDE: Sheriff Wunder, Clyde Hamill. You've gotta get these Arden folks outta town. They're making things with Dana worse.

JAKE: While "freedom of the press" has many interpretations, almost none of them involve law enforcement escorting reporters out of town.

CLYDE: Well, you could tell them something surely! Put 'em on the wrong trail!

JAKE: Oh? Should I tell them about the 38 hours?

CLYDE: Everybody knows about that.

JAKE: The end of that transcript? The thing nobody knows? [shuffling papers] I got it right here. And I quote. Sheriff Barlow: We know it wasn't you, Clyde. But we also know you're covering. Clyde Hamill: I don't know anything. I told you I don't know anything. Sheriff Barlow: You're covering for her, Clyde. Why are you covering for her? The transcript notes a 30 second pause. Clyde Hamill: Listen, maybe we can work something out. And that's it.

CLYDE: Don't you dare threaten my family.

JAKE: I'm not threatening--

[the line goes dead. Dial tone]

JAKE: [laughing] Well then.

[click-stop]

EMILY: But no matter what, you've earned the "listened to Arden episode 205" badge, gentle listeners. As always, our special assistant to Michelle Agresti was Mike Bash, who said:

JAKE: [chuckles] Classic Bea!

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

[Inspiring music begins to play]

ANDY: This week and every week, we'd like to thank our Executive Producer Donors: Amy Tate, Danny Bell, and DJ Sutherland, who are more than the Good People. They're the best.

This week we'd like to thank our IndieGoGo Backers Eliza Wheeler, Elizabeth Klein, Elizabeth Reifert, Elizabeth Villareal, Ella Watts, Emily Carlin, Emily Yunker, Erin O'Marra-Chen, Erin Phellps, Ernie Hurtado, Evelyn Vigna, Gavin K, ghgianola, and gleeglows, the world's most dedicated "I'm DJ Walkin' Here!" fans!

“GUTLESS” - written and composed by Laura Stratford, performed by Libby Woodbridge

**I am gutless
Though no one else can see
There’s no witness
To the chicken-shit in me
But I know that it’s true
I am gutless**

**I am spineless
All I do is talk
It’s my weakness
This relentless taking stock
I hide behind my words
I am spineless**

**Need to know for sure
If it’s all in my mind
I can’t be premature
If the others are aligned
I’ll rely on what they find**

**I may be gutless
But even if it’s true
I’m making progress
I’ll have grounds for what I do
So when the time is right
I won’t be gutless**