

Arden, Episode 2.13
"More Things in Heaven and Earth"
By Libby Hill and Emily VanDerWerff
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:

JULIE CAPSOM: Lindsay Zana
ASHER CASELY: Omar Andrade
TERESA HOLLANDAISE: Jennifer Liao
COOL BARTENDER: Grant Patrizio
HELEN FAIRFIELD: Katie Wright
BRAD: Caleb Del Rio
GUARD: Mike Bash
BOB HATFOOT: Robert Fleet
LINUS: Griffin Newman
DEMI: Kate Comer

ANDY: Arden is brought to you by Wheyface Industries, who have *not* engaged in systemic programs of maliciously manipulating farmers and misappropriating incredibly serious legal ideas for their own ends, because that would be wrong. The Good People. It means something!

[click play; the sound of prison doors]

GUARD: Oh hey! Podcast pro Bea Casely! Town Called Elsinore. I liked it!

BEA: Thank you.

GUARD: "An incisive commentary on the death of the American dream," says the Los Angeles Times. "Bold. Brilliant. Thoughtful," says Polygon. Anyway, looks like she's waiting for you.

[the sound of Bea sitting down, a phone picking up]

JULIE: Bea Casely.

BEA: Julie Capsom.

JULIE: I don't know why I said your name like that. Weirdly formal.

BEA: I liked the "old nemeses greeting each other" vibe of it. How's it been?

JULIE: It's been a very strange year for me. [beat] I used to think you folks gave me a raw deal, but I didn't end up in a coma, so I suppose I got off easy. [beat] I'm not apologizing for that.

BEA: It really wasn't our fault. I mean, you can blame Clyde and Trudy if you want. You can blame Dana if you want. You can blame that town even. But you can't blame us. We tried to help. We really did.

JULIE: Then why are you here?

BEA: Wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas?

JULIE: Okay. Merry Christmas. You good?

BEA: [beat] No.

JULIE: Then what?

BEA: I was hoping you would say it wasn't my fault.

JULIE: *You* were hoping that *I* would say it wasn't your fault.

BEA: It's also been a while. We hit it off so well last time--

JULIE: Ha ha. [beat] Look, okay, yeah, it wasn't your fault. You did what you could to tell a good story, and when it was time for you to change tactics and try to save a woman you thought was in danger, you did that instead. [beat] Congrats. Good job. You deserve every award.

BEA: I remain unconvinced.

JULIE: Okay, then, how about this: The act of telling a story changes that story. The act of becoming a part of it changes it even more. It gets formed and altered by your presence.

BEA: So what? Woodward and Bernstein just shouldn't have reported on Watergate?

JULIE: I didn't say that. [beat] I didn't even say you shouldn't have told this story. You exposed real corporate wrongdoing. You took down powerful people. Journalism! You did it! [beat] As much as I appreciate having a visitor... why are you talking to me about this?

BEA: [avoiding the question] I'm going back to Elsinore. [beat] It's for Lorena's wedding.

JULIE: Your *ex*? Okay, look, I genuinely do not care about this, but you *really should not go*. [beat] Lorena's marrying Teresa Hollandaise, high-stakes negotiator, right?

BEA: Yes... how did you know that?

JULIE: Teresa's a semi-regular on Remembering Forgotten Memories now. And the fact that the new season is about contract negotiations was a big tell.

BEA: I wouldn't know. I don't listen any more.

JULIE: One of the few podcasts available to us here in prison. It's ostensibly "educational."

BEA: Oh! Is Arden avail--

JULIE: No. [beat] Weird Lorena invited you to her wedding.

BEA: She never would have gone to Elsinore if not for me. [Lorena impression] "Oh, Bea. We can see this was all fate." Yay.

JULIE: Maybe it was fate. You're with Brenda now, right?

BEA: No! Of course--

JULIE: Oh. I just assumed if you weren't with Lorena that--

BEA: Wrong assumption, sorry.

JULIE: Somehow I don't think you came here to get advice from me on your romantic life. Why are you *here*, Bea?

BEA: [still avoiding the question] Do you ever think about that night? Christmas 2007?

JULIE: The night I committed several crimes and disappeared? It's come up.

BEA: I've been thinking about ghosts a lot lately. I think maybe the longer you live, the more likely you are to become a ghost.

JULIE: New ghost mythology. I like it.

BEA: No, a ghost who's alive. Who eats and breathes and walks around and talks to people. But they're stuck somewhere in time, and they can't get away from it. Somebody says something, or they have a stray thought, and they're right back there. Haunting the edges of their own life. Except they can't tell the story any more. They can only watch it. Forever.

JULIE: [not unkindly] Yeah. It's kind of like that.

BEA: So I guess what I wanted to know from you was... I mean, the reason I wanted to come... I guess I wanted to ask: Am I *bad* at this? Like... journalism.

JULIE: You're very good at journalism. [beat] I'm not sure you're that great at some other things.

BEA: That's what I was afraid of.

JULIE: You don't have to go to her wedding.

BEA: I know, but... it'll make great radio.

JULIE: Bea, my God, that's the saddest thing I've ever heard.

GUARD: That's time, ladies.

JULIE: Have a great Christmas, Bea. Try not to fake your own death. And try... try to take it easy on yourself, okay? [beat, very quickly] By the way I sold my life rights to producer Jackson Dogbury, and he might reach out to ask a few questions about how you found-- [line goes dead]

BEA: Life rights? Shit. Julie? Get back here! Jul--

[Arden theme]

LORENA: Shortly before Easter Sunday 2019, I met the most enchanting woman in a Montanan book club. She had forgotten her book and when I offered her my copy we jokingly haggled over *The Price of Salt*. This quickly turned into a tensely erotic high stakes negotiation and though I couldn't accept her final offer-- a date-- I knew then that I never would be able to say no to her again. Join us, won't you, as we are bound together forever, all thanks to Arden.

[click play; the sound of airport greetings, hellos, etc.]

ASHER: Hey! Over here! Hey! Ooh, *love* the hair.

BEA: Really? Yeah, I thought I'd try something new!

ASHER: It's so brave of you to go for that style when we both got Dad's forehead. You're taking it back. [beat] Like the sign? [reading it] "B-Brain" Casely. You remember how when you were 9, you said what you wanted for Christmas was to be picked up at the airport by a man holding a sign with your name on it? Well, merry Christmas, 9-year-old Bea.

BEA: I hope the people of Montana hold a recall election and toss your ass.

ASHER: My approval rating is 74 percent! Is that everything? Because I'm not just here to give you a ride. [beat] I've got a *mystery* to solve.

BEA: I'm on holiday break. You know, I can't be solving mysteries--

BRENDA: [from very far away] Did somebody say *mystery*?

[click play; the sound of a woman in tears]

ASHER: Here she is, ladies.

BEA: Teresa?

BRENDA: Hollandaise?

TERESA: [between sobs] High stakes negotiator. I couldn't think of who else to call!

BRENDA: Ah, yes. The crack team at Arden detective agency!

TERESA: My dear friend, the lieutenant governor.

BEA: Who had to call us. Yeah. What's the problem?

TERESA: Lorena's just *disappeared!* I came home last night, and the front door to our house... it was open!

BRENDA: God, everybody here owns a house, don't they?

TERESA: It was standing open with the snow blowing in. Inside were scattered rose petals and an open wine bottle. It was very cis-heteronormative, which she knows is my kink. [another sob]

BEA: Did she leave *any* indication of where she might have gone?

TERESA: Just this—

[sound of Teresa handing over a piece of paper]

BEA: [reading] Some came running home from the hill. Bells are ringing. The four horsemen of the apocalypse? And then several question marks. [beat] That's her handwriting, all right.

TERESA: I have no idea what it could mean. [beat] I tried to report her missing but the police said it sounded like a domestic squabble and she probably got cold feet. Can you believe that? [beat, nervous] Do you think she got cold feet?

BEA: Wow, everybody's looking pointedly at me.

ASHER: See, the implication is that you, yourself, had cold feet just a few months ago, when--

BRENDA: We'll take the case, Teresa. Bea Casely and Brenda Bentley *in* The Missing Bride.

[click play; outside sounds]

BEA: [full radio voice] It's December 30, 2019, just over eight months since we were last in Elsinore. Christmas lights twinkle from windows, but Main Street is a little smaller and a little sadder. Bart's Taxidermy is shuttered, permanently closed. Next door, Yohansson's Yard and Yarn advertises a going out of business sale. The Hamill Hills fire has surely had its effect on the--

BRENDA: This again?

BEA: I mean, look at it. [beat] Really look at it.

BRENDA: [taking a moment] Yeah. Huh. Feels... smaller.

BEA: To see something dying right out from under you. [beat] Imagine seeing it every day.

BRENDA: You know this wasn't just the ranch, right? Whatever's killing this place was set in motion long before Dana Hamill showed up on the scene. She just tried to kill it right back.

BEA: Now who's valorizing her violence?

BRENDA: I didn't say you were "valorizing her"...

BEA (cutting off an argument): Just-- in my memories this place is so alive. And now...

BRENDA: Maybe you've changed?

BEA: Have you?

BRENDA: Oh you'd like that, wouldn't you?

BEA: No.

BRENDA: The bar is still open, let's check in here.

BEA: Lorena won't be in the *bar*--

BRENDA: Well I want a drink, come on! [Brenda ushers her inside]

[click play]

ANDY: [musing] Wheyface Industries: The *Bad* People? No. Too much. [beat] Wheyface Industries: It's a living! No, that might make people think about death. [beat] Wheyface Industries: As certain as death and taxes. No, that might make people think about taxes.

PAMELA: [entering] Hey, I just saw DJ Walkin. They said they saw *Rosalind* this morning?!

ANDY: Oh, yes, Rosalind and I flew in late last night. She drove with me to the studio around dawn, then she fiddled around in the archives and said she had an errand to run. Then! She was gone!

PAMELA: She shouldn't be alone. Not at the site of one of the worst things to happen to her.

ANDY: Maybe she *didn't* leave. Have you checked every corner of this room? Every nook and cranny? All three dimensions? [beat] She's always where you least expect her.

PAMELA: Yeah, I carefully scanned the ceiling.

ANDY: Oh! She was wearing her Wheypods! So we'll track her *and* check her vital signs.

PAMELA: Well, that's horrifying.

ANDY: Ah! Found her! She's in the trash can at Main and 1st! [beat] Or she just threw her Wheypods away. Hmm. I shouldn't have made them removable. But don't worry, Pamela. We will find her.

PAMELA: I hope so, we were supposed to meet about a letter of recommendation, and I would hate for her to miss the January first deadline.

ANDY: Oh, good, conflict! Wait. Is conflict good if we're not recording?

PAMELA: [being nosy] Wheyface Industries: The *bad* people? Okay, that hardly seems fair.

ANDY: Public confidence in our essential goodness has been flagging since the underwater casino fiasco. Nothing could cause me more anguish than if people started saying "Wheyface Industries: The Good People" with a sarcastic inflection. So, I've been brainstorming a rebrand.

PAMELA: "A barnacle on the planet's hull" has a gravitas to it.

ANDY: Hmm, yes. But do you worry it comes off as elitist?

[click play; rights free honky tonk music, etc. The sound of bar chatter... and then it stops]

COOL BARTENDER: The Arden folks return to kill again! [beat] Can I get you gals anything?

BEA: Have you seen Lorena Christopher? Do you know her? Flowing hair, a knowing smile?

COOL BARTENDER: The one with the sexy voice?

BEA: ...Yeah.

BRENDA: I'll have a little champagne. For the New Year.

COOL BARTENDER: You're a day early.

BRENDA: I don't let some calendar tell me when I'm allowed to celebrate the year. New Years is a scam holiday. No meaning behind it. Treat every day like a new day.

HELEN: Well! Imagine that! Bea, darling! You've returned to kill again! Hello!

BEA: We have *not* returned to-- Oh! Helen Fairfield! The lawyer! Good to see you!

HELEN: Right on the money. I *am* named Helen Fairfield, and I *am* a lawyer. And I *love* the hair. Very *Back to the Future II*. Thank you for taking such a delicate touch to Dana's story. Nelson has been smug at home about my client premeditatively murdering his clients on a livestream.

BRENDA: Ooh, yikes.

HELEN: No, I kid. He's been an angel about it. That's the thing about love. When someone knows how to put the playfully argumentative banter aside and be real. [awkward silence] Anyway, I was in town dropping some papers off with Ms. Breckinridge about the sale and the funniest--

BRENDA: We're uh, we're looking for Lorena Christopher, do you know her?

BEA: Here, look at this.

HELEN: [reading] Some came running home from the hill. Bells are ringing-- Oh! then The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse! Well, this makes sense!

BRENDA: Is this a cult thing? Can we go one week without uncovering a conspiracy?

HELEN: You aren't familiar with Vincente Minnelli? [beat] The director? [beat] He went on a run in the late '50s and early '60s. *Some Came Running's* a personal favorite of mine. A visionary.

BEA: I have some recent and extremely specific personal trauma around the concept of cinema.

HELEN: Not to quote Leonard Maltin's 2011 Movie Guide, but Minnelli was fond of big romantic moments, peppered with the bittersweet angst of real life. [beat] Does that help?

BEA: It does sound like Lorena--

COOL BARTENDER: Wait, Helen, wasn't Benny in here saying they had a report about a woman in her pajamas riding a horse down Main?

HELEN: Sure, but if a woman wants to ride a horse like a sleepy Lady Godiva, that's her prerogative.

BEA: A big gesture, like the flash mob! Horse-flash? No.

BRENDA: What a lead! A horse, Godiva, plus a champagne drink!

[click play; ad music]

BEA: Weddings. Are they worth the risk? [beat] I am not reading this.

ANDY: Now now, you've rather gotten off the advertising beat. We need to get back into that classic Bea and Brenda groove, and it may be cathartic to read an ad together.

BEA: I mean, *I* am not reading *this*. [beat] Let Brenda read it.

BRENDA: I do love weddings. [beat, helpful] And I didn't recently break up an engagement. Well, I didn't help but there were contributing factors. [beat] Wheyface Weddings provides all the services of a normal wedding planner while also offering... the nuclear option.

ANDY: I've learned but one thing from this Wheydate enterprise, and that is that one should have a nuclear option ready at all times.

BEA: [reading ad] You'll have a readymade stand-in for--

ANDY: You know, Lorena and Teresa got together after they were with you and me.

BRENDA: I don't know if you were "with" Teresa.

ANDY: It's rather like we lost in the semifinals, yes? And then the two teams that won went on to the finals to see who the ultimate champion will be.

BEA: Have you *been* to a wedding?

ANDY: Someone is vanquished, yes?

BEA: This explains the posters promising to "Reveal the victor."

BRENDA: I thought it was one of those things where in the end, love wins?

ANDY: No, I genuinely assumed there would be feats of strength. At least a cake-eating contest.

BEA: [trying to blitz through] Okay. You'll have a readymade stand-in should your marriage fall apart. A professional hot person -- professional hot person? -- will take photos with you in your wedding finery, so you'll always have a record of how good you looked on your big day. The happiest day of your long, unforgiving life. And just wait until you see our dove drones! They'll shriek into the sky, then come home to roost. [beat] This sounds terrifying! Andy, I truly hate all these products.

ANDY: Oh, Bea! That's just the heartache talking! [beat] Wheyface Industries. The Love People.

BEA/BRENDA: That's definitely not it. *I love it.*

[click play; the wind moans, and we hear someone sniffing -- not crying... it's just cold]

ROSALIND: *Well.* Here I am. [beat] Goddamn is it cold.

[She pulls headphones on and... click play]

ROSALIND: This is Dana Hamill.

DANA: Whoa. Miss Six O'Clock News here. [laughs]

ROSALIND: Well, I can't exactly go-- [full Rosalind] This is Dana Hamill.

DANA: Oh, I like that. This is Dana Hamill. [sings] The saddest girrrrl in the worrrrrrd!

ROSALIND: Oh come on! You're not just some... sad girl. You're *Dana Hamill*.

DANA: I live in a trailer I bought with my ex in my mom and stepfather's yard. *And* I'm trying to be a singer-songwriter. Oh, *and* I've preserved the place my father died in pristine condition. [beat] Oh, trust me, I know what a reporter's going to see. When Bea Casely gets here, she's going to take one look at me and see a Peabody.

ROSALIND: I mean... I'm a reporter.

DANA: I guess. [beat] But you're different. You're not here to gawk. You *care*.

ROSALIND: Is it wrong that I want to say, "Aw, shucks?"

DANA: No.

ROSALIND: Aw. Shucks.

DANA: Do you know how many people you get in your life who see you, Rosalind? And not the story of you they've decided you're living? [beat] No matter what happens when everybody from Arden gets here, you *did* see me. Thank you for that. [pats couch] Okay, come on over. Sit a spell. Let me teach you some more chords.

ROSALIND: [going to sit] They're going to see you too. I promise. I'll make them. And when we nail your fucking uncle to the goddamn wall--

ROSALIND: [muffled over] No. Fuck. I can't-- [takes headphones off, the wind moans] Listen, pal. I...I hope some part of you appreciates this. I mean, it's pretty poetic. You *have* to admit.

[and then the sound of the bin's door opening, and from deep inside the bin, sounding eerie]

LORENA: Oh *thank God*.

ROSALIND: [shrieks] The ghost!

LORENA: Rosalind? Rosalind Ursula? It is !! Lorena Christopher.

ROSALIND: *Lorena*? How on Earth did you get into the-- [beat] Where's all the corn? And the gross blood stuff? [beat, getting angry] Where's all of Dana's evidence?!

LORENA: I don't have the slightest idea. I assume they're cleaning this out to put it to use. Lucky me, someone put a space heater here. I could have frozen to death!

ROSALIND: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Why are you staying in a grain bin? Is this another kinky cisheteronormative thing?

LORENA: Goodness no. [beat] I don't think? This is going to sound ridiculous, but I promise it's completely true. I was taking out the garbage last night, and I saw her. Dana's lovely horse.

ROSALIND: Chrysanthemum?

LORENA: The moment took me. I had a piercing thought that if I rode a *horse* into the wedding, it would be the grandest gesture of all!

ROSALIND: So what? You kidnapped a horse?

LORENA: More like she kidnapped me. And she brought me here. Like she wanted me to see something. So I crawled in the bin, and the door slammed shut, and... well. [beat] I know it looks cleaned up, but you don't want to spend the night here. Around dawn, I saw something. A figure or shadow or... Scared me half to death. I'm sure it was a trick of the light.

ROSALIND: Wait, did... did you see the ghost--

GUY'S VOICE: Hey! Who the hell are you? [beat] I saw you on the camera creeping around! Hands up! I've got a shovel, and I *will* use it!

LORENA: Oh thank goodness, Brad!

BRAD: *Lorena*? Now who else-- [beat, snide] Oh. Rosalind Ursula. You shouldn't be here.

LORENA: Rosalind saved me! I was stuck in that bin, and without food or water, I could have died!

BRAD: What was she doing out here in the first place?

LORENA: I assume she was on the hunt for me, and the trail led right here.

ROSALIND: I was burying her. Dana.

BRAD: Dana's not dead. Just in a coma. [beat] And that's not a person. It's a backpack.

OLIVIA: [approaching] Those must be the tapes. The ones with Dana on them.

ROSALIND: [tearing up] Olivia, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come out here, I--

OLIVIA: No. You shouldn't have.

ROSALIND: I just thought... I thought-- [beat] I miss her so much. I know I shouldn't, but...

OLIVIA: Can I see that? The headphones?

ROSALIND: Oh, it's nothing. It's just the first time she actually let me put her on tape. It's nothing.

OLIVIA: [we can hear the earlier scene very faintly, as over headphones... Olivia chuckles a bit, and then] Well. You can't say she didn't know how she was going to come off.

BRAD: You know... I have a shovel. All one needs for a grade A burial.

ROSALIND: Oh no, please, no, don't do anything on my account. It's silly. I was silly. I'm sorry.

OLIVIA: No. Let's do it. [beat] Brad, get Lorena up to the trailer to warm up. Rosalind and I are going to put Dana to rest.

[click play; the wind is lower now, and we can hear Olivia's exertion from digging]

ROSALIND: That's probably deep enough.

OLIVIA: Maybe. [beat] If the plow digs it up, I'll just bury her again. It would honestly be fitting. [beat] You have anything you want to say?

ROSALIND: Sweet dreams, buddy. [beat] Ugh, god, that was awful. You got anything?

OLIVIA: This spot, looking out over the ranch back toward the bluff? She'd have liked it. Better than she deserved, honestly. But she's not here. She's at the hospital. She's not in these tapes.

ROSALIND: You sure? I mean, there are more things in heaven and Earth than...

OLIVIA: Than a voice on tapes?

ROSALIND: No. Nothing. Something Dana told me once, but I lost it. It's gone. *She's* probably just... gone. [beat] I'm just so *fucking* mad at her. I'm so fucking mad. [beat] She used me, Olivia. She *used* me, and I just wanted to help her, and she just wanted to *burn*.

OLIVIA: Dana didn't use you. She liked you. [beat] And that's just it. When Dana made up her mind about you, her mind was *made up*. [beat] Lucky for you.

ROSALIND: Lucky for *you*.

OLIVIA: [laugh] Sure. [silence] This is just a hole in the ground. It doesn't belong to anyone. But we're here. We dug it for us. This moment is for us. We can take it without Dana's permission. [They take the moment -- and then the sound of a car approaching] What the hell is that?

ROSALIND: Oh. Hey! It's just--

[cut inside car to--]

BRENDA: I told you horses have amazing homing instincts. Chrysanthemum wanted to come back home! Ergo, here she is, and Lorena's up at the trailer, and--

BEA: A.) Horses do *not* have amazing homing instincts. You know nothing about them B.) There's more than one horse, so even though your assumption about Chrysanthemum proved correct, it is *not*, in fact, stellar detective work. C.) What the hell is *Rosalind* doing here?

[back to--]

OLIVIA: Gotta admit the headlight lighting gives this a "burying a body out back under cover of night" feeling I miss at most funerals.

ROSALIND: Yeah. Feel like I should be making a deal out at the docks. [beat] You know I started learning guitar? [beat] Yeah. When I got back to Los Angeles. Even wrote a song. I'm not good yet, but... when I play guitar, I miss her less. Not sure if that makes sense.

OLIVIA: You paid for guitar lessons to keep her memory alive. [beat] I bought a fucking ranch.

ROSALIND: Ah. There's my problem right there, I lack commitment.

OLIVIA: *That's* your problem?

ROSALIND: Holy shit. Liv. Holy shit, that's--

[cut to--]

BRENDA: Is that--

BEA: Yeah. It is. [beat] God, what a beautiful fucking horse.

BRENDA: It really is.

[back to--]

OLIVIA: Hey, Chrysanthemum. Come on back to me, girl. Come on-- [beat]

ROSALIND: We should probably catch her, right? A horse shouldn't be out on their own in winter. [beat] I mean, I assume. It doesn't seem like a thing they do. You'd have to ask Bea.

OLIVIA: No, you're right. She should be in a barn. Where it's warm and safe. [beat] Something broke in her after the fire. We catch her; she gets out. And she always heads southeast. I don't know what's southeast. [beat] Something new, I guess.

ROSALIND: [claps] Go, Chrysanthemum! Run! RUN! [beat] It was worth a shot.

OLIVIA: What are you doing?

ROSALIND: I don't know but-- Whatever she's looking for isn't here. It's gone. She's gone.

OLIVIA: Yeah. Yeah, she-- [getting it, claps suddenly] Run, Chrysanthemum! Run! Before they catch you! [the horse turns to go, beginning a gallop] She'll be fine. She knows where to go.

ROSALIND: Yeah. Yeah. She'll be fine.

OLIVIA: God, look at her go.

ROSALIND: [hushed awe] Look at her go.

[the sound of galloping hooves and then--]

[click play; empty diner noises]

BEA: And *then*, I saw her. Bright auburn in the glow of the headlights. Chrysanthemum. Gorgeous! All rippling horseflesh and-- [beat] Yes, ha ha ha, I'm a horse girl. I grew up in Montana, and I loved horses, and if you brought one in here right now, I would probably just die.

ANDY: If you want to start riding a horse to the studio, we could surely make arrangements.

PAMELA: No we couldn't. [beat] You know what? I'm going to go with this one. You deserve happiness in your life, Bea. You deserve special horse parking.

BRENDA: Ooh, and we could have a little goat or something, too. Maybe even a duck, eh, Andy?

ANDY: Oh heavens no! He would just fly away. [chuckle] The gallant fellow.

ROSALIND: I'm not flying back to LA.

BRENDA: Please don't tell me you're staying in Montana to form an ace accepting polycule with Olivia and Brad where the three of you learn to rebuild a ranch as, like, a trust metaphor. Because I would watch that show but I don't think it's best for you.

ANDY: Tell me more of this ranch as metaphor. Do you have an outline for the series?

ROSALIND: No, no, no, no! I do not want to move in with Dana's ex wife or live in a burned field. I'm headed back east. New York. I've applied to some culinary schools and, you know, not to sound cocky, but I'm pretty amazing so I'll probably get in. Plus Pamela knows a guy...

BRENDA: That's great news! Cook by day, crime by night. Andy! Andy, that's the show!

ROSALIND: No show. No crime. No panopticon. I don't want to dig through people's worst moments anymore. I'm *good* at being a detective and I won't say I don't love it, but I want to love more things. And I don't want to get trapped by the thing I love for lack of imagination.

BEA: I hear you, Rosalind. This was... this was heartbreaking. But that doesn't mean our being here was wrong. Next time, we'll try to pick a case here where nobody can get hurt.

BRENDA: Ooh, like an art forgery or something. Big money, no blood.

PAMELA: [weirdly excited] Jewel thieves! Oh my god, I want to do a season about jewel thieves!

ROSALIND: Aw! And I want that for you, Pamela!

BEA: You told Dana's story honestly. As she was. I think you might be too young to appreciate how proud you should be.

BRENDA: And you're telling me you're going to give up the dames and drama of detecting?

ROSALIND: I'm complicit in a triple homicide.

BRENDA: That wasn't your fault.

ROSALIND: Still. You know I got hundreds of potential cases for season two. Really heartfelt and interesting stuff. Good people who deserved justice. But I picked Dana. I saw this woman who was brilliant and big and bright as the sun, and the saddest girl in the fucking world. She got stuck and no one would help her. And I wanted to help her. To put her out into the world. But Dana wanted to go down with the ship. [beat] And I don't. [beat] You can keep trying to convince me, but you're fighting a losing battle. I talked about it with Pamela, and Pamela has the answers.

ANDY: She does. It was her idea to replace herself as host to her own call in advice show with a seer who gives dire portents of doom live on air! It's very thrilling.

BEA: I just think you should think for a second-

PAMELA: [cutting through] Go and live your life, Rosalind.

BRENDA: [sigh] Okay, yeah. But there's always a spot open for you at Arden detective agency. If you were looking for one. Always.

ROSALIND: Thank you. I... thank you.

LORENA: [after a long, long beat] So as I was saying before Bea interrupted me, there I am, *clinging* to the back of a horse in my slippers, sailing across the open terrain. I thought I was going to die! It was really quite alarming. [beat] Where *is* that server? I appreciate the meal, but I really want to get home to my wife-to-be.

ROSALIND: Oh, I can drive you home. [puts money on table] This should cover my meal.

BEA: No, no, I'll drive you. I'm gonna have to learn to work without the world's best assistant.

ANDY: I could go for another coffee.

ROSALIND: Then I'll stay with you. Watch the shadows. I just wanna... be with friends.

[the sounds of the diner, rising in volume, and then... click stop... and click play]

LORENA: I do thank you for the ride. I... I'm so *embarrassed*. I never should have been so stupid as to think I could ride a *horse*. She makes me feel that way, though. Stupid. Heedless.

BEA: Sounds nice. [beat] Hey, I'm happy for you. I am. I wasn't sure whether to come, if you'd be standing there tomorrow, thinking, "Oh, God, I wish she wasn't here. It's so weird."

LORENA: Bea, I am not going to be thinking of you at all. [laughs] You think I only exist when you're looking at me. You always have. I did love you. Fiercely. And you took advantage of that.

BEA: It didn't work out with us, and it did work out with Teresa. Why can't that be enough?

LORENA: Because it's not. Because she will always, always wonder if she was a consolation prize. [beat] And I know she's not. I hope I can convince her of that. Someday.

BEA: I had it in my head that you would say it was fate. That you never would have met Teresa if I hadn't gone to Montana. What's that George Eliot line?

LORENA: "Destiny stands by sarcastic with our dramatis personae folded in her hand." One of the most beautiful descriptions of fate committed to the page.

BEA: Wow. You had that at the ready.

LORENA: Middlemarch is my favorite novel. I posted that quote on my and Teresa's joint instagram account under a picture of us, which is probably where you got the idea.

BEA: Here I thought I could sound smart for once in a conversation with you.

LORENA: Conversations aren't contests, Bea. [beat] This is our house. Just look at it.

BEA: It's... beautiful. [beat] So you *do* concede that it was fate that dating me led you to Teresa?

LORENA: [as sarcastic as she can be] Yes. You are the most important person alive, and I'm so honored to have known you. [the car slows] Now. It is after midnight, and it is my wedding day, and I have to be up early to finish editing the in memoriam. And, I assume, the mouse puppeteering you under your hair has also had a long day.

BEA: Now! Now you reference a modern movie!

TERESA: [from the door up the walk] Lorena? Honey?

LORENA: Well, would you look at that? The love of my life, waiting at the door. [beat] Thank you again for the ride. Try not to screw things up with Brenda.

BEA: I am not together with Brenda.

LORENA: [not unkindly] Try not to screw things up with Brenda. [she opens the car door, calls out] Honeybun! It was the horse! The horse took me!

TERESA: Well, that horse has made an enemy of Teresa Hollandaise, high stakes negoti-- [the door shuts]

BEA: [heavy sigh]

[click play]

ANDY: Good news, Pamela! The missing dove drone is in San Francisco. [darkly] It is roosting. [beat] Why are you mounting all the tiny microphones in the bouquets?

PAMELA: Since Wheyface Weddings is putting on this shindig, and since Wheyface Weddings has no actual employees, only dove drones, I suppose I felt like bailing you out one more time.

ANDY: Ah. You need an intern. [beat] You know, I have a notion--

PAMELA: Nope. No, no, no no. You better not build me an intern. Or is this about the slogan? What is it this time? Wheyface Industries: Balanced atop an infinite number of turtles?

Wheyface Industries: We put the face in Wheyface? Wheyface Industries: Who's got the pain when we've got the mambo?

ANDY: [sound of Andy writing this down] Wait, wait, you're going too quickly for me. Say the turtles one once again-- [beat] You know what? Not the point. It's become clear to me that Wheyface Radio is taking up too much of my time. We ran five separate "Wheyface Industries is sorry" ads in 2019. A new record! [beat] I should focus on other divisions. I want you to be executive director of Wheyface Radio. Everyone will report to you. And you can be as involved with the nitty gritty as you like. [beat] I've always had an eye for talent. And you, Ms. Pink-- [he chuckles]

PAMELA: Gosh, Andy, I'd love to say yes, but I need to talk it over with my--

ANDY: Think of a salary you'd believe to be fair. Let me know what sort of team you'd require.

PAMELA: My husband *really* wants to have a baby is the thing--

ANDY: Well, with Wheyface dayface--

PAMELA: That's a really terrible name for a day care--

ANDY: You wouldn't be the only working mother in the company. We have a support system.

PAMELA: Even so, taking this job, it would just... it would mean postponing things. It would mean-- [beat] I need to talk to him. I mean, I look hot and gorgeous, but I'm technically not getting any younger, so... I shouldn't just decide for us both.

ANDY: Yet you already have or you wouldn't be making excuses. Figure out what sort of bonuses your husband needs to be convinced and get back to me. Besides, money will help raise the baby. Or make one, if what I've read is true. Hell, if you become rich enough, you can just pay for a child-- [voice trails off] Say, that's not a bad idea...

PAMELA: Whatever this is, I had nothing to do with it.

[click play; coffee shop sounds]

BEA: Couldn't I just have seen you at the wedding?

ASHER: Ha! I love Lorena and Teresa, but going to my sister's ex's wedding? Inappropriate! Could cause a political scandal. No, I'm driving up to Missoula. Spend New Year's with the fam. [beat] Oh! You should come up after the wedding. Bring the new girl. Brenda.

BEA: I'm not dating Brenda! And besides, mom and dad would loathe her.

ASHER: And that would be a hoot to watch. [they laugh] Before I forget, A Town Called Elsinore--

BEA: Oh God. What? Can I expect 15 pages of notes in my email?

ASHER: Of course not. I loved it. It's terrific. Even mom and dad said so. [beat] Well, Mom thought you speak too quietly. But we all thought you got Montana right.

BEA: I did grow up here. [beat] Sort of.

ASHER: Come to Missoula. Let mom pinch your cheeks. [beat] And seriously, bring the new girl. I know you, Bea. You're gonna be a wreck at this wedding. You are *definitely* bringing her home.

[click play]

BRENDA: You seem in high spirits. [beat] Quitting agrees with you.

ROSALIND: Got up early. Drove up into the foothills a little way. Watched the sun rise.

BRENDA: It's a new day here in Elsinore, Montana. [beat] I'm really going to miss you.

ROSALIND: We can try being real friends instead of work friends. Get coffee. Have jam sessions. [beat] This is a huge get for you. I don't do non-work friends. I'm too busy at work.

BRENDA: I'm touched. Look... I really dropped the ball. [beat] I was a bad friend, and I feel bad about it. And I'm sorry. [beat] I'm gonna make it up to you. I swear. My resolution.

ROSALIND: You don't believe in New Year's resolutions. Except to--

BRENDA: Finish writing Alas, Mothman? Yeah, I'm still working on it.

ROSALIND: So keep that resolution and don't add any new ones. But if you want to make it up to me, start the new year with a clean slate. You're an... alto, right?

[abrupt cut to the sound of the wedding--]

LORENA: I, Lorena Christopher, take thee, Teresa Hollandaise, to be my lawfully wedded wife--
[the vows dull to a murmur]

BRENDA: [in tears] God, I'm a mess at weddings.

BEA: Is it just me, or is this shockingly well produced?

ROSALIND: Pamela. Did you do this? Did you make this happen?

PAMELA: *And* I tracked down the dove drones. Should I get into wedding planning?

BEA: If you're looking for a new job, you'd be good at it. [beat] Please don't be looking for a new job, though. What would I be without you?

PAMELA: About that--

BRENDA: [offended, through tears] You are all being so disrespectful right now!

ANDY: [at pulpit] And though true love may not be a Wheyface Industries guarantee, all of my finest oracles and scryers see only... love and happiness for this lovely couple here. [beat] And death and destruction for the rest of us. Woe to the dark-hearted! Woe to the loveless and the lost!

LORENA: Andy, may we say a few words?

ANDY: Of course, we'll circle back to the dire portents.

LORENA: Teresa and I are so thankful to have all of you here on our special day. And we'd like to thank a few people specifically for making this possible.

ROSALIND: Oh my God. She's not going to--

LORENA: First, our \$100 patrons. Amy Tate. Alex Welch. Richard Schulte. Asher Casely.

BEA: *Come on*, man.

TERESA: At our \$50 tier, Cassie LaBelle--

BEA: Well. You can't say they aren't made for each other.

[they all laugh, and off their laughter, the sounds of a party in full swing, music playing]

BEA: Oh, excuse me! Sorry! Pardon!

ANDY: [swinging by] Look at me, Bea! Dancing with both brides!

TERESA: Bea: Join us, won't you. [she, Andy, and Lorena laugh uproariously]

BEA: Sorry. Strictly monogamous when it comes to dancing!

LORENA: I have a perfect joke *and* an even better -- what's the word? -- "dunk" on your hair than the mouse puppeteer thing, but I will not ruin this lovely moment.

BEA: Congrats again! Really. Good luck.

[and they dance away from her... she starts to wander, when--]

PAMELA: You okay?

BEA: Yeah. I think so. [beat] You said you wanted to talk to me about something?

PAMELA: It can wait. Enjoy the night, okay?

BEA: I'll try!

[Bea chuckles, as the noise of the party builds, and she starts to move away from the crowd]

LORENA: It's almost midnight, everybody. And as our \$25 "Good Luck in 2020" patrons know, you have to be here when the clock strikes 12 to be sure your next year will be unforgettable!

[sounds of partygoers cheering, popping champagne]

BEA: Good for them. Good. [Bea hits the door to the outside, and she gasps in shock] Oh dear God, are you just standing there, waiting at the door for whomever comes through it?

BRENDA: [the door shuts] Good to see you, too. [beat] Leaving before midnight?

BEA: Thought I'd get an early start on my drive to Missoula. Gonna surprise my family. Arriving as if from out of nowhere on a snowy morning. Like in a coffee commercial.

BRENDA: Ooh, like the one where the brother and sister clearly wanna do it?

BEA: Gross. [beat] What are you doing out here? I thought you loved weddings.

BRENDA: I do. But as I mentioned last night, I also hate New Year's Eve. The balance has well and truly tipped over, Casely. Well and truly.

BEA: So you're lurking outside of one instead?

BRENDA: Well, if there's one thing I can't resist, it's hearing people count down from 10 to 1. So you can see my predicament. [they laugh] So you're going to Missoula?

BEA: The least I can do is spend New Year's with my family. [beat] They're the only one I've got.

BRENDA: Wow, you should put that on a T-shirt.

BEA: I know. Profound, right?

BRENDA: [cackles] Casely, the look on your face. You really thought you were the first person to ever think of, “Your family is the only one you’ve got”?

BEA: [obviously lying] No. [beat] But it’s true! It’s true, and we act like it’s not!

BRENDA: Yeah, you just described every cliché ever.

BEA: I guess being back here in Elsinore. Being out at that ranch... I remember the first time I saw it. Dana took me up on the bluff at sunrise, and she tried to show it to me the way she saw it. And it was beautiful, but... she was willing to die for it. To kill for it. And it was just a ranch!

BRENDA: Yeah.

BEA: You almost died there.

BRENDA: Yeah.

BEA: I almost watched you die there. When you ran into that fire-- [her breath catches]

BRENDA: Casely, I’m fine.

BEA: I just really. I really... didn’t want you to die. That’s all.

BRENDA: Oh. [beat] So we’re actually gonna talk about it then?

BEA: While you were in there, I didn’t think about how we’d slept together. Or how you didn’t hesitate to run in there. No. I thought, “Oh, she was gone, but she came back, and you didn’t even try to get to know her better.” I see you every day, but I *don’t* see you, you know?

BRENDA: Prepare for a thrilling life story! I grew up in rural Oregon. Town called Tillamook. Yes, like the cheese. Our high school mascot was a Cheesemaker. And you’re already looking it up.

BEA: Wow, that’s true! [beat] Rural Oregon. That must have been hard.

BRENDA: Why?

BEA: I mean... you know...

BRENDA: Are you suggesting that in small towns there is some sort of insidious American ideology of punishing otherness, be it foreigners, people of color, or the queer community? And as a mixed race lesbian of Arab decent I got this especially hard?

BEA: Something like that.

BRENDA: It wasn't bad. People left me alone. I intimidated them. I lettered in dang volleyball.

BEA: Why volleyball?

BRENDA: Jessica Hawks. She was a senior. I was a sophomore. I would bump. She would set. In more ways than one. [beat] She told me not to tell anybody. I thought maybe I'd somehow found the one other girl who was into girls in the whole state of Oregon, and maybe someday I'd leave and move to Minneapolis and be among the other lesbians.

BEA: Minneapolis?

BRENDA: I terribly misunderstood the Mary Tyler Moore Show.

BEA: You know, I think I was into Phyllis?

BRENDA: This explains absolutely everything. [beat] Anyway, she broke up with me after a couple of months of furtive making out in the equipment room. I met other girls. She married some guy. They seem happy. As these things go, it coulda been better, coulda been worse.

BEA: My first kiss was this boy up on my grandparents' ranch. Monte Birch.

BRENDA: Yes, I did read your Myspace poem "To Monte, Who Broke My Heart."

BEA: I fell *hard* for him. I was 15. Enormous braces. Bigger glasses. He was 16, so tall and cute. We'd go riding up in the hills around the ranch, and one day, he kissed me as the sun set. My first kiss. It was *perfect*. When summer ended, he said he'd call. He never did. After a dozen voicemails I took the hint. After that, I spent summers in Boston. I never saw him again.

BRENDA: Arden 3: The Search for Monte Birch.

BEA: They return to kill again. [they laugh]

BRENDA: So Montana. Boston. I still don't entirely understand that. *Where* did you grow up?

BEA: Both. It was important to my parents that I impress the East Coast elite. They shipped me off to boarding school. [beat] I'm waiting for you to say, "Nothing about this surprises me."

BRENDA: Jesus. That's fucked up.

BEA: My dad said his career stalled out because he didn't know the right people. And that wouldn't happen to his kids. I did make my dreams come true. So... [beat] But did I cry the whole plane ride there? And most of my first semester? Yes.

BRENDA: Aww. I would have given you a hug. I think I would have liked Little Bea.

BEA: Don't commit yourself to that. I was already so much myself. I had to write an essay to get into boarding school, and I was just old enough to know what I thought great writing was, but not old enough to know anything else. The title was "On Being Happy in the Middle of Nowhere."

BRENDA: [cracks up] Oh my God.

BEA: I felt so alone all the time here. At least at school I could feel like it was *for* something.

BRENDA: So you stopped coming back?

BEA: The first few summers, I came back home, yeah. Then I started finding excuses to stay. My family became an accessory in my life. And then I just started saying I was from Boston. Montana was just a weird thing that I'd done that one time. Like trying recreational drugs.

BRENDA: A license plate slogan if ever I've heard one.

BEA: And then I went up on that bluff--

BRENDA: And a murderer taught you to love it all over again? Is that where we're heading?

BEA: Stop. [beat] Dana convinced herself this was the only place that mattered. I convinced myself it was a place that didn't. I tried to pretend that part of my story wasn't real, but I cried -- I *cried* -- the whole way to Boston. She was lying to herself, yeah, but I was lying to myself too.

BRENDA: Dana was-- She liked running at walls to see if that was a good way to find some bricks. [beat] Someone I care about very much once suggested I was like that. [beat] I get it, Casely. The middle of nowhere makes you earn your place, but once you have it, no one can take it away. Places, people -- they disappear in the city. No one remembers they were there.

BEA: I felt that way for a long time. But it's not about the space, it's about the people that inhabit it. You can feel lonely surrounded by land, or you can feel lonely surrounded by people. It's the same kind of alone. [beat] I wonder what would have happened if those two had been a little kinder to each other from the word go. If they hadn't always expected the worst.

BRENDA: Dana and Trudy? Trudy took advantage of her daughter's mental illness at best and was deeply abusive at worst. And Dana killed three people! We're way beyond "kindness."

BEA: I'm not saying we all have to hold hands and try to work it out in some kind of kumbaya thing--

BRENDA: It was abuse! It was horrible, horrible abuse. And murder! They *destroyed* each other.

BEA: What I'm *saying* is: People run over each other every day. Sometimes, we destroy each other, and sometimes, we just make somebody's day a little bit shittier, but it's all... [beat] Okay,

if Trudy had tried, really tried, to see her daughter as a person, and not an obstacle... it might have been different. Same for Dana and Clyde. Dana and Olivia. [beat] Maybe even you and me. We could have been kinder to each other. That's all.

BRENDA: Yeah. We shouldn't treat each other like shit. Agreed. [beat] And by the way, I was *very* kind to you. *Extremely*. [beat] You know for a little bit there, that night, I thought it was going to be one hell of a first date story.

BEA: What night?

BRENDA: Drinks. Eureka. After Julie. [beat] I thought, "Well, hell, on our first date, we talked about *objective truth*." And then... aliens.

BEA: It was a very stupid thing to say in front of a journalist, you have to realize.

BRENDA: [laughs] But you gotta admit, it would have been downright charming to say we talked about objective truth on our first date. [beat] And here it is 12 years later, and we're just getting around to talking about where we grew up. [beat] I guess we could be kinder. Most of the time.

BEA: Do you want to go on a date? [beat] Like an *actual* date. A movie or an art museum or, what do you like? Mini golf? [beat] We've already slept together and solved two elaborate conspiracies. We're due for a date.

BRENDA: Casely, you are not picking me up at your *ex's wedding*. I absolutely refuse. At least wait until we're both back in Los Angeles. Damn.

BEA: Well I'm going to ask in Los Angeles.

BRENDA: Great. But be forewarned: I will destroy you in mini-golf.

BEA: Do you want to go to Missoula with me?

BRENDA: No! Come on! I'm not a rebound, Casely. Or a joke. I'm the real fucking deal and you ought to treat me as such.

BEA: Brenda Bentley, accept no substitutes?

BRENDA: Damn right.

BEA: [joking] You won't leave with me right now to get a coffee because you're making a moral stand? You won't come inside and dance with me even to hear people count backwards?

BRENDA: No. I'm trying to be serious. I have *never* felt about somebody the way I feel about you. And that goes for whatever feeling I'm feeling toward you in that particular moment.

BEA: Well. Call it... call it a mutual feeling. [there's a reset between them, back on the same page] I suppose I can ask you again in L.A. There's no rush, right? No ticking clock.

[and then behind them, the crowd from the party begins counting down "TEN... NINE..."]

BEA: God I wish I could say I planned that. [they laugh]

BRENDA: Let's go inside. Let's see our friends. [Opening the door] Ms. Casely.

BEA: Ms. Bentley.

[and right as they open the doors to the party, the gathered crowd shouts, "HAPPY NEW YEAR" and begins to sing "Auld Lang Syne"... B&B join in]

ROSALIND: [approaching, shouting over the noise] Hey, you two! I was worried you'd left!

BRENDA: And miss the people counting down from 10 to 1?

ROSALIND: Oh, you *do* love that. [beat] Is something happening here? [beat] No? Okay. Yeah. You two. Keep me on my toes. [a paper is handed over] Okay, so, the song, if you could drop in here--

BRENDA: Aye, aye, Captain Rosalind Ursula.

ROSALIND: Bea, you join on the chorus--

BEA: I haven't rested my voice! I didn't agree to-- [she's pulled to a microphone and joins--]

PAMELA: Neither did we, but here we are.

ANDY: That's life, right? Nobody agrees to it, and then you're there. [beat] By jove, that's it. Wheyface Industries. Nobody agrees to it, and then you're there.

BEA: I like The Good People. Something to aspire to.

ANDY: [thoughtful noise, a hmmm]

[Rosalind taps at a microphone, as she talks, the sound from the party starts to die down]

ROSALIND: Friends, family, platinum level donors: I wanted to wish Lorena and Teresa a very lovely life together. Something tells me you kids are gonna make it. [beat] As a longtime friend of Lorena and Teresa and a *frequent* RFMOH guest, I wanted to offer a toast. In *song*. I started writing this song after I-- after I-- [trails off] had a real fuck of a year. But that's New Year's. You get a new one. [to herself] You get a new one. [to everyone] To the future.

ROSALIND: [singing] Sit a spell and take it in
 Where we're going, where we've been
 Watch the light spill through the door
 I haven't seen this shadow before

Out there it is warm and bright
 In here you can see the light
 Sitting in the dark feels right
 Til you can't help but notice the light

ROSALIND AND BRENDA: [singing] Time keeps ticking, seasons change
 Love and lives can rearrange
 What's familiar soon looks strange
 And as you go
 The past retreats to shadow

ALL: [singing] Soon we'll face another year
 But for the moment, we're all here
 Even if the world's unkind
 We all will leave a shadow behind
 We all will leave a shadow behind
 We all will leave a shadow...

ROSALIND: [singing] It's time.

[cue "Baby to Bed" and credits, then--]

BRENDA: Found it! *Mysteries Abound*. November 24, 2004. [beat] Truly, mystery abounds.

BEA: Oh my God. Just play the episode.

[abrupt *Unsolved Mysteries*-esque theme plays]

BOB: I'm Bob Hatfoot, and this is *Mysteries Abound*! Tonight: One of the most famous art heists in American history. Painted by the obscure artist Ronald Overton in 1917, "A Long Summer's Night" disappeared from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1929. We have only a few replica sketches of it. No photos exist -- save for one. Perhaps.

[cut to interview]

LINUS: It's Fourth of July. Right before so many of us were going to college, and we are *wasted*.

DEMI: My friend knew a guy who knew a guy, and whatever we got, it was *good*.

LINUS: Yeah, “whatever we got” must be why we forgot.

BOB: This is Linus and Demi Callas. They’re siblings. And in the summer of 2001, they took one fateful photograph. What was in that picture has haunted them ever since.

DEMI: We have one of those disposable cameras. Most are just teenagers being stupid--

LINUS: You can see my ass in at least three of them.

DEMI: Linus, we’re on *television*.

LINUS: Oh, they’ll edit that out.

DEMI: But look at this one. You see that? There. In the background--

BOB: Decide for yourselves, viewers. Is this painting, seen in the background and partially blocked by two drunken teenagers kissing, “Long Summer’s Night”? Or is it merely a convincing replica? Or some other painting entirely? Not even the Callas siblings are sure.

LINUS: You know, if we knew where we took that photo, we could go back. But--

DEMI: We were too gone to remember anything. And so--

BOB: And so, this photo has become *the* most hotly debated item in the American art world. Was it “Long Summer’s Night”? That’s what we’ll examine... right after this short break.

[back to “Baby to Bed.” Over its closing, and for 20-ish seconds thereafter, galloping hooves]

[end of season]