

Arden
Episode 2.11: "Angels, Ministers of Grace, Etc."
By Sara Ghaleb

Series 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
JAKE WUNDER: Mike Bash
ALEXANDRIA DUTTON: Nelinda Palomino
CHARLIE: Daniel Mills
TERESA HOLLANDAISE: Jennifer Liao
DICE: Mike Bash
RANCHER: Daniel Mills
AIRPORT ANNOUNCER: Jennifer Liao
GRUNTING ACTOR: Christopher Dole

[click-play; early morning sounds from inside a car. Seems like a comfortable silence, until--]

BEA: We don't have to be weird about this. Friends sleep together.

BRENDA: Who's being weird? We're adults. We had fun. It's all cool.

BEA: It's not just cool, it's freezing. Ha ha.

BRENDA: If you're worried about freezing you could come back under the blanket.

BEA: (scoff) So you can warm me up?

BRENDA (full Bentley charm): Yeah. So I can warm you up.

BEA: This is so I don't lose any toes. [We hear Bea move over, climb under a blanket.]

BRENDA: Don't worry. I texted Andy, he's sending help as soon as the sun's up.

BEA: Andy sending help? Should we be on the lookout for Balto?

BRENDA: Snowplow. I made a point to confirm it was a snowplow. [They snuggle, maybe even a contented sigh. Then some moving around] What are you doing there, babe?

BEA: There's a seatbelt buckle digging into my butt. Not trying to... start something. [more moving, then Bea freezes]: Did you call me babe?

BRENDA: I thought you were trying to start something!

BEA: We're not in Montana to fool around. We are colleagues and we should focus on being colleagues, and colleagues don't have pet names. Like "*Babe*." Don't call me "Babe." You should call me associate, or partner. Not partner like *partner!* but partner like PARTNER --

BRENDA: Too confusing. Why don't you call me by your name, and I'll call you by mine?

BEA: How is that less confusing, Brenda!? ..Bea?

BRENDA: You're being very silly, associate. You can relax, Casely. I don't know what this is and you don't either. But it's definitely not a case. We don't need an answer now. [beat] You like stargazing? [Brenda takes Bea's hand, points with it] Right there that's the North Star, and down there. Little Dipper. Big Dipper. Above them that's Draco and Libra. That's Vega, shining bright. And there's Virgo.

BEA [teasing] You gonna ask my sign? I think we're a bit beyond that.

BRENDA: Nah, I don't believe in signs. Unless they're dollar signs. It's just another way of trying to organize all... this. We've all got the same stars, but not the same constellations. Orion's not up there right now, but he was my favorite. The great hunter who always caught his prey. You've probably heard of him.

BEA: I went to elementary school, so yes.

BRENDA: Baba Bentley loved to tell me about the stars, and he taught me Orion's belt. Now, in Egyptian astronomy that's Sah - Osiris. You know his story?

BEA: I've... heard the name. [beat] And didn't the Goo Goo Dolls have a song about him? He'd give up forever to touch me? [beat] Sorry. I tried.

BRENDA: Everything's so Eurocentric here. OK, so. Osiris is king, and he's like a great king. There's order in the land, you know, everybody loves him, like loves him loves him. Except for his brother, Set. And Set is the worst, like 100% the worst and he wants to murder his brother because he wants to be king. So he makes this fancy murder box and tricks Osiris to go in the box. When he gets in there BAM! He's chopped up like into tiny bits. But Osiris' wife, Isis, who's a badass B, she's like "No. You can try to chop him up but I'm going to put him back together and he's going to be resurrected and he's going to become the king of the dead." --Which, he probably still is king of the dead. Unclear. We're humans, we're mere mortals, we don't know. -- The point is, Osiris comes out on top. His kid on the other hand just inherited hell. He's now got to defeat his uncle. Sock him in the jaw, restore order to the kingdom. Etc.

BEA: Does he?

BRENDA: Sometimes? It's a very old story. It adapts to the teller. Baba said the point is that even gods mess up. They're jealous and violent, but they love. They're fallible. Their stories are our stories. He found it comforting. [heavy sigh] Something's left unfinished here. I don't think we can leave Montana yet.

BEA: Me neither. And after Montana /maybe we could- [A car horn coming in loud, but in the distance, plays La La Cucaracha] And that'll be Andy.

BRENDA: Oh crap! Where are my pants? [La Cucaracha takes us into--]

[opening plays without any narration at all]

[click-play; Sheriff's Station, it's a busy morning]

BEA: THE LIGHTS!

BRENDA: HE CAME RIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE!

BEA: TRIED TO KILL US!

WUNDER: Okay, okay! I hear you!

BRENDA: Outrageous.

WUNDER: Did either of you happen to get the plate number?...Or a description of the vehicle?

BEA: It was Clyde Hamill.

BRENDA: Hold up, hold up. We don't definitively know it was Clyde. Last night someone tried to run us off the road, and the vehicle came from Hamill Hills. Right after we spoke to Mr. Hamill.

WUNDER (that's something): Are you certain you saw it drive out of Hamill Hills?

BEA: We know it came from Hamill Hills.

WUNDER: Did you see a driver?

BEA: No.

WUNDER: Was there any damage to your vehicle?

BEA: ...Yes, but Brenda did it.

BRENDA: I was helping! Look, I realize there's not a lot of *evidence* evidence here. The car never touched us, but you saw the weather last night! A car tailgating us with high-beams right after we talked to murder suspects is pretty fishy!

WUNDER: Do you mean Clyde and Trudy? They are suspected of tampering with medication, possibly abuse, *possibly* fraud, but to be absolutely clear there is no evidence tying them to homicides or manslaughter.

BEA: What about the electrical grid?

WUNDER: And you two having any contact with them, or announcing unsubstantiated accusations will only muddy the very good investigative work you have already done.

BEA: Someone tried to kill us. I'm not okay with that!

WUNDER: I'm not okay with it either! I can offer you police protection until you leave town.

BRENDA: That won't be necessary. He's right. There's nothing here. We'll get out of your hair.

WUNDER: Stay safe, all right? And stay away from the Hamills until the law can catch up. We want to do this right. I don't want anyone else getting hurt.

[click-play; airport sounds]

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER: Flight 176 to Burbank has been delayed.

ROSALIND: Sorry, sorry, pilot coming through! Fell asleep in the Brookstone! [phone alert sound; an intake of breath. A scramble as Rosalind rushes to answer it] Dana, are you okay? When Clyde said you didn't want to see me I didn't know if it was you or him.

DANA: You'd be okay with me never wanting to see you again?

ROSALIND: ...If it was your call, yes.

DANA: Thanks. Listen, where are you?

ROSALIND: The airport. Brenda had some work for me in L.A. I haven't boarded, do you need-?

DANA: No, no, go to L.A.

ROSALIND: I have to tell you, your medication/ has been-

DANA: My mom and Clyde are -- [they both break off, laugh]

ROSALIND: You go.

DANA: They're never going to lay off me as long as Arden is in town. I know you think you're helping, but as long as you're crowding me, or calling or sending Brenda and Bea by the house I'll never get an opening to sneak out to see my psychiatrist.

ROSALIND: Listen, Dana, your medication-

DANA (sigh): I shouldn't have thrown it out. The pharmacy is closed for the Holiday, but if I play up what a good daughter I am for Easter dinner I can get back car privileges and get a refill Monday. I swear I will. No point worrying about it until then.

ROSALIND: Yeah. No point. Look, I... I never wanted to make it worse.

DANA: You didn't. Thank you, Rosalind. For believing me. It's made all the difference in the world. You listened. And that's all I needed. See you around, yeah? [hangs up]

ROSALIND: ...Yeah. See you around.

[click-play; Bea and Brenda enter the station.]

PAMELA: Hey! You're alive!

BEA: Allegedly.

PAMELA: What happened? Did you crash the car?

BRENDA: No, no, we're fine. Had to sleep in it overnight, though.

PAMELA (teasing): Is that so. Did you two have to keep each other warm?

BEA (scoffing): Nuh-uh.

BRENDA (playing it off): What?

PAMELA: Seriously? You could have frozen to death. Sharing body heat's the most effective--

BRENDA: There might have been some professional proximity. But it wasn't that dire. Believe me, I sleep in my car a lot. Stake outs, road trips. That time I saw a mouse in my apartment.

BEA: Point is, we didn't die!

PAMELA: Great, well I've been packing up the studio, and Bea, I think you'll want to review those binders. I can't make heads or tails of your filing system.

BEA: It's emotionally intuitive.

BRENDA: Sorry Pam, I can't help today. Clyde tried to kill us. I can't rest until I prove it.

PAMELA: Did you report it to the police?

BEA (to Pamela): See, it's about the principle of the thing.

PAMELA: You reported it, they'll find it, we don't have time for another crazy caper --

ANDY (entering): And this, my good man, is where the magic happens!

CHARLIE: When you said that, I wasn't expecting a run down radio station, but this is cool.

BRENDA: Charlie?

CHARLIE: Brenda...

ANDY: Why Brenda, do you two have some sordid history that might not fit within the regular parameters of Arden but is still a tale worth telling?

CHARLIE: Brenda handled a case for me way back when I was in grad school. Ages ago.

BRENDA: Are you not in school anymore? Feels like only four months ago.

CHARLIE: You flatter me. We're obviously the same age since Wheydate has a strict 35-year-old minimum I would never try to work around.

PAMELA: Andy, is there any chance you brought your Wheydate here to help pack?

ANDY: Oh no, I've hired people for that.

PAMELA: ...You mean us, don't you. I'll take this down to the truck myself then.

ANDY: No job too small for Arden!

CHARLIE: When is season two coming out?

BEA: It is pending a criminal investigation, but we got... *something* recorded so who knows!

CHARLIE (chuckling): Classic Arden.

LORENA: Classic Arden? You mean mystery, comedy, and *heartbreak*?

BEA [startled!]: Jesus! Hello, Lorena. What are you doing here? And we are *not* a comedy!

LORENA: The strangest thing, I packed up my stuff from our- *your* apartment and I realized where I wanted to go next was here. Of all places.

BEA: To... me?

LORENA: To Elsinore. Can we speak privately?

BEA: Yeah, uh, into the booth. [Bea and Lorena exit]

ANDY: Oh, I hope those two crazy kids work it out.

BRENDA: Yeah...

ANDY: It seems like something is weighing on your mind. Are you going to miss the ducks, too?

BRENDA: They have ducks in Los Angeles. I'll introduce you. [beat] I just... it's not my business what they talk about but Bea is my friend and I'm worried about her, as her friend-

ANDY [phone buzzes]: Can you hold that thought? I'm getting a call from set.

BRENDA: What set?

ANDY: Did I not mention The Grunty McMurtry Show is filming its fourth season right now here in Montana? You would not believe the tax break we're getting on it. [whistles, indicating A LOT] [Andy walks away] Andy Wheyface here. Do you like filming on an authentic desolate ranch?

GRUNTING ACTOR: [A series of very angry grunts]

ANDY: It's TOO authentic? But you're a method actor!

GRUNTING ACTOR: [A series of very angry grunts; scene continues in background]

CHARLIE: Do you think he'd take me to the set? I'm dying to meet Kenneth Branagh.

BRENDA: What are you doing, Charlie? Don't scam Andy. He genuinely wants love.

CHARLIE: And I very sincerely want to be a billionaire's trophy husband. I'd be so good at it! I'm charming. I mind my own business. I could learn to be fancy. You know I can sing opera?

BRENDA: I thought you wanted to be an engineer?

CHARLIE: I could do both! Like Hedy Lamarr. You hear her episode of Remember Forgotten-

BRENDA: Forget it!

CHARLIE: Oh! I thought there was a weird vibe! Are you jealous of Lorena? You still got a crush on Bea? I read they were engaged, I'm sorry. Unless... did you have sex in a car last night?

BRENDA: How do you know that? What are you, some sort of sex detective?

CHARLIE: No. Would that make a good show?

BRENDA: Don't pitch me your spin off.

CHARLIE: Don't take out your messy relationship drama on my budding romance. Andy and I have been on four Wheydates and all we've done is take hayrides. Mind your own business.

BRENDA: Fine. Can I ask you something?

CHARLIE: Mostly women, but I do dig Andy's whole gentleman prospector thing

BRENDA: I was *going* to ask, did you ever see Gabriel and Isabelle's super weird dynamic? Do you think if they ever actually hooked up they would get bored of each other?

CHARLIE: Immediately. It was all about the chase there, not anything real. Oh! Can you cover for me, pal? Yes, I know you know I just graduated (stage whisper) but my profile says I'm thirty-seven and my name is Claudio. (louder) Hi Andy!

ANDY: Sorry about that, just had to handle America's biggest doctor-lawyer procedural.

BRENDA: Charlie here is 26. He hacked the app because he only wants you for your money.

CHARLIE: I thought you were cool, Brenda!

BRENDA: I am unless you might hurt one of my friends!

ANDY: Oh, love is so very complicated. Brenda, you're lucky to be perpetually single.

BRENDA: Thanks.

LORENA: Brenda, a word?

BRENDA: Jesus! Uhh, sure. The booth? No. I see through the glass Bea's crying in there. Hallway? [they walk, a pause] How've you been?

LORENA: Bea told me what happened last night.

BRENDA: Cool.

LORENA: I wanted to let you know, in whatever capacity we might run into each other again, you won't ever need to give me that nervous look you're giving me now. Breathe. I don't think anything awful about you. I was so afraid you'd steal her away but now I see she never truly agreed to be mine. And who could possibly resist Bea Casely's Undeniable Sexual Energy?

BRENDA: I wouldn't call it undeniable.

LORENA: Wouldn't you? [Brenda stutters] Oh, it was silly to hope she'd arrive at my doorstep begging for me back. She's not that type of woman. She's too willful. Like the indomitable Katherine Hepburn. It wasn't in her nature to settle down. She belonged only to herself.

BRENDA: And Hepburn was happier that way?

LORENA: I think she was. But then again, I want to think that. Oh, I can give you quotes and dates and photographs to support my theories, but in truth, history is even more unknown than the future. The past is only a story we tell. [sighs] Episode 142, "Katherine Hepburn love affairs, colon, star crossed," if you want to listen. It's one of my favorites.

BRENDA: If you're not here to re-propose to Bea, what brought you to Montana?

LORENA: That is the other thing. I came to visit my, uh, my good friend Teresa.

BRENDA: Hollandaise?

TERESA (entering): High stakes negotiator!

BRENDA: Too many people are in this studio!

[click-play; Dive bar sounds]

BEA: Listeners-

BRENDA: Oh my god. Stop acting like you're wearing a wire! Less fidgeting. And don't narrate.

BEA: ... As I was saying. We're here at Lucky Brew Garage, the more dive-y dive bar in town. You may not recall this bar from earlier in the season because we never got a usable recording due to vulgarity or blatant libel. It's the favorite watering hole of many Hamill Hills ranchers.

BRENDA: To be fair, we got pretty vulgar back at them. If someone here knows who drove after us, I'll get it out of them. I'm good at getting people to talk.

BEA: I literally interview people professionally.

DICE: Hey there. The boys and I, well, we hate to see two pretty gals like you drinking alone.

BEA: (loud fake laugh) We'd love to! Excuse my friend if she doesn't talk much. She's shy.

[click-play; a knock on the door of Dana's trailer]

DANA: Hello?

WUNDER: Dana! I wanted to check in. See how you were holding up. Now hold up! Don't shut the door in my face. Your mom doesn't know I'm here.

DANA: That means you're trespassing.

WUNDER: I'm having a friendly visit with a neighbor. Can I come in?

DANA: Without a warrant?

WUNDER: Hah, that's a good one.

DANA: Okay, sheriff. Go ahead. Tell my mom I'm being a good little girl and playing my guitar all day. No need for you to get involved unless the cows sent a noise complaint. Happy Easter.

WUNDER: Wait! I may need your help. Did you see Casely and Bentley come by yesterday?

DANA: Yeah. No idea what they wanted.

WUNDER: Did you see a car drive after them?

DANA: Can't say. There's always a few stragglers leaving the ranch.

WUNDER: So if a car left right after them it could have been anyone?

DANA: I guess. [beat] Hey. It could help to look at the timecards in the office.

WUNDER: That's a great idea, thank you. You want to show me the way?

DANA: I'm not allowed to leave on my own.

WUNDER: Even with a police escort?

DANA: Even with. [beat] I'm busy, was there anything else?

WUNDER: [a long pause, he *should* tell, but...] No. Nothing else. Have a great Easter.

[click-play; driving]

BEA: [hyper, but doing radio voice] We're in Brenda's car because *mine* is broken! We just had quite a few rounds with Dice, Brawley, and Shiloh and they had a lot to say about their boss!

BRENDA: They're not fans!

BEA: No, they're not! The word "pussy" was thrown around liberally. We don't know who tried to kill us but it probably wasn't Clyde. One: like me, Clyde drives a small, fuel efficient car. He'd be just as ill-ick -- ill quick--- ill equipped to handle the roads.

BRENDA: You okay, buddy? Y'know those jack and cokes I was bringing you were only soda.

BEA: Yes, and now I'm hopped up on five cokes. I could fight God.

BRENDA: Easy to say now, he doesn't get back until tomorrow. [beat] That's how Easter works, right? It's like a three day blind spot.

BEA: Easter is *not* Jesus's The Purge.

BRENDA: I didn't get your cozy Christian upbringing. Get on with your dumb fake radio show.

BEA: It's *our* fake radio show! POINT TWO! Clyde doesn't have the stomach for direct violence. They told a super sad story about a cow that got trapped in the fence. It was in pain and someone needed to- [genuinely but overly sad] Brenda, that poor cow.

BRENDA: Dana had to put it down. Clyde couldn't. BUT that still means he could have had a worker go after us for him. Like, specifically there are a few workers they named that might do that kind of thing for him. Or for any reason!

BEA: Which is great for us, because if we can find them we can get them to flip.

BRENDA: Don't use cop lingo you learned from TV.

BEA: I can and I will! I'm getting into character. If there's anything I learned from you it's that detective work is ninety percent showmanship. Tell the fans what we're going to do about Clyde!

BRENDA (radio voice): We are going to stake out Hamill Hills because while we're not supposed to go onto the property nothing is stopping us from getting the plate numbers of everyone driving into or off the ranch. But first, we're getting, lord help me, more caffeine.

[click-play; Santa Monica Pier sounds]

ROSALIND: It was a cold night on the docks, the sea smelled like salt and trouble.

PAMELA (over the phone): What docks?

ROSALIND: OK, it's the Santa Monica pier and I am bored out of my gourd tailing this guy. He keeps getting onto the Ferris wheel! The least interesting ride to watch from the ground!

PAMELA: At least you're back in your element. Should you be chatting right now?

ROSALIND: Makes me look inconspicuous. Any news?

PAMELA: Bea and Brenda had sex.

ROSALIND: Wow! The second I left, huh? What a powerful asexual energy I must have.

PAMELA: Yeah, you don't know your own strength.

ROSALIND: So, are B and B together now?

PAMELA: I have no idea. I asked Bea, and she pretended she didn't know what I was talking about. Which made it obvious that she did.

ROSALIND: Just one more day and it's not your problem.

PAMELA: My new problem is finding some sort of ending for... whatever this season was.

ROSALIND: If anyone can make order out of chaos- Oh, shit, I think the guy I'm watching is using the seagulls here to send coded messages. That's why he needs the Ferris wheel. If I'm lucky I can find out where they're keeping Faustina before the tide comes in! Bye!

[Click-play; BEA makes a bored sound. An exhale, fingers tapping, that kinda thing.]

BRENDA: Patience. Stakeouts aren't as glamorous as they look on Veronica Mars.

BEA: You know what this reminds me of? The Julie Capsom crash site. [beat] God, it was cold that night. But I was determined to stay on the scene until Julie was found. When she wasn't, I decided I just had to outlast every reporter and cop who had shown up to the scene. And I did. All but one, who kept stomping around and investigating the car and staring at the sky for some goddamn reason. By the time that insufferable, stubborn cop finally left, I was too tired to drive home to my cozy bed. So I slept in my car. And, again, *cold*.

BRENDA: Have you been holding that against me for eleven years?

BEA: No. Last night-

BRENDA: I thought we were politely not talking about/ last night

BEA: Last night you told me I made you better. That's ridiculous. You've *always* been the most determined person I've ever known. I can't tell you how many times I've dug my heels in on a story thinking "Bentley wouldn't give up on this yet. Bentley wouldn't take the easy way out."

BRENDA: That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me, and you're blaming me for nearly freezing to death in a car.

BEA: Twice. Twice now you'd made me do that!

BRENDA: Next season we'll go somewhere warm. Like Miami. Picture it: Arden Vice. Where the beaches are hot and the cases are cold.

BEA: You want to do another season?

BRENDA: If it's somewhere nice and toasty, sure. I've always wanted an excuse to bust perps wearing sunglasses, pink shirts and Italian suit jackets.

BEA: ...Y'know no one's stopping you from doing that *now*.

BRENDA: Well, laundry costs. You do not want to pay to get manure out of white suit pants.

BEA: ...I'm glad you want to come back.

BRENDA: Aw, well, can't exactly run off at the end of every season! I'm not a one-trick pony.

BEA: You know that imagery is hateful? Ponies know so much more than one trick! [they laugh]

[click-play; morning sounds; knock on the car window]

BRENDA: Ugh, the sun.

BEA: Did we fall asleep in the car again?

BRENDA: We kept our pants on this time. [2nd window knock, window down] Good morning, sir.

RANCHER: You ladies ought to clear out of here.

BRENDA: You're not a cop. You can't make us move.

RANCHER: You're with that queer podcast. You better clear out.

BEA (sleepy): I don't think the true crime podcast is queer just because we are. I mean, I wouldn't call Ken Burns "The Vietnam War" a straight documentary. Ehh, maybe I would.

BRENDA: You work on this fine ranch, sir?

RANCHER: I sure do. Of course it's sold now, since you lot came poking about.

BEA: You think that's our fault? I'm a huge supporter of local business-

RANCHER (chuckles): I bet you are. We're not some goddamn human interest piece to be turned into -- what's that fucking annoying word I keep hearing? -- content for bored office workers who need something sad but detached to listen to on their commute.

BRENDA: Boy, he really has our number, doesn't he.

RANCHER: You should get the fuck out of here before anyone else sees you here. [beat] You were smart to switch to a truck, that Prius stuck out like a cold sore. [Rancher walks away.]

BRENDA (calling after him): Have a lovely Easter, sir. (exhaling a bit): So. That was the guy.

BEA: That was the guy.

BRENDA: Can you grab a picture of the plate?

BEA [Phone camera clicks]: Got it. [Car starts] We can't actually get him on anything, can we?

BRENDA: Nope. But maybe Sheriff Wunder can.

BEA: Forgive me if I'm not holding out hope.

BRENDA: Have faith, Casely. Sometimes the good guys win in the end. What was it Jesus said when he did his whole Force Ghost thing? "Hakuna-matata"?

BEA: Was that even Latin? Now you're just *trying* to get me to correct you.

[click-play; Hayride sounds]

CHARLIE: You were right about Elsinore, Andy. It's beautiful. And best viewed by hayride. Even if it's April and the grass in this cart is still fully alive.

ANDY: I couldn't think of anything more romantic than a spring hayride.

CHARLIE: You're right and I love it. It's like a mobile picnic.

ANDY: Oh Charlie! If you hacked the algorithm why does this feel so *natural*?

CHARLIE: I'm a really good listener.

ANDY: It just makes me worry that I shouldn't let an app decide who I marry at all.

CHARLIE: Don't worry about that. Let's just ride off into the sunset together. [a horse galloping up] ...I think we're getting company?

RED [riding]: Tally ho! Yes, it is me! Your former paramour and eternal rival Alexandria "Red" Dutton, riding up on my trusty steed Belladonna. I am here to crash your date and gloat.

ANDY: But why, Red?

RED: Arden is leaving town for good! You've given up! Hamill Hills Ranch is ours!

ANDY: But to interrupt a date, I have to wonder. Are you jealous? Do you regret abandoning me with Bea Casely's parents, Harold and Connie Casely?

RED: No! I don't even care that you're on a mobile picnic, the most romantic thing imaginable. No. I am here to see... this guy.

CHARLIE: Me? I don't know you.

RED: I just said I was Red and this horse is Belladonna. I represent the Fortinbras Corporation, and we are willing to pay you to break Mr. Wheyface's heart.

ANDY: Now this isn't sporting at all! This seems like blatant corporate sabotage!

RED: All's fair in love and war.

CHARLIE: What kind of man do you think I am? Do you think love is transactional?

RED: Obviously.

ANDY: Everything is transactional.

CHARLIE: Okay, great, just reading the room. Eighty grand.

ANDY: I am willing to pay you double to not break my heart!

CHARLIE: And I would never want to hurt you, you dear sweet man. Red, a counter offer?

RED: I will throw in the horse!

ANDY: I will throw in the cart!

CHARLIE: Guys, I just want to say real quick, this is the best date I've ever been on.

[click play, driving]

BRENDA: All I'm *saying* is that if Sheriff Wunder *happens* to give that guy a few *parking tickets*, it's not a "police harassment campaign" or whatever you called it.

BEA: That's exactly what it is! That's the textbook definition of--

BRENDA: We were just joshing! Cop to cop! [beat] Shit. Is that Dana walking along the road? Wait, what's she carrying under her arm?

BEA: I think it's a ham. For Easter.

BRENDA: She's going to cook a whole ham in her trailer?

BEA: They make ready made hams. [they slow down alongside Dana]

DANA: Oh. Hey, ladies.

BEA: Oh my God, are you okay?

DANA: [disaffected] Yeah. Just out for a walk.

BRENDA: Get in the dang car before somebody sees us with you.

DANA: Happy to see you too. [Dana gets in, they start driving]

[click-play; the studio, Bea and Brenda enter as Pamela loads the last stuff into a box]

BRENDA: Well, we're back! We found the culprit and learned a valuable lesson about what "police harassment campaign" actually means. *And* we helped a woman in need.

PAMELA: Congratulations! You took just long enough to avoid having to help us move.

BEA: God this room looks so empty. So that's it? We're done?

PAMELA: Yeah, that's a wrap. Now we go back to LA to put all this together.

BRENDA: ...Cool. Casely, you seem surprisingly dour. C'mon, kid. We won, right?

BEA: ... Doesn't it feel unfinished to you? I mean, we got them on a *few* things, but --

BRENDA: I'd like to be here when they slap the cuffs on too, but we've done what we can. We found a conspiracy, uncovered some corporate corruption in the heart of small-town America, Dana'll get justice, and once they prove her conservatorship was unlawful the ranch will be hers.

ANDY [entering]: I wouldn't be so sure about that. Red and I had a *contretemps* fraught with a burbling tension that promises to wax and wane with every new twist of the knife. I offered to buy the ranch back and she laughed in my face. My God. Her laugh. Anyway, it seems they already have a buyer. Dana will never own that ranch. It's done. It's gone.

BEA: [a moment of silence] Maybe we should stay and fight this. What else can we do?

PAMELA: What we can do is go back to LA and tell Dana's story. And people will listen.

BRENDA: We got 'em. And Andy, you told me if you throw enough zany schemes and money at a problem, it fixes itself. So we're going back to LA, we are gonna make the hell out of season two and we are gonna save that ranch!

BEA: ...Well, then I guess we're done here. [they leave the studio, Bea turns out the lights]

[click-play; the Hamill house, as though a video-stream is beginning]

CLYDE: ...smells *great*. Gosh, Dana. I can't wait to dig in! [utensil noises]

DANA: Wait! Let's say grace.

TRUDY: Oh, of course. It *is* Easter. That's a wonderful idea.

DANA: Bless us, o Lord, And these thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from thy bounty, through Christ our Lord we pray. And put your protection over those who have passed. Dad and Paul? I know you're here with us now. I love you. Amen.

CLYDE: [already digging in to the ham] Aaaaamen.

TRUDY: A very lovely prayer, honey. [beat] You know my mother has a family recipe for yams I just love, but this looks good too. [sounds of dishing up]

DANA: It is good to be here with you. I used to do this with Paul. Easter dinner. He would make a hell of a spread, even after Olivia left and it was just us. Paul was always more religious than us, so it meant a lot to him to have family there. To Paul.

CLYDE/TRUDY: [clearly thrown, clumsily reaching for their cups] To Paul.

DANA: So. Listen. I want to ask you something. [sucks in breath] I want to move to Denver. To move in with Olivia. And since you're my legal guardian, mom, I have to ask. [holding up a hand to quiet them] I know. I hear what you're thinking already. But I'm done with the ranch. You were right. I don't know why I ever thought it was worth fighting for.

CLYDE: Congratulations! What wonderful news! You two make such a great couple, and--

TRUDY: You're moving in with Olivia? [a pause, as she thinks of what to say] I'm happy, of course, but... isn't that a little sudden? When did you two get... back together?

DANA: Oh, she's still with her boyfriend. I'm moving in with both of them. Crashing on their couch. I'm going to leave in the morning and drive down there.

TRUDY: I just talked to her on the phone, and she didn't so much as mention that she wanted you to-- I just want to know-- Are you sure that she wants you to--

DANA: I'm sure she wants me there, mom. Go ahead. Call her if you don't believe me.

TRUDY: [hesitates] All right, but--

DANA: Look, these last few months... pretty much since Rosalind showed up... I haven't really felt like me. I'm foggy. Like I was before I started my meds. And Dr. Yates gives me the same bad advice, over and over. It was never going to be enough. It's me. Something's wrong with me, and it always has been. Pills and therapy can't change someone who's broken.

CLYDE: Oh, I don't know about that! Freudian psychoanalysis--

DANA: No. It's bullshit. [beat] Olivia got a fresh start, and I think that's what I need. I need to go.

TRUDY: You'd really be happy without us?

DANA: I don't know. I can't know until I've tried. You guys have been taking care of me for so long, and I just feel like I'm helpless without you. You don't want that! You don't want me helpless! [beat] You should try the ham with the honey-mustard sauce. It's really fantastic.

TRUDY: Sweetheart-- [a long pause, in which she's about to say many things but doesn't]

DANA: Yeah, mom?

TRUDY (a no): We can talk about it tomorrow. The honey-mustard sauce is tremendous.

[click-play; Pamela's car driving]

BEA: [answering phone] This is Bea Casely, Wheyface Radio.

OLIVIA (over phone, anxious as hell): Bea. Olivia Breckenridge. You're still in Montana?

BEA: Yeah, but we're on our way to the airport. [beat] Wait where are *you* driving?

OLIVIA (over phone): I'm on the way back there. I think Dana is going to do something. I spoke with her and she was- I think she's going to do something drastic.

BRENDA [phone dings, multiple times]: Text from Rosalind. She's freaking out.

ANDY: She sent a video link! I don't have the data to be watching videos on my phone.

BRENDA: How do YOU not have the-

PAMELA: I have to keep my eyes on the road, someone please tell me what is happening.

BEA: Show me, show me. [beat] Shit. Olivia, you're right. Dana's doing a live stream on her youtube channel. It's inside her house. I can't hear anything, but Clyde and Trudy look... (dawning horror) Oh my god. Pamela, we have to turn around!

PAMELA: On it! [She turns the car around]

[click-play; Hamill home]

TRUDY: [weirdly frantic, like waking from a bad dream] What? Who--

CLYDE: Huh? Trudes?! Where'd you go?

TRUDY: [suddenly panicking] Oh my God.

CLYDE (alarmed): Dana! You zip tied us to the chairs? [sound of thumping chairs]

DANA: I didn't want you running away.

TRUDY: You drugged the ham?

DANA: No. I drugged the honey-mustard sauce. Drugged the ham? Maybe you're *not* criminal masterminds after all. Huh. [beat] Thank you for the giant pile of sedatives, by the way.

TRUDY: All right. This episode of The Dana Show is very exciting, but untie us. Now.

CLYDE: Dana, we gave you those sedatives to help you rest. You obviously chose not to take them. So this isn't about that. What is this about, Dana?

DANA: Ummm... I mean big bullet point, you murdered my dad.

TRUDY: [deep, annoyed sigh] Dana. Move on. For once in your life, move on.

CLYDE: I am sure losing Paul brought up a lot of negative feelings / but this isn't a healthy-

DANA: Yes! Let's talk about Paul! What was he doing here that night? On your land?

CLYDE [laughing, as does Trudy]: You think we killed *Paul*? Who *drowned*? This is ridiculous. Look, whatever you're /going through-

DANA: [slamming her fist on the table] Confess. Here. Now. On the video.

TRUDY: Think about this. We're drugged, we're scared. You can't use this. If anyone sees that video they're not going to arrest *us*.

DANA: Oh *right*. Cozying up to the *sheriff*. Smart. You fuck Wunder too, or do you keep it in the family?

TRUDY: Don't you dare speak to me like that. / I am your mother!

DANA: You are a complete whore!

TRUDY: Do you have any idea how hard it was to stay faithful to your father? Every day he got further and further away from the man I married, but I stayed for you!

DANA: You stayed for the money!

TRUDY: The ranch doesn't turn a profit! It's worthless.

DANA: You think I don't know what Fortinbras bought it for! Fifteen million? That's what a husband goes for these days? A brother?

CLYDE: I wanted to help Dan!

DANA: Like you wanted to help me?

CLYDE: Yes! I want us to be a family. Can't you see that?

DANA: Your help, uncle, is empty bullshit just like those goddamn sugarpills you gave me.

CLYDE: If your medication isn't working we can/ talk to a new psychiatrist-

DANA: Oh, my medication is working just fine. I got my prescription refilled weeks ago from a pharmacist you *didn't* pay off. I've been pretending, all the while I've been taking my pills. I gave that sugar crap to the cops, by way of Arden. Yeah. I got you good, didn't I?

TRUDY: So you want us to confess to switching the pills? Sue us for the ranch? Get out of your conservatorship? Honey, it's not going to work. Tying us up only proves you're unstable.

DANA: I disagree. Okay, maybe the propane tanks I have set to blow up my trailer might make me seem unstable.

CLYDE (shocked sound): You uh - Dana.

TRUDY: You're bluffing.

DANA: Now that I have your attention, I'd like to circle back to you murdering my father.

TRUDY: What happened to your father was an accident. You need to make yourself see that.

DANA: You know what's funny, mom? I know Clyde did it. Dude, it is so obvious on your face when someone mentions Dan. Clear as day in those eyes for anyone who knows you. What I couldn't figure out was why you couldn't see it, mom.

TRUDY: There's nothing to-

DANA: You see everything I do wrong.

TRUDY: You're the only one who always/ sees the worst-

DANA: I am trying to tell you something important! You will get your turn! As I was saying, it didn't make sense. I couldn't figure out if you knew or not. Until Arden helped me see it. They uncovered an interesting little tidbit about the bin's power turning off and then on again that night. Weird, right? Suddenly things started clicking into place. How could Clyde get dad into the bin? Why would dad let his guard down near an auger? But if you did it together? If you were there and you distracted him, or you pushed him, or -- it wasn't an accident. I know it. Stop lying. Stop keeping *secrets*. [picks up a knife, drags it on the table]

TRUDY: For fuck's sake! Put down the knife.

CLYDE: [sigh, annoyed] He was dead when we got there.

TRUDY: Clyde, what are you--

CLYDE: She needs to hear it. We need to say it. Who cares? It's not even a usable confession.

DANA: If you bullshit me.

TRUDY: You're not going to kill us. You don't have the-

CLYDE: Of course she'd kill us. She said she would; I believe her. We believe you, Dana. You are capable of anything because you are a Hamill, and we are born broken wretched things as hard as this stupid, cold land. Dana, look at me. You hate me. I'm like this because of our blood. And Dan was the worst of us. I'm sorry, but it's true! I know you remember that. You remember everything in that spiteful little brain of yours. He was a drunk, and drink pushed him into the auger! You need to face this so you can let it go. There was no fight, no tricks. He did it to himself and I'm glad he did. I just found him. That's all.

DANA: You fucking left him there.

TRUDY: Your dad was drunk. He fell into the auger. How many times do we have to--

DANA: Was he dead when you found him or drunk when you found him, mom?

TRUDY: I didn't mean-

DANA: I could forgive you if you tried to save him. If he wasn't alone when--

CLYDE: Yeah, I tried to save him, but the bastard wouldn't have it. Leg torn up, bleeding out onto the grain, and still! Still he wouldn't take his brother's hand!

DANA: He was still alive? When you found him, he was-- [her brain is spinning]

CLYDE: He'd lost so much blood. He couldn't hardly speak. I told him I loved him, and [he laughs, because somehow, this is very funny to him] he spit on me. Can you imagine? He *spit*.

DANA: ...So if Clyde was inside with dad... that means. Mom. You flipped the switch. You--

TRUDY (begging): Dana. He wasn't who you thought he was. He was never who you thought--

DANA: No. [beat] But he was my dad.

CLYDE: [exhausted] There. You feel whole again now that you have answers? You can start writing fun songs. This is what you wanted, right?

[slicing sound; GRUNT OF PAIN; Shocked gasp]

TRUDY: [shocked gasp] Dana, don't--

DANA: I'm so fucking sick of you thinking you know what I'm thinking. You have no fucking idea what I'm thinking.

[click-play; driving]

WUNDER: Bentley, slow down. What? How long has this been up? I'm on the way. DO NOT GO TO THE HOUSE. You fucking hear me, Bentley? She's dangerous. No civilians! Tell me you're not - [dial tone] Shit. [dials] It's Wunder. I need every car we can at Hamill Ranch ASAP!

[click-play; two people are breathing strangely. Dana is breathing heavily from exertion, while Clyde is breathing shallowly, wheezing from the knife in his chest. Something is splashing]

TRUDY: [truly fucking exhausted and over it] Dana.

DANA: It's too late, mom.

TRUDY: It's not too late. You haven't killed anybody yet. You can call an ambulance. [beat] Save his life, Dana. Save his life, and save yourself. [beat] You can take all of this back. You won't be a murderer. We won't press charges. We won't contact you again. You can be free.

DANA: I can never be free, you saw to that.

TRUDY: You don't want to be free! You want to die on this ranch but I'm not going to let you. I'll confess anything you want, but do not throw away your life. Just... stop pouring the gas, OK?

DANA: Say what you did.

TRUDY: I killed your father. I covered it up. I ruined your life. I pushed you too hard. I coddled you too much. It's always been me. If you're broken, then I broke you. Now call an ambulance.

[Clyde wheezes]

DANA: Well, thank you for saying it. As insincere as it was. Somewhat nice to have it out there. Not enough though. [gas sloshes] You have to know that at this point, there's only one way out for me. Only one ending. We both fucked up too big for anything else. [she strikes a match]

TRUDY: [finally breaks, desperate] Dana, please. Please, baby, please, just... don't. Just don't.

DANA: [blows out the match] Okay. Why shouldn't I?

TRUDY: Because... because you can't! This isn't the thing. You think this will be the thing, but it's not. [beat] For as long as you live, whether that's 30 seconds or 100 years, you're going to have to be the person who killed someone to get something you thought you wanted.

DANA: And I guess you'd know a lot about that.

TRUDY: Yes. [pause] I killed Dan. I killed your dad, and I'm so sorry. I hear his voice every single night. I'm glad he's dead. I'm not glad I killed him.

DANA: Looks like it turned out pretty well for you.

TRUDY: ...Yes. it did. And it sickens me. And it's going to sicken you every day. You're not strong enough to do it.

DANA: Oh *c'mon*. You had your man. Your land. Your precious little girl under your thumb. Can't feel bad while keeping the spoils. Did you enjoy it? Hearing his screams? You're a monster.

TRUDY: And your father wasn't?

[Clyde gives a weird, gurgling moan]

DANA: ...It doesn't matter. [beat] I had a fantasy of how this might end. I would set it all on fire, and then I would go up to the bluff and watch the orange glow of the fire mix with the rising sun and wait for somebody to find me and tell me I hadn't done it, that it wasn't that bad, that it was all a dream. [beat] That's the funny thing, isn't it? I haven't done anything yet, but we both know it's already happened. This is an old story, older than either of us. Revenge and betrayal and hurt and families gone sour. And it only ever ends one way.

TRUDY: But this time... you haven't done it yet. You still have a choice.

DANA: Sure. But I'm still the girl who stabbed her uncle over a ranch. I can't stop it. We're strapped to the back of an arrow, mom. We don't get a choice in where we land.

TRUDY: Maybe *we* don't. But *you* do. Make the other choice, Dana. Run away. Live. [beat, quietly] I'm sorry. [another beat] You can't watch this from that bluff, sweetie. It's too late. You'll never make it.

DANA: Okay. You're right. I won't. [strikes match] I'll watch it burn from here.

[and the sound of flames]

[click-play; SIRENS; screech of tires, car doors opening.]

WUNDER: Damn it, Bentley, I told you not to come!

BRENDA: I'm here to help! What's the plan?

WUNDER: You know, the usual.

BRENDA: There's a usual?

WUNDER: No! I have to do a hostage negotiation using my high school debate skills. It's a bad situation. One of you have the video up? Has she heard us?

PAMELA: (worried) No.

WUNDER: That's good.

BEA: Sheriff Wunder, I have Olivia Breckenridge on the line. Maybe she can--

OLIVIA: (on phone) Just put me on a loudspeaker! Something!

PAMELA: Something's really wrong. I don't- I can hear sirens in the distance when I take off my headphones. But I can't make them out in the video. I think it's-

BEA: It's on a delay

WUNDER: Everyone, move back-

[Fire bursts and crackles from the ranch house]

WUNDER: You all stay back! [to self] Shit! [he runs in]

BEA: Wunder! Jake, you can't go in there!

OLIVIA: (on phone) What's happening? Tell me what's-- (call drops)

BRENDA: Andy, you have a spare handkerchief on you?

ANDY: Dozens. Why?

BRENDA: For the smoke. [she grabs two, runs in, tying one on] Wunder! Hold up!

BEA: No! Brenda! Brenda, don't you fucking dare go in that house! Brenda - Ow! Let go of me!

PAMELA: Do not follow her into a burning building!

[Dana's trailer explodes like a massive bomb - Bea screams, the whole ranch erupts in flames]

ANDY: Dear God!

BEA: Brenda! Brenda, get out of there! You can't --

PAMELA: Bea, Bea look at me. It's okay. They'll both be out in a minute. Everything is going to be okay. I promise. Keep looking at me. Stay here. It's going to be okay. *Keep looking at me.*

[the fire rises; more sirens.]

ANDY (over the sirens): Arden is brought to you by Wheyface Industries. The Good People.

TO BE CONTINUED.