

Transcript:

TWO DEAD GIRLS IN JUBELIENE

EPISODE 7: "EXCEPT WE LIE"

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PODCAST SPOKESPERSON

"Two Dead Girls in Jubeliene"
contains material that may be
upsetting to some audiences,
including sudden loud noises, adult
language, and depictions of murder
and suicide. For more information,
please find us on Instagram:
@2deadgirlspod. That's the number
"2" dead girls pod.

FROM SILENCE:

EXT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - DAY - AUGUST 10, 1997

CRACK! A gunshot rings across endless farmland. Annoyed CAWS
as crows scatter on the wind. The bolt slides back, releasing
the shell, pushing another into the chamber--

CRACK! This one RICOCHETS from far off tree bark.

MYRA

(narration)

The gun above the fireplace... the
one Ma grabbed in '97, to chase off
our home invader... that's a Ruger
Mini-14. And it's semi-auto. So
when you hear a manual bolt--

... the bolt slides, the shell ejects, another load--

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

You aren't listening to the Ruger.

--CRACK! Bolt-action.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

I never knew my grandpa. But I know
that's the sound of his Remington
thirty-aught-six. So... listening
from my bedroom as my Pa blasts *his*
Pa's gun towards the back forty-- I
know something unusual is afoot.
He's been at it 20 minutes. And as
far as Ma and I can tell, there's
nothing out there but trees.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

BRENDA
 (far off, downstairs)
 Myra! You find something to wear!?

Myra's hands dig through loose clothes.

YOUNG MYRA
 (exasperation)
 I said *I'm looking*.

BRENDA
 Quit dawdling. We're gonna be late!

Myra huffs and exits, slamming the door.

MYRA
 (narration)
 It's August 10th, 1997. It's been
 two days since Jessie Kaplan... 23
 since Annie.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - BASEMENT/LAUNDRY ROOM

Mechanical dryer whir. Myra races down stairs, yanks open the door. The metal drum clacks to a stop.

MYRA
 (narration)
 I check the dryer last. But all
 that's inside is a pair of gray
 sweatpants-- Annie's I guess. Too
 short for me.

Back in the scene--

BRENDA
 (another far off room)
 Myra, get your father! We have to
 go!

YOUNG MYRA
I-- I'm not dressed--

BRENDA
 Now please!

Sounds of Myra, exasperated, yanking on a pair of pants.

EXT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - CORN FIELD - DAY

CRACK! Clear and close now. Myra hustles through tall grass.

MYRA

(narration)

Outside, I get a first good look at Pa. I guess, to an untrained eye, this might look like rifle practice. But Pa taught me to shoot. Square stance, two hands... just like he drilled in the Air Force. So when I see him-- hips at a forty-five, shoulders slouched-- he just looks like a sad and suddenly old man... shooting a great-big gun at who-cares-what... so he doesn't have to hear himself think.

CRACK! Myra's walking stops...

YOUNG MYRA

Pa? Pa! We're--

Bolt-action--

YOUNG MYRA (CONT'D)

Ma says we're gonna be late.

No gunshot. We hear the gun lower slightly.

ED

(half-grunt, half-growl)
Late for what?

YOUNG MYRA

Uh. There's a meeting, at the American Legion? To talk about what to do. How to catch him? Everyone's going.

ED

I don't wanna see everyone. And they don't want to see me.

YOUNG MYRA

They don't think you killed her. Not... not anymore. They never would've thought you did in the first place... except--

Myra cuts herself off. Tense silence, a whisper of wind.

ED
 ...except what?

MYRA
 (narration)
 In a tale of moral contradiction--
 meaning, a tale where innocent
 girls die and killers run free--
 the universe tilts on the word
 "except."
 (then)
 For instance, Annie would be 29
 this year. An actress, maybe. Or a
 music teacher. And she'd come to
 Christmas with Dan or Drew or Daryl
 and make suspicious remarks about
 repainting rooms, with one hand on
 her belly. And she'd still have 50
 years ahead of her. Her life would
 barely be beginning.
 (sighs)
Except... Pa and I... we sent Annie
 to her death. And there is no
 acting, or music, or Dan-Drew-Daryl
 Jr. Annie is just worm food. Now,
 maybe less.
 (then)
 Absent the consequences, I've done
 worse than ditch my little sister.
 And Pa's done... did... plenty
 worse than send us to the store.
 But that's how except works. That's
 how it goes, when you weigh what
 could've been against what is, from
 the moment you went wrong.
 (almost an afterthought)
 For instance, Pa and I could've
 reconciled in those early years.
 Learned not to blame each other,
 and ourselves. Except--

WHOOSH. We are sucked back into the scene.

ED
 --except... what?

YOUNG MYRA
 Except... we didn't need milk. And
 you weren't workin' on the fence.
 And I know you couldn't... that it
 doesn't... but she's gone, Pa. And
 I don't get why you lied about it.
Why you keep on lying about it.

Another note, which hangs stubbornly. Then-- CRACK! Bolt-action. A crescendo. CRACK! BOLT! CRACK-BOLT-CRACK-BOLT--
CLICK.

ED
Pass me those bullets.

YOUNG MYRA
Ma said--

A BANGING JINGLE, a box of ammunition snatched.

ED
TELL HER--
(then, lower)
Tell her I'm not coming.

And then, as loud as thunder-- **CRACK.**

END FLASHBACK

Our theme. A melancholic, true-crimey tune that oscillates off balance-- a melody unsolved. Over the top, an audio montage-- sensational news clips and interviews from the era of the murders.

LOCAL NEWSCASTER
Tonight's top story: a deadly storm. A missing girl. And in Jubeliene, Indiana... *a homicide investigation.*

With school children playing in the background--

TEACHER
Annabelle was this beautiful, innocent little girl--

A different clip, camera jostling, slightly off mic--

ASSHOLE
--well beautiful is a stretch. Hang on, are you recording this?

A news segment--

LOCAL NEWSCASTER 2
We're learning a second girl, Jessica Kaplan, has been found dead in Jubeliene--

A cassette excerpt--

DONNELLY

There was no wiggle room for gut instincts. And anyway this wasn't anything concrete, just... a *confluence of coincidence*.

BYSTANDER 1

It's a conspiracy-- that's what I say. God. Damn. *Conspiracy*. Truth is--

CABLE NEWS PUNDIT

--33% of murders in this country are never solved. Any reasonable person can see--

TIM JENKINS

(cassette)

He's no criminal mastermind. I mean... double homicide?

ED

(cassette)

Hang on Ronny. Your partner was gone the day Annie went missing?

RONNY

(cassette)

Wayne Harmon. Okay? Jessie Kaplan's uncle?

The CLICK of a tape recorder stopping. And then silence.

MYRA

This... is "Two Dead Girls In Jubeliene." Chapter Seven: "Except We Lie."

INT. / EXT. ABERNATHY FARMHOUSE - DAY - PRESENT

Myra paces the front hallway-- collecting car keys, pulling on a coat. Liam is on the phone, mid-conversation.

MYRA

(very annoyed)

I don't like being lied to.

LIAM

I didn't lie--

MYRA

You wanna know why I don't trust people? Why I don't have friends--

LIAM
I didn't lie Myra.

MYRA
 You said--

Myra bangs out the screen door. Waits for it to fall shut behind her. Then, lower, but no less annoyed--

MYRA (CONT'D)
 --You said we'd go to Wayne's together.

LIAM
And we will. I just... I stopped by to see what we were dealing with.

MYRA
 ...without me.

LIAM
 We need whatever we find inside that trailer to stand up in court. Now... if you want to hand all of Ed's tapes over to some loud-mouth country judge, get the whole state talking about the Jubeliene Child Killer, maybe we come out the other side of that with a warrant. But if not, I need another probable cause to enter the premises. And I have no plausible deniability whatsoever if I do that with you in the car.

MYRA
You said we'd go together. And then you went on your own, without even talking to me.

LIAM
 I'm talking to you now--

MYRA
 Not anymore you aren't.

Myra hangs up.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 (narration)
 Maybe that was a little unfair, he does have a point. But it hasn't been a good morning. I woke up to bad news from Berto: one of our cases fell through in Chicago...
 (MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

my absence is taking a toll. I spent breakfast fending off Ma's insinuations about another late night at Liam's, only to learn Liam decided to visit Wayne's foreclosed trailer without me. And so, faced with the prospect of an empty afternoon at home, I've just made a decision of my own. I'm going to visit my former piano teacher, Mrs. Newsome.

(then)

Maybe her grandson Ronny's Illinois parole means he couldn't have killed Pa. But I want to know more about his relationship with Wayne. Was he helping, then, and now, to cover for a killer?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUBELIENE COUNTY - NEWSOME RESIDENCE - DAY

Distant birdsong. Gentle wind. Then a doorbell-- DING DONG!

MYRA

... Mrs. Newsome?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Nothing.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Newsome!? It's Myra Abernathy! I brought you a casserole?

Nothing. DING DONG DING DONG DING DONG.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Newsome!?

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

The paint is peeling... but the house looks much as it did. The same tall, stern gables. The same old Buick LeSabre in the drive.

(then)

I envisioned really sticking this to Liam. Making a big break, just to spite him. But it's hard to make a big break if your subject doesn't come to the door.

The sound of a phone unlocking.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

I load up my work email, thinking idly of the case that slipped away this morning-- and find I'm still parked on a message from Berto. Liam's background check. The name of his wife-- "FRANCIS NIKA ESFAHANI."

(fingers tapping)

I click over to my browser, working backwards through half-loaded tabs to the search for her obituary.

(confused)

The results... are perplexing. Obituaries for Francis Ellendale, or Soraya Esfahani... a reverse phone lookup... one of those awful stalk-your-school-crush websites.

(then)

I scroll back to the top. I search the full phrase in quotes--

RING-BUZZ. Myra sighs, interrupted. RING-BUZZ. She picks up.

MYRA (CONT'D)

... yeah?

LIAM

(phone filter)

I should've talked to you first. I'm sorry.

MYRA

Well I wouldn't have listened. I would've tried to come anyway.

LIAM

Yeah... but still. "No more secrets," right?

MYRA

(narration)

I glance down at my phone. For "Francis Nika Esfahani Obituary" there are no results whatsoever.

(then)

I look up, at nothing in particular, and land on the LeSabre. I notice...

(puzzled)

...the trunk is hanging open.

Myra climbs down off the porch, crosses the grass...

LIAM

Where are you? Signal's awful.

MYRA

(lies)

Home. Must be your end.

We hear Myra grab the trunk and swing it open.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

The LeSabre's trunk is half-full of groceries. White bread, lunch meat, cigarettes. A 24-pack of beer.

(amused)

Mrs. Newsome has always been an ash-tray-on-the-piano kind of lady... but I enjoy the image of her having a drink. Conservative old methodist tea-totaler, sneaking a few cold ones while she falls asleep watching Jeopardy. Maybe she's having one now. Or maybe she walked inside and clean forgot she'd ever been to the store. You're allowed that sort of lapse, if you've been old since before Alex Trebek went gray.

LIAM

... I uh... found Wayne's trailer. Definitely abandoned, no sign of him. I... talked to the site super. He says it's a magnet for junkies, and, you know... kids skipping class...

MYRA

Sounds like something the sheriff should've been paying attention to.

LIAM

Sounds like the super gave up reporting it. Guess my predecessor considered this too long a drive.

(making it sink in)

It's good news Myra. We have an angle to work with. To go ahead with the search.

We hear Myra shut the trunk.

MYRA

Great. I'll meet you out there in about--

LIAM

No, no, hang on--

MYRA

You said--

LIAM

First I gotta go to the bank. Show them they have an interest in not escalating this to a judge. If they say okay... we're good.

(placating)

Stay home. I'll call you. Soon.

The phone hangs up.

EXT. MRS. NEWSOME'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Myra opens a gate in a chain link fence and steps through.

MYRA

Mrs. Newsome!

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

I thought maybe I'd find her in back. Pulling dandelions, beating back bull thistle. Weeding used to be Ronny's chore-- which meant in years past that you could always catch Mrs. Newsome doing it.

It's quiet. Too quiet.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

No Mrs. Newsome. And no weeds.

(grim)

My thoughts turn dark. Would it surprise anyone if Myra Abernathy found her ex-Piano Teacher dead? The victim of a sudden aneurism, or a random killing... or a hay baler?

(then)

The side door of a rickety garage hangs open. Blowing in the wind.

A wispy gust and a slight slow hinge creak. Tension builds in the score as we creep towards the door. The hinge groans gently in concert with Myra's low footfalls.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 (barely a whisper)
 ... Hello?

MRS. NEWSOME
 (from far off)
 Hey! Who's there!?

A sharp intake of breath as Myra spins--

Then tension pops like a balloon. The score vanishes, the door quiets, there's a flutter of birdsong.

MYRA
 Oh just-- just me, Mrs. Newsome.
 Myra Abernathy.

MRS. NEWSOME
 (shouting, but friendly)
 Whatcha doin' there in the yard?

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the rustle of grocery bags toted by Myra.

MRS. NEWSOME
 (through a cough)
 Still in town then?

Mrs. Newsome has short breath. Poor health.

MYRA
 Yeah. Just... helping Ma clean up.

MRS. NEWSOME
 Huh. I remember how strong she was after Annie. If I had to bet on anyone to get on as a widow, it'd be your Ma.

MYRA
 Jubeliene's raised a few women that can watch out for themselves.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 (narration)
 I left the beer in the trunk.
 (MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Newsome said it wasn't for her, and I played along. I tote the other three grocery sacks past an upright piano. A Marlin 30-30 rifle sits on the lid. In case the next trespasser doesn't identify themselves as fast as I did.

Myra opens the fridge door.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I rang the doorbell a few times. Did you hear me?

MRS. NEWSOME

I don't hear much. Even 'afore I was on oxygen part time, which raises an unholy racket.

MYRA

Here by the prescriptions?

MRS. NEWSOME

Uhuh. That's fine.

The refrigerator door shuts.

MYRA

So. Um... how's your grandson? Out on parole, Ma said? Illinois?

MRS. NEWSOME

Your Pa visited him in prison. I know there was strife between you two. But I had Ed down as a good Christian.

MYRA

Nobody else visits him? Ronny?

MRS. NEWSOME

I do, when my health allows. But... but no. Not 'asides that.

MYRA

What about Wayne Harmon?

MRS. NEWSOME

(suddenly unfriendly)
What do you know about Wayne?

MYRA

I... thought they were friends--

MRS. NEWSOME
 They certainly were not.
 (coughs bitterly)
 Wayne Harmon was a snake.

The grandfather clock looms loud in the awkward silence.

MYRA
 ... empty grocery sacks?

MRS. NEWSOME
 Bin by the shoes.

Myra's footsteps cross.

MYRA
 (narration)
 As I weigh how to press the question of Wayne, I lift the lid to Mrs. Newsome's bin. It's full of beer cans.
 (anecdotally)
 Annie and I used to sneak sodas, on occasion. Knock-offs like RC or Big K, whatever Ma had clipped a coupon for. And Pa would *always* catch us. "Know what they do to liars in the air force?" He'd say. "Throw them out of the plane."
 (slightly bitter)
 I assumed, at that age, that Pa had survived the air force because he'd never told a lie. I didn't realize, until Annie, that adults lie just as much as kids. Never considered that Pa was a runway mechanic. That if anybody ever pushed *him* out of an airplane, it'd be an awfully short fall.
 (then)
 We *all* lie. We do it to duck an argument, like the one about visiting Wayne's. Or to avoid an explanation, about a visit to Mrs. Newsome's. Little white lies: I'm here to deliver a casserole. Mrs. Newsome doesn't drink beer. Deep, dark lies like Pa's... about our whereabouts, and whatabouts, on the day everything went wrong.
 (then)

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

So the question is never-- "is this person a liar?" It's this: knowing all people are liars, and always lying... why this lie? *That's* the test of whether somebody ought to be shoved from the nearest plane. That is the measure by which the smallest of lies can take on the greatest meaning of all.

DING DONG. The doorbell rings.

MRS. NEWSOME

Oh good grief. What now?

She pads off towards the door. Score lands. And this time instead of ringing away it builds... and BUILDS.

MYRA

(narration)

Mrs. Newsome hears her doorbell fine. She just didn't want me in her house. My eyes land on a pair of work boots beside the bin, lathered in fresh mud. *Men's workboots. The sort that left a footprint outside Ma's broken window.*

INT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MYRA

(narration, low and urgent)

I lock myself in the bathroom.

Score thrumming now. Myra twists the creaky faucet to full blast. It serves as sonic cover-- she dials her cell phone.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Come on Liam, come on...

RING. RING...

LIAM'S VOICEMAIL

You've reached Liam. If this is an emergency, please--

She hangs up.

MYRA

Shit.

Thinking. Pacing. Then-- RING! Myra's phone. She answers.

LIAM
Hey. I was just--

MYRA
(fast and grave)
Did you ever reach Ronny's parole
officers?

LIAM
I... no. Kept getting stuck on
hold. Why?

MYRA
We assumed he couldn't be the
killer. But what if he wasn't in
Illinois? What if he skipped
parole?

MYRA (CONT'D)
(narration)
I search the bathroom. Blonde hair
clippings... cheap black dye... a
burner phone.

Then-- KNOCK KNOCK. Myra cuts off her search and her voice.

MRS. NEWSOME
(through the door)
Myra?

LIAM
Myra? What's going on?

MYRA
Ronny Newsome is at his grandma's
house. 830 County-19 West.

LIAM
How do you know?

MYRA
Because... so am I.

BANG BANG BANG on the door. Myra hangs up. Breath racing.

MRS. NEWSOME
(through door)
Myra? MYRA!

Myra twists off the water. She YANKS OPEN THE DOOR--

INT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Except the grandfather clock.

MRS. NEWSOME

I... I wanted to say... sorry I got so frosty about Wayne. Sore subject.

MYRA

I... I didn't know him. I probably mis-remembered.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

My eyes find the piano... but not the Marlin. The deer gun has disappeared.

(then)

I can feel the dark of the upstairs hallway glowering down through the banister. Shadows dance behind the sofa. The whole house is a hunting blind. And I'm a 12-point buck.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(forced calm)

Who was at the door?

MRS. NEWSOME

Oh, uh-- FedEx. My medication.

Mrs. Newsome rattles a pillbox.

MYRA

Well. It was good seeing you.

MRS. NEWSOME

(a little alarmed)

Are you going?

Myra freezes.

MYRA

Um... Ma's expecting me.

MRS. NEWSOME

Well... don't rush off I-- I have something to give you. It's out in the garage. It's... Something of Annies.

(then)

It's a surprise.

Score crescendoes, containing hints of that awful, squeaking, wind blown garage door. Reaching a peak, it then explodes to silence.

EXT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE - DAY

Nothing but the wind. And then... a whine. Coming closer. A police siren. Honk honk honk! The car must be about to hit us when tires skid and squeal-- the sirens doppler past our left ear, chassis GROANING as rubber rips up gravel. The door flies open. Gun drawn and cocked. Steps bound up the porch. Liam shoulders in the door.

LIAM
MYRA! MYRA!

Steps thunder ahead. Liam bursts out the back door, across the yard, and through the squeaky garage door--

Mrs. Newsome coughs.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(breath ragged)
Where is she? Where's Myra?

We hear two footsteps.

MYRA
Right here.

MRS. NEWSOME
What's going on?

Liam lets out a huge sigh of relief. Lowers his gun.

LIAM
(gulping air, but relieved)
I got Illinois... emergency line.
He's been gone two weeks... I
thought--

A door swings open.

MYRA
(interrupting)
Liam. Liam, look!

Liam's heels spin.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

A blur of dyed black hair bursts from Mrs. Newsome's house and sprints across a fallow soybean field. *Ronny.*

Myra takes off in a burst of footsteps. Liam on her tail.

LIAM

MYRA!

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - 15 MINUTES LATER

MYRA

(narration)

A quarter hour later, I'm back in Mrs. Newsome's kitchen. In front of me sits a folder she retrieved from the garage. Inside is Annie's copy of the duet we were learning when she was taken. A melody silenced forever.

(then)

I listened from right here as Ronny denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of Wayne Harmon. Any connection to Annie's death. Any role in Pa's... just two days after he broke his parole.

(reflecting)

Not many moments of my life have gone as I imagined. Losing Annie. Losing touch with my home, my family-- losing Pa. This certainly wasn't how I pictured catching the Jubeliene Child Killer... if that's what we've just done...

(it's a bitter joke)

... Chasing a second-rate criminal across a wide-open field in broad daylight. Watching him trip over his own feet before I even had the satisfaction of tackling him.

(empty)

I'm waiting for moisture at the corners of my eyes. Instead... I feel cold. Or, not quite cold. A cool, ugly rage.

Back in the scene--

LIAM
Did you hear all that?

Myra explodes out of her chair.

MYRA
I'm going to talk to him myself.

LIAM
Myra. I don't think-- Myra--

Liam chases Myra out of the room.

WHOOSH TO--

INT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MYRA
Hey. Where were you on September
28th?

RONNY
I forget.

Myra lets out an annoyed, exasperated laugh/breath.

MYRA
You know who I am?

RONNY
... I guess--

MYRA
Did you kill him, Ronny?

RONNY
Kill... Wayne?

MYRA
Did you kill Ed Abernathy to cover
your ass?

LIAM
Myra. Myra--

MYRA
Did you kill my sister?

RONNY
No!

MYRA

Then there's nothing stopping you answering the question. *Where were you on September 28th?*

Ronny doesn't answer.

LIAM

Okay, come on--

MYRA

I bet your grandmother's really proud.

Liam pulls Myra away. As footsteps retreat--

RONNY

(low)

... Louisville.

(then)

When your Pa died I was in Louisville with Gran. Seeing a--

(big words for Ronny)

--thoracic oncologist.

(then)

Guess that'll double my sentence.

Crossing another state line?

LIAM

Yeah. I guess it would.

MYRA

(narration)

I want, more than anything, to stay angry. I will myself to declare Ronny a liar, like all the rest. Except... I recognize this paradox. Pa's paradox. That once you've had the handcuffs on, you can never again be trusted... never be innocent. You can only be guilty... or not quite guilty.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(soft)

... You or her?

RONNY

What do you mean?

MYRA

The oncologist?

RONNY

Oh. Gran. She's... got six weeks to live.

(reflecting)

She didn't have it easy, you know. Lost her husband. Lost her son. And when I was all she had left... I got lost too.

(not defiant, just facts)

I ain't afraid of going back to jail. Just... how I'da felt if she died. Before I had the chance to make things right.

A long score transition carries us to--

EXT. NEWSOME RESIDENCE - DAY

We hear a single-BLOOP police siren.

MYRA

(narration)

It's another 45 minutes before a van shows up from Illinois. We confirmed Ronny couldn't have killed Pa. He was in Louisville the 28th. Although Liam spared the detail from his report to Illinois. *Sometimes doing the right thing requires letting someone get away.* At least... with the little things.

A van door opens. Footsteps cross gravel. Handcuffs rattle.

RONNY

Take it easy man.

COP

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

MRS. NEWSOME

Don't worry Ronny. I'll call your lawyer.

The squad door shuts.

COP

Ok! All set sheriff?

LIAM

All set gentlemen. Thanks for coming all this way.

Mrs. Newsome coughs heavily. Van doors shut. Engine starts.

LIAM (CONT'D)
I feel for the old lady.

MYRA
Makes you think about quitting
smoking, huh?

LIAM
(chuckles)
See this?

MYRA
Is that... a nicotine patch? Wow.
Did Maisie do that to you?

LIAM
She called Tim Jenkins. Told him if
he sold me any more cigarettes she
was going to organize a boycott.
(more seriously)
You know... I was pretty afraid I
was gonna find you dead out here.

MYRA
It would've been case closed.

LIAM
That's not funny.
(closer)
Myra... I can't imagine how much
you must want to end this. But I'm
with you, I want to help.

MYRA
Okay.

LIAM
If you won't be careful for your
own sake--

MYRA
I get it. I get it Liam. Don't over-
sell it.

Myra and Liam walk down the driveway. Myra fishing for keys.

MYRA (CONT'D)
Find anything in the garage?

LIAM
Yeah about a hundred pounds of hand-
pulled dandelions.

Myra laughs. Not that it's funny.

LIAM (CONT'D)

What?

MYRA

He never pulled those things when he was supposed to. But he came back... before it was too late.

LIAM

It was different, between you and your dad. He could've picked up the phone just as easy as you. And you had no way of knowing he was--

MYRA

Liam.

LIAM

Right. Sorry.

Myra's phone DINGS.

MYRA

That's Ma. I gotta go.

LIAM

We're cleared for tomorrow, at Wayne's. I'll... pick you up?

MYRA

You mean it this time?

LIAM

... yeah. I mean it.

MYRA

Okay. See ya then.

Myra closes the car door.

INT. MYRA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MYRA

(narration)

Ma. What do I tell Ma?

(then)

She'll find out about Ronny through the rumor mill, if she hasn't already. Find out I was here.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Except even if I tell her the truth about what happened today, it isn't the truth-- not really. The truth is wrapped up in secrets I'm still keeping. Secrets about Pa, about Annie... about the Jubeliene Child Killer. Does that make *me* a liar?

(it's a little personal)

When a person says "We were out of milk. I was busy with the fence posts." The lie can be for good, or ill, or neither. The problem is the lie robs the listener of the chance to decide for themselves. I don't know if the truth about Pa and that day in '97 would make me feel better... or worse. But I'd still rather know. At least... that's what I think. Sitting here not knowing.

(resolving)

Someday soon I'll have to tell Ma the truth... all of it. That's what I decide, as I unlock my phone. And then I'm interrupted by the sight of my web browser. "Nika Esfahani, Obituary."

(then)

No results. What does that mean? I type--

(speaking as she types)

"Is Nika... Esfahani... dead?"

She clicks. Her thumb scrolls. And stops. Scrolls... stops.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(perplexed narration)

What comes back is complete nonsense. All of it... except one link. A true crime blog titled "Nika Esfahani: Suicide... or Murder?"

Stinging Myra's unease, score plays us out.

SILENCE

The song "One Eye Open" by Andrea Parés and Payden Widner begins to play.

PODCAST SPOKESPERSON

"Two Dead Girls in Jubeliene" was written, directed, and produced by Ethan Wellin.

(MORE)

PODCAST SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

It stars Emily Goss as Myra. Zachary Cantrell as Liam. Susan Harmon as Brenda. Michael McShane as Ed. Kerry Gutierrez as Young Myra. Kitty Swink as Mrs. Newsome. Mark Jacobson as Ronny. Original Score by Kevin Hutchens. Associate Producer Emily Goss. Associate Producer Zachary Cantrell. "One Eye Open" was written and recorded by Andrea Parés and Payden Widner. Thanks to Cat, Ron, the Evans, Monisha, Jack, David, and Tyler—without whom there could be no Jubeliene.

(then)

If you enjoyed listening, please rate and review on Apple Podcasts. Or tell a friend. For cast bios, episode transcripts, and more, find our little town on Instagram. @2deadgirlspod. That's "at" the number "2" dead girls pod. Thanks.

(then)

"Two Dead Girls in Jubeliene" is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real events, or to persons living or dead, is purely coincidental.

END OF EPISODE