

*Transcript:*

TWO DEAD GIRLS IN JUBELIENE

EPISODE 4: "IF YOU CRY, THEY WIN"

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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:

INT. ERNIE'S DINER - JULY 25, 1997

BING goes the kitchen bell. Flatware jingles, griddle  
sizzles. Murmur of customers. Saturday lunch rush.

ERNIE  
Order up!

MYRA  
(narration)  
July 25th, 1997. It's been six days  
since Annabelle was murdered...  
four since the impotent flash-bang  
of legal hope that was Mr. Alan  
Whitmayer. At Ma's insistence, I'm  
holed up beneath the cash register  
at Ernie's Diner... I have a book--  
Lois Lowry, *The Giver*-- and two  
instructions: Keep quiet. Stay out  
of the way. There is no third  
instruction. Or in other words, no  
ban on eavesdropping.

BING BING BING--

BRENDA  
Hey Ernie. Sorry.

Ernie's footsteps follow Brenda's.

ERNIE  
(surprised)  
... Brenda? Please... Brenda. Take  
the week.

BRENDA  
(confesses)  
We need the money for Ed's lawyer.

ERNIE

I'll mail the usual check.

BRENDA

I appreciate that. But I make more in a week off tips than you pay me in a month. I need to be here.

ERNIE

Well... you can't leave Myra behind the counter like that.

BRENDA

I can't leave her home. Not with a killer on the loose.

The kitchen falls quiet.

ERNIE

Let's talk out back.

BRENDA

(realizing)

Now hang on. You don't think--

ERNIE

Brenda, please. Out back.

Footsteps. A door opens and shuts. Then... BING BING BING--

NADINE

I got it, I got it.

The restaurant ambiance picks up again.

SUE

Whew. Mad-house today.

MAN

They ain't here for lunch. Most'em just hopin' for a gawk at Mrs. A.

SUE

Horrible business. Isn't it?

MYRA

(narration)

The two voices are so close they must be leaning on the counter above me. The man is a stranger. But the breezy soprano of the woman is unmistakable. Sue Kaplan. Mother of as-yet un-murdered Jessie.

Back in the scene--

MAN

My neighbor knows Davey Hightower.  
The junior sheriff? Says Mr. A cut  
the kiddie up with a knife... cut  
her so bad they could hardly  
recognize her.

SUE

It's hard to imagine Ed being  
capable of that.

MAN

Ya know 'em? I figured y'all  
were... separate circles.

SUE

I come in here with the book club  
ladies. Sometimes Brenda waits on  
us. And Ed worked for my husband a  
year. '93, when the corn froze.

MAN

He's a strange one, iddn't he?  
Seems like uh... a guy who's got a  
secret?

(mirthless chuckle)

Well. *Had* a secret.

SUE

I guess. I... I don't know.

MAN

It's the other girl worries me.  
Myra? How'd'ya ever trust anyone,  
after your pop does a thing like  
that? After you lose your sister  
like that? It's horribly unlucky.

SUE

I don't know it-- it's not my place  
to judge, but...

MAN

Go on...

Sue sighs. In the background a door opens.

SUE

They were in over their heads. Ed  
with that farm, and not a single  
farming bone in his body.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

Brenda working full time and Myra running wild. It's no secret they were broke. And that was even before Annie was born. I'm not saying it was bound to happen or anything, far from it. But that pressure... on a man who is clearly unstable... I think they're *lucky*-- Myra and Brenda. Lucky he didn't kill the lot of them--

BRENDA

(enraged)

Excuse me?

A porcelain plate drops to the floor and SHATTERS, it's echoes resound through the restaurant like an angry gong. It is now UTTERLY SILENT.

SUE

Brenda... I didn't--

The back door bursts open again, Ernie bustles in.

ERNIE

--come on Brenda please I--

BRENDA

I MEAN IT ERNIE. YOU THINK I'M A SPECTACLE? I'LL GIVE YOU A SPECTACLE. I. QUIT.

(low but harsh)

*Myra.*

Myra scurries. Brenda stomps. A cheery DING-A-LING as the front door opens... then slams.

EXT. ERNIE'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Brenda and Myra march towards us. Sniffling sounds of choked back tears from Myra.

BRENDA

Look at me. Stop. *Stop.*

(lower, but still intense)

Don't pay any attention to them.

(then)

Dry those tears. If you cry, they win. We're not gonna let them win.

A smash of score bursts us from the scene, becoming our theme-- a melancholic, true-crimey tune that oscillates just off balance-- a melody unsolved.

Over the top, an audio montage-- sensationalist 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

But 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.*

Snippets of different news programs--

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--

BYSTANDER 2

--this here's a small town. Them girls wa' killed by a grass cuttin' hymn singin' Jubeliener. *That's* why he ain't been stopped.

OLD WOMAN

(heated)

No. The murder of Jessie Kaplan could've been stopped. 'Cept nobody cared about Annie. Nobody did nothing until a second girl died.

ED

(cassette)

Be careful Myra. Jubeliene is watching.

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

MYRA

This... is "Two Dead Girls In Jubeliene.". Chapter Four: If You Cry, They Win.

INT. MYRA'S CAR - DAY - PRESENT

A car-by, then sounds of car interior, beneath--

MYRA

(narration)

I'm on my way home from the Jenkins Pharmacy, having struck out looking for our mostly-retired person of interest. Berto's on the phone.

(admitting)

I got sidetracked and didn't message him... after Liam pulled me over? He's been worried.

BERTO

(phone filter throughout)

Worried!? You don't show up, you don't text, you don't answer... I thought you'd been murdered!

MYRA

That's a little extreme--

BERTO

--you kids are clicky clicky clicky on those cell phones right up until something genuinely important--

MYRA

Hey. Hey!

(then)

I'm sorry. I really am. And I've got a plan to make it up to you.

BERTO

Okay...

MYRA

I want you to help me finish Pa's investigation.

BERTO

... I'm... I'm a bit confused.

MYRA

I need your expertise. It's a puzzle. You love puzzles.

(clarifying)

Research, records analysis--

BERTO

*Insurance* records analysis. I'm not the kid hacker on your CSI team.

Myra laughs.

MYRA

Do you remember Houston Mutual?

BERTO

Only in my nightmares. Myra, listen--

MYRA

Two weeks after Harvey. 10,000 flood policies, no electronic backups. I pulled the paper files out of a half-submerged building--

BERTO

You helped a lot of families with that move--

MYRA

We helped a lot of families. Because *you* cross-referenced the scans and rebuilt their database--

BERTO

*Myra*--

MYRA

Just think of Pa's notes as paper policies--

BERTO

There weren't any coded messages in Houston Mutual. There weren't any serial killers in those boxes.

(MORE)



BERTO (CONT'D)

And anyway that's not why I'm confused.

(then)

Why do you suddenly want to go through with this? The last time I talked to you, you said the tape was a delusional suicide note. You wanted nothing to do with it.

MYRA

I changed my mind.

BERTO

Come on Myra. If you don't want to talk to me, fine. But you have to talk to somebody.

Myra pauses before answering.

MYRA

For a long... time I convinced myself that the person who killed Annie couldn't be caught. That's partly because I've seen a lot of people try and fail. But...

(proceeding carefully)

... it's also because it hurts to keep hoping. And I didn't want to hurt anymore.

(then)

I'm not conceding that anybody pushed anybody into a hay baler. I think I'm just trying to say... you were right. I'm done running away.

BERTO

The sheriff found something, didn't he?

MYRA

How'd you know?

BERTO

You never listen to me.

MYRA

So you'll help?

BERTO

Well. I do love a good puzzle.

MYRA

Good. I'm sending digital copies of everything we have. I already drafted the email.

BERTO

Okay. Anything else?

MYRA

Yeah. But you're not gonna like it.  
(cautiously)  
I've got concerns about Liam-- the Sheriff? I was hoping you could... pretend he applied for assistance.

BERTO

You want me to run a background check?

MYRA

No one will notice.

BERTO

(exasperated)  
That's not--  
(then)  
You sure you aren't just searching for reasons to push him away?

MYRA

Shit!

We hear a screech of brakes, a yank of the wheel. Myra's car skids before rocking to a safe-- but harrowing-- stop.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(breathless)  
What the hell?

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)  
--I barely avoid clipping a junker station wagon. It's stopped half on the lawn of the statue park... half in the road. It's missing a side mirror and the paint is rusting out of deep gauges down the left panel. I cast about for the idiot owner--  
(then)  
And spot a man in a shabby black coat. The angel of death.

Score lands here. Crows caw.

BERTO  
... Myra? Are you alright?

MYRA  
He's vandalizing the statues.

BERTO  
Who is? What statues?

Without answering, Myra throws open the car door.

EXT. STATUE PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

--the door slams. Score races. We're with Myra. Feet tearing through long grass. Air rushing.

MYRA  
Hey! LEAVE THEM ALONE! AH--

Impact! Two bodies tumble and roll. Metal tools fly, colliding with the ground, bouncing. Efforts-- one male, one female. Struggling--

OSCAR  
Myra!

The struggling stops. Two people breathing heavily.

MYRA  
(recognition)  
... Oscar? I-- I thought... I'm such an idiot. Are you okay?

Birdsong. The reply comes from OSCAR STILLWELL, early 60s, slightly breathy, mousey voice and an unusual manner.

OSCAR  
(sense of humor)  
I'm no doctor... but I think I'll live.

MYRA  
(narration)  
The man in black coat is Pa's old hunting buddy: Oscar Stillwell. Turns out he's volunteer groundskeeper for the statue park... a job which includes, today, chipping sun-baked bird shit off my dead sister's face.  
(explaining)  
Oscar... he's a bit of a weirdo. A loner.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Lived his whole life in his late mother's mobile home. He's the butt of a lot of jokes in Jubeliene.

(then)

Pa could be a pretty solitary guy, but he detested bullying, and he was always kind to Oscar. They were friends, until Annie. I didn't see him much after that.

UPCUT TO:

MYRA (CONT'D)

Was that you, outside the wake?

OSCAR

Mm. Couldn't make myself go in. Heard some quotes from the eulogy though.

MYRA

(groans)  
Oh god.

OSCAR

I'm surprised ya still here. Before this week I's beginnin' to think ya disappearin' act was perm'nent.

MYRA

You disappeared yourself, you know. Just didn't move away to do it.

OSCAR

Somethin' we have in common I guess. Losin' touch with your pop.

MYRA

Yeah. I guess so.

OSCAR

Plannin' on stayin'?

MYRA

Just to help Ma a bit. I was coming back from the Jenkins Pharmacy.

OSCAR

Quincy Magoo's.

MYRA

Uh... sorry?

OSCAR

Mr. Magoo. The blind detective?

(sighs)

You're too young. Was a joke your pop used. On account both Annie and Jessie vanishin' under Tim's nose.

MYRA

I guess nobody laughs at that one.

OSCAR

Ya know how your pop was.

MYRA

Sometimes I'm not sure I do.

A note of score.

OSCAR

Well. He was a private man. There were things about Ed...

(he breaks off)

...maybe it woulda been different, once you girls were grown. Things he woulda said, that he never did.

A second note.

MYRA

What does that mean?

YAP YAP. A small dog interjects, followed immediately by the intolerably nasal voice of--

DARLA DINWIDDIE

Myra Abernathy! How is your mother?

MYRA

(narration)

Darla Dinwiddie. A classic Jubeliene nose-Nelly... I turn for help, but Oscar's already halfway to his car. His reflexes more attuned to small town life than mine.

Back in the scene--

MYRA (CONT'D)

(sigh)

Yeah, uh... we're okay.

DARLA DINWIDDIE

Good.

(conspiratorial)

I saw Oscar. I came to rescue you.

Distant car doors opening and shutting.

MYRA

I actually have to run, Mrs.  
Dinwiddie, I'm sorry. I have ice  
cream in my trunk.

Terrier YAPS recede as Myra walks toward the road.

DARLA DINWIDDIE

(shouts after us)

Tell Brenda I send my condolences!

MYRA

Oscar? Oscar!

(lower)

What did you mean back there? About  
Pa?

Oscar grunts thoughtfully.

OSCAR

Proolly nothin' ya haven't already  
guessed.

MYRA

Hang on. Oscar--

OSCAR

You watch yourself Myra. Small  
town. Somebody's always listenin'.

The engine sputters and turns over.

MYRA

(narration)

Since his side mirror is gone, he  
sticks his head out to check for  
traffic. Before I can parse his  
last words, he drives off over the  
hill. Back into the haze of the  
past.

The car's unhealthy engine fades.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

My eyes drift back to the statue of  
Annabelle.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Her softening features, I realize,  
are the cumulative effect of a  
decade long cycle: bird shit.  
Vigorous scrubbing. Bird shit.

(musing)

There's a certain irony... that  
this attempt to preserve  
contributes just as surely to  
destruction. Annabelle and Jessie  
exist in sharp-edged focus, as they  
did in life, only inside people  
that remember. And even that is  
fleeting, because time...  
eventually... scrubs even the  
memories into a hazy parade of  
shapes and colors. The way the  
world looks to good 'ol Quincy  
Magoo.

(then)

That... is when intuition strikes.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We hear the the thin plastic scrape of a cassette sliding  
into a tape deck.

MYRA

Everyone ready?

MAISIE

Ready!

BERTO

(speakerphone)  
Ready.

LIAM

Ready. And impressed. I wouldn't  
have figured this out.

MYRA

(narration)

I think of Liam pulling me over,  
pretending he hasn't already  
connected Donnelly's alibi to the  
lyrics of "Johnny Law" ... but I  
bite my tongue.

(explaining)

Berto made quick work of Tim  
Jenkins, code name "Quincy Magoo."  
The fictional character appears in  
the name column of Pa's alibi  
grid... sandwiched alphabetically  
between Bert Ludlow and Harry  
McDougal.

(MORE)

## MYRA (CONT'D)

In the next column to the right, where Pa has listed and confirmed the alibis of hundreds of Jubelieners, the entry for Magoo is... decidedly cryptic. On the stormy afternoon of Annie's disappearance Pa writes Magoo was "heading back from somewhere... that he should've never been."

(then)

It's a cut from the first verse of a Garth Brooks song, *The Thunder Rolls*. Another favorite of Pa's.

We hear the emphatic CLICK of an analog play button, followed by the rhythmic turn of magnetic playheads.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. JENKINS PHARMACY - FEBRUARY 2018

Ambiance of a sleepy pharmacy/grocery store. Owner TIM JENKINS, 70s, speaks with the jovial cadence and easy confidence of a life-long bullshitter.

ED

(grunts)

Tim.

TIM

(jovial)

Well! Ed Abernathy! Brenda finally saddled you with some shopping I see?

ED

Were you robbed the day Annie was killed?

The statement hangs uncomfortably.

TIM

You, uh... you don't think I did it, do you? You must realize I'm not the type--

ED

We're talking about a cold-blooded child killer in a town of two hundred. He'd be rotting in jail if he "seemed like the type."

(then)

Yes or no?



TIM

I guess you'd say yes. Although that may not, in the end, be the technical term. After your girls left, I closed up for fifteen minutes like I usually do, to lunch. When I came back, this place was upside down.

Pre-lap CELL PHONE RINGING.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - PRESENT

Crickets and occasional distant car-bys.

MYRA

Hello?

BRENDA

(phone filter throughout)  
I'm doing a few loads of laundry.  
Want me to wash your things?

MYRA

(annoyed)  
Ma. No--  
(lower)  
I told you not to call unless it was important. I'm busy.

BRENDA

(faux matchmaker)  
Busy... at Liam's?

MYRA

Don't.

BRENDA

What?

MYRA

There's... there's nothing going on between us. I just needed some work stuff and his internet doesn't use a dialup-- which by the way I didn't realize was still a thing.

BRENDA

No need to get defensive. Just remember Jubeliene is a small town.

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

So I'm going to hear it six ways to Sunday if the only Prius in the county is parked half the night out front of our bachelor sheriff's.

MYRA

Okay.

BRENDA

Okay.

MYRA

Okay.

BRENDA

And whatever you're doing... or not doing... I just hope you take that girl into account. She reminds me of Annabelle--

MYRA

I've gotta go Ma.

Myra hangs up. For a moment, only crickets. The screen door opens behind her.

LIAM

(teasing)

She has your number now.

MYRA

Yeah. Big mistake.

LIAM

Everything okay?

MYRA

(a bit cold/distant)

... Yeah.

They pass back through the doorway.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIAM

I do better with my mom when she's 500 miles away.

MYRA

I don't wanna talk about it.

LIAM

Oh. Got it.

Tense silence.

MYRA

(sighs, softens)

After Annabelle, Pa withdrew.  
Sulking and stewing-- using his  
grief as a fortress. Ma went out.  
Suing and lobbying and advocating--  
using her grief as a weapon. But  
for me... the result was the same.

LIAM

She wasn't around when you needed  
her. You resent that.

MYRA

I guess.

LIAM

But she's trying now... and you  
resent that too.

MYRA

I just feel... strung along. And I  
resent feeling like that.

LIAM

I understand.

MYRA

(terse)

Do you?

Before Liam can reply, Maisie enters.

MAISIE

Hungry? I made "Ants on a Log."

MYRA

What are "Ants on a Log"?

MAISIE

Celery, peanut butter, and raisins.  
Those are the ants. But you can  
skip the celery, and eat the rest  
with a spoon. Then it's "Ants in a  
Bog."

Prelap the CLICK of the play button on the cassette player.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. TIM JENKINS' PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT - FEBRUARY 2018

ED

... What does that mean? *Not technically a robbery?*

TIM

Ehhh... I was missing some odd change out of the till. But there didn't seem to be any losses in terms of merchandise--

ED

You didn't call the sheriff?

TIM

(fumbles)  
Well... no. I didn't think--

ED

You didn't even mention it when he showed up at your door. You kept him out in the rain--

TIM

I was scared. Okay? I was underwater on a loan. And I was scared to report it.

ED

(incredulous)  
Who wrote the loan? The mob?

TIM

No. Nothing like that.

ED

Then I don't get it.

TIM

(sighs)  
I have a... history. Burned down one of Daddy's grain silos for insurance money... there was no forced lock, no smashed window... I felt I couldn't report what happened unless I could prove this was different.

ED

So you just... *let him off--*

TIM

Ah for Christ's sake Ed. By morning Donnelly was trying to solve a murder. I wasn't gonna call the four-man sheriff's department to complain about small bills and literal spilled milk.

ED

You never stopped to consider the two could've been connected?

TIM

I know you object to this sort of logic, but... he wasn't the type.

ED

*You know who did it.*

TIM

Yeah.

ED

(impatient)  
Well?

TIM

*Ronny Newsome.*  
(a self-impressed snort)  
Ronny Nuisance, I call him.

The name hangs in the air. And then there's the scrape of a chair, hurried footsteps, the twist and yank of a doorknob--

TIM (CONT'D)

Now hang on, that's what I'm talking about! You can't possibly think--

ED

Why not?

TIM

His gram's a saint. And he's no criminal mastermind. And can you even imagine that boy--

ED

(grimly)  
I'm not sure it's a matter of imagination. But I'll say this much: it's one helluva confluence of coincidence.

The door slams in Tim's face.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BERTO

(speaker phone throughout)  
Do we know anything off-hand, about  
this Ronny Newsome?

MYRA

(gathering thoughts)  
He wasn't much older than me. His  
parents died young... plane crash?  
Something horrific. He was raised  
by his grandma, Mrs. Newsome.  
Annie's and my piano teacher.

LIAM

Hang on. He knew Annie personally?

MYRA

I guess... a little.

LIAM

And he was a known trouble-maker?

MYRA

Mrs. Newsome was constantly on him  
about small time stuff-- graffiti,  
trespassing--

LIAM

Why is Jenkins so skeptical? Seems  
like a great fit.

BERTO

I guess it hangs on Ronny not being  
able to keep his mouth shut.

MAISIE

He didn't talk about the pharmacy.

LIAM

He's an accused criminal. He was in  
the vicinity of Annabelle's  
disappearance. The way he trashed  
the pharmacy... I gotta say that  
sounds a lot like what happened at  
Ed's workshop. And you're telling  
me that Ed got killed just as he's--

MYRA  
We don't know it got him killed.

BERTO  
... Myra--

MYRA  
We don't know.

LIAM  
Fine. We don't know. But if we're going to follow the tapes, then part of that equation is recognizing the possibility that your dad--  
(then)  
--that he was right. And if he was, we need to be very careful.

MAISIE  
We need a third alibi list.

LIAM  
(catching on)  
Yeah. Yeah. Ed was looking for somebody with no alibi for Annabelle or Jessie... but we have a third data point. We have him.

MAISIE  
Uh... yeah. That's what I just said.

MYRA  
Berto? Thoughts?

BERTO  
Well. Can't go wrong with more data.

LIAM  
I can check on Tim. But I don't know where to start with Ronny. Hasn't set foot in Jubeliene as long as I've been here.

MYRA  
Longer. Since '98 or '99.

BERTO  
I can run a background check Sheriff. If you don't want that on your books.

LIAM  
 Not really. We're flying kind of  
 low to the ground.

Myra sighs.

MAISIE  
 ... Myra? Are you okay?

MYRA  
 (from deep in thought)  
 ... yeah. All that sounds... yeah.

LIAM  
 Good.

BERTO  
 Um, one more thing. Can you take me  
 off speaker? It's not about the  
 case.

LIAM  
 (walking away)  
 Alright little lady, lets get you  
 started on your homework...

A scrape, then a BLOOP, as the Berto's voice transitions from  
 speaker phone to Myra's ear.

MYRA  
 What's up?

BERTO  
 I'm sending the other background  
 check. On Liam?

MYRA  
 And?

BERTO  
 (pained)  
 Myra... I uh...

MYRA  
 You told me so?

BERTO  
 You want some unsolicited advice?  
 Whatever's bothering you... just  
 ask him.

Score carries us to--



EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Liam bangs out the screen door, catching Myra near her car.

LIAM  
Hey! Hey. You leaving?

MYRA  
Yeah.

LIAM  
I got a few beers if you wanna hang around. We don't have to talk about the case. Or, uh, we could talk about the case. Whatever.

MYRA  
I've got Ma breathing down my neck. I wanna get home.

LIAM  
Okay. Of course. Yeah.  
(then)  
If there's anything I uh... I know you've been through a lot. I know being here in this place is... a lot... and if you ever need to get something off your chest... or... I'm here.

Liam turns to walk back to his house.

MYRA  
You solved Johnny Law before you came after me. Didn't you?

Liam's footsteps stop sharply.

LIAM  
I uh... I googled it. But I don't know this town. And I don't know your father. I-- I needed you to come back.

MYRA  
Why didn't you just say that?

LIAM  
Would you have?

MYRA  
What... come back?

LIAM

Would you have come back, without doing it yourself? Without it being... yours?

MYRA

I don't know. But I deserved the chance to choose. *I told you: I don't like being strung along.*

Myra swings open her car door.

LIAM

Hey. You know what I was thinking? It's kind of strange, isn't it? The killings just... stopped.

MYRA

I can't do this right now.

LIAM

People that are capable of something like this... they're monsters. They aren't satiated. They just kill and kill and kill until they get caught or die.

MYRA

And?

LIAM

You said Ronny Newsome disappeared in '98? '99? As far as I know there hasn't been a girl killed within a hundred miles since.

A note of ominous score.

MYRA

(begrudgingly)  
Doesn't prove anything.

LIAM

I should've been up front with you about "Johnny Law." I was excited about the case, and I was afraid you would turn me down. But I didn't mean to cause any harm.

MYRA

If we're going to keep doing this, we have to be honest with each other. There are already too many secrets in Jubeliene.

LIAM  
Okay. No more secrets.

MYRA  
Okay.

Myra starts her car.

LIAM  
Since we're being honest... there's another reason I needed you back.

MYRA  
What's that?

LIAM  
If your dad's right, if there's a child killer in our midst--

MAISIE  
(from inside)  
Dad! I need help with my fractions!

LIAM  
Yeah! I'm coming!  
(then, to Myra)  
--then I can't take any chances.

With a new sense of danger, SCORE plays us out.

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. It stars Emily Goss as Myra. Zachary Cantrell as Liam. Susan Harmon as Brenda. Michael McShane as Ed. Marcelo Tubert as Berto. John Allee as Oscar. Hayley Keown as Maisie. Kitty Swink as Sue. Don Green as Mr. Jenkins. Paul Stanko as Man at Diner. 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)

(MORE)

## PODCAST SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

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