

*Transcript:*

TWO DEAD GIRLS IN JUBELIENE

EPISODE 1: "INTO THE HAY BALER"

Written by  
Ethan Wellin

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. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

MYRA. Early 30s. She is articulate and introspective.

MYRA

(narration)

I feel like an alien, in this much  
makeup. I only go out like this for  
weddings and funerals... and as I  
examine my face in the car mirror,  
it occurs to me that I have  
precisely no idea what I'm doing.  
Not with my makeup-- I think that's  
fairly obvious. I mean... why I'm  
parked on the shoulder at all.

As Myra speaks, other sounds begin to filter into our  
consciousness. An idling car. The click-click of blinking  
hazard lights. A distant dog bark. The slow build and sudden  
rush of a passing motorist. Myra sighs. We hear the car  
mirror CLICK closed.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to admit I'm not  
checking my makeup. I'm just trying  
not to get where I'm going.

Sound of a rusty swing set in the breeze.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(noticing)

There's a playground, off to the  
right. Empty sunbaked swings,  
chains tugging against corroded  
grommets.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

As I stare out the windshield I  
feel the pressing weight of  
recognition sink into my chest. *I  
know this place.*

(as if to not disturb it)

I wouldn't have stopped if I'd been  
paying attention.

Wind through grass. We feel almost as if we're moving through  
the park now, the swings and the roadway recede.

MYRA (CONT'D)

A path cuts down through the  
wildflowers. It parallels a creek  
that drains to a nearby limestone  
quarry... it arrives at the feet of  
the two stone girls, joined hand in  
hand. Twenty bitter hoosier winters  
have worn their features smooth.

(chilled)

But I remember what they looked  
like. I remember everything about  
them.

The wind gusts, carrying with it the barest hint of a girl's  
laughter. Past bleeding into present.

MYRA (CONT'D)

On the left is Jessica Kaplan: a  
second grader who loved Arthur  
Aardvark and wanted to be an  
astronaut. Jessie, who, at 4:34 in  
the afternoon, on August 8th, 1997--  
was found floating face down in the  
Old Town Quarry. I remember this--  
that she wasn't face up-- because  
the newspaper deemed it "God's  
small mercy." That the position of  
the body spared Jessie's mother the  
sight of her daughter's posthumous  
disfigurement. You see, an unknown  
killer had strangled the girl,  
removed her pants, and tossed her  
from the rocky cliffs above... but  
poor Jessie only reached water on  
the bounce.

A deep, low boom.

MYRA (CONT'D)

On the right, a half step ahead, is  
Annabelle Abernathy.

(MORE)

## MYRA (CONT'D)

A seven-year-old who played the Virgin Mary in the Christmas Pageant, who won the 1st grade spelling bee, whose favorite food was ice cream cake. Sweet Annie-- who disappeared in a rainstorm and was choked to death with a nylon rope. Whose lifeless, half-naked remains were fished from the same Old Town Quarry on July 20th, 1997. Three weeks before Jessie. Three weeks before the people of Jubeliene, Indiana, realized their community had become a hunting ground.

A crow caws in the distance.

## MYRA (CONT'D)

Both autopsies cited an absence of "penetrative trauma" ... but nothing was more tailor-made for Dateline News than Annie's missing polka dot tights. So I guess it's not surprising that Jubelieners lined up to tell reporters how Annabelle biked down main street in those tights, or how she'd refused to take them off for the Christmas pageant. I wasn't sure if they were idiots or liars. My Ma said maybe both.

(then)

In an unsolved murder, the bereaved hang desperately to the few things they know for sure. And what I knew for sure... was the tights weren't Annabelle's. She hadn't biked in them. She hadn't hop-skotched in them. And she wouldn't have been abducted, murdered, and who-knows-maybe-worse in them-- except I grew three inches in the spring of 1997, and Ma passed them down to Annie. You see-- I don't stop here, on the rare occasion I return to Jubeliene, because Annabelle... she was my little sister.

Silence. No wind. Just the idling car and empty road. Myra starts the car.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Time to go. I only go out like this  
for weddings and funerals. And I'm  
not on my way to a wedding.

The engine picks up. The car pulls away. Music swells and  
becomes 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?

Phone filtered, a call in radio show--

TOWN COUNSELLOR

This is a safe neighborhood. A safe  
town. And tonight we're all a  
little safer because Sheriff  
Donnelly has the suspect in  
custody.

A news segment--

LOCAL NEWSCASTER 2

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

A press scrum, camera shutters... voices yelling "Sheriff!"  
or "Sheriff Donnelly!" One reporter cuts through the rest:

REPORTER

Sheriff! Sheriff Donnelly, sir? Do  
you plan to make an apology!?

SHERIFF DONNELLY  
 We acted on the information  
 available. I'm not going to  
 apologize for that.

Snippets of different news programs--

BYSTANDER 1  
*It's a conspiracy-- that's what I  
 say. God. Damn. Conspirac--*

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

BYSTANDER 2  
 --that 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.

The voices fade away and the music resolves.

MYRA  
 This... is "Two Dead Girls In  
 Jubeliene." Chapter One: Into the  
 Hay Baler.

As the final note rings away--

EXT. JUBELIENE COUNTY - DAY

Windswept farmstead. Distant crows.

MYRA  
 (narration)  
 Coming south from Terre Haute, my  
 father used to say that "you exit  
 for Jubeliene as soon as you stop  
 smellin' shit." But the truth is  
 Terre Haute doesn't smell anymore--  
 hasn't for years.  
 (MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

And so it's all the easier to miss Jubeliene-- the two stoplight seat of a tiny county with a hundredfold more hickory trees than people. If you ask most folks here, they'd say that's the way they like it.

(then)

If you manage not to miss it, Pa's exit will take you east-- past town, past the statue garden, and the fences of the long-closed quarry-- until at last everything gives way to the rolling cornfields of century-old farmsteads.

Tires go from asphalt to dirt.

MYRA (CONT'D)

A driveway reaches up toward a narrow white two-story house on a hill. It looks, this time of year, like a bony finger testing the wind. I used to tear up that driveway on my six-speed bike-- a boy bike, Ma said, because I'd hacked off the handlebar streamers to improve the aerodynamics. I'd dump it carelessly beside the flower bed, and I'd bound up the creaky porch steps, and throw open the screen door-- and if Ma was out, and Pa, then I'd tug a red lanyard over my head, a silver house key twinkling at it's end, and I'd throw open the door as if this place belonged to me. Or I belonged to it.

(weary, uncertain)

But today I park by the mailbox, because the driveway is choked with the cars of well-wishers. And I tip-toe up the porch steps. And the door I've flung open a thousand times seems like the door to a stranger's house. Or worse, a gaping portal. Trying to suck me back into the past.

(distantly curious)

I sense, as I linger here, the eyes of a man beyond the corn. Perhaps some old Jubeliener-- shaggy black overcoat pulled up to his ears-- too far off to recognize.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Or perhaps the angel of death...  
surveying the fruits of his labor.  
(resolving)

Whoever he is, he tips his cap as I  
retreat from the door. The red  
lanyard and silver key are long  
gone. And even though the door is  
unlocked, I can't convince myself  
that I belong.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ABERNATHY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

A phone BUZZES. There's a quick rummaging and a BEEP.

MYRA

(voice low)

Hey Berto.

BERTO (ALBERTO BECERRA), 60s, Argentinian-- but with the  
dissipating accent of a man who has been living and working  
in America for decades. He can be a prickly curmudgeon--  
although given the circumstances he's trying for nurturing.

BERTO

(phone filter)

Are you inside? You sound like  
you're in a tunnel.

MYRA

(narration)

That's Berto. We work at a non-  
profit in Chicago. He likes to say  
if it weren't for the recession  
he'd be doing the Times crossword  
on a beach in Argentina, but...  
people like that don't give up  
engineering careers to make pennies  
in non-profit data analysis.

Back in the scene--

MYRA (CONT'D)

Actually... I'm hiding in a bush.

There's a long pause on the other end of the line.

BERTO

... okay.



MYRA

(reluctant sigh)

I went around to the kitchen window to get an idea of what I was up against. Everyone brought a casserole.

BERTO

If you're planning on staying in that bush until PostMates starts delivering casseroles--

MYRA

Did you call for something specific?

BERTO

(sighs)

You know there aren't any pictures in your cubicle?

MYRA

I... I don't like clutter.

BERTO

Neither do I. But I keep a few pictures. Gabriella, and the nephews?

MYRA

Don't you have anything else to do?

A long, slightly injured silence.

MYRA (CONT'D)

... sorry. I don't... I mostly keep to myself. You know?

BERTO

Yeah. Yeah, I know.

MYRA

I'm okay. I promise.

BERTO

Just... hiding in a bush.

MYRA

Well I'm not gonna pretend that I've totally processed it. Nobody is ready to hear that somebody's just... scraped what's left of your father out of the business end of a hay baler--

BERTO

Myra--

MYRA

--we weren't close, Berto. At least we haven't been in a long time. But I'm here to make sense of an accident and bury a stranger... and hope the past doesn't chase me any further than that.

BERTO

With all due respect, I think the only way to stop that is to stop running.

MYRA

Easy for you to say.

(then)

Alright, you win.

Sounds of Myra climbing out of a bush-- the phone HANGS UP.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - DAY

MYRA

(narration)

When Annabelle died, I learned a lot about the way people process grief. Not their own grief-- that's an ancient mystery. I mean... how they process someone else's.

The sound of a rickety screen door swinging open. The farmstead wind falls away, replaced with the surrounding murmurs of people talking in hushed tones.

MYRA (CONT'D)

There's Mrs. Newsome, my piano teacher. People that old don't shrink from death. She squeezes my shoulder lightly. This will pass, she's saying. If you're around long enough, everything does.

(noticing)

Denson McDougal dodges my eyes... like he did in sixth grade English, a thousand years ago. Introverts have to work harder to express grief. One must repeat: what a tragedy. What a tragedy. What a tragedy.

(then)

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Pot-bellied Tim Jenkins is giddy.  
*I'm not the dead one.* That's all  
 some people can think at these  
 things. And who can blame them? I'm  
 thinking it-- and the dead one is  
 my dad.

(then)

There is no more avoiding the  
 moment I've been dreading. No more  
 stops to check my makeup, no more  
 bushes and kitchen windows. There  
 is only me, and the parting crowd,  
 and the coffin. And there beside  
 it, in a straight black dress and a  
 solemn black hat-- Brenda  
 Abernathy.

The crowd murmurs stop.

BRENDA

Myra?

MYRA

(narration)

What do you say? After a dead  
 sister, and the awful fall out?  
 After moving away? What do you say  
 after a decade of missed  
 holidays... after phone calls so  
 bad the phone stops ringing? What  
 do you say *after a hay baler?*

MYRA (CONT'D)

...hey Ma.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sounds of living room conversations recede around a corner.  
 Clinking plates in the foreground. A bit of clean up.

BRENDA

I'd like you to do something, for  
 your father.

MYRA

... okay.

BRENDA

Somebody needs to say a few words.  
 It's the Christian thing.

MYRA

I don't think... I barely know him anymore.

BRENDA

(genuinely amazed)

Can you believe all these casseroles?

MYRA

--Knew him. I barely knew him.

BRENDA

...we didn't get a tenth this many casseroles at Anabelle's wake.

MYRA

No.

Brenda's clinking stops for a split second. Resumes without comment.

BRENDA

He never wanted a funeral, you know. No flowers, no bagpipes, no ministers. He'd die all over again if he saw some of the hypocrites out there crying over his coffin.

MYRA

At least he'd approve of the casseroles.

BRENDA

All I'm asking is a few words.

MYRA

(A sigh. *Back to this?*)

I don't know what I'd say.

BRENDA

Isn't your entire job dealing with tragedy?

MYRA

I can't do it Ma. I won't do it.

BRENDA

... is this about Annie's 20th... that stupid memorial telethon?

MYRA

(maybe a little)

No!

BRENDA  
That's been four years ago Myra.

MYRA  
I said it's not--

BRENDA  
You know he never would've even  
been in front of those cameras if  
you hadn't--

MYRA  
*Sure.* But it doesn't excuse--

BRENDA  
Myra.

A final loud, assertive CLINK and the dishes go silent.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
You father is dead and dismembered.  
That accident-- I can't make any  
sense of that. Now, regardless of  
your personal feelings about the  
man, you have an obligation. You're  
his only living daughter. Someday  
you're going to be the only thing  
left of him.

Silence hangs for a moment.

MYRA  
Did he suffer?

BRENDA  
All his life.

Her footsteps shuffle away. We linger in the kitchen with  
Myra. Wracking her brain for something to say.

MYRA  
(under her breath)  
*Shit.*

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The tink-tink-tink of a knife on a wine glass. Rushing up to  
meet us, along with a wave of chatter falling into crowded  
silence. Shuffling feet. An old clock. Tick. Tock.

MYRA

Ma and I... want to thank you all for being here. To celebrate the life of Edward Joseph Abernathy.

Myra clears her throat. She unfolds a scrap of paper and reads--

MYRA (CONT'D)

Pa was born in Shreveport, to air force parents. He bought this farm in 1985, and if you knew him for more than a week then you'd heard him say he'd seen enough states for one lifetime-- he wanted a piece of dirt he could die on.

(then)

Nice one Pa.

This garners uncomfortable chuckles.

MYRA (CONT'D)

He made a life here, in Jubeliene. He married Ma, he had me and Annabelle. He'd grown up in houses full of boys. I don't think he ever imagined himself as a father of daughters-- but he tried. He adored Annie, in particular. And if there's any consolation in this accident... it's that he can finally be up there with her. Not down here with me.

There's a distinctly nervous shifting in the room. Lightly scandalized murmurs. Brenda is quick to intervene--

BRENDA

Okay honey, thank you--

MYRA

I used to beg him to teach me to throw a football. Take me hunting.

The murmurs die. Myra gathers herself, and continues.

MYRA (CONT'D)

After I finished my homework I'd go out to his workshop-- and I'd hold wrenches while he fixed farm equipment... and ask him questions about the Air Force. That's how I got him to notice me. Annie was the perfect daughter.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

And I was a proxy for the son he never had.

(then)

He would never say "Happy Birthday," or "Merry Christmas," or just "I'm proud of you." But I came to believe that workshop was our special, secret place. He'd leave treasures there for me-- seashells he claimed he'd found in some Wabash tributary a thousand miles from the ocean. That's the closest I ever came to understanding him. As man who cared but didn't always have the words for it.

(then)

He was a deeply private, enigmatic man. And that made him hard to love. Hard to love... and easy to blame.

A creaky step, as Myra crosses closer to the coffin.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(reflecting)

What's your story, Pa? You liked working with your hands. You liked casseroles, and country music, and the color green. But none of that makes the tombstone, does it?

(to the gathered mourners)

You all already know Pa's story-- his whole story, from beginning to end. Someone killed his baby daughter. And you all blamed him. And then he blamed me.

(back to the coffin)

After that, Pa, you locked yourself away. You shut the workshop door and threw away the key.

BRENDA

Myra--

Too late. The dam is shattered, the words are pouring out.

MYRA

The truth is you were a stubborn bastard. A cold, and distant father.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

And the hole in my heart, the place  
that hurts right now-- that's the  
same place you've been missing  
since long before you fell in a hay  
baler. *Or jumped, for all we know.*

The gathered crowd erupts. Chaos reigns.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

We hear Myra burst in, Brenda hot on her heels. The door  
slams behind them. The scuffle of feet, criss-crossing.  
Brenda whisper-yells--

BRENDA

Are you out of your mind?

MYRA

I should never have come here.

BRENDA

Well it's a shame you didn't  
realize that until you finished  
your verbal one-finger salute to  
what's left of your father.

MYRA

Ma!

BRENDA

You say he was stubborn, cold-  
hearted... distant? I say that  
makes two of you.

Myra's footsteps retreat and she bangs out the side door.  
There's thunder. The beginnings of a rainstorm.

EXT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Rain is heavier now, all around us, beating down on the  
aluminum gutters overhead.

MYRA

(narration)

There's a little girl out there in  
the downpour. She's an inch taller  
than I remember... or maybe it's  
just a trick of the rain, tugging  
her dress down around her like a  
cloak on a skeleton.

(MORE)



MYRA (CONT'D)

In the statue park she sports pigtails, like Easter Sunday, but today her hair is just one long tangle of crimson. I wave. *Is that you, Annabelle? Have you come to see Pa, or me-- or both?*

The voice of a man cuts through Myra's reverie. Low and even, with an accent that is hard to place, but decidedly not South Midland. It belongs, as we'll learn, to LIAM SHEPARD.

LIAM

We're engaged in a battle of wills.

MYRA

Um... who's winning?

LIAM

I dunno. But she's the one getting rained on.

(then, with a sigh)

I probably seem like a terrible father.

(shouted, and no longer through clenched teeth)

Maze! Come on. I put it out! See?

(to Myra)

She's trying to get me to quit smoking. But I can't stop smelling that smell-- of pulling poor old Ed out of the hay baler. I'd rather smell cigarettes.

MYRA

You were here? Must've been awful.

LIAM

Worse for Denson McDougal. He was the first of my guys on the scene. We figure Ed fell in mid-morning, trying to tighten a bolt. Damn thing chewed on him so long it ran out of gas before anyone found him.

MYRA

(realizing)

You're the new Sheriff.

LIAM

Liam. And the walking mop is my daughter Maisie. Maze, for short.

Maisie's precocious, sarcastic wit is rendered, like her father's voice, in a vaguely east-coast accent. She's a macabre and headstrong little crime enthusiast.

MAISIE

Maisie Shepard, P.I.

MYRA

Private investigator?

MAISIE

Yep.

MYRA

(narration)

I suppress relief as I greet Maisie. Fourth grade I'd guess-- a smidge older than the time-frozen memory of Annabelle.

MAISIE

(matter of fact)

Do you know if the body's in the coffin?

LIAM

(sharply)

*Maze.*

(then, to Myra)

Sorry. We've been out here for an hour because every time she gets near the living room she goes for the lid.

MYRA

That's okay. I've been wondering the same thing.

Silence hangs. Steady drizzle. A shifting of feet.

LIAM

You uh-- know Ed well?

MYRA

You really have been out here a while.

LIAM

What's that mean?

MYRA

I... I used to. A long time ago.

LIAM

Figured. Haven't seen you around.

(then)

Between you and me, I think his mind was slipping. Near the end he would just end up in somebody's backyard... or up at the old quarry... no explanation for how he got there, or why. I gave him my good Maglite a few weeks back, after I almost ran him over walking County-19 in the dead of night. He shouldn't have been anywhere near that hay baler.

MYRA

He was always stubborn about fixing things himself.

LIAM

So I've been told.

(then)

Who'd you say you were?

MYRA

Myra. Abernathy.

Liam offers a sharp intake of breath.

LIAM

Maze, did you--?

MAISIE

Dad. Duh.

LIAM

(sarcastic)

Good, very polite.

(sincere, to Myra)

We'll leave you alone Ms.

Abernathy.

(to Maisie)

Come on.

Two sets of footsteps move away.

MYRA

(narration)

No shoulder squeeze. No "what a tragedy." No giddy survivor's guilt. The sheriff is the fourth type of mourner-- he knows no words will change the facts. And it's the facts that hurt.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Hey, sheriff?

His boots scuff to a stop at the threshold of the house.

LIAM  
Liam. Please.

MYRA  
Liam. I think I know where to find  
that Maglite. If you want it back.

EXT. ABERNATHY FARM - DAY

Rain beats down all around us now, big droplets that smack-smack-smack against Liam's jacket. It's loud. So loud that Myra and Liam must half-shout to converse.

MYRA  
How long you been in Jubeliene!?

LIAM  
Three years!

MYRA  
Were you a cop before?

LIAM  
Yeah. Baltimore!

MYRA  
Big difference?

LIAM  
I... I guess.

MYRA  
Why'd you move?

LIAM  
Long story.

MYRA  
Short version?

LIAM  
If it's the same to you, I'd rather  
not.

MYRA  
Sorry.  
(then)  
(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

But you realize that makes you like a walking cliché, right? A city cop with a dark secret?

LIAM

I promise it's much less exciting than that.

The rain pelts down.

MYRA

Not much further.

LIAM

No rush. Can't get any wetter.

INT. PA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

We hear a rattling doorknob. A door creaks open. Heavy rain, two sets of footsteps.

LIAM

Is there a light?

The door swings shut.

MYRA

(narration)

Pa's workshop.

(explaining)

In my childhood, the shutters would hang open day and night... but after Annie they were closed more and more often. For Pa, those shutters held out the world where Annie was dead. Now they hold in the world where he still lives. The musty smell of his old flannels, the looming shadow of his workbench. In the dark, the past persists. *What am I looking for out here?* Certainly not a Maglite. Although I'm glad not to be alone.

A click. The lights come on.

LIAM

(amused)

... wow. This place is a disaster. No offense.

(then)

Is, uh... is it always like this?

MYRA  
 (quiet, disturbed)  
*No. Not even remotely.*

There's a rustle of papers and a sound of metal dragging,  
 then footsteps crossing the room.

LIAM  
 Could've been animals?

MYRA  
 No tracks.

LIAM  
 Robbery?

MAISIE  
 Don't think so.

We hear Liam's boots spin on their heels.

LIAM  
 (startled)  
 Maze.  
 (then)  
 I thought I told you to stay in the  
 house.

MYRA  
 Is that... cash?

MAISIE  
 Yeah. Right here on the desk.  
 (more importantly)  
 Whoever did this-- they were  
 looking for something specific.

A note of score cuts through. Ominous. In the drizzly quiet  
 that follows:

LIAM  
 Myra? Are you alright?

A flurry of footsteps.

MYRA  
 We need to move this.

LIAM  
 (a bit incredulous)  
 The desk?

MYRA  
 Yeah. Is that a problem?

LIAM

Well it is if this is a crime scene.

A grunt from Myra, she puts her back into it. Not waiting for permission.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Come on, it's solid oak. It must weigh five hundred pounds.

MYRA

Two-fifty each if you stop standing around.

LIAM

I'll stop standing around when you tell me what's going on.

For a moment, Myra stops heaving against the heavy desk.

MYRA

When I was little, Pa would hide gifts for me out here in the workshop. Beneath a little trap door by the work bench. In a secret compartment.

LIAM

The work bench is over there.

MYRA

Not in 1996 it wasn't.

Score hits hard, driving ahead. Maisie steps to Myra's side.

MAISIE

I'll get this corner.

Liam crosses quickly to the desk himself.

LIAM

On three?

MYRA

One... two... *three.*

All three heave together. The colossal weight SCRAPES across the floorboards before grinding heftily to a stop. All three catch their breath.

Then... slow rusty hinges groan. A hidden door pops free.

MAISIE  
Looks like an old notebook.

The sound of rustling paper.

MYRA  
These rows... this must be everyone  
in Jubeliene. And the columns...

LIAM  
August 8th, 1997... July 19th,  
1997...

MYRA  
(gravely)  
Jessie Kaplan. And my sister.

LIAM  
Your dad... he was charting alibis.  
*He was looking for the Jubeliene  
child killer.*

MYRA  
There's something else. Maisie...  
can you fit your hand in there?

More rustling, and an effort sound from Maisie. Once she  
successfully withdraws the item--

MAISIE  
... what is it?

MYRA  
It's... a cassette recorder.

A dull, anxious drone builds as Myra's finger hangs over the  
play button. Finally she SNAPS it into place. We hear the  
bedrock-deep and little-used voice of a man who can only be--

ED ABERNATHY  
(cassette)  
Hi Myra. It's me. Pa.  
(then)  
I've got a lot of things to say to  
you. But I'm out of time, and I  
haven't found the words. So I leave  
you just the facts-- and I pray you  
find the truth between 'em.  
(as if reading from notes)  
Fact one: since last we spoke--  
three... four years I guess-- I've  
been consumed with the hunt for  
Annie's killer.  
(then)

(MORE)



ED ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Fact two: I haven't solved it. But I know I'm close. Because fact three--fact three... is he just tore this place apart. He didn't find my notes, thank God. But he knows. So I need you to listen to me Myra. Even if you hate what you're about to hear.

(then)

I've spent--

Myra clicks the "stop" button, which falls with the weight of an anvil. In the silence that follows, we can hear her heightened breathing.

MYRA

(narration)

In the bag with the recorder is an empty tape case. A date is inked in permanent marker... 9/26/2019... a little less than two weeks ago. Above that, the original title of the album remains. Conway Twitty. "Who Will Pray for Me?"

(then)

It'll be my birthday in twelve days. And I wonder... if this final thing my father hid for me is a present... or a curse? I wonder if the last thing he saw was the face of the person who killed my sister. I wonder if he really fell in a hay baler... or if he was pushed.

LIAM

Are you alright?

MYRA

(not really)

... yeah.

MAISIE

Can we listen to the rest--

LIAM

*Maze. Shh.*

MYRA

It's okay. I...

(then)

Yeah. I guess we have to.

The score overtakes us, and we follow it out into the rain.

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. Hayley Keown as Maisie. 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