

Transcript:

TWO DEAD GIRLS IN JUBELIENE

EPISODE 6: "FORCES TO THE CONTRARY"

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:

A school bell rings.

MYRA

(narration)

At age eight, I was plucked from
the Hoagy Carmichael K-12 cafeteria
by Mrs. Dina Verbrugge. After that,
we met twice a week. I wasn't
asked. I was told.

(grateful)

She taught me that the long side of
a triangle is a function of it's
legs. That the borders of America
are the legacy of greedy Europeans.
That words like knock and knee have
silent "Ks" because they come from
Vikings.

(almost reverent)

Mrs. Verbrugge had a saying:
"There's something under there."
Which meant she saw the whole world
the way Pa saw a busted tractor.
There's always a reason a thing is
how it is. It can be known, if you
study it. Perhaps even changed.

(sadly)

After Annie died, the world seemed
like a dark and random place. And
so the things I learned from Mrs. V
became a buttress to my reality. A
list of facts that could still be
counted on. I guess that's how I
found myself reciting the second
law of thermodynamics to Ma...
exiting a theater in Kent.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. KENT MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT - DAY - AUGUST 1997

Footsteps, accompanied with the rattle of popcorn kernels.

YOUNG MYRA
(as if memorized)
Systems evolve towards equilibrium.

BRENDA
Meaning what?

YOUNG MYRA
(dumbing it down)
Well-- bright stuff gets dimmer.
Hot stuff gets colder--

BRENDA
But what does that have to do with
the leftover popcorn?

YOUNG MYRA
It... it's gonna be gross... and
nobody's gonna eat it?

Brenda jingles keys, unlocks a car door.

BRENDA
I'm gonna eat it. It cost four
dollars.

MYRA
(narration)
It's August 8th, 1997. Three weeks
since Annabelle was killed. We're
heading home.

EXT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - AFTERNOON - AUGUST 1997

A windswept farm. The Abernathy sedan trundles to a stop in
the gravel drive. The engine cuts and doors open.

YOUNG MYRA
Can you hurry? I have to pee.

BRENDA
(weary)
I'm hurrying, I'm hurrying.

Footsteps across the gravel, up the porch steps. The smaller
set races ahead, the heavier lags behind.

YOUNG MYRA
Ma. It's *literally* an emergency.

Hear Brenda fumble for the keys, open the screen door...

BRENDA
If it was such an emergency you
should've gone at the--

An ominous note of score. The fumbling falls silent. The door does not open.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Was this like this?

YOUNG MYRA
(annoyed)
Was what?

BRENDA
Shh.
(then)
The lock is scratched. The whole
knob is bent.
(even lower)
Somebody tried to break in.
(then)
Stay behind me.

Brenda and Myra's footsteps proceed down the porch to the corner of the house, then stop. We hear a plastic sheet, flapping creepily in the wind.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
It's that shower curtain.
(then)
Someone tore through the window.
Someone was here.

YOUNG MYRA
Ma.

BRENDA
What?

YOUNG MYRA
(scared)
There's... there's a light on up
there.

A tense note of score. Then the sounds of Ma moving ahead stealthily.

YOUNG MYRA (CONT'D)
Wait. What are you doing?

BRENDA
Going up there.

YOUNG MYRA
We should go to town. Get the
sheriff.

BRENDA
I've had enough of him for one
lifetime.

END FLASHBACK

A crescendo 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?

Another 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.

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--

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 Six: Forces to the Contrary.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - PRESENT

Ambiance fades in. Morning birdsong outside.

DENSON

You alright?

MYRA

Yeah... find anything new?

DENSON

A partial footprint. Definitely a lot easier in sunlight.

(rueing the fact)

Course there's a hundred nice cleans ones of me, criss-crossing the yard. Probably trampled the best evidence last night before you and Liam even got here.

MYRA

(narration)

He's hard on himself. Denson. He was another Mrs. V kid. That was when I thought I was in love with him. Or, in love with an idea that he was the only boy in Jubeliene adjacent to. And of course, it was before Annie. Before it became a lot harder to look him in the eye.

From awkward silence--

MYRA (CONT'D)

What... happened?

DENSON

(confused by the question)

Liam thinks he came up from the wood-line. That's higher ground so it wouldn't show the prints--

MYRA

I don't mean the brick, I mean...

(carefully)

Don't... um... don't take this the wrong way... but I always thought you were going to be the one that got out of here.

DENSON

Its... kinda hard to figure out the right way to take that.

MYRA

Yeah, sorry, I--

DENSON

I'm proud of what I do--

MYRA

You should be. I'm not--

(compassion, confusion)

I just want to make sure--

DENSON

That what happened-- that you, and Annie didn't somehow... mess me up?

MYRA

Yeah, I-- I... guess.

DENSON
 (sighs)
 Well--

LIAM
 Denson! There you are.

Feet scrape on the rug.

DENSON
 Oh-- hey boss.

LIAM
 Can you take that print to the
 crime lab?

DENSON
 Oh-- sure. I'll come right back--

LIAM
 You will not.
 (gentle)
 Get some rest.

DENSON
 Okay.
 (then, exiting)
 Bye, Myra.

The door shuts.

BRENDA
 (loudly, from the next room)
 Let me guess, you think it's just
 kids?

LIAM
 Uh. Print's a little big for a
 kid...

BRENDA
 Well. Tourists then.

LIAM
 (low, to Myra)
Tourists?

MYRA
 (weary)
 True-crime fans, she means.

LIAM
 (to Brenda)
 We're treating it as a serious
 threat Mrs. Abernathy. Myra
 explained the history.

Footsteps enter. Brenda.

BRENDA
 Oh. Well. That's very refreshing.
 Thank you Sheriff.
 (then)
 Can you stay for lunch?

MYRA
 No.

LIAM
 No?

MYRA
 You have to take Maisie to school?

BRENDA
 Dinner then. Friday? Maisie is
 invited, of course.

MYRA
 Ma, he doesn't want--

BRENDA
 He's skin and bones. Besides, he
 couldn't turn down a grieving
 widow's invitation even if he
 wanted to.

A rush of air. Pre-lap sound of a screen door opening--

EXT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - PORCH

The front door closes, then the screen behind it. Sounds of
 the wind playing in the corn. Distant birds.

LIAM
 I wanna tell Denson what's really
 going on. We can keep him out of
 the day-to-day, but... somebody has
 to watch the house. I can't do that
 and chase leads.

MYRA
 Okay.

LIAM
Just like that?

MYRA
(meaning it)
Yeah. I trust him.
(annoyed)
She's thinks you and I are
romantically involved, you know.
That whole dinner thing, it's--

LIAM
I'll call later. Make up an excuse.

MYRA
(considers, sighs)
Forget it.

LIAM
What?

MYRA
Come for dinner. If you want to.

LIAM
I... I don't want to make you
uncomfortable.

MYRA
(sighs)
Look... there aren't a lot of
people in my life. There's no one,
actually, besides Berto. I learned
early that you can only be hurt by
losing people if you let yourself
depend on them. And it feels like
every time I start to unlearn that
lesson... every time I start to
think that I'm safe, and the world
is back to normal... somebody
throws a brick through a window.
(as much for herself as him)
What I'm saying is... I'm trying to
be friends. But that's a hard thing
for me. So if I act weird about the
prospect of totally normal social
situations... don't take it
personally.

LIAM
Okay.

MYRA

Come to dinner. Bring Maisie. Maybe it's better if Ma thinks we're dating. Simpler.

LIAM

Ok. I'll uh... see ya later?

MYRA

Yeah. See ya later.

Sounds of a car starting.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

I sit on the porch step and watch Liam go. Running my fingers through deep grooves in the cedar planks. Like I did on a different porch, in a different time. Waiting for Ma.

A sucking REVERSE WIND carries us to--

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. MRS. NEWSOME'S HOUSE - NOON - AUGUST 1997

MYRA

(narration)

August 8th, 1997 *ended* with a battered lock and a mysterious intruder. But it *began* inauspiciously. At least in the context of life after Annie.

(recalling)

After lunch, Ma insisted on dropping me off for a piano lesson. Mrs. Newsome and I muddled through the hour apathetically. Until very recently these lessons were with one instructor and two pupils... Annie and I were learning a duet.

(struggling to explain)

Ma said that this was part of healing. Getting back to normal. But I don't normally sit on Mrs. Newsome's steps, waiting for a ride. I'd be on my bicycle, if there wasn't a killer on the loose. And there has to be a killer on the loose. Because the only alternative is that the killer is Pa.

We hear the Abernathy car pull into Mrs. Newsome's driveway and give a TOOT-TOOT.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

Ma pulls into the driveway, ten minutes late... and I see instantly that she's broken her one rule. She's been crying.

INT. ABERNATHY FAMILY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A car shuts.

YOUNG MYRA

What's wrong?

BRENDA

... nothing.

YOUNG MYRA

Is it Annie? Or Pa?

BRENDA

Do you know what a plea deal is?

YOUNG MYRA

No.

Brenda forces false cheer.

BRENDA

Lets go see a movie. Take our minds off things.

YOUNG MYRA

What's a plea deal?

BRENDA

We can get popcorn?

YOUNG MYRA

What's a plea deal?

BRENDA

It's when a grown-up admits they did something wrong. Even if they didn't. To get less punishment.

YOUNG MYRA

That's *lying*.

BRENDA

I want you to know something. I want you to remember the rest of your life, no matter what happens, no matter what anyone says. He would never hurt Annie. He would never hurt you. Neither one of us would hurt you.

Brenda pulls the car into gear.

MYRA

(narration)

There's no multiplex in Jubeliene. Not in 1997, and not today. We debate the St. Claire Theater in Vincennes before settling for a second run theater in Kent. We get tickets for *Liar Liar*, arriving well into the first act. We watch, but don't laugh, get popcorn but don't eat... not much of it. And then we go home... and find the caterpillar shower curtains flapping in the wind.

Ominous score returns. A whooshing, howling crescendo of wind sucks us through the shower curtain and into--

CUT TO:

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - 1997

Brenda steps to a stop on a creaky floorboard. SILENCE.

BRENDA

You there. Turn around.

YOUNG MYRA

Ma. Wait, I--

BRENDA

Shh.

(tough girl voice)

Turn around. Slow. Or I'll shoot.

A rifle cocks. A long, tense moment passes without reply.

ED

Guess it's too much to ask. That you do me that favor.

Tension deflates from the score.

YOUNG MYRA

... Pa?

Sounds of rifle uncocked and lowered.

BRENDA

Ed. Is... is that you?

ED

(a bit vacantly)
You changed the locks. What happened to the window?

BRENDA

You're supposed to be in jail.

ED

You haven't heard?

BRENDA

...heard what?

ED

(still vacant)
They found Jessie Kaplan's body in the quarry while I was sitting in my cell. Guess I'm an innocent man.

MYRA

(narration)

Isolated systems evolve spontaneously towards equilibrium. I asked Mrs. Verbrugge-- what about the birth of a star? The universe is full of examples of disorder *becoming order*. For instance-- your father comes home a free man.

(resigned)

And Mrs. V... she just shakes her head. *An increase in order is always a local phenomenon.* Zoom out. Then you will see-- although this isn't quite how she put it-- that all matter and energy is united in a suicide pact. When two atoms come together, the rest hurtle all the faster toward oblivion.

(then)

So your father wins back his good name... because poor sweet Jessie Kaplan met your baby sister's killer.

(then)

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Pa looks at me. Or through me, maybe. And I think for a moment, for maybe the last moment, we are on the same page. Marveling at the entropic decay of everything we thought we knew.

(pain)

What might one embrace have done? One sign, that I could forgive, if he could?

(disappointment)

Instead, fixed in his gaze, I feel only two things: anger... and shame. The popcorn bucket falls from my grasp. And before I can call out to my past self, to somehow do better this time... I flee.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The gang is gathered on couches. Berto on speaker.

MAISIE

A new tape? Is it Wayne?

BERTO

Not Wayne. Not exactly.

A plastic cassette tape slides across the coffee table.

LIAM

(reading)

"Black Sheep" ... by John Anderson.

MYRA

It's Wayne's sister, Sue. Jessie's mom.

BERTO

Before anybody gets too excited, I have something I want to say.

(then)

I think we should turn this whole thing over to the FBI.

MYRA

(indignant)

Hang on. You were the one who told me to do this in the first place--

BERTO
I heard about the brick, Myra.

MYRA
(turning on Liam)
... Seriously?

LIAM
I didn't know it was a secret.

MYRA
We don't even know for sure that--

BERTO
Hang on, hang on.
(taking pains to sound
reasonable)
We assumed, until last night, that
we had the element of surprise.
Right? But if that brick was thrown
by the killer-- and I think that IS
the working assumption-- I don't
want to be responsible for what
happens if we keep going.

MAISIE
We all knew the risks. Nobody's
surprised by that brick.

LIAM
(scolding)
Maze.

MAISIE
Well they shouldn't be.

MYRA
That's right. Anyway we can't just
pass this off to the FBI.

BERTO
Why not?

MYRA
Because we have zero hard evidence.
All we have is a breadcrumb trail
from an amateur investigator. If
the brick was thrown by the killer,
if he really did kill Pa, if all
this really does stem from the
investigative trail we're on...
then we should be *encouraged*.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Because it means what we're doing
is making the killer feel
threatened.

BERTO

Or making him angry.

MYRA

Liam? You're with me on this,
right?

LIAM

I wanna catch the guy, but... Berto
has a point. It's a risk.

MAISIE

What makes it safer to stop? If we
made him mad, I think the safest
thing to do is *catch him*.

LIAM

Maze.

(then

It's your decision, Myra. I feel as
guilty as Berto, I dragged you back
into this. But you're the one that
already lost half your family.
You're the one taking the biggest
risk if we carry on.

MYRA

I appreciate the concern. I really
do. And a week ago... I might've
been with you on this. But we can't
stop now.

Myra again punches "PLAY" and a cassette tape winds to life.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. ERNIE'S DINER - AFTERNOON - LESS THAN A YEAR AGO

Through tape static, a weekday afternoon at Ernies.

ED

How's your husband?

SUE

He's in an assisted living place.

(sighs)

Same as his father. He always said
it was the family curse.

(then)

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

He spends a lot of time wandering
the ward. Looking for Jessie.

(more to the window than Ed)
I don't go out there much. It's
hard.

ED

I'm... I'm sorry to hear that.

SUE

(good natured mischief)
Brenda know you're eatin' at
Ernie's? Somehow I don't think
she'd like that.

ED

She's visiting Myra. Up in Chicago.

SUE

But not you?

ED

I uh... wasn't invited.

SUE

Still at odds about that telethon?
About what you said to that
reporter?

ED

Hm. We've been more or less at odds
for twenty years. But... yeah.
Telethon didn't help.

Sue scrapes her fork on her plate idly.

SUE

I said some horrible things in
front of her, you know. Right here
in this restaurant. While you were
locked up? The sheriff was keeping
everything under wraps, and we just
assumed--

(catching herself)
Anyway. What did you want to
discuss?

ED

(cautious)
I'm looking um... I'm looking for
your brother, actually. Wayne.

SUE

Oh dear. Owes you money, I bet? He owes everyone. I'm sorry to tell you, you won't be seeing it. He's gone.

ED

Gone like... *dead*?

SUE

Oh heavens no. Well. Possible I guess. But not what I meant.

(then)

We don't miss him. It's horrible, but true. I'm relieved he's gone.

ED

You two didn't have a lot in common, did you?

SUE

(chuckles)

Sometimes I forget you Abernathys moved here grown.

(then)

We Harmons-- my father, and three generations on back-- we were poor folks. I did well in school, I caught Jerry's eye, married up. Wayne... went the opposite. Flunked out, followed dad into the quarry. He was lousy at hard work. He took up in Jubeliene Acres, in a trailer, and from what I gather he was a sort of celebrity hooligan there. And then... on to French Lick. Or wherever the wind took him.

ED

Was he close with Jessie?

SUE

No. No, it was complicated, between him and the Kaplans. Between him and Jerry especially.

(explaining)

On a few occasions I-- I snuck Jessie out to visit him... he was her uncle, after all and... I always regretted it. Because it wasn't about her, or what was good for her...

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

it was about convincing myself that money hadn't made me less a part of the family. I should've done it for better reasons. Christian reasons. But the truth is if I knew then what I know now... how few precious moments I'd have with that girl--

Sue's voice breaks. She pulls it together.

SUE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't have gone even once. I wouldn't have shared her with anyone.

ED

I know the feeling.

(then)

This is gonna sound, um... I'm sorry for asking, but... do you think he could've killed her?

A note of score, as the whole timber of the scene tilts on the axis of Ed's question.

SUE

Does Brenda know you're poking around in this?

ED

(swallows)

... I dunno.

SUE

You don't know?

ED

I didn't set out to conceal it. I just... no sense opening old wounds. Not until I find something.

SUE

My husband went down this road. After the Charleston Killer's alibi for our girls came through? Word got back to me that Jerry was going around offering an extravagant reward for information. That he'd browbeat Craig Donnelly, and maybe others... although what about I have no earthly idea.

(philosophically)

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

There's something there-- this primal masculine duty to protect the tribe... something fundamentally male about fixating on catching the killer. About... about thinking that this will somehow fill the hole left by not being able to protect your daughters--

ED

Now hang on--

SUE

No, no, I... I mean it as a compliment. You and Jerry feel that weight... that responsibility, verging on obsession... because you're good fathers. Not despite it.

ED

And you and Brenda don't?

SUE

Sure we do. But it's different, it's... maybe that sounds old-fashioned. But my obsession is with nurturing the memory of my girl. With making sure some little bit of good comes from what I lost. Not with obliterating the... thing... that obliterated her.

ED

This isn't about revenge. It's about justice.

SUE

I doubt that very much. Still... there will be no justice. You need to think about that Ed. Because there is no punishment that fits this crime. Nothing is gonna bring our girls back.

ED

I still have to know the truth.

SUE

And you think the truth is Wayne did it?

ED
I'm pursuing all possibilities.

SUE
(snorts)
You sound like Donnelly.

ED
You knew Wayne better than anyone.
Do you think he was capable of it?

There's a long silence before Sue answers.

SUE
Give me that napkin.

A paper napkin passed. Sound of a ballpoint pen scribbling.

ED
What's that?

SUE
The address of Wayne's mobile home.
It's boarded up, foreclosed. But
it's still out there. Maybe you'll
find what you're looking for.

ED
Thank you.

We hear Ed take the napkin, scoot back his chair, and stand.

ED (CONT'D)
Hey, Sue?

SUE
Yeah?

ED
Did Jerry... did he find anything?

SUE
No.
(then)
You know what I told him? To let it
go. That... or I was gonna leave
him.
(empathetic but firm)
Brenda is still alive, Ed. Myra is
still alive. We can love the dead,
and miss them... but they don't
love back. You are allowed to go on
without 'em.

The spindles of the cassette tape turn over static silence for several seconds before someone clicks the stop button.

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets, and an occasional, distant passing truck on CR-19. A door OPENS behind us. The cautious voice of a child.

MAISIE

Hey.

MYRA

... Hey.

MAISIE

Whatcha thinkin' about?

MYRA

(it's a jumble)

I dunno. Everything that happened between me and Pa-- why he did what he did, I guess... and if I'm making the same mistakes, or... I dunno.

Maisie drops to a seat next to us on the step.

MAISIE

... what's a telethon?

MYRA

It's like a... fundraiser. On TV.

MAISIE

You don't want to talk about it.

MYRA

Not really.

Again, quiet. Then--

MAISIE

Dad and I don't talk about my mom.

MYRA

I picked up on that. It must be hard.

MAISIE

We keep it inside. Like you.
(then)

(MORE)

MAISIE (CONT'D)

One time he threw his wedding ring out the car window. Going like-- 70 miles an hour.

MYRA

Did he say why?

MAISIE

No. But... you can be sad someone is gone... and be mad at them at them too. Does that make sense?

MYRA

Once they leave you behind, you're just *left*. You can't make them explain. You can't leave them back.

MAISIE

... Yeah.

MYRA

That's how it was with Pa. It was like that even before he died.

(realizing)

Your dad... he still wears a wedding ring. Is it the same one?

MAISIE

Mhm. He borrowed a metal detector. I found it under a fast food wrapper.

MYRA

(well... might as well)

The uh, telethon... it's for "No More Missing Girls."

MAISIE

Is that your mom's... thing?

MYRA

Her foundation. Well. Her and Sue's.

(then)

It was a big deal, in the 90s-- when my sister was still in the tabloids. But people move on, you know? People forget.

MAISIE

Yeah. Same with mom.

MYRA

Yeah.

(then)

A few years ago, the 20th anniversary... Ma was determined to make a big splash and get the foundation back on the map. She called in favors. Took out ads. She begged me to come down here and do a live interview. I tried to say no, but... well you've seen her.

(then)

Anyway... when it comes to family stuff... Annie stuff... I have this way of... of not getting where I'm supposed to be. I take wrong turns, and stop to check my makeup, and stand outside of places like I'm scared of doorknobs. And so by the time I finally get *inside* the TV studio, I'm too late. Pa is out there in the chair-- foisted into *my* interview-- telling the story of the first time Annie caught a fish.

(reliving it)

She'd been so proud, he says. She'd talked about it all the way home. He'd somehow filleted the tiny thing, and served it on this little plate. But when she laid eyes on it... she burst into tears. So he'd rushed it back to the kitchen, and bought a lookalike at a pet store, and spent the next year convincing her it was just a misunderstanding. It was a good story. About what a sweet girl Annie was. About how hard he tried to be a good dad.

(sad)

Then the host says, "you know... this interview was supposed to be with your other daughter-- with Myra." And he says "yeah." And she says "do you know where she's at?" And he says "No." And it just hangs there for a minute. Like maybe we'll just leave it and go check in with the phone lines. But then Pa says "She makes her own way through the world. Without taking much account of anyone else." Which--

(She sighs. Not fair but...)

--I was MIA. True. But--

MAISIE

What's MIA?

MYRA

... missing.

(then)

I-- I shouldn't be telling you this.

MAISIE

I've probably heard worse.

MYRA

... yeah. Probably.

(re-orienting)

Anyway. The host says "Is that what happened in 1997? When Myra sent Annie home alone?" And Pa says "yeah. I... I guess it is." And the host says "I know parents are supposed to forgive and forget. But be honest. Do you still think about what would've been different, if Myra had done the right thing? And he said... "of course I do. I've never stopped thinking about that."

(then)

So I left. Not uh... not quietly. And they all came chasing after me-- and I turned and I said... you don't get to blame me. Anyone else can. But not you. Because you're the reason she's dead... just as much as I am. And I slammed my car door. And I shouted "By the way, I'm the one that caught that fish."

(then)

And that was the last thing I ever said to him. Over four years ago.

LIAM

That's how old the first tape is. And the notebook. Give or take.

Myra and Maisie turn around.

MYRA

How long have you been there?

LIAM

Long enough.

MYRA

He could never let go of Annie. There's Mrs. Kaplan, right there on tape, telling him "don't do this you idiot... it will destroy everything you have left." But... Annie was gone. His and Ma's marriage was a shell. And I'd cut him out. What did he have left? And how can I resent that obsession with Annie-- and what it did to my relationship with him-- and yet still be here doing all the same things he did? She could've just as well been talking to me.

MAISIE

You don't have to, you know. Do the same things.

MYRA

No. That's the worst part. I want to.

(then)

I don't want to hand it all to the FBI. I don't want to slink back to Chicago and safety. I wanna get up tomorrow morning and go find Wayne Harmon's trailer. I wanna see this through to the end.

LIAM

Okay.

(resolving)

Then that's what we're gonna do.

The scene fades away.

MYRA

(narration)

Mrs. Kaplan calls it tribal masculinity: the invisible force at the root of this chase. But that's not true. I may be a bug girl from Jupiter. But I'm still a girl.

(my personal theory)

I think Mrs. Verbrugge would contend that what happened to Annie and Pa and I... it's just the second law of thermodynamics. It's the fact that everything warm will eventually go cold. That everything whole will fall apart.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Mrs. V might say that if we stand far enough back to look at the whole picture, we see that losing things we love is just the way of nature.

(growing conviction)

But humans can't stand back. Not really. And so chasing the Jubeliene child killer... that's nature too. *Human* nature. In the face of immutable facts of the universe, we grit our teeth... and resist. We try to hold things together. To preserve the warmth, and the light, and the things we love-- despite all forces to the contrary.

Score thrums.

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. It stars Emily Goss as Myra. Zachary Cantrell as Liam and Denson. Susan Harmon as Brenda. Michael McShane as Ed. Marcelo Tubert as Berto. Hayley Keown as Maisie. Kitty Swink as Sue. Kerry Gutierrez as Young Myra. 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)

(MORE)

PODCAST SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

"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