

Transcript:

TWO DEAD GIRLS IN JUBELIENE

EPISODE 8: "BINGO"

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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:

MYRA
(narration)
August 10th, 1997. It's been two
days since Jessie Kaplan's murder.
25 minutes since I left Pa shooting
at nothing in particular.

EXT. AMERICAN LEGION - AUGUST 10, 1997 - EVENING

Heels on sidewalk-- Brenda-- coupled with a smaller set of
feet racing along beside-- Myra.

BRENDA
(low, urgent)
Pick up your feet.

YOUNG MYRA
I am.

BRENDA
And straighten your dress.

YOUNG MYRA
It's straight.
(then)
Why couldn't I just wear those
sweatpants?

Brenda whirls on Myra, footsteps stop.

BRENDA
(too harsh)
Listen to me.
(gentler)
From now on people are always going
to look at you. It's not fair. But
it's true. And when they look,
they'll judge. You. Me. Your
father. They know you aren't
responsible. None of us are. But--
(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(pained)

When they see those sweatpants, they'll think "My god. Those Abernathys let their girls run wild." And they will let themselves think this couldn't happen to them.

(conviction)

From now on, every second of every day will be about Annie. And the way those people see us... that will decide if she gets justice. If Pa gets justice. Do you understand?

YOUNG MYRA

... yes.

BRENDA

Good. Now come on. Looks like it already started.

A hefty oak door creaks open, and through it, distant voices--

TOWN COUNSELLOR

--just approach the mic, one at a time there, and we'll ask you to kindly hold your comments to one minute--

The door shuts.

INT. AMERICAN LEGION - AUGUST 10, 1997 - NIGHT

Nervous fidgeting, occasional coughs. A packed room.

MYRA

(narration)

The auditorium of American Legion Post 314 is the biggest room in Jubeliene. And in a year *without* a murder, only one thing fills it.

(sarcasm)

So as I scan the crowd... the town counselors... Craig Donnelly... I half expect someone to announce:

(bored drawl)

"B-6. Beeeeee... sixxxx."

(normal voice)

... and then a chorus of old women screaming *BINGO*.

Microphone feedback snaps us into the scene. Citizens question (or accost) the counsel--

MAN 1

(on mic)

--the fourth ammendment, is that
it?

People are talking, shouting, and booing over each other. The
situation is devolving into chaos.

TOWN COUNSELLOR

Folks. Folks. This will work better
if we go one at a time.

WOMAN 1

(annoyed)

Really?

MAN 2

(angry challenge)

That's easy for you to say Rufus,
you don't have girls!

TOWN COUNSELLOR

If you think those of us with boys,
or, or no children at all--

MAN 3

Then tell the truth!

WOMAN 2

Booooo!

TOWN COUNSELLOR

Sheriff Donnelly--

WOMAN 3

We want the truth!

TOWN COUNSELLOR

(aggravated)

Sheriff Donnelly will present
additional information--

MAN 4

That's bullshit!

WOMAN 4

You should be ashamed of yourself!

TOWN COUNSELLOR

--when it's-- when it's available--

MANY VOICES

(chant)

Justice for Jessie. Justice for
 Jessie. Justice for Jessie!

TOWN COUNSELLOR

Folks! Order!

All this fades into background.

MYRA

(narration, disgusted)

It would seem a Bingo is not
 forthcoming. Instead, I'm reminded
 of another "big room" gathering,
 the Halloween Social. And something
 my grandma said: when panic goes
 trick-or-treating, it dresses up as
 anger. And doesn't fool a one.

(turning attention)

As Ma observes from our place in
 back, my eyes find Sue Kaplan. My
 mother's counterpart in grief-- the
 woman who called me lucky, back in
 Ernie's diner-- now sits with her
 head bowed, perhaps thirty feet
 away.

(then)

She is adorned in black lace and
 white jewelry-- an ensemble my own
 mother could not even possibly
 afford. She is surrounded by her
 college-educated husband, their
 well-to-do friends.

(thoughtfully)

Ma tried to tell me, in her way.
 But I was much older before I
 understood all this... the social
 dynamics that differentiated the
 Kaplan grief from ours. Standing at
 the back of the American Legion in
 1997, I knew only that Jessie's
 death had filled the bingo room.
 And that Annie's death had not.

(then)

It is at that moment, as if
 summoned, that Mrs. Kaplan looks
 straight at me. On instinct, I
 squeeze Ma's hand. And just like
 that they're eye to eye. Opposite
 in every way. Except as mothers of
 daughters who will never grow up.

The sounds of the chaotic scene filter back in--

MANY VOICES
 (chanting)
 JUSTICE FOR JESSIE! JUSTICE FOR
 JESSIE! JUSTICE--

A chair SCOTTS, shoes clip-clip across the tile floor. A door bangs open--the whole room falls silent.

The door slams shut.

MYRA
 (narration)
 What you just heard... was Sue
 Kaplan's exit. And what you're
 about to hear... is ours.

The sound of Ma's heels SNAPPING across the tile and banging out the side door. Myra's flats skitter in her wake.

YOUNG MYRA
 (a hushed yell)
 Wait! Ma--

The door BANGS shut a second time.

EXT. AMERICAN LEGION - CONTINUOUS

Outdoor ambiance. Brenda chases Sue. Myra chases Ma.

BRENDA
 Sue! Susan! Stop!

YOUNG MYRA
 Ma!

Sue stops. Everybody stops.

SUE
 (holding back tears)
 I had it coming, didn't I? For
 those things I said at Ernie's?
 (then)
 Go ahead. You of all people should
 get to tell me I deserve this.

BRENDA
 No... nobody deserves it.

SUE
 I just keep thinking: how could
 someone-- how could anyone--?

BRENDA

I know. Me too.

Sue sniffles, tries to get it together.

SUE

... what are we gonna do?

BRENDA

You want them to remember Jessie,
don't you?

SUE

...of course.

BRENDA

Then take my hand. Let's go back in
there, together. Those people--
They're divided. Scared. But
they'll follow us.

(determined)

Lets make sure Annabelle and Jessie
are the last two girls who lose
their lives in Jubeliene.

SUE

Oh Brenda. Where do you find the
strength?

BRENDA

Do you think anything's stronger
than your love for your daughter?

SUE

... I guess not.

BRENDA

(good-natured)

Wrong. But only just.

SUE

What's stronger? Yours?

BRENDA

Yours and mine together.

(compassionate but firm)

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

END FLASHBACK

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

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 Eight: Bingo.

Fade up the barren ambiance of a country road. A car approaches. Finally it WHOOSHES by, sucking us into--

INT. LIAM'S CAR - DAY - PRESENT

The engine hums.

MYRA
 (narration)
 County Road 19. Liam and I are on the way to Jubeliene Acres. I have Berto double booked-- running background on Wayne Harmon... vetting rumors about Liam's wife.

In the scene--

LIAM
 You alright? You've barely said a word since I picked you up.

MYRA
 Got a lot on my mind.

LIAM
 If that's code for yesterday, coming out here without you... I just want to say--

MYRA
 It's not. I'm over it.

Uncomfortable silence hangs.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 There's the sign.

A CLICK-CLICK turn signal. It fades into the background--

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

The sign-- a lurching sun-bleached billboard, proclaims the turnoff for "Jubeliene Acres Mobile Estates: *An Affordable Lease on the American Dream.*"

(then)

It's hard to imagine, as the archetype of corn-belt decay unfolds ahead... but there was once a certain community pride out here. A place for migrant farmers and quarry boom-timers... Blue collar dreamers who clogged I-64 with a parade of "Twelve-wide" pre-fabs-- people grasping at the idea of a home to call their own-- even if they leased the land it sat on.

(then)

That was 1980. Before Agriwise and Alan Whitmayer swept in. Before the quarry closed. Only after did it become apparent that screwing the wheels back on a twelve-wide cost as much as buying it in the first place.

(then)

By 1997-- when Wayne and Ronny were operating a small time criminal enterprise-- Jubeliene Acres was in a spiral. Today, only a scattering of tenants remain between numerous foreclosed trailers and empty lots. Wayne Harmon's among them.

EXT. JUBELIENE ACRES MOBILE ESTATES - LATE MORNING - PRESENT

A hefty, frustrated metallic rattling.

LIAM

(sighs)

Crap.

Ambience filters in. Far off sounds of a barking dog. An unsupervised child. Fabric tossing in a slight breeze. Crows.

MYRA

Please don't say we came all the way out here with the wrong key.

LIAM

Key works.
 (another futile effort)
 But nobody said anything about a
 combo lock.

MYRA

Maybe there's a window.

EXT. JUBELIENE ACRES - WAYNE'S PLACE - BACK

Squelching footsteps.

LIAM

If it's the whole dinner party
 thing bothering you, I can cancel.

MYRA

That's not the problem.

LIAM

So there is a problem.

Myra lets out an annoyed breath in reply. Then-- sounds of a
 creaky board.

MYRA

Here we go. Boost me?

INT. WAYNE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Sounds of the exterior now muffled. We hear a window forced
 up. A moment later Myra drops to the floor. A persistent DRIP
 DRIP DRIP is the only sound aside from her breathing.

A GRUNT as Liam tumbles in after Myra, landing heavier. A
 creepy note of score as the two survey the interior.

Myra and Liam converse in whispers:

LIAM

I don't think we were the first
 ones to climb through that window.

MYRA

You referring to the graffiti or
 the rat droppings?

Creaky boards as Liam and Myra diverge. A drawer pulls out.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Anything?

LIAM

Empty.
(returns the drawer)
Closet?

A sliding closet door.

MYRA

Just this.

Glossy pages flap as a magazine spins through the air,
landing on the soggy mattress near us.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)
This, for the record, is an amateur
magazine. Adorned with images of
girls in scanty school uniforms.

An ominous note of score. As it fades, all that remains is
the nearly inaudible DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

LIAM

I'm gonna check the kitchen.

We hear Myra tiptoe through the room--

RING!

Myra's phone blasts through the creepy quiet on max volume.
She startles, toppling a pile of beer cans, sending aluminum
clanging and skittering.

RING! RING! RIN--

MYRA

Yes?

BERTO

(phone filter)
If Mr. Wayne Harmon is alive, he's
very much off the grid.

MYRA

Nothing?

BERTO

(ticking things off)
No employment records, no loan or
lease apps, no car insurance, no
health insurance, no life
insurance...
(sighs)
There is one item of interest.

MYRA

Okay...?

Berto shuffles papers.

BERTO

Let me see here, uh... 1996. A complaint is filed against Wayne by a neighbor, Mary--
 (flips a page)
 --um, *Maryanne* Warwick. Claimed he strangled her dog.

MYRA

Huh.

BERTO

Huh? That's all?

MYRA

It's terrible, but... interesting.

BERTO

Did you find something better?

MYRA

Still looking. We um... had a little trouble with the door.

Myra lowers her voice even further.

MYRA (CONT'D)

What about... the other thing?

BERTO

(realizing)
 ... You're more worried about Liam's wife than Wayne Harmon, aren't you?

MYRA

(defensive)
 Did you look it up or not?

BERTO

(sighs)
 That article is trash. The writer... uh, conspiracy blogger... mixes up her facts on a half-dozen points. And Nika... she has a record herself, you know. Two counts petty theft. And she was reported missing once in 2001.

(MORE)

BERTO (CONT'D)

She just walked out of her foster home in New Jersey... never went back.

MYRA

That's all good context, but it's not really the point.

BERTO

What is the point?

MYRA

Did they find a body?

BERTO

Myra...

MYRA

I get it. There are plenty of web pages like that about Annie. But I'm telling you this stinks. How do you have a suicide without an obituary? Without a body? If there's even a ghost of a chance that he... that Liam was involved in her death, or covering it up--

BERTO

You know what? This was a mistake.

MYRA

What?

BERTO

Sending you the background check that started you down this road. It was invasive.

MYRA

I just want to know if he's telling the truth.

BERTO

No, you want to catch him in a lie so that you don't have to be friends with him.

Myra is momentarily silenced. Then, a KNOCK KNOCK-- Liam in the doorway.

LIAM

Myra?

MYRA
I've gotta go.

BERTO
Hang on, wait--

She hangs up.

LIAM
... you sure you're alright?

MYRA
Yeah. Did you find something?

INT. WAYNE'S PLACE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

A dripping faucet. Flies circle.

MYRA
(narration)
Liam gestures toward the refrigerator. The door is covered with faded newspaper clippings. Jessie's disappearance, news about the ongoing investigation. There's a real stinker from the Inquirer, "In Angel Slayings, Are Aliens to Blame?"
(a little weary)
Worse things were written, believe it or not. But I remember this one enraging Ma-- the fact that Jessie's face was on the cover, and Annie's on page 8.
(then)
It all frames a weathered drawing: stick figure girl holding hands with stick figure man. Based on the towering curls of the former, I can only conclude I'm looking at a self-portrait. That's Jessie Kaplan... and that's good ol' uncle Wayne.

Liam twists a faucet knob, and the DRIP DRIP stops.

LIAM
There's, uh... something else. In the living room.

INT. WAYNE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Myra pads after Liam into the living room-- and stops dead.

MYRA

... WOW.

LIAM

Right? Explains the empty closet.

MYRA

(narration)

The last room in the trailer is as full as the first was empty. Hoarder piles of clothes spiral like a halloween corn maze. I imagine Ronny racing here on the night of Annie's murder, after robbing the Jenkins Pharmacy... Only to find nobody home. Or at least... nobody answering the door. Of all the dumps to drink a warm beer and count your take... this has to be the dumpiest.

(then)

I shuffle sideways into the maze, noticing the piles of clothes aren't as random as they first seemed. T-shirts here, miner's coveralls there... the piles are messy, but the sorting is precise. By cut, by cloth. All of it bearing the grease-stained grimy brown sameness of a blue collar life in Jubeliene. All of it except--

MYRA (CONT'D)

There. On the coffee table. Is that...?

LIAM

(grave)

Woman's clothes.

MYRA

Girls clothes.

LIAM

Maybe we should--

MYRA

Shh.

Heavy silence lingers. Then--

MYRA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Did you hear that?

LIAM
Hear... what?

We hear the familiar jingle of the padlock. Score picks up--
tense, dangerous, unknown.

MYRA
(urgent whisper)
There's someone at the door.

More jingle.

LIAM
Get behind me.

Liam unsnaps the holster on his sidearm. Then the click of a
latch unlocked. The door bursts open--

LIAM (CONT'D)
Myra! Look out!

The score falls away.

OSCAR
(surprised)
Hi Myra.

FADE IN:

EXT. JUBELIENE ACRES MOBILE ESTATES - WAYNE'S PLACE - MIDDAY

Again the sounds of scattered tenants, barking dogs.

MYRA
(narration)
Liam and I stand on a patch of
dandelion-choked crabgrass in front
of Wayne's. Conversing with *statue*
park gardener Oscar Stillwell.

LIAM
That's your lock? On the door?

OSCAR
Lotta folks gettin' up to trouble
in that trailer.
(pointed)
Got tired of watchin' the super and
the bank... and the sheriff... do
nothing about it.

MYRA
So you thought we were vandals?

OSCAR

(chuckles)

Certain cosmic balance, iddn't it?

(then)

I live down there. Mom's trailer.

(corrects himself)

Mine now, she's eight years gone.

LIAM

Mr. Stillwell... has Wayne been
back here recently?

OSCAR

(snorts)

No.

LIAM

Is that funny?

OSCAR

(thoughtful)

... no. Jus'... I'd be very
surprised if that man wa' still
alive. Spend your whole life as a
cheat and a liar, 'ventually you
cross somebody who don't abide.

MYRA

What's with the clothes in there?

A moment of contemplation on all sides.

OSCAR

Why 'zactly you two here?

LIAM

(making it up as he goes)

I uh.. got a complaint. Like you
said, about squatters.

OSCAR

That could explain why you're here
Sheriff. But with Myra Abernathy
'stead of a deputy?

(then)

No... I reckon yah came here for
the same reason Ed did. Yah think
Wayne Harmon's a serial killer.

MYRA

Did, did you talk to him? Did he
say if he found anything?

OSCAR

He sure tore them closets to shreds, did a number with all those clothes. But... no. I don't think he found anythin'.

(then)

I reckon Wayne Harmon turned out to be a dead end.

Score plays us out.

FROM SILENCE

MYRA

(pre-lap)

Ma, we're here!

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The screen door CLACKS closed. Maisie and Liam fuss with jackets in the doorway.

BRENDA

There you are! The guests of honor!

MAISIE

Hi Mrs. Abernathy!

Brenda pads into the room.

BRENDA

Hello dear. And don't you look fancy? Well... except Myra.

MYRA

(already over her limit)

Thanks Ma. Real nice.

LIAM

(before things get hostile)

I um, brought a bottle of wine.

MAISIE

What's for dinner?

BRENDA

Why don't you all come into the kitchen and I'll show you?

Brenda turns toward the kitchen, Maisie racing after.

MAISIE
 (voice receding)
 Coming!

LIAM
 ... you coming?

At just that second, Myra's phone DINGS.

MYRA
 (distracted)
 I-- actually, I'm gonna go up and
 change. Give her one less thing to
 complain about.

LIAM
 Okay.

Liam pads towards the kitchen.

BRENDA
 (from the next room)
 I called the station for you
 Sheriff. Heard you were out at
 Jubeliene Acres...

Myra takes a step up the stairs-- dialing as she walks. A
 muffled RING. RING. RIN--

MYRA
 (low)
 Hey. Berto.

UPCUT TO--

INT. KITCHEN - ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

MYRA
 (narration)
 By the time I get off the phone and
 get back downstairs-- a cardigan
 cast over the worst of the water-
 stains in my funeral dress-- Liam,
 Maisie, and Ma are gathered around
 the big kitchen island.

We pick up voices from around the corner in the kitchen.
 We're in Myra's POV as we walk towards them.

LIAM
 ...fundraisers, community
 initiatives-- the foundation.
 (MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

I'm blown away. Seriously. The statue park-- did you raise the money?

BRENDA

(warm, for a change)
Myra.

MAISIE

Your mom's making a meatloaf!

BRENDA

She cleans up nice, doesn't she Sheriff?

LIAM

(off hand)
Yeah. Of course.

A crunchy bite.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(sharply)
Maze. One more cracker and that's it. Save room for dinner.

MAISIE

(mouthful)
He doesn't feed me. I starve.

BRENDA

(laughs)
I find that highly unlikely.
(back to the subject)
Anyway. I publicized the idea for the park. Well, Sue and I. But it was funded by an anonymous donation.

LIAM

Huh. You know that?

MYRA

(cold)
No.

LIAM

Well in Baltimore, when something tragic happened... somebody went missing, or got... you know... people just went inside and locked the doors. Not here.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

At first I thought that was just a small town thing. But I'm beginning to think it's a you-and-Mrs. Kaplan thing.

BRENDA

Well. We tried to hold things together. Honor the memory of our girls.

Myra crosses and pours herself a glass of wine.

MYRA

In Baltimore, sometimes the cops are probably in on it.

Score plays the hidden meaning. Accusation.

LIAM

I uh-- yeah. I guess.

MYRA

Did you work any of those cases?

BRENDA

Myra. What's gotten into you?

Uncomfortable silence follows.

MYRA

I'm gonna get some more crackers.

Myra's footsteps exit.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - PANTRY

Myra sifts through boxes and cans. Liam enters. He speaks at a level to not be overheard in the kitchen.

LIAM

What was that about?
 (when Myra doesn't answer)
 You've been acting weird all day.
 You might as well tell me.

Myra stops.

MYRA

Did your wife really kill herself?

LIAM

... What?

MYRA

I know there's no death certificate
Liam. When someone commits suicide,
they usually find the body.

LIAM

... why do I get the feeling you're
accusing me of something?

MYRA

I'm not. Not yet.

LIAM

... wow.

MYRA

You have to know there are
allegations out there. About her
disappearance. About you.

LIAM

You didn't know her. You don't know
the first thing about any of this--

MYRA

Was there an investigation?

LIAM

Of course!

MYRA

Were you a suspect?

LIAM

Of course. You saw what happened to
your father. You of all people
ought to know what happens when a
woman vanishes.

MYRA

Not remotely the same. The guys
digging through your dirty laundry
were your friends.

LIAM

Well it didn't feel like it.

MYRA

They marked the case a probable
suicide... with virtually no
physical evidence.

LIAM

It fit the fact pattern.

MYRA

Oh, it benefitted you-- virtually exonerated you. It stopped an investigation short of the truth.

(then)

If you didn't do anything wrong, why did you leave Baltimore?

LIAM

I was running from heartache. I thought you could understand that.

MYRA

So you're innocent?

There's a long silence. Liam sighs.

LIAM

I could've done things differently. I could've been a better husband. A better friend. I could've opened my eyes and realized that she was unhappy... that she was teetering on a cliff. And... maybe that would've changed the entire arc of history. So I am almost certainly not blameless.

(with a bit of an edge)

But in the way you're asking... yes. I'm innocent.

MYRA

And I just take your word for it?

LIAM

That's how friendships work Myra. You either trust people... or you don't.

He rattles a box.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Here.

MYRA

What?

LIAM

Crackers.

He walks away. Leaving Myra alone in the pantry.

MYRA

(narration, shade of irony)
Life... is like a game of Bingo.

(then)

You've got this grid of little squares. They describe your past, present, and future. Every action. Every possibility. B-7 win the lottery. G-40 die of cancer.

(then)

The invisible guy in the sky draws the ping pong balls. And as he calls out numbers, you struggle... we all struggle... to find meaning in the pattern. To decide if there is any pattern at all.

(then)

B-2. Your sister dies. I-25... her chair sits empty for a decade.

(then)

And then: G-57. Not knowing any better, a little girl takes her seat. And the world turns on indifferently.

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The clink of silverware. Footsteps enter the dining room.

MAISIE

Can I have the middle piece?

LIAM

Say please.

A chair scoots in.

MAISIE

Please?

Brenda laughs.

MAISIE (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

Mm. Wow. The texture is incredible.

MYRA

(narration continues)

We root for that elusive space in the center of the board-- the one we think will solve all our problems. And the rooting, that gives us the illusion of control.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

N-41: you catch a killer.

(unfortunately)

But the guy in the sky picks the numbers. And Bingo comes from nowhere, if it ever comes at all.

BRENDA

(between bites)

You know... I have a theory about that money, for the statue park

(then)

There was this woman... rumor was she had a heap of stocks in General Electric from her second husband. But her son--- a friend of Ed's, way back when... he kept on just the same when she passed. No fancy car, no big house, no new clothes. If you ask me... he passed that money on. An act of contrition. Somebody who wished they'd done more in Ed's darkest hour.

MYRA

Exactly which of Pa's friends are we talking about here?

BRENDA

(slyly)

Well... I prefer not to say. It was an anonymous donation after all. But... I'll give you a clue.

(then)

He doesn't share the name, because of the second marriage. But the woman's name... was Warwick.

A note of score-- a realization.

MYRA

(narration)

There's a piece of Bingo slang... "just practicing." It's a needle-- aimed at the inevitable gun-jumper, who realizes *after* shouting BINGO they've got measly four in a row. I learned young that when you think you've got a winner, you do two things: Shut your mouth. Check your card.

Score begins building momentum.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

Maryanne Warwick. The woman who said Wayne strangled her dog. How's that for confluence of coincidence.

Back in the scene--

MYRA (CONT'D)

Ma... who are we talking about here? It could be important. For something Liam's working on.

BRENDA

Really, Sheriff? What's that?

LIAM

It's, uh--

MYRA

Its county business Ma. He can't talk about it.

BRENDA

Well you clearly told Myra.

MAISIE

He's a blabbermouth when he has a crush on someone.

LIAM

(sharp, scolding)

Maze.

Brenda chuckles.

BRENDA

Well. I'll give you one more clue.

(leaning in)

The other reason I felt... confident in my theory... is that the same day the cash arrived by anonymous letter, this friend of Ed's turned up at Sue Kaplan's house. Says he's heard about the park... that he can't afford to contribute, but if we "happen" to raise the money he'd like to volunteer as groundskeeper. And he did. He's done it 20 years.

The score thrums with low tension.

MYRA

(narration)

Oscar Stillwell. The only man who seemed sure, in July of '97, that Pa was not a killer. Where did that confidence come from? That remorse? I think of him lurking outside Pa's wake... of seeing his ghost outside Pa's window-- of our *coincidental* run-ins. Has he been surveilling me? I remember Ronny's story about getting sideswiped near the scene of Annie's abduction-- and the way Oscar leans out of his window to check for traffic, *because he's missing a drivers' side mirror*. Could he have been so stupid, so brazen... not to repair it, all these years? If Oscar Stillwell practiced strangling girls by going to work on the family dog, *Maryanne Warwick's dog*, could there be a better scapegoat than his reviled neighbor Wayne Harmon?

(then)

Bingo.

The score breaks. It's quiet now. No silverware, no chewing.

BRENDA

... Myra? Are you alright?

MYRA

We ran into Oscar today. He said he spoke to Pa-- just before Pa died.

BRENDA

Well. I hope they made their peace. Back before Annie, they used to be thick as thieves.

A rush of wind sucks us out of the episode.

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. Susan Harmon as Brenda.

(MORE)

PODCAST SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

Marcello Tubert as Berto. John Allee as Oscar. Hayley Keown as Maisie. Kerry Gutierrez as Young Myra. Kitty Swink as Sue. 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