

Transcript:

TWO DEAD GIRLS IN JUBELIENE

EPISODE 3: "CONFLUENCE OF COINCIDENCE"

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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)

July 21st, 1997. It's been 48 hours
since Annie was killed... 35 since
Pa was thrown in jail.

(then)

Remember our friend Craig Donnelly?

INT. JUBELIENE SHERIFF STATION - LOBBY - JULY 21, 1997

An argument that's been going on a while already--

DONNELLY

Please Brenda. Take Myra, go home.

BRENDA

Not until I'm allowed to see my
husband.

DONNELLY

I know this is hard. I do. But try
to be reasonable--

BRENDA

Oh, is something about this
situation *unreasonable*?

DONNELLY

Yeah. It doesn't matter how related
you are, you can't just *drop in* to
see an accused--

BRENDA

(quiet, intense)

Craig, if you finish that sentence
in front of my daughter, then so
help me god I'll--

Boom! Metal doors explode open. ALAN WHITMAYER's voice has the confidence of an ex-linebacker and the diction of a lawyer. Because... he's both.

ALAN WHITMAYER

Brenda!

Footsteps approach, echoing confidently. Then stop.

ALAN WHITMAYER (CONT'D)

Ms. Myra.

YOUNG MYRA

(meek)

Hello.

DONNELLY

(uneasy)

Alan, hi.

ALAN WHITMAYER

I think that better be "Mr. Whitmayer," given the circumstances. Or "Councillor," if you prefer.

DONNELLY

(sighs)

... okay. Sure thing.

INT. JUBELIENE SHERIFF STATION - HOLDING CELL - JULY 21, 1997

The BUZZZ-CLICK of a secure door opening, the light clink-clink of a man approaching in handcuffs. He stops.

BRENDA

Ed. How are you holding up?

Ed only exhales in reply.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

You'll be out of here in no time.
Alan says not to worry.

ED

... Alan?

MYRA

Mr. Whitmayer. He came to help!

ED

... No.

BRENDA

No... what?

ED

No big shot expensive lawyers.

BRENDA

He's waived his fees.

ED

(as if that's better)
So he's here to get his face on TV.

BRENDA

He's not. If you'd seen him out there--

ED

I saw him sue Burt Rickman out of his family farm. And I'll be pleased to never see him again.

BRENDA

(losing patience)
He was doing his-- he was doing his job. For his client. Now we're his clients.
(softer)
We need his help Ed.

A long contemplative silence. Will Ed relent?

ED

Brenda... she's dead. Alan Whitmayer can't fix *that* with all the legal bullshit between here and Lake Michigan.
(almost to himself)
I deserve to be in here.

BRENDA

You didn't kill her--

ED

No. But she'd still be alive if it wasn't for me. If I hadn't sent her to the store--

YOUNG MYRA

She didn't die going to the store. She died going home. And you didn't send her home. I did.

Score harmonizes with the emotional angst of the small voice. It cuts through Ed and Brenda's conversation like a knife.

MYRA

(narration)

We all tend our private guilt gardens. We pretend that we-- and only we-- could've changed what happened.

(then)

So our little guilt weeds grow. Until their tendrils press at every corner of the skull-- until they force their way out our mouths.

(false relief)

And then, usually... something incredible happens. The weed withers. People shrug and say "we all make mistakes." Or "you couldn't have known." Or "maybe that wouldn't have made any difference." They say "you're an eleven year old girl. And being disobedient is not the same as being a murderer."

(darkly)

But... when I voice my role in Annie's death, the denials come a split second slow. The sentences trail off. And so the vines of my weed spread thick as tree trunks. And I see that it will live forever... or at least as long as I do.

Underlying hints of score swell and sweep us out of 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

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. Conspiracy. Truth is--

CABLE NEWS PUNDIT

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

BYSTANDER 2

--his 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.

A cassette tape fast forwards, then stops.

ED ABERNATHY
 (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 Three:
 Confluence of Coincidence.

INT. PA'S BEDROOM - ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - EVENING - PRESENT

Sounds of scraping cardboard, fingers clicking through
 cassette tapes. Myra, searching.

MYRA
 (narration)
 If you want to believe that Pa will
 rot comfortably... in his hardwood
 box, beneath the side-lawn of
 Jubeliene Methodist... you needn't
 look any further than his bedroom.
 The converted closet at the end of
 the hall makes a coffin seem
 spacious. I guess 19th-century
 architects didn't make much
 provision for married couples
 sleeping apart.

(then)
 The room is an empty place.
 Empty... except for box upon box of
 audio cassettes. Hand-labelled
 spines that say McGraw-comma-Tim.
 Or Strait-comma-George. Somewhere,
 one of them says Hancock-comma-
 Wayne. A breadcrumb. From Pa.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
*How many copies of "Blue Clear Sky"
 can one man own?*

A knock at the door. Myra scrambles, shoving a box under the
 bed. Settles.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 ... Yeah?

BRENDA
 I brought you a plate of casserole.

The doorknob turns and creaks open.

MYRA

Ma. Hey. Thanks.

BRENDA

... I wasn't sure I'd ever see you again.

MYRA

Yeah. I... panicked, I guess. I'm sorry. About the eulogy.

BRENDA

That's between you and your father--

MYRA

No. I hurt you. Embarrassed you.
(not without jealousy)
You understood him better than I ever did.

BRENDA

Well. I'm not so sure about that.

This hangs in the air between them.

MYRA

I uh... I'd like to stay a while.
If that's okay.
(deciding)
I'm not sure why I just... feel
this is where I need to be.

BRENDA

I think you're searching for something.

Score stings Ma's line. Myra fumbles--

MYRA

(caught)
I-- what?

But the air seems to re-fill the room, the tension disappears from the score.

BRENDA

You know... *a piece of your father.*
(then)
I just mean it's no great mystery.
Why you feel this is where you need
to be.
(lightly)
(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)
 Anyway. Help yourself to clean
 sheets. You know where.

The door closes and Brenda's footsteps recede.

SILENCE

HEAVY CLICK of a play button, a cassette tape turns to life.

EXT. JUBELIENE FIRST METHODIST - NIGHT - DECEMBER 2017

Through static: crickets, distant cars. A door opens, and we momentarily hear distant Christian Choral Music. Feet shuffle across sidewalk towards us, car keys jingle--

A scrape. A sharp breath, keys slap-clang on pavement.

DONNELLY
 Who's there? Show yourself!

ED
 Easy Sheriff. It's just me.

DONNELLY
 ... Ed Abernathy?

ED
 I need to ask you a few questions.

Silence hangs momentarily as Donnelly thinks.

DONNELLY
 I don't think that's a good idea.

Donnelly picks up his keys. Moves to his truck. Ed chases.

ED
 Why not?

DONNELLY
 Your wife tried to sue me!

ED
 She didn't win!

DONNELLY
 She didn't lose. Anyway tie goes to
 whoever doesn't end up shit-canned
 and black-balled, cleaning gum off
 the bottom of Methodist church pews
 just to keep a roof over his kids--

ED
 (low, in close proximity)
 I'd give up my roof and scrape gum
 for ten lifetimes to still have
 both my kids.

Donnelly fidgets with his keys. After an uncomfortable
 silence...

DONNELLY
 How's Myra?

ED
 Don't.
 (softening)
 I'm not asking you to be friendly.
 I'm just asking for your help.

DONNELLY
 Alright. Something about Annie?

ED
 I know everything there is to know
 about Annie. I want to talk about
 Jessie Kaplan.

The cassette stops.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

LIAM
 Coffee first? I don't have creamer.

MYRA
 Uh... yeah. Black's fine.

Sounds of Liam making coffee drop beneath Myra's voice.

MYRA (CONT'D)
 (narration)
 It's late, past nine, when I arrive
 at Liam's house. Pa's copy of
 "Johnny Law" snug in my pocket.
 (then)
 In the dish-rack there are two
 plates, two forks, two knives.
 There's only one mug, so Liam pours
 his own coffee in a pint glass
 etched with the 2011 home schedule
 of the Maryland Terrapins.
 Basketball... I think.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

In the hallway behind him, the faded wallpaper is checked with gray-brown rectangles-- the ghosts of family portraits of tenants past. I'm reminded of Berto's complaints about the lack of pictures in my barren Chicago cubicle. Something Liam and I have in common.

Back in the scene--

MYRA (CONT'D)

Maisie's asleep?

LIAM

School night. She's gonna be ticked. Hasn't shut up for two minutes about this thing.

MYRA

She wants to be like you. A cop.

LIAM

I think in this case it's more about you. Wanting to help you.
(off Myra's unseen reaction)
...what?

MYRA

I don't usually... I'm... I'm not great with kids.

LIAM

(humorously)
Well she's a weird kid.
(less humor)
Single fathering I guess. Eggs?

MYRA

Eggs?

LIAM

Yeah. It goes with the coffee.

MYRA

... yeah.

Sounds of Liam getting a pan, opening the fridge.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I ask about her mom?
(then)
Forget it. None of my business.

LIAM

It's okay. I'm... you know...
pretty deep into *your* family stuff
here. Just... it's not a happy
ending, you know?

MYRA

When is it ever?

LIAM

... Yeah.
(then)
I met her in a convenience shop in
West Baltimore. 2008.

INT. WEST BALTIMORE CONVENIENCE STORE - SUMMER 2008

LIAM

(conversational narration)
I was young, idealistic. My first
month as a detective. She had dyed
black hair, a nose ring, tattoos...
basically everything my parents
would've hated, if they were still
around. The first time I laid eyes
on her, she was standing between me
and a teenage shoplifter. Letting
the kid escape with some Slim Jims.
(exaggerating, kinda poking
fun at himself--)
So I laid into her. Obstruction of
justice. Juvenile crime stats. I
finally ran out of steam, and she
just said, completely calm, that
she knew where the kid lived. If I
cared that much, she'd take me.

EXT. STREETS OF WEST BALTIMORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sounds of passing traffic. Distant car horns.

LIAM

(narration)
So-- we walk. I've seen West
Baltimore from my squad car every
day for months... but I've barely
ever seen it on foot. I hear
music... smell Old Bay. I vent
about my cases-- unsolvable hand-me-
downs, mostly. I admit, by
accident, that I grew up in Wyman
Park, in a big house.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

I feel like an imposter. We end up at a first floor window to a housing project.

(thoughtfully)

Inside, my... perp... is handing out his take to younger kids. He's skin and bones... they all are. And cashier girl says:

(breath)

You've got conviction. The law needs that. But sometimes doing the right thing requires letting someone get away.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

We can hear the eggs sizzling in the pan.

MYRA

She said that?

LIAM

Every word. Cheesy?

MYRA

... yeah, a little.

LIAM

No, the... the eggs.

MYRA

Oh. Fine, yeah.

(then)

So what, you asked her out?

Liam stirs eggs with a spatula.

LIAM

Well... she said she didn't date. Especially cops.

(almost a punchline)

So... we spent about the next five hours at a dive bar.

INT. WEST BALTIMORE DIVE BAR - NIGHT - 2008

Not a raucous place. Juke box music, pool cues, the occasional burst of laughter.

LIAM

She's on drink two when she says someday she's gonna open a flower shop. I've had four when I tell her "someday" is B.S.-- she should do it tomorrow. Although I admit she doesn't seem like a flower person. You know, the black hair... the tattoos... She's had six when she says her coolest tattoo is a sunflower. She just can't prove it in a bar.

INT. LIAM'S WEST BALTIMORE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jingling keys, a door. Kissing. A single CRASH-CREAK of two bodies tumbling onto bed springs. And then it all fades away.

LIAM

Anyway. She asked if I thought she should get an abortion. I asked her to marry me-- not because of the baby, you know... because I loved her. The baby just... made it seem *possible*.

MYRA

... what'd she say?

LIAM

Nothing at first. She had a cigarette. I joined her... tried to pretend it wasn't my first, which didn't work. She said uh... getting married was a bad idea. But we did it anyway.

(growing sad)

The pregnancy was complicated. There were lots of prescriptions... things that hung around long after Maze was born. When I worried too much we fought. When we fought too much she'd leave. And then she'd come back, and we'd start over.

(pushing ahead)

So I took doubles to pay for daycare. I thought that would give her some room to get well. But really I was just losing touch. And then I came home one night...

(sighs)

... and she'd left a single sunflower on the table.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)
And then she'd emptied every pill
bottle in the house and just...
drifted away for good.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

Liam turns off the stove burner, leaving only the hum of the
refrigerator, the tick of a clock. Far-off crickets.

MYRA
(narration)
There's a silver band still on his
ring finger. But instead of
mentioning it I just say:

Back in the scene--

MYRA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

LIAM
(pulling himself together)
Well don't be. She made her choice.
That's better than your sister got.
(then)
Tell me about the tape. Jessie
Kaplan, huh?

MYRA
... I guess so.

LIAM
I know next to nothing. She got a
bicycle flat?

MYRA
Yeah. She was plucked from the side
of the road in broad daylight. They
found her in the quarry before she
was even cold.

LIAM
Guess they knew where to look,
after your sister.
(then)
Can I top you off?

MYRA
Uh, yeah. Thanks.

Sound of pouring coffee.

LIAM

Was she... abused?

As Myra speaks, we hear Liam squeak open a cabinet. He grunts as he reaches inside.

MYRA

The autopsy was inconclusive. But she was stripped from the waist down-- her and Annie both--

(confused)

Do you have a leak or something?

Liam stops rattling in the cabinet long enough to answer--

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narrates)

He's stuck his head under the sink all the way to the shoulder blade. He emerges holding a pack of cigarettes. But his smile sours when he sees the contents have been replaced... *with crayons.*

Back in the scene--

MYRA (CONT'D)

She's clever.

LIAM

You have no idea. So... your father. How does Jessie relate to all that?

MYRA

He was in jail when Jessie was killed. As soon as it became obvious that the murders were linked... that absolved him. They let him go.

LIAM

And the backlash swung to Donnelly?

MYRA

Well... you know all that stuff about the first 48 hours in a homicide investigation? Donnelly wasted three weeks on Pa. After Jessie, it got a little hard to tell if he even wanted to catch the real killer...

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

or if he was afraid catching the right guy would just prove what an idiot he was in the first place.

MAISIE

And then "hello conspiracy."

Sounds of Myra and Liam turning with surprise.

MYRA

Oh. Hi Maisie--

LIAM

Nope. Back to bed. It's almost ten.

MAISIE

It'd be 9:30 if you didn't blab about mom so long.

LIAM

Come on.

MAISIE

If you send me back up I'm just gonna lie on the floor and listen through the vents, and then probably get a horrible neck cramp and miss like... six days of school.

LIAM

Violent crime isn't a subject for 10-year-old girls.

MAISIE

Come on dad. I want to help.

MYRA

She's right. That's where all the conspiracy theories begin.

LIAM

That's not helping.

MYRA

You already caved. I can tell just from looking at you.

Myra exits towards the living room.

LIAM

(low)

You replaced my cigarettes with crayons?

MAISIE

Yeah. Are you going to smoke them?
If not I want them back.

PRE-LAP the CLICK of an analog play button, followed by the rhythmic turn of magnetic playheads. Sucking us back in time.

RESUME FLASHBACK

INT. CRAIG DONNELLY'S TRUCK - NIGHT - DECEMBER 2017

It's a bit quieter inside the truck. Muffled crickets.

DONNELLY

Okay. Lay it on me.

ED

Did your people move the bike?

DONNELLY

Wait that's your question?

ED

Do you want to help or not?

DONNELLY

Yeah, I do. But I'm not re-litigating the bike thing. That's knee-deep conspiracy bull-hockey.

ED

You really think Jessie Kaplan was snatched a block from the Jenkins Pharmacy, in the middle of the afternoon, and nobody saw a thing?

DONNELLY

No, I'm not saying--

(starting over, calmer)

Look. I had a gag-order on all details of Annabelle's death. I wanted to avoid contaminating witnesses... and believe it or not, I didn't want to bring any undo anguish to Brenda and Myra.

(over Ed's snort of protestation--)

Point is: most folks believed that the situation with Annabelle was domestic... a one-off. So... Jessie gets this flat tire. Someone stops, maybe even someone she knows.

(MORE)

DONNELLY (CONT'D)

And they say "hop in, let's go get your dad, and we'll come back for that bike in his pickup truck." Would you blame her, knowing only what she knew, for getting in the car? And assuming she went quietly, would you blame folks driving by, for committing nothing to memory?

ED

What about Jenkins' cameras?

DONNELLY

They don't show where the bike was found. But we ran plates on every car that went by. We checked the room registries at the nearest motels in every direction. We checked the trailer lot down by the river. No stolen cars. No suspicious injuries-- other than your hand, anyway. We took a team to the county dump and dug through ten thousand trash bags-- looking for the polka dot tights the creep pulled off Annabelle. Looking for a red lanyard and a silver key. We didn't quit until we'd dug all the way down to bags of wrapping paper and Christmas ham bones.

ED

What do you want? A medal?

DONNELLY

I want you to know we tried. We just came up against a boogie man.

Ed smacks the door, sending reverberations through the car.

ED

Not a *boogie man*. A man. With blood in his veins. With fingerprints, and a license plate. So when you say "Boogie Man," what I hear is you blew it. You missed something. And now the trail's ice cold.

DONNELLY

Well... there's one thing you don't know.

ED

Excuse me?

DONNELLY

You said you wanted to talk about Jessie 'cause you know everything about Annie. But that's not true.

(then)

The first thing I did that night was re-trace Annie's steps. And that took me to Jenkins. Closed early. No big deal... Tim likes to tell his wife he's at work and his customers he's at home, if you know what I mean. I knock, and out comes Tim. But... he doesn't invite me in. I don't mind. I'm trying to get to Vincennes before the 8 o'clock trains-- and he's saying exactly what I expect: Annie was there and gone unharmed. No suspicious characters. He's sure she'll turn up at Lucy Dubrow's or Josephine Wallace's or blah blah blah. But... as he goes back in, I catch this glimpse inside-- one of those moments that leaves you wondering if you really saw anything at all... the place was upside down. Shelves overturned, broken glass, open food... I saw something like it once in Anchorage, after I got out of the Marines. Only... Jubeliene's a little far south for a store to get burglarized by a Moose.

ED

(incredulous)

But you never followed up?

DONNELLY

After the debacle with your arrest there was no wiggle room for gut instincts. And anyway this wasn't anything concrete, just a... confluence of coincidence. After Jessie--

ED

(losing his temper)

What about *before Jessie*? What about while I was rotting in jail, accused of killing my daughter?

We hear Ed yank at the door handle. Night ambience rushes in.

DONNELLY

That's not-- Ed, wait--
(then)

I know you don't wanna hear this from me... but I'm sorry. And I hope you catch whatever bastard did it. It's my greatest regret that I couldn't do that for you. For Brenda. For Myra. I mean it.

For a moment the turning sound of the tape recorder is downright loud amid the uncomfortable silence.

ED

Myra and I had a fight. I haven't heard from her in a while.

DONNELLY

Well. Christmas is comin' up. I'm sure you will.

The heavy click of a tape recorder stopping.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Ambient stillness.

MYRA

(narration)

Of course, I didn't call that Christmas. Or any Christmas after. Summer of 2017-- the 20th anniversary of Annie's death-- was the last of many rounds of Ed v. Myra. We never spoke again.

(then herself focus)

Liam and I consult Pa's notes... but there's no mention of Tim Jenkins or his pharmacy. For the next forty-five minutes the discussion of Donnelly's confluence of coincidence slow-fades to silence. Maisie sleeps on the sofa.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(low)

I've been running away from this town my whole life. How'd you end up running towards it?

LIAM

You know that diner off 41... halfway to Terre Haute?

MYRA
Big yellow awning?

LIAM
I guess you could say I moved here
for the tenderloin.

Myra gives a surprised half-laugh.

MYRA
That good?

LIAM
No, I felt-- course I knew nothing
about the Jubeliene child killer--
I felt the people 'round here had
lost something. Like me. It felt
like home.
(then)
Is that stupid?

MYRA
No. Cheesy though.
(admitting)
Whatever the reason, I'm glad. I
don't wanna do this by myself.

LIAM
Well I'm here. And in case it's not
abundantly obvious, you couldn't
get rid of Maze if you wanted to.

MYRA
(narration)
And with that, he scoops Maisie up
and carries her to bed. I take a
final glance at Pa's notes. *Where
does it all lead?*
(then)
I reach down to put on my shoes. I
discover a website printout peeking
from beneath the sofa... stamped
9:33am... the approximate time the
Jubeliene County Limits were
passing from my windshield to rear-
view mirror.
(confused)
The page is headed "The Lyric
Lady." And beneath that... "Wayne
Hancock's Johnny Law."

A note of score-- Myra tries to make sense of this.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(narration)

It was a lie. He chased me halfway to Chicago... to ask for help with a riddle he'd already solved. I grasp for motive. I come up empty.

She's interrupted by a footstep on the stairs. A quick shuffle of papers as Myra hides the evidence.

LIAM

... Myra?

MYRA

I have an idea about Tim Jenkins. I need to take Pa's notes.

LIAM

Sure. Okay. I'll... talk to you soon I guess?

MYRA

(unsure)

Yeah. Soon.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. JUBELIENE SHERIFF STATION - LOBBY - JULY 21, 1997

The BUZZZZ-CLICK of the secure door. The brisk clip-clip-clip of Brenda's heels, the snuffle of Myra's nose.

ALAN WHITMAYER

(far off)

Brenda!

BRENDA

Come on Myra. Pick up your feet.

Mr. Whitmayer hurries to intercept us.

ALAN WHITMAYER

Brenda? Brenda!

BRENDA

Oh, Alan.

ALAN WHITMAYER

I, uh, I need to tell you something-

-

BRENDA

Me first.

(gathering)

I know this is going to be hard.
And I-- I just wana say... you'll
never know how much we appreciate
it. How much Ed appreciates it.
We'd be lost without your help.

ALAN WHITMAYER

Right. Well. I've just had a phone
call with Erwin Everly. The head of
Agriwise? He, uh-- Brenda. They're
going to charge Ed this afternoon,
and--

YOUNG MYRA

What's that mean?

BRENDA

Shh.

ALAN WHITMAYER

Uh Erwin... isn't sure it's in the
company's best interest... to have
senior staff aiding an accused, uh--
well it's not just the... the big
"M", which plenty of folks don't
believe...

(impotent)

It's the other charge.

BRENDA

The *other charge*?

ALAN WHITMAYER

With the polka dot tights. They're
saying...

(deeply uncomfortable)

Perhaps we could send Myra--

BRENDA

Burn in hell Alan. BURN. IN. HELL.

We hear her shove past him, heel steps resuming. Alan chases.

ALAN WHITMAYER

If he's innocent it won't matter
who represents him!

Brenda whirls on him.

BRENDA

If?

ALAN WHITMAYER
That's not what I meant--

BRENDA
What are we supposed to do?

ALAN WHITMAYER
There are public defenders--

BRENDA
Public--? Jesus.
(a fierce whisper)
This is death penalty stuff, Alan.
And you're telling me "public
defender."

ALAN WHITMAYER
There are city firms. Experienced
lawyers that would--

BRENDA
How much?

ALAN WHITMAYER
What?

BRENDA
How much would it cost?

ALAN WHITMAYER
... to get started? Five thousand.

BRENDA
And if it drags on?

ALAN WHITMAYER
(defeated)
Maybe a hundred thousand.

The idea of this insurmountable sum lingers.

BRENDA
Myra, say goodbye to Mr. Whitmayer.

YOUNG MYRA
Goodbye.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ABERNATHY FARM HOUSE - PA'S ROOM - NIGHT

MYRA

(narration)

Back at the farmhouse, I stuff Pa's notes in an envelope in the bottom of my luggage. I pile dirty clothes on top and shove the whole thing under the bed.

Myra crosses the room and opens the window.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Out there in the dark, for a split second, I see a man looking up at me. But when I scrub the fatigue from my eyes, I see it's nothing but a trick of the moonlight.

(then)

I won't sleep well tonight. Not with a head full of questions... about Liam's secrets... Donnelly's strange tale. The Jenkins Pharmacy. Confluences of coincidence.

(then)

Seems like an awful lot of those in Jubeliene.

Score overwhelms, playing 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. Hayley Keown as Maisie. Kerry Gutierrez as Young Myra. John Allee as Donnelly. Paul Stanko as Alan. 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)

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PODCAST SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

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