

DIRT - AN AUDIO DRAMA  
Chapter 10 Transcript  
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**\*\*Warning\*\***

**This is a complete written transcript of the entire Chapter 10 audio file and is full of spoilers from start to finish. To avoid ruining surprises, read along as you listen—but don't read ahead!**

Link to audio files: <https://www.dirtaudiodrama.com/#listen>

(Sound of turning off truck engine from inside of truck)

(Sound of music in distance, coming from inside bar)

(Sound of cars passing by on busy street outside truck)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

Antonia parks outside a bar called Daisy's in Yakima. It's on a busy street, with bright signs for everything from fast food to truck rentals to payday loans. Daisy's street sign is basically a pair of neon female legs, dancing across a neon stage.

JOSEPH:

We're going in *there*?

ANTONIA:

That's where she works.

JOSEPH:

Wouldn't it be better to talk to her when she's not working?

ANTONIA:

I thought you said you couldn't stay? She'll make time for us. Besides, they have food in there. I'm starving again.

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

Antonia reaches under her seat and pulls out a handgun, and slips it into an ankle holster.

JOSEPH:

What are you doing?

ANTONIA:  
Relax, I have a permit.

JOSEPH:  
(Exhales)

We won't need it. I just like having it.

(Sound of driver's door opening, then passenger door opening, getting out, walking across street busy)

(Sound of opening door and walking in)

FEMALE GREETER (JASMINE):  
Hi Antonia!

ANTONIA:  
Hi Jasmine.

JASMINE:  
Booth...for two?

ANTONIA:  
That would be great, thank you.

(Sounds of walking to booth)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):  
The lights are dimmed low. It's not clear to me yet what kind of establishment we're in, but there are TVs all around with sports and news channels on. A couple of people seem to be gearing up for something to happen on a tiny corner stage.

(Sounds of people in bar drinking and talking)

FEMALE SERVER (RUBY):  
Oh, hi Antonia!

ANTONIA:  
Hi Ruby.

RUBY:  
How about something to drink for you guys?

JOSEPH:

Uh, just water for me.

ANTONIA:

I'll have a Rainer please. And can we get some wings? A couple dozen?

RUBY:

You got it. I'll go get those going.

ANTONIA:

Thanks!

(Sound of person walking away)

JOSEPH:

Ruby, Jasmine... Who's next, Crystal?

ANTONIA:

Is this a little too much for you?

JOSEPH:

So, I have to be *really* careful about where I'm seen. I know that sounds super self-important, but my job actually depends on it...

ANTONIA:

The job you don't seem to care much about...

JOSEPH:

Huh?

ANTONIA:

*You* mentioned at my house you have a huge meeting tomorrow. Yet here we are.

JOSEPH:

Well... it's not until tomorrow afternoon...

ANTONIA:

And you've been away from work all week.

JOSEPH:

Hey, I have a really good staff for stuff like this. It's not just *me* there.

ANTONIA:

Okay. Joseph, when my dad was talking about the farm the other night... The look on your

face... Well, before you got up to leave... I don't know. It just reminded me of how much you used to like it here.

Well, maybe not *right here*, at Daisy's...

JOSEPH:  
(Laughs)

ANTONIA:  
By the way, you can relax. This is just a sports bar. Nothing X rated is gonna happen.

JOSEPH:  
They seem to know you here.

ANTONIA:  
I used to come here a lot. With Cooper.

JOSEPH:  
Oh.

ANTONIA:  
And our friends. It's been pretty much the same crew working here for the last 15 years.

Hey! When you get fired from your fancy job for not showing up tomorrow, you could work here instead!

(Sounds of mic check in background)

JOSEPH:  
Good one. Again.

JOSEPH:  
Hey, speaking of work, seems like things are going pretty well on the farm. Any plans to expand?

(Sound of drummer warming up in background)

ANTONIA:  
You mean like...increase our harvest, or...?

JOSEPH:  
Yeah, or... I don't know, maybe buy more land? I noticed the property up the hill from yours is still undeveloped after all these years. It's always seemed like a really nice spot. Hey, isn't that where you guys found the old tractor?

ANTONIA:

Yeah, just across the property line.

JOSEPH:

Huh. Well did you have any issues retrieving the tractor? Legally, I mean. Who owns that land, anyway?

ANTONIA:

It's been in a land trust for as long as I can remember.

JOSEPH:

Huh. So who did you seek permission from? I mean, if you want to get something that's on a land trust?

ANTONIA:

I'm actually not sure who. My dad took care of it.

JOSEPH:

But I...thought you ran the business...

ANTONIA:

Well... yeah. I do... That's not exactly business though. That's just seeking permission from the trustee.

JOSEPH:

So, you haven't ever tried to purchase the property?

ANTONIA:

Well, like I said, it's off limits. I've heard that lots of people have tried, but it's really a dead issue. So, unless we want to buy property somewhere else in the valley, we're pretty much limited to what we have. Why are you so curious?

JOSEPH:

Oh, no reason, really. I guess I just always wondered about it.

(Sound of server arriving)

RUBY:

Here you are...

(Sound of setting down glasses and plates)

All good for now?

ANTONIA:  
(To Joseph) You good?

(JOSEPH):  
Yeah I'm good.

ANTONIA:  
Thanks Ruby. Hey, could you let Becky know I'm here?

RUBY:  
Umm, I think she knows. I saw her looking your way before she got on stage.

FEMALE VOICE FROM STAGE (BECKY):  
(From stage, using microphone) How you all doing tonight?

(Sound of smattering of applause)

Good? Good?

Yeah. Okay. Well, welcome to another Thursday open mic night. I'm Becky, as always.

(Rim shot sound from drummer)

(Sound of people in crowd laughing)

Well thanks for that, Rex.

JOSEPH:  
That's Becky?

BECKY:  
Hey let's give it up for our drummer, everyone. Straight from Granger 30 miles to the east, it's Rex "call me Ringo" Westinghouse!

(Sound of smattering of applause) (Big drum fill that goes on too long)

Ok, ok Rex. Calm down back there, big boy.

(Sound of smattering of laughter and applause)

So folks, I grew up around here as many of you know. It took me a long time, but when I was looking to buy property recently, I finally figured out why they call Yakima the Palm Springs of Washington. Anybody know? Anybody? Yes, you sir...

Because it's so sunny here... Yep, that is certainly correct, but it's not the *only* reason.

Anyone else? No?

Okay. I'll tell you why. It's called the Palm Springs of Washington because all the damn California transplants have bought up all our land!

(Sound of rimshot) (Sound of smattering of laughter and applause)

You're too kind.

So, you all know about the rovers we have on Mars, right? Those little robots that drive all over the place and send pictures back from space? Yeah? You've heard of them? Yeah you have, of course *you* have, with that hat you're wearing...

(Sound of laughter)

Well Yakima Valley residents, hold on to your water rights because NASA just confirmed what all of us up here already know, that Mars has more water than California!

(Sound of rim shot) (Sound of smattering of applause)

JOSEPH:

California jokes. She's a riot...

ANTONIA:

Hey, I never claimed she was funny.

(Sound of Joseph's phone ringing)

(Sound of Joseph digging out phone and looking at it)

JOSEPH:

Uh, sorry. I have to take this again. Save a couple wings for me?

(Sound of Joseph getting up and walking)

BECKY:

Hey you all know...

JOSEPH:

(Into phone) Mel. Hang on one sec.

(Sound of Joseph walking through bar)

BECKY:

the one thing that grows faster in California than in the Yakima Valley, right?

JOSEPH:

Walking to somewhere where I can hear you...

(Sound of opening door and walking outside)

BECKY:

Anybody know? Anybody? You guessed it! The crime rate!

(Sound of rimshot) (Sound of smattering of applause)

JOSEPH:

Okay, sorry about that.

(Sound of being outside Daisy's with traffic going by)

(Sound of door closing)

MEL:

(On phone) You know, I had a few guesses in mind for where you might be right now, but I have to hand it to you, bad comedy club wasn't one of them.

JOSEPH:

I know. It wasn't my idea.

MEL:

Have you checked the news?

JOSEPH:

No, not in the last couple hours anyway.

MEL:

There have been some developments.

JOSEPH:

Okay... Like good or bad developments?

MEL:

The Seattle Police have put out an APB for costumed jaywalker.



JOSEPH:  
What?

MEL:  
He's been requested to turn himself in for questioning.

JOSEPH:  
(Exhale)

(Sound of Joseph's phone receive text alerts)

NEL:  
You still there?

JOSEPH:  
I'm here. Sorry, just *processing*.

MEL:  
There's still no mention anywhere that I can see of Joseph Elo or Motorpool agency.

(Sound of Joseph's phone receiving more text notifications)

But... it's starting to feel like it might be just a matter of time...

JOSEPH:  
Hang on...

(Sound of Joseph looking at phone)

Sorry, my phone is blowing up. It's Kim and someone else I know. Did the news just break?

MEL:  
SPD tweeted it about 15 minutes ago, so yeah, it's all over the place now. (Pause) By the way, the crosswalk in Google Maps has now been updated to Jaywalker Jail.

JOSEPH:  
Oh... Ugh!

MEL:  
I'm sorry I ever gave you that costume.

JOSEPH:  
(Exhales) It's not your fault. You're wonderful. I've made a mess of things and I'm sorry I got you involved in all this garbage.

But on that note, I do have a question for you. Can you get me another one? Same *exact* one? Where did you get it, by the way? Sounds like it's selling out everywhere.

MEL:

I got it at Ted's Treasure House

JOSEPH:

Ted's Treasure House...

MEL:

That new party store on Mercer, by the Space Needle? And I bought two. I always buy two of everything.

JOSEPH:

(Chuckle) Gotta love Future Mel.

MEL:

Soooo, tomorrow...

JOSEPH:

Yeah. You can let the Inner Six know that I'll be there. Not sure when exactly, but I will be. And I'll stay in touch with you, okay?

MEL:

Joseph, if you don't come clean on your own, and if the police make the connection themselves, that can't be goo—

JOSEPH:

You think I haven't thought of that?

MEL:

Plus your behavior clause with Molecu—

JOSEPH:

I know! I'll deal with it somehow!

(Exhale) Look, Mel, I created all of this. *I* chose to wear the costume. *I* jaywalked. *I* skipped out on work. *Now* I'm wanted by the police... *And* I seem to be the butt of some sick cosmic joke!

(Exhale) There's more going on than you know. I need to get back inside and deal with someone here. Someone who likes to wear red headphones.

MEL:  
Wait, what?

JOSEPH:  
Yeah. (Exhales) I need to go. I'll be touch tomorrow, I promise.

(Sound of Joseph walking back toward club)

MEL:  
Okay.

(Sound of door opening and Joseph walking back inside)

I'm down with the California jokes by the way.

(Sound of phone hanging up)

MALE VOICE ON STAGE:  
And that's when I knew milking cows wasn't for me.

(Sound of rim shot)

(Sound of people laughing)

(Sound of Joseph walking back to booth)

Thank you. Thank you very much Yakima Valley.

(Sounds from stage getting quieter)

RUBY:  
(In background, from stage) Okay, we'll take a short break and be right back.

(Sound of Joseph stopping at booth)

JOSEPH:  
So, this must be Jelly...

ANTONIA:  
Joseph, this is Becky.

BECKY:  
You look different without a mustache.

JOSEPH:

Look, what is your deal—

ANTONIA:

Becky here was just confessing that she took my purse. Sounds like you two have met...

BECKY:

I wouldn't say we've *met*...

And by the way, Toni, I didn't think about you having to cancel all your cards and stuff. I'm sorry about that.

JOSEPH:

Why were you following me in Seattle?

BECKY:

It's what I was hired to do.

JOSEPH:

Hired. Why would someone hire you to follow me? Did you put the license in the crosswalk, too?

ANTONIA:

Wait, what's going on here?

BECKY:

The license wasn't me. It was my job to get something that belonged to Antonia, and then watch to see if you got it. That's all I know.

JOSEPH:

But that *isn't* all you know. Someone *hired* you to do this. Why don't you tell us who that is, so you can avoid going to jail. Antonia here says it's your home away from home.

ANTONIA:

Joseph!

JOSEPH:

Maybe you can tell your little jokes to some judge down there. (Exhales)

ANTONIA:

Why is she talking about you having a mustache?

BECKY:

You mean she doesn't know? And by the way, I hear the police are after *you* now. Maybe *they'd* want to know where *you're* hiding out tonight!

ANTONIA:

Both of you, stop it!

JOSEPH:

(Exhale) Antonia, somebody followed me through downtown Seattle on Monday. My assistant has it all on traffic camera footage. Somebody with red headphones. Somebody who is obviously connected to you, because *that's* how I found your license.

BECKY:

You're... going to stop there?

JOSEPH:

(Exhale) AND...

(Exhale) I'm the costumed jaywalker.

BECKY:

He doesn't look too bad with facial hair, Toni. Just saying.

ANTONIA:

Why can't I have normal friends...

JOSEPH:

Hey, I'm not a criminal! What happened with me was just an accident. The costume was just a dumb work joke and then it went all wrong. Your "friend" here actually *stole* things.

BECKY:

Ouch. At least I don't keep secrets.

JOSEPH:

Why did you do all that?

BECKY:

Well, it paid pretty dang good, for one. You think I get by okay, working at this place?

ANTONIA:

So, wait, if *you* didn't give Joseph the license, then who did?

BECKY:

So...technically... it wasn't *given* to him. It was just placed near him, for him to find. It was supposed to look like a coincidence. I guess to make you...curious... instead of suspicious.

JOSEPH:

Was it the guy who ran over to help me?

BECKY:

I don't know who it was.

JOSEPH:

So you're not going to say who hired you?

BECKY:

I never met them. They presented the job through email, and the money was wired to me.

JOSEPH:

"They..." So more than one person?

BECKY:

I have no idea.

JOSEPH:

(Exhales) Okay then, how about the email address.

BECKY:

They told me not to contact them afterwards. Said that the email would be disabled.

JOSEPH:

*Show it to me.*

BECKY:

Now you're just being bossy. Is that what it's like for someone like you? Big shot at a fancy company? Bark commands and you get your way?

JOSEPH:

You don't know me. At all.

BECKY:

I guess it wouldn't hurt. It looks like one of those random-generated addresses anyway. Hang on...

(Sound of Becky leaving booth)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

Becky walks away, presumably to the kitchen or a back room or somewhere, to get something. I look over at Antonia and she's staring down at the table, but disappointment is written all over her face.

(Sound of Becky walking back and sitting back down)

BECKY:

Hold on a second, I just have to look it up.

Oh... okay, here it is. AR19H43@hartson.com

JOSEPH:

Hartson... You're sure that's it?

ANTONIA:

Becky, can you please once and for all stop doing this shit? And Joseph...we barely know each other, so who knows what the rules are between us. But you being this...big news story? And now a police suspect? And not saying anything this whole time? That's just...that's weird.

JOSEPH:

(Exhales) It gets worse. I suspected your dad was behind it all.

BECKY:

(Laughs)

ANTONIA:

What??

JOSEPH:

He knew about the letter from Aimo all these years and never said anything... And then *he himself* told me not to trust anybody!

ANTONIA:

Well—

JOSEPH:

And then, I just *happen* to find the metal detector hiding in plain sight? In the blue barn? At the place that *he* took me to...?

ANTONIA:

Wait—

JOSEPH:

And the code for your security gate—1943—that’s the year Aimo and Vivian got married, which is the answer to one of the clues in my letter from Aimo!

ANTONIA:

Hey, I made that the gate code! That’s the year Ernesto came to America, in the Bracero program! He was one of thousands of Mexican workers to who were brought to the US to work during the war. That is a HUGE year for our family, Joseph!

BECKY:

Oh boy...

ANTONIA:

My dad wouldn’t try to trick you—or *anyone*—into doing something!

JOSEPH:

Are you sure? Do you really not know that your farm is trying to buy the property next to yours? The property in the land trust, that you just told me you’re *not* buying? Or are *you* keeping that a secret too?

ANTONIA:

I don’t know what you’re talking about! And even if was true... How would *you* know that was happening?

JOSEPH:

Why did you meet me this morning? Did your dad send you to keep an eye on me?

ANTONIA:

Joseph!

BECKY:

Oh, this is getting good.

JOSEPH:

(Laughs) I mean it makes sense, doesn’t it? If he has some kind of...interest in whatever I find in these boxes that are buried everywhere.

ANTONIA:

Why would he care about that!?

JOSEPH:

I don’t know!! I’m trying to figure it out!!

BECKY:

Wait, you’re digging boxes up in the ground? Cool!!



ANTONIA AND JOSEPH TOGETHER:

Shut up, Becky!

JOSEPH:

(Exhale) Look, I'm not saying Salvador is doing all this. I think the *world* of your parents, Antonia. They're practically my parents. But shit. (Exhales) With everything going on... *I don't who I can trust.*

BECKY:

(Inhale) Ewww...

ANTONIA:

I see. I should get you back to your car so you can get going.

JOSEPH:

Antonia—

ANTONIA:

Here you go Becky, this should cover it.

JOSEPH:

No... I got this.

ANTONIA:

*No, I got this.*

(Sound of Antonia getting up and walking out)

JOSEPH:

(Inhale/exhale)

BECKY:

Look, I can tell you... it wasn't her dad. I mean, maybe he's a part of this...whatever *this* is... But the *last* thing Salvador Flores is is a villain.

JOSEPH:

I hope you're right.

Nice to meet you.

(Sound of Joseph walking out toward the door)

(Fade out all sounds)

[End scene]

(Fade in sound of being inside truck while driving)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

We don't say a word on the drive back to Wapato. I feel terrible for losing my cool, especially with Antonia. It's getting late and I feel worn out, but my mind races with all the things that seem to be colliding. Costumed Jaywalker wanted by the police. The huge meeting tomorrow. The drone and gravestone at Maryhill. Carl doing...who knows what Carl is doing. The detector doing whatever the detector is doing. Meeting and confronting Becky. Mel's work project, which is making me feel more vulnerable by the second. And Kim and her connection to all of this... I don't know yet about Kim, but I have a feeling our next conversation might get uncomfortable.

(Sound of truck turn signal and pulling on to the side of the road)

We get to the farm entrance on Kays Road. But before we head up the driveway, Antonia pulls over onto the shoulder.

(Sound of truck idling)

ANTONIA:

You did some kind of background check on my dad...or me...or the farm... didn't you. Why else would you say that, or know that, about the property.

JOSEPH:

I did. Nothing too crazy. But yes, I did do that.

ANTONIA:

As far as I know we are not trying to buy any more land. Are you sure your source is correct?

JOSEPH:

It got from someone who's usually very accurate about things.

ANTONIA:

Well, if it's true—

JOSEPH:

Hey... maybe it's all legit and he just hasn't told you yet.

ANTONIA:

Maybe.

JOSEPH:

I'm sorry Antonia. I shouldn't have gotten upset like that—

ANTONIA:

Why are you so obsessed with solving this puzzle of Aimo's? You could do it any time, right? He didn't tell you you had to drop everything and solve it in a week...

JOSEPH:

(Inhale/exhale) Why am I so obsessed...

I mean, I guess if something or someone from your past came suddenly back in to your life, out of nowhere... and without clear reasons why...wouldn't that make you a little crazy? Like, wondering what's going on? What it's all about?

(Lon-ish pause)

ANTONIA:

Why don't you stay here tonight. The couch is a hideabed, for when my brothers' kids stay over.

JOSEPH:

You sure?

ANTONIA:

Well... if you try anything...

(Sound of Antoina putting truck in gear and starting to drive)

I'll turn you in to the police.

(Sound of driving up dirt driveway from inside of truck)

(Sudden switch to sound of truck driving away from outside of truck as sound of truck driving away fades into background)

(Sound of outside noises: crickets, bird calls, distant train, coyote)

(Fade out all sounds)

[End chapter]