

Doyle - M, any adult age - Needy and annoying about it; dead and not happy about it

AUDREY

Okay, so you think someone killed you.
Great. Why?

DOYLE

Um, yeah. Yeah. I mean one day I'm walking around this town in the prime of health, and the next I'm looking down at myself lying dead on the bed.

AUDREY

Okay, well. Things happen. Heart attacks. Aneurysms.

DOYLE

Don't act all skeptical. They've treated you nothing but nice. They were different to me. Hated me from the moment I stepped foot in town, swear to God. Those people aren't who you think they are.

AUDREY

You think a townsperson murdered you?

DOYLE

I know one of them did. The second I showed up, they shut me out. Ignored me completely. For fuck's sake, the Ice Scraper would fall silent every time I walked through the door.

AUDREY

People keeping to themselves doesn't mean they hate you.

DOYLE

I'm telling you, they had it out for me. Apparently, that's what you get for being courteous these days.

AUDREY

Okay. Tell me more about this place. You said no one lives here now? Does anyone ever come by?

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DOYLE

Look at it. Place is a shithole.

(beat)

Doesn't keep the goddamn squatters away though.

AUDREY

How long did you say you've been here?

DOYLE

I don't know, twenty-five years? Thirty? I know it's been a while. But most of them who were here back then are still here now. It had to have been one of them.

AUDREY

Look, Doyle. I'm really sorry about what might've happened to you. Really. But I just got here, and I don't know if I can spare time to carry out an entire murder investigation.

DOYLE

It's...it's not fair that one of those fucking.. hillbillies gets to live without any repercussions!