

**The Watcher**  
Episode 2 scene 2

**Theodora**

One hundred and twenty-two cases. I've solved 93. I'm a regular goddamn 'Murder, She Wrote'.

**Dean**

So, you were a cop?

**Theodora**

A cop? Oh, dear lord, no. I was a jazz singer.

**Dean**

A jazz... You're kidding!

**Theodora**

I was good, too.

**Dean**

Wow. Well, can I just ask why did you leave it?

**Theodora**

Well, see, as good a musician as I was, I was an even better drinker. So at a certain point, the husband gives me an ultimatum. It's either me or the booze. Easy, I pick booze. And then I had a heart attack on stage. I was legally dead for ten minutes. It rather took the fun out of things. And the funniest thing happened when I got to rehab. My taste for alcohol just dried up. Instead, I got a taste for murder. That became my addiction. Watching those true crime shows. Cases that hadn't been solved. My mind would just turn them over and over and over and over. It was all I could think about. It took me over entirely. Until... one day I thought, "fuck it!" "I'm going to become a private eye." Like you see in the movies! I'm going to solve some fuck;ng crimes! And you can see there, I've solved all sorts of cases. See, I like a riddle. And that's why I like your case. Because that is quite a riddle, isn't it, hmm? Whoever's writing those letters is trying to scare you. Why? Why? What do they have to gain? What do they want? That is the question at the root of every crime. Those are letters from a person coveting something. Somebody wants the thing you have.

**Dean**

Yeah, okay, fine, but who?

**Theodora**

For \$100 an hour you can find out. I'll find this son of a b;itch, Mr. Brannock.

**Dean**

Oh, shit. I have to get back to work. Listen, thank you so much. I just have to talk to my wife about this but... I'll be in touch.

**Theodora**

I'll do it for half. Fifty bucks. And I won't charge for mileage.  
I've got cancer of the liver. And I've got a daughter, who's a  
single mum, who I need to provide for for as long as I can.

**Dean**

I'll be in touch.