

Square Peg podcast

Part 3: Awkward Exit

<https://www.squarepegpodcast.com/part3>

Transcript

*NOTE: Square Peg is intended to be heard, not read. If possible, please listen to the audio, which relays feeling and tone not captured by the transcripts.*

SCOTT: Let me ask you this. Is there still a threat or a theoretical threat that he could be charged?

ROB: Yes.

ROB COLLINS (narration): This is Scott Maxwell, a friend who's a reporter and columnist with the *Orlando Sentinel*. I called him up to get some tips about how to confront Frank's brother, John.

ROB: He's 74 years old. The crime happened over 50 years ago. Highly unlikely but technically, yes.

SCOTT: Has the brother you are talking to said he will not sue him or is he still contemplating it?

ROB: No. He would love to see his brother in jail... [Scott laughs, fades down]

I tell Scott the story.

SCOTT: The thing you have working against you is what you already know you have working against you. That's the notion that he could still be prosecuted. The only thing John could do is hurt himself by giving fresh evidence. If I'm him, I'm just thinking, "Right now, there is no way I'm going to jail. The only thing I do is increase the chance that I go to jail. Right now, I've got a zero percent chance so there's no way I help myself."

[music]

This is Square Peg. I'm Rob Collins. Part 3: Awkward Exit

Day four in Scunthorpe. It's going well. I'm feeling good about this story. I guess I've always had a thing for the underdog, and Frank certainly seems that. We're in this relatively small town, and Frank's brother, the one who's tormented Frank in one way or another for most of his life, he lives somewhere around here, but Frank hasn't seen him for many, many years. It feels ominous. High Noon in Sunny Scunny.

But I'm back at Frank's house, going over documents. The man saves everything, and there's a ton to read. I see a letter from the British Ministry of Defence.

ROB: "The evidence of Mr. Carver's own signed statement dated 16 June, 1965, confirms that his brother was expressing a view with a glass in his hand when he bend forward at the same time as the glass came upwards."

FRANK: I did not.

As a reminder, Frank sued the government initially because they wouldn't give him any compensation for what happened with his eye, and subsequently being discharged.

FRANK: I want to know who was responsible for that.

Frank points to his missing eye.

FRANK: Was it the army, or was it him? We know he did it, but because he's a member of the army, they take responsibility for it. Really what they should do is pay me compensation and pan the shit out of him for doing it. You know, "you're naughty boy," and give him a good whacking.

But I'm looking at this letter from the Ministry of Defence explaining why they denied Frank's claim. They said that they were not responsible for the loss of Frank's eye, because what happened was an accident. They said Frank signed a statement at the time confirming that it *was* an accident. In that statement, Frank supposedly reported that he bent forward at the same time that John was, quote, "expressing a view with a glass in his hand."

FRANK: A load of rubbish.

ROB: You're saying you never said that?

FRANK: [chuckles] No.

So Frank denies making that statement, which is a good thing because it seems silly to me.

ROB: So let's think how that would be.

FRANK: I didn't have a glass in my hand. He did.

ROB: Let's assume they're meaning that— Here's the absurdity of it. So I'm John holding a glass. "Expressing a view." So somehow they're saying that you leaned in at the moment I "express a view" with the glass in my hand.

FRANK: “Oh, that was what you were talking about!” What a load of crap.

ROB: It seems physically impossible.

FRANK: It is.

I may have gotten a bit over-eager here. I don't *know* that it was physically impossible to express a view so passionately while holding a glass that you break it. Bill Baynham, Frank's Army roommate, did say they were fragile. But still, it seemed highly unlikely, right?

But then a few minutes later, I see a different report, notes from the Army Medical Board.

ROB: “Brother in playful mood, while on Christmas leave, threw some brandy and a Drambuie glass at him and accidentally injured his left eye, necessitating a enucleation five days later.” Playful mood?

FRANK: Well, as I say I just can't put that together. That is untrue from my point of view.

Frank goes to the kitchen to get some coffee. He seems a little uncomfortable with where this is going. I'm looking at a second contemporaneous Army report where Frank supposedly said that what happened was an accident. In this second account, Frank apparently said that John was in a “playful mood” and that things got out of hand. Are we really imagining that the Army just made up all of these statements?

[spoon clinks on mug]

FRANK: Do you want any biscuits with that? Rob, chocolate biscuits?

ROB: No, thank you. [pause as Frank returns] Yes, so this is on May 10th, 1965, an examination.

FRANK: That's somebody saying something to somebody else, but that's not true. Of course, it's not true. Let's put it this way. It's possible that because my father said, “John's going to do this for you and don't give him a problem.” It's possible I *could* have, I say, could have—

Yyy-yeah. Frank realizes that he could've said those things at the time. I press him on this, because suddenly it made sense.

ROB: You think it's possible--

FRANK: It is possible that I protected him from getting into desperate trouble. It's possible I protected him from--

ROB: And your father would have wanted you to do that.

FRANK: Of course, yes.

ROB: And you wanted to please your father.

FRANK: Of course.

So at the time, Frank said his brother accidentally gouged out his eye with a drinking glass. That would explain what Bill Baynham heard at the time. But now, Frank claims that it was a deliberate assault, and that his brother should be prosecuted, 54 years later.

Of course it's possible he was lying at the time to protect his brother, and the family's reputation. But I'm confused as to how—or if—he could really forget he did that? And yet he wasn't trying to hide this from me, otherwise why would he let me see those documents? Strange.

It sure would be interesting to hear what John Carver has to say about it.

I considered trying to contact John before I came to England, but decided to wait. I want to try to interview him in person. So after I arrived, I mailed him a letter. All I had was an address we'd found through a public records search. In the letter, I explained who I was and asked him to call me to schedule an interview. I even had some special business cards made listing a UK phone number I'd gotten through Skype, so that John could call me easily. Very professional.

But a few days went by and I didn't hear from him. So in the meantime, Beth and I dug around a bit. I was starting to feel like a real investigative journalist.

[phone ringing tone]

RECORDING: Thank you for calling 101. We're connecting you to Humberside Police. If you require an alternative force, press hash.

POLICE: Humberside Police, how can I help?

BETH: Hi. I wondered if I can either speak to or whether you knew if there was Mandy Micah who works at Humberside Police?

You might remember hearing that back in 2011, Frank got the police to open a case against John, 46 years after the alleged assault that led to Frank's left eye being

removed. The detective who investigated then was named Mandy, and we wanted to speak with her.

Frank had said the case was ultimately dropped because his sister told the police that Frank was drunk and fell onto the glass. That seemed unlikely, right? Both that, what, there was a glass lying on the floor and Frank passes out and somehow hits it just right? Or more unlikely, that the police would just hear that story and say, "OK case closed"?

POLICE: Hi. Yes. She doesn't work for us anymore, unfortunately.

BETH: Do you know if she did work for you previously or can we not?

POLICE: It won't come up on my system at all, so she could have done, but because if she doesn't now, she won't come up on the system anymore.

Now if we were in the U.S., we could just look up public records to see what happened. But here in the UK,

ANA: According to the law, there is almost no way for a journalist to find someone's criminal record.

That's Ana Sandra, the London-based journalist I hired.

ANA: There's a single way that could lead to receiving the information, if it's a big case where you can argue that there's a public interest on the matter.

ROB: And that's a difference between UK and US law. In the US whenever anyone's arrested, their mugshot becomes public. There are better privacy laws in the UK when it comes to criminal records, which is probably a good thing, but it just happens to not be good for me.

ANA: Yeah, for our story, it wasn't helpful at all. [chuckles]

So that's one reason we want to try to talk to Detective Mandy. I want to find out why she dropped the case, but also why she opened it in the first place. I mean, 46 years— isn't there some kind of statute of limitations?

HANNAH: There is no statute of limitations for indictable offenses, so cases that will go to the Crown Courts for the more serious cases.

This is Dr. Hannah Quirk, then a senior lecturer in criminal law and justice at the University of Manchester School of Law.

HANNAH: There's a legal maxim here, that time doesn't run against the crown, so there's no formal statute of limitations. Most common law jurisdictions don't have a statute of limitations. The U.S. is quite of an outlier in this respect.

ROB: I can't believe that the U.S. could be the outlier in anything when it comes to advanced countries.

[Hannah laughs]

ROB: I haven't--

HANNAH (laughing): It's exceptional in many ways.

ROB: Oh my goodness.

I ask Dr. Quirk about what I perceive to be obstacles Frank faces in pursuing criminal justice, such as the fact that he reported at the time that what happened was an accident.

HANNAH: I think the main difficulty would be the evidential issues. The defense would be able to stand up at trial and say, "you told a completely different story. You've admitted you've lied under oath before. Or you've lied to the police before. Why should the jury believe you now?"

I was worried about this, about Frank's credibility if the case was revived.

HANNAH: But juries are often quite sympathetic now because, particularly with the historic sex abuse cases. What's been quite worrying in this country is how many of the protections have been removed for defendants, which has made it much easier to bring prosecutions. The Crown Prosecution Service has taken the view that victims should be treated very sympathetically. If there are discrepancies in their testimony, well, that could be because of the trauma they've suffered or because of the passage of time.

Dr. Quirk was concerned that this might not be good overall for the justice system, but it certainly seems good for Frank. It makes me want to know even more why the police dropped the case in 2011.

But for now, I feel stuck and kind of frustrated. And Frank wasn't particularly helpful on this topic. He had said that he had letters from the police about it, but somehow couldn't locate them. Somewhere, deep in the back of my intuition, that rubbed me the wrong way. I had come all the way to England to tell Frank's story, and now he was being cagey and I didn't understand why.

But ever the optimist, I let that feeling drop, and Beth and I try gumshoeing it. We have lunch at Carver's Fish and Chips, the restaurant the family owned until about five years ago. Maybe we'd find someone there who knew the family and had heard about this decades-long conflict between the Carver brothers.

ROB: And we struck up a bit of a conversation with Michelle who was our waitress, who had worked at Carver's, what did she say, for?

BETH: 18.

ROB: 18 years.

BETH: She said that she didn't have too many dealings with the family themselves as someone who worked there, but of Olive, Frank's mother, just that she was a lovely woman, really well known in the community. She said that if you ask anyone really in this area about Olive Carver, they will have lovely or fun anecdotes to tell about her. Of Eric, she said that he seemed like a nice guy, but she didn't know him all that well.

I haven't yet mentioned that Frank had another brother, Eric, a few years younger than Frank. Eric took over the fish and chips shop from their parents. But he died of cancer in 2005. Eric's widow, Rose, sold the shop a few years later, but we learned from Michelle, our waitress, that Rose now ran the dry cleaners just down the street. That's good to know.

BETH: And that's when we mentioned Frank and John, these brothers. We mentioned how they were two brothers that have had these fallings out, and it's potentially a violent fall out, and whether she knew anything about these two characters having worked at the fish and chips shop.

At the mention of violence in the family, Michelle physically recoiled in surprise.

BETH: Yeah, it was certainly wasn't a story she'd heard before, right? She seemed shocked to know that there was fighting in this family that seems to be such well-known and much-loved family of the community. That there might be any kind of infighting was a big surprise to her.

ROB: Which surprised me that she would be so surprised. I would think for someone who's worked there for 18 years and heard all those stories, talked to the people, I would have expected someone like her to have at least heard, even if she didn't know the details of the eye. But that tells me that they've kept it pretty darn quiet.

BETH: Considering she was even surprised to hear that they'd fallen out. If someone you worked with every day has got estranged brothers, you would have

thought, you would at least have some inkling that there was maybe something amiss in the family dynamic there. Very, very strange.

I don't know what to make of this. I mean, Frank has been to the High Court of Justice in London, but people here in Scunthorpe, where he's lived most of his life, don't seem to know a thing. It kind of makes me worried. Maybe there's more to the story. Or *less* to the story.

Anyway, later that night, I check in with Ana, our researcher in London.

ANA: Accidentally, I came across a photo, and it looks like it's John.

That's after the break.

[break]

ANA: Accidentally, I came across a photo on the Hadrian's Old Boys Association. And it looks like it's John.

A few minutes later, Ana emails me the photo. This is the third picture of John I'd seen, and the only recent one. I'd seen one from when they were young, and then Frank had sent me a photo of the family from the 1980s where John basically looked like a regular guy, then in his 40s.

But this photo that Ana found was taken just last month. It was from a reunion dinner for that alumni group of former apprentices at the Army camp where Frank and John had both been stationed.

It's a picture of three men, and it looks like it was taken toward the end of the evening: the men look well lubricated. They all presumably started the night in tuxedos, but now two of them had shed the bow tie and jacket. All three wore old fashioned looking green combat helmets.

According to the caption, the man in the middle, with his arms around the other two, is Carver. And I gotta say, if you called up central casting and asked for a mean-looking old man to play the villain, this is who they'd send. He's red faced, probably pushing 300 pounds. And while the other two guys are just mugging for the camera, Carver has a hint of a sneer. He looks menacing.

So now if my phone rings and it's John calling to schedule an interview, I'll have this disconcerting image in my head. But, there's a problem. Well, *another* problem.

I went to see Frank the next day, a Friday, and while I was getting out my audio gear, Frank mentioned some awful thing John had done, and I casually said, yeah, that's something I hope to ask him about.



And then things got... tense with Frank. More than tense actually. Frank said, "What do you mean, ask John?" I repeated what I had told Frank before, that I would need to at least try to talk to John while I'm here. And then Frank got upset. He said that he didn't want me doing that. He didn't want me interfering until he's ready to pursue the case again. And with his current health situation, he isn't ready.

So this was surprising to say the least. Before I booked my flight, Frank and I had talked about this.

ROB (on Skype): While I'm there, I'm going to want to talk to other people as well. I'm going to need to actually. That's going to actually include trying to talk to John.

FRANK: Oh, my God. Now. I cannot, and will not approach him at all. I won't. I never have done for years. If you want to-- I know it's coming up as you're just like a journalist approaching him and I can tell you what he will say. It'll be FO.

In case you missed that, Frank thought that John would tell me to "FO"-- that is, fuck off.

FRANK: That's what I presume he will say. When you approach him, I would imagine you would approach him, first of all, who you are and who you are from, what you're doing.

ROB: Right.

FRANK: Now, it's that bit he will absolutely not want to know. He's a guilty man. He knows he's damn guilty.

Frank told me that he wouldn't contact John himself, but could be of help.

FRANK: I know where he drinks. I know where he lives. I know exactly where his house is. Oh, my God. A lot for you to learn!

But now, for some reason, things were different. I was sitting with Frank, apprehensively holding an unplugged microphone, and he was getting visibly upset at the thought of me talking to his brother. I reminded him that we'd already talked about this, and that he told me he understood that I would need to try to contact John.

Frank didn't remember saying that. I said, well, I have a recording of you saying that. He said he'd like to hear that. I said that could be arranged. And on it went, but I could see him getting more stressed and agitated.

Frank's recurring cancer was in the background here, too. He'd recently had another CT scan and was waiting for the results. He said he couldn't handle any more stress.

I told Frank I needed some time to think about all of this, and was going to leave. They have a no-shoes house, so I had to pack up my gear in my socks while Frank hovered, and then go to the front door to tie up my Nikes. Bit of an awkward exit.

Well this feels shitty! I tend to be pretty conflict-averse. I get along with people. I can count on one hand the relationships in my life that have any unresolved friction. I'm kind of the anti-Frank. But anyway, I'm not accustomed to this, and I don't like it.

I call Beth, who's back in York, and tell her what had happened.

ROB: Any reaction?

BETH: Did it seem like it was a reactionary anger or do you think this is a problem that Frank's really not going to be able to overcome?

ROB: I don't know. He said a couple things. He said, "What if you go and knock on his door and he does to you what he tried to do to me, he attacks you or something." I kind of joked, I said, "Well, as long as I'm recording it. I'll take it if that happens." [Beth laughs.] Which, he sort of laughed at that.

BETH: Did it seem like it was a genuine security fear that he was hesitant in you contacting John? Or do we think maybe there's another underlying reason?

ROB: I think he fears that if I stir up trouble in town... And he said as much. I wish I could have recorded the conversation I had with him but I couldn't. But it's good for me while it's fresh in my mind, remember it to you. He said, "You can cause up trouble, but once you go back to America it could still come back to me and to Kiki." Which is true. But it was true when I told him before I booked my flight.

BETH: It's a tough one. If we play this exactly to how Frank wants us to play it, then in a way we're being played a bit by him if you come to England and just record him and nobody else.

ROB: Yeah.

I'm not going to give up though. Maybe Frank just needs some time to let this sink in. You know, sometimes something seems like a good idea when it's far off, but then when it gets real, it's different.

So I sent Frank an email with that audio from the earlier call, just to remind him. I hope he comes around soon, because I've got someone coming into town who really wants to meet him.

MARIE: So there was this announcement on the university careers...

This is Marie Huynh. She's from France, but is a student at the University of York. She is the other associate producer I hired, along with Beth.

MARIE: I didn't understand this posting. I was like, "What is this?" There was nothing— It was in the middle of job for dog sitters. Then there was this in the middle of that. [laughs]

So adding Marie to the team while everything's turning to hell and Frank and I are on the outs could seem like an odd choice, I know, but it actually feels right. Like I said, I wasn't planning on giving up. If I'm gonna drown in this story, might as well do it with some company, right? Plus Marie really wanted to be involved and kind of refused to take no for an answer.

I bring her up to speed about what's happening with Frank.

MARIE: I think we need to talk to Frank about it again. Is it possible?

ROB: Yeah, it's possible.

MARIE: We need to make these happen. We can't just keep running in circles of-  
- There's so many mysteries, there's so many people to meet, there's so many things we have to do.

ROB: My gosh, you are more excited about this than I am.

MARIE [laughing]: Well, I am. I am so excited about it.

Man, this is a much needed boost considering what's happening with Frank, and now my podcast team is complete. In case you've lost track, there's Ana from Romania who's doing research in London;

ANA: I've been sent back and forth...

Beth from England who has spent time with Frank:

BETH: You're not an ogre, that's unfair.

And now Marie from France, who's just here for the weekend.

MARIE: There's something mysterious about it, I want to find out.

Oh, plus Ashley, my co-producer, who's back in the U.S. consulting with me. I called her earlier to tell her about Frank and she said:

ASHLEY: He's somewhere from being a little manipulative to, I would say, moderately manipulative.

But Ashley's always been suspicious of Frank. I'm much more digging Marie's enthusiasm.

MARIE: We need to talk to John, we need to talk to other people. So what else could we do?

But unfortunately, things get *worse* with Frank. He sent me an angry email that concluded: "This really has pissed me off. How on earth am I supposed to trust you now? You have stressed me out big time today. By the way, the hospital spoke to me this afternoon...things ain't looking good. The ball is in your court, Rob."

*What the hell's going on?* Did he really forget that we'd had that conversation? Or is it something else? And that cliffhanger about the hospital, geez!

I don't really need to talk to Frank any more. I could do the rest of the story against his wishes if I just want to get to the bottom of any criminal activity. But that doesn't feel right. I mean, I'm supposed to be helping Frank. And I know he's experienced mental health challenges, and that, along with this potential recurrence of cancer, makes me hesitate.

I called Frank on Saturday morning to see if we could meet to talk about this. He agreed, but wanted to wait until Monday to meet. Kiki's out of town for the weekend, and I think he wanted to wait till she was back before deciding anything.

So Marie and I did a little sleuthing around town. We asked around at the local pubs to see if anyone remembered Derek. He was the bartender and owner of the club where Frank and John first had conflict on New Year's Eve 1964. Frank had mentioned when we were first talking over Skype that Derek was still alive.

FRANK: I know where he lives. I phoned Derek just about a half hour before I got stabbed in the face. I rung Derek and apologized for the mishap in the club.

But no one had even *heard* of Derek. Another disappointment. Marie is a good sport though, she plans to come back.

MARIE: Yeah, I'll be back. I think I had very high expectations of this weekend and I thought we were going to be so actively walking around and running to see people from houses to houses. Instead, we had more challenges. It wasn't happening as easily as I thought it would be. I'm frustrated because I'm going back, and I was hoping to help more and to learn more about the story, but it didn't happen.

You and me both.

I had lunch with Frank on Monday. He didn't want to record, but told me about that call from the hospital. It was a bit confusing, but the CT scan results showed some growths on his lungs, but they weren't sure if they were cancerous, or if so what kind of cancer. Basically they needed to do more tests to see how serious it was. Afterward I call Ashley, my co-producer back in the U.S.

ASHLEY: Hey, Rob.

ROB: Hey, can you talk for a few minutes?

ASHLEY: Yes.

ROB: So I met him at the pub that's next door to his house. The major takeaways: Kiki was there by the way, which I was really glad. It was nice to have her there and I actually got to speak to her just for a few moments by herself. When Frank went up to the bar to get another Guinness, I got to talk to Kiki and she was concerned mostly for Frank's level of stress, with what's going on with him medically.

ASHLEY: Yeah.

ROB: But he did go on to say, "My health, these tests that are coming back. I'm worried about—" And he said to Kiki, "You know, Kiki's the most important thing in my life and if anything were to happen that would cause us to break apart, well I would have nothing in my life." And she *didn't* jump in and say, "Oh Frank, you never have to worry about that." [laughter]

I should mention that the house they live in belongs to Kiki.

ROB: "All right, so beyond that, what are your fears? What's causing you the stress? Are you worried about harm coming to you? Are you worried about physical violence coming to you or to Kiki as a result of that?" And he didn't dismiss it. He didn't say yes, but he said, "Well, I just don't know what he's capable of. He could do things, he knows people, he could find a way to disrupt—"

ASHLEY: My life.

ROB: "—my life at a time that's particularly hard right now with what's going on medically."

ASHLEY: I'm certainly not trying to advocate that we upend the life of a guy that sounds like he's not doing very well. And like, small towns are hard, I understand

that too. On the other hand, I don't want you to have to not utilize stuff while you're there. Waiting to see if Frank feels a little better today, better today. He finally let me back in.

ROB: Right.

ASHLEY: He knew that he was having tests done before you came, so the mature thing would've been to go, "Okay, you know what? Maybe this isn't the time for Rob to come. I'm going to call him." He didn't. He wanted you to come and he wanted you to give him all this attention.

Or, as Beth put it when I caught up with her:

BETH: He really wants this story to be told, right?

ROB: But he wants it told his way.

BETH: Well, we all do, don't we? We all want stories told our way.

[laughter]

Short of talking to John, I'm not sure what else I can do. I didn't make any specific promises to Frank, but I did vaguely say that I wouldn't do anything to hurt him. So with my trip winding down, Beth and I interview Frank one last time. Maybe she can help break this impasse. We start by asking Frank for more details about the alleged assault, and the supposed weapon, this Drambuie glass.

FRANK: You can see the scar, there on the cheek?

ROB: Right. Yes.

FRANK: The Drambuie glass that went in there, it's shaped like, like a shape of a woman's body, and it's about that tall and it's very robust.

ROB: Okay. Are you sure of that?

FRANK: Absolutely positive.

I wanted to find a 1960's Drambuie glass to verify this. Maybe Derek the bartender could've helped with that, but unfortunately it looks like we're not going to get to speak with him either. We ask Frank about meeting Derek, and Frank told us what Beth later called a "shaggy dog story." I didn't know what that was.

BETH: A shaggy dog story is when you lead someone down the path so much with this convoluted, confusing story. So much so that you kind of miss the point

of the punchline, if that makes sense I think. We asked him, “Do you mind if we spoke to this Derek character?” And we got this story that had a twist and turns, I drove to this city there, I drove to this city and he was in this pub, and then characters were coming in the story and leaving the story, and halfway through, it was no longer obvious what we were still talking about. The end conclusion was, no, you can't speak to Derek.

ROB: Frank does that quite a bit.

BETH: Yes, I've experienced today. Often you would begin by asking a question and then 10 minutes later, your question hadn't been answered, but you've been told a long and highly detailed story from Frank's life.

*This sucks.* I feel like my story is crumbling. Is it really going to turn out just to be me hanging out with a slightly sociopathic old dude? Maybe Ashley was right, again. Maybe I was being manipulated.

Still, I felt like given his health, mental and physical, I should try to play by his rules. But at the end of our interview, Beth asked Frank a brilliant but simple question.

BETH: With your family or your family relations, is there anything that you regret?

FRANK: Nope. No, fate's looked after my life. Why should I? I mean, ask them that question.

Ask *them* that question?

ROB: What would give you a sense of peace?

FRANK: Well, the sense of peace-- Don't forget, now, today I've gone through hell in my body. I am waiting now for result as to which cancerous cell have I got in my lungs. It's there but I've yet to find out what and which one, but I know I've got it. I have been told that. And so I'm in hell at the minute, but I'm not letting on.

[music cue]

FRANK: I think if John Carver had the bloody guts to come and confront me now, after what he's done to me, I have always been there ready to welcome a brother, which I've never had.

Wait, hold on, *seriously?* Now?

FRANK: But can people catch up with so much bitterness between them over these so many years? Can that be buried? I don't know.

ROB: So, ultimately deep down, you really would ultimately like to reconcile.

FRANK: I'm not as evil as what he is.

How could we *not* try to speak with John?

[music]

Square Peg is a LUSID48 production. It was written and produced by Ashley Hall and me. Visit our website, [squarepegpodcast.com](http://squarepegpodcast.com), to learn more.