

comedy4cast #727:  
HaartteStoppers: The Cold Shoulder

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INTRO

**CLINTON**

comedy4cast is the official podcast of conference breakout sessions. Conference breakout sessions, ironically trapping you in discussions where there's no way to escape. Conference breakout sessions.

SOUND: C4C STING.

**CLINTON (cont'd)**

This is comedy4cast episode 727:  
HaartteStoppers: The Cold Shoulder

MUSIC: COMEDY4CAST OPENING THEME PLAYS THROUGH.

MUSIC: "HAARTTE'S THEME" IN.

**HAARTTE**

They say Master Classes are just fluff. Hokum and nonsense marketed to people who have too much money and not enough sense.

SOUND: MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY WITH RECORD SCRATCH.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Okay, maybe that was the wrong way to lead in to this Master Class. But sorry, no refunds.

(MORE)

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Who am I? The name's Haartte. Detective Haartte. Two "A's," two "T's." Spell it right. Say it right.

If you're here, that means you want to be a private detective, too. Either that or you clicked on the wrong course and were expecting to see Steve Martin trying to teach you how to be funny. Well there's nothing funny about crime! Or watching Steve Martin put himself on autopilot for two hours with Martin Short and the Steep Canyon Rangers. But that's beside the point.

Here's how this class works. I'm going to challenge you with one of my most baffling cases. Then, I'll give you a chance to solve the crime. So, put down that banjo, take that prop arrow off your head and get ready to be challenged by an incident I like to call "The Case of the Cold Shoulder."

MUSIC: MOODY, JAZZ TUNE IN AND UNDER.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

It all happened a few weeks ago. I was working an investigation that took me to the West Coast. Of the United States. The contiguous United States. I was in California. I probably should have just said that. It would have saved some time. And time is something you don't

(MORE)

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

have much of if you're going to solve this case. So, why don't I get on with it?

I have no idea.

SOUND: CAR ON HIGHWAY.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

There I was, traveling along an endless, stretch of blacktop. It was the kind of solitude that's only interrupted by the constant flow of traffic.

SOUND: CAR HORN, LOTS OF TRAFFIC.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

As I drove along, the case I was working was swirled around in my brain. The same questions kept coming up again and again.

"Did I explain to the client that I get reimbursement for travel?"

"Why didn't I rent a fancy convertible?"

"How do you work the radio in this thing?"

Suddenly, my concentration was broken by something on the opposite side of the street. It was man hunched over a body lying on the shoulder of the road.

(MORE)

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

It looked like trouble. And trouble is something a private eye lives for. We thrive on the cutting edge of danger. We eat peril for breakfast and wash it down with a tall glass of risk.

SOUND: TURN SIGNAL.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

I had to get over there. So, I immediately took a series of signaled right-hand turns on side streets and eventually found my way back to the scene. I mean, who wants to chance getting a ticket for making an illegal u-turn?

By the time I got back, the police had arrived at the primary crime scene.

SOUND: CAR SCREECHING TO A STOP.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Oh, sure, it's easy when you can make a u-turn any place they like!

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SOUND: CITY STREET ATMOSPHERE.

SOUND: MUMBLING CROWD.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Homicide detectives were examining the woman's corpse lying on the shoulder. The shoulder of the road, not her shoulder. She was lying on her side. Which, now that I think about it, would be her shoulder. Funny. Sometimes life imitates words used to describe it.

The police were questioning the man I had seen hovering over the body -- one Reese Garrett.

SOUND: WE HEAR MUFFLED, VOICES IN THE BACKGROUND, OCCASIONALLY MIMICKING THE SAME WORDS HAARTTE USES.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

He was a tall, scraggy lad with a thick head of hair and an accent to match. Garrett said he had been walking with the deceased woman -- before she died, that is -- one Scarlett Baker Rossi Calhoun Demarco Armstrong.

I know that's a long name to remember, so here's a pro tip. It's a trick us experienced detectives use. It's called a Mnemonic Device. You link the words together. Scarlet was a Baker...who's other names were Rossi Calhoun Demarco Armstrong.

You're welcome.

Garrett said he had been helping Ms.

(MORE)

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Armstrong on her walks ever since her tragic mishap. It turns out the elderly woman's right kneecap had spontaneously combusted during an intense Peloton workout. "Feel the burn" indeed. As a result, she used a crutch...and a Nordictrack. I spotted the crutch on the ground. It had gold inlays on its solid rosewood frame and sported a rich Corinthian leather handgrip. Classy.

Garrett said he and Scarlett Baker... something something something Armstrong were walking northbound on the side of the road when a car headed south suddenly swerved and headed right for them.

SOUND: SCREECHING TIRES, GETTING LOUDER AS CAR APPROACHES.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Garrett said that as the car approached he tried to pull Ms. Armstrong off the road, but he wasn't fast enough. The car hit her with a thud and then drove off.

SOUND: THUD OF OBJECT BEING HIT.

SOUND: SCREECHING TIRES RETREAT INTO THE BACKGROUND.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Garrett said the hit-and-run was gone before he could identify the make or model, or read the license plate number.

(MORE)

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

But, as luck would have it, as the car approached, he noticed that it had a New Mexico license plate.

I know what you're thinking. But, no, it's not a new Mexico. The old one is still there. I drove down to Tijuana just to be sure. He was talking about the state.

It was at that exact moment that I knew this was no accident and I could tell who was responsible. But can you?

I'll give you six seconds to come up with your response. And phrase it in the form of a question. Go.

SOUND: STOPWATCH TICKS 6 TIMES.

SOUND: LOUD EXPLOSION.

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

Time's up!

I immediately informed the officers that the guilty party was no other than -- the Peloton instructor responsible for Ms. Armstrong's knee-pocalypse. The trainer clearly couldn't stand the thought that someone bailed on their workout just because one of their joints was liquifying. It drove the instructor to the point of driving -- right into Ms. Armstrong.

(MORE)



**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

But the police had some other, crazy "theory." They said Reese Garrett committed the crime. They pointed to his claim that the approaching car had a New Mexico license plate, Apparently New Mexico doesn't require front license plates. Well, maybe they should!

The cops also said that since Ms. Armstrong had injured her right leg, she would have used the crutch on her left side, and that calluses on her hand confirmed that. That means Garrett would have been supporting here on her right side, placing him closest to the street. He would have been the one hit by the car.

Oh, and they also found blood on the front of his car that was parked right around the corner. As if that proves anything.

As far as motive goes, it seems that Armstrong had won a huge settlement for her knee joint nightmare and Garrett had weaseled his way into her will. And now he wanted to collect.

All circumstantial evidence, if you ask me. I mean, aside from motive, opportunity and means, their theory falls flat. Did anyone even question the instructor? I don't think so.

(MORE)

**HAARTTE (cont'd)**

So, how did you do? If you came to the right conclusion -- and by "right," I mean the same one as me -- give yourself a thousand points. Heck, make it two. Because they don't matter. You can't become a detective based on points. No matter what Steve Martin says.

Come back next time and try your hand at another HaartteStopper. After all, you paid for the entire course. And, again, no refunds. Because returning cash to a client is a worse crime than watching "Only Murders In The Building."

Come at me Martin!

MUSIC: HAARTTE'S THEME UP AND OUT.

MUSIC: END THEME IN AND UNDER.

**CLINTON**

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**SIR PATRICK STEWART**

My goodness, look at the time! Let's wrap this up, shall we?

**CLINTON**

Oh, right you are, Sir Patrick. But first, a shout out to the comedy4cast

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**CLINTON (cont'd)**

Patrons. Thanks to Stan, Zack,  
Charlotte, Barry, Amy, Howard, Mike,  
Steve, Bryn, Chuck, Paul and Kyle.

And if you would also like to support  
the show and get episodes before  
everyone else, just go to Patreon.com  
and look for "comedy4cast" -- all one  
word, with the number "4."

**SIR PATRICK STEWART**

As always, this is Sir Patrick Stewart.

**CLINTON**

And I'm Clinton

**SIR PATRICK STEWART**

Saying

**CLINTON**

That's it. We're done, done,  
done, done, done. Bye bye.

**SIR PATRICK STEWART**

That's it. We're done, done,  
done, done, done. Bye bye.