

**Parricide Podcast** ◉  
Party of the Century Pt. 1  
Tyler Hadley

**Marie:** Ten-year-old Tyler stomped over to the Andrews house intent on venting about his stupid mother. They'd just had another fight and he was mad. But his buddy wasn't home, so his older brother – Mark - would have to do. Tyler told Mark about the fight and vowed to murder his parents. Mark scoffed at this and shared his fourteen-year-old boy-wisdom with this kid. Parents are supposed to piss you off; that's what all parents did. Both boys laughed, and Tyler settled down. Eventually Tyler went home, and life just went on. Mark forgot about this incident for a few years - seven to be exact - until he was asked to testify about it in court; after Tyler murdered his parents.

**Intro song:** Ring around the rosy; A pocket full of posies; ashes, ashes; we all fall down.

**Sherry:** Welcome to the Parricide Podcast. I'm Sherry...

**Marie:** ...and I'm Marie. Today we're talking about the murders of Blake and Mary Jo Hadley by their son, Tyler Hadley. If you like our show, please subscribe and follow us. If you're feeling extra generous, leave us a quick review as you listen - and we will adore you forever. And remember, while this show is often about kids; it's not for kids. We cover adult themes which may be disturbing.

**Sherry:** July 16, 2011 started out much like other Saturdays at the Hadley household. Blake and Mary Jo Hadley were heading out to do some shopping and go to lunch. Their 17-year-old son, Tyler Joseph Hadley, would remain home by himself, since his older brother, Ryan, had recently moved away to begin his own life. This was fine with Tyler; he had big plans for today and was anxious to get started. That afternoon, at approximately 12:15 p.m., Tyler hit Facebook and sent out a general invitation to his friends announcing, "party at my crib tonight...maybe." He wanted everyone to come hang out at his house since his parents weren't home. His good friend, Jesse Duryea, was one of the several people posting in response saying, "What u doing right now bro. I'm trying to chill and drink."

Tyler was surprised when Michael showed up with his girlfriend and Danny in tow.

**Marie:** Who are they?

**Sherry:** Michael is Tyler's best friend and Danny is best friends with Michael. But Tyler and Danny didn't really care that much for each other - even though they spent quite a bit of time together - because of Michael. They would usually go out once a week to drive around, smoke pot, and drink; and Michael didn't really drink a lot so Tyler and Danny would often do that together.

**Marie:** Oh okay. So, why did they come over?

**Sherry:** It looks like they came over to find out if the party was really going to happen. They were pretty excited about it, but Michael was aware of two important facts: 1) Tyler's parents really weren't out of town like he was saying, and 2) Tyler was still on restriction and under close parental watch. I mean, Tyler's parents still had the keys to his car and control of his cell phone; and he'd never been allowed to throw a party before. So, this all seemed odd.

**Marie:** Yeah. That was very odd.

**Sherry:** They stayed at the house for a bit and, while they were smoking marijuana in the garage, Tyler said he was going to kill his parents.

**Marie:** That's terrible! Did that scare the other boys?

**Sherry:** No, not at all. These kids were pretty used to that. Tyler was always talking about killing his parents - to the point that it had become, kind of, a point of casual conversation. No one really took him seriously because he'd talk about it a lot and had been since he was about 10 years old. In fact, two weeks earlier he told his friend, Markie Phillips, that he thought it would be cool to murder his parents and then throw a big party afterwards with the bodies hidden in the house - he didn't think that had been done before.

**Marie:** Uh, that's particularly gruesome.

**Sherry:** I think so, too. But Marky pretty much rolled his eyes and told Tyler to stop being crazy. He didn't take him seriously because this is how Tyler always talked.

Anyway, it was getting late, and they tried to leave but Michael's vehicle wouldn't start. So, he called his dad for a ride. But there wasn't enough room for three teens, so Michael told Danny to hang out at Tyler's until his parents got home - and they'd most likely give him a ride home.

**Marie:** Okay.

**Sherry:** But Danny didn't like this idea at all. He'd been listening all these years to Tyler, as he trashed his parents and said they were abusive and controlling and horrid. And that they kept him as a prisoner in his own home. Any time he showed up at school with an injury, Tyler would say his dad had punched, slugged, kicked, or hit him out of the blue; for fun. And Danny knew he didn't like these people for a fact - and he most certainly did not want to meet these monsters in person. He was scared! He pulled Michael aside and shared his concerns. Michael surprised him with his response. He confided in Danny that these parents weren't bad like Tyler made them out to be; that they were actually quite nice, and Tyler made up all of this b.s. to spite them. Tyler liked the attention and used his lies to cover for his own bullshit. He was kind of the asshole in the house, not the parents. Michael didn't get too worked up about Tyler's lies because he really liked Tyler and he didn't take it well when his lies were challenged. He figured Tyler would grow out of this at some point and come to see his parents as okay.

**Marie:** I wish he'd listened to this podcast. He would have known it was a serious warning sign.

**Sherry:** I know, right? (soft giggles)

Relieved, Danny decided to stay and wait for a ride. Who knew? Maybe he and Tyler would become friends after all. For the first time that day, he looked around the house and he noticed a cozy, comfortable home filled with family memorabilia - not the prison Tyler was always describing. Danny told Tyler he lived in a really nice house. Tyler kind of shrugged off the compliment and continued to play on his laptop. 'Hmm,' thought Danny 'most kids don't really have their own laptops (this was in 2011).' He tried again; telling Tyler how lucky he was to own his own laptop. Again, Tyler shrugged him off dismissively - but this time Tyler froze as he stared out the front window. Danny followed his gaze and saw the Hadley's SUV turning into the driveway!

Tyler was suddenly in a frenzy – yelling, “Go! Go! Run, run, run!” as he hustled Danny toward the back door. Adrenaline rushed through his veins as Danny made for that door; toppling the water cooler and bumping into a variety of items in his rush to escape. Tyler continued to press him, pushing up close against him while from yelling “Go! Run! Run!” As he approached the back fence, Danny attempted to get over that fence - and Tyler helpfully gave him a powerful boost that toppled him over the fence and onto his butt. But still he jumped up and ran away - all the way down the street and into another town. By Danny’s estimation - and by use of his cell phone - this was at approximately 3:36 p.m.

After a while, he slowed his roll and wondered about what had just happened. Tyler had seemed so afraid! Maybe he’d been right - and Michael was wrong. Maybe those parents were the monsters after all. He shrugged his shoulders and called around looking for a ride to the next party.

Back at the house, Tyler smiled to himself and headed back inside. That was a lot of fun - but really, Danny, that was way too easy!

**Marie:** That's not very nice.

**Sherry:** I know.

**Marie:** But I guess he didn't like this boy as much. He wasn't really his friend, right?

**Sherry:** No, they weren't friends at all.

**Marie:** Well, I have to ask. Did anyone check Tyler’s stories about being abused? Were they possibly true?

**Sherry:** Yes. That was absolutely investigated after the murders. And, no, these parents did not abuse him. Blake and Mary Jo were very indulgent, loving parents who were proud of their boys. They used all of their time and resources trying to give their sons good futures and make sure they knew they were loved. By all accounts, they were gentle, loving parents. If any fault was found, people said these parents had been a bit indulgent. They gave their children every opportunity to make good choices and were careful not to get punitive when disciplining their children. This worked with Ryan - his older brother - but it did not work with Tyler at all. Tyler was a tough one that way. He was their darling; lots of excuses were made for him as he moved through his adolescence despite his being sullen, disagreeable, and dishonest. He'd started using drugs and alcohol and running with the wrong crowds at an early age. He'd really given them a run for their money - parents trailing after him trying to clean up his messes and convince him that he needed to be living a better life. As he spiraled out of control, his parents grappled with the notion of discipline. They tried various forms including restricting him, taking his phone, taking his car, psychiatrists, anti-depressants, advice from anywhere they could get, and even outpatient drug rehab; trying to help Tyler become a good adult.

**Marie:** That sounds really hard.

**Sherry:** I’m not sure if it was hard all of the time. It seems that most of the discipline came in the end - when they were trying to get, kind of, control over his behaviors and they started tightening that leash.

Anyway, Tyler’s friends say that Tyler was always claiming his dad was punching him in the face for no reason at all. And those who weren't close to him - like Danny - believed him. But this was untrue as per

his close friends and his brother, Ryan, who had lived in the house for all of Tyler's life. As per Murderpedia - at trial Ryan states his parents were awesome and Tyler was a pathological liar.

**Marie:** There's that liar thing, again.

**Sherry:** I know. Liars are the worst. It's such a huge red flag.

**Marie:** So, what do we know about the parents?

**Sherry:** Well, Blake was a Watcher at the nearby nuclear power plant. He was a great big bear of a man with a kind, generous heart. He was married to Mary Jo and they'd been together for forever. Twenty-four years ago they'd moved to Port St. Lucie to be closer to Blake's parents. They were a fairly typical Catholic family - and family was a high priority for them. They brought both of their boys - first Ryan, and then Tyler - home to this house and had worked hard to make a good life.

The town was economically depressed. Housing costs were low and people from Florida caught on and started buying up homes in which they would start hydroponic grow farms for marijuana - which seemed to flow freely around the town. Kids seemed to get pulled into the drug scene at very young ages in Port St Lucie. The town was filled with young kids who really had nothing to do, so they partied.

**Marie:** That's really too bad.

**Sherry:** I know. It's kind of sad when other people come in and destroy your town for you.

**Marie:** it is.

**Sherry:** But this was a family who spent a lot of time together. When the kids were young, the boys would spend evenings and weekends with their parents playing basketball, doing homework, splashing in the pool, tossing a football, eating dinner, and laughing together. But these happy moments occurred less and less as the boys got older. Tyler loved drugs, covertly hated his parents, and would do anything to get attention. Bizarre behavior seemed to be his signature lifestyle.

**Marie:** What do you mean by bizarre?

**Sherry:** Well, he was known for disrupting class with, like, bizarre animal sounds - like mooing or laughing maniacally in the middle of a lecture. But he was also that kid who has the best of the best stories when it comes to adolescent mischief.

**Marie:** Like what?

**Sherry:** Well, for example, according to Rolling Stone Magazine he and his friends came upon an old, abandoned couch one day and - having nothing better to do - decided it was an excellent idea to drag it into the middle of the local wildlife preserve, douse it with gasoline they'd stolen from a nearby gas station, and drop a couple of matches on it - causing a forest fire. If he said something was lit, it usually - literally - was.

**Marie:** That's some pretty serious mischief.

**Sherry:** Yeah. And he only got a slap on the hands - they were kind of like 'Oh, boys will be boys.'

**Marie:** It's terrible for boys, isn't it?

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. I think that courts need to realize these boys take them seriously.

But when his behaviors were reported to his parents by other parents, they would always defend him. For example, a neighbor said, 'We caught your son smoking in the forest.' And the mother replied, 'No, my son doesn't smoke.' Which isn't what parents want to hear when they're trying to nicely tell you your son is headed for trouble.

**Marie:** Yeah. That's too bad that they didn't heed the warnings.

**Sherry:** I agree. His behaviors escalated into criminal activity when he was arrested for burglary - and found responsible in the juvenile system. This seems to be when his parents started to get serious about his behaviors. Before that, they had been very lenient and very lax. And then, in the April prior to the murders, he was arrested on charges of Battery - for a fight he had at a friend's house - and found himself looking at his first sentence that included jail time (which was one week) followed by two weeks of house arrest.

**Marie:** That's very serious. That must have been some fight –

**Sherry:** Especially for a juvenile sentence because they're pretty lenient with these boys. His parents were determined to make this his last problem. So, they took his phone. He hit Facebook telling his friends to not text about drugs because his parents had his phone.

**Marie:** Wow!

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. Remember, this is a kid who was like 16 or 17 years old at the time.

Where most kids would have looked skyward and said, 'I guess I deserved that.' The phone and car restrictions his parents started making just made Tyler madder. But none of his typical charm was working on his mother. He was used to getting what he wanted from, at least, her. She flat out refused to curtail his restriction and he hated that. In June, Tyler showed up at home completely schwasted! His parents were not amused. He was completely out of control! His mom took advantage of a law called the Baker Act that allowed her to involuntarily commit him since he was still a minor. Tyler was not pleased, but he was required to work on getting drug-free if he ever wanted to be released.

**Marie:** Oh, did that work?

**Sherry:** Well, two weeks prior to the murders, Mary Jo was telling her friends that she felt like she had her boy back - so they thought it had worked. And in the Nikki Reynolds episode we talk about, kind of, a period of peace - where the child becomes very compliant and very pleasant to live with again. It kind of looks like this was happening here. The parents saw improvement; when really the kid had pretty much just decided what he was going to do.

**Marie:** That's so sad!

**Sherry:** I think so, too.

**Marie:** So, were his parents ever afraid of him? Like, wondering if he would hurt them?

**Sherry:** Not based on anything included in the source material. The kids all knew because he talked about it incessantly. But he compartmentalized - like kids who utilize impression management often do. At home, he seemed to vacillate between being a pretty nice kid to being a total jerk. The chaos kept his

parents confused. He never threatened them to their faces. He would sometimes apologize to his parents if he was just a little bit disrespectful. So, no. They really weren't worried about him hurting them.

As per the Rolling Stone, Tyler was still playing at being a good kid. He went to a family reunion in Georgia the week before the murders and everyone thought he was a decent kid who was doing well. The night before the murders he went out to dinner with his parents. At one point, he ran into his friend, Cameron, who asked how it was going with the parents. He seemed calm and happy and said everything was all right. Cameron mentioned he was on a special date with his girlfriend. It was his birthday. Tyler wished him a happy birthday and then said, "Come to my house tomorrow. I'm having a party. We'll celebrate!"

**Marie:** Wow. So, he'd already decided.

**Sherry:** Um=hmm. I think he decided a few weeks prior - when he talked to Markie Phillips.

**Marie:** That's so sad!

**Sherry:** I agree.

(musical interlude)

**Marie:** Okay. So, back to Saturday. Tyler's just scared his friend half to death. What does he do now?

**Sherry:** Well, Tyler greeted his parents who had no idea what had just transpired; just as they mostly had no idea how their younger son demonized them to, well, anyone who would listen.

Blake was tired from their outing and headed to bed. Mary Jo headed to her computer to do whatever she had planned. And Tyler was back in business. Danny really could have thrown a wrench into all of this.

**Marie:** Oh, that's why he scared him and made him run away.

**Sherry:** Yes. Tyler hid his parents' cell phones and gave his Facebook friends his dad's cell phone number since he had no idea where his parents had hidden his phone. In fact, Tyler didn't miss a beat on social media as he moved through his day and toward his party. Tyler thought carefully about his choice of weapon - and decided to use the back-end of a hammer for the murders.

**Marie:** That's particularly gruesome.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. He scooted his black lab, Sophie, into his brother's closet - because she'd probably be protective of Mary Jo. But he let his pet beagle roam free; since she was blind and rather harmless. He surreptitiously hid their cell phones in his room and headed to the garage to listen to his favorite rap song, Feel Lucky by Lil Boosi, and to gather his courage - which meant smoke some pot and drop three tabs of Ecstasy.

**Marie:** Sounds like a lot of Ecstasy.

**Sherry:** I think so, too. He really liked pot, but his true drug of choice was Ecstasy.

He hated his outpatient rehab program. Yes, doing outpatient meant people didn't have to know that he was in treatment, but this was stupid. He had no intention of giving up drugs. But worse than that, they'd found an inpatient drug program for him recently.

He was right up against his 18th birthday, and I think they realized they needed to give him as much as they could before he turned 18 and they no longer had choices on his behalf. They were adamant that he was going to this program. He was pretty sure he was not. They'd figure that out in a minute or two. He wasn't going.

(musical interlude)

**Sherry:** Okay, time to grab the hammer and get this party started.

At approximately 5 p.m. he crept up behind his mother with the hammer in his hand. He had not counted on her fighting back - but she did. And she was about to lose that fight.

The screams coming from the family room startled Blake awake. What was his wife screaming about? He rushed into the family room to see what was causing all the ruckus - and the sight of Tyler murdering his wife stunned him; making it easier for Tyler to attack and kill him, too.

**Marie:** That's awful.

**Sherry:** It is. And it's kind of surprising that he started with his mother. Usually, the murderer starts with the stronger parent.

**Marie:** That's true.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. And his dad was not just a stronger parent but asleep.

**Marie:** Yeah. I wonder what happened there.

**Sherry:** I don't know. Perhaps he just didn't think it through very well; he was on a lot of Ecstasy.

**Marie:** He was.

**Sherry:** Anyway, Step 1 of his party plan was completed. Tyler dragged his parents into the master bedroom and left them lying face down on the floor as he initiated Step 2. Cleanup was going to take a lot longer than he'd anticipated. He had to get this mess cleaned up before people started showing up for his party. He continued responding to Facebook comments as he wiped up blood and started tossing items into the master bedroom on top of his parents' bodies. His cleaning activities began to resemble more of a purge rampage as he tossed the murder weapon, books, furniture, towels, file folders, art pieces, and family photos that he'd torn from the wall into the room in preparation for his party. There was so much rubble in the room, there was no longer any space to walk on the floors.

Three hours later, his parents were completely buried and the house was cleaned - well mostly cleaned - and devoid of any evidence of his parents' existence. Now for Step 3. After his shower, Tyler took his parents' bank card and headed to the ATM. If he was going to have a blowout party, he needed a bunch of beer and stuff - and he was running out of time. Partygoers were already at the house when Tyler showed up back at his home - at about 10 p.m. - with beer and party supplies in hand. He asked his friends to wait out on the front lawn for a few minutes so he could clean up and they were surprised to hear crashing and banging throughout the house for about 15 minutes before he let them in. The house

was mostly devoid of furniture and all of the wall hangings had been removed from the walls. Michael was very surprised to see these changes to the decor since his visit that afternoon but, nonplussed, he grabbed a beer and proceeded to have a good time. This was quite a party and most of the kids didn't even know Tyler. They just knew that parties were few and far between and this seemed like the party of the year - or maybe even of the century.

**Marie:** Were they in for a surprise.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. The kids who knew him - and knew his parents didn't put up with stuff like this - asked him where his parents were. His answers were varied, but at one point he started saying "They don't live here. This is my house."

At first there were no rules except one - no smoking anything in the house. The kids could do whatever they wanted. Well, until one of the boys ripped off his shirt, let out a primal scream as he ran out of the house, and returned victoriously brandishing a neighbor's mailbox over his head. Tyler lost it - yelling that stealing a mailbox was a Felony and they really needed to avoid getting the police called on them. He insisted the mailbox be replaced, and he revised his one rule. Now everyone had to stay indoors to keep the noise and mischief contained - and smoking in the house was just fine.

The party roared on, and kids texted their friends, "Get over here. This is a great party!"

It's estimated that around 60 kids were partying in the house that night.

**Marie:** That's a lot of kids.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. It really is. It was a fairly small home. People kept coming into contact with this gross, sticky, brown-looking stuff (on the computer where they were playing music videos on YouTube, under the table where the beer pong ball often dropped, places like that). They figured it was just dried beer. They'd wipe or wash it off their hands and go back to having fun.

**Marie:** Ugh! Can you imagine how upsetting it would be when they realized that it was actually dried blood?

**Sherry:** No! Especially the ones who didn't actually wash their hands.

**Marie:** Ugh! I never thought of those ones.

**Sherry:** Yeah. Kind of gross.

Anyway, Mark Andrews - the boy that Tyler talked to when he was 10 years old - was actually at this party. And Tyler tried to catch him as he left, confessing that he'd murdered someone. Mark was older - wiser? Not sure. But now he shared his 21-year-old boy-wisdom with him. "Dude you killing somebody is your own business. Don't be telling me that sort of thing. I don't need to know."

**Marie:** He's grown up a lot, too, hasn't he! (laughter)

**Sherry:** Yeah, he really has.

Well, Tyler was spiraling because he really wanted people to know about the bodies in the bedroom. He tried to tell several people, but nobody wanted to hear it - or they didn't believe him in any case. So, he decided it was time to tell his best friend. Michael was amazed that Tyler had pulled off this party. He

was having the time of his life playing beer pong on the kitchen table while other friends and kids with baggies filled with pills for sale for \$1 a tab were wandering through the house. It was wild! Around 1 a.m., Tyler asked him if they could talk. "Sure!" said Michael. And he reluctantly left the fun to see what his friend had in mind.

They walked a few houses down to the corner and Tyler told him he'd murdered his parents.

**Marie:** That sounds awful! But did Michael believe him?

**Sherry:** No. Michael guffawed and totally did not believe him. Taken aback at Michael's response, Tyler told him all about what had taken place. He told him his parents' cell phones were hidden in his bedroom. He showed Michael the card he'd used to withdraw money from the ATM. And Michael still didn't believe him! This joke was getting old, and Michael just wanted to get back to the party. Impatient, Tyler suggested Michael just look around - the clues were all there. He pointed out all of the cars in the driveway - including both of his parents' - and the fact that the party was actually happening. Couldn't Michael see that his parents were dead? But Michael still looked doubtful. Tyler told him to go look through the house. He'd tried to clean up all of the blood, but there was still some blood under his mom's computer desk, on door jambs, under the kitchen table, on the ceiling. He said his parents were in the bedroom, and if Michael would hang back when everyone left - he could show him the bodies.

**Marie:** That's the worst offer I've ever heard.

**Sherry:** I would have run.

**Marie:** Me, too!

**Sherry:** But, as they returned to the Hadley home, Tyler pointed out a bloody footprint on the garage floor. This gave Michael pause - but he knew that Tyler was a huge liar. And he knew he'd go to great lengths to prank someone if he wanted to be believed.

Michael headed back into the house to rejoin the party. But he did start looking around and, yes, he was seeing what looked like blood on the legs of the computer desk, on the door jambs, on the ceiling. But still, Tyler went to great lengths to make you believe his lies.

Michael just couldn't be sure - so he decided he needed to do a little sleuthing. He surreptitiously tried the door to the master bedroom - but it was locked. He remembered there was another door to the master bedroom back by the pool. So, he headed back to that door to check things out. And he was in luck! That door was unlocked - but there was something behind it that was keeping it jammed shut. He took a little time and got the door opened a bit and then used the flashlight on his phone to look into the bedroom. He was going to kill Tyler if this was a hoax!

By the light of his phone, Michael was stunned to see the room was filled with the contents of the entire house - and was in a complete state of chaos. He literally could not believe what he was seeing! And then...he saw it.

A leg. Buried in the pile of rubble. And the leg sported blue shorts. The kind Tyler's dad was always wearing.

**Marie:** Oh! That would be so awful!

**Sherry:** Mm-hmm. That would make me so sick - and I don't think I would like Tyler after that.

**Marie:** No. That would definitely change my feelings about my friend.

**Sherry:** And his mind was blown - but in a bad way. Michael backed out of the narrow opening, quietly shut the door, and walked back to the front of the house in a daze.

**Marie:** I'm sure he did. It'd be hard to absorb that information.

**Sherry:** Especially in the middle of a party full of people - and you know it's like a monumental secret.

**Marie:** Um-hmm. And he was probably already doing drugs before this. So imagine being high, and then seeing that. I can't even imagine how confusing that must have been.

**Sherry:** I can't fathom it, either. And Michael wasn't sure what to do, either. So, he went back to the party. This wasn't okay, but Michael didn't feel like he was able to leave. He wandered around the party in a daze - but nobody really noticed - they had their own trips to take.

He ran into Tyler again in the garage. Tyler suggested they take a selfie to memorialize their friendship, since Tyler was pretty sure he was going to be going away for a while. (You can see a copy of this selfie on our website at [parricide.org](http://parricide.org).) Tyler mentioned a couple of times that he was planning on killing himself after the party and he showed Michael a baggie filled with pills of Percocet that he was reserving for that event. Michael told investigators he picked Tyler's pocket and later dumped those pills out in a bedroom closet. He didn't want his friend to kill himself.

**Marie:** That's sad.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. Rumors about Tyler killing his parents were running rampant, and the party started to die out. Everyone said they were headed to another party on the other side of town - and the kids were off in search of a new place to trash in the name of fun. Ironically, it was this mass exodus that caused his neighbor to finally call the police. This neighbor really liked the Hadley family, but this was too much. Suddenly this was a very small party. One of Tyler's closest friends, Ryan Stonesifer (and because Tyler's brother is Ryan, too, we're just going to call this friend, Stonesifer to keep things straight), was hanging around. He'd promised to help clean up.

**Marie:** Why did Michael stay?

**Sherry:** Well, at this point I think he just really loved Tyler and knew that the minute he walked out the door that friendship was over. So, he was really in his own head. He had decided he would call the police and he knew that this friend - who had been his friend since they were young young boys - wouldn't be there for him anymore.

**Marie:** That would be really hard.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm and really sad, too. So, his reluctance to leave the party seemed to be grounded in nostalgia and loss. But tied as he was to the party, he was very fearful. If Tyler would murder his own parents, what would keep him from murdering his best friend?

**Marie:** That would be a scary situation to be in.

**Sherry:** Um-hmm. I can't imagine, kind of, trying to process this when you've already been partying all night, and having these new random ideas float through your head. Like, 'Oh, he might kill me.' "Oh, you know...'

**Marie:** '...maybe I'm not safe, either.'

**Sherry:** Right. Well, Michael seemed to be torn during the entire party - and now that the party was winding down, he realized it was not just him who might be in trouble. So, Michael quietly explained the situation to Stonesifer; suggesting they might want to leave. But Stonesifer was just learning this information, was high himself, and not really processing very well. And he kind of stood there and explained that leaving would be letting Tyler down - because he'd promised to stay and help clean up afterward. And during this discussion, Tyler entered the room. Michael froze. He wasn't sure how much Tyler had heard. But Tyler quietly mentioned that they could stay if they wanted to - they could leave if they wanted to - and he headed to the kitchen to find some food.

As Michael and Stonesifer thought about this, there was a sharp rap at the door. Enter the police.

**Marie:** That must have stopped their hearts.

**Sherry:** I think so! They probably thought, 'Oh, the jig is up. They're here for the parents.'

**Marie:** Yeah.

**Sherry:** The cops arrived at 4:20 to warn Tyler that there had been complaints of noise.

**Marie:** (chuckles) That's funny timing; given the amount of pot that was smoked at the party.

**Sherry:** (laughter) You're right! They noted that the yard and home indeed looked like there had been a big party at the house that evening. However, everything was quiet enough now. So, they considered this call a warning and they left.

Michael's resolve to get out arrived with the police. He'd finally found his courage, and he did not want to be arrested for the murder of those parents. He and Stonesifer ran out the back door, as the police rang the front doorbell. And they kept running.

At 4:24, Michael began making calls. First, he called Crime Stoppers. And when there was no answer, he called an alternative crime hotline and reported what he'd seen and heard. They may not be able to stop the murders, but they could certainly catch Tyler red-handed.

**Marie:** That was really brave of him.

**Sherry:** I think it was, too. And it had to be really hard. That was his best friend.

Anyway, at 4:40 - after the cops had cleared out (because of the noise complaint) and he'd gotten his nerves back under control - Tyler hit Facebook and again wrote on his wall saying, "Party at my house again HMU." He was down to party again that evening. Tyler didn't realize the writing was already on the wall - no party tonight because Tyler was going to jail for murder.

The police were already pulling up to his door for the second time that night.

**Marie:** That's crazy.

**Sherry:** It is - and that's also the end of our story for today. Part 2 of this story will be ready for you next week - on Tuesday; bright and early.

But, we really have something we need to say, so...

**Marie:** So, if you listen to Crime Junkies - you may or may not be aware that their co-host, Britt, has had some serious medical problems lately. She's fine for now, as per her co-host Ashley Flowers' last report. But we would be remiss if we did not tell you a little bit of our backstory at this point.

A few years ago, as a small non-profit organization, we were debating whether we could produce a podcast worth listening to - and that could work as outreach and education.

**Sherry:** At that point my sister, Leslie, suggested we give Crime Junkies a try.

**Marie:** But we were reluctant, because we don't like to get into the blood and the gore that a lot of true crime podcasts cater to. But we were game to try one episode.

**Sherry:** One listen, and we knew we'd found our tribe.

**Marie:** Yeah. Crime Junkies really isn't in it for the blood and the gore. They're in it to provide outreach and education. At the time, they weren't a non-profit organization - but they recently checked that box; and you can really see how they're different from the beginning.

For one thing, they've always been big advocates of Crime Stoppers...

**Sherry:** ...and the Jane Doe Project,...

**Marie:** and - I think it's called - GEDmatch?

**Sherry:** Yeah.

**Marie:** Just different ways to try and prevent crimes; or to solve crimes that have, thus far, been unsolvable.

**Sherry:** Right.

**Marie:** So, Ashley and Britt set, in our minds, the gold standard when it comes to podcasting. They don't know it, but they were coaching us in how to best produce a podcast that is both informational and entertaining.

**Sherry:** We still listen to them every week and we were heartbroken over Brit's current misfortune. Brit, if we had 1,000 stars, we would give them all to you as we hope for your full recovery. We will miss you as you take the time you need to heal.

**Marie:** And Ashley, unfortunately we already gave Brit all of the stars. So, we'll have to give you the sun and the moon. Thank you for your good examples over the years. You ladies are the best!

And to our listeners, a million thanks for your support for our podcast. But we're also hoping you could do us a favor. Ashley set up a little get well gift for Brit on their Instagram. If you could go to the Crime Junkies Podcast on Instagram and find that post; it's clearly marked Well Wishes for Britt. All we ask you to do is hit Like - maybe leave a nice message. Let's let her know the entire podcast community is wishing her well and hoping for her recovery.

(musical interlude)

**Sherry:** We'd like to thank Jade Brown for our music. We'd also like to thank the Palm Beach Post, CBSNews.com, Daily Mail, Murderpedia, Facebook, Journal of the American Academy of Psychiatry and Law, WGPV Channel 20, WPTV News Channel 5, Ryan Hadley and Dan Yearick - the co-authors of A Thousand Fireflies, the Palm Beach Post, TCPalm.com, the Rolling Stone, the Detroit Free Press, the Stewart News, the Harold-Palladium, the St. Lucie News, and the book, See How Much You Love Me by Amber Hunt for the information and pictures we've used for this episode.

**Marie:** This has been the Parricide Podcast...

**Sherry:** ...and remember...

**Marie:** ...always sleep with one eye open.

Outro music: Ashes, ashes; we all fall down.