

Mockery Manor SEASON 3  
Episode 10: The Mockery Murders, part 1  
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Cowboy MUSIC

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor:  
Bette sent each of the suspects a letter and brought them all to the parlour of the Four Spurs Saloon for a Poirot-style showdown. Sure enough, the currently-comatose Bobby is revealed as the man behind Clayton's many illegitimate kids. Twenty-some years ago, Bobby sold Clay's sperm without the country star's knowledge. What an asshole! One of those kids is revealed to be Clay's assistant, Anna Lou. Not only that, but Anna Lou's mother turns out to be Clay's stalker Abilene, the woman who invaded the VIP lounge on the night of the murder. That's right, folks, Abilene had bought some of Clay's purloined sperm to create her kids! Now, with those kids all grown up, Bette reveals that Abilene had recently been receiving love letters from someone purporting to be Clayton. Golly gosh! As for Jacob - formerly Harry - he claims to have come to the park with the sole purpose of getting revenge on Bobby for running him out of town all those years ago... but Jacob done changed his mind and let bygones be bygones. And just as Bette was about to reveal who really poisoned Bobby, JJ burst through the doors and confessed. Phew-ee! That's you all caught up. Y'all enjoy the episode now!

MOCKERY THEME MUSIC.

MARGOT

Long Cat Media presents Mockery Manor, season 3, episode 10: The Mockery Murders, part 1.

INT. PARLOUR

BETTE  
In actual fact, the name I wrote in  
Jacob's letter was--

JJ BURSTS IN.

The door SLAMS.

JJ  
It's me. Hello everyone.

PARKER  
JJ?? You tried to kill Bobby??

JJ  
(confused) Huh?

PARKER  
Why??

JJ  
What?

FENWICK  
Well well! A confession? Has this  
little charade actually worked?

BETTE  
No, wait, that's not what happened--

HUBBUB erupts.

BETTE (cont'd)  
Listen to me please!

JJ  
(confused) What's going on? What are  
you all talking about?

BETTE  
(loud) Shush!

HUBBUB stops

BETTE (cont'd)  
JJ didn't hurt Bobby.

GEORGE  
She said she did!

JJ  
When??

GEORGE

Just now!

BETTE

No, George, she was saying, 'It's me. Sorry I'm late,' not, 'it's me, I tried to kill Bobby.'

JJ

Yeah, exactly!

PARKER

Ohhhh that makes a lot more sense!  
Sorry mate!

JJ

Wait. You thought I'd tried to kill Bobby??

ANNA LOU

(whispers) So she didn't try to kill Bobby?

GEORGE

(whispers) Apparently not.

JJ

What do you think, I was pressing my ear to the door, waiting for a good moment to burst in and confess?

FENWICK

You and your sister do have a flair for the dramatic.

JJ

(annoyed mutters) Bloody hell.

BETTE

Take a seat, sis.

JJ

(sotto) Wait, Bette. I have to give you something

BETTE

What's that? A book?

JJ

Yeah. From... who I went to see. She's got hundreds of copies in her garage. Look at the title.

BETTE  
Oh, this IS nteresting.

FENWICK  
What's that?

KIRSTEEN  
Gonna share it with the class?

GEORGE  
Don't leave us in suspense!

JJ  
(tense, quiet) You were right, Bette.  
I had a flick through and the person  
who wrote this... they hate us...  
we're in danger... I think this is a  
really bad idea.

BETTE  
(whispers) No no, it's fine, trust  
me--

The door BURSTS OPEN again.

WALTER  
It's me!

BETTE  
Walter...

WALTER  
Hello everyone.

BETTE  
*...finally.*

WALTER  
Sorry I'm late. Did I miss anything  
juicy?

BETTE  
Shut up and sit down, Walter.

WALTER  
I shall. Right here. Next to JJ.

JJ  
(mutters) Please don't.

KIRSTEEN  
(impatient) Ugh, Bette, you gonna  
tell us who poisoned Bobby?

BETTE

Oh yes. No-one tried to kill Bobby.

PARKER

What d'ya mean, no-one tried to...  
what we been talking about?

BETTE

The poisoned whiskey was intended for  
Jacob.

KIRSTEEN

Jacob??

FENWICK

Oh yeah, Jacob. Course. I knew that.

JACOB

That's what Bette told me in the  
letter, that's why I'm here.

PARKER

So someone tried to kill Jacob, not  
Bobby? Well who tried to kill Jacob  
then?

BETTE

Bobby did.

PARKER

What?

BETTE

The silly twat gave you the wrong  
glass. Thankfully.

EVERYONE

Ohhh!

FENWICK

(mutters) Yup. Pretty obvious really.

KIRSTEEN

(sighs) Goddamn Bobby.

JACOB

Man's persistent, I'll give him that.

BETTE

Of course, Bobby's tolerance for his  
own pills is fairly high. A lethal  
dose for Jacob proved less harmful  
for Bobby.

ANNA LOU

Oh no. Oh no!

BETTE

Anna Lou? What's the matter?

ANNA LOU

I gave Bobby his pills that morning. He asked for extra. I can't believe I didn't think of that 'til now!

BETTE

You didn't think of it because that's not how your mind works. Sadly, some of us have learned to look for deception in everyone we meet. And I do mean... everyone. Let's move on. Who killed Clayton Brian Brian Woodrow the third? I tell you now: the perpetrator is in this very room! Shit, that reminds me: Fenwick, can you ask Magenta to come back in?

FENWICK

Right you are, detective.

OPENS DOOR, SHOUTS.

BETTE

And the fulcrum on which this case turns is... letters.

FENWICK

(shouts) Oi! You in the turban! Get back in here!

MAGENTA

(distant)

Alright, alright, I'm coming.

PARKER

What d'you mean, letters?

BETTE

Over many months and many letters, the killer slowly moved their chess pieces into position.

WALTER

You sent me a letter, telling me to come here.

BETTE  
(thrown) Yes... yes.

WALTER  
Why d'ya do that?

ANNA LOU  
We all got one. What did yours say?

WALTER  
It said--

BETTE  
No interruptions, please!

WALTER  
--It said Crackles did it.

Bette SIGHS ANGRILY.

BETTE  
*Walter!* Oh for Pete's sake. This is not the order I was going to reveal things in.

ANNA LOU  
Crackles? You mean, the park mascot?

WALTER  
Yeah! Bette thinks Crackles killed Clayton Woodrow!

BETTE  
Yes, but--

WALTER  
Which got me thinking; someone's copying the murders of '89! Cos Matty dressed as Crackles to murder Graham Wainscoat, didn't he! He did!

PARKER  
Oh my gawd, a copycat.

ANNA LOU  
That's real smart. Hiding in plain sight!

BETTE  
Alright, alright! Let's have some hush please! No more interruptions, or I'll lose my train of thought.

WALTER

The question is, why did I see Crackles at the cottage?

BETTE

Walter!

WALTER

I'll tell you why! Because its the killer's den! Their base of operations!

GEORGE

Oh, that gives me chills!

JJ

The cottage where Graham was murdered? The killer's been hiding out there? Is that right, Bette?

BETTE

Maybe. I...I don't know.

FENWICK

We also have Crackles on CCTV, loitering by the Mine Train staff entrance just before the lights went out. Looks innocent until you realise it's the perfect cover.

PARKER

You've got the killer on tape?

FENWICK

Yup. Wearing the full costume... except if you look closely, instead of giant furry paws, Crackles is wearing a pair of leather gloves.

PARKER

Did you know all that, Bette?

BETTE

(annoyed) Of course I did. I was the one who spotted it!  
(sighs,) I've spent hours trawling footage of that night. Once I saw Crackles by the mine train, I tried to trace backwards, to see what route he took through the park. But the CCTVs don't cover everywhere, and the picture quality is... it was like trying to spot a powderpuff in a snowstorm.



WALTER

So he could've come from anywhere.  
The crowd, the woods, the manor.

FENWICK

Have you told the police you saw  
Crackles at the cottage?

WALTER

Maybe. (giggles)

FENWICK

They'll make a case it was JJ in that  
costume.

JJ

What?? Me? Why?

FENWICK

A forensic psychopathologist will  
claim you were drawn back to the  
scene of Graham's murder, in the  
costume of his killer, to obsess  
about your hero Clayton... to make  
plans for when you finally met him.

WALTER

(glee) JJ! You monster!

JJ

I wasn't in the flipping costume! I  
didn't do it!

FENWICK

Oh dear. Not looking good at all.

JJ

I'm doomed. There's too much, it's  
all mounting up...

BETTE

JJ, they won't win, I promise.

FENWICK

Nah, she's right. It's not looking  
good for her.

BETTE

Shut up, Fenwick.

FENWICK

She needs to know the truth,  
Armstrong.

BETTE

I'm *getting* to the truth. If you all just let me speak.

WALTER

(interrupts)

(giggles) 'ere! 'ere! It's a copycat killer... because they're copying the murders of '89... in a cat costume! Haha! Copy... cat!

JJ explodes.

JJ

Oh my God, SHUT UP, Walter! Just shut up! This isn't funny!

WALTER

Calm down, ya big psycho.

ANNA LOU

If this is a copycat, the killer must be a Brit. How else would they know about these murders from '89?

FENWICK

The details of the case are public knowledge, anyone can access it.

ANNA LOU

But it makes sense that it'd be someone with a connection. Someone who was there, with an emotional tie to the '89 murders.

KIRSTEEN

Anna Lou, are you *enjoying* this?

ANNA LOU

Just tryna piece it together, that's all.

Bette FLIPS PAGES of her notebook.

BETTE

(frustrated sigh) What was I saying before everyone chipped in... dammit...

KIRSTEEN

Miss Marple never needed notes.

FENWICK

Maybe we should break for lunch?

BETTE

No! No, no, I just need to get back on track...

RUSTLE of paper.

BETTE (cont'd)

Letters! I was trying to tell you about the letters. Right. OK! Here we are.

FLIP-SLAP (times two) of letters hitting the table.

BETTE (cont'd)

On the table are two letters. Ideally there would have been four, but hey-ho.

Picks one up.

BETTE (cont'd)

This letter here was sent to Clay's US fan club address before the concert. A letter filled with obsessive longing and veiled threats. It was sent by JJ.

JJ

You mean someone PRETENDING to be me.

BETTE

Exactly. The killer. Thank you to Anna Lou for supplying me with said letter.

ANNA LOU

There were others, but I had to give them to the police as evidence. I'm sorry.

PARKER

Can I see it?

BETTE

Oh. Yes, of course. The second letter was sent to JJ from--

Parker INTERRUPTS.

PARKER

(whispers) Errr, Bette. The handwriting... it's exactly the same.

BETTE

Yes, I know, Parker.

ANNA LOU

What about the handwriting? Tell us!

PARKER

It's just like JJ's handwriting. It's spot on.

GEORGE

Oh dear.

JJ

What are the chances? This is the *second time* a murderer's forged my handwriting just to frame me. The second time. Clayton's killer owes Matty royalties, they've nicked some of his best moves.

PARKER

Are you alright mate?

BETTE

Do you want some water, JJ?

JJ

Oh yeah, that'll help! Can we just hurry this up, please?

BETTE

(nervous) Yes, of course. This won't take long. Ummm, OK. Let's get on with it. So. The second letter I want to discuss is the letter that ensured JJ was in the mine train at the critical time. The letter from Mrs Wainscoat. We can't find it, sadly, so there's no way for JJ to prove she was lured there. Clearly the killer went back to retrieve it for that exact reason.

I sent Detective Fenwick to interview Mrs Wainscoat to see if she could shed light on who might have written it, but she wouldn't speak to him. So... that's a pity.

KIRSTEEN

(sighs) Geez Louise.

BETTE

The third letter - that one there - the third letter was sent to Abilene Docherty a month ago, along with a plane ticket to the UK. This letter instructs Abilene to appear at the VIP lounge at exactly 8.15pm on the night of the concert. It's signed Clayton Woodrow.

PARKER

She was told to go to the VIP lounge by the killer...

KIRSTEEN

Let me see that.

ANNA LOU

So you already knew about the love letters to my mom?

BETTE

I did. Abilene told me all about it... in the Shotgun Wedding Chapel...

FLASHBACK.

INT. CHAPEL - EARLY MORNING

SONG plays (Winds of Heaven, by Laurence Owen)

ABILENE

Stay in the manor? Why would you want me to stay in the manor?

BETTE

So you don't have to sleep *here*. And because you might be the key to unlocking this whole shebang.

ABILENE

Is this a trap? What do you really want from me?? Who are you, anyway!

BETTE

No, no no, please, don't get upset! I'm a friend, I'm trying to help!

ABILENE

I can't stay in the manor! Are you crazy? She wouldn't like it!

BETTE

Kirsteen?

ABILENE

No, my daughter, Annie.

BETTE

*Daughter??* Brian has a sister? Ohhh!  
Of course!

ABILENE

Yeah, Kirsteen wouldn't like it  
either. She might try to kill me.

BETTE

Abilene, I'll protect you from the  
others, I promise. It's a big house,  
they won't know you're there.

ABILENE

You think I did something wrong and  
you want to *trap* me like a wild  
animal.

BETTE

No, no I--

ABILENE

(upset) You think I'm coo-coo!  
Everyone does. No-one ever believes  
me. No-one ever listens.

BETTE

But I'll listen. And I believe you, I  
really do! So... why don't you tell  
me everything! How did you and Clay  
meet? Was it... romantic?

Beat. Abilene calms.

ABILENE

Yuh. It was. I always hoped he'd  
notice me at his concerts, and he  
did, and he fell in love.

BETTE

He approached you at a concert?

ABILENE

Of course not, he's famous, he  
couldn't just come and say hi.  
He told me he tried to forget about  
me, but it was impossible.

(MORE)

ABILENE (cont'd)

So a while back, he started putting messages in the Clayton fan club newsletter lonely hearts section. Every single month, the same message. It said, 'you were the cutie in the cowboy hat who came to all my concerts. Can't get you out of my head. Love to take you out for chicken. CW'. I didn't know if it was definitely Clay, or if the message was meant for me, but something told me to write back, so I did. And then he replied and it really was Clay alright! From then, we started courting the old-fashioned way.

BETTE

He left an address?

ABILENE

A PO box.  
I can prove it. I keep a couple with me, to smell when I'm lonely. He sprays them with his aftershave. Here... here!

She RUMMAGES, takes a letter out of her purse.

BETTE

That's one of the letters from Clay?

ABILENE

Don't sniff it too hard, it'll remove the scent!

BETTE

(sniffs) Hmm.

ABILENE

He couldn't be seen with me or call me because his wife watches him like a hawk. But he wanted to see me so bad. He told me to come to his house once, so I did and I got there real early and I was making eggs in the kitchen for when Clay got up--

BETTE

(mutters) The killer wanted you to prove your devotion.

ABILENE

--but then the housekeeper came in and screamed and she called the police and now I've got a restraining order. Kirsteen wanted to press charges. It wasn't Clay's fault.

BETTE

Abilene, this letter... can I keep it?

ABILENE

No, it's mine!

BETTE

Can I just photocopy it, then? There's one in my office, in the manor. Please, come to the manor with me... I'll cook for you. We can talk more... about Clay.

FLASH FORWARD whoosh.

AD BREAK.

INT. PARLOUR

PARKER

She really thought those letters were from Clayton Woodrow.

ANNA LOU

Oh momma, why are you like this. She's so far gone.

BETTE

If you want something enough, you can convince yourself of almost anything. I suspect letters were sent to more than one super-fan. The killer needed someone they could rely on, someone who could be guaranteed to do exactly as instructed when the time came. Abilene must have emerged as the most malleable, the most obedient of Clay's fans.

GEORGE

So she was an easy target! Gosh. Our killer must be a master manipulator. A genius of deception!



JJ  
A total asshole.

KIRSTEEN  
But why did Abilene need to be at the  
VIP lounge at 8.15?

FENWICK  
To make sure I left my post at the  
mine train.

BETTE  
Yes, that was my very first thought.

PARKER  
Ohhh I see! To make sure the coast  
was clear to murder Clay! Bloody hell  
Bette, that is some detective work!

FENWICK  
Er, it was a joint effort actually,  
thank you very much. We discussed it,  
didn't we, Armstrong? We've been  
working together.

BETTE  
But it's not as simple as that.

FENWICK  
Ey?

BETTE  
Something kept nagging at me about  
Abilene's appearance at the VIP  
lounge that night. *The timing.*

MUSIC as she starts tracing Abilene's movements that night.

A TICKING CLOCK.

BETTE (cont'd)  
Abilene arrived at 8.15.

GHOSTLY MEMORY ABILENE  
I'm allowed to be here! Clay wants me  
here!

BETTE  
Fenwick removed her from the VIP area  
around 8.30.

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK  
Alrighty then, Ms Docherty.

BETTE

It takes 8 minutes to walk from the Saloon to the Shotgun Wedding Chapel at medium pace.  
Fenwick, do correct me if I get any of the details wrong.

FENWICK

Yeah yeah.

BETTE

They spent 25 minutes in the chapel, during which Fenwick called for a taxi--

GHOSTLY MEMORY TAXI DRIVER

Sorry sir, no cars available at the moment.

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK

Bloody hell.

DING as phone roughly returned to cradle.

BETTE

--and used his 'considerable charm' to soothe Abilene's frayed nerves.

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK

No worries, I'll take you.

GHOSTLY MEMORY ABILENE

I wanna go back to the VIP lounge!

BETTE

They walked to the car park -

GHOSTLY MEMORY ABILENE

Slow down, detective. I'm in 6 inch heels. Clay likes me in heels.

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK

(mutters) Oh pity's sake.

GHOSTLY MEMORY - CAR STARTING.

BETTE

Abilene's hotel is a 16 minute drive from the park, if one obeys the speed limit.

BETTE (cont'd)

Finally, Abilene takes a sleeping tablet--

POP of pill bottle.

BETTE (cont'd)

--and Fenwick is able to return to Claytonville. All in all, Detective Fenwick was forced to spend over an hour with Abilene Docherty. He arrived back at the car park around 9.45pm, 12 minutes after Clay's deadly fall.

FENWICK

(sighs)

PARKER

So... what about the timing?

BETTE

So many things could've been different! What if there had been a taxi available? Fenwick, what if you'd been less considerate of Abilene's delicate state, less willing to spend time with her?

PARKER

Fenwick would've got back to the mine train before Clay was attacked!

BETTE

Precisely. But perhaps that was the intention, and the killer's plan went wrong. Perhaps the real purpose of luring Fenwick away from his post was to ensure JJ could enter the closed mine train without being stopped by security.

Once I realised the plan might have gone awry, I started to look at what might have been. Including Clay's death.

Was he meant to fall from the top of the mine train? A man of his age, with a heart condition... the excitement and stress of live performance...

PARKER

Yeah, yeah! Not to mention, being injected with a whopping great dose of adrenaline and pushed backwards into the ride trench. He could've died right there and then!

BETTE

Yes. But that didn't happen. He was stronger than the killer thought. Clay staggered to his feet...

GHOSTLY MEMORY OF CLAY GRUNTING

BETTE (cont'd)

...tried and failed to get out of the ride trench.

PARKER

That's why he followed the tracks: he was looking for a way out!

JJ

But guys, if Fenwick had returned to the mine train sooner, he could've interrupted the attack. He could've stopped it.

BETTE

Exactly, which is why I discarded that original--

GEORGE

(interrupts) --Bette, sorry to interrupt. What about the fourth letter? You said there were four sets of letters, you've only told us about three.

BETTE

(snappy) Yes, George, I was getting to that. In my own time.

MAGENTA

(interrupts) Ugh! OK, fine. I confess!

BETTE

Oh for Pete's sake!

MAGENTA

The fourth letter she was referring to... it was sent to me.

GEORGE

You're involved in all this, Magenta?

MAGENTA

Well I'm not here for the good of my health, am I?

BETTE

(sighs) Go ahead, Magenta, explain the letter.

MAGENTA

Now, now, before I do, I just want you all to know, it seemed completely harmless at the time, and I'm a victim too! I've been cruelly manipulated by this, as you say, 'master manipulator'--

BETTE

Just get on with it.

MAGENTA

He's not going to like this.

GEORGE

Who isn't?

MAGENTA

Eh heh heh. Georgey Porgy. My favourite client. We go way back, don't we, my darling?

GEORGE

Yes?

MAGENTA

I've been a great help to you, haven't I? You can barely tie your shoelaces without my spiritual guidance.

GEORGE

Well, you give such splendid advice.

MAGENTA

I do, I do, don't I, I do, yes, on so many diverse topics too: romance; pet care; auspicious times to travel; that stubborn yeast infection.

GEORGE

The Tarot told me to use natural yoghurt.

PARKER

Ah, mate.

MAGENTA

And sometimes... business matters, too.

(MORE)

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
Now don't get upset, George.

GEORGE  
About what?

MAGENTA  
If you get upset, that yeast  
infection will come straight back.  
And I did it for my mother, not for  
me!

GEORGE  
Your mother? I don't even know your  
mother. What's this got to do with a  
letter?

MAGENTA  
(sighs) Alright, you see, the thing  
is...

FLASHBACK.

INT. MAGENTA'S HOUSE

The radio is on. Magenta is on the phone.

MAGENTA  
Oh, mumsy. How much this time?

MAGENTA'S MUM (PHONE)  
Two grand.

MAGENTA  
Two grand!

MAGENTA'S MUM (PHONE)  
Or he'll break my knees. I've only  
just had them replaced.

MAGENTA  
Oh God. What was it this time? The  
horses?

MAGENTA'S MUM (PHONE)  
Bingo.

MAGENTA  
Oh mumsy, you promised me you  
wouldn't bet on the horses anymore!

MAGENTA'S MUM (PHONE)  
No, I mean, it was the Bingo. Who  
knew you could lose 2 grand at Bingo.  
(MORE)

MAGENTA'S MUM (PHONE) (cont'd)  
 Ooh, Jeffrey from next door's here,  
 I've got to go. But you'll wire me  
 the money won't you dear? Thank you,  
 goodbye!

CLICK. DIAL TONE.

MAGENTA  
 Oh God, ohhhh God. She's going to be  
 the death of me.

BERNARD  
 What's the matter? Was that your  
 mother?

MAGENTA  
 Of course it was. She's bleeding us  
 dry, Bernard. She wants more money.  
 Two grand.

BERNARD  
 Two grand?? (sighs) I'll sell another  
 synth, we'll be alright.  
 Oh, this just came through the  
 letterbox for you. Here.

MAGENTA  
 Probably a bloody bill, isn't it. Oh  
 no.

Magenta OPENS letter.

BERNARD  
 What is it?

FLIPS a page.

MAGENTA  
 It's a letter. Who's it from...  
 (reads) yours sincerely, Bobby D  
 McDaniels. Who's that?

BERNARD  
 Bobby D McDaniels? That rings a bell.  
 What does he want?

MAGENTA  
 (reading) Hang on, let me have a  
 look. He wants... blah blah blah, let  
 me see... oh, it's to do with  
 George... you know, that client who's  
 setting up a theme park?

BERNARD

Erm...

MAGENTA

The one with a chronic yeast infection.

BERNARD

Oh yes.

MAGENTA

Oh! Wait a second. Oh hoh! Oh my! I think the Gods were listening to us, Bernie!

BERNARD

Oh, what does it say?

MAGENTA

This Bobby chap, he wants to pay me four hundred pounds!

BERNARD

Four hundred... well, it's not two grand, but it isn't bad. What does he want you to do?

MAGENTA

Well, the next time I have a session with George, he wants me to guide the discussion to Claytonville and the night of the concert...

FLASH FORWARD WHOOSH.

INT. PARLOUR

GEORGE

You... you lied to me!

MAGENTA

'Lie' is a strong word. But yes.

GEORGE

I don't believe this. If I can't trust my personal psychic, who on earth can I trust!

ANNA LOU

Hold up. Why did *Bobby* write to this psychic lady about George?



BETTE

It wasn't Bobby who wrote it. It was the killer, pretending - once again - to be someone else.

MAGENTA

I'm sorry, George! If I'd known I wouldn't have... obviously I feel awful now.

GEORGE

How many times? How many readings were nonsense?

PARKER

(sotto) All of them?

MAGENTA

Only onee. The letter from not-actually-Bobby, it said I was to convince you to shift the concert from a night with a full moon to one with a new moon.

BETTE

Which appears as no moon at all. Total darkness.

MAGENTA

But I didn't just jump straight in and do it no-questions-asked! I did a little digging first, to find out who this Bobby fella was. Once I learned he was Clayton Woodrow's manager, I thought, oh well that's alright then, that must be legit. He must be worried about the full moon, but he's too embarrassed to tell Clayton to change the date. A lot of people are ashamed to believe in oogly boogily woo woo, you see. (sighs) So the next time George and I had a session...

GEORGE

...the so-called 'spirits' told me it was of huge importance to push the concert forward by two weeks.

BETTE

Clearly they knew how much George relied upon his psychic for guidance.

GEORGE

Oh, Magenta. How could you do this?  
You're a... a stain on your noble  
profession.

MAGENTA

I am so sorry, George. I'm sorry to  
everyone at this table. All I can say  
is - and it's not an excuse, it's  
just a reason - but I trust too  
easily. I'm but a foolish girl who in  
my 23 years on this planet has not  
yet learned the wickedness that lies  
in man's heart.

PARKER

Wait. Twenty three?

JJ

She's twenty three?

BETTE

Good God.

GEORGE

My dear. I often forget how young you  
are!

PARKER

Easily done.

GEORGE

Who amongst us wasn't guilty of a  
certain reckless naivete in our  
youth?

MAGENTA

He who throws the first stone,  
something something something, some  
sort of saying.

GEORGE

But what about the falling man? You  
knew someone was going to plunge to  
their death before it happened!

MAGENTA

Well, I'm clairvoyant.

GEORGE

Of course!

PARKER

Oh come on!

MAGENTA

Look, one can be both a genuine psychic medium clairvoyant AND loosey goosey with the truth at the same time, y'know. It's an artform, not a science.

PARKER

Sounds like bollocks.

GEORGE

She did accurately predict Clay's fall.

BETTE

I'm sure there's a rational explanation.

MAGENTA

Magic. That's the explanation.

GEORGE

You must use your power for good, Magenta.

MAGENTA

Oh, George. I will from now on.

FENWICK

(mutters) Just when I thought this couldn't get sillier.

ANNA LOU

OK. But why did the concert have to be on a night with no moon?

BETTE

So that when the lights went out, the park would be plunged into total darkness. Chaos would ensue. And when Crackles opened the door to the stage to guide Clay through to the mine train, no-one in the audience would see.

FENWICK

Huh. How about that. Your deductive skills are improving, Armstrong.

ANNA LOU

Hey psychic lady. How were you paid?

MAGENTA

I beg your pardon?

ANNA LOU

This fake Bobby, how did he pay you?

MAGENTA

In cash, sent to the park. A bundle of five pound notes. It was three hundred and seventy five pounds short, too. I was had.

ANNA LOU

Pound notes. It was a Brit, alright.

JACOB

Guess we're off the hook.

GEORGE

Except, Jacob, I believe you were living in the UK even then.

JACOB

True.

JJ

Oh who bloody cares! Bette, stop dragging this out. I can't take the theatrics.

BETTE

JJ, It isn't just theatrics.

PARKER

Mate, we gotta trust the process.

JJ

Unnngh!

BETTE

They need to know there's no escape from the truth.

FENWICK

Oh come on, Armstrong, surely you've said enough.

BETTE

What are you talking about, I've barely got started.

JJ SLAMS the table with her fist.

JJ

*Bette!* I can't stay in this room knowing... knowing they're right here!

FENWICK

What's wrong with her?

BETTE

JJ, cool it.

KIRSTEEN

No, I agree with JJ. If you know, you need to tell us.

JJ

And if you won't do it, I will. I'll tell them what you told me last night in your room.

BETTE

No, JJ!

JJ stands up with a SCRAPE of her chair.

JJ

The killer knows all about '89. They knew what Graham was like. They knew Matty dressed as Crackles, and thought 'what a good idea! I'll do that too!'

We move into Bette's room last night.

FLASHBACK WHOOSH

INT. BETTE'S BEDROOM - PREVIOUS EVENING

BETTE

They knew what Graham was like, and thought 'what a good idea, I'll do that too!'. You can see where this is going, can't you? At that point, I was like, 'of course, it's someone who worked - or works - in the park! They knew where the control room was, they knew the electricity is on a timer and how to change it.

JJ

The timer in the control room, of course. So that means... there's just one killer?

BETTE

Yes.

JJ

Thank God there isn't two.  
(mutters) Oh, bollocks.

BETTE

What is it?

JJ

I've left my toothbrush in my room.  
I'll just go back and get it.

BETTE

No! You can borrow mine.

JJ

Nah, it's OK, I'll just be a minute.

BETTE

JJ! You can't!

Bette WALKS to bathroom.

JJ

Bette, no-one's gonna attack me in  
the two minutes it takes to retrieve  
a toothbrush.

BETTE

(in bathroom) They might. Or you  
might scare them away, and I can't  
have that. Here: toothbrush.

Beat.

BETTE (cont'd)

What? What's wrong?

JJ

Scare who away? What aren't you  
telling me?

BETTE

Oh alright then. I was going to  
dazzle you with my genius tomorrow,  
but if you insist, you can have a  
hint: I've laid a little trap in your  
bedroom. I'm 65% sure the killer will  
trigger it.

JJ

(scared) The killer's in my room??

BETTE

God I hope so.

JJ  
 (quiet, terrified) The killer in my  
 room.

Bette gets into BED.

BETTE  
 Now. Where had I got up to? Oh yes!  
 So, when I found out that Abilene had  
 a Mockery security pass, I knew  
 whoever had sent it to her had access  
 to the office. And I was like, duh,  
 of course, it's someone who works  
 here. Or once worked here.

JJ  
 (very quiet) Like Matty. Hilda.  
 Jenkins. Is this ever going to stop?

BETTE  
 (natters ever onwards) God, tomorrow  
 is going to be bonkers! I'm a bit  
 nervous, actually.

JJ  
 (intense) Bette. We gotta protect  
 ourselves. We've gotta... take  
 control.

BETTE  
 That's exactly what we're doing.  
 Taking control!  
 Thanks for letting me talk things  
 through, JJ, I think it's calming me  
 down. So, where was I? Oh yes, so the  
 other thing that made me go: oh, they  
 definitely work here, is that they  
 knew about the adrenaline in the  
 First Aid hut.

WHOOSH forward.

INT. PARLOUR

JJ  
 They knew about the adrenaline in the  
 First Aid hut. They knew the layout  
 of the mine train!

BETTE  
 JJ, please. We need to do this my  
 way.

JJ

Your way? I'm sorry, Bette, I'm not sure I like your way. You've put us in a room with a psycho. Why would you do that to me after everything we've been through?

BETTE

You agreed to this! We're taking control. And there's other people here, we're safe.

JJ

I don't feel safe!

PARKER

Bette, maybe we shouldn't do this.

FENWICK

I think we should call this a day. Come on, everyone! Show's over.

KIRSTEEN

No, I wanna hear what she says. Keep going, hun.

Bette SPLUTTERS.

BETTE

But... I've got an order! This isn't the way it's supposed to happen!

JJ

Those letters to Clay: the killer knows me well enough to forge my handwriting. Except they made a mistake. That IS my handwriting... but it's my old handwriting. It hasn't looked like that for years, since I was a teenager. Look at this capital S, here: that's the Stussy S, I haven't done that since I was 18!

ANNA LOU

(gasps) The killer must've known you as a teenager! It's someone close to you!

KIRSTEEN

But this isn't about JJ! It's about Clay, HE'S the one who got killed!

JJ

It IS about me. Look at the book!



PARKER

Book?

JJ

Where is it?

PARKER

Oh, that book you brought with you?  
What is that?

JJ

Here. Look! Look at the title!

HUBBUB.

PARKER

'The Mockery Murders'.

WALTER

Ohhh no! Noooo! The Mockery Murders??

FENWICK

(sotto) Jesus Christ.

PARKER

Someone wrote a book about Mockery??  
How come I didn't know about this!  
What are they saying about us?

MAGENTA

By 'David Blaine'. Who's that?

BETTE

It's a pseudonym.

JJ

They were too scared to put their  
real name. They feared retribution  
from the 'Mockery crime syndicate'.  
(laughs somewhat madly)

BETTE

JJ, shhh. (whisper) We're being  
filmed.

JJ

It's OK, Bette. I'm just telling  
everyone what's in the book. It's  
about us, y'know. Margot and Jenkins,  
and me, and you Bette, and Parker...  
how we're a crime family! Like the  
mob!

(MORE)

JJ (cont'd)

It says we use the cover of the park for murder and smuggling, and for years and years - decades! - Mockery bribed the local police to look the other way. Pretty sensational stuff!

PARKER

(nervous, convincing the others) All nonsense of course. Not a single grain of truth in any of that. Gosh, wonder where the author got these ideas??

Walter LAUNCHES himself down the table. The SMASH of a glass.

PARKER (cont'd)

Walter??

WALTER

(hysterical) Give it to me! Give me that book! Give it to meeee!

TUSSLE

PARKER

Oh my God, did YOU write it, Walter??

WALTER

No no no no whyy.

BETTE

What the devil's wrong with you?

WALTER

It's not fair! *I'm* writing a book! *I* was gonna call it the Mockery Murders! David Blaine stole my title!

BETTE

It's a pretty obvious title.

PARKER

Well if you didn't write it, who did?

WALTER

I was gonna be the first! I've been doing research for years!

JJ

Get over yourself, Walter. No-one's going to buy a grubby little book by you.

(MORE)

JJ (cont'd)

No-one bought 'Mr Blaine's' book, either. And according to his wife, when it was rejected by every single publisher in the UK, the author spent the last of their funds on vanity publishing. 500 copies. To be sold out the boot of their car. They sent one to Scotland Yard too, hoping they'd open an investigation. But they weren't interested. Probably thought it was some crackpot with a chip on his shoulder. They weren't wrong.

So come on: how many did you actually sell? Out of 500, how many? Oh let's hear it, Mr Blaine. I'm dying to know.

BIG LONG PAUSE.

FENWICK

Thirteen copies. Unlucky for some. Well; for me, anyway.

END OF FINALE PART 1