

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Episode 7

'Moon Madness'

Written by Lindsay Sharman

Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

Cowboy MUSIC

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor:  
George patches up JJ after she catches a punch from Graham's widow. Bette and Fenwick fail to track down Rick the security guard. Bobby threatens to expose Kirsteen's affair with someone called 'Jacob', and Kirsteen threatens to expose *something* about Bobby. Finally, Parker tells JJ about the creepy shrine he found at the cottage, but before they can do anything about it, the police arrive to arrest her. 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 7: Moon Madness.

INT. SALOON

The saloon is BUSY.

Bernard on the honky tonk PIANO. Magenta on the mic.

MAGENTA

Welcome, welcome everybody. Hello. Hello, small child. Hello, yes, there's a table just over there. That's right.

MAN

Can we order some drinks, please.

MAGENTA

No no no, I'm not a waitress, I'm the hostess. A spotty teenager will be along shortly to take your order.

(MORE)

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
 (calls) Oi, Jeff! These people need  
 to order.

Honky tonk MUSIC changes, Magenta launches into her spiel.

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
 Welcome, everybody, to the Four Spurs  
 Saloon in the town of Four Spurs. Who  
 am I? I am the nameless mystic from  
 the hit song 'Four Spurs' by Clayton  
 Woodrow - may he rest in peace. Let  
 me tell you about today's specials:  
 first we have Clayton Ribs... which  
 seems a little insensitive now...

CUSTOMER  
 (calls) Were you there when it  
 happened? Did you see him fall?

MAGENTA  
 What do you mean? No comment. Be sure  
 to reserve a seat for the Seance  
 Experience in the back parlour, just  
 £4.99 for an out--

CUSTOMER 2  
 My cousin saw him fall! She was near  
 the front!

CUSTOMERS  
 Ooooh!

MAGENTA  
 (sotto) What's wrong with these  
 people. Ghouls, the lot of them.

CUSTOMER 2  
 She said he was drunk! That's why he  
 fell!

BERNARD  
 (calls) He wasn't drunk.

MAGENTA  
 Don't engage with them, Bernard.

YET ANOTHER CUSTOMER  
 Did you hear, there's police over at  
 Mockery. In the woods.

CUSTOMERS  
 Oooh!

BERNARD  
 (sotto) Gosh, did you hear that  
 Magenta? Police!

MAGENTA  
 I did.

CUSTOMER  
 Has someone else been hurt? Have they  
 arrested anyone yet?

ANOTHER CUSTOMER  
 I reckon they found another body! Did  
 they find another body?

BERNARD  
 Darling, I think we should do the  
 medley. Tame the wild beasts.

MAGENTA  
 Good idea.  
 People of Four Spurs, it is my  
 pleasure to serenade you all with a  
 medley of Clayton's greatest hits!  
 (aside) Count me in, Bernard.

BERNARD  
 One, two, three and...!

Piano STARTS.

MAGENTA  
 And what? Oh was I supposed to sing?

He stops playing.

BERNARD  
 Yes, 'one, two, three and...'. The  
 'and' is in place of the four.

MAGENTA  
 Why can't you just say 'four'?

BERNARD  
 I could do if that's easier. Shall  
 I--

MAGENTA  
 Alright, stop talking, Bernard.

BERNARD  
 Alright, and one, two, three, four--

Starts playing.

MAGENTA

And! (sings) The year is 1820--

The keys CLASH as Bernard adapts to suit Magenta's unique singing style.

BERNARD

Oh gosh!

MAGENTA

--and the West is still untamed. And a town out in the nowhere is about to earn its name. They're about to learn a lesson about sticking to their word. And you're to learn about the town they call Four Spurs.

CUSTOMER

Boo!

MAGENTA

Oh shut up!

A SLUSH PUPPY lands on the stage.

MAGENTA (cont'd)

Who threw that! Did someone throw a slush puppy? Are you trying to kill me??

Fades out.

INT. POLICE STATION

The HUSTLE and BUSTLE of a busy police station. A phone RINGS.

WOMAN

Popsy's not been home since dinner, it's very unlike her.

POLICEMAN

We don't do missing cats, ma'am. Have you tried putting posters up?

MAN

Now look here. Someone has drawn a cock and balls on my Peugeot.

POLICEMAN 2

Anyone seen the key for the evidence locker? Can't remember where I put 'em.

We move a short distance to...

PARKER

Can't believe someone's framing JJ. Why her, of all people?

BETTE

Could be any number of reasons. Bad luck. Convenience. Obsession. Revenge.

PARKER

Revenge? Maybe we should make a list of all the people JJ's ever pissed off.

BETTE

That's quite a list.

PARKER

Oh geez, what if it's the Yakuza!

BETTE

Not really their style, is it? Ohh I need to talk to her. I feel like I'm groping for answers wearing boxing gloves! Right. That's it. I've had enough.

Stands up.

PARKER

Where're you going?

BETTE

Front desk. We've waited long enough. Come on.

They WALK to the counter. Distant CHATTER, growing closer -

MAN

...cock and balls, yes.

POLICEMAN

(sighs) Fill this out, sir.

BETTE

Hello! Us again.

PARKER

Wotcha.

BETTE

When do I get to see my sister JJ?

POLICEMAN

Look, Miss, I told you earlier--

BETTE

You told me precisely nothing!

POLICEMAN

If you wait in the seating area,  
someone will--

BETTE

--Tell me who's in charge of the  
Clayton case. I want to speak to  
them.

POLICEMAN

Leave your number and I'll pass it  
on.

BETTE

I want to speak to them right now!

PARKER

(warning) Bette...

POLICEMAN

You need to calm down, Miss.

PARKER

(whispers) Let me handle this. Bloke  
whisperer, remember.

POLICEMAN

Next!

PARKER

Mate, mate, one sec.  
Sorry about her, she can be a right  
handful!

BETTE

(gritted teeth) Parker!

PARKER

(to policeman) 'ere, you seen the  
football scores?

POLICEMAN

You two need to piss off, sharpish.  
Go on, sling your hook.

BETTE

Oh good work.

PARKER

But mate--

POLICEMAN

If you don't leave right now, I will  
personally throw you both in a  
holding cell.

FOOTSTEPS approach.

FENWICK

Woah woah woah, what's going on here?

BETTE

Fenwick!

PARKER

What??

FENWICK

Chris, is that you! Long time no see.

POLICEMAN

Fenwick?!

FENWICK

The very same.

Bette and Parker have a whispered confab.

PARKER

(whisper) What the bloody hell's  
Fenwick doing here??

BETTE

(whisper) We're working together on  
the Clayton case.

PARKER

You're doing what??

BETTE

It's fine, he's trying to help us.

POLICEMAN

You look different!

FENWICK

It's the beard. Better than a paper bag eh.

POLICEMAN

I dunno, maybe that's why your wife left you, heh heh.

BETTE

Fenwick, this man won't tell us what they're doing with JJ.

POLICEMAN

'ere, do you know these two?

FENWICK

Sadly. I'll deal with them, Chris. Walk with me, you two.

POLICEMAN

Give 'em a good beating, yeah?

BETTE

But but... wait--

FENWICK

(to B, whisper) -- Leave it, Armstrong. I've got intel.

BETTE

Oh. You have?

FENWICK

Over here. Away from the coppers. You too, Parker.

They WALK away from the desk.

PARKER

(whispers) Bette, can we trust him?

BETTE

Sssh Parker.  
What's the news, Fenwick?

FENWICK

I've just come from the cottage. Forensics are on the scene. Used to play darts with one of them. He told me there's a... squirrel in a bowl.

PARKER

We know. I already told her, didn't I, Bette?



BETTE

He did.

FENWICK

Did you also tell her there was a hypodermic needle sticking out the squirrel's arse?

PARKER

Ugh, what? No! There was??

BETTE

A hypodermic needle?

PARKER

(mutters) I didn't wanna look that close at a squirrel's arse, did I.

BETTE

What kind of hypodermic needle? Like the one I found on the mine train track?

FENWICK

Yep. Exactly the same as the one used on Clayton.

PARKER

Wait wait wait. So you're saying someone stabbed Clayton with a hypodermic needle? Like, drugged him? And that's why he got confused and fell off the rollercoaster?? Oh gawd, does that mean... someone drugged the squirrel before they murdered it?

FENWICK

No.

BETTE

What??

PARKER

Oh. So why was there a needle in the squirrel?

BETTE

(soft) To make it look like JJ practised on a squirrel before she tried it on Clayton.

PARKER

Oh no.

FENWICK

That is the conclusion the police are coming to, yes.

BETTE

This really doesn't look good.

FENWICK

Speaking of, the results for the mine train hypodermic are back from the lab. No prints. Too smashed up.

BETTE

Dammit, if only I hadn't landed on the damn thing!

FENWICK

Indeed. But they did find trace elements of what it once contained. Epinephrine. Also known as adrenaline.

PARKER

Blimey.

BETTE

Clayton was drugged with *adrenaline*? Why not poison of some kind?

FENWICK

For Clayton, adrenaline was poison. Clayton Woodrow had a serious heart condition.

BETTE

Of course.

FENWICK

No doubt the killer intended him to suffer a cardiac arrest. I imagine the killer thought it would be quick. But instead...

BETTE

...instead he staggered along the train tracks... looking for help...

FENWICK

Mr Parker, does Mockery keep a stock of adrenaline, by any chance?

BETTE

Why would they?

PARKER

Oh gawd. Yeah.

BETTE

Really?

PARKER

Yeah, yeah. There was an incident a couple of summers ago, a man got stung by a wasp and had this massive allergic reaction. After that, we ordered some stuff for anaphylactic shock. JJ and I, we trained the staff what to do. How to administer the adrenaline. Yeah. It's in the First Aid Hut... but it's in a locked cupboard. Only park employees have access.

BETTE

Like JJ, you mean. Dammit! This doesn't look good at all.

PARKER

Ohhh what are we gonna do??

FENWICK

Hold your horses. Without prints or physical evidence to directly tie her to the scene or the murder weapon, they can't charge her just yet. But it'll certainly re-focus the investigation.

BETTE

So you think they'll let her go soon?

FENWICK

Indeed.

BETTE

OK. Good. Really need to talk to her. In the meantime, I'll try and find that letter you told me about, Parker. The one from Mrs Wainscoat asking JJ to meet her at the Mine Train.

PARKER

Oh, yeah, yeah! Maybe it's in her room. I can help?

FENWICK

You two go. I'll stay here. I told Rick I'd meet him here at two.

PARKER

Who's Rick?

BETTE

Do you mean the security guard from the Mine Train?!

FENWICK

Yeah. Finally tracked him down.

BETTE

Have you spoken to him yet? What did he say? Did he see anything?

FENWICK

He did. But you're not gonna like it.

BETTE

Why?

FENWICK

He told me he saw someone coming out of the mine train during the blackout. Tried to stop them.

BETTE

(soft) Oh no.

FENWICK

Rick didn't think it was important at the time, seeing as everyone was saying the fall was an accident. I put him straight. So now he wants to file a report.

BETTE

Oh no.

PARKER

But if it was dark, he couldn't have seen anything. Not really?

FENWICK

He had a flashlight. Rick said it was a girl wearing a very distinctive hoodie. And the description he gave me of the girl, well... I think you know who he saw.

BETTE

JJ.

PARKER

Shit.

FENWICK

When were you gonna tell me.

BETTE

I only found out this morning. Parker told me.

PARKER

JJ only told me last night.

BETTE

More to the point, why didn't you tell me Rick was about to dob my sister in??

FENWICK

I just did, didn't I? (sighs) I knew you'd be like this.

BETTE

You mean, unhappy my sister's being stitched up like a kipper? Yes, what a strange reaction I'm having! Fenwick, you need to stop Rick from talking to the police.

FENWICK

I'm not gonna do that.

BETTE

But this'll place her at the scene of the crime! And she's innocent!

FENWICK

Armstrong, I will not conspire to withhold information from the police.

BETTE

It's not withholding, it's... delaying. Until I can figure out what's going on! Please, please Fenwick.

FENWICK

What you're asking me to do is... it's not pukka, mate, not pukka at all.

BETTE

But you don't trust the police to investigate properly, you told me that. You know what they'll do with this information, they won't dig any deeper, it'll be 'case closed, JJ did it, let's go to the pub!' Just give me a couple of days, Fenwick. Then I will personally escort Rick to the police station.

PARKER

Please mate.

FENWICK

(grumbles) Yeah alright.

BETTE

Thank you. Thank you thank you. OK. Parker and I should go. You stay here to--

FENWICK

--deal with Rick, yeah yeah. Jesus. What am I doing.

BETTE

We should stay in touch the next few hours. Park walkie-talkie! Parker, can you arrange for a walkie-talkie to be dropped to Fenwick?

PARKER

Yeah, guess so.

FENWICK

Won't work. The range is too small.

BETTE

Dammit. OK, how about we--

Door CREAK.

KIRSTEEN

(loud) Bette Armstrong! I shoulda known you'd be here!

Kirsteen approaches, her HEELS CLICK CLACKING.

BETTE

Oh! Kirsteen! Hello!

PARKER

(whisper) What's she doing here?

KIRSTEEN  
 (angry) Bailing out your *sister*, huh?

FENWICK  
 (whisper) She must've heard about the  
 cottage.

Kirsteen reaches her.

BETTE  
 Is everything alright?

KIRSTEEN  
 If I'd have known, I would NEVER have  
 hired you.

BETTE  
 Known what?

KIRSTEEN  
 My PI's twin sister is the lead  
 suspect in my husband's murder, isn't  
 that hilarious! Talk about a clash of  
 goddamn interest!

BETTE  
 No no no, Kirsteen, I can assure you,  
 JJ is in no way involved in your  
 husband's death! Or rather, she IS  
 involved but only because someone's  
 framed her.

KIRSTEEN  
 Sure! And I suppose she didn't write  
 all those crazy letters then, huh?

BETTE / PARKER / FENWICK  
 What letters? Another letter? Crazy  
 letters?

KIRSTEEN  
 Your goddamn sister sent my husband  
*hundreds* - HUNDREDS - of letters over  
 the last year! But you know what? We  
 keep every crazy-ass fan letter  
 that's ever sent to us. All on file  
 in case anything ever happens. And  
 Anna Lou's arranging for them all to  
 be sent here, so the police - and  
 you! - can see how twisted your  
 sister really is.

BETTE

No, it can't be her... she wouldn't...

PARKER

Wait wait wait! Kirsteen, are you saying JJ's been stalking Clayton??

BETTE

No, no, Abilene's a stalker! Not JJ!

PARKER

No no, Bette, there's another stalker besides Abilene. George told me about her. She sends letters with a UK postmark.

KIRSTEEN

Mmmhmm, and the last one said she'd see him at the concert. How about that! I guess she didn't have to travel far, huh?  
Bette, why didn't you tell me who your sister was when I hired you?

BETTE

Because I didn't know any of this!

FENWICK

Excuse me. Sorry for interrupting. Madam, when did you become aware that one of your husband's stalkers was a manager at Mockery?

KIRSTEEN

(annoyed) What? Oh, I don't know... I guess when we first got to the manor. And yes, OK, I know now we shoulda left as soon as we heard that name, but we didn't, and I will regret that forever.

PARKER

Why didn't you leave?

KIRSTEEN

Because Clay didn't want to.

GHOSTLY CLAY MEMORY

Oh, it's probably a coincidence. 'JJ' must be a common name here.



KIRSTEEN

Clay and I bumped into JJ at the manor house just before we left for the concert--

GHOSTLY JJ MEMORY

Oh, sorry!

GHOSTLY CLAY MEMORY

Pardon me, ma'am.

BETTE

You did?

KIRSTEEN

...and I thought... this girl couldn't have written those letters. She wasn't even excited to meet us.

BETTE

Aha! There you go!

KIRSTEEN

(thoughtful) She even got Clay's name wrong, called him Carl...

BETTE

There! See? Would a stalker do that? I don't think so!

KIRSTEEN

(grim) Bette. I know about the cottage. I know what she did with that squirrel.

BETTE

No, no, she didn't do that.

KIRSTEEN

I know you want to believe that. It's natural to defend someone you love. You think you know your sister, but Bette, she must be a damn good actress.

BETTE

She really isn't! They always made her a sheep in the nativity. I was Mary.  
Look, Kirsteen, I just need time. I'll clear JJ's name and I'll find out who really hurt your husband. *I promise.*

Beat.

KIRSTEEN

I guess you're real motivated to solve this, huh?

BETTE

Very much so.

KIRSTEEN

More so than before, I bet.

BETTE

Well, yes. But regardless, you won't regret hiring me, Kirsteen. You really won't.

KIRSTEEN

Oh come on, honey. You think I'm gonna keep you on the payroll *now*? I can't believe I have to spell this out...  
Bette, you're fired.

INT. BACK PARLOUR, FOUR SPURS SALOON

Canned SPOOKY MUSIC plays.

THUNDER CLAP. WOLF HOWLS.

MAGENTA

Do you feel that? The room has become much colder. Do you know what that means?

Beat

PUNTER

...a ghost?

MAGENTA

(before he's finished speaking) A ghost! It's a ghost! We have made contact with the Other Side! Everybody, repeat after me.  
(loud) Spirit, are you there?

Beat

MAGENTA (cont'd)

Come on. Repeat. Repeat after me.

PUNTERS TOGETHER  
Spirit, are you there?

CHILD  
I'm scared.

MUM  
It's alright darling, it's not real.

MAGENTA  
Oh, it's very real, I'm afraid!  
Spirit, give us a sign!

The SEATS start to VIBRATE.

A couple of people GASP, someone GIGGLES, etc.

PUNTER  
My chair's vibrating!

PUNTER 2  
(saucy) Oooh!

MAGENTA  
The spirit is trying to throw us from  
our chairs! Do you see how they  
shake, rattle and roll? They wish to  
break the circle! We must not let  
that happen!

A vase SCRAPES across the table.

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
Ohhh, look at that vase of flowers!  
It moves as if nudged by a spectral  
hand!

The lights flicker on and off. BZZZZZ.

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
Oh! We have angered the spirit!

A SMALL BANG as if the fuses have dramatically blown. People  
GASP.

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
Oh no! We are plunged into darkness!

CHILD  
Turn the lights back on!

MAGENTA  
Gasp! Look! Glowing symbols on the  
wall! Over there. Look.

PUNTERS

Ooh, yes, look.

MAGENTA

The spirit has used its own ectoplasm  
to daub a curse upon the wall! We  
must send it away before it is too  
late!

CHILD

I'm scared! (cries)

MAGENTA

Can you pipe down, please?

MUM

I'm sorry, I think we'll have to  
leave.

MAGENTA

You can't leave now, it's almost  
over. We'd have to open the doors.

CHILD

(hysterical) Muuum!

MAGENTA

(loud) SPIRIT, I COMMAND THEE, THOU  
SHALT NOT BE-FOUL THESE GOOD PEOPLE'S  
SOULS! BEGONE TO THE NETHER REGIONS  
WHENCE YOU CAME!

Lights FLICKER, chairs VIBRATE. Spooky MUSIC reaches a  
climax. The child WHIMPERS.

MAGENTA (cont'd)

I said... BEGONE!

The CRACK and BANG of a small indoor FIREWORK.

A CLICK as Magenta turns the tape of spooky music off.

MAGENTA (cont'd)

And that concludes the Seance  
Experience.

PUNTERS

Oh, very good.

A few punters CLAP.

MAGENTA

Bernard, open the doors.  
(MORE)

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
 If you'd like to exit the parlour by  
 the door you came in through. Thank  
 you. Goodbye.

Everyone FILES OUT, MUTTERING.

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
 If you would like to tip, Bernard's  
 holding a bucket.

The TING of a coin going in a bucket.

BERNARD  
 Thank you. Thank you.

MAGENTA  
 (calls) We don't get paid much, tips  
 are quite important, ya know.  
 No? No-one cares. OK. (sighs) Another  
 one down.

Magenta catches sight of someone still in their chair.

MAGENTA (cont'd)  
 Excuse me, hello. The show's over.  
 You have to leave now.

BETTE  
 No, I don't think I will.

MAGENTA  
 I beg your pardon? I said the show's  
 over - oh. You're the girl who  
 fainted at the concert!

BETTE  
 That's me. Hello again.

MAGENTA  
 Ohhh! You're feeling better, I hope?  
 What a terrible night that was, I'm  
 still shaken. Bertha, wasn't it?

BETTE  
 Bette, actually. Bette Armstrong.  
 Private investigator.

MAGENTA  
 Private investigator?

BETTE

Yes. That's why I'm here. I've been interviewing park staff regarding Clayton Woodrow's fall from the Four Spurs Mine Train.

MAGENTA

Have you? Well. Not much point talking to me. You already know what I was doing; scraping you off the floor, heh heh.

BETTE

Yes. And I'm very grateful. But what I--

MAGENTA

--(interrupts) Not at all not at all my pleasure! Oh look at the time. I'm terribly sorry, Bertha--

BETTE

Bette.

MAGENTA

--I have to re-set the props for the next Seance Experience, so if you don't mind...

BETTE

Oh that's fine, go ahead. I'll sit here while you work.

MAGENTA

Oh. I suppose... you could do that. Alright, I'll just, erm...

Magenta starts moving props around.

MAGENTA (cont'd)

Go ahead then. What do you want to know?

BETTE

I want you to tell me about this.

A small THUMP as Bette puts JJ's work diary on the table.

MAGENTA

What's that?

BETTE

My sister's diary. I was going through her things... looking for a letter that's nowhere to be found... and instead, I found this.

MAGENTA

Oh dear. Should you be violating her privacy like that?

BETTE

It's just a work diary. See?

FLICKS PAGES.

BETTE (cont'd)

Stock takes, meeting times, equipment repair, checklists for the concert.

MAGENTA

Mmm. Fascinating.

BETTE

And this. See?

MAGENTA

What? What am I looking at?

BETTE

Here, next to each date. A tiny circle. Some of them are filled in, some of them are partial--

MAGENTA

It's the moon. They always print the phases of the moon in diaries.

BETTE

You know, I thought that's what it was! But I wanted to consult an expert, just in case.

MAGENTA

Well. That's me.

BETTE

And I couldn't help but notice... (flips pages)... that the concert fell on a night when there was no moon at all.

MAGENTA

Oh?

BETTE

But see, back here, on the 6th May... where is it (flips pages)... ah! Look. JJ's written 'Clayton concert', and then scribbled it out. It looks like they changed the date of the concert.

MAGENTA

Mmmm?

BETTE

And look at this, on the 6th May, it was a full moon.

MAGENTA

Was it, huh.

BETTE

Why do you think they changed it? In your expert opinion?

MAGENTA

(vague spluttering) Well, I don't know... full moons are known to bring out a little madness in people, so maybe they thought it was an inauspicious date.

BETTE

Yes! I think you're bang-on. Because I asked Parker about it, and he said that it was George who insisted on changing the date. That he threatened to pull out of the park altogether unless they moved the concert to the 6th May!

MAGENTA

I... I don't really know why you're telling me this.

BETTE

Because I thought you might know if George is superstitious? Does he believe in 'moon-madness'?

MAGENTA

Well, um... ha, erm!

BETTE

Has he ever asked you for a reading? To guide his business decisions, for instance?



The MURMUR of polite voices outside.

MAGENTA

Goodness, what on earth is happening out there?? It sounds like a brawl!

BETTE

Does it? I can't hear anything...

BERNARD

(outside) No, you can't come in, I'm afraid.

Mags OPENS the door.

MAGENTA

Bernard, is everything alright?

BERNARD

I was just telling these people that they'll have to come back later.

MAGENTA

JJ and Parker are the bosses, dear.

BERNARD

Oh. Oh gosh.

PARKER

Yeah, look at my lanyard; it says manager, doesn't it!

JJ

Let us in!

Bernard OPENS DOOR. JJ and Parker WALK in.

BERNARD

Go right ahead.

JJ

Thank you.

BETTE

JJ! Thank God! Are you alright? Was it awful?

JJ

No, it was... I'm fine.

PARKER

Came straight here from the police station.

BETTE  
Did anyone see you?

PARKER  
Don't think so.

BETTE  
Good.

MAGENTA  
Well! We'll let you three have some  
privacy.

BETTE  
Wait. I've got a couple more  
questions. Take a seat, everyone.

MAGENTA  
Us as well?

BERNARD  
Shall I make everyone a cup of tea,  
or something stronger?

JJ  
Yeah. Get us a bottle of vodka from  
behind the bar, will you?

MAGENTA  
A *bottle* of vodka? How long's this  
gonna take?

BETTE  
Hmmm. Well. There's quite a lot to  
discuss... things we need to put in  
place...

PARKER  
You got a plan, Bette?

BETTE  
Sort of. Although there's a couple of  
things I need to find out first. And  
I need your help. Both of you.

PARKER  
Absolutely!

JJ  
Bloody hell. Can't we just a drink  
and try to forget?

BETTE

You know that doesn't work. And might I remind you, the police are gathering a case against you as we speak!

I thought we might as well base ourselves here while we figure things out. Nice and private. Away from the manor.

MAGENTA

You can't just take over my parlour!

BETTE

So in answer to your earlier question, Magenta, we'll be here the rest of the day, and possibly tomorrow too.

MAGENTA

But what about the seance experience?

PARKER

Cancelled. Looks like we're having a lock-in, girls.

BERNARD

(perky) I'll go get the voddy!

INT. THE LIBRARY, THE MANOR

L'il Bobby D is having a drink with Harry. The CLINK of glasses. Bobby DRINKS.

BOBBY

Now THAT'S a whiskey. At long last. Not real chatty, are you, boy? Wonder what Kirsteen sees in you. Ain't your personality, that's for dang sure. Let's put some music on.

He puts a record on the turntable. It's a Clayton SONG, a slow, thoughtful number.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Figure he should be in the room while we talk.  
You a fan, Harry?  
Or should I say, *Jacob*.

HARRY

You recognise me then.

BOBBY

I have to say, the fake name makes you look mighty suspicious, Jacob. You hiding from something? From little ol' *me*? Although I guess the real question is, why are you *here*?

HARRY

The library? You told me to meet you here.

BOBBY

I meant in Claytonville.

HARRY

I work here.

BOBBY

Oh, right. Big theme park fan, are ya? Love a cowboy town, I bet!

HARRY

Sure do.

BOBBY

Best part I find is all the little kiddies running round the teepees.

HARRY

You trying to rile me up, Bobby?

BOBBY

And have you seen the Claytonville bird show?

HARRY

Tryna get me to talk? Ain't gonna work.

BOBBY

Come now, don't tell me you haven't seen the Running Eagle bird show! They got some English man doing tricks with cockatiels! Ha heee! Now that's entertainment.

HARRY

(sighs)

BOBBY

What am I saying? I am so sorry! I completely forgot; you're native, aren't you? And here I am, running my mouth off.

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

Is that why you were hired by this place? Are you here as a... what do they call it... a 'consultant' on native matters? Is that it?

HARRY

What do you think?

BOBBY

I think they didn't ask you a damn thing!

HARRY

Of course they didn't. But I told 'em what I thought soon as I got here.

BOBBY

Aww, they didn't care, huh?

HARRY

One of the managers, she promised they'd erect some kinda info board. Told me to write it all down for her, how they forced us off our ancestral land, and I did.

BOBBY

Info board never materialised, huh? Empty promises from the white folk! We do have a habit of lying to you people.

HARRY

Least you admit it.

BOBBY

Oh I'm not ashamed to own up to my imperfections, Jacob. Because I like 'em! (laughs) Makes me who I am.

HARRY

An asshole.

BOBBY

Your whiskey's low. Let me top you up there. ( Kirsteen told me you were from Oklahoma.

HARRY

Kirsteen told you that?

BOBBY

Oh sure! We're real close. What tribe?

HARRY

It'll mean something if I tell you, will it?

BOBBY

Sure!

HARRY

Kiowa.

BOBBY

Ohhh Kiowa. Kiowa! Yeah. Would you like a pretzel?

HARRY

Why'd you ask me here, Bobby? What do you want?

BOBBY

I want to be 35 again with a healthy prostate. Barring that, I guess the first thing I'd like to know is who told Kirsteen about Clay's progeny.

HARRY

I dunno.

BOBBY

You told her.

HARRY

If you're so sure, why'd you ask?

BOBBY

When did you tell her? How much does she know?

HARRY

Know what? I just work here. I'm just working at a theme park, buddy.

BOBBY

Real cute. Ten years ago, Jacob, when you wormed your way into our lives, I thought you were just some pretty boy opportunist. Reckoned you saw Kirsteen and dollar signs lit up your eyes.

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

And then one of my men found you digging through our particulars, and I knew... she was just a bonus. You were there for Clay. Hired to ruin a good man. Nothing lower than a private dick, scrabbling around in other people's business. How do you sleep at night?

HARRY

It wasn't me who ruined him, and you know it. Time to take a good look in a mirror, asshole.

BOBBY

What you did to Clay... all those women with their brats popping up with their 'proof of paternity', threatening to go public unless Clay paid up. And now you're back, and Clay ends up dead. Coincidence? I think not. Who hired you this time, boy?

HARRY

Maybe it's just serendipity, us bumping into each other after all this time.

Bobby THUMPS the table.

BOBBY

Why you here? Why you back in our lives?

HARRY

You scared of me, Bobby? Bet you wish your goons did a little more than rough me up ten years ago, huh? Speaking of which, I got some hospital bills that still need paying.

BOBBY

(strangled) Was it Kirsteen? Did she hire you? Did she hire you to kill Clay?? (coughs)

HARRY

Don't give yourself a heart attack, man.

BOBBY

Goddamn, if I had my gun with me, I'd put a hole right in your no-good--gak! Cuh!

Bobby starts to CHOKE.

HARRY

What was that, Bobby? What would you do? Big boy with his big gun, talking big words.

Bobby continues to CHOKE, WHEEZE, GARGLE etc.

HARRY (cont'd)

(grossed out) Ugh. Jesus, man. Bobby? Are you OK?

The needle sticks on the RECORD.

Bobby CHOKES.

HARRY (cont'd)

(not loud) Bobby? Bobby? Hey. Bobby?

Knocks over his glass, which SMASHES on the floor.

Bobby COLLAPSES with a huge THUMP.

A short SILENCE.

Harry WALKS to the door, OPENS it.

HARRY (cont'd)

(calls, still calm) Hey, hello? I think we need some help in here! L'il Bobby D's collapsed.  
(beat) I think... I think he might be dead.

Music CONTINUES.

End of episode

CREDITS

Mockery Manor is written by Lindsay Sharman, and directed by Lindsay Sharman and Laurence Owen.  
Music, sound design and editing by Laurence Owen.



Hayley Evenett was JJ and Bette  
Laurence Owen was Parker and Paul  
John Henry Falle was Fenwick and  
Bobby D. Christina Bianco was  
Kirsteen, Luke Capasso was Harry /  
Jacob, and Mark Restuccia was the  
police officer, and Madame Magenta  
and Bernard were themselves.  
Consultancy on the indigenous peoples  
of the Americas by Luke Capasso.

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become one of them and help me and  
Lindsay keep making podcasts, tap the  
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com.

Music FADES.