

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Episode 3

Witch of the Woods

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Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

Laidback cowboy MUSIC.

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor: Parker asks JJ about a mysterious letter she recently received, local reporter and DJ Paul confronts Bette about her sister's promotion to manager, and finally... country star Clayton Woodrow performs a new song at the big opening concert... and disaster strikes.

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 3: Witch of the Woods.

THE RADIO

We channel hop from SONG to SONG (familiar from past episodes) to the news -

PAUL

...Paul Baker and you're listening to GSPW news at nine. The internationally renowned country star Clayton Brian Brian Woodrow the Third plunged to his death last night in front of an audience of thousands, including his wife, country star Kirsteen McFallon, and his manager of 40 years, Bobby 'D' McDaniels. At around 9.30 yesterday evening the 82 year old singer songwriter climbed to the summit of the Four Spurs Mine Train ride track in the Claytonville Park area of Mockery Manor.

(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
 Witnesses describe Mr Woodrow
 'stumbling' over the mine train
 tracks and into an animatronic goat,
 before falling 45 feet onto the
 artificial rocks below. An
 investigation is ongoing, and police
 are asking anyone with any
 information to...

INT. A CORRIDOR, THE MANOR

Bette KNOCKS at the door of JJ's bedroom.

BETTE
 JJ? You in there? I just brewed a pot
 of coffee, do you want some? I made
 it for the Americans, actually - I
 felt a bit sorry for them, none of
 them went to bed last night - but
 then that angry little man in the
 cowboy hat called it 'brown piss' and
 said he'd stick to whiskey, so... do
 you fancy a cup of freshly brewed
 brown piss?
 (beat) JJ? JJ? Knock knock, sleepy
 head!

The door CREAKS open.

Shpooky MUSIC.

BETTE (cont'd)
 Oh. Door's open.

She WALKS in. The radio is louder now. She CLICKS it off.

BETTE (cont'd)
 JJ? It's just me.
 (loud whisper) Are you sleeping?

A COUPLE MORE STEPS.

She GASPS.

BETTE (cont'd)
 (horror, panic) Oh my God! What the
 hell happened here?? No no no no!

CREAK of door opening.

PARKER
 Bette?? Is that you? What's the
 matter?

BETTE

Parker! Get in here! JJ's room: it's been ransacked!

Parker HURRIES IN.

PARKER

What the hell...!
(beat) Hang on. It's just a bit messy, innit?

BETTE

It's more than messy! The drawers are all pulled out! There's clothes *everywhere*...

PARKER

Yeah but--

BETTE

...and the French windows are wide open...

PARKER

Bette, this ain't much different to normal. It always looks like this.

BETTE

Don't be silly!
(beat) Does it? Are you sure??

PARKER

Yeah.

BETTE

Bloody hell. She never lets me in here, I can see why now. What a mess. How come you know what her bedroom looks like?

PARKER

She's been late for work a few times the last couple of weeks. Had to come and get her.

BETTE

Doesn't sound like JJ. She's a lot of things, but she's not tardy.

PARKER

She told me she hasn't been sleeping well, so she's taking these pills that knock her out. Makes her sleep through the alarm.

BETTE

She's on medication? I didn't know that.

PARKER

I should go find her. The police are asking where she is. It's her turn to give a statement.

BETTE

Ooh, do they want a statement from me, too?

PARKER

Nah, shouldn't think so. C'mon, let's get out of here. After you.

He OPENS the door.

BETTE

Alright.

PARKER

If you see JJ before I do, tell her to go to the drawing room, yeah? That's where the police are doing interviews.

The door SHUTS behind them.

BETTE

Okey dokey. Well, if anyone needs me - like the police, in fact - I'll be in my office.
(mutters) Or the dark room, I do need to develop that film...

PARKER

On a job at the moment, then?

BETTE

Of course. Very big case, actually. Verrrry big.

PARKER

Gonna put you on the map, is it?

BETTE

Well, I'm pretty established on the map already, so...

PARKER

Oh yeah, I bet.

BETTE
Forging quite a reputation, actually.

PARKER
Well done.

BETTE
Thanks.

PARKER
Maybe you should offer your services
to the coppers; you could help them
with the Clayton investigation.

Bette turns to him, excited. They stop walking.

BETTE
(excited) Ooooh yes, do you think
they'd let me?

PARKER
(laughs) Yeah I'm sure Scotland Yard
will be banging on your door any
second now.

BETTE
It's not *that* unlikely! I could
provide valuable insight!

PARKER
Alright, Hercule Poirot! You'll have
to grow your moustache out! Hahahaha!

BETTE
Parker, stop it! Stop laughing! Maybe
I WILL offer my services, and I bet
they say 'yes'!

PARKER
You better hurry up then, I think
they're leaving soon.

BETTE
Already?

PARKER
Yeah. They think it's a pretty open
and shut case, thank gawd.

BETTE
That seems awfully quick. Do they
know what happened?

PARKER

Don't tell anyone, strictly off-record and all that, but they think old Clay probably had some kind of mental episode - like dementia or something. Which is great, 'cause that means the family can't sue us.

BETTE

Clayton had dementia?

PARKER

That's what the police think.

BETTE

And they told you that 'off-record'?? Seems a bit unprofessional.

PARKER

Y'know what I'm like, Bette: I'm the bloke whisperer. Lads open up to me. I start with 'did you see the football scores?' then by the end of the conversation, we're planning matching tattoos and I'm the best man at their wedding. Extracting information from some dopey copper wasn't hard.

BETTE

If I ever need to seduce the secrets from some grunting hooligan, I shall call on you, Parker.

They STOP WALKING.

BETTE (cont'd)

Right, this is me. Let me know if you find out anything else, will you? I'll be in my office all day.

PARKER

Right you are, detective.

BETTE

Wait, can you hold the coffee pot while I unlock my door?

Bette takes her KEYS out and UNLOCKS the door.

PARKER

Sure thing. Ooh check out your fancy gold sign. Is that new?

BETTE
 Certainly is.

PARKER
 (reads) 'Bette Armstrong: Private
 Invetigator.'
 Did you know it's missing the 's'?

BETTE
 What? No it isn-- oh my god!

PARKER
 'Private Invetigator', haha!

BETTE
 Oh for God's sake! That plaque cost
 me thirty five pounds!

Parker walks away, LAUGHING.

PARKER
 I shall leave you to your
 invetigations! Don't invetigate too
 hard! Haha!

BETTE
 God's sake.

INT. MINE TRAIN

The police have cordoned off the area. Detective Fenwick
 ducks under a rope.

CAMERAS snippity-SNAP the crime scene.

POLICEMAN
 Excuse me sir, you can't come in
 here. This is an active crime scene.

FENWICK
 Goodness me, are the police admitting
 a crime's been committed? That's
 something, I suppose.

Fenwick STRIDES past.

POLICEMAN
 Excuse me, you cannot--

FENWICK
 Who's in charge here?

POLICEMAN

Excuse me, you cannot be here! I am going to have to ask you to leave.

FENWICK

Back off, constable. I used to be a detective with this force.

POLICEMAN

Yes, well I used to be a baby poeing me pants. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to--

COWBOY MUSIC.

DETECTIVE STEVE

It's alright, Henrikson. This is - or 'was' - Detective John Fenwick. I assume he has a reason for barging into my investigation.

FENWICK

Hello Steve.

DETECTIVE STEVE

Alright John. How's retirement?

FENWICK

I'm not retired. I worked security for Clayton's concert last night.

DETECTIVE STEVE

Well... didn't you do a fine job? Why are you here, John?

Oh, I know. Has no-one taken your statement yet? Aww. If you go to the manor house, one of my boys will write down whatever you have to say.

FENWICK

I've already given my statement. I also overheard one of 'your boys' talking to a Mockery staff member. He said Clayton had dementia and that's why he fell.

DETECTIVE STEVE

It's one of many possibilities we're investigating, yes.

FENWICK

I know what you're doing, Steve. High profile victim like Clayton?

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)

(tuts) The brass won't enjoy all that press attention. They'll want this wrapped up as soon as possible.

Because if anyone looks too close for too long, they might see how very incompetent you all are.

(quiet) And that's before we get onto the corruption. Shame old Mr Jenkins is dead, otherwise--

DETECTIVE STEVE

(interrupts, loud) --Time for you to leave now, John. Before I let Henrikson arrest you for being a stupid shit.

FENWICK

This wasn't an accident, Steve. It was murder. And as you won't investigate this case properly, then I will. And you will be shown for what you are.

DETECTIVE STEVE

Get him out of here!

FENWICK

Don't worry. Don't worry. I'm leaving. You lot make my gums itch. See you around, Steve.

Fenwick detective-sashays away, 'lone sheriff' music playing.

INT. BETTE'S OFFICE

Bette is watching BOGAN BAY and eating CRISPS.

On the telly--

LOGAN

What's going on with you, Jen?

JEN

I'm fine, Logan. Just leave it!

LOGAN

This is about Bogan Beach Bar burning down, isn't it? That wasn't your fault, Jen.

JEN

You sure about that? I was supposed to be working that night, Logan. If I'd been there... (sobs)

BETTE

Yeah, instead of snogging Shane. Shocking behaviour. Don't listen to her.

LOGAN

(husky) If you'd been there, I might've lost more than the bar. C'mere, you big gallah. Kiss me.

They KISS. MUSIC plays.

BETTE

(eating) Oh, Logan, you fool.

LOGAN

Look at the time. The Bogan Beach Bar fundraiser's starting soon, we need to pick up the donkeys.

JEN

I'm not going, Logan. I'm sorry. There's something important I need to do.

BETTE

What are you up to, you naughty girl?

LOGAN

What's more important than the fundraiser???

JEN

Logan, please! Just... just go without me! Just go! Please!

Bogan Bay DRAMA STING.

BETTE

(eating) I don't know why Logan puts up with it.

A KNOCK at the door. A muffled voice behind the glass -

KIRSTEEN

Hello? (knock knock) Bette Armstrong?

BETTE

(mouth full) Huh?

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

Shit!

(calls) One moment please! I'm not decent!

(sotto) Oh gawd, I'm covered in crisps. It's so messy in here. Jesus.

Bette TURNS THE TV OFF. She PATS herself down, CLEARS her THROAT, and calls--

BETTE (cont'd)

Come in!

The DOOR OPENS. Freshly widowed Kirsteen walks in. Sad but still sassy, dammit.

KIRSTEEN

Do you have a moment?

BETTE

(surprise) Oh! Mrs. Woodrow! I mean, Mrs McFallon? That's your stage name, isn't it. Or is it Ms McFallon? Or is it Ms Woodrow when you're offstage? Or--

KIRSTEEN

--Just call me Kirsteen. Have I interrupted anything?

BETTE

No no nonono. Nothing at all.

KIRSTEEN

You are open for business?

BETTE

You mean private investigation business? Yes! Yes yes! Please, take a seat.

KIRSTEEN

Thank you.

She SITS.

Bette pushes a BOWL along the table towards Kirsteen.

BETTE

Have a salted peanut. Or a pretzel? I put them out for clients.

KIRSTEEN

Like at a bar? No, no thank you.

BETTE

(chews) What can I do for you?

KIRSTEEN

(sigh) I figured there's a PI in the building, I should probably take advantage. Unless you're fully booked?

BETTE

I think I might be able to squeeze you in.

KIRSTEEN

Do you mind if I smoke?

LIGHTER flares. Bette COUGHS.

BETTE

Please, go ahead!

Kirsteen EXHALES on a SIGH.

KIRSTEEN

You've probably guessed why I'm here.

BETTE

(tentative) Clayton?

KIRSTEEN

(sad) Clayton.

BETTE

(solemn) Yes. I was so sorry to hear about that...
I mean, I didn't *hear* about it, of course, I actually saw it happen, although I did hear the sound he made when...ahhhh, anyway, sorry, yes, it's all very tragic, you must be very upset--

KIRSTEEN

(interrupts) --Oh God, you are really bad at this.

BETTE

Sorry.

KIRSTEEN

Maybe you should try the silent, brooding detective thing.

BETTE

Ha, good idea! Not sure that's who I am, sadly. Less of a brooder, more of a thinker-out-louder. And I think what happened with your husband last night, it's sort of... unnerved me. You'd think I'd be accustomed to it by now, considering how much violent death I've been involved in, but here I am, babbling like an idiot.

KIRSTEEN

Violent death, huh? So you've handled big cases before?

BETTE

Oh? Erm. Yes?

KIRSTEEN

Good. For a second there I was worried you might be small fry. You know; finding lost pets, taking photos of cheating husbands, that kind of thing.

BETTE

No, not at all! Haha. Ha.

KIRSTEEN

Great.

BETTE

Although, Kirsteen... just so I know I'm not misunderstanding the situation; aren't the police investigating what happened to your husband?

KIRSTEEN

Of course they are.

BETTE

So why do you need a private investigator?

KIRSTEEN

Because the cops are idiots. Have you seen them? The guy who took my statement... what an asshole. And so young, he looked about 24. Tops. How old are you?

BETTE

Oh much older than that. (beat) 26.
Next birthday.

KIRSTEEN

Jesus.

BETTE

Girls mature faster than boys, I'm
basically 40.

KIRSTEEN

(sighs) Sure.
Anyway, this cop, he'd made up his
mind about Clay before I even got in
the room. First thing he said to me,
'has your husband seemed distracted
recently, Mrs Woodrow? Has he had any
memory lapses?' I was so taken aback,
I said, 'sure, sometimes. Who doesn't
forget where they've put their
glasses every now and then?' (groans)
And then I... why did I do this? I
told them Clay's heart medication
affects his memory. Well that little
asshole, he grabbed a-hold of that
like a puppy on a shitty rag. Makin'
out Clayton was old and confused. Yes
he's old, but you saw him last night,
you were in the audience, and he
was... wasn't he just...
how did he seem to you?

BETTE

Fine! Relaxed. Chatty. Maybe a little
melancholy at times, but certainly
not like he was about to, y'know--

KIRSTEEN

--Climb a goddamn rollercoaster in
the dark and pitch over the side?
That's what I said. I told them it
didn't make sense. That something
must've happened in that ten minutes
when the lights went out. Maybe
someone was chasing him, or, I don't
know... if he was confused, then
someone struck him on the head!
But the cops told me there was no way
to check if that was true or not
because of the way... the way Clay
hit the ground.
(upset) Goddammit.

Overwhelmed, Kirsteen takes a moment.

Bette takes a TISSUE out of a tissue holder.

BETTE

Tissue? I mean, Kleenex?

KIRSTEEN

Thank you.

They're gonna declare him senile and that'll be the end of that. And I can't bear it.

BETTE

And you want *me* to find out what really happened?

KIRSTEEN

Honey, you don't have to solve the whole damn case. You just need to find something, *anything* that says Clay didn't go up that rollercoaster willingly. And then Scotland Yard or whoever can take it from there.

BETTE

So you really think this might be murder?

Kirsteen SIGHS, stands up. OPENS door.

KIRSTEEN

Just find me something that means I can get a real detective involved. No offense.

The door CLICKS SHUT.

Mockery STING.

EXT. FRONT GATE, MANOR HOUSE

The COPPER on the gate argues with ABILENE.

ABILENE

But I have important information you need to know! My lover is dead!

COPPER

Madam, you need to--

ABILENE

Why does no-one listen to me? Is it because of these? Is it because of these??

COPPER

That's enough. You're not coming in the manor and that's that.

ABILENE

Why aren't you listening to me? I need to tell them what I know!

COPPER

Look love, we've had a lot of Clayton fans trying to 'help the police'; we don't need any more brilliant tip-offs about how his manager is ripping him off, or how his wife is cheating on him, alright.

ABILENE

But his wide was cheating on him! And I'm not just a *fan*! We're in love!

COPPER

Oh yeah? Having a torrid affair with him, were ya?

ABILENE

Yes, I was!

COPPER

Clear off, love. Stop wasting valuable police time.

ABILENE

You're just going to ignore me??

Fenwick strides up. His voice carries sufficient authority that the copper instantly defers to him.

FENWICK

What's going on here, constable?

COPPER

Oh, er, this lady was trying to enter the manor, sir. But I stopped her.

ABILENE

It's you! Thank Christ! Tell him to listen! Tell him to let me in!

FENWICK

She can come in with me, constable.

ABILENE

Thank you!

COPPER

Now hang on a minute! You can't just walk in. Who are ya?

FENWICK

(Detective John Fenwick. Now if you don't mind...

COPPER

(suspicious) I've never seen you before. You working this case?

FENWICK

More than you are! Constable, did you even think to take this lady's name?

COPPER

Why would I? Who is she?

ABILENE

Abilene Docherty. I need to tell someone in charge about Clay. About his family.

COPPER

Abby what..?

FENWICK

Abilene Docherty. Sound familiar?

COPPER

Should it?

FENWICK

The Woodrows filed a restraining order against Ms Docherty last year when they found her in their house one morning, making eggs. And last night, just before the concert, Ms Docherty violated that order and entered the VIP area, in search of Clayton. Caused quite a ruckus, didn't you. I had to escort her off the premises. But you'd know that if you had paid even the slightest bit of attention to what's going on beyond the end of your spotty nose.

COPPER

Bloody hell. She's that stalker, is she?

ABILENE

No! I'm not a stalker! Mr Fenwick, you made it sound bad! I didn't break into Clay's house or the VIP area! Clay invited me. I can prove it! His wife, she got the restraining order, she controls him... she's bad news! That's what I need to tell the police, but nobody's listening to me.

COPPER

Flipping heck. She's a nutter.

ABILENE

I am not! How dare you!

COPPER

You better take her inside. They've set up in the study.

FENWICK

Is Clayton's wife in the manor?

COPPER

(nonplussed) Yeah.

FENWICK

Hmmm. That changes things. It would be prudent to question Ms Docherty at the station instead.

ABILENE

Oh. Good idea. If she sees me, she might try to hurt me.

FENWICK

Take her to the station, constable.

COPPER

Me?? But I thought you were...
I'm supposed to stay on the gate!

FENWICK

(angry sigh) Is that all you are, constable, a little yappy guard dog? Show some gumption, man!
Don't worry, I'll let the station know that you're both on your way.

COPPER

Er right, yeah, I see, err.

FENWICK

Go on then! Don't just stand there dithering!

COPPER

Yes sir! Right, Madam, you need to come with me.

ABILENE

Finally. Thank you.
And thank you, detective.

FENWICK

You're welcome, Abilene. Make sure you tell them everything.

ABILENE

Oh I will.

COPPER

Come on then, you. And no funny business.

The copper and Abilene WALK OFF.

Fenwick CLANGS the gate shut behind him and CRUNCHES ACROSS THE GRAVEL towards the manor.

FENWICK

(angrily mutters) Absolute embarrassment. Moron. Bloody useless. Didn't even ask for my ID! I could be anyone. Useless. Embarrassing.

He OPENS the manor door. CREEEAK.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fenwick's shoes SQUEAK on the marble floor.

FENWICK

What's this bloody country coming to?
Now then, which way, which way? Not the corridor with the ram's head, or the one with the clock...

DOOR OPENS.

The middle-distance sound of Bobby D, shouting. Fenwick's SHOES SQUEAK across the floor throughout.

BOBBY

Have they found that woman yet??

COPPER 2

I don't know. Mr D, I'm gonna have to ask you to calm down.

BOBBY

If you're even thinkin' bout telling me to calm down! My oldest friend is dead! Anna Lou, get my pills!

ANNA LOU

Here Bobby.

Fenwick moves further away, their voices recede.

FENWICK

Aha. Here we are. Clayton's boudoir.

He comes to Clay's door.

FENWICK (cont'd)

Oh yeah, put a few bits of tape across his door, that'll stop me entering! Oooh tape! Whatever am I to do!

He RIPS some of the tape away.

FENWICK (cont'd)

And call this a lock? Embarrassing. Grah!

He GRUNTS as he FORCES the lock. It OPENS.

FENWICK (cont'd)

Couldn't keep a one-legged kitten out.

A CREAK as he enters the room. The door SHUTS behind him.

FENWICK (cont'd)

(mutters) Now then. Where, where, where... let me see...
... Chest of drawers?
Bedside table?

Something catches his eye.

FENWICK (cont'd)

The curtains? Well now. What do we have here.

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)

A pair of pink trainers, size... 5?
With a couple of ankles attached,
aha!

He STRIDES over and PULLS THE CURTAIN to the side.

Bette SHRIEKS.

BETTE

Agh! It's not what it looks like!
I'm... housekeeping!

FENWICK

Housekeeping in a dead man's room?
What does that involve? Polishing
fingerprints off surfaces? Destroying
evidence?

BETTE

No!? Alright, I'm not housekeeping.
I'm a private--
(realisation) Good God.

FENWICK

Bugger me.

FENWICK / BETTE

You.

BETTE

(whisper, horror) You're that
detective. The one who arrested
Matty.

FENWICK

Well well well. Hello, Bette
Armstrong.
May I ask what you're doing hiding
behind the curtains in Clayton
Woodrow's bedroom? Mere hours after
his murder?

BETTE

So you also think it's murder?

FENWICK

Tut tut. First poor Mr Wainscoat
brutally seen off all those years
ago, and now this.

BETTE

Mr Wains... you mean Graham??

FENWICK

That makes it not one, but two murders you've been up close and personal with, Ms Armstrong, and both in the same theme park!

BETTE

Not *strictly* the same theme park. Adjacent parks, separated by a fairly substantial lake--

FENWICK

Serial killers often like to hunt their victims on home turf, did you know that, Ms Armstrong?

BETTE

What on earth are you suggesting?? That I murdered Graham and Clayton?? I'm not a serial killer!

FENWICK

That's what a serial killer would say.

BETTE

But I didn't kill anyone!

FENWICK

Well then, you must have a plausible explanation for why you're in Mr Woodrow's room. Now might be a good time to spit it out.

BETTE

I'm a private investigator! I'm just doing my job!

A beat. Fenwick CHUCKLES.

FENWICK

Oh yes. They told me you were a PI. The notion was so absurd I assumed I'd dreamt it.

BETTE

It's not that absurd.

FENWICK

(big sigh) Ms Armstrong, this is an active police investigation, only law enforcement are permitted access to sealed areas. Did you not see the tape across the door?

BETTE

Yes. I made sure not to disturb it. I limbo-ed in.

FENWICK

But the room was locked.

BETTE

All the interior locks in the manor are the same. If you have a key for one room, then you can access anywhere.

FENWICK

A literal inside job.

BETTE

Inside job? What are you talking about??
Look, Detective, I haven't done anything wrong. I'm allowed to be here, I really am. I've been hired by Kirsteen McFallon.

FENWICK

Ohhh that changes everything. You were hired by one of the prime suspects! Not just any old prime suspect, but the wife of the deceased, who is, statistically, the most likely to have done the crime! Why didn't you say!

BETTE

Oh God! Am I in trouble?

FENWICK

I'm afraid you might be.

FAINT CREAKING FOOTSTEPS, getting louder.

BETTE

But I haven't even touched anything! Not much, anyway. Please don't arrest me!

FENWICK

Sshhhh! What's that.

CREAK CREAK.

BETTE

Oh! Someone's coming.

CREAKING stops. The sound of TAPE across the door being stripped away.

FENWICK
(whispers) Hide! Back behind the
curtain! Go! Now!

BETTE
Hide?? Ohhh! OK, OK!

Fenwick PULLS the curtain.

BETTE (cont'd)
(whisper) Move over.

SLOW FOOTSTEPS as someone enters the room.

The PING of a hard thing against ceramic. Then QUICKER FOOTSTEPS, and the DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

The CURTAIN SWISHES open.

FENWICK
They're gone.

BETTE
Wow! Haha!
They didn't know we were here, did they? What did they want? What were they doing? Who was it?

FENWICK
I don't know! I couldn't see.

BETTE
Oh bugger, I didn't see either, I had a face full of curtain!

FENWICK
Dammit! Dammit!

BETTE
So annoying! What do you think they wanted? They were really quick. They must've come here to fetch something very specific. Hmmm. I heard a 'ping', did you hear a 'ping'? Metal? Glass? Porcelain?

FENWICK
Ms Armstrong--

BETTE

And did you hear - they had a key,
but when they tried to use it, it
sounded funny. Why??
Oh my God look!

She WALKS to the door.

BETTE (cont'd)

The door handle's hanging off! It
wasn't like that when I came in.
Ohhh! Did you break it?? You did!
That what that thump was!

FENWICK

I... it's an old handle! Old things
break.

BETTE

You forced your way in!

FENWICK

Now look here, I don't have to
explain myself, certainly not to you!

BETTE

Hang on, why did you want to hide
from them?

FENWICK

What?

BETTE

You hid. Why?

FENWICK

Bloody hell, your mind jumps around
like a flea on a trampoline!

BETTE

Tell me why you hid.

FENWICK

Why do you think? To see who it was
and what they were planning to do.

BETTE

Hmmm. I suppose.

FENWICK

Oh, you 'suppose', do you?

BETTE

Well, it didn't work, did it? You didn't see who it was OR what they were doing.

FENWICK

I am aware of that! Maybe if you'd budged up I could've looked through the crack in the curtains!

BETTE

So you should've sprung out and arrested them. Or at least sprung out and asked them what they were doing! As it is, neither of us know anything.

FENWICK

Thank you for the helpful pointers, Ms Armstrong, I shall pass your wisdom onto the training academy and make sure the next generation of coppers are properly educated.

He OPENS the door.

BETTE

Wait. Where are you going? Wait! Are you... are you going to get me into trouble?

FENWICK

What a good question.

He CLOSES the door again.

FENWICK (cont'd)

Alright, how about this: I won't tell anyone you were here--

BETTE

Oh thank you!

FENWICK

IF you stop investigating Clayton's murder.

BETTE

I can't do that. I've been hired to do a job.

FENWICK

So quit.

BETTE

But I... I don't want to.

FENWICK

This might come as a surprise to you, Ms Armstrong, but this isn't about what YOU want. This is about justice. So stop playing at coppers and go back to whatever it is you usually do. Picking your nose, watching Australian soaps. Before you get hurt.

He LEAVES.

A beat.

BETTE

Pbbbt!
Silly man.
Right then. What in this room goes 'ping'...

EXT. MOCKERY WOODS - NIGHT

The CRACKLE of a small fire.

JJ is talking to Dennis Thatcher. Dennis TRUMPETS.

JJ

Ssssh Dennis. It's alright. The fire's not gonna spread.
(sad chuckle) I was in the Brownies, you know. When I first joined we learned how to make scones and Hoover the carpet. But then we got a Brown Owl who was really into wilderness survival. Taught us how to navigate by the stars, how to gut an animal. How to build a fire pit.

FIRE CRACKLES. Elephant EATS.

JJ (cont'd)

Bette and me, we were really good at it. It was great, actually... until one of the parents found out from the bloodstains on their daughter's tunic that we'd been skinning squirrels. And that was the end of that. Maybe I should live in the woods with you, Dennis. What do you think?

TRUMPET. SNUFFLES.

JJ (cont'd)
 You've eaten all the melon! I haven't
 got anymore. And Margot said too much
 is bad for you, anyway. Greedy guts.

A closer SNUFFLY SOUND.

JJ (cont'd)
 (chuckles) Stop it! Stop eating my
 hair. Go on, go back to the others,
 you big goon.

WALTER
 Flipping heck!!

A TRUMPET.

JJ
 Agh! Walter?!

WALTER
 It's a flipping elephant!

JJ
 Oh my God. Go away! Go away!

WALTER
 There's a wild elephant in the
 Mockery woods! The rumours are true!
 (shouts) I KNEW IT.

Dennis TRUMPETS and THUNDERS off into the distance. Branches
 CRACK in her wake.

JJ
 You scared her, you idiot! Why'd you
 have to shout?

WALTER
 Where's it going?? We should follow
 it!

JJ
 No! Leave Dennis alone!

WALTER
 Dennis? The elephant's called Dennis?

JJ
 Walter, if you tell anyone about
 this, I swear I will kill you!
 (MORE)

JJ (cont'd)

Do you hear me? They're very happy here, don't ruin it!

WALTER

'They're very happy'? Is there more than one??

JJ

No!

WALTER

There is! I knew it! I hear them sometimes when we're camping in the woods.

JJ

You're wrong, there's just one--

WALTER

I'm not. I've seen the signs. Massive piles of poo, bark stripped from the trees. I told the group they were the marks of the woodland witch. They loved that. Hmm, would they prefer to know it's elephants, or maybe they'd like-- ow! Get off!

JJ grabs his arm.

JJ

(sharp) The group? You brought people here? You're not alone. Is that what you're saying?

WALTER

Ow, let go of my arm. Maniac. There's five of us. We've been camping since Wednesday.

JJ

Where are they? Are they close?

WALTER

No, they're back at the cottage. Camping by the pond.

JJ

So what are YOU doing here?

WALTER

Well. We all heard this noise, see. A kind of trumpeting sound. I was the only one brave enough to come look.

(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)

Oh dear, what am I going to tell them?

JJ

Tell them it was a car horn. Or a truck. One of the Mockery trucks.

WALTER

You're quick with the lies. Had plenty of practice?

JJ

You taking the moral high ground, Walter? The boy who brings people into the woods to stare at an old crime scene? Take photos next to a blood stain? It's ghoulish. Disgusting.

WALTER

It's not disgusting. It's just natural human curiosity.

JJ

It's titillation.

WALTER

Oh yeah, definitely. Who doesn't feel more alive in the shadow of death?

JJ

You have no idea what you're talking about.

WALTER

Ooh, I've had an idea; you should come give a talk to the group about Graham. And that poor country singer who just died, do you know anything about that?

Spooky MUSIC.

JJ

OK. You know what? This is private property, Walter. I could get you arrested for trespassing.

WALTER

And I could get you arrested for keeping a herd of elephants in the Mockery woods! Can't imagine that's legal.

(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)
(chuckles) Oh dear. Looks like we're
at an imp-assee.

JJ
A what?

WALTER
An... imp-assee?

JJ
An impasse?

WALTER
Whatever. Looks like we both need to
keep our mouths shut. Well? I won't
say anything if you don't.

A tense beat.

JJ
Fine.

WALTER
Trouble is, if one of my groups spots
an elephant while we're camping,
there's not much I can do about it.

JJ
The herd doesn't go near the cottage.
Just don't take anyone deep into the
woods. Alright? If you do, I'll know.

WALTER
Oh yeah? The woods have eyes. Maybe
you're the woodland witch.

JJ
Maybe I am. Don't cross me, Walter.

WALTER
Wouldn't dream of it. Full of
secrets, aren't you JJ? Maybe that's
why everybody prefers your sister.
She doesn't have your darkness.

JJ
(sad) No. I don't think she does.

The FIRE FLARES. Walter COUGHS.

WALTER
(coughs) Coo, that fire's a bit
smoky. What are you burning?

JJ

I'm toasting marshmallows.

WALTER

Huh. That marshmallow looks a lot like a hooded sweatshirt to me.

JJ

Go away, Walter.

WALTER

(chuckles) Gladly! You're giving me the creeps. Bye bye, witch of the woods!

Walter walks off CHUCKLING.

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 Bette and JJ
Laurence Owen was Parker, Paul, the Constable and Bogan Bay Logan
Christina Bianco was Kirsteen
John Henry Falle was Detective Fenwick and Bobby D
Kristi Boulton was Abilene Doherty
Lindsay Sharman was Henrikson and Bogan Bay Jen
Mark Restuccia was Detective Steve and James Ducker was Walter

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