

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Paul's Crime Time 2

Written by Lindsay Sharman

Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

We run through a number of RADIO STATIONS before settling on... local station GSPW.

PAUL

...you are listening to GSPW, and lo, the 'snitching' hour is upon us! Which means it's time for...

PAUL BUT ECHOEY

Paul's unsolved crime time.

PAUL

And blimey O'Reilly, let me tell you: GSPW has never had so many calls and letters about a topic before! You ghoulish lot can't get enough of this Clayton Woodrow story. Hungry for more! And like the head chef at the brain buffet, I say 'welcome' to the zombie hordes and invite you all to feast.

So let's quickly go through a couple of listener theories. Russell from Saffron Walden wrote in to say that Mockery Manor is a magnet for murder, because, and I quote, 'the park is cursed as it was built on top of Merlin the magician's burial mound' and Russell goes on to say the proof is right there staring us in the face, as Mockery is co-owned by the theme park company 'Wizzzard' Entertainment. That's actually pretty convincing. There could be something in that.

Next we have Leona from Six Mile Bottom - which is a real place, I looked it up because I thought she was playing me for a fool - Leona from Six Mile Bottom thinks that one of Clayton's illegitimate kids murdered him for a share of the inheritance. Hmm. Unlikely. If you were born 'on the wrong side of the blanket', as it were, you cannot legally inherit anything at all.

(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)

I assume. Who knows - not me! - and I'm not about to do the research - boring! - but it's just common sense really, isn't it. Regardless, thank you for writing in Leona, even if you are very wrong.

And finally, Brendon from Norwich says 'werewolves did it'. (sighs) Alright.

And now have we got a treat in store for you! To help crack this case wide open, we've got a very special guest on the line. Someone who has a close personal connection with murder at Mockery: it's Walter Flurgburg.

WALTER

It's... Fleggburgh.

PAUL

Walter Flurgburg, lovely to have you on the show, how you doing?

WALTER

Hello Paul. I have to keep my voice down, my mum's asleep on the sofa.

PAUL

Sure. Now, a little background, if I may. You worked at Mockery Manor during the Matty murders of '89.

WALTER

I did.

PAUL

As did I! We were there at the same time, although we never spoke, of course.

WALTER

Yes we did. We were in the same dorm.

PAUL

Haha, don't think so.

WALTER

We were. We shared a bunk bed.

PAUL

Nah. I'd have remembered that. And you do not work for Mockery or any subsidiary of Wizzard Entertainment currently, is that correct?

WALTER

That's correct, although I'd say I'm an *unofficial* employee. I lead the Mockery Manor Murder Tour... with the full support of the Mockery management team, of course.

PAUL

Oooh exciting. What IS the Mockery Manor Murder Tour? Keep it short.

WALTER

I take overnight groups into the Mockery woods. We toast marshmallows and I tell them all about that fateful summer. As I was there, I can give them the juicy details that the news didn't report.

PAUL

Right. So it's a sort of murder-themed camping trip. Spooky-dooky! And have recent events have overshadowed the '89 murders, at all?

WALTER

Quite the reverse, Paul. Business has never been better. I'll have to expand to accommodate all the new interest... and it's all thanks to Clayton Woodrow.

PAUL

Right, I see, yes. From Clayton's loins burst forth a veritable cottage industry! So my final question to you, Walter: do you think there's a link between the murders of '89, and Clayton Woodrow's fall from the Four Spurs mountain?

WALTER

Oh ho ho yes.

PAUL

Thank you, Walter! Oh, look at the time: it's Pop O'Clock!

WALTER

Don't you want to know about--

PAUL

Yes, thank you Walter. That's enough of him. Next up is the Clayton top 40 hit from 1974: 'Four Spurs'! A funny little song about a cursed town in the old west. And of course, you can go and visit Four Spurs itself in Claytonville theme park, and perhaps while you're there, you'll uncover clues as to what made the old codger tick. Now with no further ado... it's Four Spurs.

Four Spurs, by Laurence Owen

(Alright now. Let me tell you a little story...)

The year is 1820 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 your word,
And you're about to learn about the town they call Four
Spurs.

(Mmm that's nice)

Well the townfolk all are thirsting cos the well has run
bone dry
And if they don't tap some water soon, they know that they
gonna die.
Then suddenly they see her as she moseys into town:
A mystic in a turban on a horse of darkest brown.

Me oh my it ain't no lie.
The mystic rode a horse of darkest brown.

She says "I see your problem and I think that I can help.
I have in me the power to bring back water to your well.
For a little clutch of dollars and some vittels for my
horse,
I'll see to it your sorry luck will swiftly change its
course."

So the sheriff comes to greet her and he shakes her by the
hand.
"We're mighty pleased to meet ya, and you're welcome on our
land.
If you bring back our water, your horse shall have his feed,
And as I am a gentleman, then you shall have your fee."

Me oh my it ain't no lie.
You have my word that you shall have your fee.

(Alright let's go up one, there we go)

So she reads her incantations and she weaves her magic
spell,
And all at once the townfolk hear a rumbling from the well.
Then bursting like a geyser, comes a mighty jet of steam
That settles at the well mouth into water cool and clean.

Well the townfolk start a-cheering, and they sing and shout
with glee.

Says the mystic to the sheriff, "Now about what we agreed."
Says the sheriff, "What agreement? You've got nothing
written down.
So I don't owe you nothing. Get the hell out of my town."

Me oh my it ain't no lie.
Yeah, take your horse and get out of my town.

(Alright, tell 'em about it boy. That's real country. OK,
here I come.)

So the mystic and her horse, they take a drink then walk
away,
And the townfolk come a-rushing with their buckets and their
pails.
But as the mystic rides away, a quick flick of her hand.
When the townfolk touch the water, the water turns to sand.

Then the townfolk start to panic as they watch it all go
south.
With every sip the water turns to sand inside their mouths.
They scream and cough and splutter and they shout "what have
you done?!"
And they call out for the mystic, but the mystic is long
gone.

Me oh my it ain't no lie.
They call out but the mystic is long gone.

(She gone, man. Solid gone.)

What little food they have runs out and water is there none.
So the townfolk have no choice but to go wandering in the
sun.
But if they'd looked behind them, as they bid the town
farewell,
They might've seen a wild horse drinking water from their
well.

(Ain't no word of a lie. Come on, now. Take it home.)

Now the town belongs to horses. Now the horses make the laws.
They drink in the saloons, they run the banks and general stores.
The stallions all in shirts and ties, and the mares in silks and furs,
And the four shoes of those horses have four shiny jingling spurs.

Me oh my it ain't no lie.
On all four feet are shiny jingling spurs.
The horses all wear shiny jingling spurs,
And that's the way the horses staked their claim
And how the town of Four Spurs got its name.

(Paul's Pop Hits)