

Mockery Manor SEASON 2

Episode 7

'Enter Grossman'

Written by Lindsay Sharman

Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

THEME TUNE, punctuated by...

MARGOT V.O.

Long Cat Media presents Mockery Manor
Season 2, Episode 7: Enter Grossman.

EXT. DUNKELSCHLOSS STAGE, BABA YAGA ZONE - 1991

The heavy metal band CLOTMONGER finish their song.

Alex runs out onto the temporary stage in the Baba Yaga zone
and grabs the mic.

ALEX

Alright, a big hand to Clotmonger!

The crowd cheers.

ALEX (cont'd)

A band all the way from Denmark! Is
this not wild to be here, in the
shadow of the castle, listening to
some of Europe's most obscure metal
bands?? What a night!

Alright, we're going to have a short
break right now, but Dunkelschloss
Battle of the Bands '91 will return
with homegrown band Frostwald. Yah,
supercool! Get ready to rock your
socks and pants off!

But please don't litter in the park
or forest, thank you.

In the crowd-

GRETCHEN

Where the hell is Gunther? We're on
in fifteen minutes!

PINA

Maybe he couldn't handle it. Maybe he
left.

GRETCHEN

He wouldn't do that. We've been
practicing for this all year.

PINA

Oh my God. I am so nervous, Gretchen!
My hands are shaking! How will I
play??

GRETCHEN

Just drink another snakebait, Pina,
you'll be fine.
Oh, there he is! (calls) Gunther!
Who's he talking to? I'll go get him.

Gretchen runs over to Gunther. She hears a fragment of their
conversation.

WEIRD MAN

No, no, no, no. We don't use locals.

GUNTHER

But I could help? And I need the
money, man. And I can drive...

Gretchen catches up.

GRETCHEN

Hey. Gunther. We're almost on.

GUNTHER

(to man) Talk later, yeah?

WEIRD MAN

Stay out of it, kid.

He leaves.

GRETCHEN

Who was that? And where the hell have
you been?

GUNTHER

Just looking around.

GRETCHEN

'Looking around'? But you work here.
You know what it looks like.

GUNTHER

We need to head backstage, yah.

GRETCHEN

Yah. We should. Yah!

They walk.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Well? Answer my question. Were you looking for anything in particular?

GUNTHER

That's a weird thing to ask.

GRETCHEN

You're acting weird! Come on Gunther, what's going on?

GUNTHER

Nothing.

Hi, we're Frostwald, can we get through? We're on next.

BOUNCER

Yah, go in.

GUNTHER

(calls) Hey, Clotmonger, that was great!

CLOTMONGER

Thanks man! Good luck!

GUNTHER

They're such nice guys. I love Clotmonger.

GRETCHEN

You are unbelievable.

GUNTHER

What is your problem?

GRETCHEN

What's the problem? I thought we'd watch the bands together, Gunther. You disappeared as soon as we got here! We've been looking forward to this for ages, where did you go? Was it to do with that man? You told him you needed money, I heard you...

GUNTHER

(quiet) Well, yah, we need money. Gretchen, if we're going to take this band to Berlin, if we're going to record an album, we need money, man. And you need a better guitar. We need new stage outfits. New, not secondhand. Look at my leathers, man, I look like a deflated elephant.

GRETCHEN

Oh, well if you're that committed to the band, get your head in the game. We're on soon, and we haven't even run through the song since this morning.

GUNTHER

Relax Gretch. You'll be amazing. You always are. Yah? Yah? Exactly. Look, we'll talk about this afterwards, OK?

GRETCHEN

Talk about *what*?

GUNTHER

About the park. (whispers) I think something big is about to happen here.

Pina runs up.

PINA

Guys! Why didn't you come and get me?? Oh no, I think I'm going to be sick.

STAGE HAND

Frostwald?? You guys are on now! Go go go!

GUNTHER

Oh yeah, holy shit!

On stage--

ALEX

Please welcome to the stage, local legend in the making, Frostwald!

GUNTHER

Let's do this!

GRETCHEN

Woo!

They run on stage.

Gunther grabs the mic.

Pina tests the drums. Gretchen plugs her guitar in.

GUNTHER

Alright! Hello Dunkelschloss! You guys ready to rock your socks and pants off?

Audience cheers. Guitar howl.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

This is a little song called, 'Enter Grossman'...

Audience cheers. Pina clashes her sticks together.

PINA

Eins, zwei, drei, vier!

The song starts. It is melodic metal. Frostwald are good, man.

GUNTHER

Take it, Gretchen!

GRETCHEN

(lyrics)

Don't go in
The woods tonight
There's something evil lurking in the dark.

He knows your fears
He feels your fright
He's listening to the pounding of your heart.

Whispers through the ages
Tales around the fire
Shadows in the darkness
As real as you and I.

GRETCHEN / GUNTHER

Enter Grossman
Heed the warnings
Fear the spectre of the Black Forest
Fear the Grossman
Or he'll come for your soul.

GUNTHER

Mein Kind, mein Lars... mein er ist weg. Genommen, von seinem Bett. Wir müssen Lars finden bevor wir getötet werden.
(spoken) Go Gretchen, go!

Epic guitar solo by Gretchen. It turns out Gretchen is VERY COOL.

GRETCHEN / GUNTHER

Enter Grossman
 Heed the warnings
 Fear the spectre of the Black Forest
 Fear the Grossman
 Or he'll come for your soul.

Crowd goes wild.

INT. CUCKOO HOTEL

Bette is having a good old near-hysteria laugh.

BETTE

Oh brilliant. Brilliant. Absolutely brilliant. 200 million dollars! 200 million dollars! Wonderful! Hahaha! I've always wanted to buy my own Caribbean island! Maybe we can hollow out a volcano and live in that! It can be the HQ for our international art theft operation! Maybe we can expand into stealing the crown jewels! Or the moon!

THOMAZ

I think your sister, she is hysterical.

JJ

It doesn't matter that it's 200 million dollars. We're not going to be able to sell it for that, so we'll have to do a discount, because, y'know it's... it's 'hot'.

BETTE

'Hot'?

JJ

Yeah, I think people might be looking for it.

BETTE

D'YA THINK?

JJ

OK, no need to be sarcastic.

BETTE

So JJ, when you try to sell this obscenely valuable painting and they catch you in the act, what kind of prison will they send you to? Back to England, maybe, or a German prison? Ooh maybe I'll get into trouble too, for... what do they call it?

THOMAZ

Aiding and abetting? Profiting from sale of stolen goods?

JJ

We won't go to prison if we're careful.

BETTE

Oh yeah, yeah, abso-bloody-lutely. I expect you learned how to dodge Interpol when you were bonking dodgy Eric, didn't you?

JJ

(spluttering) Look, Bette, I know you think I'm an idiot but I'm not. It's not like I haven't thought about... y'know... because I think you're being a bit... like, I just... I think...
I mean, come on, I think...
I think... I think...

BETTE

Yes?

Beat. JJ groans. Reality has set in.

JJ

(whispers) Oh no.

BETTE

Losing faith in your brilliant plan, are you?

JJ

(slowly rising panic) Ohhhhh! Ohhhh God! It made sense in my head. All this time, I thought it sounded feasible. But it's not! Is it? It's not feasible at all!

BETTE

(sighs) I have never met anyone who lacks even the smallest iota of good judgement like you, JJ. But I'm glad to see you're coming to your senses.

JJ

(groans) Ohhhhh! Will it really not work? It won't, will it?? I'm an idiot!

THOMAZ

OK, I go now. JJ, you want lift back to park?

JJ

Noooo. I want to go home.

BETTE

Home? What, to mum and dad??

JJ

Noooooooo. I don't wanna go home.

THOMAZ

I think your sister, she is hysterical.

BETTE

You go, Thomaz. I'll take her back to the park later.

THOMAZ

No more buses after five.

BETTE

It's alright, I rented a scooter. It's pink. It's very cool, actually.

THOMAZ

OK, bye bye!

BETTE

Oh. Bye.

Thomaz leaves.

BETTE (cont'd)

(gentle) JJ, please stop whinging. It's annoying. Here, have some schnitzel.

Bette carves up some schnitzel for JJ.

JJ
I feel so silly.

BETTE
That's because you are silly.
Schnitzel. Eat.

JJ eats. Her mouth full -

JJ
I just, I dunno, ever since Japan I
haven't been able to think straight--

BETTE
Oh wow. You went to Japan?

JJ
(chews, cries) Only for a few days.
And it was... very bad.

BETTE
Mmm. Come on, then. Spill the beans.
How exactly did you end up with a
painting worth - Gordon's alive - *200
million dollars?*

JJ
It was just a job. I didn't even know
what I was carrying. I was in
Russia - uhhh this schnitzel's really
dry - and I'd run out of money, and I
was go-go dancing in a bar--

BETTE
Bloody hell.

JJ
And this man approached me after a
shift. He said 'take this suitcase
across on the ferry to Japan.' He
offered me a lot of money. I couldn't
say no.

BETTE
A mysterious suitcase? Oh dear.
What happened when you got to Japan?

JJ
I had to go to an address to hand it
over. But when I got there, there was
this man on the sofa and he... he...

Flashback!

INT. JAPANESE APARTMENT

Mockery music.

The unreal quality of a memory.

A door opens.

JJ

Hello? Hello?

She GASPS.

(whispers) Oh my God. Oh no. So much blood. Oh my God, not again.

A THUD from another room.

JJ' GASPS.

MUFFLED VOICE

...I can't talk now... I am waiting for someone.

PAST JJ

(whispers) No. No. Don't come in... don't come in...

FOOTSTEPS through the apartment.

PAST JJ (cont'd)

Gotta hide. Gotta hide... where do I go?

The SWISH of a curtain.

PRESENT JJ

I hid behind the curtains.

JJ WHIMPERS, then stops herself from making a sound as the DOOR to the living room OPENS.

The muffled voice becomes present. It's Bohdanko. He walks into the room, speaking on his cutting-edge mobile telephone.

BOHDANKO

--cannot talk now, mama. I told you, this mobile telephone is only for emergency. What? How is that an emergency?! Why do I care if Katya's daughter has job at the university?? No, trust me, I have never met- I wasn't at Uncle Andrei's retirement party, was I? I had to work!

(MORE)

BOHDANKO (cont'd)

Mama, this is not emergency, and if you keep being boy who cries wolf, I will never answer the phone to you again. Do you want that?

I do call you! Come on, that is not fair, I do call you! OK mama, I hang up now. Oh, the line is going dead. Oh reception is... goodbye.

He hangs up.

BOHDANKO (cont'd)

(mutters) Great, thank you mama, now I have to charge the telephone. Eeesh. Stupid big heavy thing, it'll never catch on...

Bohdanko SITS on a chair.

BOHDANKO (cont'd)

Ech. Six o'clock. Where is she. Come on, girlie.

He takes the safety off his gun with a distinctive CLICK.

BOHDANKO (cont'd)

Hurry up with Bohdanko's painting. Heh heh heh.

INT. CUCKOO HOTEL

JJ

I was there for so long. Barely breathing. Trying not to shake the curtain, or make a sound. And y'know, the mad thing is, when I hid, I left the suitcase behind. It was just sitting there, by the sofa, in plain sight. If he'd noticed, he might've guessed I was still there. But he was facing the door, waiting for me to arrive so that he could... so that he could...

BETTE

Oh, JJ. How did you get out of there?

JJ

He went to the loo. The second he was out the room, I ran. And I grabbed the suitcase when I left-

BETTE

Good God, why did you do that?

JJ

I dunno. I've asked myself the same thing. I think it was because I was... I was angry, y'know? How dare he. How dare he scare me like that.

BETTE

Thank God he didn't catch you. Thank God. You got out of the country, and came all the way here. Bloody hell, JJ. That's actually incredibly resourceful.

JJ

I guess it is.

BETTE

And stupid! You should have gone to the bloody police!

JJ

I don't think the police could've kept me safe. Not from those guys.

BETTE

Oh bloody hell. But they won't know you're here, will they?? Did they know your name?

JJ

Not my real one. Just my stage name.

BETTE

Stage name?

JJ

I was go-go dancing, remember?

BETTE

Oh yes. Thank God. Good, good.
(curious) What was your stage name?

JJ

English Ethel.

BETTE

Pbbt. English Ethel? That's not sexy. Why'd you pick that?

JJ

They picked it for me.

BETTE

Right. That's humiliating.
But the important thing is, these
gangsters... they can't find you.
You're safe, now.

JJ

Yeah. Exactly. I'm safe. They won't
know how to find me. If they're even
looking.

BETTE

Oh I think they're looking. 200
million dollars? Yes, I'd say they're
looking alright.

JJ

Yeah, good point. Ohhhh, why did I
take the suitcase?

BETTE

Well, regardless, you definitely
can't sell it. Oh my God, think about
it. If the police don't burst in to
stop the sale, the bloody mafia
might.

JJ

Ohhhh no! Do you think so? Ohhh! I
haven't been thinking straight, I've
just been... running. Scared. Lonely.
It's been horrible, Bette.

BETTE

Come here, you big silly.

They hug.

BETTE (cont'd)

What on earth do we do now?

JJ

I can't just leave the painting in
the forest.

BETTE

Yes, yes, you can.

JJ

It's not right. It's old and...
important. I'm going to go get it.

BETTE

No, no, you're not.

JJ

I'll post it to a museum or something. I'm not gonna sell it, Bette. I don't wanna do that anymore.

BETTE

Well. Good.
God, you feel thin. Poor JJ.

JJ

This is nice. You don't hate me anymore?

BETTE

I never hated you. Idiot.

JJ

Can't believe you have a baby.

BETTE

You're an aunty.

JJ

Bette?

BETTE

Yes, JJ?

JJ

Do you still want to do this espionage stuff?

BETTE

No. Not really.

JJ

But we're both broke.

BETTE

Well, yes. Shall we stop hugging now?

JJ

Oh, yeah, alright.
If we don't do it, Jenkins and Margot will be angry with us.

BETTE

So? Let them be angry. Who cares.

JJ

But... we'll have to move in with mum and dad.

BETTE

Oh no. That's... no. Oh crikey.

JJ

Bette? I think we should do the espionage stuff. I think we should work for Mockery.

INT. PRISON

Heavy prison door clunks. Parker storms in, his feet clip-clopping on the hard floor.

PARKER

Bastard! You lying bastard!

MATTY

Nice to see you too, Parker.

PARKER

(angry) You don't know anything about Smithy, do ya?

MATTY

Who? Oh Smithy, right, yeah.

PARKER

I knew it! You was just guessing. Taking clues from what I said.

MATTY

D'ya think I should get a job telling fortunes? When I get out of here, I'll buy a little tent and charge people a tenner to read their palms.

PARKER

You was playing me. Like a mug.

MATTY

But did Jenkins tell you where he buried the body, Parker?

PARKER

Why'd you even get me to ask him that? Were you just torturing me, for fun?

MATTY

Maybe.

PARKER

(realisation) No. No, nah, no. I know why you wanted to know. Oh bloody hell. You would've told the police.

MATTY

Maybe I already have. You as good as told me Jenkins killed a man. And you told me the name of the victim, and when it happened. That's a lot for the police to go on.

PARKER

No! No, no no no! Oh, what have I done?

MATTY

Ohhh, what a dream! Bringing Mockery to its knees from inside a prison cell.(laughs)

PARKER

Nah nah, you haven't told 'em anything. I bet you needed the proof first, so you could point them to where the body was. Otherwise, they wouldn't listen to you!

MATTY

Maybe. Maybe not. You'll have to wait and see.

PARKER

You absolute... wanker.

MATTY

Talking of wankers, he's a ruthless one, isn't he, your Mr Jenkins.

PARKER

He said he was trying to protect the ones he loved...

MATTY

You mean himself? Why didn't he go to the police when he found out this Smithy murdered your da? Eh? Why'd he take the law into his own hands? What kind of a man would do that?

PARKER

He's never hurt anyone else... it was just that one time... and he told me Smithy's not even dead!

MATTY

Hur hur, come on. Do you believe that? I can see you don't. You can't trust him, can you? What a lonely feeling that must be. Especially considering that the only person you can be honest with now, who knows what your Jenkins has done, what he's capable of doing... is me! (laughs)

PARKER

Shut up.

MATTY

That's why you're here, isn't it Parker? Your old pal Matty, providing guidance and absolution in your darkest hour!

PARKER

Shut up! Shut up!

Parker runs out.

MATTY

Say ten hail Marys and see me in the morning!
Ah, don't go, Parker! My poor lonely boy! Hahaha!

INT. RUMPELSTILTSKIN LAND

Gretchen is back at her stall, listlessly doing her job.

Fairground music.

GRETCHEN

(sighs) Throw the hoop. Win a prize.

GERMAN DAD

Come Kinder, watch papa. See how I angle my body, I keep my eye on the doll's head, a firm flick of the wrist unt...

CHILD

Silly papa!

GERMAN DAD

Oh, how vexing!

CHILD

Can we try now?

GERMAN DAD

Thank you, fraulein, we will waste no more money on this foolish game.

CHILD

No, papa, no!

GRETCHEN

Yah. OK. Bye.

GERMAN DAD

Come kinder. We will go to Baba Yaga Land. There is a display of Russian dancing on the stage at 7pm.

CHILDREN

Yay!

GRETCHEN

Enjoy the park. (mutters) Keep an eye on each other. People disappear here.

DODGY ERIC

Scuse me. 'ello, 'scuse me, love. Are you--

GRETCHEN

Greetings, throw the hoop over the doll, win a prize-- oh my goodness, what's happened to your face!

DODGY ERIC

I know, not lookin' me best. Are you Gretchen? I'm looking for Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

(scared) You know my name? You're looking for me?

DODGY ERIC

Well, strictly speaking, I'm looking for JJ.

GRETCHEN

JJ?

DODGY ERIC

Yeah, JJ. No-one here seems to know where she is. Fella over there said you were her friend, so you might know. So... where is she?

GRETCHEN

I don't know.

DODGY ERIC

Oh for Pete's sake.

GRETCHEN

Sir, you look like you're going to collapse.

DODGY ERIC

Yeah.

GRETCHEN

Oh my, is that dried blood on your coat?

DODGY ERIC

Well, it ain't tomato ketchup, I'll tell ya that much. (woozy) Oh dear. Oh dear. Are those dolls wiggling around, or is it me?

Gretchen comes out from behind her stall.

GRETCHEN

Here, take my arm. We will go to the first aid station.

DODGY ERIC

No need, no need! Just having a bit of a funny turn. Low blood pressure. Due to all the blood being on my coat, instead of inside my body. (woozy) Ohhhh. Oh dear.

GRETCHEN

First aid station. I insist.

DODGY ERIC

No, please, I just need a little rest. Something fortifying to drink, perhaps. And I really, really do need to find JJ.

GRETCHEN

I wasn't planning on seeing her again. But I will take you to where she's staying. We will wait for her there.

DODGY ERIC

Is it far? Cos I'm feeling a bit delicate.

GRETCHEN

I'm afraid there are steps. See that turret?

DODGY ERIC

In the huge, forbidding castle?

GRETCHEN

Yes. See the highest window? That's her room. Come along. What did you say your name was?

DODGY ERIC

Eric. Nice to meet you.

GRETCHEN

Well, Eric. Nice to meet you too. And you can tell me what happened to you on the way.
Oh my God, you smell so bad.

They stagger off.

INT. BETTE'S ROOM, CUCKOO HOTEL

The sound of the SHOWER. Bette sings a little song as she scrubs.

JJ lounges on the hotel bed.

JJ

(calls) Bette! Can we order more room service before I go back?

BETTE

(calls) Sure! Jenkins is paying for it! Go wild!

JJ

Cor, brilliant. Yesss. One of everything, I think.

BRRRING BRRRING. The phone rings.

JJ (cont'd)

(calls) The phone's ringing!

BETTE

(calls) I've got shampoo in my hair. Can you answer it?

JJ
 (calls) What if it's Jenkins? I'm not supposed to be here.

BETTE
 (calls) Pretend you're me.

BRRRING BRRRING.

JJ
 Alright. (posh) Hello, I'm Bette, posh posh posh.

JJ answers the phone.

JJ (cont'd)
 Hello?

PARKER
 (urgent) Bette, it's Parker.

BETTE
 (posh) Oh, hello Parker.

PARKER
 Hang on, is that JJ?

JJ
 Ah, bloody hell. How could you tell? I'm losing my touch. Yeah, it's me. Don't tell Jenkins I'm not in the park.

PARKER
 Trust me, I won't.

JJ
 Is everything alright? Why are you calling?

PARKER
 I'm coming to Dunkelschloss.

JJ
 What?

PARKER
 You and Bette, you're the only people I think I can trust. Cos you're a part of this, but you're also not a part of it, cos you haven't been here all these years, letting Mockery poison ya.

JJ

Parker, I don't understand.

PARKER

It's complicated. I'll explain when I get there. God, I can't wait to leave this place behind me. Get some air in me lungs. I can't breathe here.

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT

British Airways flight 878 to Munich is now departing from Gate 6.

PARKER

I gotta go. Save a seat for me on the Trousers Meowsers Mega-coaster.

CLICK BRRRRR.

JJ

Wait, Parker!

Music rises.

CREDITS

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

Hayley Evenett was JJ and Bette
Laurence Owen was Parker, Matty, Gunther, Bodhanko and additional voices
Lindsay Sharman was Margot, Pina and additional voices
Abbie Eastwood was Gretchen and additional voices
and Alasdair Beckett King was Thomaz and Dodgy Eric.

For more information about Mockery Manor and our other two podcasts, visit [long cat media dot com](http://longcatmedia.com), or follow us on Twitter, Instagram and Facebook @MockeryManor and @LongCatMedia

