

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Episode 6

'Dead of Night'

Written by Lindsay Sharman

Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

Cowboy MUSIC

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor:
Anna Lou reveals that she and Bobby
argued the night of Clay's murder.
For reasons unknown, JJ visits the
widow of Graham, her murdered lover.
And Parker and Walter's exploration
of the gardener's cottage ends in
horror.
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 6: Dead of
Night.

INT. FIRST AID HUT, MOCKERY MANOR - NIGHT

CRICKETS, an OWL HOOTS.

JJ

Ow! George, be careful. Watch my
hair...

GEORGE

Sorry, my dear. It's in an awkward
place. Almost done.

George RIPS a strip of SURGICAL TAPE.

GEORGE (cont'd)

One more strip and... there. That
should keep the wound closed.
Tomorrow, you can get it properly
looked at.

JJ

I don't need to do that. It's just a
cut.

GEORGE

A rather deep one. It could do with a stitch or two. I wish you'd let me take you to the emergency room, JJ.

JJ

For this?

GEORGE

It might scar.

JJ

It's fine. My fringe covers it. See? Really, it's fine, George. Thank you for helping me.

GEORGE

I could hardly ignore you, could I? Stumbling through the park at midnight, blood all over your face! I almost had a heart attack.

JJ

Sorry.

GEORGE

Don't be. Glad I was here to help. Lucky for you, I work late. So. Are you going to tell me what happened?

JJ

I... fell.

GEORGE

You fell. Into a fist, perhaps?

JJ

How did you know?

GEORGE

I used to be a bouncer at a club, a very long time ago. Were they wearing a ring, perchance?

JJ

Yeah. I think it had a diamond jutting out, and it just phhhwt.

GEORGE

Mmm. Ouch. Yes.

JJ

I don't think they meant to hurt me.
Not much, anyway.
I shouldn't have gone... but I
couldn't leave it, I just had to
know...

GEORGE

Know what?

JJ

Never mind. You don't want to get
dragged into my dramas.

GEORGE

Oh, I love drama, you must know that
about me by now.
JJ, you can talk to me. You're more
than just a work colleague; you're a
friend. So come on. Who on earth are
you getting into fist-fights with?

JJ

Oh no. Look. I got blood on the
gurney.

GEORGE

Changing the subject, are we?

JJ

And it's on the wall too! Oh, gross.

GEORGE

Do not fret, my dear. It's a first
aid hut, everything's wipe-clean.
I'll give it a scrub before I lock
up. Look at the time; you go back to
the manor and get yourself some rest.

JJ

No, George, you go home. I'll stay
and tidy up.

GEORGE

But you're hurt.

JJ

Honestly, I want to. I'm kind of
wired, it'll help to do something.

GEORGE

You know what? I shan't argue. I am
profoundly tired. What a horrific few
days it's been.

JJ

Yeah.

GEORGE

I keep picturing it, you know. The fall. The impact. The psychic warned me something would happen that night.

JJ

Psychic? Do you mean the park psychic?

GEORGE

Yes. Madame Magenta. It was an extremely vague warning she gave me, not up to her usual standards, but it was a warning none-the-less. If only I'd... I don't know, cancelled the concert.

JJ

Because of what some psychic said?

GEORGE

She's very powerful, my dear, don't underestimate her. I've been her client for a few years now, ever since she told my fortune on Great Yarmouth pier. Her accuracy is nothing short of astonishing.

JJ

Right. But, regardless, Parker wouldn't have let you cancel the concert. So don't beat yourself up for not doing enough.

GEORGE

No no. If anything, I did far too much. After all, Clayton came here on my invitation. Because of me... he's dead.

MUSIC creeps in.

JJ

He meant a lot to you, didn't he?

GEORGE

(sad chuckle) I didn't even know the man.

JJ

You built a theme park in his honour.

GEORGE

That I did! Years of my life devoted to an idea, a chimera! Is it any wonder it was such a crushing disappointment to finally meet him!

JJ

Oh.

GEORGE

Never meet your heroes, JJ.

JJ

I'm sorry to hear that. Was Clayton... rude to you?

GEORGE

(bitter) Not to my face. But I overheard him, you see. Talking to that horrible manager of his. The two of them laughing at 'tacky' Claytonville, at how 'obsessive' I must be. (imitates Clayton) 'This place could only be the work of a diseased imagination'.

JJ

He said that?? Wow. Ouch. I don't think you're diseased--

GEORGE

--Regardless of how 'tacky' my theme park is - sorry, 'our' theme park - Clayton's untimely demise has certainly brought the crowds in. Did you notice how busy it was today?

JJ

Er. Yeah.

GEORGE

Something good came out of his visit, then. Oh, which reminds me, there's a business idea I'd like to discuss with you and Parker. I want to turn the Lake House into a Clayton memorial hotel. You know how fans flock to Graceland? Well. Imagine that, but they pay to stay overnight! Eh? What do you think?

JJ

Er, I dunno... a hotel? I mean it's,
uh--

GEORGE

Ah! What am I thinking? It's late,
you're covered in blood... this can
wait. Whereas my beddy-byes cannot.
Here: keys to the first aid hut.

JINGLE JANGLE.

JJ

Thanks.

OPENS the door.

GEORGE

Make sure everything's locked tight
when you leave, my dear.

JJ

Of course.

GEORGE

Although I fear there's little point.
Did you notice when we came in?

JJ

Notice what?

GEORGE

The door. Unlocked. And look over
there. Look at the state of that
cabinet.

JJ

Oh shit! That's the restricted
substances cabinet. Someone's broken
into it!?

GEORGE

Mmm. A drug-seeker, no doubt.

JJ

Is anything missing?

GEORGE

Maybe. We'll have to do an inventory
when we get the chance. Beddy-byes
for Georgie bears. Night night JJ.
See you at work tomorrow.

DOOR CLOSES.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

We zoom in on the inside of a parked car, and PAUL'S VOICE.

RADIO DJ PAUL

(indistinct) What a summer it's been so far! Sultry warm nights...
(distinct)... top tunes and murder. It's just gone lam, which means it's time for...

PRE-RECORDED ECHOEY PAUL

Paul's late night crime call-in.

RADIO DJ PAUL

We want to hear from you, our wonderful listeners, about crimes big or small that you've been involved in. Our first caller is Mandy from Shropshire! Mandy has spent the day on a float at a summer fete, hello Mandy! Tell us, what's the crime?

MANDY

(nervous) Hello Paul. So, umm, yes, I was on a float sponsored by the local greyhound rescue. There was me and another volunteer, and seventeen greyhounds.

RADIO DJ PAUL

Tell us more! But make it snappy.

MANDY

Well, it was very funny, y'see, because there was another float nearby with children dressed as rabbits, 'y'see...

RADIO DJ PAUL

Not hearing a crime, Mandy. And what do I say? 'If you don't have a crime, you're wasting my time!'

MANDY

Crime? Oh, maybe this is the wrong call-in...

FENWICK

(interrupts) Bugger me sideways, I'm turning this shit off! Excuse my French.

CLICK. RADIO OFF.

BETTE

Mmm? I wasn't even listening.
Thinking about the case. Seems like
literally everyone has something to
hide.
Ughh. Do you have any snacks left?

CRISP PACKET RUSTLE.

FENWICK

Space Raiders? Salt and vinegar
Discos? Fishermans Friends?

BETTE

Gross!
(beat) Give me the Discos.
(sighs) How long do we wait for Rick
to show up? Where is he!

FENWICK

I thought you were accustomed to this
sort of thing. All night stake-outs,
weeing in bottles...

BETTE

I don't want to wee in a bottle in
someone else's car.

FENWICK

I'd rather you didn't either.

BETTE

The pubs are shut, Rick should be
home by now!
(gasps) What if he's already in, but
he can't answer the door? What if
something's happened to him?

FENWICK

Nah.

BETTE

No, Fenwick, think about it. Rick was
guarding the mine train entrance, so
he must've seen the hooded person
from the CCTV. And what if the hooded
person saw that he saw them, and got
rid of him! By which I mean...
murder.

FENWICK

Nah. He's probably round a
girlfriend's house, or on a bender.
He'll re-surface soon enough.

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)
 Alright, let's knock this on the
 head. We'll come back tomorrow.

He STARTS the car and MOVES off.

FENWICK (cont'd)
 'ere. Got some tapes in the glove
 compartment.

Glove compartment OPENS.

FENWICK (cont'd)
 Pick one.

BETTE
 Oh, OK.

The JOSTLE of loose TAPES.

BETTE (cont'd)
 Ugh. Old man rock and roll.

FENWICK
 What do you expect? I'm an old man.

BETTE
 Got any Foucault's Pendulum?

FENWICK
 Do I look like the sort of moribund
 twat who would have any Foucault's
 Pendulum?

BETTE
 No, you look like a different sort of
 moribund twat.
 What's this? 'Clayton's Greatest
 Hits'. More business than pleasure,
 but hey-ho...

FENWICK
 (groans) Do we have to?

BETTE
 It's your tape! And I've been meaning
 to go through Clayton's oeuvre. Let's
 see. First song... (reads) Cactus
 Lovers.

CLICK of tape player. CACTUS LOVERS plays.

FENWICK
 1952, Clayton's duet with his first
 wife, country singer Tammy Jewel.
 (MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)
Very acrimonious divorce the
following year.

BETTE
Acrimonious? Ooh. Is Tammy still
alive?

FENWICK
Yeah. 96 years old.

BETTE
Well, they do say revenge is a dish
best served cold.

FENWICK
Positively arctic, if Tammy did it.

BETTE
Oh, Fenwick, I wanted to tell you
something. It's about the hoodie worn
by the mysterious stranger who almost
certainly murdered both Clayton and
Rick the security guard.

FENWICK
(sighs) Rick is fine.

BETTE
You don't know that.

FENWICK
How would the murderer know where to
find Rick? Eh? Tell me that?

BETTE
Maybe they already knew him. Maybe
they recognised each other, and
that's why Rick avoided you that
night.

Beat.

BETTE (cont'd)
Aha! Didn't think of that, did you!

FENWICK
(worried) I'll get the rest of the
security lads to look for him
tomorrow. But! I'm sure he's fine!
Anyway. What's this about a hoodie?

BETTE
It's a Claytonville hoodie - you can
see the logo on the back.

FENWICK

I know.

BETTE

You do?

FENWICK

I reviewed the CCTV footage the night of the fall.

BETTE

The same night??

FENWICK

Didn't get a wink of sleep that night. Or since.

BETTE

I can tell. You look awful.

FENWICK

Thanks.

BETTE

So tell me; did you notice the stars and stripes design on the arms of the hoodie?

FENWICK

Yeah?

BETTE

Well! They don't sell anything like that in any of the shops in the park! So where did it come from?

FENWICK

Huh. Must be a rejected sample. Y'know; management get a few different designs made, and then they choose which ones they like.

BETTE

That's what I thought too! Only staff would have access to something like that!

FENWICK

Huh. Good work, Armstrong. You should review the CCTV again, see if there's anything else we missed.

BETTE

Well, it wasn't actually me who missed it, was it...

CLAYTON SINGING

I tell you what, this gal has got one hell of a prickly pair.

BETTE

One hell of a prickly pair? This song is absolute filth!

FENWICK

(chuckles) Yep. This was Jen's favourite.

BETTE

Jen?

FENWICK

My ex-wife. Big Clayton fan.

BETTE

Oh right. And you too?

FENWICK

Oh yeah. She got me into it.
(chuckles) First date, she dragged me along to a line-dancing class. Our first Christmas, she bought me cowboy boots and a bolo tie. We even got married on a cattle ranch.

BETTE

Ahhh.

FENWICK

Well... a dairy farm in Suffolk. Closest we could get.

BETTE

Ahhh. That's nice.
Who dumped who?

FENWICK

Bloody hell! What kind of a question is that?

BETTE

I'm just curious. You don't have to answer it if you don't want to.

FENWICK

Yes, I know I don't have to answer it!

Beat.

BETTE

She dumped you, didn't she?

FENWICK

Jesus!

BETTE

Oh come on; you're a detective. They make famously bad husbands! Except for Columbo of course.

FENWICK

And me! I was a very good husband! When I was available.

BETTE

So she DID dump you!

FENWICK

No! I dumped her! Because she cheated on me with the line dancing instructor.

BETTE

No, really!? Oh, that's awful. Oh I shouldn't have said anything. I'm so sorry.

FENWICK

Don't be, I don't care. It was a long time ago. We're friends now. I even went to their wedding.

BETTE

Blimey. No, good for you! That says a lot about your character, Fenwick.
(beat) So she married the *line dancing instructor*?

FENWICK

Yep.

BETTE

Oh my God. Not the same line dancing instructor from your first date?

FENWICK

Yes, the same one from our first date.

BETTE

Oh my God! So the affair had been going on for..?

FENWICK

Our whole relationship, yes. In tandem.

BETTE

Ohh. Wow!

FENWICK

Yep.

BETTE

Oof.

Beat.

BETTE (cont'd)

I got cheated on, too.

FENWICK

Oh yeah?

BETTE

My son's father, Raymond; he cheated on me while I was pregnant.

FENWICK

Shit!

BETTE

With twenty three other people.

FENWICK

Twenty three?

BETTE

I mean, I should have known, really. He was a guru. Self-proclaimed. Me and the other twenty three people were his acolytes. Ugh.

FENWICK

You were in a cult?

BETTE

Yes, a sex cult apparently, not that I realised when I first joined.

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

I was looking for something profound, something meaningful. Then before I knew it, there I was, rolling around on a yoga mat with a trust-fund hippy with blonde dreadlocks. He wasn't even my type. At all! But I wasn't me back then. I lost myself for a while there. I didn't talk much, I barely ate. I didn't listen to music I liked. I wore a bindi, for God's sake.

FENWICK

I was all leather jackets and motorbikes when I first met Jen.

BETTE

Really? I can imagine that. You have something of Meatloaf about you.

FENWICK

Do you think? Thank you very much.

BETTE

You're welcome.
(beat) Turn it up, Fenwick. I'm starting to like it.

CACTUS LOVERS SWELLS.

ADVERT BREAK.

INT. MANOR

A CREAK of the front door, then FOOTSTEPS.

The CLICK of a light, and Kirtseen gives a small SHRIEK.

Spaghetti Western MUSIC underscores the scene.

BOBBY

Hello, Kirsteen.

KIRSTEEN

Oh! Bobby. You scared me. Sitting in the dark like a gremlin.

BOBBY

What about you, sneaking around in the dead of night.

POURS a drink.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You wanna be careful, Kirsteen: you might trip and break your neck.

KIRSTEEN

You wish. What are you doing up at this time, anyway?

BOBBY

Haven't slept much since my best friend died in horrific circumstances. How bout you? Sleeping like a baby, I bet.

KIRSTEEN

I'm going to bed.

BOBBY

Not so fast. I know what you were doing just now.

FLARE of ZIPPO.

KIRSTEEN

I went for a walk.

BOBBY

Sure. The horizontal sashay. With that native boy... what's he called again? Jacob?

KIRSTEEN

(intake of breath)

BOBBY

I knew I recognised that son of a bitch.

KIRSTEEN

So what if it is Jacob. What's it to you?

BOBBY

What's it to me? Call me old fashioned, but I don't hold with cheaters.

KIRSTEEN

Clay's dead, Bobby.

BOBBY

Lucky for you.

KIRSTEEN

How dare you. None of this is any of your business, anyway!

BOBBY

Y'know, age might've robbed me of my knees, Kirsteen, but my memory's good as gold. And I remember Jacob real well. He was sniffing around our business some ten year ago. Have you two been carrying on all this time? Is that why he's here? Can't be a coincidence.

KIRSTEEN

I'm going to bed.

She WALKS off.

BOBBY

I sure do hope the National Enquirer doesn't find out about this.

She STOPS.

KIRSTEEN

Now why would you say something like that?

BOBBY

Hooweeooo! Can you imagine how Clay's fans would react? Specially with Jacob being native n'all.

KIRSTEEN

What the hell difference does that make?

BOBBY

Oh, none at all. No doubt Clay's fans are all fair-minded folk. If the news of your betrayal were to leak to the papers, I'm sure Jacob... or you... wouldn't come to no harm.

KIRSTEEN

Why are you threatening me? What do you want? Money? Been gambling again?

BOBBY

If I were you, I would not be trying to upset me right now.

KIRSTEEN

Clay wouldn't thank you for this,
Bobby.

BOBBY

Clay was too soft. He needed someone
like me to protect him. I told him,
all those years ago, don't you go
marrying that harlot--

KIRSTEEN

But he did marry me, and we were
happy!

BOBBY

So why did you cheat, then?

KIRSTEEN

It wasn't...! Clay and I, we had an
understanding.

BOBBY

Heh! He'd a told me if you did.

KIRSTEEN

No, he wouldn't. You were his
manager. You weren't *friends*!

BOBBY

He was my best friend.

KIRSTEEN

Bullshit. Clay only kept you on
because he felt sorry for you. He
told me.

BOBBY

Shut your mouth.

KIRSTEEN

You used Clay his whole career. And
you dare stand in judgement...

BOBBY

I wouldn't worry about MY judgement,
sweetheart. I'd worry about the
world!

KIRSTEEN

Ha!
(soft, dangerous) You tell the papers
about me and Jacob, and I'll tell 'em
about you.

BOBBY

What about me?

KIRSTEEN

I know what you did, L'il Bobby. What you did to Clay.

BOBBY

Oh yeah? And what did I do?

KIRSTEEN

You took from him and took from him. And when the well ran dry, you stole his very essence.

BOBBY

What's that supposed to mean?

KIRSTEEN

What I mean, Bobby, is...

She WHISPERS in his ear.

BOBBY

How... how did you find out? Someone told you? Who? Who told you?

KIRSTEEN

Wouldn't you like to know?

BOBBY

Don't matter anyway. What are you gonna do? You can't prove anything!

KIRSTEEN

Can't I? Goodnight Bobby.

Kirsteen WALKS away, and then STOPS.

KIRSTEEN (cont'd)

You know what? You're right; Clay WAS too soft. I'd have gotten rid of you a looong time ago.

WALKS AWAY.

INT. JJ'S ROOM

The CREAK of a door as it opens, and the CLICK as it closes behind her.

JJ YAWNS.

PARKER
(hysterical) JJ! Finally! About
bloody time!

JJ
Parker?? Why are you in my room??

PARKER
I was waiting for you!

JJ
Shhh, you'll wake the whole Manor.

PARKER
Where the bloody hell have you been??

JJ
I was out, that's all.

PARKER
Why didn't you tell someone?! I've
been looking for you everywhere!

JJ
Parker, what's wrong? Has something
happened? Is Bette OK?

PARKER
Bette's fine. It's you who's in
trouble! Big trouble!

JJ
Me? Why??

PARKER
Why does this shit always happen to
us. Here we are, once again, trapped
in a flippin' nightmare!

JJ
Parker! You're freaking me out!

PARKER
You think YOU'RE freaked out? You
wanna talk 'freaky'?? Dead squirrel,
JJ! And when I couldn't find you, I
didn't know what to think!

JJ
Squirrel? Have you been hitting the
mushrooms? I'm too tired for this.
Can't it wait until tomorrow?

PARKER

No! It can't! JJ, listen to me: we were in the woods earlier, me and Walter--

JJ

You're not taking mushrooms with Walter?

PARKER

No, I'm not taking mushrooms with Walter! I heard he and his mates were in the woods again, I went there to tell 'em to piss off! Anyway, doesn't matter, what matters is we saw the fings and Walter was like 'ahhh!' and he said he was going straight to the police and I was like, please don't but I couldn't stop him!

JJ

Walter's gone to the police!?

PARKER

They haven't shown up yet, maybe they didn't take him seriously.

JJ

I can't believe he went to the police. Bloody Walter!

PARKER

(unnerved) So you know about this, then?

JJ

We had an arrangement!

PARKER

Arrangement?

JJ

Oh yeah, sorry, I didn't tell you. I said I wouldn't stop Walter camping in the woods if he didn't tell the police about Dennis.

PARKER

(shouts) Who the hell is Dennis??

JJ

What do you mean, 'who's Dennis?' And keep your voice down!
Dennis Thatcher, Margot's elephant!

PARKER

Oh, Dennis the elephant. What about her?

JJ

(confused) Wait. You just said Walter's told the police about her.

PARKER

No I didn't! He's told 'em about the thing we found in the cottage.

JJ

The cottage? What thing in the cottage?

PARKER

The *shrine*. The squirrel shrine.

Beat.

JJ

I think you need to start again.

MUSIC starts,

PARKER

Yeah. OK. (Walter and me, we were in the cottage in the woods. Earlier. The gardener's cottage. Where Graham died.

JJ

OK?

PARKER

And we went upstairs, and we found something in one of the bedrooms. Something really freaky. A shrine.

JJ

A shrine?

PARKER

For want of a better word, yeah. So you *don't* know about the shrine?

JJ

No? Why would I?

PARKER

Well, because of the... because...

JJ

What do you mean by 'shrine' anyway?
Like a religious thing?

PARKER

I mean, kinda. There's like, vases of
dead flowers and framed pictures and
a flippin' squirrel and it's all
centred around this cardboard cut-out
of Clayton--

JJ

Clayton?

PARKER

That friggin' squirrel, man, I
haven't been that scared since
Koschei.

JJ

Because of a squirrel?

PARKER

It was dead, JJ.

JJ

Maybe it climbed in and died of
natural causes?

PARKER

It didn't have a head.

JJ

Oh.

PARKER

And it was laid out in a bowl full of
its own blood.

JJ

Oh!

PARKER

And written in blood on the
floorboards: 'I heart Clayton'.

JJ

Oh my God. That's sick.
Why would anyone do that?

PARKER

It flippin' stank n'all.

JJ

Wait wait. You said Walter was there?
Do you think Walter's murder groupies
did it?

PARKER

You really don't know.

JJ

Why do you keep saying that?

PARKER

It's not just Clayton in the framed
pictures. You're in 'em. The pictures
are of Clayton and you. Together.

JJ

What? What do you mean? Why would...
I've only met him once, how could
there be pictures of us?

PARKER

They're not proper photos, they're
like... collages. Someone's got a
bunch of magazine cut-outs of Clayton
and stuck 'em on photos of you.

JJ

Photos of me?

PARKER

Yeah. Posed like you're together.

JJ

Parker! Why didn't you lead with
this, instead of the bloody
squirrel!?

PARKER

The squirrel was *really* freaky!

JJ

Me and Clayton? Why would anyone do
that? I don't understand!

PARKER

JJ, there's something else--

JJ

--You said Walter went to the police?
Good. Thank God! But why aren't they
here yet? We should call them.

PARKER

JJ, No! No, you can't call 'em!

JJ

What do you mean, 'no'?? I might be in danger, Parker! Clayton's dead, what if I'm next?

PARKER

But the pictures, the altar... JJ, it looks like you did it!

Beat.

JJ

Did what?
(beat) Killed Clayton?

PARKER

No. Yes. Maybe! It's just, someone's written on the photo collages, things like, 'Me and Clayton on our first date.' 'Clayton proposing to me.' 'Me and my special cowboy on our wedding day.' It looks like you made the altar. Like you're obsessed with Clayton.

JJ

But Parker, I didn't do this. I don't even like his music. I don't know anything about it.

PARKER

Yeah, I know. Your face when I told you...

JJ

Oh, *that's* when you realised I was innocent, was it? Thanks, Parker!

PARKER

No, no, I was just confused!

JJ

Confused as to whether I'd gone completely round the bend or not?

PARKER

I just... I feel like I don't know what's going on with you at the moment, that's all! For weeks now, it's been like there's something you're not telling me.

JJ

And you thought it was *this*? That I'm in love with a country and western star?

PARKER

No, no, I didn't, not really, I didn't think it was that, I just...

JJ SIGHS angrily.

PARKER (cont'd)

So what IS going on? Come on, mate. You need to tell me. I'm freaking out here.

JJ

Parker... no...

PARKER

And maybe I should've asked you this before, but... why do you have dried blood all over your face?

JJ

Oh, yeah. It's from a cut. Here, see?

PARKER

Oh Jesus. How did that happen?

JJ

You're not allowed to judge me, OK? Graham's widow. Mrs Wainscoat.

PARKER

Yeah?

JJ

I went to see her today, but she called the police so I ran off. And then I went back a few hours later because I couldn't just leave it, it was driving me crazy!

PARKER

I can't believe you went to see Graham's widow?

JJ

She said she wanted to meet, but then she didn't show up, and then she called the police on me... it just didn't make sense.

PARKER

Wait. She wanted to see you?

JJ

Yeah. She sent me a letter, arranging a time and place for us to meet.

PARKER

Letter? You mean the one I asked you about? The one you said was from your mum? That was from Graham's wife?? I knew it wasn't nothing. Can't believe it was from Graham's wife.

JJ

That's who it said it was from. And there were things in that letter only she would've known about. (sighs) But she didn't send it. She made that very clear... right before she thumped me.

Parker, someone faked that letter. Someone who knew Graham. Who REALLY knew him. It must be the same person who put this... 'shrine' together.

PARKER

Why do you think that?

JJ

The letter... it said she wanted to meet me inside the Four Spurs mine train ride... on the night of the concert. At 9pm.

PARKER

Did she turn up?

JJ

No.

PARKER

And that's why you went to see her today?

Wait. 9pm? That's, like, half an hour before Clay fell. Oh, mate. That can't be a coincidence.

JJ

Yeah I know. Someone put me at the scene of the crime. And if I look like I'm obsessed with Clayton, like I've invented an entire relationship with him, then--

PARKER

--You look guilty.

JJ

Yeah.

PARKER

Nah nah nahnahnah, they can't do you for that. That's just circumstantial. And I bet no-one even saw you in the mine train that night. Did they? JJ? (beat) Did... did anyone see you... oh gawd, someone saw you.

JJ

The security guard. There was one guarding the entrance when I left. He tried to get me to stop.

PARKER

(panic) Did he recognise you? Did he see your face?

JJ

Dunno. I had my hoodie up. And I got rid of everything later, I burned what I was wearing that night, so...

PARKER

(panic) You burned your clothes?? That's what guilty people do, JJ! Why did you burn your clothes??

JJ

I just had a feeling, OK? That things didn't add up! That I was gonna get in trouble! I didn't want anyone knowing I'd been there, it seemed like a good idea!

PARKER

Oh mate!

JJ

Shit, Walter knows. He saw me, he saw the hoodie in the fire...

PARKER

Aw brilliant! Fantastic. This gets better and better. He's gonna tell the police, JJ.

PARKER (cont'd)
 And they won't think it was an
 accident anymore, they'll start
 investigating again...

DISTANT SIRENS outside.

PARKER (cont'd)
 ...they'll think *you did it!* Shit!

JJ
 Do I hear something?

SIRENS getting louder.

PARKER
 OK OK, think, think. There's still
 time.

DISTANT FRONT DOOR opens.

PARKER (cont'd)
 I know! We can get rid of the stuff
 at the cottage. Right now. Before
 anyone sees it.

JJ
 Parker...

PARKER
 We'll take some binbags...

INTERIOR DOOR, DISTANT.

PARKER (cont'd)
 ...gather it all up: the photos, the
 squirrel... you can get the squirrel.
 No-one'll ever know, except Walter,
 and he's cried wolf before--

JJ
 Parker... it's too late.

THUMP THUMP on the door.

PC STEVE
 (muffled) It's the police. Open up.

JJ
 They're here.

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
Karim Kronfli was George
Christina Bianco was Kirsteen
and Mark Restuccia was PC Steve.

Mockery Manor is supported by Arts Council England National Lottery Project Grants, and our wonderful patrons on Ko-fi. If you'd like become one and help me and Lindsay keep making podcasts, tap the link in the show notes of this episode, or go to Long Cat Media dot com.