

Mockery Manor SEASON 2
Episode 9
'Hidden Rooms'
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 9: Hidden Rooms.

INT. EUROBEAR SUIT, ELVES OF EUROPE

The Elves of Europe song plays, but it becomes distant and muffled as we move INSIDE THE EUROBEAR SUIT.

This is where Bette and Thomaz are. They are sharing the Eurobear suit, while floating through the Elves of Europe ride.

BETTE
I'm being crushed, Thomaz! You're too heavy! My legs! You're squashing me!

THOMAZ
I can't help it, I must sit while boat is in motion!

BETTE
Trapped inside a bear suit with a huge man. Is this how I die? How much longer??

THOMAZ
We are approaching the last section of the ride. It is quite something. You cannot see it, so I will describe.

BETTE
(weak) I can't... I can't breathe...

THOMAZ
The clothes of the elves, the scenery, is all white - because all the elves from across Europe have died and gone to heaven.

THOMAZ (cont'd)
 United in afterlife, all the
 nationalities play and sing together.
 You know, one could argue that the
 Elves of Europe is a subversive piece
 of modern art.

BETTE
 I can't take this anymore!

THOMAZ
 Sorry, you have to speak up.

BETTE
 Unzip the suit, you oaf!

THOMAZ
 Bette, you're rocking the boat! Stop!

BETTE
 Unzip it! I need to get out!

THOMAZ
 No! There might be cameras!

BETTE
 I don't care, LET ME OUT.

ZZZZIP. Bette wiggles out of the suit. Bette sucks in some
 air.

CHILD
 (distant) Mummy, that bear just
 exploded.

BETTE
 Ohhh! Oh that's better!

CHILD
 (distant) And a person fell out.

THOMAZ
 Quick, climb out of the suit and sit
 next to me, so we look like normal
 couple having lovely ride.

CHILD
 (distant) Is that where babies come
 from?

BETTE
 (grunts) That was ghastly.

THOMAZ

That is very much your fault.
What were you thinking, coming to
Hilda's office like that? Forcing me
to smuggle you out, endangering both
of us! Now that we know she might be
murderous evil woman, that was very
bad idea.

BETTE

She might not be a murderous evil
woman. Really, it's very
statistically unlikely.

THOMAZ

Statistically unlikely?

BETTE

Am I to believe every theme park
employs homicidal maniacs?

Distant -

RIDE OPERATOR

(distant) Hello! Please stay in the
boat until you come to a complete
stop.

THOMAZ

Thank goodness, the end is nigh. You
will get out, but I will stay on boat
and go back round to Hilda.

BETTE

Go back? Why?

THOMAZ

It is how it works.

BETTE

How *what* works?

THOMAZ

(sighs) Every now and then, someone
comes up to Eurobear, gives codeword,
and I take them to Hilda's office.
They talk, and after, I escort them
back the special guest rooms in the
castle.

BETTE

Oooh! Special rooms in the castle?
(gasp) But JJ's staying in the
castle!

THOMAZ

Her room is far from special rooms.
They have very hidden entrance. And
no, I will not tell you where!

BETTE

Why not?

THOMAZ

You will charge in like clomping
elephant. No. Sorry. Nuh-uh.

BETTE

That's fine. Don't tell me. I'll just
find them myself.

THOMAZ

No you won't. They are very hidden.

BETTE

Not for long.

THOMAZ

You will not find them.

BETTE

Oh won't I?

THOMAZ

No. You will not.

BETTE

We'll see about that.

THOMAZ

You won't see anything. Because you
won't find them.

BETTE

You keep thinking that.

THOMAZ

I will.
(shouts) Why is this ride taking so
long!

RIDE OPERATOR

(distant) Hello! Please stay in the
boat until you come to a complete
stop.

BETTE

Thomaz, who do you think this
Guiseppe is?

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

I couldn't hear much through the door. But Hilda said something about 'The Committee'... She said something about 'liquidating a membership'.

THOMAZ

I also heard that.

BETTE

I couldn't catch anything else. Maybe if I bugged the special guest rooms...

THOMAZ

Good luck with that.

BETTE

Luck? Ha. I don't need it, thanks.

They arrive at the queue of boats at the end of the ride. The BUMP BUMP of fibreglass boats against the side, the hubbub of people disembarking.

RIDE OPERATOR

(less distant) Hello, we hope you had a very magical trip around the elvish continent of Europe.

THOMAZ

We are here. You go now.

BETTE

I think we've made real progress today, Thomaz. Good work!

THOMAZ

Listen, lady: we are not a team. You are endangering yourself, and more importantly, me, and also indirectly, my sister back in Bucharest. From now on, I will do the investigating, and you... you please go back to Cuckoo hotel.

BETTE

Yes, I think I will.

THOMAZ

You will?

BETTE

Yes. I'll grab some dinner, phone Jenkins, and then tonight... the castle awaits!

THOMAZ

Get out of boat.

BETTE

Oh, yes.

Bette GRUNTS as she gets out of the boat.

RIDE OPERATOR

The floor is wet, please be careful!

THOMAZ

(to operator) I go round again.

RIDE OPERATOR

OK Thomaz! Wow. You love this ride!

BETTE

(calls) Bye Thomaz! I'll let you know when I find the hidden rooms!

THOMAZ

(mutters) Oh, just shout it to everyone why don't you.

RIDE OPERATOR

Thank you! Come ride with us again.

BETTE

(James Bond smooth)
Oh, I most certainly will.

INT. LORRY, ROAD TO DUNKELSCHLOSS

Duncan Newgate on the radio.

PARKER

Thanks for the lift, mate. Really appreciate it.

LORRY DRIVER

No problem, lad. What were you doing on that stretch of road, anyway?

PARKER

Got on the wrong coach in Munich, like a bloody pillock.

(MORE)

PARKER (cont'd)

I got off as soon as I realised, but then I was like, 'oh gawd, where am I?' I'm so glad you stopped, mate. You're a lifesaver.

LORRY DRIVER

Maybe I am. You should be careful hitch-hiking around these parts.

PARKER

W... what do you mean?

LORRY DRIVER

There's something strange in these woods, lad.

PARKER

Right. Right, yeah. Do you know this area well, then?

LORRY DRIVER

Oh aye. This is my regular route. Plenty of truckers drive this stretch, too, from all over Europe. We look out for each other, you might say. Talk of the devil; hark who's coming. Pass me the CB radio, lad.

PARKER

This? Here ya go.

LORRY DRIVER

Cheers. (CB Radio) Ring-Ring-Ring-Ring Banana Phone to Jimmy Pigs. How's it looking behind yer?

JIMMY PIGS V.O.

Cool on the stool, Ring-Ring.

LORRY DRIVER

10-4, Jimmy Pigs. Mind how you go.

Jimmy roars past. The BLARE of Jimmy Pig's horn. Ring-Ring laughs.

PARKER

Why's his name Jimmy Pigs?

LORRY DRIVER

That's his business.

PARKER

Right. Yeah.

LORRY DRIVER

Did I finish what I was saying? About the strangeness.

PARKER

Oh, no you didn't.

LORRY DRIVER

These parts have always had an ineffable darkness to 'em. But this... this is different.

Spooky music.

LORRY DRIVER (cont'd)

Past couple of years, there's been an influx of new regulars on these roads. But only at night.

PARKER

Wh... what do they look like?

LORRY DRIVER

Lorries.

PARKER

Yeah, right.

LORRY DRIVER

Identical, big black lorries. And a great big picture on the side.

PARKER

Picture?

LORRY DRIVERS

None of the bastards who drive 'em ever say hello. Me and the lads just thought they were rude. But they don't stop at the usual refill places, neither. They don't want to mix with us honest folk.

PARKER

Oh. Why not?

LORRY DRIVERS

I have my suspicions.

PARKER

Ohhh! They're doing something illegal? Moving something they shouldn't...

LORRY DRIVERS

Aye. Stolen goods, drugs, weapons,
who knows.

PARKER

Hang on, you said all these new
lorries, they got a picture on the
side. What is it?

LORRY DRIVER

Well now. That's where it gets
interesting, cos they're not hiding
who they are. There it is, plain to
see. A laughing old man in a big
robe, clutching a wooden staff of
power; from the top of it, a stab of
lightning shoots out, and spells in
electric letters, the words--

PARKER / LORRY DRIVER

Wizzzard Entertainment.

INT. SCHLOSS

JJ walks up the castle stairs, muttering and singing to
herself.

JJ

(sings) Mah shift has ended, it's
time for tea, gonna eat this here
bratwurst, and then have a wee! And
watch some tee veeeeee.

The schloss echoes.

JJ (cont'd)

Huh. Cool echo. (sings) "I want
adventure in the great wide
somewhere!"

JJ LAUGHS.

JJ (cont'd)

'Be our guest, be our guest, put our
service to the--'

She stops as a TERRIFYING, LONG GROAN fills the air.

JJ (cont'd)

Who's that?

Another GROAN.

JJ (cont'd)
Is someone there?

Another unearthly GROAN, this time, uttering a name...

ERIC
(groan) Jaaaay jaaaay.

JJ
(fear) Ohhhh.
(calls) I... I have a gun!

ERIC
(distant) Oh yeah? So do I. Dunno how
it works, though.

JJ
Eric??

ERIC
Tubular bit goes bang, I suppose.

JJ
(calls) Eric? Is that you??

She OPENS THE DOOR to her room. Eric's voice becomes louder.

ERIC
I hope you've brought some cigs,
nutter. I'm gasping.

JJ enters the room.

JJ
Eric! What... what are you doing
here?? Why are you in my bed? Are you
wearing a bonnet??

ERIC
It's a makeshift bandage for my ear.
Your friend Gretchen fashioned it
from a sheet.

JJ
Gretchen??

ERIC
Bit unnecessary if you ask me, I
stopped bleeding somewhere around
Dusseldorf.

JJ
You know Gretchen??

ERIC

Just met her. She's still about
somewhere - she said something about
'exploring the castle.' 'ere, fancy
you living in a castle! La di da!

JJ

Eric! What are you even doing here?
And why do you look so beaten up?

ERIC

I'll give you one guess.

JJ

Because you were beaten up?

ERIC

Ting ting ting! Legs eleven! Two fat
ladies! Have a banana.

JJ

Who beat you up?

ERIC

Who hasn't? But in this instance, it
was a bloke called 'Bohdanko'.

JJ

'Bohdanko'. Why does that sound
familiar...

ERIC

Russian, I think. He was certainly
rushin' to put me in the hospital,
hahaha-ow. Hurts when I laugh.

JJ

Oh no. Bohdanko...

Ghostly flashback to when JJ was hiding behind the curtains
in a Japanese apartment...

BOHDANKO

Come on, girlie. Hurry up with
Bohdanko's painting. Heh heh heh.

JJ

Oh! Oh no! Ohhhh God!

ERIC

You've met him, then?

JJ

Ohhhhh. What did he want?

ERIC

'ere, nutter, see my coat over there?
It's got some painkillers in the
pocket. Fetch 'em for me, would ya?
I'd do it myself but I've formed a
pocket of warm air under the sheets,
seems a shame to let it out.

JJ

Oh right. Sure. These?

Pill bottle.

ERIC

That's it. Lovely job.

JJ

...Bohdanko... he's trying to find
me....

Unscrews cap.

ERIC

Yeah, so this Bohdanko bloke comes to
my squat, yeah? (swallows pills) And
he starts asking me questions. Quite
forceful questions. Thought I'd had
it, to be honest. Thought: this is
it, old son. You've carved your last
Parma Violet.

JJ

What kind of questions?

ERIC

Where the painting was. Who I was
selling it for. Where you were.

JJ

Ohhhh! What did you say to him?

ERIC

Don't you worry; I didn't tell 'im
nothing. Didn't have to: while he was
working me over, Crusty snuck up
behind him - she's a good friend, is
Crusty - and injected him with an
equine sedative. Crusty's a vet,
y'see. Or 'vet adjacent', anyway.

JJ

And then you came here? Why??

ERIC

I just told you why. I'm on the run.

JJ

There was nowhere else you could go??

ERIC

It's like you're unhappy to see me. Look, mate, this Bohdanko fella, he seems the relentless type. If I stayed in Amsterdam, he'd be on me like a Jack Russell on a cheese football.

JJ

But what if he followed you? You might've led him straight to me!

ERIC

Nah. I took a very circuitous route, don't you worry. And on the way, I formulated a plan -

JJ

Eric, Eric, are you sure you didn't say anything to him? Anything he could use to figure out where I am?

ERIC

Yeah yeah, it's fine, trust me. So my plan -

JJ

I can't believe you came here! Of all the places in Europe you could've gone to!

ERIC

But nowhere else has such a juicy business opportunity, heh heh heh.

JJ

Do you mean the painting? Right. Yeah. Well, look, about that. I'm not selling it anymore.

ERIC

You bloody what??

JJ

I'm going to post it to a museum.

ERIC

You are not!

JJ

It's my painting, I'll do what I want!

ERIC

I just got worked over and had to flee the country because of this sodding painting, and you want to send it to a bleedin' museum??

JJ

I'm sorry that happened, Eric. I really am. But it just shows why we shouldn't do this! If we try and sell it, it'll just happen again. Except next time, your friend won't be there with her horse sedative.

ERIC

But I've lined up a buyer! He's ready to hand over the flippin' money! We're on the cusp of great riches, you berk!

A beat.

JJ

You found a buyer?

ERIC

Yep.

JJ

How much?

ERIC

Well now. Lemme see if I can remember. There was a nine... and a five... and a lot of zeroes.

JJ

95 million????

ERIC

What? No. Ninety five thousand.

JJ

Oh.

ERIC

That's a lot of money!

JJ

Yeah.

ERIC

Oh oh, I'm sorry, is 47 and a half grand not enough for Madame Armstrong!

JJ

47 and a half? Hang on. Did we decide on a fifty fifty split?

ERIC

You're quibbling over the split, after what I've just been through??

JJ

Yeah, no, sorry. It's just... 47 and a half grand... it's...

ERIC

You could buy a very nice house for that.

JJ

I could, couldn't I? Huh. Me and Bette could live together... with Freddie.

ERIC

So, the plan. I need to lay low for a bit until things die down, and then we can take the painting to the buyer. He's in Switzerland; they love stolen paintings, that lot. What d'ya think, nutter? You in?

Beat.

JJ

Yeah. Alright.

ERIC

Ha ha! That's my nutter!

JJ

But Eric, don't tell anyone about this. Especially Bette. I don't want her to know until it's done.

ERIC

Bette? Old stick-up-her-arse, she's here, is she? (cackles) Ah brilliant. Y'know what, I haven't had a holiday in years. A summer in a theme park, hanging out with old pals! Heh heh!

JJ

Oh God. Don't make me regret this,
Eric.

ERIC

Regret? Never! You and me, nutter,
are going to have a lot of fun.

JJ's theme plays.

INT. SCHLOSS BASEMENT

The schloss creaks and sighs. CROWS CAW some distance away.

Footsteps as Gretchen creeps along.

GRETCHEN

Ah CHOO! Ugh, so dusty. (sighs,
disappointed) Too dusty... no-one has
been here for a long time.

A sudden CRACK of wood; Gretchen SHRIEKS as her foot goes
through.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Oh my goodness! These floorboards are
rotten.

A CAW CAW.

You think that's funny, crow? Yeah,
haha, laugh at Gretchen as she
stumbles around in the gloom. In an
old, spooky castle.

CAW CAW.

Stop it. You think I am scared?! I am
not! Shut up! Silly crow.
Oh, imagine if Gunther is here... ...
what if I find his body... ohhhhh
God...

CAW CAW.

The CROW SWOOPS.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Agh! Watch it! Crazy bird. You almost
flew into me!

Another SWOOP.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Argh! What are you doing??

Another SWOOP. Gretchen SCREAMS, STUMBLES BACK.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
Stop! Go away! Argh! Oh my God!

The crow CAWS and then FLIES DOWNWARDS, through the floor.
The CAWS are distant now.

Gretchen PANTS.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
Where did you go? Disappeared.
Into... into the floor?

Gretchen walks over.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
(scared) Crow? Oh my God, there's a
huge hole in the floor! He flew
through. I could have fallen in. Was
he was trying to warn me? Crow, I
think you saved my life!

CAW CAW.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
(calls) Thank you! Thank you, crow.
This is like a fairytale. One of the
old ones. I shouldn't be here.

A laugh-like CAW CAW.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
This schloss is not fit for humans. I
must be wrong. There is nothing here.
No hidden rooms, or subterranean
tunnels.

Another series of CAWS.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
Don't worry, crow. I'm leaving... as
soon as I figure out where the exit
is.

The crow CAWS VERY LOUDLY.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
I said I'm leaving. Relax.

Another LOUD CAW. FLAP FLAP FLAP.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
 What is it now? Are you guiding me
 out? This is too weird. Did somebody
 train you?

CAW CAW.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
 What's that, crow? You want me to go
 through this door? Oh my God, I am
 talking to a crow.

CAW CAW.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
 Well... I suppose there's no harm.
 You wouldn't save my life only to
 take me somewhere scary, would you?

She pushes a CREAKY door open. And GASPS.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
 Oh! What is this? A library!

She CLOSES the door, walks in, looks around.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
 Wow. So many books! A light switch!

CLICK.

It works?
 Oh my. How are the books not rotten?
 Why is it not dusty in here?

Gretchen walks - CREAK CREAK - and then stops and SNIFFS.

GRETCHEN (cont'd)
 (sniff)... Is that ... coffee?? Is
 somebody brewing coffee?? Gretchen
 SNIFFS, following her nose. SNIFF
 SNIFF.

And then a strange SWISH, and A MECHANISM is triggered.
 GRETCHEN GASPS.

INT. MOCKERY SECRET ROOMS

Jenkins is on the phone.

In the background, 'Til the End of Your Day's plays on the
 record player.

JENKINS

Yes. I see... well now. Ha! You'll make a spy, yet, my dear.

MARGOT

Who's on the phone? Who are you talking to?

JENKINS

It's your niece, my dear.
(to Bette) Well done, Bette. What's that? What did she mean? I have no idea, I've never heard of 'the Committee' in my life. Yes, yes, yes you're right, it DOES sound like a conspiracy. Mmmm, yes, I agree, she's certainly up to no good.

MARGOT

Bette... we should... tell her...

JENKINS

Shhh.
Bette, thank you, but that's all I need from you. Yes, yes, time to come home. No, it's quite alright, someone else will be assisting me in Dunkelschloss from now on. Yes, they'll take over. No, you won't have to meet them, no, no, BETTE, shush, let me speak... fetch your sister and return to Mockery for your compensation. And a bonus, but only if you hurry back. Thank you, Bette. Goodbye.

CLICK of phone receiver.

MARGOT

She's coming back? Oh, thank goodness. You put her in danger!

JENKINS

Yes, it looks like I did. But when I sent her, I didn't know for sure Hilda had turned against me.

MARGOT

The twins, the twins are in danger again...

JENKINS

...which is why I told them to return.

MARGOT

What do you even mean, Hilda has
'turned' against you? You've not told
me everything, Jenkins.

JENKINS

You don't need to know.

MARGOT

IT'S MY PARK!

JENKINS

If you don't calm down, you'll have
to take another pill.

MARGOT

Hilda... Dunkelschloss...Is this
about the shipment of snow-cone
machines a few weeks back... the
lorry that didn't arrive...

JENKINS

Yes it is. My men have been looking
for it ever since, but there's no
sign of it. I'll wager it left
Dunkelschloss at all.

MARGOT

But why would she say her own lorry
had disappeared?

JENKINS

So that she could accuse me of
stealing it. As I thought. But why?
Ahhhh. She needed an excuse. She's
setting me up for a fall...

MARGOT

But it was just a shipment of snow-
cone machines... wasn't it?? Jenkins!
What was in that lorry?

JENKINS

Oh, calm down.

MARGOT

Hilda might get to the twins before
they have a chance to leave!

JENKINS

Well, if she does... they've dealt
with worse and lived to tell the
tale. I'm sure they can extricate
themselves if necessary.

MARGOT

Jenkins!

JENKINS

It'll do them good! Excellent training.

MARGOT

Training? Training for what? What are you planning?

JENKINS

We're a family business...

MARGOT

A family with secrets! A family who lies and manipulates each other!

JENKINS

Yes, like I said - a family.

MARGOT

I have to help them.

JENKINS

You'll do nothing. You'll stay here, out of trouble. And when the twins get back, you'll pretend everything is fine and dandy.

MARGOT

But it's not. Will they even be safe here? Will I? If this Hilda is after you, is she after Mockery Manor, too?

JENKINS

Your priority has always been this bloody park, hasn't it? What about me? Hmmm? Did you ever care for me at all?
Don't answer that.

Jenkins walks to the door.

MARGOT

Where are you going?

JENKINS

Dunkelschloss. To sort this out once and for all.

He OPENS the door.

MARGOT

Jenkins! Wait!

JENKINS

Goodbye Margot. Don't worry; this isn't the last you'll see of me. I'm not that easy to get rid of.

The needle catches on the record player, and the lyric 'I will love you' plays on repeat until the music fades out.

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, Jenkins, Ring Ring Ring Banana Phone, and additional voices

Lindsay Sharman was Margot
Alasdair Beckett King was Tomas and Dodgy Eric
and Abbie Eastwood was Gretchen

For more information about Mockery Manor, visit Long Cat Media dot com, or visit Fable and Folly dot com to find our other two shows, along with dozens of amazing fiction podcasts.