

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Paul's Crime Time

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.

RADIO DJ PAUL

...you are listening to GSPW and some of you will be devastated to hear that 'Paul's Late Night Legends' is on hiatus.

CANNED GROAN

RADIO DJ PAUL (cont'd)

But worry not, because it's being replaced with something even better!

CANNED HURRAH

PAUL BUT ECHOEY

Paul's unsolved crime time.

RADIO DJ PAUL

That's right folks, it's Paul's Unsolved Crime Time. Every evening I will be discussing an unsolved crime and the sundry theories about whodunnit, howdunnit, and whydunnit, and at the end I'll be taking your calls to see if you have... anything to contribute to the discussion, I suppose. And of course, the whole thing will be accompanied by Paul's pop hits.

PAUL BUT ECHOEY

Paul's Pop Hits.

RADIO DJ PAUL

What better unsolved crime to start with than a local one that is currently under investigation, and which I, Paul, have a personal link to. I am, of course, talking of the murder of Clayton Woodrow the Third at Mockery Manor's Claytonville. "Murder, Paul? Murder? I heard it was naught but an accident!" Well, sorry but no, no, that's not what a little birdy told me. I'll say no more, I cannot reveal my sources.

Now, a fact about me: I worked at Mockery Manor for six years, and in my very first year there, a young staff member went on a rampage and murdered two members of the public right there in the park! One of them still hasn't been identified; an old lady who met a very grisly end in the Dreamland section of Mockery. Very peculiar. Hmm, I might delve into that one once we've finished with Clayton.

What I'm saying, folks, is that Mockery Manor is a dark dark place and I was lucky to get out alive. But the thing is, speaking as a broadcaster and a seeker of truth, I cannot deny that the park has cast somewhat of a spell over me. A spell that goes, 'abracadabra, let's figure this out'.

PAUL BUT ECHOEY

Paul's unsolved crime time.

RADIO DJ PAUL

I'm just going to put it out there: my money's on a crazed fan, driven to murder by Mockery's dark influence. But we'll get into that after our first pop hit: it's Cactus Lovers, by our victim, Clayton Woodrow! That's right, we're going back in time to 1952 for Clay's duet with his first wife, Tammy Jewel. This is Cactus Lovers.

PLAYS SONG.

CACTUS LOVERS

(by Laurence Owen, sung by Laurence Owen and Christina Bianco)

You're so spiky, the spikiest gal/guy around
 But I like my gals real spiky, won't you be my spiky pal
 I'm spiky but I'm pretty with flowers in my crown
 I'll (you'll) be your (my) cactus guy
 and you (I) my (your) spiky cactus gal

Well we grew up together

A-baskin' in the heat
 I tell ya I ain't never seen a succulent so sweet
 I said "you're kinda prickly"
 "Well ya ain't so smooth yourself"
 We started tradin' barbs until we made each other yell

You're so spiky, the spikiest gal/guy around
 But I like my gals real spiky, won't you be my spiky pal
 You're looking mighty pretty in your green and prickly gown
 I'll (you'll) be your (my) cactus guy
 and you (I) my (your) spiky cactus gal

I'm standin' tall and handsome
 I'm givin' her a thrill
 One look at me and I can get him standin' taller still
 His cactus milk's delicious
 And sweet beyond compare
 And I tell ya what, this gal has got one helluva prickly
 pear

You're so spiky, the spikiest gal/guy around
 But I like my gals real spiky, won't you be my spiky pal
 You're just the kind of guy with whom I'd like to put roots
 down
 I'll (you'll) be your (my) cactus guy
 and you (I) my (your) spiky cactus gal

A desert pig came snufflin'
 And a-nibblin' on your fruits
 I pricked him with a spine and then I turned that piggy
 loose
 Then a cowboy came a-thirstin'
 For the water in your roots
 I pricked his big behind so hard he jumped out of his boots

You're so spiky, the spikiest gal/guy around
 But I like my gals real spiky, won't you be my spiky pal

I'll (you'll) be your (my) cactus guy
 and you (I) my (your) spiky cactus gal

Well I ain't goin' nowhere
 I'm stickin' round here too
 There ain't no place I'd rather be than rooted next to you
 I'll be your spiky husband
 I'll be your spiky bride
 We'll take on all them critters with each other by our side

You're so spiky, the spikiest gal/guy around
 But I like my gals real spiky, won't you be my spiky pal

I'll (you'll) be your (my) cactus guy
 and you (I) my (your) spiky cactus gal