

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Episode 5

Little Ghouls

Written by Lindsay Sharman

Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

Laidback cowboy MUSIC.

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor: Bette and Fenwick reluctantly join forces to crack the case, and discover a hypodermic needle on the Four Spurs mine train tracks. And Harry shows Bette the CCTV from the night of the murder, revealing a mysterious hooded figure entering the mine train not long before the lights went out.

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 5: Little Ghouls.

INT. CLAYTONVILLE

The sound of CROWDS and a generic Claytonville MUSIC LOOP.

BETTE

So, Anna Lou! Where would you like to go first? Claytonville is our oyster!

ANNA LOU

I don't mind. I'm just glad to be out of that gloomy manor.

ENGLISH CHILDREN LAUGH.

COWBOY CRACKLES

Trousers Meowsers!

ANNA LOU

(wistful) Oh, look at those kids playing with that cat mascot.

COWBOY CRACKLES

Or should I say: Pants Meowsers!

ANNA LOU
 (wistful) It does your heart glad to
 see such joyful innocence.

COWBOY CRACKLES
 Oi! Give that back!

BETTE
 Ah yes.

COWBOY CRACKLES
 C'mon, that's not funny!

BETTE
 Innocent little kiddywinks stealing
 Cowboy Crackles' hat.

COWBOY CRACKLES
 You little wankers!

ENGLISH CHILDREN LAUGH.

ANNA LOU
 Ahhh! It's so nice to get some fresh
 air. Thank you, Bette, for inviting
 me to come walk with you.

BETTE
 My pleasure. You looked like you
 needed a break from that Bobby chap.

ANNA LOU
 Oh, no, I was fine.

BETTE
 I think you're being far too nice.

ANNA LOU
 No, no, Bobby's... fine.

BETTE
 Oh dear. (sighs) Look, Anna Lou, lord
 knows I'm not a tattletale, but,
 well...

ANNA LOU
 What is it?

BETTE
 When I walked into the breakfast room
 this morning, Bobby was talking about
 you.

ANNA LOU

He was?

BETTE

Or not so much 'talking' as 'ranting and raving'. 'Where's that Anna Lou! Is she slacking off again? That girl is the laziest varmint in all tarnation! What do we even pay her for!'

ANNA LOU

He was saying that?? Are you sure?

BETTE

Words to that effect.

ANNA LOU

Lazy? What does he mean? I don't even work for him, I work for Clay!

BETTE

(sympathetic) 'Used' to work for Clay. I suppose you're unemployed now that he's dead.

Anna Lou makes a DISTRESSED SOUND.

BETTE (cont'd)

Anyway, don't let it bother you, I just thought you should know. Shall we go into that gift shop? I'm looking for a hooded sweatshirt...

ANNA LOU

(dazed, upset) Oh. Uh. Sure.

BETTE

Are you alright? I haven't upset you, have I? I'm entirely on your side, you know. As soon as I met him, I thought 'that Bobby's a bully'. It's no wonder you had that big argument. What was it about, by the way?

ANNA LOU

Oh, no, it wasn't... who told you we argued?

BETTE

Can't remember. After you! Retail therapy awaits!

The SHOP BELL TINGS as Bette holds the door open.

ANNA LOU
(dazed, upset) Oh, thank you.

INT. GIFT SHOP

BETTE
Now where are the hoodies...
You should get a souvenir of your
time here.

ANNA LOU
(mutters) I guess I could get my mom
a l'il something.

BETTE
Is your mother a fan?

ANNA LOU
Of Clay? Oh yeah.
It wasn't an argument. Maybe it
looked like it was, but it wasn't.

BETTE
I'm sorry? You've lost me.

ANNA LOU
You said Bobby and I argued at the
concert. But Bobby just shouts a lot.
Was it Kirsteen, did she tell you
that? Or the bartender?

BETTE
Yes, I think maybe it was.
Oh look. A Claytonville pencil case!
Would your mother like one of these?
Or how about a pack of three banana-
scented rubbers?

ANNA LOU
What??

BETTE
Smelly rubbers? They have Clay's face
printed on them.

ANNA LOU
They sell rubbers in the gift shop?!
Mom told me Europe was permissive but
this is just... wow.

BETTE
Permissive?
(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

Oh I see what's happened. I meant erasers. Look! Americans call them 'erasers': we call them rubbers. Haha! You thought I meant--

ANNA LOU

Ssssh! Oh lord. How embarrassing.

BETTE

Here's another one: did you know in America 'fanny' means bottom, but here in England it means--

ANNA LOU

Yes, I know. You don't have to--

BETTE

--vagina!

ANNA LOU

--say it.

BETTE

So don't slap any fannies while you're over here, Anna Lou! Unless it's consensual and behind closed doors, in which case, slap away! Oh look, hoodies.

ANNA LOU

(faint) Hoodies? Oh. Hoodies. Right. Good.

The SWISH and SCRATCH of sweatshirts on hangers.

BETTE

(mutters) No, no, no. Wrong graphic. Not this one either... where is it... it must be here somewhere... dammit. Maybe they've sold out. How about this one for your mum? Look: it's got young Clayton on the front. Very handsome.

ANNA LOU

Oh yeah, that's nice.

BETTE

Who wouldn't want that face stretched across their boobs, am I right.

ANNA LOU

My goodness.
Oh, no, you don't have to...

They WALK to the cash register.

BETTE
It's alright, I'll put it towards
expenses.
Just this, thank you.

SHOP ASSISTANT
(shouts) Julie, price-check on blue
hoodie, Clayton on a cow.

ANNA LOU
It's a bison.

BETTE
Are there any other designs besides
the ones on the rail? Do you have one
with the stars and stripes down the
arms?

SHOP ASSISTANT
No.

BETTE
(mutters) How odd.

JULIE THE SHOP ASSISTANT
(shouts) Twenty one ninety nine.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Twenty one ninety nine.

BETTE
Jesus Christ. Here.

CASH REGISTER noise.

BETTE (cont'd)
So Anna Lou, did your mum ever meet
Clay?

ANNA LOU
Uh. I don't know. I mean, no, no she
didn't.

BETTE
Oh! Huh. But how long have you worked
for Clay?

ANNA LOU
Oh, just, like, five years.

BETTE
And you never introduced them?

ANNA LOU

Bette, I think I might go back to the manor now...

BETTE

I've got a better idea! We're right next to the Tunnel of Lost Love! Shall we?

ANNA LOU

Oh, no, I don't like rides. I'm a real scaredy-cat. I think I need to have a nap...

TING of bell as they exit.

EXT. CLAYTONVILLE

BETTE

Oh don't worry about it, it's not a rollercoaster! It's one of those slow boat rides where you float along looking at things.

ANNA LOU

That sounds nice.

BETTE

God no, it's boring as shit. But this one's a little bit different. The Tunnel of Lost Love depicts scenes from Clay's private life: his marriages... his *affairs*...

ANNA LOU

Are you kidding me?? But that's so inappropriate!

BETTE

It's all public knowledge. The ride's based on that album released last year...

ANNA LOU

'Love Songs for Old Cowboys'?

BETTE

That's the one! Love songs from 60 years in the saddle! 'That's a whole lotta lovin'. (laughs)
Come on, let's get in the queue.

ANNA LOU
No, I don't want to.

BETTE
Why not?

ANNA LOU
Clay hated 'Love Songs for Old
Cowboys'.

BETTE
Did he really? Why?

ANNA LOU
He said it was a cynical cash grab.

BETTE
Why did he do it, then?

ANNA LOU
Because of Bobby. He convinced Clay
to release it. Greatest hits albums
always sell real well and... well...

BETTE
Clay needed the money?

ANNA LOU
Uh huh. There was a huge tax bill, or
something like that, I don't know.

BETTE
Earning a lot of money is a very
silly reason to hate an album.

ANNA LOU
It's not the only reason he hated it.

BETTE
Oh?

ANNA LOU
Some of those songs were written a
long time ago, when Clay was hurtin'
real bad. Like when his second wife
ran off with that rodeo clown, he did
a song about it! And when the
tabloids ran that expose about his
trip to the massage parlour after his
divorce, what did he do? He wrote a
damn song. Even when those women said
they'd had his baby when they hadn't,
and it was all real humiliating--

BETTE

Crikey.

ANNA LOU

--but he always channeled everything into his music, so...

BETTE

...so he lived to regret that?

ANNA LOU

Uh huh.

BETTE

Crikey. (to self) I'll have to re-visit Clay's songs. See if I can find anything new in them.

ANNA LOU

(wobbly) I think I need to sit down.

BETTE

Oh no! Poor girl, look at you. Here: sit, sit.

ANNA LOU

(whimpers) Thank you.

BETTE

(sighs) Grief! It hits at the most unexpected times.

ANNA LOU

Mmmhmmm.

BETTE

You two were close.

ANNA LOU

No. Not really. He was... my boss. But he was a good boss.

BETTE

Well that's lovely. And somewhat unusual, I fear. Because you hear things, don't you? About the rich pushing boundaries with their staff.

ANNA LOU

That wasn't Clay.

BETTE

No? Well that's very special. Because to be honest, if I was in his position, I'd be a bloody monster! I would! I mean, imagine being famous for literal decades. Imagine what that does to a person. Always being told 'you're the best! You're amazing!' Imagine knowing that you could make someone happy just by giving them a little attention. Such power! All that adulation. All that money. Even if you were trying your very best, you'd become insane with self importance.

Beat.

ANNA LOU

(whispers) Not Clay. He was... real nice.

BETTE

(sucks air into nose) Right. Not Clay, then. Nicey nicey nice.
(sudden) Oh bollocks! Shitting hell!

ANNA LOU

What? What is it?

BETTE

Bum balls arse tits! I didn't press 'record'.
Rookie mistake!

ANNA LOU

What... what--

CLICK of dictaphone.

BETTE

Time: 5.15pm. Date, same as before.
Interviewing Anna Lou... sorry,
what's your surname?

ANNA LOU

What is that?

BETTE

This? It's a dictaphone. A tape recorder.

ANNA LOU

You're recording me??

BETTE
I am NOW, yes. Ugh.

ANNA LOU
Why??

BETTE
Kirsteen hired me to investigate
Clay's death.

ANNA LOU
You're working for Kirsteen??

BETTE
Uh oh! Don't you like her?

ANNA LOU
What? No, I didn't... I didn't say
that!

BETTE
Oh don't worry, I'm not judging you!
I'm not sure I trust her either. But
would she really hire me to
investigate her husband's murder if
she was involved somehow?

ANNA LOU
Murder?! Clay wasn't murdered!

BETTE
Well, I certainly hope not! Because
if he was, it was probably one of you
lot. So. How old are you, Anna Lou?

ANNA LOU
I'm twenty eight. Do the police think
Clay was murdered?

BETTE
Oh yes. They certainly do. And George
Osman does too.

ANNA LOU
Who?

BETTE
You know: the man who built an entire
park based on your boss and then
invited you all here for the grand
opening. Which I find extremely
weird. But why would George Osman
hire Detective Fenwick to investigate
if he had anything to hide?

ANNA LOU

What are you talking about? I'm sorry, I'm so confused.

BETTE

Me too!

Where were you during the concert?

ANNA LOU

The concert? I I I was with the others in the VIP lounge on the rooftop of the saloon. I can't believe Clay was murdered. Why would anyone hurt him?

BETTE

You were with the others, such as Bobby, with whom you argued.

ANNA LOU

Yes. No. Yes. It wasn't...

BETTE

And Kirsteen?

ANNA LOU

Yes - but she left to smoke a cigarette.

BETTE

She left a rooftop bar to smoke a cigarette? Huh. When was that?

ANNA LOU

I, I don't know.

BETTE

Was she in the VIP area when the lights went off?

ANNA LOU

No, she left to smoke, like, before, I don't know how long. Also I am super-uncomfortable with you recording this.

BETTE

Who else was on that VIP rooftop?

ANNA LOU

Uhhh. That crazy stalker came in - Abilene Docherty?

BETTE
Anyone else?

ANNA LOU
The bartender?

BETTE
Parker.

ANNA LOU
But he left too. Bobby was angry that
the whiskey was real cheap, so he -
Parker - he said he'd get a better
one from the manor--

BETTE
--Oh shit! There she is! Sorry, one
second. (shouts) JJ!

ANNA LOU
What...

BETTE
Sorry, I just saw my sister.
(calls) JJ!
I've been trying to track her down
for ages... (calls) JJ!

ANNA LOU
Wait. Your sister's name is JJ??

BETTE
Ugh! Where's she going in such a
hurry?
Thank you for the chat, Anna Lou,
must dash.
(shouts) JJ! JJ!

She RUNS.

BETTE (cont'd)
Ha! Over here! JJ! (beat)
(to self) She saw me! I saw her see
me! Why isn't she stopping??
(calls) JJ! JJ! There's no point
speed-walking away, I know you saw
me!

Bette's voice fades off as she runs after her sister.

INT. MOCKERY WOODS

Walter and his 'tour group' argue.

WALTER

No. I'm sorry, no-one's going inside the cottage. And that's my final word on the matter.

MAN 1

Ugh, you suck.

MAN 2

Yeah you suck.

WALTER

What was that?

WOMAN

Walter, no-one even lives in the cottage. Why can't we just check it out?

WALTER

Because it's breaking and entering.

WOMAN

But we found a key.

MAN 2

Yeah exactly, if you hide a key under the doormat, you can't complain if someone uses it.

WALTER

That is legally and morally inaccurate.

MAN 1

This tour sucks! All we've done is sit around a campfire like a bunch of bloody boy scouts.

MAN 2

Yeah, it's rubbish.

WOMAN

We don't even know if it's the right key. We should at least try it.

WALTER

No, we shall adhere to the itinerary.

MAN 2

You're scared to go in the cottage.

WALTER

I can assure you, I am not scared.
I may consider it for a future tour -
for a surcharge - but I won't change
the schedule willy-nilly.

MAN 2

I bet you weren't even here in '89.

WALTER

I was! I knew the killer! We were in
the same dorm!

MAN 1

How do we know you're not lying?

MAN 2

Yeah, how do we know?

WALTER

Because... I'm not! I was there! I
was! And I'm the only one who heard
the Dreamland scream! Me! And every
night since, that scream rings in
my--

The sound of a door CREAKING OPEN in the mid-distance.

WOMAN 2 (FIONA)

(calls) Durnit! It's the right key!
Let's go in!

THE TOUR PEOPLE

Oh cool! Nice one, Fiona! Whizzer and
chips!

WALTER

What?? No!
(calls) Fiona! Back away from there
right now!

TOUR GROUP

(excited hubbub)

MAN 1

What if we find body parts?

WOMAN 2 (FIONA)

This is so exciting!

WALTER

No-one's going in! This is *my* tour
and I do not appreciate--

MAN 2

Ss, what was that?

Parker arrives on the scene, CRUNCHING thru the undergrowth.

PARKER

(loud, furious) Oi! What the bloody
hell is going on here! Getoutofit!
What do you think you're doing??

WOMAN 2 (FIONA)

Shit!

MAN 1

It's the fuzz! Everyone: run!

WALTER

Oh, now you've done it!

PARKER

You're trespassing! This is trespass!
Why's the cottage open??

MAN 2

Let's get out of here!

WOMAN 1

Spread out! He can't catch all of us!

They all RUN off, LAUGHING with the adrenaline.

PARKER

(calls) Yeah, good, bugger off! And
stay out of these woods!

MAN 1

(calls) Suck it, copper!

PARKER

(calls) No, you suck it!
(mutters to self) Copper? I don't
look like a copper. This is a nice
suit.

A semi-distant SNEEZE.

WALTER

Oh no. My allergies.

PARKER

What... who's there?

WALTER

Coo. Coo. Coo. Coo. I'm a pigeon,
there's no-one here, coo.

PARKER

(sighs) Walter.

WALTER

Coo. Coo. There's no Walter here,
coo.

PARKER

Walter, I can literally see you. You
chose a very narrow tree to hide
behind.

WALTER

(sotto) Bollocks.

Walter emerges, and tries to style it out.

WALTER (cont'd)

Alright! You got me. It is I, Walter.
So we meet again, Parker.

PARKER

Yeah, unfortunately. Hello Walter.
Don't even think about running off, I
want a word with you.

WALTER

I won't run off. I can't. I've got
weak knees.

PARKER

Right.

WALTER

My mum said it's because I never ate
my peas and carrots.

PARKER

Look mate, I've got a theme park to
run. Two theme parks, if you consider
how useless George is. I really don't
want to be here listening to you
wittering on about vegetables.

WALTER

Oh. Can I go then?

PARKER

No!

WALTER

Why not? You can't call the police. I have an agreement with JJ. I'm allowed to be here.

PARKER

What? Ok, first of all: I very much doubt that. And second, I am definitely calling the police.

WALTER

Noooo!

PARKER

I have told you, more than once, that you're not allowed to be out here. And now I catch you breaking into the cottage..!

WALTER

That wasn't my idea! It was mutiny!

PARKER

Key's still in the door, at least. Anyone still in there before I lock it?

WALTER

No. They all ran off when you appeared. And left me to die.

PARKER

We should check.

WALTER

'We'??

PARKER

They're your little ghouls, if there's anyone in there, you can help me chase 'em out.

WALTER

I'll wait out here.

PARKER

Oh no you won't.

WALTER

I don't want to go in there.

PARKER

Why not? (beat) Walter, are you scared?

WALTER

No!

PARKER

You camp in spitting distance of this place, in the middle of the woods, in the dark, so why the hell are you scared of going in the cottage??

WALTER

(blurts) Because... because I saw something.

Ominous MUSIC.

PARKER

You saw something? What? Here?

WALTER

(scared) Never mind, forget it.

PARKER

Nah nah, you can't do that. Come on, Walter. Tell me, and maybe I won't call the police.
(beat) *Walter.*

WALTER

Alright!
Last night. I saw it last night. But that wasn't the first time.

PARKER

What wasn't?

WALTER

The first time was months ago. I just thought it was another nightmare. I have a lot of nightmares. Mostly about... well. You know. '89.

PARKER

Yeah I know.

WALTER

But then four nights ago, I thought I saw the shape in the window again.

(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)

And then last night... a couple of hours before dawn, I woke up needing a wee-wee, so I crept out of my tent and found my favourite bush. I was mid-flow when I heard... a creak... a door opening. I turned my head and that's when I saw him.

PARKER

Someone was in the cottage? Who?

WALTER

Huge, he was. With hollow, staring eyes... and that massive head.

PARKER

Walter. Who was it?

WALTER

The Mockery Manor mascot. Pageboy Crackles.

MUSIC.

ADVERT BREAK.

INT. THE BAYOU

CHEERFUL BAYOU BANJO MUSIC.

THE PROSPECTOR VO

Welcome to the Bayou Walkway! Turn right and follow the fireflies to Crawfish Creek or turn left onto the Salamander Walkway... but watch out for rickety boards! Don't fall in the swamp, or the gators'll get ya heehee!

The SPLISH SPLOSH of someone playing in water.

MUMMY

Charles! Get up, please. Don't dangle your hands in the water, it's dirty!

SMALL CHILD

But there's something at the bottom. Mummy, look! Treasure!

MUMMY

Disease, more like. Come on. Get up.

SMALL CHILD

Nooooooooo. Wahhhhh!

MUMMY

Ughh! Look, someone's coming, and you're blocking the path. Get up!

FAST FOOTSTEPS on the walkway as JJ approaches. JJ is OUT OF BREATH.

SMALL CHILD

I want the treasure!

JJ

Oh. Scuse me, can I just get by?

MUMMY

Just step over him, it's fine.

JJ

Thanks.

Agh! What are you doing??

He's got my ankle!

Charles LAUGHS.

MUMMY

Charles, let her go right now! I'm so sorry, he's in a grabby phase.

JJ

He's pulling me off-balance! I'm gonna fall over!

Bette in the distance, coming closer -

BETTE

JJ! You can run, but you can't hide!

JJ

Ohhh! Let me go please. Let go!

MUMMY

Charles! Let her go! Someone else is coming!: you are making yourself look very silly in front of lots of people.

Bette arrives.

BETTE

JJ! Finally!

JJ

Hi Bette.

BETTE

Why are you running away from me, you freak?

SMALL CHILD

Hahaha.

BETTE

What's going on here?

JJ

He's holding onto my ankle.

CHARLES LAUGHS.

BETTE

Oh! Good work.

MUMMY

I'm so sorry about this. I'll try and pry his fingers off.

BETTE

Take your time. She might run away again once she's free.

JJ

Of course I won't! Look, Bette, I'm sorry but I just didn't feel like talking.

BETTE

But you did feel like sprinting through the park as soon as you saw me. How very normal.

JJ

Ow! His nails are really digging in!

MUMMY

Charles!

Charles LAUGHS.

BETTE

Charles? Hello. What's this in my pocket? It's a plastic dinosaur called Brian. Would you like to have it?

SMALL CHILD

Yes?

BETTE

You can, but only if you let my
sister go right now.

He releases JJ. She GASPS in relief.

SMALL CHILD

Give it!

JJ

Ahhhh!

MUMMY

Charles, what do you say?

SMALL CHILD

Dinosaur!

He RUNS away making DINOSAUR NOISES.

MUMMY

Charles! Don't you dare run off! Oh
my God. I'm so sorry.
Charles! Stop!

Mummy RUNS off.

BETTE

(sotto) Freddie's going to kill me.
I've broken up the band.

JJ

That little sod drew blood! Look at
my ankle!

BETTE

Serves you right! Why did you run
away from me? That was very hurtful!
And worrying! Something's wrong. Tell
me what it is!

JJ

Alright. No need to have a go at me.
Can we walk?

BETTE

I suppose.

They WALK.

BETTE (cont'd)
Well? What's going on with you?

JJ
I visited Graham's widow this morning.

BETTE
What?? Why??

JJ
Because I thought she wanted to see me. But she really didn't.

BETTE
Of course she didn't!

JJ
When I wouldn't leave, she called the police.

BETTE
Oh my God.

JJ
I left before they got there. I don't understand why she wouldn't talk to me!

BETTE
JJ! You were her husband's mistress. Her *dead* husband. How else was she going to react?

JJ
You don't understand.

BETTE
Help me understand. Why did you try to see her?

JJ
Because she wanted us to meet.

BETTE
But I thought you said--

JJ
I know, I know...
(pleading) Can we talk about this another time? I need to think about it first, get my thoughts straight.

BETTE

JJ, just tell me.

JJ

Not here. I feel like... someone's watching.

BETTE

Of course no-one's watching. The bayou's probably the most private place in the whole park.

JJ

How about tonight? Come to my room. Actually, no, it's in a state, I'll come to yours.

BETTE

OK. Tonight.
Oh shit, hang on, I can't do tonight. I'm visiting a suspect. How about tomorrow morning?

JJ

A suspect? Have you got a new case?

BETTE

I certainly have. The biggest one of my career.

JJ

Oh wow. That's great. What is it?

BETTE

The case of the fallen county singer!

JJ

Huh?

BETTE

Kirsteen hired me to solve Clayton's murder. Tonight, I'm going to interview this security guard called Rick. Fenwick thinks he's acting weird, because he--

JJ

Wait wait! You're investigating Clayton's death?? With *Fenwick*??

BETTE

Not 'with', 'adjacent to'. George hired Fenwick, and Kirsteen hired me.

JJ

Oh no no nooo! No. I can't believe you're involved in this!

BETTE

Why shouldn't I be? I know you've all had your doubts, but I'm a damn good PI nowadays.

JJ

But... but the police think Clayton's death was an accident, isn't that enough?

BETTE

Pbbt! There's no way it was an accident. Why did the lights go off when they did? And there's CCTV showing someone else in the mine train that night, not to mention--

JJ

No, stop, Bette...

BETTE

--there's a flipping murder weapon! At least I think so. A syringe, I found it in the--

JJ

Bette! Please. I can't listen to this. It wasn't murder.

BETTE

JJ, we can't pretend it isn't just because we don't want it to be.

JJ

We can't pretend it was just because we want it to be, either!

BETTE

I don't WANT it to be murder, I'm not a psycho. But it would be amazing for my career.

JJ

Oh God.

BETTE

Whereabouts were you during the concert? Did you see anything suspicious?

JJ
You want my *alibi*?

BETTE
No, don't be silly. I just thought, you being a manager, you might've talked to Clayton that night, or maybe you saw something suspicious, something you don't even realise the importance of.

JJ
I didn't. I didn't see anything. I was in the Manor. I had a headache, so I went to bed.

BETTE
Oh. When did you go to bed?

JJ
I dunno. Does it matter? I missed the whole concert. So I don't know anything, I'm sorry, Bette, I can't help you. And I'm actually getting another headache now, so... I'm gonna go home. Excuse me.

She WALKS off.

BETTE
Oh. OK. But... talk tomorrow? JJ?

Short distance away -

JJ
Yep.

Beat.

BETTE
(sotto) Oh no. Not again, JJ. Not again.

JJ's THEME plays.

INT. COTTAGE

Soft FOOTSTEPS through the cottage.

PARKER
(calls) Hello! Hello? If there's anybody hiding in here, I'm gonna lock the cottage in a minute!
(MORE)

PARKER (cont'd)
 All the windows are nailed shut, so
 there'll be no way out! Better if you
 come out now! I ain't calling the
 police, don't worry!

Beat. Silence.

PARKER (cont'd)
 There you go, see, look. Empty. Look
 at the dust; nobody's been here for
 ages. Including Crackles.

WALTER
 (whispers) He's not in the cottage
 now, but she was. Maybe he lives
 here.

PARKER
 Walter, are you alright?

WALTER
 Look! The banister - no dust!

PARKER
 Alright Walter, come on, I think you
 need some fresh air, mate.
 (calls) Last chance for anyone
 hiding! We're leaving now!

WALTER
 No! We can't leave yet! What about
 upstairs? We haven't checked
 upstairs.

PARKER
 I didn't think you even wanted to be
 here, now you want to go upstairs?

WALTER
 I think... I think this is helping. I
 think this is good for me.

PARKER
 Good for ya?

WALTER
 If I can see every room with my own
 eyes and see there's nothing to be
 afraid of... maybe I'm a step closer
 to stopping the nightmares. That's
 why I do what I do, Parker, why I
 tell people about what happened here
 in '89, why I camp in the woods, as
 close to Mockery as I can get.

PARKER

I dunno, mate, this all sounds a bit weird to me--

WALTER

--My therapist calls it exposure therapy.

PARKER

Oh. I haven't heard of that. Is it like... closure?

WALTER

Maybe. Yeah. I think so.

PARKER

Right. Yeah. It's important, that. Alright. Let's go upstairs.

WALTER

Thank you, Parker. You first.

PARKER

Oh yeah, OK.

They climb the stairs. CREAK.

PARKER

(mutters) If this were a horror movie, this would be the worst thing we could do.

CREAK.

WALTER

I don't watch scary films. My mum doesn't like them.

PARKER

You know nothing bad ever happened in 'ere, right? Graham was killed outside.

WALTER

I know.

A BANG from upstairs. Parker GASPS.

PARKER

Geez! Someone IS here! I thought you said it was empty!

WALTER

Ummm...

PARKER

(calls) Hello! You in the master bedroom? I'm coming in! I ain't gonna hurt ya!

CREAAAAK of door opening.

PARKER (cont'd)

Hello? Ugh, oh my God, it stinks in 'ere. Ugh! God! Something crawl in 'ere and die?

(beat) Oh my God! Jesus Christ! What the hell is this?? What?? No, no, no. Oh God. Oh shi--

His words are cut off.

End of episode.

HOKEY MUSIC PLAYS.

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 Bette and JJ,
Kristi Boulton was Anna Lou,
James Ducker was Walter,
Laurence Owen was Parker and additional voices,
Rufus Walker was Charles,
and Kitty Winter was Mummy,
further additional voices by Lindsay Sharman and John Henry Falle.

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