

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Episode 2

The Falling Man

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Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

Laidback cowboy MUSIC.

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor:
Claytonville's resident psychic
medium has a vision of a falling man.
JJ, Parker and George struggle to
finish the park in time for opening
day. And Detective Fenwick from
season 1 makes an unwelcome
appearance as head of security for
the grand opening concert.
And 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 2: The
Falling Man.

EXT. ALLEYWAY WITH VIEW OF MASSAGE PARLOUR

Nearby ROAD noises.

BETTE

(mutters) Where is he? He's supposed
to be here by now. C'mon, c'mon.
Ah! Yes. There you are!

The CLICK CLICK CLICK of a long lens camera.

BETTE (cont'd)

That's it. Work it, baby. Pose for
momma, you little bastard!

Freddie, aged 5, pipes up from behind her.

FREDDIE

Mummy, what's a barsta?

BETTE

(flustered) Oh! Freddie, darling,
no...

FREDDIE

Am I a barsta?

BETTE

No, I wasn't calling YOU a bastard, sweetie. I was saying it to the man going into the massage parlour.

FREDDIE

What man?

BETTE

The one I was taking photographs of. He's gone in now. But he'll be out again soon, and we'll take more pictures of him then.

FREDDIE

Noooo. You said we'd take a picture then we go home.

BETTE

But I only got the back of his head, darling. I need a full frontal.

FREDDIE

Whhhhhyyyyyy.

BETTE

Well, you know how mummy has lots and lots of lovely photos of you in your school uniform? My client wants lots of lovely photos of her husband. And if she doesn't get them, she won't pay mummy, and then mummy won't be able to fill the car with petrol and buy you new shoes that you grow out of in ten minutes.

FREDDIE

Unnnnghhhhh!

BETTE

I'm sorry, sweetie, I know you're bored. Oh what's this in my pocket? It's a plastic dinosaur!

FREDDIE

(cold) His name is John Deacon.

BETTE

Yes, of course. Shall we play with John while we wait?

FREDDIE

I want to go home.

BETTE

(excited) Oh! Someone's coming out of
the massage parlour! That was quick!

(disappointed) Oh, it's a woman.

MASSEUSE

Oi!

FREDDIE

Mummy, she's coming over here.

MASSEUSE

You taking photos of my parlour??

Masseuse crosses the road towards them.

FREDDIE

She's got a broom.

MASSEUSE

Who tha fuck ar ya?

BETTE

Shit.

FREDDIE

Is she going to sweep the floor?

BETTE

Come on Freddie, time to go home!

FREDDIE

Yayyyy!

BETTE

Quickly, now! Race you to the car!

Freddie LAUGHS, enjoying himself.

FREDDIE

This is fun!

BETTE

Faster!

Mockery MUSIC builds.

INT. THE MANOR

Clay and co arrive at the manor. The group consists of Clayton, wife Kirsteen, his PA Anna Lou, and manager Bobby D.

George shows them in. He is very excited.

CREAK of main door opening.

GEORGE

Come in, come in! And welcome to the manor house.

Kirsteen's heels CLIP CLIP on the marble floors.

KIRSTEEN

Oh but this is lovely! Oh, look, Clay! That beautiful ebony staircase!

Door SHUTS.

KIRSTEEN (cont'd)

And oh! I do love this dark wood paneling. It's all so--

CLAYTON

Haunted. Like something out of a horror film.

KIRSTEEN

Hush Clay. No it ain't. Doesn't it remind you of where we honeymooned? (to George) We honeymooned in a Scottish castle, Mr Osmond.

GEORGE

How wonderful!

CLAYTON

If it's British, Kirsteen's happier than a pig in shit. That's why I agreed to this gig.

KIRSTEEN

Oh stop.

CLAYTON

What Kirsteen wants, Kirsteen gets.

GEORGE

So we have your wife to thank for your presence, Mr Woodrow!

CLAYTON

You can call me Clay.

KIRSTEEN

And I'm just plain old Kirsteen.

GEORGE

Of course. And I would be honoured if you called me George. Or whatever you want, really, I'm not fussy. Call me Mr Bum Bum Head if you like!

KIRSTEEN

Ain't you funny.
But lemme just say, George, my husband didn't tell the whole story just now. Clay didn't take this gig because of me. He was tickled pink you built a theme park dedicated to his career! Isn't that right?

CLAYTON

Hell of a strange thing to do.

KIRSTEEN

Wild horses couldn't have kept him away.

GEORGE

(tremulous) You can't imagine what that means to me.

A clock BONGS.

KIRSTEEN

How old is this house, Mr Osman?

GEORGE

Oh, I don't actually know. I'll have to ask JJ.

KIRSTEEN

Hmm? Sorry, who?

GEORGE

JJ. She's one of the managers, and our resident history buff. She lives here too!

KIRSTEEN

(soft) JJ? Oh hell no...
She lives here?

GEORGE

Yes. Also, my assistant Harry, and one of the other senior managers: Mr Parker. He said he'd be here to greet us when we arrived, where could he be...

CLAYTON

Hmm? What was that? Did you say someone *lives here*? So we're *sharing* this place?

GEORGE

That's right. Ms Armstrong and Mr Parker. Oh, almost forgot: there's also Bette and her little boy.

CLAYTON

Goddamn! Anyone else? The Brady Bunch? A clown car full of clowns?

GEORGE

(unsure) Ohhh...

KIRSTEEN

Hush, Clay. Don't listen to him. He's just tired.

GEORGE

(nervous) Of course! You must all be exhausted! I imagine you'll want to freshen up after your flight. Let me show you to your bedrooms.

CLAYTON

Wait. Hold your horses. Where the hell is Bobby and Anna Lou.

L'il Bobby and Anna Lou come in.

BOBBY

(shouts) Goddamn, I'm stiff as a board!

CLAYTON

Finally. Where have you two slowpokes been?

ANNA LOU

(whisper) His back ain't doing too good. I had to help him along.

BOBBY

Oh, shoulda brought my chiropractor on this fool's trip. Anna Lou, go back to the car, sugar, and get the luggage. I need my pills.

ANNA LOU

Only if I can have some too...

BOBBY

I know how many's in that pill box, woman! Don't you touch 'em!

ANNA LOU

I'll be right back.

GEORGE

Security will help you with the luggage, my dear. The guard on the front gate, just ask him.

ANNA LOU

Uh, hank you.

BOBBY

I need to lie down, dagnabbit!

KIRSTEEN

Pipe down, Bobby.

BOBBY

My knees!

CLAYTON

Oh come on, Bobby, pull yourself together.

GEORGE

Your rooms are along this corridor. Not far at all. Come, come.

Door OPENS.

BOBBY

Goddamn, this corridor is darker than my ex wife's soul.

CLAYTON

Least no-one could creep up on you, not with these floorboards.

BOBBY

Goddamn haunted mausoleum. Oooh, slow down. What is this, a race?

CLAY

Come on, Bobby, let me help you.

BOBBY

Get off me! I ain't an invalid, Clay!
Sides, you're ten years *older* than
me.

CLAY

Oh just take my arm and quit your
bellyaching.

Bobby GRUMBLES.

GEORGE

First bedroom on the left is for you,
Mr D. Or shall I call you Bobby?

BOBBY

This my room you say?

GEORGE

Yes.

He OPENS the door.

BOBBY

See y'all at the concert tonight.
Unless the good lord sees fit to take
me first.

He SLAMS door behind him.

GEORGE

Is he alright?

KIRSTEEN

Don't mind him.

CLAYTON

Bobby's been my manager for forty
years and he ain't cracked a smile
that whole time. Don't take it
personal now.

GEORGE

Oh I don't. I understand only too
well. One has to be tough to work in
the music industry. I know that from
personal experience.

KIRSTEEN

You don't say! You're one of us,
George?

GEORGE

I am! Sort of. I spent many years importing personal stereos and cassette tapes. The less glamorous end of the industry, perhaps. Anyway. So this bedroom here is for your assistant, Anna Lou, I'll let her know when she gets back. Bathroom. And next door we have... Your bedroom.

PUSHES OPEN door.

The master suite!

CLAY

For me and Kirsteen? Just one room?

GEORGE

Erm, ah, it's two rooms, a bedroom that goes through into a dressing room... is this not...erm?

KIRSTEEN

We need separate bedrooms. Now don't you run to the National Enquirer, George. Clay snores, that's all. It's easier if we sleep with a good thick wall between us.

GEORGE

I'll get another room made up as soon as possible.

KIRSTEEN

Thank you, sweetie. After I freshen up, I may take a turn around the park!

GEORGE

I'll get a security guard to accompany you.

KIRSTEEN

No, please don't. I'll go undercover. Baseball cap, sunglasses, I do it all the time, no-one recognises me.

GEORGE

Of course. You know best! And now, I shall leave you good people to your rest.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

It's time for me to, well... go and open Claytonville to the public for the first time ever! Haha! Are you sure you don't want to join me for the opening ceremony? It would be quite something for the people to see you!

CLAYTON

No, we don't want to do that.

GEORGE

Of course of course of course. Of course! You don't. Silly me. You must relax before the concert tonight! But one more thing regarding refreshments, I thought we could all have lunch together..?

KIRSTEEN

We'll send Anna Lou out to get us food, don't you worry about that. Thank you so much for your help, George.

GEORGE

Of course of course of course. I'll leave you to relax.

KIRSTEEN

You do that.

GEORGE

But may I say first, how *wonderful* it is to have you here. It means the world to me. The *world*.

CLAYTON

You're welcome. But you run along now. You got a theme park to open.

GEORGE

I have indeed! Goodbye! Goodbye! Thank you again! Goodbye!

KIRSTEEN

Bye!

He leaves.

KIRSTEEN (cont'd)

Bye!

(beat) Has he gone? Geeeeeze Louise!

CLAYTON

Remind me again why I agreed to this?
This place is tacky as all hell. And
that man... my Lord.

Suspenseful MUSIC

KIRSTEEN

Clay, did you hear what he said when
we first got here?

CLAYTON

Hell, you think I was listening?

KIRSTEEN

About the people who live here--

CLAYTON

--Goddamnit, why didn't they warn us
we were sharing? We coulda stayed in
a hotel!

KIRSTEEN

Clay, listen to me! George said the
name of one of the women who lives
here... one of the goddamn
managers... Clay, he said her name
was **JJ**.

Beat.

CLAYTON

Sheeeyit.

EXT CLAYTONVILLE

JJ on the radio.

ELECTRICIAN VO

(radio) The singing cacti won't sync
up with the Lonesome Trail music.

JJ

Keep working on it. We've still got
twenty minutes until rope-drop. Over
and out.

Parker WALKS up.

PARKER

'ere we go! Piping hot coffee and a
bag of heart-shaped donuts from the
Lovelorn Shack.

JJ

I'm not hungry.

PARKER

Mate, we're gonna be on our feet all day, we need the calories. And look at these beauties. Local jam. Crisp golden crust. Dusted with powdered sugar! This is proper, this is. I got big plans for the food, JJ. Why should theme park food be disgusting? Why can't it be another reason to come here? I'm thinking: a food trail experience! A gourmet restaurant in the bayou with a proper chef! Ah mate, if this opening goes well, if we make some decent money...

JJ

(into radio) Progress report on Jailhouse photobooth please.

RADIO VOICE

Up and working.

PARKER

It's gonna be amazing, mate. (eating) Oh, before I forget: got a postcard from Davina this morning. Here. Have a butchers.

JJ

Later, Parker.

PARKER

Go on. You look like you need a laugh. Give it a read

JJ

(sighs, reads) Dear all. Having a lovely time in Cephalonia. Picture on front depicts half man half goat with huge dong.

(mutters) Yeah we can see that, Davina.

(clears throat, reads) Speaking of which; some tasty fellas onboard. Margot letting her hair down for first time ever.

PARKER

Isn't that nice. Good for her.

JJ

(reads) Hope all is well with park expansion. Good luck for the 'big opening'! Speaking of which... Then she's drawn a winky face. What? Is that supposed to be a joke?

PARKER

Yeah I mean...

JJ

Ughhh I just got it.

Parker LAUGHS.

PARKER

Eyy there you go. Ah, Davina. I don't half miss the old reprobate. She could run this place with her eyes closed.

JJ

(sulk) Yeah. Great time for them to go on holiday.

PARKER

It's cos they trust us!

JJ

Suppose.

PARKER

They're gonna be well impressed with us when they get back and we're like 'yeah, it's been a breeze.'

JJ

You really thrive under pressure, don't you?

PARKER

I think we both know I don't.

JJ

You do! Look at you! You've changed, Parker. You've become...

PARKER

Semi-competent? Yeah. Thanks. I guess I had to step up after Jenkins died, didn't I. And y'know, it's exciting too, innit? The possibilities.

(MORE)

PARKER (cont'd)
This place has always been my home,
but now it's kinda... kinda who I am.
What I might become.

JJ
Wow. That's... intense.

PARKER
Anyway! You're the one who's great
under pressure, not me.

JJ
Only when someone's trying to murder
me.

PARKER
What you talking about? Look at ya!
You're on top of every problem.
You're doing a bang-up job!

JJ
Mmmmmm yeah.

Beat.

PARKER
You sure there's nothing on your
mind?

JJ
What? No? No, I'm fine. Just... fine.

Two beats.

PARKER
What was in that letter you got a few
days ago?

JJ
(nervous) Huh? What letter?

PARKER
The one you opened at breakfast. You
got up and left really quick. I
thought you looked a bit... I dunno.
Upset?
So what was in it?

JJ
Erm... I dunno. Can't remember.
Probably just a bill.

PARKER

Oh right. Thought it was important.
The way you reacted...

JJ

(making it up) Oh, oh yeah, no, I
remember what it was. The letter,
yeah. It was from my mum. She's...
invited me and Bette round for lunch.
I was just shocked, y'know, cos she's
been so cold with me since the affair
with Graham came out, and--

PARKER

--She wrote you a letter? Why didn't
she just call?

JJ

She's just old-fashioned. You know
what she's like, you've met my mum.

PARKER

Yeah. Yeah.

JJ

Phwoo, I'm stuffed! Nice donut. Wow.

PARKER

You've barely touched it.

JJ

Y'know what, I better go back to the
manor. Get the bedrooms ready for
Clayton and co.

PARKER

(confused) We did that yesterday.

JJ

Oh. Yeah. I meant, like, finishing
touches. Chocolate on their pillows,
that kind of thing.

PARKER

Might be a bit late for that, JJ,
they'll be here soon, what time is
i-- SHIIIIIT look at the time! They're
already here! Oh noooo! We were
supposed to greet them when they got
here! I just lost track of time,
there's just so much to do, I didn't
realise!

JJ

Oh yeah.

PARKER

Bollocks bollocks big hairy bollocks!
We should go back.

JJ

We've got too much to do. We'll see
them tonight at dinner.

PARKER

Nah, nah, come on. We can spare half
an hour for a cup of tea with THE
Clayton Woodrow--

JJ

(aggressive) Parker, I'm not dropping
everything just to go brown-nose a
celebrity!

Beat.

PARKER

(shocked) Geez, alright.

JJ

(quiet) Uhhh. Sorry.

PARKER

I was just... might seem rude if we
don't...

JJ

Sorry, I just...

PARKER

What is the matter with you, JJ?

JJ

Sorry. I'm just feeling the pressure.

PARKER

Yeah.

JJ

(tremulous) There's just so much to
do. My head's so full, I feel like
I'll burst. So many things to think
about.
Look. Parker, you go meet Clayton.
Yeah? I'll keep doing checks.

PARKER

You sure?

JJ

Yeah. Say hi for me.
(radio) Update on the bluegrass
grotto elf situation, please.

She WALKS off.

ELF

Still missing four pairs of stripy
tights. And our Cowboy Crackles has
had to go to dry cleaning.

PARKER

(calls) Radio if you need me!
(to himself) What was in that letter,
JJ?

EXT. FOUR SPUR MAIN STATION, CLAYTONVILLE

The train CHUGGACHUGS and CHOOCHOOS in the background.

The MURMUR of an engaged CROWD of people.

The local TV crew are reporting on proceedings. Our old pal
Paul is now a local anchorman.

A CHILD BURBLES nearby.

PAUL

Ugh! (calls) Can someone remove the
child, please! Trying to film
something here!
(to child) Shoo. Shoo! Go over there.

MOTHER

Don't talk to him like that! He's not
a dog.

PAUL

We're about to go live on local
television, madam, please remove your
offspring.

MOTHER

Oh, TV, how terribly important.

PAUL

Yes, it is. So, off you go. Go on.

She takes him away, GRUMBLING.

PAUL (cont'd)
 What's the time? How's my hair?

Following INTERSPERSED:

CAMERAMAN
 Going live in ten. / Nine. / Eight.
 Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. Two,
 and--

PAUL
 / What, already?? I'm sweating,
 powder me! Hurry up! Powder, powder
 me, powder my T-zone!
 Jesus, cutting it a bit fine, can I
 have more warning next time--

(on camera) --It's a beautiful day
 here at Claytonville theme park and
 the crowds are out in force, waiting
 for the ribbon to be cut so they can
 surge forward like a herd of buffalo
 and sample the delights of Mockery
 Manor's new subsidiary park. But this
 isn't just any old subsidiary park,
 no sirree Bob; in what might be
 considered an unusual move for a
 British theme park, all the rides,
 shows and experiences are based on
 the songs of country and western
 legend Clayton Brian Brian Woodrow
 the Third. Oh, oh, something does
 appear to be happening, yep, yep, OK,
 they're getting ready for the opening
 ceremony, here we go...

In the background, the CROWD CLAPS dutifully. Paul's voice
 becomes HUSHED.

SONIA THE WEATHERGIRL
 Hiii! Excuse me, coming through.

PAUL
 (hushed) Behind me, local celebrity
 and GSPW weathergirl Sonia Camforth
 has just arrived to cut the ribbon--

COWBOY CRACKLES
 Trousers meowsers, pardner!

PAUL
 --and there we have the theme park
 mascot, Cowboy Crackles.

GEORGE

Welcome! Welcome!

PAUL

Bringing up the rear is the mastermind behind Claytonville, George Osmond. George Osmond spent over thirty years as a music industry mogul and has now 'retired' to run a theme park. Hardly a relaxing retirement you would think. OH here we go, the giant scissors are out.

GEORGE

It is our great delight to open Claytonville today, and welcome you into the living embodiment of a dream I've had since I was a little boy playing with my plastic cowboy figurines and listening to the sublime voice of Clayton Woodrow. Sonia? Would you do the honours?

SONIA THE WEATHERGIRL

I declare Claytonville... open!

SNIP. The crowd CLAPS.

A BRASS BAND plays.

PAUL

And so the dream takes flight! And of course, the highlight of today will be the performance this evening by the great man himself, Clayton Woodrow. Quite a coup, he's rarely performed in Europe before, what dark magic brought him to Mockery Manor! Well worth the price of admission. This is Paul Baker... at Mockery Manor... for GSPW local news.

Beat.

PAUL (cont'd)

(exhales) How was that? How's my face? Not too shiny? Damn my T zone, bane of my life! OK guys, get some crowd shots. Happy faces, children laughing etcetera.

Short distance away (maybe the camera zooms over the crowd to them)

BETTE

Oh, we've just missed the ribbon cutting, that's a shame.

SONIA

(distant) Sorry, no time for autographs!

BETTE

Jesus Christ, is that Sonia??
Freddie, hide!

FREDDIE

Who are we hiding from this time?

SONIA

(distant) Bye everyone, bye!

BETTE

What the hell is Sonia doing here?
God, she's so blonde now.
Come on Freddie, coats is clear.

FREDDIE

I want to see the goats.

BETTE

Yes yes, we can see the goats.

PAUL

(distance) Right, let's go into the park; get some B roll for tonight's segment.

BETTE

Oh God, it's Paul? Paul's here?? Hide Freddie!

FREDDIE

Uhhhh!

PAUL

Good Lord, is that... do I spy Bette Armstrong hlurking behind that fibreglass cactus?

BETTE

God, he's seen us.

He APPROACHES.

PAUL

Good Lord, Bette Armstrong! I don't think I've seen you since you...

(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
well, since you clonked me over the
head with a microphone.

BETTE
Ah, you still remember that, do you?

PAUL
Well, it's not the sort of thing one
forgets is it, hahaha. Ah.

FREDDIE
Hello. I'm Freddie.

BETTE
Yes. This is my son.
Freddie, this is Paul.

PAUL
Hello Freddie.

BETTE
He used to work at Mockery Manor.

PAUL
Many years ago.

BETTE
Are you here with these guys?

PAUL
Oh yah, yah. GSPW's newest roving
reporter. I'm also a GSPW radio DJ.
The Devil makes work!

BETTE
Well done! (proud) I'm a private
investigator nowadays.

FREDDIE
Hello. I'm Freddie.

PAUL
Yeah, you already said that.
So, Bette, do you still work at
Mockery?

BETTE
No, I literally just told you I'm a
private investigator.

PAUL
But I bet you've got the inside
scoop?

BETTE

Why would I have the 'inside scoop'?

PAUL

Because of your sister! JJ! The Mockery big-wig! Hell of a promotion. I'm curious, how did she wangle that?

BETTE

She's... a very hard worker.

PAUL

That can't be all there is to it, I mean, come on! She's the girl who brought a murderer into the park. Why would Margot Mockery want her anywhere near this place?

BETTE

Excuse me! She didn't 'bring' a murderer anywhere!

PAUL

Correct me if I'm wrong, but it was JJ's married lover who was murdered back in '89. She was the only reason he was in the park in the first place.

BETTE

Just stop right there. None of that was JJ's fault. Why are you saying these things??

FREDDIE

Has aunty JJ done something wrong?

BETTE

No! Nothing. Paul is being very rude indeed!

PAUL

What can I say? I have a nose for stories. I'm a reporter, Bette. It's who I am.

BETTE

(shaken) Come on Freddie.

PAUL

It's what I do.

BETTE

Let's go into Claytonville. Away from
the horrid man.

They WALK off.

Paul's voice get more distant as they retreat. We stay with
Bette.

PAUL

Oh right, walking away! That speaks
volumes, that does. Very interesting!
See you around, Bette!

FREDDIE

Mummy, what did the sweaty man want?

BETTE

Nothing good.
God, should I tell JJ he's digging
into the past? No, no, he's no
threat. He's an idiot.

FREDDIE

Who's an idiot?

BETTE

Most people, sweetie! Come on, let's
go enjoy the park.

FREDDIE

Can we stay all day?

BETTE

Ughhh. Sure.

FREDDIE

I want a hotdog...

Music swells.

INT. MONTAGE, CLAYTONVILLE, GENERAL

The CROWDS enjoy the park. MUSIC plays. We get a sense of
the passage of the day

Montage - GOATS, RIDE CRANKINGS, MUSIC, CHOO CHOO OF STEAM
TRAIN, etc.

This FADES OUT as we enter...

INT. MOCKERY TRAIN - THAT EVENING

Bette instructs her new babysitter via walkie talkie.

The sound of the TRAIN as it moves down the track.

BETTE

--if he wakes up, it's normally because he's thirsty so I've put a glass of water on the bedside table. He's unlikely to come out of his room, but if he does, tell him I'll be back soon, OK?

The CLICK of a park radio.

SECURITY GUARD VO

Look love, I've been hired to do security at the manor, not babysit your kid.

BETTE

Yes, but you might as well keep an eye on his door while you're there.

SECURITY GUARD VO

But if there's a security situation I'll have to leave my post.

BETTE

Oh that's SO unlikely. And I'll only be out for an hour, max. I've already missed most of the concert. So... you're OK with this?

SECURITY GUARD VO

Do I have any choice?

BETTE

Thank you so much! Thank you! You're a doll! Over and out.

Bette radios JJ on a different frequency. She HUMS HAPPILY while she does.

BETTE (cont'd)

Come in, JJ, it's Bette. I'm on the Mockery railroad heading into Claytonville. I thought we could watch the end of the concert together! God, it's been ages since I had a night out! I just suddenly thought: why not! (beat) JJ?

The train CHOO CHOOS as it pulls into the station.

BETTE (cont'd)
Come in, JJ? Hello?

TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT
Welcome to Claytonville! First stop:
the town of Four Spurs.

BETTE
Ooh, that's me!

TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT
Alight here for the jail, the Four
Spurs Saloon. Next stop: Varmint
Valley.

The DOORS open. Bette alights.

BETTE
Come in, Parker! It's Bette! I took a
park walkie talkie from the control
room, hope that's OK! Do you know
where I can find JJ?

Train moves off, CHOO-CHOOING.

BETTE (cont'd)
(beat) Come in, Parker. Parker?
(mutters) Is this thing working?

The CONCERT noise becomes more intense as she approaches.
Clayton plays HARMONICA onstage.

BETTE (cont'd)
(mutters) Suppose I'll just watch it
on my own then.
Excuse me. Coming through!

MAN
Hey, watch it.

BETTE
Sorry!

WOMAN
Do you mind?

BETTE
Sorry! Excuse me. Yes, I know. Ooh,
this is a good spot.
Excuse me, can you take your cowboy
hat off, I can't see the stage?

BERNARD

Sorry, yes, of course!

MAGENTA

Bernard, I feel a bit funny.

BERNARD

Do you want to leave, darling?

MAGENTA

No. No, I'll be fine.

MAN 2

Alright love. Want a beer?

BETTE

Yes please!

MAN 2

I've got a six pack. I've also got some beers!

BETTE

Oh yes, I see what you did there. Thank you, don't mind if I do!

Clayton's SONG comes to an end. CHEERS, WHOOPS.

CLAYTON

Can't beat a little harmonica, huh? Y'all having fun?

A big CHEER. Bette WHOOPS.

BETTE

Oh this is fun, isn't it.

CLAY

Folks, it is an honour to be here tonight in... um... to be here in... uh...

PAUSE.

ENGLISH LADY

(calls) England?

CLAY

(grumpy) I know what country I'm in, dagnabbit. But what do you call this place? Clayton something...

VOICES IN CROWD

Claytonville!

CLAY

Claytonville! That's it. Let me a
play a little on this here guitar.

He NOODLES.

CLAY (cont'd)

I'll be honest folks, this here place
has thrown me for a loop, I'll tell
you what. I guess I didn't quite
anticipate how it might affect me.
Here I am, on this high stage... I
never been on such a high stage,
y'all tryna kill me??

CROWD LAUGHS.

CLAY (cont'd)

Lookin' down on the physical
manifestations of my own songs.
Lookit over there, that the saloon
from Four Spurs, and over there, is
that the singing cactus? Man alive, I
have not thought about that song in
years! And there's even an ice rink
for Cold Heart Lake. That's clever. I
like that. Man, all my biggest hits
made flesh. And o'course, as some of
you know, a song ain't just a song.
It's a moment in my life that I
turned into a story. A riddle, some
might say. Some fans have tried to
decode my songs, and few have gotten
close--

MAN 2

--Och! Will you stop rambling! Sing
Black Jack Boogie!

BETTE

Shhh! How rude. Let him speak.

MAN 2

Sounds like he's losing it.

CLAY

I do declare, I find myself gripped
in the sweet clutches of nostalgia
here tonight. I guess I just wanted
to share that with you folks.
And y'all don't mind me talkin' your
hind legs off, do you?

CHEERS.

WOMAN

Love you Clay!

CLAY

Love you too darling.
I don't do many live shows nowadays.
You have reminded me what I've been
missing. I used to live for the road.
But I got old... I got tired. Don't
let yourself get old and tired,
folks. Keep on swimming strong, or
you'll sink to the bottom and never
be seen again.

BETTE

Oh dear. That's sad.

MAN 2

Told ya. Losing it.

MAGENTA

(horror) No! no! How did I not
realise? Bernard, he's the man! He's
the man!

BERNARD

What man?

MAGENTA

But he's on a stage. Where's the
cliff, the rocks? The goat?? Where's
the goat!

BERNARD

The man from the dream?

MAGENTA

This doesn't make sense!

WOMAN

Shhhh!

MAGENTA

Don't you shush me! The cheek of
it...

CLAY

Now, I know people don't like it when
an artist plays anything other than
the hits. Y'know, y'come out here and
you say 'this next one's from my new
album coming out real soon!' and
everyone's face drops. 'Boooo!'

(MORE)

CLAY (cont'd)

Maybe y'all are nicer than that, and
you'll indulge me... cos goshdarn if
I didn't go write a song for the
first time in years.

CHEERS. WHOOPS.

CLAY (cont'd)

Oh thank you, thank you. Now this
don't have a name yet. Little new one
for y'all.

(sings) Some days I feel like I'm
sinking
Weighed down with all my regrets
Things I can't even remember
Things I'd do well to forget.

How d'you make peace with your
actions
If you were too drunk to recall
Why you would let something happen
Assuming it happened at all

CHEERS.

You can trust a good whiskey, from
your favourite bar
Your Stetson, your Chevy, or your
favourite guitar
You can trust your old boots
To walk you home when you're tired

But you can't trust your memories, or
the folks that you know
Can't trust a darn thing in this
whole crazy show
But most of all...
I know now... you can't trust---

THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THE ELECTRICITY TURNS OFF with a
massive BOWWWWWW of lost power.

The SHOCKED MURMUR of a crowd plunged into darkness.

MAGENTA

Bernard! I've gone blind!

BERNARD

No darling, it's just very dark.

MAGENTA

Oh.

BETTE

The power's gone off. Looks like the whole park!

People start to PANIC.

BETTE (cont'd)

Where's the back-up power? Should've come on by now.

(into radio) JJ, Parker, come in? Do you hear me? What's going on?

SOME MAN

They must've blown the fuses.

MAN

Hey! Who spilled beer down me!

BERNARD

I don't like this.

MAGENTA

Do you feel that, Bernie? The winds of destiny, they blow! It's never good when you can hear the winds of destiny.

BETTE

(calls) Nobody panic! The lights will come on again, we just have to wait! Stay still and calm, and nobody will get hurt!

PANIC intensifies.

OTHER MAN

Ow! Who did that?

MAGENTA

Nobody move! Somebody knocked my turban off!

BETTE

Calm down! I said ca-- Ow! Watch it! OK, whoever's pushing me, just back off! OK? I said--

THUNK. Bette MOANS and blacks out. TINNITUS WHINE. THUD as she hits the ground.

EXT. PORCH, JAILHOUSE

Bette's consciousness swims back to the surface. The voices around her start off MUFFLED, DISTANT, and slowly become crisp.

MAGENTA

Wake up. Wake up dear.

BERNARD

How is she?

MAGENTA

She's alive. I'd know more if I could see properly.

BERNARD

Shall I keep fanning her?

MAGENTA

You're fanning me, Bernard.

BERNARD

Oh! I wish the lights would come back on.

Bette GROANS.

MAGENTA

She's awake! Hello dear? How are you feeling? We were getting worried.

BETTE

Janet? Is that you?

MAGENTA

Janet? Who's Janet? I'm Magenta. This is my lover, Bernard.

BETTE

I feel sick.

BERNARD

That's often the reaction.

They LAUGH. Bette GROANS with pain.

BERNARD (cont'd)

Here, have a swig of this.

Bette DRINKS.

MAGENTA

What's that? Bernard, did you give her my thermos?

BERNARD

Yes, why?

BETTE

(SPLUTTERS) Oh my God, what is this??

MAGENTA

It's a tequila sunrise.

BETTE

(gasps) So strong!

BERNARD

A bracing restorative.

BETTE

My eyes are streaming!

MAGENTA

She *has* perked up. How do you feel, dear? You passed out!

BETTE

Is that why my head hurts?

BERNARD

Could be the restorative.

MAGENTA

Someone must've hit you in the panic.

BERNARD

An accident, I'm sure.

BETTE

How long was I out for?

MAGENTA

Just a few minutes.

BERNARD

We were next to you in the crowd. You fell into Magenta when you lost consciousness.

MAGENTA

I'm well padded. You had a soft landing.

BERNARD

We dragged you clear.

BETTE

Thank you. Really.
Why is it still dark? The electricity
didn't come back on?

MAGENTA

No, not yet.
Who's Janet?

BETTE

Janet?

MAGENTA

You called me Janet when you woke up.

BETTE

Did I? She's my aunt. Was. You sound
a lot like her. For a moment there, I
thought it was her.

MAGENTA

Well, I am a medium! Perhaps I was
channeling her in your moment of
need.

The ELECTRICITY SURGES back on. Everyone goes 'OHHHHH!'

BERNARD

Oh hurray! The electricity's back on!

MAGENTA

Thank goodness for that! Here, let me
help you up, dear.

BETTE

Thank you.

BERNARD

Huh. The stage is empty. Clayton
must've left.

BETTE

Ugh, my head really hurts.

BERNARD

Looks like the show's over. Maybe
it's for the best. That stage is
terribly high.

MAGENTA

Ohhh no, oh nono, oh dear.

BERNARD
What is it my dear?

MAGENTA
Do you feel that? The winds. The
winds of destiny.

BERNARD
Gosh.

The crowd SHOUTS and GASPS.

BERNARD (cont'd)
Oh. Oh, is something happening?

BETTE
What are they all looking at?

BERNARD
Oh no. Magenta, look, over there. The
ride.

BETTE
Oh my God. It's Clayton!

MAGENTA
Oh no! Oh no...

BETTE
He's on the mine train track!

AMERICAN WOMAN
Oh sweet mother Mary! What's he doing
up there?

MAN IN CROWD
He's gonna play from the top of Four
Spurs mountain!

MAGENTA
I don't think he is. Bernard...

BERNARD
I know, dear. But maybe it's not like
the dream. There's no goat!

MAN IN CROWD 2
He's too near the edge!

BETTE
How did he even get up there!

OTHER PERSON IN CROWD
 (calls) Get down, you'll hurt
 yourself!

BRITISH MAN
 Go back!

BETTE
 He's swaying!

MAGENTA
 No, no, no! What can we do?? We have
 to do something!

BERNARD
 Oh dear. Magenta. Look where he's
 heading. Towards the--

MAGENTA / BERNARD
 --animatronic goat!

MAGENTA
 Oh no no!

The crowd realise the danger and start SHOUTING, SHRIEKING.

BETTE
 Why are we all just standing here??
 Somebody do something! He's going
 to--

CUTS OUT.

SILENCE.

WING BLOWS.

Haunted COWBOY music.

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, Paul,
 Clayton and additional voices,
 Karim Kronfli was George and
 additional voices,
 (MORE)

CREDITS (cont'd)

Christina Bianco was Kirsteen and additional voices,
Lindsay Sharman was Sonia and additional voices,
Rufus Walker was Freddie,
John Henry Falle was Bobby D,
Kristi Boulton was Anna Lou,
and Madame Magenta and Bernard were themselves.

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