

Mockery Manor SEASON 3
Episode 11: The Mockery Murders, part 2
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Eerie Mockery MUSIC

MARGOT

Long Cat Media presents Mockery
Manor, season 3, episode 11: The
Mockery Murders, part 2.

INT. PARLOUR

FENWICK

Thirteen copies. Unlucky for some.
Well, for me, anyway.

PARKER

Fenwick! You wrote this hatchet job?

JJ

That's not all he did.

FENWICK

What are you accusing me of, exactly?

GEORGE

Did you take the concert security job
just to get dirt on the Mockeries,
Detective Fenwick?

FENWICK

Why would I do that George? I'm not
planning a sequel. And JJ, do you
really think I'm guilty of anything
other than writing a bad book? I
assume my ex-wife gave you that copy?

JJ

Yeah. Bette sent me to talk to her
this morning.

FENWICK

Did she now. Why is that?

BETTE

To confirm a few things I already
suspected.

FENWICK

How nice. Exes are such a reliable source of unbiased information.

JJ

She was at the Clayton concert with her husband that night. Did you know that?

FENWICK

No, but I'm not surprised. They're big fans.

JJ

Someone cut their breaks in the car park. They almost went into a tree on the way home.

BETTE

Really??

FENWICK

Oh dear. Does she think I had something to do with it?

JJ

No. She doesn't seem to think you're like that.

FENWICK

Mmm. I imagine it was just wear and tear. I said to Jen, she needs to properly maintain that car, but does she listen.

JJ

She seemed nice, Jen. She feels guilty about leaving you. But when you sunk all your savings into that book, she just couldn't take it anymore.

FENWICK

Pbbt. Not just a cheat, but a martyr too.

JJ

She said you spiraled into darkness after you quit the force. The die-hard detective forced out of his job by police corruption. She told me you wouldn't accept a bribe and you had to quit, that you wouldn't be compromised--

FENWICK

So now you're accusing me of...
integrity? Guilty as charged!

JJ

No, that's not what I'm saying!

FENWICK

You're quiet, Bette! Lost control of
this little game you're playing, have
you? Did you know your sister was
going to take over like this?

BETTE

Look, if JJ wants to say her piece,
then--

FENWICK

Then you'll step aside? Allow her to
steal your thunder?

BETTE

It's not about that. It's about
justice.

FENWICK

Sure. Are we finished here or..?

JJ

Fenwick killed Clayton. There.
I'm pretty sure that's what Bette was
gonna say. That's what it's all
pointing towards.
So. What do you have to say for
yourself?

Fenwick CHUCKLES.

FENWICK

Oh dear oh dear!

PARKER

Fenwick killed Clay? That was not on
my bingo card.

KIRSTEEN

Me neither. Seems unlikely, honey,
have to say.

JJ

Well it's true. Isn't it, Bette?

BETTE

JJ... I...

GEORGE

Girls, I really think you might be barking up the wrong tree, here.

FENWICK

Thank you, George.

GEORGE

My dear girl, do you really think Fenwick would insist Clayton was murdered if he was the one who'd done it?

FENWICK

I was just about to say that, George.

GEORGE

Detective Fenwick has relentlessly pursued justice since this nightmare began.

FENWICK

It's who I am.

GEORGE

Do you remember what you said to me mere hours after Clay's fall from the mine train? You said, 'this wasn't an accident, George, this was murder!'. This fine man volunteered his time and resources to bring light unto darkness, and this is how we repay him?

FENWICK

Thank you, mate. Nice to know someone appreciates me.

JJ

Of course he said it was murder. He didn't want it ruled an accident because he's *framing me*.

KIRSTEEN

So you *really believe* that this guy killed my husband just to put you in prison? Honey, that sounds *super narcissistic*.

FENWICK

It does, doesn't it?

JJ

But... but it's true.

FENWICK

(chuckles) No offense, love, but I barely know you. Would I murder a country and western superstar just to frame someone I'd exchanged less than forty words with?

ANNA LOU

Now that's a good point.

JJ

(desperate) Yes! Yes you would! I think?

KIRSTEEN

This is stupid. It's beneath all of us. I'm going.

BETTE

Kirsteen, sit down. You're right. This isn't about JJ. It's about all of us who were there... in that room with Fenwick... seven years ago.

GHOSTLY MONTAGE OF VOICES FROM THE SEASON 1 FINALE

GHOSTLY MUSIC (Are you a Memory instrumental)

MEMORY FENWICK

Doesn't make sense, does it? Any ideas?

MEMORY JJ/BETTE/PARKER/MARGOT

Nope / I don't know.

MEMORY FENWICK

If only they'd explained...

BETTE

You, me, Parker, Margot, Jenkins.

MEMORY MARGOT

Is that everything?

FENWICK

I suppose it is, Lady Mockery. I suppose it is.

Music stops.

BETTE

Fenwick thinks we ruined his life.

FENWICK

No, Armstrong. I think you *ruin lives*.

GEORGE

My goodness. May I ask why you would say such a thing?

FENWICK

How familiar are you with what happened here in '89, George?

GEORGE

Vaguely?

FENWICK

It was my very last case before I quit. I interviewed everyone involved and it was immediately obvious that something wasn't adding up. That a story had been agreed upon. You should have seen them. Chintzy room in the manor house, everyone sipping tea and lying to my face. All of them, hiding something.

PARKER

(hushed) So that IS why you took the concert job. Cos we lied to you in '89--

BETTE

(sotto) Parker, shut up.

PARKER

--I mean, you THINK we lied to you. But we didn't. Obviously.

FENWICK

You're not even very good at it. I suppose you don't have to be good at lying, do you? Not with the kind of 'protection' you lot enjoy.

PARKER

(baffled) Protection? What do you mean, 'protection'?

FENWICK

I wasn't just gonna accept your ludicrous story, of course. Oh, I couldn't wait to start digging, to see how it all connected.

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)
 Y'see, over the years, I'd heard
 whispers about Mockery - money
 laundering, smuggling. And I could
 not, for the life of me, understand
 why no-one had ever opened a proper
 investigation. Of course, I soon
 found out why.

BETTE
 (realisation) Jenkins got to you. It
 was Jenkins who tried to bribe you.

FENWICK
 It was indeed your Mr Jenkins. And
 goodness me, he did not waste any
 time...

FLASHBACK.

INT. MOCKERY MANOR PARLOUR, SEASON 1

DETECTIVE FENWICK
 How very interesting. Perhaps you
 would like to come to the station, Mr
 Jenkins, so we can talk further.

JENKINS
 Anything I can do to help.

JJ
 What about the rest of us?

DETECTIVE
 Stay here, have a cup of tea, have a
 biscuit. But hold off on inter-
 railing for a while, eh?
 Alright. This way, sir.

JENKINS
 (mutters) I know the way out, thank
 you. I live here.

Jenkins and the Detective leave. Doors OPEN and CLOSE as
 they WALK TO--

EXT. MOCKERY MANOR

They CRUNCH across gravel. BIRDS TWEET.

JENKINS

Ahhh. Goodness, what a beautiful day it is, despite all this unpleasantness. The park will re-open soon enough! Once more, the roar of the rollercoaster. The laughter of children. And new beginnings.

DETECTIVE FENWICK

I wouldn't be too excited to start the next chapter, Mr Jenkins.

JENKINS

Dear me! No room for whimsy around the great detective, I see! I expect nothing less from you, Fenwick. I've heard all about you and your funny little ways. Shall we take the Bentley?

DETECTIVE FENWICK

What 'funny little ways'?

JENKINS

Of course, the most startling aspect is how spotless you are, even after... how many years on the force? Very unusual.

DETECTIVE FENWICK

Is it?

JENKINS

I think you know it is. I think you know just how *flexible* your colleagues can be. How *is* Reggie?

DETECTIVE FENWICK

Who the bloody hell is Reggie?

JENKINS

Reggie! Reginald Stubbings! Your boss. We shoot together sometimes. His wife makes an astonishing rabbit blancmange. Have you ever tried it?

DETECTIVE FENWICK

No I have not, what exactly is this, Mr Jenkins?

JENKINS

(chuckles) It's the very first time you're going to look the other way.

DETECTIVE FENWICK

What?

JENKINS

No, hear me out. Because you have no choice in the matter, I'm afraid, and Reggie will back me up on this. And his boss too, if need be. And of course if you don't accept the rather generous recompense for services rendered, if you try to cause problems for me and mine, well...there will be consequences. Now then, let's talk terms...

MUSIC SWELLS

Flash forward to--

INT. PARLOUR - PRESENT DAY

FENWICK

I had to quit. It was either that or become a patsy, a slave to forces I could not control. No thank you. And even though I quit, someone from Mockery still paid me a visit. They came in the night. Left a fat wodge of cash in the pocket of my trench-coat, which at the time was hanging on a chair in the bedroom... inches from where me and my wife lay asleep. Message received, loud and clear.

PARKER

Oh bloody Jenkins. Every time I find out something new, it's even worse than I thought.

BETTE

And then you devoted yourself to writing a book that nobody read. Your marriage fell apart. Scotland Yard thought you were a crank. You were broke. Living in your car--

GEORGE

Alright! That's enough! This sounds like private, painful information that none of us have a right to hear! Not that I'm not transfixed, of course.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

But it's not right! And I would like to point out that Detective Fenwick LOVES Clayton: he's been in the fan club for years! He's ran the Clayton chat room since 1994! Clayton's his idol!

BETTE

Is he though? Would a true fan only have Clayton's greatest hits in their car?

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK

Got some tapes in the glove compartment.

Sound of glove compartment OPENS

GHOSTLY MEMORY BETTE

Clayton's Greatest Hits.

BETTE

A tape which, I might add, looked thoroughly unplayed.

FENWICK

(laughs) Oh, such compelling evidence!

BETTE

Jen was the real fan, wasn't she? You were only doing it for her.

FENWICK

Sure. Whatever you say, darling.

BETTE

And did she appreciate it? There you were, out all hours, working your arse off for peanuts, the only clean copper on the force, and back home, Julie and the linedance instructor were going at it to the tune of Cactus Lovers! I bet he kept his cowboy boots on, too.

GEORGE

Bette, this is outrageous!

FENWICK

Button it, Armstrong.

BETTE

And when you heard about Claytonville and the big opening concert, I bet you thought 'here's an opportunity for me to destroy the two things in the world I hate the most: Mockery and Clayton Woodrow!' And my sister was the way in. You're good at spotting a mark, aren't you, Fenwick?

JJ

A mark? What are you saying about me? That I'm... weak?

BETTE

Not weak, per se, just the weak link in the chain--

JJ

I'm not a weak link! After everything I've been through, I'm still here!

BETTE

I know, JJ, but....

FENWICK

Dig that hole deeper, Armstrong.

PARKER

JJ ain't weak, Bette. She's just a different kind of strong to you.

BETTE

I know, I know she is! I just said it wrong! What I'm trying to say is that JJ feels things ten times harder than most of us, including me. She's a, a poet, and I'm a loud insensitive arse who says the wrong things a lot and I'm sorry about that. But my point remains: Fenwick believed JJ would break under questioning, that she'd spill the beans about Mockery, and the great detective would finally be vindicated! He'd sell his book to a publisher! His wife would fall in love with him again! But none of that's gonna happen, is it, Fenwick, because you told me you were motivated by revenge, and I believed you! And now you're going down!

Bette BREATHES HEAVILY.

Beat.

Fenwick CHUCKLES.

FENWICK

Is this the part where my emotions get the better of me? Overwhelmed with rage, I declare, 'yes, it was me, and I'd do it again!' Real life - real detective work - doesn't work like that. But you wouldn't know that: everything you learned is off the telly. For the benefit of the witnesses in the room, and the camera poking out from betwixt the curtains...

ANNA LOU / GEORGE

Camera? We're being filmed?

FENWICK

...I did not kill Clayton Woodrow. And you, Armstrong, have no proof that I did.

BETTE

Oh don't I.
Bernard: kill the lights!

MUFFLED, OUTSIDE THE DOOR -

BERNARD

Ah. Right oh.

The THUNK of the lights going off at once. A collective GASP.

HUBBUB.

ANNA LOU

Oh my sweet goodness!

KIRSTEEN

What the hell is happening?

JJ

(terror) Turn the lights back on!
Turn the lights back on!

FENWICK

What on earth are you playing at, you mad cow!

BETTE
(calls) The UV, Bernard!

BERNARD
(distant, muffled) UV light going on.

CLICK. The FIZZ of an old bulb.

BETTE
Behold: Detective Fenwick!

GASPS

FENWICK
(mutters) What the hell. My
trenchcoat.

GEORGE
Good Lord. Fenwick, you're...
glowing.

PARKER
It's like something out of
ghostbusters.

ANNA LOU
It's like ectoplasm.

FENWICK
What is this?

BETTE
Quinine. From the bucket of water
that drenched your trenchcoat
yesterday evening when you were
breaking into JJ's room to plant
evidence.

PARKER
You're gonna have to explain that
one, Bette.

BETTE
Certainly.
Bernard: lights up!

CLICK. FIZZ of old bulbs.

BETTE (cont'd)

During Madame Magenta's seance experience yesterday, I noticed the use of UV light and luminescent paint, and remembered a fun fact from science class. That the quinine in tonic water glows under UV light. So I had an idea.

MEMORY JJ

You think someone's been in my room.

MEMORY BETTE VO

I do. And I don't want you going back there. You'll sleep in my room tonight.

MEMORY JJ

OK.

PARKER

Ohhh you said that in front of Fenwick! You were telling him the coast would be clear!

BETTE

I wasn't sure that Fenwick would take the bait, but I thought it was worth a try.

GHOSTLY MEMORY SOUNDS of Bette entering JJ's room with a bucket of WATER.

BETTE (cont'd)

I snuck into JJ's room and balanced a bucket of water - tonic water - on JJ's doorframe.

MEMORY BETTE

(grunts) God, this better work.

BETTE

Whoever was next to enter would be soaked.

PARKER

Classic prank!

BETTE

You can't deny it, Fenwick.

FENWICK

Alright Macauley Culkin, what is this, Home Alone?

BETTE

You did say I learned everything I knew from TV.

JJ

Did you put something in my room, Fenwick? What did you put in my room??

FENWICK

If you think a glowing trenchcoat is adequate proof... and why would I even need to plant evidence? There's enough already to convict her!

BETTE

Are you sure about that? Yesterday, your frustration was clear as day - to anyone watching closely, that is. JJ had been released by the police, and the case had been further clouded by Bobby's poisoning. After everything you'd done, you still couldn't be sure that JJ would go down for Clay's murder.

JJ

He's put something in my room, Bette! Did you miss that part?

BETTE

It's alright JJ. I left Abilene at the manor to explain a few things to the police. I believe they received an anonymous tip-off this morning that empty adrenaline vials and a letter to Clay could be found in your room.

JJ

How do you know this?

BETTE

Because I found and removed them this morning.

Beat. (and musical flourish)

FENWICK

Tampering with evidence? Oh dear. And do you really think they'll listen to Abilene?

BETTE

It was all supposed to be so simple, wasn't it, Fenwick? You knew that when the lights came on, JJ would spot the body and run towards it. You relied on her goodness, didn't you? On her bravery in moments of high stress.

Rick the security guard would find her crouched over the victim. Later, the police would discover that JJ had been sending crazy letters to Clay for months. Meanwhile, you'd have a cast-iron alibi courtesy of Abilene.

But it didn't work out like that. How frustrating for you. JJ ran off before Clay was attacked. Rick the security guard barely glimpsed her as she left, and then failed to tell the police what he'd seen. Clay staggered up the mine train mountain and died miles away from the murder weapon. The police didn't even find the syringe! You had to guide me towards it, and then I stepped on it! Fingerprints erased! And finally, the same corrupt coppers who helped ruin your life were pushing the narrative that the whole thing was an accident. Oh dear.

So you had to improvise. You set up the cottage and influenced someone in Walter's tour group to explore it.

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK

I heard the key's under the doormat.

MEMORY FIONA

Really?

GHOSTLY MEMORY FENWICK

I also heard something weird happens in one of the rooms upstairs. Ritual slaughter of woodland animals.

MEMORY FIONA

Oooh!

BETTE

And then you planted further evidence will be found in JJ's room.

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

Empty adrenaline vials which might even have been covered in JJ's prints, seeing as she and Parker teach staff members how to administer them.

PARKER

Wait. If my prints are on them, would we both get done for it?

BETTE

Maybe. JJ and Parker, in cahoots.

PARKER

Oh no, I don't like that.

BETTE

Have I covered everything? Oh, not quite. The letters to Clay from JJ. How did you know what her handwriting looked like? You copied it straight from JJ's diary, which was taken into evidence 7 years ago... by you.

FENWICK

Or maybe she reverts to childish scrawls when seized with emotion, such as when she's penning twisted letters to the object of her desire.

BETTE

And finally, the timing. The final puzzle piece, supplied by Abilene herself. I couldn't help but notice that the clock in the Shotgun Wedding chapel was twenty minutes late. Which made me think; how quickly could you have got Abilene back to her hotel room? Let's see.

CLOCK MUSIC starts.

BETTE (cont'd)

Five minute jog to the chapel.

MEMORY FENWICK

Faster, Abilene! Clay is waiting!

MEMORY ABILENE

(pants) I'm coming!

BETTE

Five minutes in the chapel.

Phone CRASHES in CRADLE.

MEMORY ABILENE

No taxis?

MEMORY FENWICK

No worries. I'll take you. C'mon!

BETTE

Six or seven minute jog to the car.
80 miles an hour to the hotel.

VROOOM!

MEMORY ABILENE

We're gonna die! We're gonna die.

SCREECH of BREAKS. Car door OPENS.

MEMORY FENWICK

Right: hotel. Right. Get out.
OUTOUTOUTOUTOUT!

MEMORY ABILENE

Ok Ok!

DOOR SLAMS. Car SCREECHES off.

BETTE

90 miles an hour back. Back at the
Claytonville carpark by 9pm. Takes
the Crackles suit, the syringe and
leather gloves out of his car boot.

CAR BOOT THUMP.

BETTE (cont'd)

10 minute casual stroll to the mine
train staff entrance. Waits for the
lights to go out.

SOUND of electricity dying and the CROWD reacting.

BETTE (cont'd)

Climb the stairs-

FOOTSTEPS up stairs.

BETTE (cont'd)

--escort Clay off the stage--

MEMORY FENWICK

Hello Mr Woodrow. John Fenwick, head of security, not a giant cat! Excuse the costume, long story.

MEMORY CLAY

What the hell's goin' on? What happened to the power?

MEMORY FENWICK

I've got a flashlight, if you'll just follow me...

MEMORY CLAY

Alright. Man, that was scary as hell. I thought I was gonna lose my-- erk!

Clay STABBED with syringe.

BETTE

--inject him with adrenaline, push him onto the tracks, and leave without being seen. By the time the lights were programmed to turn back on again, you were jogging back to your car, where you dumped the suit. You turn your park walkie-talkie back on at 9.45pm -

MEMORY FENWICK WALKIE TALKIE

Just got back from dropping Abilene Docherty at her hotel. Sorry that took so long! Any news, fellas?

MEMORY RICK THE SECURITY GUARD

Fenwick, Clayton's dead!

MEMORY FENWICK

Oh no!

MEMORY RICK THE SECURITY GUARD

He fell off the ride. The police have been called.

MEMORY FENWICK WALKIE TALKIE

Fell? What do you mean, 'he fell'??

MEMORY RICK

We need you back here, Fenwick.

MEMORY FENWICK

Yeah, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming.

BETTE

You jog back into the park, and arrive at the scene at 9.55pm, just before the police and ambulance men.

MEMORY FENWICK

How did this happen?? What's he doing outside the ride? He was supposed to... how did he fall?

Beat.

GEORGE

This... this can't be true. Detective Fenwick; tell me this isn't true?

FENWICK

It's not true.

BETTE

You're still denying it??

FENWICK

Of course I am. You don't have any proof. And have you met the coppers assigned to this case? Are they likely to pay attention to your convoluted explanation... or the simple one: that JJ Armstrong became dangerously fixated on an international superstar. We already know she has a penchant for older men. Both Graham and Clay had excellent singing voices--

JJ

Shut up!

FENWICK

--maybe Clay reminded JJ of her murdered lover and it warped her tiny mind.

JJ

Shut up, shut up!

FENWICK

And of course, JJ Armstrong knows the park like the back of her hand.

BETTE

As do you, the head of security!

FENWICK

And we have a witness putting JJ
Armstrong in the mine train when the
lights went out.
Means! Motive! Opportunity! Evidence!
As opposed to what, a glowing
trenchcoat? You've got nothing!
NOTHING.
You know what? I'm going to go to the
manor house right now to tell the
police you removed incriminating
evidence from your sister's room, and
that you admitted to it in front of
alllll these people!
(titters) Oh well done, Armstrong.
You utter muppet.

Fenwick CHUCKLES and sings LOVE WOLF as he leaves. The DOOR
SLAMS behind him.

Short silence.

PARKER

Uh. So. Did we get him?

Beat.

PARKER (cont'd)

Bette? He wasn't right, was he?
There's enough evidence to prove he
did it, and not JJ? Isn't there?

BETTE

I... I don't think there is.

JACOB

That is... very bad.

KIRSTEEN

He did it. He really did it. That son
of a bitch!

WALTER

JJ's in trouble! Hahahahaha!

GEORGE

What do we do? What do we do?

ANNA LOU

You didn't even think he did it!

GEORGE

I do now!

PARKER

Bette, tell me that was part of the plan! Him figuring it out and walking off, that was part of the plan, yeah? There's more to it though, yeah?

Their voices FADE and WARP as we enter JJ's mind.

ANNA LOU

Is he gonna get away with this??

JJ

No. No. Please, no.

MEMORY JJ

We gotta protect ourselves. We gotta take control.

Through the fever-dream fog, a voice louder than the others:

BETTE

JJ, are you alright? Speak to me. JJ!

Everything SNAPS BACK into focus.

BETTE (cont'd)

(tearful) I'm so sorry. I think I might've screwed up. I thought he'd confess once I showed him I knew everything.

JJ

(calm) It's alright, Bette. I've got this.

BETTE

What... what do you mean?

JJ

I know what to do.

JJ RUMMAGES in her bag.

BETTE

JJ?

ZIP. The metallic CLATTER of a gun (hey, it's audio, guns clatter in audio).

BETTE (cont'd)

What's that? Oh my God.

ANNA LOU

Holy shit, she's got a gun!

PARKER

That's Jenkin's gun. What are you
doing with Jenkin's gun?

JJ gets up. SCRAPE of chair.

BETTE

(panic) No. What are you doing?

HUBBUB from the others, but it's indistinct as we're
following JJ now.

COWBOY DUEL music plays as she heads out...

INT. SALOON

JJ's FOOTSTEPS across the wooden floor. We hear her
BREATHING as the DOORS of the saloon SLAM open.

JJ WALKS onto the STREET.

EXT. FOUR SPURS

Distant TRAIN noises.

She makes her way through the CROWDS, towards the RAILROAD.

INT. RAILROAD PLATFORM

CHOO CHOOOOOOO.

A staff member is closing all the train doors. SLAM. SLAM.

STAFF MEMBER

Doors closing! Mind your hands!
The train to Mockery Manor is about
to depart.
(Alton Towers style) Choo choo!
My name's Terry, I will be your train
driver today, if you need me I'm at
the front of the train.

JJ

(sotto) There he is. Fenwick.
(calls) WAIT. STOP!
Sorry, excuse me. Terry? It's JJ.
Manager.

STAFF MEMBER

Oh. Hello Ms Armstrong. Is everything
OK?

JJ
The train, it can't leave.

STAFF MEMBER
Oh, is there a problem?

JJ
Open the doors, let the guests out.

STAFF MEMBER
Really?

JJ
Except for that man in the front carriage. The one in the trench coat. He has to stay.

STAFF MEMBER
Er OK. Who is he?

JJ
JUST DO IT, TERRY.

STAFF MEMBER
Yes Ms Armstrong.
Oh, me megaphone!

JJ
(on megaphone) OK everyone, train is cancelled, folks. The driver will let you out!

HUBBUB of annoyed guests.

STAFF MEMBER
Sorry about this, folks. I'm afraid you're going to have to leave the train.

JJ
Go go go!

STAFF MEMBER
Thank you very much! Thank you!

JJ
Everyone out! Get off the train!

Terry goes along letting people out. The customers GRUMBLE.

FENWICK
(distant) Where's the driver? Why aren't we moving?

The last of the guests LEAVE.

JJ

OK Terry, here's what's going to happen. You're gonna put the rope up and leave the station. Don't come back for a while. OK?

STAFF MEMBER

Er. OK. OK.

JJ

Go on.

He leaves. His FOOTSTEPS retreat.

She COCKS the gun.

JJ (cont'd)

(calls) Step outside the train carriage, Fenwick.

SLOW FOOTSTEPS as he obeys.

FENWICK

What's this? Is that a pistol, JJ?
Well I never. What are you planning to do with it?

JJ

What do you think?

FENWICK

Sure it works? Looks old.

JJ

Jenkins kept it well oiled. Come on.
Move away from the train.

FENWICK

Worried you'll miss?

Bette and Parker ARRIVE. FOOTSTEPS, PANICKED BREATHING.

PARKER

JJ! Oh God, what is she doing??

BETTE

JJ! Put the gun down!

JJ

Get out of here, you two.

FENWICK

You're not going to shoot me. Broad daylight. Middle of a theme park?

JJ

I'm taking control.

BETTE

JJ, you don't want to do this.

JJ

I never wanted any of it! But I was never the one who got to choose. Always someone else... Matty, Hilda, Jenkins... Now Fenwick.

PARKER

JJ, don't.

JJ

I choose this time. And if I'm going to prison for murder, it's better if I'm guilty.

JJ SHOOTS.

Everyone SCREAMS.

FENWICK

Agh! Bloody hell! You almost shot me!

PARKER

She missed! Oh thank God, she missed.

BETTE

Drop the gun, JJ! I'm coming closer!

JJ

No! Back off, Bette!

They STRUGGLE.

BETTE

Give me the gun! Give it to me, give it to me! Let go, JJ!

JJ

Get off, Bette! Stop interfering!

PARKER

Guys! Stop it! There's gonna be an accident! It'll go off!

BETTE

Drop the gun! I'm not going to let you ruin your life!

JJ

It's already ruined!

BETTE

(grunting, effort) Only if you give up! We don't let each other give up!

A CHUGGACHUGGA CHOO CHOO as the train starts up.

THE PROSPECTOR

Now leaving Claytonville! Next stop: Mockery Manor.

JJ

No, no no! The train! Fenwick started the train!

BETTE

Oh thank God.

JJ

I can't let him get away!

JJ RUNS after the train.

BETTE

JJ, stop! What are you doing??

PARKER

Mate! Come back!

JJ GRUNTS as she throws herself through an open door.

BETTE

Parker, she's on the train! With Fenwick! What do we do??

PARKER

We can catch it! Come on!

They RUN.

BETTE

This is not how today was supposed to go!

PARKER

Hurry! It's speeding up!

Parker JUMPS into a carriage.

PARKER (cont'd)

I'm in!

BETTE

I'm not!

PARKER

Grab my hand, Bette! I'll pull you in!

He HAULS her into the train carriage. They spend a moment CATCHING THEIR BREATH.

PARKER (cont'd)

This is crazy.

BETTE

They'll be at the front of the train. Come on!

They run through it.

THE PROSPECTOR

Keep a l'il piece of Claytonville in your heart, and visit the gift shop for a souvenir to take back to the homestead.

BETTE

There she is! JJ!

PARKER

Where's Fenwick??

JJ

He's in the driver's cab. He's locked the door.

BETTE

(soothing) Oh what a shame, looks like there's nothing we can do. Why don't we--

BANGS DOOR

JJ

COME OUT. COME OUT! YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, FENWICK! (*this is an echo of Matty's speech, aren't I clever*)

FENWICK

(muffled by door) Go away!

BETTE

Why don't we all sit down, catch our breath and... Parker? Why don't you suggest something?

PARKER

Let's just go have a nice cup of tea. That cures everything, dunnit?

JJ

I'm gonna shoot the lock off.

PARKER

No!

BETTE

The bullet, it'll ricochet! Don't!

JJ SHOOTS.

It ricochets around the room - PING PING PING! Bette and Parker SCREAM.

PARKER

Oh my God! JJ, are you crazy??

FENWICK

(muffled) These bloody sisters!

BETTE

Parker, are you alright??

PARKER

Yeah I'm fine. Did it hit you?

BETTE

Mmm. No, no, I'm OK.

JJ SLAMS the gun against the remaining bit of lock.

JJ

(grunts) Open... you... bastard...

PARKER

JJ, leave it!

JJ

I said open- ah!

JJ RIPS the rest of the lock off the door, SLAMS it open. Fenwick gives a LITTLE SCREAM.

JJ (cont'd)
(breathing heavily) Fenwick. Step
away from the controls. Slowly.

PARKER
JJ, this isn't gonna end well. Think
about what you're doing!

BETTE
It won't solve anything!

PARKER
You're better than this, mate.

JJ
Am I?

FENWICK
I don't think you've properly thought
this through, JJ. If you shoot me,
everyone will find out I've rumbled
you. It'll blow your operation wide
open.

JJ
Operation? There is no operation!
We're not a crime family!

PARKER
She's right Fenwick, you've got it
all wrong!

FENWICK
What were you all doing in Germany in
'92, then? Yeah, I know all about
that! You were taking down a rival
gang!

BETTE
That's not how it was! That was
Jenkins, not us!

JJ
There's no point reasoning with them,
Bette. They'll keep on coming for us,
no matter what we say...

COCKS gun.

FENWICK
(scared) Woah, woah. Easy now.

PARKER
JJ, please love. Don't do this.

BETTE

Don't let Fenwick make you the bad guy, JJ. *He's* the bad guy.

FENWICK

Me?? Me?? I'm trying to solve murders! I'm fighting organised crime! I've put myself through hell doing the right thing!

Subtle CLICK of tape recorder.

BETTE

Oh come on! You can't be serious! You murdered Clayton Woodrow!

FENWICK

Collateral damage. For the greater good.

JJ

(shaky) You're just like the others. So *casual* about who they hurt.

FENWICK

There was nothing casual about it. Months of planning! Of hard graft!

BETTE

To kill an innocent man!

FENWICK

He wasn't innocent! He cheated on two of his wives! And he had the gall to *sing* about it like HE was the one who got hurt!

BETTE

Clay wasn't perfect, but who is?

FENWICK

Must be why my ex loved him so much; listening to that hokey dogshit soothed her own conscience. And what about all those kids he wouldn't pay child support for, and him a *millionaire!*

PARKER

But that was Bobby's doing! Clay was a victim!

FENWICK

Yes but I didn't know that did I!

Half beat.

BETTE

Do I detect a touch of remorse? Is that... guilt?

FENWICK

No. He was rich. He was old.

BETTE

You're old too. Does that make you dispensable? Unworthy of basic kindness? Look at you; you're scared. You don't want to die. Just like Clay didn't.

FENWICK

I'm not scared. If she was gonna shoot me, she'd have done it by now. Never shot anyone at point blank range before, JJ?

JJ

You don't know what I've done. What I've been through. I've had to fight for my life. I stabbed Matty!

FENWICK

Self defense. Not really the same, is it. It's not easy, y'know. Shooting someone. Especially now you've had time to consider what it really means to pull the trigger.

BETTE

Is that how it was with Clay? Is that how you felt when you stabbed him with that syringe? Was it hard?

FENWICK

Hard? You think that was the hard part? Not the planning, the letters, that bloody squirrel, living in my bloody car while Jen swanned around with her new beau, watching Mockery expand and thrive with blood on its hands?? Stabbing Clay with a little syringe was a piece of cake! And let me tell you, it gets easier each time, and Clay wasn't my first, so you'd best shoot me now, or watch your backs for the rest of your lives!

CLICK

BETTE

There. That should do it.

FENWICK

Eh?

BETTE

Hmm, might double check though, just in case...

She REWINDS the tape.

FENWICK

What... what's that?

BETTE

Oh. You mean this? It's a dictaphone.
(smug) I'm a private investigator.

RECORDED FENWICK

--about it. Months of planning, of hard graft--

PARKER

You got him on tape! Bette, you beauty!

FENWICK

No. No... that's not... you little...
(splutters)

JJ

Oh! Ohhh! Does this mean that I don't...

BETTE

JJ, keep the gun pointed at Mr Fenwick, would you?

JJ

Oh! OK?

BETTE

Just in case he gets some foolish notion in his head about snatching my dictaphone.

FENWICK

It's... it won't work... I'll tell them... I'll tell them you forced me to say it!

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)
 You took me hostage and forced me at
 gunpoint! Yeah, you didn't think of
 that, did you!

PARKER
 (worried) Oh gawd... Bette... has he
 got a point?

BETTE
 Don't worry, Parker. What are those
 idiot coppers more likely to believe?
 Some convoluted story... or a simple
 confession?

CLICK

RECORDED FENWICK
 Stabbing Clay with a little syringe
 was a piece of cake!

FENWICK
 No... no no...

JJ
 Actually, Bette, I think it's best if
 you hold the gun. I think... I think
 I need a little lie down...

We start zooming out of the scene, accompanied by Fenwick
 howling to the sky--

FENWICK
 (panic) You think this is over? Not
 by a long shot, sunshine! Uh... uh...
 you think I can't talk my way out of
 this? I'll take you down! I'll take
 the whole stinking lot of you down!
 You hear me!

PROSPECTOR
 We are now approaching Mockery Manor,
 Fancyland Station, and we hope you
 enjoyed your day in Claytonville. See
 ya real soon! Yeehaw!

MOCKERY music (Bette Tapes theme tune reimagined as a
 spaghetti Western) swells.

INT. COWBOYS ON ICE - WEEKS LATER

Disco MUSIC plays in the arena. The crowd CHEERS.

SMOOTH AMERICAN VO
 Thank you all for coming to this
 summer's final performance of
 'Cowboys on Ice!' And thank you to
 our chaps in chaps for their sterling
 work! They will return for our
 Halloween special, Vampire Cowboys on
 Ice.

In the VIP seats, CLAPPING -

JJ
 Well done guys!

PARKER
 I dunno, it's not the same since they
 put pants on the cowboys.

FREDDIE
 Mummy, can I go play on the ice?

BETTE
 Go on. But be careful.

FREDDIE
 Yesss!

PARKER
 Bette, I don't think we should just
 let him play on the ice. There's
 health and safety to think about!

JJ
 Oh, Parker, I almost forgot: I set up
 a meeting with Jacob this
 afternoon... about building up a
 permanent Kiowa exhibit.

PARKER
 Oh, yeah yeah, the Kiowa exhibit,
 yeah, of course.

A DISTANT SCREAM as Freddie enjoys himself.

BETTE
 (calls) Be careful, Freddie!
 He's so reckless! Dunno where he gets
 that from.

JJ
 And I was thinking, maybe he could
 advise us on improving the bird show.
 Make it less... y'know. Culturally
 insensitive.

(MORE)

JJ (cont'd)
What are you grinning at?

PARKER
You! Look at you: improving the park.
Planning for the future! That's my
JJ.

JJ
Yeah, don't be too pleased. I'm still
a traumatised fruitloop.

PARKER
Aren't we all, mate, aren't we all.

BETTE
Oh God, what's he doing now?
(calls) Freddie! Stay on the side!

PARKER
They're all having a go now! He's got
the other bloody kids on the ice!
Jesus!

BETTE
At least he'll tire himself out. Are
you two still OK to babysit while I'm
on air tonight? I can't bring him
into the studio again. He's so
sticky.

JJ
Yeah, no problem.

PARKER
How's it going with Paul anyhow?
How's your sneaky little plan coming
along?

BETTE
Unsolved Crime Time is their best-
performing show... since *I* became co-
host, that is.

JJ
(mutters) I don't know how you can
bear to be around him. He's such a
bell-end.

PARKER
Bette, can't you set up your own
radio show? If he realises you're
angling to take his job...

BETTE

Keep your enemies close, that's what I say.

The RADIO crackles.

DAVINA VO

Come in, JJ.

PARKER

Who's that?

DAVINA VO

Come in JJ, Parker, anyone... even Bette. Where the hell is everyone? There's no-one at the manor.

PARKER / BETTE / JJ

Is that Davina??

PARKER

Davina?? Is that you?

JJ

But they're not due back for a couple of weeks.

DAVINA VO

I know we're not supposed to be back yet. We changed our plans!

BETTE

Is everything alright?

PARKER

Has something happened, Davina?

DAVINA

It certainly has! Margot struck a deal with the cruise line. She's bought a boat! A sodding massive boat! Get this: she wants to turn it into a theme park on water. A Mockery Cruise Ship, can you imagine?! And that's not all: Margot wants you lot to run it!

Bette GROANS

DAVINA (cont'd)

Guys? You still there?

BETTE / PARKER / JJ

Bloody hell!

The end.

CREDITS

You have been listening to Mockery Manor. 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 Bet--

INTERRUPTED BY...

INT. BOTLEYS

A SIREN blares.

RIOT sounds throughout.

INTERCOM

The locking system's been compromised! Evacuate the building! I repeat: evacuate the building! It's a riot! Save yourselves!

Nurse DEBBIE hauls a sagging patient down a corridor.

NURSE DEBBIE

We have to get out of here.

PATIENT

(moans)

NURSE DEBBIE

It's alright, darling. We can do this.

INTERCOM

Someone's set a fire in Starling wing! I repeat: fire in St--

FZZZZ as someone rips the intercom off the wall.

NURSE DEBBIE

Just a little further. God, you're heavy. Try to stay awake, sweetheart, c'mon.
Ah! Fire escape! Almost there!

She GRUNTS as she pushes it open.

NURSE DEBBIE (cont'd)
Don't you dare fall asleep on me!

He GRUNTS sleepily.

NURSE DEBBIE (cont'd)
Wake up! Wake up! Or I'll leave you
here, do you hear me? I'll leave you!
Sweetie? Sweetie, please. This is
your ONE chance for freedom, there
won't be another. So come on Matty. I
said... WAKE UP.

She PUNCHES him in the face.

PATIENT
(groggy) Ah! Jaysus. Alright alright,
I'm awake. I'm awake. C'mon love.
Let's get the feck out of here.

They LAUGH.

SIRENS BLARE.