

Mockery Manor SEASON 3

Episode 4: Mamarracha

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Music and Sound Design by Laurence Owen

Laidback cowboy MUSIC.

THE PROSPECTOR

Previously on Mockery Manor: ex detective Fenwick butts head with police when it emerges that they're likely to rule Clayton's death an accident. Meanwhile, Kirsteen also believes foul play and hires Bette to investigate. Bette and Fenwick argue when they bump into each other in Clayton's bedroom, but are interrupted by a mysterious somebody who enters the room and removes an equally mysterious object. That night, in the forest, JJ clashes with Walter, who's been leading ghoulish true crime tours centred on the events of '89.

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 4: Mamarracha.

INT. CLAYTONVILLE

The park has re-opened and it is rammed. Clayton's demise has brought in the crowds.

COWBOY MUSIC plays over the speakers.

Waiting in line at a food stall is Bette, in full detective mode. She speaks into a tape recorder - CLICK.

CLICK.

BETTE

Day two of the Clayton case. Time is... 11.40am. Date: Monday the 21st May, 1996.

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

Place: Claytonville park, currently in a very long line at the Hot Diggardy Dog Wagon. Ugh! The park's absolutely jam-packed. Did Clayton's plummet from the top of the mine train boost sales? Why are people so ghoulish?

CUSTOMER

Diggardy deep fried donut dog, please.

STALL HOLDER

One ninety nine.

BETTE

I had planned to explore the ride at dawn, and trace the last steps of the victim but Freddie woke up at five and wouldn't go back to sleep, so THAT didn't happen. I did consider just taking him with me, but then I thought; is it right? What if Clay was murdered? Should I risk exposing my son to the darkest impulses of human nature? The extent of man's inhumanity to man? He's only five. And he's bound to contaminate the crime scene. He's so sticky.

CUSTOMER

Two root beer floats please.

BETTE

So I took him to my parent's and asked them to look after him for a couple of days.

STALL HOLDER

Yes? What can I get you?

BETTE

A Hot Diggedy Breakfast Dog, please. Lots of onions. Jalapenos. And can you put a line of fudge sauce down the middle? Anyway, all is not lost. The mine train is closed to the public for the time being, and the police left the park yesterday evening, so I should be free to--

STALL HOLDER

Are you talking to me?

BETTE

What? Oh! No, sorry, I'm recording myself. On this. It's a dictaphone. (smug) I'm a private investigator.

STALL HOLDER

Two pounds nighty nine.

BETTE

Two pounds ninety nine?? Bloody hell. That's daylight robbery. Charge it to Margot Mockery.

STALL HOLDER

You what?

BETTE

Ugh, never mind. Here. (coins) Keep the change.

STALL HOLDER

Ooh, one whole pence, thank yee kindly, mistress.

Bette WALKS away, MUNCHING.

BETTE

(eats) Three quid. Outrageous. So where was I? Oh yes. So I just wanted to drop Freddie off and get back before the park opened, but mother dearest decided it was a good time to ask me about Freddie's dad. AGAIN. She just won't accept I don't know where he is. She kept going on about how awful it is for Freddie, how he needs a male influence in his life or he'll grow up 'feminine', whatever *that* means, and I was like, 'oh my God, mum, he's FINE.' And THEN she was like, 'you're still young, you might yet meet a nice man,' and without thinking I said, 'or woman'. Oh. My God. It was awful. My stomach dropped. Mother went completely still like she'd turned to stone, and we had this endless moment where we just stared at each other. But then she sort of twitched - it was like watching an animatronic jolt back to life - and she said, 'you look like you've put on weight'.

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)
 Like she hadn't even heard me! Like nothing had happened! Ugh, *such* a relief! For a horrible moment I thought we might have to talk about it. Can you imagine.

In the background, the SINGING CACTI sing 'CACTUS LOVERS'.

BETTE (cont'd)
 OK, I'm at the back of the Four Spurs Mine Train ride: there's a small door hidden from the public by a crop of singing cacti. The staff entrance. The door is -

She RATTLES the handle.

BETTE (cont'd)
 - it's locked, but yesterday I snuck into the control room and 'borrowed' some keys, so... heehee. Here goes...

JINGLE of keys. Bette UNLOCKS the door, slips inside.

BETTE (cont'd)
 I'm in.

It closes with a CLICK. The cacti and other background sounds disappear.

BETTE (cont'd)
 So! The door opens onto a flight of stairs.
 (climbs) Could the killer have climbed this very staircase, as I do now? Maybe!
 Gosh. Everything's so new. There's barely a scuff on the stairs, nor a flaking of paint.
 God, these stairs are steep. Ugh I'm sweating. Shouldn't have worn a trench coat.

Bette gets to the top of the stairs, OUT OF BREATH.

BETTE (cont'd)
 Phwoo. I'm here. On the. On the platform.

She WALKS around the area.

BETTE (cont'd)
 OK. This is where the park guests get in and out of the ride vehicles.
 (MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

Alright Bette, what do you see? Open your mind, open your eyes.

(walks) So. There are the turn stiles where people queue. There's the ride track down there, in a sort of trench. And somewhere over here must be the... where is it? Aha. The door to the Four Spurs stage. Our starting point. Clayton could only have left the stage this way when the lights turned off. So then what did he do? Evidently, he climbed down onto the ride track and followed it up to the summit. Why would he do that? If he was running from someone, why didn't he just leave like a park guest, out the normal exit? Why jump ioto the--

FENWICK

(outrage) You again!

BETTE

(gasps) Oh! Fenwick!

FENWICK

Bette Armstrong, what are you doing here? I thought I told you to stay out of it!

BETTE

How did you get in here? The ride's closed!

FENWICK

I stepped over the rope barrier at the entrance. It's hardly Fort Knox.

BETTE

Oh.

FENWICK

Answer my question. What are you doing here?

BETTE

I think a more pertinent question might be: isn't it illegal to *impersonate a police detective*? Mr Fenwick?

Beat.

BETTE (cont'd)

Ha! Gotcha!

FENWICK

Yeah alright. Don't be so pleased with yourself. I never said I was still in the force.

BETTE

You strongly implied it! I thought you were going to arrest me! But you had as little right to be in Clayton's room as I did!

FENWICK

How did you figure it out?

BETTE

PI instinct.

FENWICK

Hahahurr. You told Parker or JJ you'd seen me, and they told you I was working security.

BETTE

(begrudging) Maybe.

FENWICK

'PI instinct'! Pbbt!

BETTE

Well, it was pretty bloody clear you were up to no good, hiding behind that curtain like a, like some sort of shifty, sneaky--

FENWICK

Like you were, you mean?

BETTE

I was doing my job. And I am still doing my job, so I suggest, Mr Fenwick, that you don't get in my way.

FENWICK

If you expect me to back off just because you said so--

BETTE

Uh, hello, I've been *hired* to investigate. You haven't.

FENWICK

Yes I have.

BETTE

What? No you haven't. Have you?
You have?? Who hired you?

FENWICK

George Osman.

BETTE

George Osman hired you?

FENWICK

He came to my house last night. Said something was off, asked me to look into it. With my credentials, my *extensive* experience, the detective instincts I have honed over many many years for which there can be no substitute... I suppose he knew I was the best person for the job.

BETTE

He came to your house last night? And yet you were snooping around before that! Now why would that be?

FENWICK

Oh yes, why ever would that be? Is it because the extremely famous man I was paid to protect perished in highly suspicious circumstances?

BETTE

Oh.

FENWICK

I've spent the last five years building my security firm from the ground up, Ms Armstrong, blood and sweat and a lot of beers after some very long days, only to experience the most public of failures. So yes, I'm gonna find the person responsible for ruining my business, and I'm gonna put my boot so far up their arse they'll be able to use the in-sole to wipe away their tears.

BETTE

I see. So you're motivated by vengeance?

FENWICK

Ohhh yes. Very much so.

BETTE

You know, a taste for vengeance is often a pre-requisite for murder.

FENWICK

Is it really? Well I never! What an extraordinary treasure trove of esoteric knowledge you are.

BETTE

I see your sarcasm, Mr Fenwick, and I choose to ignore it. Tell me, did you know Clayton Woodrow prior to working for him at the park?

FENWICK

You what.

BETTE

A simple question.

FENWICK

You cheeky mare. Are you questioning me?

BETTE

Everyone's a suspect until they're not, I'm afraid, so--

FENWICK

What's that from, The Idiot's Guide to Investigation?

BETTE

May I ask--

FENWICK

No you may not!

BETTE

MAY I ask, your exact whereabouts when Clayton fell?

FENWICK

You expect me to answer that.

BETTE

If you could speak into the dictaphone when you do, that would be peachy.

FENWICK

(wheeze-laugh) Alright then, Ms Armstrong. Alright. Let's dance!

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)

No, I had never met Clayton Woodrow prior to my employment here, and when he fell, I wasn't even in the park.

BETTE

You weren't in the park? But you were supposed to be protecting him! Where on earth were you?

FENWICK

Miss Abilene Docherty's hotel room.

BETTE

Who the hell is Abilene Doc-- hang on! Abilene Docherty? Clayton's stalker?? God, I read about her breaking into his house in the National Enquirer! You mean she's here, in the UK? Oh that is very interesting! Do the police know? What were YOU doing in her hotel room?? Were you searching it?? Tell me!

FENWICK

If you pipe down for a second, I will. Approximately an hour before the blackout, just as the concert began, Miss Docherty entered the VIP area on the rooftop of the Four Spurs Saloon and verbally attacked Kirsteen Woodrow.

BETTE

Noooo! Did she?!

FENWICK

Oh, didn't you know about that? Oh dear oh dear. Don't know much, do you?

Bette SPLUTTERS.

FENWICK (cont'd)

Present on the VIP rooftop bar at the time were Clayton's wife, Kirsteen Woodrow; also Clayton's manager, Bobby D McDaniels; and Bobby's personal assistant, Anna Lou Montgomery. In addition: Claytonville mastermind and general manager George Osman. And finally, your Mr Parker was playing bartender. It was Mr Parker who radio-ed for help when Abilene Docherty showed up.

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)

Given her delicate mental state, I chose to undertake this myself rather than one of my men.

BETTE

And that was about an hour before the blackout? The concert had already started?

FENWICK

It had.

BETTE

How did you get Abilene to go quietly?

FENWICK

I used my considerable charm.

BETTE

Pbbbt!

FENWICK

And then I took her to a quiet area and helped her to calm down.

BETTE

Pbbbbt!

FENWICK

You have something to say, Ms Armstrong?

BETTE

Just trying to imagine *you* calming anyone down.

FENWICK

I can be a very soothing presence, thank you very much. Detective work isn't just bullying people into submission. (pointed) Other skills are needed besides an obnoxiously forceful personality.

BETTE

Sure. Where did you take her?

FENWICK

The Shotgun Wedding Chapel

BETTE

In Lovelorn Town. Why there?

FENWICK

There's a telephone in the chapel's back room.

BETTE

Ah! Did you call the police?

FENWICK

Certainly not. Abilene Docherty is a very lost, very confused individual. The police have a dubious track record with such people. No. I rang for a taxi to take her back to where she was staying. But there were no taxis to be had; all booked up due to a certain concert. It seemed my only option was to either lock her in the chapel and return to my duties--

BETTE

That's illegal, detaining someone like that.

FENWICK

Yes, I am aware. Nor did I have a key. The other option was to drive her back to the hotel myself. She said it was only 10 minutes away, so... (regret) that's what I did. What could go wrong in such a short time, I thought to myself? The rest of my lads know what they're doing. By the time I got back, Clayton was dead.

BETTE

Oof. Bad luck.

FENWICK

Yup.

BETTE

Oh dear. Well. Don't beat yourself up about it. There's probably very little you could've done if you'd been here.

FENWICK

I was stationed right here that night. In the Four Spurs mine train.

BETTE

Ah.

FENWICK
I had a flashlight.

BETTE
Ah. Yes, I imagine that might've been useful.

FENWICK
I could've escorted Clayton safely off the stage as soon as the lights failed. If I'd been here.

BETTE
Mmmm. That might've changed things.

FENWICK
Yeah.

BETTE
Why were you in her room?

FENWICK
What?

BETTE
Sorry! As you pointed out, my mind has a tendency to leap about. I just thought... why did you go into Abilene's hotel room? Why not just drop her off at the front door?

FENWICK
Oh. I see. To make sure she didn't head back to the park that night.

BETTE
But how could you stop her? What did you do, tie her to the bed?

FENWICK
I gave her one of my sleeping tablets.

BETTE
You drugged her??

FENWICK
I didn't slip it in her drink, if that's what you're thinking. I asked her if she wanted one. She said yes.

BETTE
Why do you carry sleeping tablets?

FENWICK
To help me sleep?

BETTE
Yes, but, most people leave that sort
of thing by their bed.

FENWICK
Sometimes my car is my bed.

BETTE
Oh!

FENWICK
Only when I'm on a job. Cheaper than
staying in a hotel. Not all of us
live in a fancy manor house, y'know.

BETTE
It's not MY fancy manor house.

FENWICK
Oh dear. That must be very hard for
you.

BETTE
Now look here, Mr Hard Knock Life!
You're not the only one whose pulled
an over-nighter in their car.

FENWICK
A single all-nighter? Diddums!

BETTE
Many all nighters! I have an electric
blanket in the back seat for when
it's really nippy. And there's empty
crisp packets and chocolate wrappers
all over the floor.

FENWICK
(mellowing) Ha, yeah.

BETTE
Drool stains on the seats. Bottles of
piss in the glove compartment.

FENWICK
You what.

BETTE

Well. If one is to fulfil one's duties as a private investigator, one has to master the art of weeing into an empty coke bottle. Doesn't one.

FENWICK

(impressed) One does indeed.

BETTE

Steep learning curve though. Lots of splashy accidents. All part of the job.

FENWICK

(chuckles) You're a lot less fancy than I thought you were, Ms Armstrong.

They have a CHUCKLE. A moment of bonding.

Bette turns off her dictaphone. CLICK.

BETTE

Thank you for answering my questions. If you want my alibi, I was in the audience when Clayton fell. The psychic medium lady who works here and her boyfriend can corroborate that.

FENWICK

I know. I've already spoken to them both.

BETTE

Have you! Fast worker.

FENWICK

No flies on me.

BETTE

So, uhh. I was actually just tracing Clayton's last movements when we bumped into each other. Do you... want to join me?

FENWICK

Join you??

BETTE

Yes. We're here, we might as well,
y'know, 'stop! collaborate and
listen'! (laughs)

FENWICK

What are you talking about?

BETTE

That was a Vanilla Ice lyric, I meant
we could--

FENWICK

--work together?

BETTE

Yes! Sort of!

FENWICK

You want us to work together?

BETTE

Not work together, per se, more share
ideas, cover ground, maybe devise a
strategy, OK OK, yes, I do mean work
together.

FENWICK

(noise of contemptuous disbelief)
Is this a joke?

BETTE

No, I--

FENWICK

(wheezes with disbelief) You want us
to work together!

Fenwick LAUGHS.

BETTE

OK fine, don't then! God. Just a
suggestion. Didn't have to be all
'buhhhh uhh are you joking uhhh'
about it. Fine! Fine!
I'm going! ...This way.

Bette STOMPS off.

FENWICK

(sighs) No, come on, don't be... oh
for pity's sake...

He WALKS after her.

After a few paces -

BETTE

What do you want? Why are you following me! Go away.

FENWICK

I'm not following you!

BETTE

Yes you are!

FENWICK

I'm not. I'm following the track.

BETTE

Well, that's what I'm doing. So go look somewhere else!

FENWICK

Er! No? YOU go look somewhere else.

BETTE

Oh, OK then, you've convinced me with your considerable charm!

STOMPS OFF.

FENWICK

Bloody hell, you walk fast... you can't investigate at that speed! You'll miss things!
(calls) Wait. Stop! Armstrong. Just... stop! And listen!

BETTE

What? What do you want?

They STOP WALKING.

FENWICK

I've changed my mind.

BETTE

'Changed your mind'?

FENWICK

Detective's prerogative. Let's do it. Ice ice baby.

BETTE

Collaborate?

FENWICK

Yeah.

BETTE

Why?

FENWICK

Because! You're more athletic than I am - well, younger, anyway - so I thought -

BETTE

You want my help!

FENWICK

Yeah, yeah.

BETTE

You need me!

FENWICK

Yes. Alright. I need you... to drop into the ride trench.

BETTE

What?

FENWICK

I'll stay up here on the side, you jump down there, and we follow the track up to the summit. That way we're less likely to miss any physical evidence.

BETTE

Oh! I see.

(beat) Alright then, Detective Fenwick. You've got yourself a deal.

FENWICK

(unenthused) Mmmm. Good.

BETTE

And then maybe afterwards we could talk about clues and stuff.

FENWICK

Pbbbt. I mean, yeah, alright.

BETTE

Great! I mean... whatever. I've never had someone to bounce ideas off before.

FENWICK

Let's just get on with this, shall we.

BETTE

Me with my fresh, enquiring mind, you with your experience, this could really work...

FENWICK

Trench. Get in it.

BETTE

Deep, isn't it? I might need some help.

FENWICK

Use the front of the mine cart to climb down.

BETTE

Oh. What, like, hang onto the headlamps?

FENWICK

Put your foot on the bumper.

BETTE

Oh yes, I see what you mean.

FENWICK

Left foot.

BETTE

It's not that deep. I'll be fine. One, two and... uhhh.

She JUMPS the 2.5 feet into the trench (Bette is as athletic as the writer).

BETTE (cont'd)

I'm fine! I'm fine!

The sound of a small glass tube BREAKING UNDERFOOT.

Ominous DRONE of music begins.

BETTE (cont'd)

What was that? Did I just stand on something?

FENWICK

Flashlight at the ready. We'll cover the indoor section in a couple of sweeps--

BETTE

Wait! I've stood on something. I can't tell what it is... it's dark down here...

FENWICK

Use your flashlight.

BETTE

I am!

FENWICK

What is it?

BETTE

It's glass. Tiny bits of shattered glass.

FENWICK

Have you broken it?

BETTE

Yes. Some of it. But there's a tube? What is that...

FENWICK

Don't touch it. If it's evidence, you'll contaminate it.

BETTE

Oh.

FENWICK

Can you tell what it is?

BETTE

Well, there's... a bit of a glass tube? And there's a metal bit at the end. Oh wow. That's a needle. Fenwick. I think this is important.

FENWICK

What is it?

BETTE

It's a syringe.

Dun dun durrn.

EXT. STAFF DOOR, MINE TRAIN

The singing cacti are nearby, indicating where they exited from.

FENWICK

Ha ha! Can't wait to rub this in their silly faces. 'Sure you didn't miss anything, Steve? No? How about a friggin' hypodermic needle!' And if they don't send it to the lab, I'm going straight to the papers. Scare the bastards into doing their job properly.

BETTE

Will you come back here after you've been to the police station?

FENWICK

Course.

BETTE

Great! Meet me at the Manor House and we'll compare notes.

FENWICK

(big sigh)

BETTE

Don't you dare try and back out of this, Fenwick. We made a verbal agreement.

FENWICK

Did we.

BETTE

Oh, one more thing before you go. I need to interview your security chaps.

FENWICK

No need. I've already talked to them. Well. Except for one.

BETTE

Oh?

FENWICK

Rick. Ex army. Good man. Reliable. Or so I thought.

(MORE)

FENWICK (cont'd)

He's been somewhat evasive. I went to his flat this morning but he didn't answer the door.

BETTE

Maybe he wasn't in?

FENWICK

His car was outside.

BETTE

Hmmm. What was he like on the day of the concert?

FENWICK

Normal. Until...

BETTE

'Until'...?

FENWICK

The first thing I did when I got back from Abilene's hotel was talk to my lads, find out what the bloody hell had happened. But Rick... couldn't find him anywhere. And I haven't spoken to him since.

BETTE

Hmmm!

FENWICK

What's more, when I had to drive Abilene to her hotel, it was Rick that I asked to take over from me. Which means it was Rick who was guarding the mine train entrance when it all went down.

BETTE

He was!? We have to talk to him!

FENWICK

Alright. Tonight. We can go together. I'll pick you up at 11.

BETTE

11? Great! Yesss.

FENWICK

Don't be late, I won't wait.

BETTE

Oh, I'll be there! Oh, are you going now? OK! Bye detective! Good working with you today!

Fenwick WALKS off.

FENWICK

(distant) Yeah yeah.

CLICKS on dictaphone.

BETTE

Time: 1.15pm. Golly shitting gosh! It's all hotting up already. Rick the suspicious security guard. A hypodermic syringe! Fenwick absent from his post at the most convenient time... because of *Clayton's stalker!*... (annoyed) who does have an alibi though, how annoying. But what if Abilene's in cahoots with Rick?! Working together! That's it! No, nonono. Come on, Bette. Let's not get ahead of ourselves before we've gathered all the facts. No more rushing into things like my bum's on fire. Instead, a calm, methodical approachoooh, a donut stall! Sugar does help me think.

SPANISH-INSPIRED CLAYTON MUSIC.

BETTE (cont'd)

Hello! Can I have a coffee and three of those... funny straight donuts please? The ribbed ones.

STALL HOLDER

They're called churros.

BETTE

Churros?

STALL HOLDER

They're Spanish.

BETTE

How fun! My son's father spoke a bit of Spanish. He used to call me his little mamarracha. It means cutey-pie or something like that I'm not sure I don't speak any Spanish--

STALL HOLDER

One pound forty nine.

BETTE

So, what's my next move... I need the alibis of everyone in the park that night.

STALL HOLDER

You talking to me?

BETTE

No, I'm talking to my dictaphone... actually, yes, I do have a question for you: what's your name and where were you the night of Clayton's fall?

STALL HOLDER

Eh? Robbo. I was here.
There you go. Churros. Coffee.

BETTE

Thank you, Robbo. Do I detect an Australian accent?

STALL HOLDER

Thit's roight.

BETTE

Oh I love Bogan Bay!

STALL HOLDER

I don't watch it.

BETTE

Oh. Did you notice anything unusual on the night of the concert, Robbo... besides the obvious, of course?

STALL HOLDER

Clayton Woodrow fell off the big fake mountain.

BETTE

No, that's the obvious thing I was referring to. Anything else?

STALL HOLDER

I dunno. They let too many people in. The bit they'd roped off for the audience, it just wasn't big enough. Thousands of people, no rides open; recipe for disaster, mate.

BETTE

Wasn't it just. Thousands upon thousands of people. The perfect environment for murder. Hmmm. Of course...

STALL HOLDER

Murder?

BETTE

Thank you, Robbo. You've been moderately helpful.

STALL HOLDER

Eh. Roight. Moind how you go.

She WALKS off. WALKIE TALKIE BZZ.

BETTE

Right.
Come in JJ. Hello. Helloooo, JJ? Are you there? Ugh! Or Parker? It's Bette. I have a question.
Ugh! What's the point in me stealing a park radio if you're never going to answer!

BZZZ.

HARRY VO

Bette Armstrong? Is that you?

BETTE

Ugh. Harry. Can you get off the airwaves please? I'm trying to get hold of JJ... or Parker.

HARRY VO

Parker's with Clayton's people, helping them with paperwork. They have to stay in the country until the body's released.
And JJ must've taken the day off, I can't seem to get hold of her.

BETTE

Ugh! Maybe you can help me, then. Where can I view the Claytonville CCTV footage from the night of the murder? Where do they keep the tapes?

LONG BEAT.

BETTE

Hello? Harry? You still there? Is this thing even working?

HARRY VO

The CCTV footage?

BETTE

(sighs) I suppose you haven't worked here long, why would you know where the CCTV footage is.

HARRY VO

No, I know where it is. Everything here runs from the same place - music, animatronics, electricity. The CCTV tapes for Mockery and Claytonville are in the /control room--

BETTE

--/control room of the manor house. Of course.

DETECTIVE STING.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, MOCKERY

BLOOP bloop BLEEP.

BETTE

(mutters) Let's see. If I were security personnel, where would I put the tapes? In here?

Bette FLINGS OPEN a drawer.

HARRY

You know, you're not actually allowed in here.

BETTE

Course I am! I live here!

HARRY

The control room?

BETTE

Ha ha, very funny. The manor house.

HARRY
Yeah, well, the control room's off-limits to--

BETTE
--to people who aren't me.

Another CLANG as Bette opens drawers.

HARRY
Can you stop.

BETTE
Harry! Chill out. I'm allowed to be here. My sister's one of the big-wigs.

HARRY
Are you your sister?

BETTE
Of course I'm not my sister. We're very different, actually.

HARRY
Yeah, she's allowed in here and you are not.

While she searches-

BETTE
(ignoring him) That's not to say we're not close, we are... although she did get a bit closed-off after that gangster thing in Germany...

HARRY
Gangster thing?

BETTE
And she's just so unpredictable.

HARRY
So you're the predictable one?

BETTE
Oh my God, no. That makes me sound boring.

HARRY
OK.

BETTE
I'm not boring! I've back-packed
across half of Asia.

HARRY
(sarcastic) Wow.

BETTE
I had a baby with a man I'd known for
2 minutes!

HARRY
Smart.

BETTE
I'm a *PI*, for Christ sake!

HARRY
Yeah, you've told me before. Several
times. Almost like you're paranoid
about being seen as just a mom...

BETTE
...and not being cool anymore? *No*.
I'm not worried about not being cool
anymore! And quite frankly, that's a
really weird thing to say.

HARRY
I didn't say it.

BETTE
I mean yeah, *some* people peak in high
school, but I'm scaling new heights,
baby!

HARRY
Oh boy.

BETTE
(suspicious) Ohhh I know what you're
doing. I don't know *why*, but you're
trying to get under my skin.
Why are you even here, Harry? Bit
weird, isn't it: I mention I'm
heading to the control room, and then
guess who I find when I open the
door!

HARRY
I was already in the control room
when you radio-ed.

BETTE
(suspicious) Oh? Why?

HARRY
You're not the only one who wants the Claytonville CCTV footage.

BETTE
So you want it too.

HARRY
No. George does. I'm just the errand boy.

BETTE
George Osman. Well he can't have it. I call dibs. I was here first!

HARRY
I was literally here first. But don't worry, I'm making copies. They'll be done soon.

BETTE
Right. Good. Thank you. Very efficient.

HARRY
That's what George pays me for.

BETTE
Mmmm. Does he now.

Harry DRUMS his fingers.

HARRY
So do you wanna go for a drink sometime?

BETTE
What? A drink? Ugh. My answer hasn't changed from last time. You're not allowed to fall in love with me, Harry. Where were you on the night of the murder?

HARRY
You think it was murder?

BETTE
That's right. Tell me, Harry, as George's right-hand man, what was your role during the Clayton concert?

HARRY

I didn't have one. He gave me the night off.

BETTE

Why?

HARRY

Because I've been working non-stop trying to get this place ready in time.

BETTE

George expects a lot of you.

HARRY

He sure does. He's in over his head with this Claytonville. And when that man panics...

BETTE

Mmm. How well did you know Clayton?

HARRY

Because we're both Americans, you think I'd know him?

BETTE

Did you?

HARRY

Oh sure, we were on the same baseball team, we used to hold hands...

BETTE

Very funny. What about Kirsteen?

HARRY

What about her?

BETTE

I saw you two talking the night Clay died.

HARRY

We were? I don't recall.

BETTE

You don't recall talking to a beautiful country and western superstar?

HARRY

Beauty and status, that don't impress me much.

DREAMLIKE MEMORY MUSIC starts.

BETTE

Well, let me jog your memory: about one am, the police made us wait in the study.

THE MEMORY OF SIRENS.

BETTE (cont'd)

All senior managers, and all residents of the manor.

The memory of BOBBY having a shout.

BETTE (cont'd)

Bobby was shouting his head off, the assistant - Anna Lou - was crying.

The memory of Anna Lou CRYING. Parker offers TEA.

BETTE (cont'd)

George and Parker were forcing cups of tea on everyone. My sister was chewing her fingernails into nubs. And amongst all this, you and Kirsteen were over by the liquor cabinet. Heads together. Talking rather intently.

MUSIC FADES.

HARRY

Oh. That. I was... she kinda, uh, looked like she wanted a cigarette, and I was gonna give her one of mine.

BETTE

That's nice of you. What about earlier, during the concert? Where were you then?

HARRY

In the audience.

BETTE

Anyone able to corroborate that?

HARRY

Dunno. I went alone.

BETTE
So basically no alibi, then.

HARRY
Guess not.

TAPE EJECTS.

HARRY (cont'd)
Tape's ready.

She removes it from the video machine.

BETTE
I'll take that.

HARRY
You want a spoiler?

BETTE
A 'spoiler'? You've already watched
the footage?

HARRY
Only from the CCTV camera just inside
the mine train entrance.
Something real funky happened not
long before the lights went out.

BETTE
What.

HARRY
Someone entered the ride.

MUSIC.

BETTE
What did they look like?

HARRY
Hard to tell, the picture quality
isn't great. They were not tall, not
short, moving quickly.

BETTE
What about hair? Long, short, bald,
what??

HARRY
It was covered.

BETTE
By a hat?

HARRY

By a hood.

BETTE

A hood! Like a monk??

HARRY

No, like a young person. They had a big old sweatshort with the hood pulled up.

BETTE

Ugh, this is no good, let me see for myself.

Bette INSERTS the TAPE into the tape player.

HARRY

Okey dokey.

WHIRRR as they fast forward.

BETTE

There!

They STOP the tape.

BETTE (cont'd)

Dammit, I can't see their face, the hoods pulled too far forward. But look at the arms of the hoodie. The stars and stripes. Wait. Is that a lanyard around their neck? Go back!

REWIND sound.

BETTE (cont'd)

It is. It's a Mockery security pass.

BETTE'S THEME MUSIC (altered).

Merges into SPANISH-style MUSIC.

CREDITS

Mockery Manor is written by Lindsay Sharman
and directed by Lindsay Sharman and Laurence Owen

(MORE)

CREDITS (cont'd)

Music, sound design and editing by
Laurence Owen

Hayley Evenett was Bette
John Henry Falle was Fenwick
Luke Capasso was Harry
and Laurence Owen was Robbo and
additional voices

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become one of them, and help me and
Lindsay keep making podcasts, tap the
link in the show notes of this
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