

Sunday 2nd June, 05:35. Kitchen at White Gate. Present: Karen Yu (KY), Jared Gardner (JG) and Lisa Gardner (LG).

LG: Morning Karen. How are you?

KY: Tired. How was your yoga?

LG: It was wonderful, thank you. Have you ever done pre-dawn yoga?

KY: No, I can't say-

LG: Oh, then we should definitely do it sometime. Will you be here tomorrow morning?

KY: I - no. No, I should be getting back today. Lisa - Jared and I were just talking about last night, and I thought it might be helpful if the three of us compared notes, so to speak. You know, just to make sure what we think happened really did happen - make sure we're not missing anything. [Pauses.] It might even help, you know? I think it would be healing - for all of us. To, um, heal together?

JG: That's not actually a bad idea, Karen - to flush it out of our systems, right? Sure. Lisa, that OK with you?

LG: Yes. Sure. Just let me get some water.

KY: Thanks. [Exhales.] Right, so maybe the easiest thing is if we just take it in turns to give our accounts of the night, from our own perspectives? I can go first if you like.

JG: Sure.

KY: Well, I was in bed, of course, and obviously I heard the gunshot first of all. So I ran out of the room I was sleeping in, into the corridor. I bumped into Charlie there - he'd been woken up by the gunshot too. We were still in the corridor when we heard the second gunshot. After that we went downstairs to the panelled room and started knocking on the door, but there was no answer from Andrew. And that's when you showed up, Lisa.

LG: Yeah. What were you doing to Dr Woolham?

KY: What - ? Oh. Um. I - I think I was just panicking.

LG: [No response.]

KY: So, Lisa, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. You remember when you suggested we enter the room through the windows? And you led us outside? Why did you have that torch on you last night? When we headed outside, you already had a torch in your pocket.

LG: Torch? Oh, yeah. Sorry, I'm so used to calling them flashlights. I - well, yes I did. But [pauses] - but it doesn't make much sense.

KY: What doesn't? I just want to know what happened last night, Lisa. That's all. If you saw something then it might be useful.

LG: OK. Well, we all went to bed a little after midnight, right? Pretty much right after Brian left. Jared locked and bolted the front door, and then we headed upstairs, said goodnight to you and Dr Woolham. But I couldn't sleep. You know how much I hate that mask. And the thought of Uncle - of Andrew being so reckless around it - I - it made me very uneasy, you know? I tried close my eyes and all I could see was that horrible mask.

KY: I know what you mean, Lisa.

LG: Right? Something about it just clings to your thoughts. So, I'm in bed, tossing and turning. Such negative energy last night. Jared, of course, was asleep within minutes.

JG: Always been a great sleeper.

LG: But I couldn't. And then - then I hear something downstairs. It was a crash, like someone had broken a plate or something.

KY: What time was this?

LG: I - well, let me think. I definitely looked at the alarm clock. It was - it was twenty to one in the morning.

KY: Just five minutes before - sorry, never mind. Carry on. So you heard this smashing sound?

LG: Right. So, naturally, I'm scared. Andrew's already put me on edge. The last thing I need is to think that there's an intruder downstairs or something.

KY: So what did you do?

LG: I - well, I thought about asking Jared if he heard anything, but he seemed so peaceful I didn't want to wake him.

JG: I had no idea all this was going on. [Holds Lisa's hand.] You should have woken me, honey.

LG: I didn't want to disturb you.

KY: [Pauses.] So you heard the noise?

LG: Yeah. And at first I thought about staying there - in bed - but I thought that would be silly. I started to think, what if Brian left his keys or something and he's stumbling round the house trying to find them? Or maybe a cat got in, you know? Anyway, I got my dressing gown and headed downstairs. It was dark, but I didn't want to turn the lights on, in case - you know - in case it *was* an intruder. I didn't exactly want to advertise my presence in that case. But I knew where Andrew kept a flashlight in the kitchen, so I went and got that.

KY: Go on.

LG: Well, the crash sounded like it came from the side of the house with the kitchen and dining room. I didn't see anything in the kitchen - anything broken, that is. Anything that would make that sound. So I went to the dining room and looked around. Again, at first I didn't think I could see anything, but then I nearly stepped on it-

KY: Stepped on it? On what?

LG: A broken glass. One of the wine glasses we'd been using last night at the meal. Funny, I'd completely forgot that we never cleared the table. Anyway, one of those wine glasses had been knocked onto the floor, and it had smashed. That must have been the noise I heard.

KY: Did you move it? Is it still there?

LG: I guess so. Unless - Jared, you didn't sweep it up, did you?

JG: No, I haven't been in the dining room since yesterday evening.

LG: Well, then - yeah. I guess.

KY: Show me. Please.

LG: OK. [Jared and I follow Lisa to the dining room. A broken wine glass lies on the floor a few inches from the table, as if it had been knocked off by someone passing.] Here it is. Is this - important? Could it be something?

KY: Is this how it looked last night? Does the room look altered in any way?

LG: Well, it was dark, remember. So I can't say for sure. But everything looked in place when I shone the flashlight around.

KY: And the glass?

LG: [Pauses.] Yes. That was how it looked last night. At least I think so. How come?

KY: [Peers at broken glass.] And you heard the smash at twenty to one. And then,

going back to last night, what did you do next? So you'd discovered this broken glass?

LG: Yeah. Well, I was going to go back to bed. I remembered that the doors were locked and - I calmed down a bit then - and so I figured it must have been a draft or something that knocked the glass over. It was windy last night, after all. But just as I'm leaving the dining room I hear [pauses] - I hear the gunshot. My God, I was so scared. I just knew something terrible had happened. I knew that Andrew had dad's horrible gun in that study. And I - I just froze. It sounds awful, but I did. I just stood there, in the dining room, staring blankly into the darkness in front of me. Then I heard the second gunshot. For a second I really thought my knees would give way. [Pauses.] That's when I heard you and Dr Woolham walk down the stairs and turn the light on in the hallway. For a second I thought - I thought - oh, Karen, I'm sorry. I was scared.

KY: What did you think?

LG: I thought you must have had something to do with - with the gun. With Andrew. It sounds absurd now, I know. But last night it felt like everything was spiralling out of control. I think I was willing to believe anything in that moment.

KY: Lisa, don't worry. I understand. You were probably right to be cautious.

[Pauses.] So when Charlie and I were in the hall, you were still in the dining room?

LG: Right. I moved behind the door a little, just out of sight, and listened. [Moves behind door.] Right here. I hear you two go to the study, and I hear you knocking on the door and calling out to Andrew. And that's when I figure that you two probably aren't involved in whatever's going on. I was just so scared.

KY: It's OK, I'm not offended. So then?

LG: Well, then I went out to see you two, remember? From then on I guess our accounts are the same.

KY: Yeah. Now, Lisa, when you were looking around the kitchen and dining room, did you hear anything coming from the panelled room?

LG: Like what?

KY: I don't know - just anything that might help us understand what happened in there. Any noises? Was Andrew talking, or could you hear him doing anything?

LG: [Pauses.] No, I don't remember hearing anything. And I think I would have, you know? The house was quiet last night.

KY: OK, no problem. By the way, Lisa, I - I was impressed with how you dealt with the situation last night. If you hadn't thought of breaking in through the window then I'm not you're your uncle would still - still be alive.

LG: What can I say? Something was guiding me last night, looking out for me. I'm just glad that there was enough positive energy to outweigh the wickedness of the mask.

KY: [Pauses.] So you also think it was the mask? That - that did this to your uncle?

LG: Come on, I think you know that, Karen. Of course it was. I mean, I've been telling you that since I wrote you that letter. The real question now is, what do you believe?

KY: Well, I'm certainly - I'm certainly questioning a lot now. My sanity, among other things. [Pauses.] So, Jared-

JG: At your service.

KY: I didn't see you last night until Lisa unlocked the study door and let you in.

JG: Right.

KY: So, I guess, if you too could go through last night, from your point of view, I think that would be helpful for all of us.

JG: No problem. Right, where do we start? Andrew had just locked himself up in the panelled room, Brian tried to open the door but couldn't. He headed off. That must have been around midnight, right? And we all went to bed after that. Lisa asked me to lock up, which I did. I-

KY: Sorry, Jared, but just to be clear: all the doors here were locked last night?

JG: Correct. I locked the back door and then locked and bolted the front door.

KY: And those doors felt solid enough to you?

JG: Have you seen this house? It's like a fortress.

KY: Yeah. Just a second. [Walks over to front door and inspects it. Lisa and Jared follow.] So, in your opinion, once those doors were locked, no one from outside could have got into the house?

JG: I mean, I'm no architect, but I can't see how anyone short of Houdini could have got through those doors last night. Is this relevant? You don't think there might have been some - someone on the outside - ?

KY: No, sorry, just trying to get things straight in my head. Ignore me. So, you locked up and then headed to bed?

JG: Right. Lisa and I went upstairs and straight to our room down the corridor. Well, like I said, I'm a great sleeper, so I must have fallen asleep in minutes. But for some reason I woke up at some point in the night. I can't say why. And when I do, I notice Lisa's not there - in bed, that is.

KY: And when was this?

JG: I didn't actually check the time. At least, I don't remember checking.

KY: So what did you do next?

JG: I - [exhales] this doesn't sound good, given what happened, but I - I just went back to sleep. I figured Lisa must have gone downstairs to get a glass of water or something. I didn't think anything of it.

LG: You mustn't be hard on yourself, Jared. You had no idea anything was up. Remember, I was the one who chose not to wake you up. Right?

JG: I guess. It just - I feel like I should have been there, you know?

LG: It's OK.

JG: Anyway, so I go back to sleep. But clearly my body knows something's up that night, because I was awake again only a few minutes later. And Lisa still wasn't back. That's when I started to get concerned. And then I realised I could hear voices - noises - downstairs. So I knew something was up. I put some clothes on-

LG: Jared and I always sleeps naked, you see.

KY: Right-

JG: - and I headed downstairs. The light in the hall was already-

KY: Hang on, sorry. Just to get this straight, Jared. You went to sleep again and the next thing you hear are our voices?

JG: Correct.

KY: What about the two gunshots? Are you saying you didn't hear them?

JG: [Pauses.] I - I guess not. Is that - why does that matter?

KY: I'm just surprised, I suppose, that's all. Seeing as your bedroom's right above the study where the shots were fired.

JG: [Spreads his hands.] What can I say? I'm a heavy sleeper.

KY: I suppose you really must be. Anyway, sorry. You were saying? You were heading downstairs to look for Lisa?

JG: Right. Yeah. So I went downstairs to the hall. The - the light in the hall was already on by then, of course. So I followed the voices to the study, and - oh, God, my heart just sinks like a stone. Why'd it have to be that room, you know? Nothing good could be happening behind that door, I just knew it. Bad vibes all around. Well, no time to freak out, I told myself. So I went up to the door and knocked on it. I think I must have made you guys jump because I heard someone scream inside. Of course, my main thought at the moment was Lisa. So when she eventually answered the door I was just so relieved.

LG: Sorry it took so long, but dad's desk was in the way. I had to move it before I could get to the door.

JG: Yeah, I saw the state of that room. Jesus, it makes you wonder, doesn't it? What went on in that room before you guys managed to get in? [Pauses.] Anyway, as Lisa manages to get the door open that's when I see the scientist guy - Dr Charles, right? - he comes in through the front door and runs to the phone.

KY: That fits. He ran off to call an ambulance right before you knocked.

JG: Right. [Pauses.] And then - well, we were all together then. Until the ambulance arrived around ten past, quarter past one. [Another pause.] Unreal. I mean, the whole thing is just crazy. You hear about this kind of stuff-

KY: Do you?

JG: -but you never think it's going to happen to you. Or to those you know, rather.

LG: The universe works in mysterious ways.

KY: OK, so I know you two are pretty clear on who the, um, culprit is. But just to be sure of that, can we rule out other motives? Lisa, can you think of anyone who might want your uncle dead?

LG: [Shakes head.] No, I don't think so. Don't get me wrong, the list of people he's offended over the years must be enormous by now. But none of them would do something like this-

JG: Certainly no one in the New Age community would ever think of harming him. Not like this. That's just not us, Karen. Shall I fix you another coffee?

06:30. Dining room at White Gate. Present: Karen Yu (KY) and Charlie Woolham (CW).

CW: Morning. Did you - did you just break that wine glass?

KY: Did you?

CW: What? No. And I asked you.

KY: [Sighs.] Sorry, no, I just - I'm worried I'm losing my mind here.

CW: How do you mean? Besides from the obvious.

KY: So, someone or something knocked this wine glass over last night. Obviously. Because it's on the floor. Lisa says she heard it break at around twenty minutes to one last night - which was just a few minutes before the shots were fired.

CW: Right.

KY: And it wasn't you, Lisa or Jared - or me, by the way.

CW: Right?

KY: But both the front and back doors to this house were locked from the inside last night.

CW: So - ?

KY: Which rules out Brian, or anyone else for that matter, getting back into the house last night. So either Andrew Paris took a minute out of whatever Lovecraftian horrors were accosting him in the panelled room to pop in here and knock over a glass, only to return to the panelled room and shoot himself in the

stomach. Or [pauses] - or something like a draft knocked it over-

CW: You really think a draft knocked over a wine glass?

KY: I mean, it was a windy night.

CW: But wasn't it already windy when we were eating yesterday evening? And no one complained of a draft. Certainly not one strong enough to blow over a glass.

KY: OK, OK, so that's stupid, I know. So the second alternative is that some or force or - or mechanism of some sort knocked over this glass, whether intentionally or on purpose-

CW: Karen, maybe you should get some sleep-

KY: Or!

CW: Or?

KY: Or. Option three: one of us is lying about what we did last night.

CW: [Pauses.] Wait. Wait. [Closes door.] You're not suggesting someone here might have - ah - might have had something to do with this? With Andrew?

KY: [Sighs.] Oh, Jesus, I don't know. But something is definitely wrong here.

CW: With the glass?

KY: Forget the glass for a minute. I mean something is wrong with everything here. Something's felt off since the moment I got here yesterday. Didn't you feel something was up? You said yourself how weird it was last night.

CW: Yeah, but that - I had no idea anything like this would happen. You - you think someone meant for this to happen? For Andrew to get hurt?

KY: Do you think Andrew Paris shot himself? In the stomach, of all places?

CW: [Pauses.] I - well, no. I don't. Normally I wouldn't. It doesn't make any sense, I grant you.

KY: So-

CW: -but, Karen, at least it's physically possible. Any other interpretation would need us to suspend the laws of physics.

KY: [No response.]

CW: Besides, have you met this lot? Do you seriously believe that either PC Plod or one half of the Mamas and Papas have it in them to do something like this?

KY: [Sighs.] Granted, it's hardly the cast of Murder on the Orient Express here. But I can't help it - something smells off. And I'm sure the answer's right in front of me. I must already have seen it, if only I could recognise it. [Turns to Charlie.] Let's go over last night again.

CW: [Groans.] God, do we have to? Besides, I was with you the whole time.

KY: I know, I know. But just to be sure - so you went to bed at the same time as everyone else?

CW: I - ah - yes, I suppose. Yes.

KY: And then what?

CW: Well, I went to sleep. What do you mean?

KY: But when I came out of my room last night you were already in the corridor.

CW: Well, I heard the gunshot, remember?

KY: And that's what woke you up?

CW: Yes. Of course - hang on. Are you interrogating me?

KY: I'm interviewing you, Charlie. There's a difference. I'm a journalist, remember?

CW: Are you recording this?

KY: It's just a Dictaphone, Charlie. And-

CW: Do you - do you suspect me?

KY: I'm only trying to figure out where everyone was last night, that's all. I don't suspect anyone.

CW: But didn't you just say that you think one of us is lying?

KY: Well then, you'd better make sure you're telling the truth.

CW: But I am! You know that. [Pauses.] Besides, why should you be the one asking the questions? Has anyone interrogated you yet?

KY: Interviewed.

CW: What were you doing in the corridor last night?

KY: Come on, Charlie.

CW: Well?

KY: I heard the gunshot and went out to see what had happened. Same as you, remember? I was the one who told you it was a gun.

CW: And then what did you do?

KY: I - oh, come on Charlie, this is ridiculous. You were with me the entire time. Right off until you went to get the ambulance.

CW: [No response.]

KY: Look, we're all tired. Everyone's stressed. But I don't think it will help things if the two remaining sane people in this house fall out.

CW: [Sighs.] Maybe you're right. [Pauses.] So - ah - you've talked to Lisa and Jared already?

KY: Mm-hmm. Just need to wait for Brian to turn up.

CW: Do you - does he know? Has anyone called him?

08:15. Kitchen at White Gate. Present: Karen Yu (KY), Brian Docherty (BD) and Lisa Gardner (LG).

BD: Why didn't anyone call me?

LG: I'm so sorry, Brian. What with everything - I - it slipped my mind.

BD: Oh, I'm not upset, Lisa, I just wish I could have done something. [Shakes head.] I - I just can't believe he did—he got shot. Bloody hell, talk about shooting yourself in the-

KY: Yes, yes, we know.

BD: Ah, right. I - sorry. So what the hell happened in there?

KY: Well, I was kind of hoping that you'd be able to help us with that. Seeing as you're more familiar with that room than any of us.

BD: Well, I can give it a look, I suppose. Sure. [Stands up.] Was there anything unusual about the room when you - when you found him?

KY: You have no idea. [Brian, Lisa and I head to panelled room.]

BD: [Enters panelled room.] Bloody hell. You - this is how it was last night?

LG: [Nods.]

KY: When we got to the windows last night and found Andrew the room was already in this state. Almost as if - I don't know, as if some kind of struggle took place here.

BD: [Peers at folders, letters etc. on the floor.] When was the last time you saw a fight where the assailants armed themselves with Filofaxes?

KY: I - well-

LG: And the desk!

BD: Sorry?

LG: The desk was pushed against the door. Right, Karen? Right across it, like this. [Spreads out her arms.] I had to move it to let Jared in, you see.

BD: The desk was again the door? But the door was already locked, you said?
KY: Right. So why would he do that?
BD: [Exhales.] It's a bloody good question. I mean, why would he do any of this? There's no rhyme or reason to any of it. It's almost as if - as if - [examines broken panel]. And this is where you two broke in?
LG: Yeah. With that rock over there.
BD: [Studies room.]
KY: Brian, while we're on this, you didn't happen to hear or notice anything - anything out of the ordinary last night, did you? After you left here? Anything that might shed some light on this?
BD: [Thinks.] No. No, I can't think of anything out of the ordinary that happened. Sorry, Kirsty-
KY: Karen.
BD: -but nothing that's going to help us here. I think I dimly remember hearing sirens last night, but I dismissed it at the time and went back to sleep.
KY: And when John - when you found John, was the room like this? In this state?
BD: John? No, no, not at all. Everything was neat and tidy, like always. This - well, this is something else. [Pauses. Looks at cardigan on floor.] Is this Andrew's cardigan?
KY: Yeah. I, um, I took it off. Took it off him that night. To try and mop up the blood.
BD: With a cardigan?
KY: What else could I do?
BD: Never mind. And you left it here when Andrew was taken away? Right here?
KY: [Exhales.] I can't say. It's a blur. I think so. I mean, I can't think why anyone would move it.
BD: OK. [Pauses.] Lisa, you wouldn't happen to have a plastic bag of some sort - something I could put this in?
LG: I - um, yeah, sure, I suppose. There must be some in the kitchen somewhere. Why - what are you going to do?
BD: Just what to be extra-certain here. In the meantime, no one touch it please.

Jared enters the panelled room.

JG: Knock, knock. Just phoned the hospital again. Good news: the surgery went well. They go the bullet out no problem.
LG: Is he - ?
JG: No, he's not conscious. They say he lost an awful lot of blood. But they'll keep us posted. They're not sure how long he might be out for-
KY: Wait, hang on Jared - did you say bullet? Singular?
JG: Yeah, that's right.
KY: As in they only took one bullet out?
JG: Yeah. What were you expecting?
KY: But there were two shots fired last night!
BD: Wait-
KY: Remember? There was the first shot, and then no more than a minute later, a second one.
BD: But if Andrew only shot himself once, then - then what on earth was he shooting at before?
KY: He must have fired it in this room - because the gun was still with him when we found him, right? [Looks around.]

BD: Oh. Oh-ho. What's this? [Peers at skirting board.]

KY: What is it?

BD: That's a bullet hole, alright. And - and it looks like the bullet's still in there. Do any of you have a torch?

LG: Um, yeah, I'll go and get one.

BD: Do either of you remember seeing this here last night?

JG: No. But - but then again, I wasn't paying attention to the skirting board.

KY: Same. Although if it wasn't last night, then when else would have it been? I can't help thinking that someone would have noticed if Andrew Paris was in the habit of shooting pistols indoors.

LG: [Returns with torch.] Here you go, Brian. And here's a bag. Will this do?

BD: Oh, thanks. Yeah that's smashing. Right. [Looks at bullet hole.] Yep, that's a bullet alright.

JG: Does it match Andrew's Colt?

BD: [Stands up.] Ah, well - frankly, Jamie-

JG: Jared.

BD: Frankly I have no idea. Not until we get it out of there. I'll see if I can still pull some favours with the boys at station. But like this lady says, chances are that this is the second gunshot you heard last night. The only question is [looks around] - well, what the hell was he shooting at? [Pauses.] The only thing I can think of at skirting board level is a mouse, but the idea of Andrew trying shoot a mouse is bloody ridiculous. The man wasn't scared of anything. [Sighs.] I don't know. The only interpretation of all this I can think of - that makes sense is if - I mean, the scattered papers, the desk, the armchair - it's almost as if he went insane in here last night. But what on earth could possibly have made Andrew Paris, the most sceptical, level-headed man alive, lose his mind like this?

KY: [No response.]