

# TRANSCRIPT

## Season 1 Episode 6: Bodies of Evidence

Aiden and Katherine return to the waterlogged mires and tangled roots of the New Forest. Could there be a link between the recent attack and Aiden's encounter in the forest?

### Content Warnings:

Depiction of the disappearance of a loved one, police, and a verbal argument.  
Discussion of blood and gore, death, physical violence, dead bodies, murder.

### Cast:

Finn Cresswell as Aiden Summers  
Alexandra M. Barrow as Katherine Moore  
Eddie Chapman as Brian  
Dee Thorne as Mary Tallywell  
Simeon Joyce as Police Officer

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[www.thewyrdside.com](http://www.thewyrdside.com)

Content warnings can be found in the episode description.

### ***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

*Soft sound of The Wyrd Side recording studio. Katherine sits alone at the desk, taking a moment to steady herself before speaking.*

KATHERINE: Hello, thank you for tuning in. If this is your first time listening to us, I'd recommend starting with episode one, otherwise you may be a little lost as to what's happening. I know I am. Those of you who have been with us from the beginning are probably wondering why Aiden isn't starting off this new investigation with a story. Well, we often record that segment at the very end, just before editing the episode. This is going to be a little different. You're going to hear more of our unedited recordings, and some from when we were researching. We record everything. Just in case. And, we didn't have a chance to record any studio sections before... I'm... I'm putting this out because there might be someone out there

who can help. Here we go. Here... I go. Welcome to The Wyrd Side, I'm Katherine Moore, and Aiden, if somehow you're listening to this... I promise that I will find you.

**INT. KATHERINE'S FLAT - EVENING**

***THE WYRD SIDE MUSIC***

*Aiden and Katherine walk into Katherine's flat from a busy street. A door shuts and two sets of footsteps thud dully on thick carpet, a lock which clicks closed. Katherine lets out an annoyed sigh.*

KATHERINE: Let me get this straight. After risking our necks getting what you called "our best evidence of the paranormal to date"-

AIDEN: Some of the best.

KATHERINE: Fine. "Some of the best evidence" that we've recorded so far, you want to go back. Revisit a closed case.

AIDEN: Yes. That's exactly why I want to go back.

KATHERINE: Why the Colt Pixie? Why not keep looking into the Red King while we're at it? We can't go around in circles like this. We have a schedule for a reason.

AIDEN: Are you saying we've got enough?

KATHERINE: I mean...

*The pair continue in to Katherine's kitchen.*

AIDEN: Tell me that you don't want to get a proper explanation for what happened to us on the moors. After everything with the Red King and the Colt Pixie? If you tell me right now that you don't want to help, I will drop it.

*Bags are placed on a chair with a thunk.*

KATHERINE: I... Well, of course I want to know what really happened, of course I want to help.

AIDEN: Good.

KATHERINE: But I can't see how linking the Colt Pixie to these recent assaults is going to help anyone. Whatever happened to us out there was a one in a million event, paranormal, or not.

AIDEN: So, just to clarify, that was a yes? As in yes you're still curious?

KATHERINE: Yes, I'm still curious. Happy now?

AIDEN: Oh, happy that I've finally got my co-host to believe in the paranormal? Of course.

KATHERINE: For the record I don't believe in the paranormal. I'm waiting on some solid evidence.

AIDEN: *[teasingly]* Record? You're recording this?

KATHERINE: I want proof that this whole thing was your idea so when we either turn up nothing, or everything goes horribly wrong, I'll be able to look you dead in the eyes and say: "I told you so".

*Aiden opens a cupboard in the background and takes out a mug.*

AIDEN: And when we conclusively record proof of the paranormal and its secret existence, I shall graciously let you delete this recording.

KATHERINE: Hah, so kind.

*The pair sit in silence for a few seconds as the kettle boils.*

KATHERINE: *[sigh]* Aiden.

AIDEN: Hmm? Oh sorry, did you want tea?

KATHERINE: No, I'm good. Look. If you're set on dragging us back to the New Forest then I have two conditions.

AIDEN: Understood. Name your terms.

KATHERINE: We're not camping, and we aren't staying in Burley.

AIDEN: Ah, well, about that. Good news. The place I've booked us in to isn't actually in Burley.

KATHERINE: *[pleasantly surprised]* Oh good.

AIDEN: It's a really cute little BnB five minutes outside Burley. Not even an Earl Grey?

KATHERINE: Fine, thanks. Wait, hold up. You've already booked us in? *[Aiden tries to interject, Katherine keeps talking]* I only just agreed to head back. Since when d'you make these decisions without me? Do we have the budget? How did you even know I was going to agree?

AIDEN: One, yes I did, two lovely rooms at actually a really decent price for this time of year. And hey, it's not camping! Two, I knew you were going to say yes, because I know you Kitty. Three, I paid from my own pocket, I'm not that much of an ass. Four... refer to point two.

KATHERINE: Hmm. I'm not completely happy with this.

AIDEN: Ah, you'll be happy when we get results! I've got a really good feeling about this. If we can actually communicate with the Colt Pixie properly? Prove that it's linked with the attacks?

KATHERINE: We haven't even proven it's real yet.

AIDEN: This is the thing that could bust this whole story wide open. Now, let's have a look at these new reports.

### ***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

*Soft sound of The Wyrd Side recording studio. Katherine, alone.*

KATHERINE: Aiden was talking about a series of police statements on a couple of assaults that had occurred recently in the New Forest. We became aware of the first attack during our night-time excursion to the Rufus Stone, and in the days leading up to our return to the New Forest, some new details were released to the public following a second attack in the area. We didn't want to, and certainly wouldn't be allowed to interfere with any current cases. The identities of the victims were protected of course, but the local police had released some additional information on the circumstances surrounding the events. After reading them, and especially following our experiences with both the Colt Pixie and then with the Red King, Aiden was increasingly convinced that there was a link between our paranormal investigations and these cases, that only we could find. Some paranormal... cause. And naively, we thought we may be able to help. So we settled down in my kitchen for a study session. Just like at university. Not that we solved any mysteries at uni mind.

**INT. KATHERINE'S FLAT - EVENING**

*Aiden pours tea into two mugs, and pulls out some (ethically sourced) chocolate.*

KATHERINE: Okay. It's on. *[Katherine sees the chocolate]* You didn't.

AIDEN: Hey, you get cranky when your blood sugar runs low and frankly, I don't want to have to deal with that all evening. So chocolate it is, see it's even one of the ethical ones you like.

KATHERINE: Oh fine. Thanks. *[motioning to the recorder]* I guess this'll just bear witness to our sugar high in an hour. Let's get our ideas down before then.

AIDEN: And not go off on a tangent? We're the picture of efficiency tonight.

KATHERINE: Enough distracting. Let's get to it.

AIDEN: Alright, you're on newspaper duty. I'll take a deep dive into the new statements from the police. Split up and look for clues?

*They start to tap away at keyboards settling in for a long evening of reading distressing reports.*

*Sounds fade out and back in, time has passed.*

AIDEN: Alrighty then, back to basics. Two people were attacked in the New Forest over the last few weeks.

KATHERINE: Hmm. Two we know of.

AIDEN: Yeah. The police are now treating them as linked, which, I believe, is why they've released these new statements.

KATHERINE: What links them?

AIDEN: According to the reports, they played out almost identically in circumstance. And to us it might sound... eerily familiar.

KATHERINE: Hm?

AIDEN: Both targets -

KATHERINE: Victims. We don't know that they were targeted attacks.

AIDEN: Okay, both victims were walking alone on Kingston Common, which is to the west of Burley by the way, when they reported hearing a phone ringing from the gorse just off the path.

KATHERINE: They heard a phone ringing just before they got attacked?

AIDEN: Yeah.

KATHERINE: Interesting.

AIDEN: *[pointedly]* So they were lured off the path by the sound of a phone ringing -

*Pause as Aiden gives Katherine a look.*

KATHERINE: I know, I know.

AIDEN: I'm giving Kitty a look right now, because what did she go and do when she heard a phone ringing on our excursion?

KATHERINE: I knew you were right on hand to rescue me if anything went wrong.

AIDEN: Hm, Out of the two of us, you'd be the one to get out unscathed.

KATHERINE: I don't know about that, I've seen you when someone cuts a queue. Is there anything else that could link back to the Colt Pixie?

AIDEN: Apart from the phone?

KATHERINE: Unless the Colt Pixie has learned how to use a phone I don't consider that as a link.

AIDEN: Well, both victims were alone for starters.

KATHERINE: Anything else?

AIDEN: The attacks happened late at night, between ten pm and one in the morning. That was roughly when Albert had his encounters with the Colt Pixie...

*Uncomfortable pause.*

AIDEN: What?

KATHERINE: *[cautiously]* I think we should take most of Albert's stories with a pinch of salt.

AIDEN: What, just because he believes that the Colt Pixie's real, we should value his statement less?

KATHERINE: I was thinking more of the copious amounts of beer drunk before his excursions, but now you mention it, that also. He's an unreliable narrator.

AIDEN: I... In any case, there was no unusual mist reported. But then again, visibility would've already been quite a lot lower at night.

KATHERINE: We can attest to that.

AIDEN: This is where it gets slightly more intense. Having left the path to go check out the phone, the victims were grabbed out of nowhere by something in the underbrush.

KATHERINE: Were they able to describe their attacker?

AIDEN: No. I mean, at least, not that I know of. After a brief struggle, both were able to break free from the arms grabbing them out of the underbrush, and thankfully escape.

KATHERINE: Arms would imply a human .

AIDEN: Humans are not the only things with arms out there.

KATHERINE: *[doubting]* I don't know Aiden. The phone, the arms... It points overwhelmingly towards a human assailant. One the police is in a much better position to deal with. *[pause, more gently]* It's ok for everything to not be connected.

AIDEN: But the phone ringing matches with both our and Rowan's experiences with the Colt Pixie! Luring us off the path, doing exactly what a Will o'the Wisp does. How can you say that's not connected?

KATHERINE: I -

AIDEN: *[interrupting]* And, on top of all of that, as well as hearing the phone ringing, both victims made a point of mentioning an overwhelming feeling of being chased up until the moment they came across another person or sign of civilisation.

KATHERINE: It's a pretty reasonable feeling to have if you've just been grabbed out of nowhere. Did they see anyone following them?

AIDEN: No, had they seen anyone it would have definitely been mentioned in the report. The feeling vanished as soon as they got back to a road, or came across another person. Almost like how the fog dissipated when we got back to the road.

KATHERINE: So we have the phone, and... a feeling. *[she swallows whatever she was about to say]* I'll give you that some of our experiences do match up – the Colt Pixie and the phone; the Red King and the figure in the underbrush. But nothing jumps out at me as being paranormal.

AIDEN: Really? Nothing? I know what I experienced out there Kitty. It wasn't human. And I think you know that too, even if you won't admit it.

KATHERINE: *[pointedly]* You're reading too much into it.

*Fraught pause. They both speak at the same time.*

KATHERINE: Was there-

AIDEN: Shall we-

KATHERINE: Sorry, after you.

AIDEN: Oh, no, I was just going to suggest we leave that to one side for a bit.

KATHERINE: Good idea. We can circle back around to it later.

AIDEN: What did you find in the papers?

KATHERINE: I was expecting the news to be having a field day with this story, especially now the two cases are linked, but quite the opposite.

AIDEN: Oh?

KATHERINE: Barely a mention of the police searches and I had to dig through quite a number of other articles before finding any mention of the attacks at all. They must be trying to stop a panic from developing, or amateur sleuths from interfering.

*Pause, almost like Katherine is considering whether or not to bring up this next section.*

AIDEN: What is it?

KATHERINE: Buried at the bottom of their webpage, there was a reminder of the ongoing missing persons cases across the New Forest. There are three people that have been reported as missing across the last two years.

AIDEN: Only three?

KATHERINE: Most missing persons are found within a few days to a week, but these three people still haven't been found.

AIDEN: And that's unusual?

KATHERINE: It's uncommon. But that's not what I want to focus on. I came across a new missing persons report, only published the day before yesterday. You're going to want to see this.

AIDEN: A missing person? Have they said who it is?

KATHERINE: Albert.

AIDEN: Really?

*Kitty scoots her laptop over the table so that Aiden can see.*

KATHERINE: Uh huh. He was reported as missing by Mary.

AIDEN: Scalded Cauldron Mary?

KATHERINE: Yes. She says here that she hasn't been able to get into contact with him since last Monday. That tracks with our failed attempts to contact him since the Colt Pixie investigation.

AIDEN: Hmm yeah.

KATHERINE: His disappearance is more likely linked with his drinking, but the police are looking into it anyway because of recent events. That may have implications for the attacks - could they have actually been attempted abductions? Or... something worse... *[pause as they both consider the implications]* Do you think they'll ask after us, because we were looking for him?

AIDEN: I don't know. Is there anything more on Albert?

KATHERINE: No, only the standard phone number to report a sighting and a general description of what he was wearing before he disappeared. We were asking around for him weeks ago.

AIDEN: I can't believe it's taken this long to report him missing. Did the Colt Pixie finally turn on him? Or is there something worse out there?

KATHERINE: I doubt it. Look. Let's take a day or two to look into this, see if anything crops up. But we are not, and I mean it, we are not interfering with an ongoing police investigation.

***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

*Soft sound of The Wyrd Side recording studio. Kitty, alone.*

K (V.O.): When we look into potential episodes we record everything. Normally, this wouldn't make the cut, but... well. We were trying to get a better understanding of whether these were normal statistics for the New Forest. Suffice to say, it was unusual that the events of the last few days hadn't made the front page.

***INT. KATHERINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT***

*Sound fades back in with two people settled in creaky wooden chairs, tapping on keyboards.*

KATHERINE: There's another one. Near Lyndhurst.

AIDEN: Yeah?

KATHERINE: Another missing persons case.

AIDEN: This has to be something then.

KATHERINE: Think about it logically, thousands of people go missing every year in the UK, so it really isn't that surprising there are a few in the area.

AIDEN: I know, but I think it's important to at least get a general idea of how many people go missing every year. We might be able to see a pattern?

KATHERINE: *[without a pause for breath]* Well, there are roughly 170,000 people reported missing every year in the UK, but that's likely an underestimation. Non reporting. Of those reported cases, eighty percent are found within two days, and roughly five thousand cases are over a year old.

AIDEN: What? How did you get those numbers so quickly?

KATHERINE: I'm just brilliant. Though I did a paper on it a few years ago. And I did anticipate the question so I've got the UK Missing Persons Data Report and some charity websites up right now.

AIDEN: Fair enough, brilliance is recognised. So, does it say how many people go missing in the New Forest area?

KATHERINE: No. Most statistics report at national or county level, and the charities focus on providing support to the families of the missing persons. Closest I found were the numbers for Hampshire, where the total number of missing adults was about 2 500 per year.

AIDEN: That's a big number.

KATHERINE: It's really not compared to national averages.

AIDEN: Oh?

KATHERINE: What is a big number is the four outstanding missing persons cases and two attacks. That's a lot. Especially considering its a fairly peaceful, rural area.

AIDEN: Very true. Please tell me you found something on the outstanding cases at least? I was only able to find their names and occupations. Felicity Dalton, Mathew Cho and Joanna Perry.

KATHERINE: And Albert.

AIDEN: And Albert, of course. Yeah. So?

KATHERINE: It looks like our initial passover was pretty much correct, there's nothing really connecting these people.

AIDEN: Nothing at all?

KATHERINE: They went missing at different times, and they're all different ages: Albert's seventy six years old, Felicity was thirty two, Mathew was forty four and Joanna was twenty when she went missing two years ago.

AIDEN: That's all I have too. What I could find about their last known locations placed them in the west of the New Forest.

KATHERINE: We should map those out.

AIDEN: That's a good idea. Let's swing back round to that later. They're actually pretty close to where the recent attacks happened. Back to occupations, Joanna went to a local college, she studied culinary science, Felicity wrote for travel guides, she was touring the New Forest looking for potential tourist spots. And Mathew was just driving through looking for work as a brickie.

KATHERINE: No connections there then.

AIDEN: Well, the one thing that does connect them is that they didn't really have too many people out looking for them. Each of them took over two weeks to be reported missing.

KATHERINE: That's not nothing, but I wouldn't read into it too much...

AIDEN: I think if we're going to focus on anyone it should be Albert.

KATHERINE: Agreed.

AIDEN: He's had encounters with the Colt Pixie before, and even if those all went well, we know that he's free with his name which is always a risk.

KATHERINE: Wait. Before we get lost in the paranormal. Let me just check the website one last time.

*Katherine scrolls the news site.*

KATHERINE: Oh. Aiden.

AIDEN: Yeah?

KATHERINE: They've found a body.

AIDEN: What? Who?

KATHERINE: Take a look.

*Sound of laptop being scooted round to get a better view.*

AIDEN: Oh wow. Okay... huh.

KATHERINE: And for the record?

AIDEN: Ah right! Do you want to..?

KATHERINE: Sure. I've just come across an article detailing how a body was found in a peat bog in the New Forest. It's not any of the missing persons we've just mentioned, and it's not Albert.

AIDEN: That is a relief. How were they found?

KATHERINE: Uh.. Let me take a look... A walker was out with their dogs when one of them ran off and got itself stuck. While wading in to save their pet, the walker disturbed the body.

AIDEN: A new victim?

KATHERINE: Mmm. I don't know. I can't believe they published the article, they've been so tight lipped about all the other cases. I mean look! They even speculate on the cause of death.

AIDEN: Intensely bloody stuff

KATHERINE: The media must've gotten there before the police. No way would they okay the release of these details: blood loss from a deep cut across their throat... A noose around their neck. And a blunt force trauma wound on their head -

AIDEN: That's like the bog bodies!

KATHERINE: Beg pardon?

AIDEN: Like the ancient bog bodies found all over Europe. We were talking about them up on the moors when we were lost.

KATHERINE: Right! I remember now. You said then that they were ritual in nature?

AIDEN: Yes, with links to the liminal. And if I remember rightly, this would be one of, if not the first bog body found in the New Forest.

KATHERINE: Okay that's pretty cool. Because of where it was found they're consulting with Southampton University's archaeology department. Something about tannin stains making it difficult to age the body.

AIDEN: Damn, that means no chance of a look in before it is securely locked up.

KATHERINE: You sure you want to take a look at the body? Could be quite gruesome.

AIDEN: If it's the first bog body found in the area? I'd manage, and I'll have you to hide behind if needs be.

KATHERINE: And if it's a murder victim?

AIDEN: Hmm. Good point. Would rather not see that. We could at least try and talk to them about it?

KATHERINE: We're not getting in touch with the police.

AIDEN: No, not them. With Southampton. If it is a bog body, that could make a great episode.

KATHERINE: Mm, that's an idea. I could get in touch with Zahra -

AIDEN: Wait, old housemate Zahra?

KATHERINE: Yeah, she's a postdoc down there, wrong department, but might be a foot in the door.

AIDEN: Great! You get organising that, I'll see what else I can dig up on bog bodies for the episode. *[excited]* Kitty! We might be onto something!

***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

*Soft sound of The Wyrd Side recording studio. Katherine, alone.*

K (V.O.): My connection at Southampton University came through and got us a meeting, but in two weeks. In the meantime, we decided to look into bog bodies. If it turned into an archeological investigation, we'd have an interesting future episode ready to go.

***INT. KATHERINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT***

KATHERINE: Why don't we do a quick run through of everything we've got so far.

AIDEN: Right, lay the groundwork for future exposition.

KATHERINE: We'll have to pepper in some of our other conversations, now we're taking on active investigations.

AIDEN: True, I'd hate for our listeners to think we spend all day in that cramped studio.

KATHERINE: Ha, exactly. Get the context of the body while it's still fresh.

AIDEN: Sounds like a plan. As we found out earlier today, a body was discovered in the New Forest.

KATHERINE: The age of which is unknown. It could be a recent victim, or an ancient bog body.

AIDEN: Should we mention that straight away? Not doing so might add some intrigue.

KATHERINE: That could work, especially if the police are able to find Albert and the perpetrator before we air the episode. Though we'll have our work cut out in post trying to tie it all together.

AIDEN: I'm sure we can make it work when we get to the studio.

KATHERINE: Mmm. If we produce this before the investigation concludes, we should add in that to protect the integrity of the site, as it is still very much an active excavation, and the police are still involved, we're not allowed to mention the exact location. Prevent any curious listeners from going for a wander.

AIDEN: Why does it have to be such a secret? The local papers already published a far more detailed article on the body. I'm pretty sure they mention the location there.

KATHERINE: Until the police investigation clears it, that's the protocol.

AIDEN: Hmm.

KATHERINE: And you know the article I found?

AIDEN: Yeah.

KATHERINE: I can't find it.

AIDEN: It's not on the website anymore?

KATHERINE: The links broken. Just leads to a 404 error.

AIDEN: Weird.

KATHERINE: I know. I had to go back and relisten to our recording to double check I wasn't making things up.

AIDEN: Might have been getting too much traffic on their page? Ooh, maybe they were hacked!

KATHERINE: I don't know, could be anything. Anyways, I just thought that was worth mentioning.

AIDEN: Well I guess we should only talk about the location in more general terms then, as long as we don't mention *[bleep noise covers up Aiden's next few words]*.

KATHERINE: Agreed. I've been doing some research into the New Forest geography.

AIDEN: Okay, what've you got?

KATHERINE: As the name would indicate, bog bodies come from bogs, also known as mires, fens, swamps... And the New Forest Park contains over 75% of all the valley mires in Western Europe.

AIDEN: We must have walked through half of them on our escapade the other week.

KATHERINE: They're fascinating areas. Permanently waterlogged, and because of a combination of low oxygen and sometimes high acidity, organic matter builds up and doesn't decompose.

AIDEN: And that's what makes them such good spots for preservation.

KATHERINE: Exactly.

AIDEN: Could we chat more to the New Forest Tourist Board, get some local experts on the area involved?

KATHERINE: Good idea.

AIDEN: Do you want the lead on that as it has gotten you so excited?

KATHERINE: Yes, can do.

AIDEN: Oh, talking about mires and bogs, I was reading the other day about marsh lights.

KATHERINE: The ones associated with the Colt Pixie and other Will-O'the-Wisps?

AIDEN: The self-same. Did you know that fire can travel underground through peat?

KATHERINE: I didn't.

AIDEN: It can even spring out after you douse the original flame.

KATHERINE: That could explain a number of marsh light sightings in peaty areas.

AIDEN: As much as it pains me to admit it, it does. Those investigating this strange fire would probably find no human activity, so may have assumed they were magic, and not to be messed with.

KATHERINE: The most obvious explanation.

AIDEN: And while the sceptics amongst us might want to write off all marsh lights, the legends of Will O-the Wisps are so widespread we can't write them all off as this one phenomena.

KATHERINE: Agreed. That could make a really interesting segment later on.

AIDEN: For the segment where we deconstruct all my theories?

KATHERINE: Hey, you help!

AIDEN: Ha. What can I say, I think we both like the challenge.

KATHERINE: It's hardly a challenge to work with you.

AIDEN: Even when I wax lyrical on the liminal?

KATHERINE: Even then.

AIDEN: Thanks. Oh! Before I completely forget, it's still definitely worth mentioning that the methods used to kill our mystery body were pretty much exactly the same as several well known bog bodies.

KATHERINE: It's a brutal method of execution.

AIDEN: Yeah, now archaeologically speaking we're not sure what purpose these bodies served. Was it a punishment for some transgression? A sacrifice? A willing offering?

KATHERINE: Right. When were they most common?

AIDEN: In Iron Age Europe, with some popping up in the Bronze Age and a couple before that.

KATHERINE: So this new body could actually be very old?

AIDEN: Exactly. The tradition dates it back thousands of years, but the location adds a bunch of uncertainty.

KATHERINE: And that uncertainty could mean it's more modern?

AIDEN: Yes? There have been more recent bodies, archaeologically speaking - like the Gunniester Man. So, possibly, but until they publish some dating results, we're in the dark.

KATHERINE: Of course, not having seen the body, we don't know how preserved it is. So, it could still be a recent victim.

AIDEN: A horrible thought.

KATHERINE: And the article mentioned that no-one is sure how long it takes for a bog body to become fully preserved.

AIDEN: Bringing the conversation back around to the paranormal, there weren't any mentions of ritual sacrifice in our research around the Colt Pixie. I would have far been more hesitant to head out if there were.

KATHERINE: Hmmm ok. So no link there.

AIDEN: Not that I can see just yet. It would have featured pretty heavily if it was linked, these things tend to leave a story-trail behind.

KATHERINE: Let's talk about how the ritual sacrifice would have been carried out. It would have been messy.

AIDEN: Can we save this for the recording? You'll put me off my pizza.

KATHERINE: Cover your ears then, I'm getting this down for future Kitty to remember to add it in somewhere suitably spooky.

AIDEN: Fine.

KATHERINE: The head wound, if carried out first, would have probably stopped the victim from struggling, or knocked them out. If they were lucky, it might have even killed them. Then, the noose would have been used to hold the person in place as their throat was cut. There would have been a geyser of blood. Whoever carried it out would have been soaked with arterial spray.

AIDEN: Urgh.

KATHERINE: You didn't cover your ears did you?

AIDEN: No.

KATHERINE: Well whose fault is that?

AIDEN: Fair enough. I just had a thought.

KATHERINE: Shoot.

AIDEN: Well, if our body isn't as old as the Prehistoric bog bodies, and yet it was killed in a similarly ritualistic and gruesome way... Why would someone want to reproduce a possible prehistoric sacrifice in the middle of Hampshire?

KATHERINE: A good question. Goes very well with: who would do such a thing?

AIDEN: Exactly. Because even if it was mediaeval or early modern, let alone heading into the 17th or 18th century, that would imply some sort of folk or religious tradition that is certainly unchristian.

KATHERINE: Okaay?

AIDEN: Some theories suggest the Bronze and Iron Age bodies were placed in bogs as offerings to deities of fertility and or death. Treading that liminal. Water as the underworld and all that. Some have said they might be sacrifices meant to keep an evil satisfied, you know, killing one to save many. The greater good.

KATHERINE: The greater good.

AIDEN: Ha, just so. But the question still remains, who or what were this person's executioners so in awe or afraid of that they did... all this?

KATHERINE: That's a point to keep for later, for when the body's confirmed ancient or recent. I'll add it to the list of questions to take to Southampton.

AIDEN: Oh, while I'm here and the teas still flowing, let's talk Burley.

KATHERINE: Sure.

AIDEN: I was originally planning on us going back there for some final reconnaissance, and to check out the site of the disappearances.

KATHERINE: What's changed?

AIDEN: That's still the main plan, but we really should take some time to go round some of the local peaty waterlogged areas... just in case.

KATHERINE: Are you hoping we'll find another body?

AIDEN: Yeah! Another bog body... And if we did find one, that would be something to report on eh?

KATHERINE: Ha, I guess. I don't think it's a good idea to stray too far from the town. And definitely not at night. Or alone.

AIDEN: Of course not. Only busy areas, with clear lines of sight into the undergrowth. Just in case. Was there anything you wanted to do while we were down there?

KATHERINE: I'd like to talk to Mary. She's the one who reported Albert missing after all. Perhaps get some good Foley and sound effects for future intros? Apart from that, I'm happy to stay out of the way, and out of trouble.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE SLEEPING DRAGON - DAY**

*The pair pull up to The Sleeping Dragon B&B in Katherine's car. She switches off the engine and they unbuckle their seatbelts.*

KATHERINE: Back again.

AIDEN: Yup! Don't look so glum. We did really well last time. I've got a good feeling about this. And hey, if nothing else, you get two days in a nice hotel in the New Forest.

KATHERINE: That you didn't need to rent. Let's just hope the locals are more personable than last time.

AIDEN: And if not?

KATHERINE: We'll have just wasted hundreds of pounds and days of prime research time doing nothing.

AIDEN: Think of the bright side Kitty, you never know if our audience might want an A and K road trip podcast or something on YouTube. We could get a lot more reach!

KATHERINE: Ha, that's never going to happen. Can you imagine me trying to be animated enough to capture people's attention on there? No way. Shall we get a bit of an intro here?

AIDEN: Sure. Tone?

KATHERINE: Fun. I'm looking on the bright side. For now.

AIDEN: Ha ha. Alright... Three two... [*Aiden mouths "one"*] We've just pulled up in the parking lot of a lovely little boutique hotel a ten minute walk from Burley.

KATHERINE: The birds are singing and the sun's out, so we should have no problem finding our way into town this time.

AIDEN: Don't jinx it!

KATHERINE: We're about to get checked in. But, before we do, I noticed our hotel, The Sleeping Dragon, offers walking tours of Burley that focus on the folklore of the area. *[Katherine raises her eyebrows at Aiden]* Was that why you booked us in here?

AIDEN: Would you believe me if I said no?

KATHERINE: No.

AIDEN: It was one reason, fine. But we might not even need one, I've done my research and the tours focus mostly on the witchy heritage of Burley and are an excuse for folks to stretch their legs. They don't mention anything about the Colt Pixie in their brochure or website. We can double check inside.

KATHERINE: Little bit of an oversight on their part. Having a cryptid tied in with the local folklore did wonders for Bigfoot Country over in the States. You'd think they would want in on that cryptozoologist money.

AIDEN: Well, it's not always about the money, not that there's a lot of it anyway.

KATHERINE: And yet here we are. Doing our jobs. That pay our increasingly eye-watering bills. If we get results, that is.

AIDEN: Point taken. Let's head in.

***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

*Soft silence of The Wyrld Side recording studio.*

K (V.O): The Sleeping Dragon was a small bnb and a pub restaurant. We were the only guests staying that I could see, and no tour was forthcoming, despite Aiden's asking. So we dropped our stuff off in our rooms and headed out into Burley. First stop, the Green Pub.

***INT. GREEN PUB - DAY***

*The green pub is busier than it was last time the pair were in here. Patrons can be heard chatting in the background, and, as ever, the fire crackles merrily away.*

BRIAN: Oh. You're back are you? With your little recorder as well.

AIDEN: *[happily]* You remember us?

BRIAN: Yeah, you going to get something to drink to wash down those questions?

KATHERINE: He hasn't changed.

AIDEN: Sssh.

BRIAN: What did you say your names were?

KATHERINE: We didn't.

AIDEN: But we are staying up at the Sleeping Dragon for a couple of nights, so it might be good to get to know one another a bit better.

BRIAN: Sure.

AIDEN: I'm Aiden, pleased to meet you. Again.

BRIAN: Brian.

*Pause. Kitty says nothing.*

AIDEN: Okay then, two pints of whatever's local and you haven't happened to have seen...

BRIAN: No.

AIDEN: I didn't even ask the question!

BRIAN: Didn't have to. We don't like the press sneaking around, rubbernecking on our business.

KATHERINE: Was Albert not a regular in your pub?

AIDEN: Kitty...

KATHERINE: Did you not notice when he hadn't come by for a few days?

BRIAN: If I did notice, I certainly wouldn't tell every gawking grockel asking rude questions.

AIDEN: *[pacifying]* Okay then, what about the body found in the....

BRIAN: Leave off. This whole thing with the body... it's ruining everything.

KATHERINE: How so?

BRIAN: We like it peaceful round here. And peaceful it ain't. Here's your drinks, now bugger off.

*Clonk of two glasses on a wooden counter.*

KATHERINE: Right. Well. Let's just drink our pints and peace out, Aiden?

AIDEN: Yeah sure. Guess you're right, looks like nothings changed.

*The sounds of the pub fade out and are replaced with The Wyrd Side recording room.*

**INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO**

*Soft silence of The Wyrd Side recording studio.*

K (V.O): The Green Pub was a no go, the other pubs much the same, though less standoffish. No one wanted to talk. It had me missing Albert. So we went back to the place that we had the friendliest welcome: The Scalded Cauldron, hoping that Mary was in.

**INT. THE SCALDING CAULDRON - EVENING**

*The jangle of a shop bell as Katherine and Aiden walk into the shop. Singing bowls still echo and the door clicks shut behind them. New Age music plays in the background.*

AIDEN: Hi! Mary? It's Aiden and Kitty from The Wyrd Side?

MARY: Oh. Hello. Fancy seeing you two here. I did have a look for your show online and, are you sure you should be back here after what happened?

AIDEN: What do you mean?

MARY: Well it seems that you had an encounter with something, an encounter you were lucky enough to escape from. You're risking everything coming back for more.

KATHERINE: Well that certainly is ominous. We're recording by the way.

MARY: Ah, of course you are.

AIDEN: Thanks for the warning, but we wouldn't be doing our jobs if we didn't investigate further. Especially now with the body.

MARY: *[worried]* Yes. That is a thing of darkness and pain. It shouldn't have been removed like that. Some around here consider the peat bogs sacred land.

KATHERINE: And you didn't want to tell us this before?

MARY: *[worried]* You didn't ask before, and there's nothing more to tell. Only that some things are better left alone.

AIDEN: And are you sure there is nothing more you can tell us? About the body? About Albert?

MARY: Poor Albert. He was getting on and well, his drinking had gotten far worse over the years. Now, I am a believer in the fair folk, and I heard what he said to you about the Colt Pixie but, I must say, whatever he saw was most likely fuelled by drink and the promise of someone willing to listen to him. He was awfully lonely after his wife passed.

AIDEN: I'm sorry, I'm confused. You say you believe in all of this, you conduct seances and readings, but you're dismissing someone's first hand encounter?

MARY: I took pity on a lonely old man, who was drunk far more than he was sober.

KATHERINE: You reported Albert missing, is that correct?

MARY: *[subdued]* Yes, I was worried about him.

KATHERINE: *[pressing]* You were worried? You aren't anymore?

AIDEN: Has he been found?

MARY: I'm so sorry, I misspoke. Of course I am still worried. We all are in the village. *[beat, quietly]* I wouldn't normally say anything, but there is something about the two of you... I...

KATHERINE: *[pressing]* Do you know what happened to Albert?

MARY: I'm sorry, I don't have the answers you seek. I only meant to say that what you two met in the forest, what you call the forest spirit, that I am not so eager to dismiss. You must be careful.

KATHERINE: Anything else?

AIDEN: Kitty.

MARY: That is all I will say on the matter. I want no part of it. You are welcome to buy anything you want from the shop, but I am not willing to become involved with something so dangerous.

KATHERINE: *[curtly]* Fine. Thank you for your time. I'm going. Aiden, try not to take too long picking out incense this time.

AIDEN: Kitty.

KATHERINE: I'll be outside.

*The shop bell jangles behind Katherine as she walks out into the street.*

AIDEN: *[confused at Katherines sudden change of mood]* Are you ok? What was that about?

KATHERINE: *[frustrated]* This. This whole thing is a dead end, like I knew it would be.

AIDEN: We've only just arrived.

KATHERINE: And we're not going to get anywhere.

AIDEN: Look at all the evidence we've managed to get so far.

KATHERINE: I agree, whatever happened in the fog, with the Red King was weird. But going back over it isn't going to turn up anything new.

AIDEN: But...

KATHERINE: *[raising her voice, openly frustrated]* Who are we kidding? This is a waste of time. We're not the police, we can't help Albert, we can't help anyone.

AIDEN: I get it's frustrating, but you don't normally let it get to you.

KATHERINE: Yeah? Well I'm letting it.

*Silence hangs in the air as a car drives past.*

AIDEN: I'm sorry. What if we call it early today, I can come back tomorrow and ask Mary about the Red King. Tonight, we can just enjoy the hotel and restaurant I guess?

KATHERINE: Fine.

AIDEN: Does your room have a decent TV? We could always have a movie night if that would help?

KATHERINE: I don't need cheering up, I need results. Not cryptic warnings and wasted time. Look, let's just head back for now. We can talk about this later.

***INT. THE SLEEPING DRAGON - EVENING***

*The sound of knives and plates, two people sitting at a table, the recorder clicks on and is placed firmly and deliberately on the table. Both Aiden and Katherine start off speaking low, trying to not make too much of a scene.*

AIDEN: *[Already slightly annoyed]* Why are you recording this?

KATHERINE: So I can play it back to you to show you what an arse you're being.

AIDEN: Okay, how exactly is wanting to contact the relevant people being an arse?

KATHERINE: Because they're part of a police investigation Aiden. You promised me we wouldn't do this, remember?

AIDEN: Yeah, and we are not going to interfere!

KATHERINE: That's exactly what you just suggested doing.

AIDEN: We aren't going to stop the police from making inquiries, we'll just ask them if their missing person had reported anything about phones or something like our experiences out there.

KATHERINE: And how will that help the victims? Their families?

AIDEN: If we in fact did encounter these attackers, supernatural or not, whether in our Red King or Colt Pixie cases then we can compare...

KATHERINE: Aiden...

AIDEN: This is important Kitty! We're this close. I can feel it. Just one more push and we'll have the proof, you'll have your results and we can save more people! There is so much that could mean. The experiences validated, the lost ones explained.

KATHERINE: That's all hypothetical. We haven't saved anyone yet. And we'll probably do more harm than good if we interfere.

AIDEN: Don't we have a duty to help?

KATHERINE: I am trying to help. Why can't you see that?

AIDEN: I...

KATHERINE: Aiden, why? How is it that can you cross this line so easily? Why the hell is this so important to you?

AIDEN: That's not the point.

KATHERINE: What's the point then?

AIDEN: Fine. Why are you even here then?

KATHERINE: Because you dragged me back here.

AIDEN: I didn't...

KATHERINE: I'm here because when we started this thing you said you liked folklore, you liked cryptids and you liked weird things and I'm right there with you.

AIDEN: Are you?

KATHERINE: I'm trying to be. It's fascinating, as something to study. As a human phenomena. But why this sudden crusade to prove it? Why now?

AIDEN: Gah, Kitty. I can't. You don't... I don't want to do this.

KATHERINE: Yeah well, we have to. Cause, honestly, this has gone too far already.

AIDEN: What do you mean?

KATHERINE: This. This whole investigation with the Colt Pixie, getting Rowan involved like we did.

AIDEN: They said it helped!

KATHERINE: We pushed them back to the scene of a childhood trauma, we're not therapists Aiden. We're not guidance counsellors. We podcasters for God's sake. We had no right to do that.

AIDEN: But the child... without us, without Rowan...

KATHERINE: We have no proof that the child would have come to any harm. If you truly believe in all this, it could have been us that put the child in danger.

AIDEN: That's not... You know what. Screw this. I'm done. I don't have to listen to this right now.

KATHERINE: Aiden, it is important that you listen. We can't just skip over this. We need to decide what we do moving forward.

AIDEN: Damn, is this the "we need to talk" talk?

KATHERINE: What?

AIDEN: Cause I am not having that conversation tonight. I have had too much disappointment today to deal with my best friend walking out on this.

KATHERINE: I just want to do this properly.

AIDEN: Meaning you don't want to do anything. This is the only thing in my life that means something Kitty. This is the difference I can make.

*A person stands up, a chair is pushed back*

KATHERINE: *[trying to de-escalate]* Aiden... I...

AIDEN: I'm going out. Hopefully Brian will be more understanding. At least he'll pour me a pint. In any case, I'm used to not being listened to.

KATHERINE: *[angry]* You know what, fine. Go. And don't come running back to me if you need help. I'm done sorting out your mess.

*Aiden walks away. Kitty puts her head in her hands.*

KATHERINE: Damn it.

### ***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

K (V.O): That... That was the last time I saw Aiden. I acted... we acted badly, the day was getting to me and I think to Aiden also, and when he suggested going to the families of the missing persons. I snapped. I started to realise something was wrong when he didn't call or text or knock on my door with an apology later that night, or answer the door or his phone when I did the same. When he hadn't come down by ten am, two hours after we were supposed to meet back up, I had the hotel staff check up on the room. He wasn't there. He hadn't slept there that night. Aiden... Aiden had not come back.

### ***INT. POLICE STATION - DAY***

*A busy building, phones ringing, chatter, chairs scraping, keyboards typing.*

KATHERINE: I want to record this, is that okay?

Police Officer: May I ask what for?

KATHERINE: I.. I guess it is a comfort thing right now.

P.O: Sure.

KATHERINE: Good.

*They walk into a quieter room.*

P.O: Okay, so let's go over this one more time. Your partner Aiden Summers...

KATHERINE: Business partner, not romantic partner. He's been my best friend for years now.

P.O: Okay, fine, your friend Aiden went missing last night, or early this morning.

KATHERINE: Yes, I don't know when exactly, I told you all I know is that he said he was going out to the pub. After the argument. And I know how that looks.

P.O: Right, thank you for being so upfront about that.

KATHERINE: He just left. Nothing. No calls. And that's weird. He never stays mad for long normally, sure we've bickered in the past, but that's what friends do.

P.O: *[pointedly]* Mmmhmm.

*Pause.*

KATHERINE: What's that supposed to mean?

P.O: Nothing. Miss Moore, please don't leave the country, we may have further questions. For the time being however, you're free to go. We'll handle it from here.

KATHERINE: And what now? Are you treating this as a missing persons case?

P.O: At present, yes.

KATHERINE: Hm. Do you think he could have been attacked?

P.O: *[as if he has said this a thousand times to worried family and friends]* I'm sure we'll find Aiden safe and sound, however, know that we're covering every eventuality.

KATHERINE: Every eventuality, as in suspected murder.

P.O: We're not ruling anything out. But rest assured, we will solve this.

KATHERINE: Okay, what resources are you putting on the case? Who are the officers in charge? Can I liaise with them?

P.O: Miss Moore, please we'll handle it.

KATHERINE: And you are not telling me because I'm also a suspect. I get it.

P.O: Miss Moore, if there is nothing else, you are free to leave.

KATHERINE: Now you're dismissing me. Fine. Well you have my details in case you actually turn anything up.

*Katherine stands up abruptly.*

KATHERINE: Might I suggest looking in the Green Pub in Burley, if you can extract your head out your arse.

### ***INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO***

*No background noise.*

KATHERINE: *[speaking slowly, in a measured, controlled tone]* I'm not normally the editor of these episodes, so apologies for any mistakes I may have made. I thought it only fair as you've invested your time into our show, that you, the listener, be kept as informed as I am as to the status of the investigation. Aiden still hasn't been found yet. As you heard, I've been in touch with the police and they've opened up an inquiry. Whatever good that will do. It has been two days since I reported Aiden missing and they've turned up nothing. So, if anybody knows the whereabouts of Aiden Summers, or if anyone has heard from him, be they friends, family, or

listeners, please could they get in touch. We need any and all information that could help locate him. *[her voice starts to waver]* He was last seen in Burley, in the New Forest, wearing a green raincoat and grey walking shorts.

*Katherine takes a second to regain control.*

KATHERINE: This is all I have for now. I'm releasing this unfinished, unpolished in the case that there is someone, anyone out there who can help. *[heavy sigh out]* Aiden, if you're listening to this, please just let me know that you're alright. Just send a text, or get in touch with someone else. I just need to know that you're ok. I'm sorry.

*A couple more seconds of silence. Click as recording ends.*

### ***THE WYRD SIDE MUSIC***

The Wyrd Side will return. If you enjoyed the programme, please help support the podcast by giving us a follow on social media @thewyrdside on Twitter and Instagram, by leaving a review on Spotify or wherever you are listening to this, and sharing it with anyone who might enjoy it! As a small production, this really helps us out.

Thank you all for listening.