

Part Six

The Case of the 23rd Line

(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker St. Mid afternoon. Saturday.)

(Hampton FAWX is on the phone. We hear ARCHIE's phone call from the other side)

FAWX

Yes... This is Hampton Fawx, yes I... Archie! Hello...

STALLION

Archie? What's he doing calling? Nevermind, I'm not here -

FAWX

James is actually here as well, yes, do you want to.... Well, alright...

STALLION

What? Why wouldn't he want to talk to me -

(To the phone, louder)

Why don't you want to talk to me?

FAWX

Uh-huh... uh huh... uh huh... Uh... what?!

MADGE

That can't be good.

FAWX

No... No....! No!

MADGE

Well goddammit, now I'm interested.

STALLION

What's he saying? What's he saying? Is it about how he doesn't think we can solve this, because I swear to god -

FAWX

Yes... Of course. Well I'll send your love to... Absolutely. So would you say -

(ARCHIE hangs up.)

He hung up.

STALLION

He did? Without 15 minutes of goodbyes?

MADGE

Maybe he's realized it's 5 PM on a Saturday and he had better things to do than calling you?

STALLION

Highly likely, Madge. Hurtful, but likely.

(SOUND: FAWX goes over to the bar and pours himself a drink. He downs it in one.)

Well?

MADGE

(under her breath, to JAMES)

It's very rare he has this captive of an audience, let him enjoy this.

FAWX

James. Madge. It appears that while we were investigating a crime at The Crimeria Estate... another crime was being committed!

MADGE

I wouldn't necessarily call it a 'crime' so much as an out-of-practice jockey finding her way back on the horse...

STALLION

...were you the horse?

FAWX

It seems that somehow... the Crimeria Family Jewels have been returned.

STALLION/MADGE

What?

FAWX

But! The jewels that had been returned... were counterfeit!

STALLION/MADGE

What?!

FAWX

BUT! We've been officially charged to investigate this new wrinkle in our case... by Scotland Yard!

STALLION

What?

MADGE

What! Wait, they said that?

FAWX

Well, no, *but!* We've been charged by a *member* of Scotland Yard, so really by transitory nature, we've been charged by Scotland Yard.

MADGE

Sounds about right to me.

FAWX

And, erm, well... Archie—that is, *Scotland Yard*, may have also mentioned once or twice, not entirely sure, that he—that is, they—may not want you, James...involved.

(Beat.)

STALLION

That *son of a* -

FAWX

Which is fine! It's fine, because— I'm telling you now!

STALLION

This is unbelievable. I actually can't believe him. I mean... you make two excellent salmon dinners then - what? - you're just the cook?

MADGE

Lot of honour in that trade.

STALLION

(spiraling rapidly)

To hell with honour! You can't hold honour! You can't cash in on honour! I can still flirt with the devil on the ole dirt road, no matter what he says!

MADGE

What?

FAWX

I know you can! And he'll know it too, once we solve this thing.

STALLION

(fully petulant)

But I want him to know I could solve it now!

MADGE

Good god, man. You sound like a child. That's Hampton's forte, not yours. You're better than that.

FAWX

Thank you?

STALLION

I know!

FAWX

You *know*?

MADGE

You're saying no one, in your life, at any point, has ever thought "Nah, he ain't it?"

STALLION

No!

MADGE

Yeah, makes sense.

FAWX

Trust me, James. If there's anything I understand it's people not believing in you. But this is our chance! To prove to Archie, prove to the world that we are fully capable of solving a case—this one, specifically! But we need to start working now. Because even though this new wrinkle indicates that the real jewel thief is still out there, Crimeria isn't dropping the charges against Eliza Fletchley.

STALLION

Right... Right, so that means... If we find the real thief, we have all the proof we need.

FAWX

Exactly! See? You can't stop the deductions once they start coming, it's like a leaky faucet!

MADGE

And we're just the plumbers who are gonna fix your faucets!

STALLION

Wait, now we have to be plumbers? Hampton, I was just a city sanitation worker for my last disguise, I was hoping our next would be something a bit more "Velvet & Brandy."

FAWX

What? No! We don't have to be - no, no. We don't want to fix the leaky faucet, we want to keep the deductions pouring out, like water from a faucet - am I not being clear with my metaphor right now?

MADGE

Nah, you're just in pep talk mode, he's emotionally out to lunch, and I saw it as a good opportunity to create some playful confusion.

FAWX

Why would you think that would be a useful thing to do?

MADGE

I'm a pot stirrer, what can I say.

CREDITS

(SOUND: Maps getting unfolded, books getting leafed through, real detective shit. The detectives begin pinning clues and index cards on the wall on top of Hampton's Golem Attack Map as they present their evidence.)

FAWX

Ok, ok, ok, love the newfound enthusiasm we all have for the evidence wall, can we just be careful with the Golem Attack map please.

MADGE

Right, cuz you'll be getting right back to this one in no time.

FAWX

I'm almost there!

(to STALLION:)

I'm almost there.

STALLION

I believe you.

FAWX

(to the room:)

Right, so! Suspects so far! First, in the interest of being fair, Suspect Number One: Eliza Fletchley-

MADGE

Boo us entertaining this.

FAWX

I know - Longtime housekeeper of the second floor of the Crimeria Estate where the jewels were kept. Motive: money. It's likely that the Crimerias don't pay generously—she could have stolen them in the hope of leaving her daughter some crime-adjacent financial stability. *However*, while she had opportunity, I doubt she has the means to pull off a job of this calibre in her advanced years. Plus, there is the matter of the key, the fact that the jewels were not recovered in her home—

MADGE

And no way she could have returned the jewels while she was in jail?

FAWX

Exactly! Therefore....

STALLION

Suspect Number Two: Oskar de Gouche, Jonathan Crimeria's bodyguard. Terrible energy, very rude, sturdy as a goddamn tree trunk. I find that suspicious!

FAWX

Good, James, *and* he was the first to shift blame to Mrs. Fletchley, which seems extremely suspect for a suspect such as he! But why?

MADGE

Because his boss is a twat?

FAWX

He is, but perhaps we need more than that?

STALLION

Oh, *because* he's involved in some sort of underworld gambling ring on the side?

MADGE

That's a leap - where are ya gettin' that from?

STALLION

Rich people love gambling, for some it's the only thrill they can still feel. Besides, Crimeria did mention that it was Oskar's idea to auction off the jewels in the first place which is either suspicious or very cruel because my god, they were beautiful.

FAWX

Fantastic, I love that—sordid and sensational, they'll *love* that in The Times!

MADGE

Focus, Hampton.

FAWX

Right. Anyone else?

MADGE

Suspect Number Three: Furina Sazarac, bookkeeper of the Crimeria Estate. She's obviously up to some shady dealings on the side, doing Crimeria's dirty work—maybe she wanted to go clean and thought the jewels were her way out. Everything's on the table with that bird, she's clearly a woman of... hidden depths.

FAWX

Is there anything you learned from her in your time together in the East Library?

MADGE

I mean, I learned some, she learned some, but I don't think that'll help us much with the case...

FAWX

Right, clear, and congratulations. Which leaves us with Number Four: The Banker. Possible alias: Mr. Hastings. Seen fleeing the scene of the second crime, where he ostensibly returned a set of very convincing counterfeits of the Crimeria Jewels. But why? Why put yourself at risk of discovery to return a fake version of the jewels you stole, especially when someone else has been convicted of the crime, leaving you in the clear?

STALLION

Guilt? Maybe they felt bad that an innocent woman was going to hang for their crime?

MADGE

Pride? Maybe they didn't want someone else getting credit for their crime?

FAWX

Yes, yes! *Or...* maybe this rabbit hole goes deeper than we ever imagined.

(A beat. This dramatic note sinks in.)

Which brings us to: Evidence Number One!

MADGE

I don't think that's what it's called.

FAWX

Madge.

MADGE

I'm just sayin'...

FAWX

Thank you, now: *Evidence* Number One!

STALLION

You know what, you're right, it doesn't sound right to my ear either.

MADGE

Right?

FAWX

Well for the purposes of our investigation, it is! Now, *Evidence Number -*

(SOUND: Knock Knock)

Gah! We were on a roll here!

STALLION

Expecting guests?

MADGE

It's not like I keep a list.

(SOUND: She gets up to go to the door.)

FAWX

Wait, we don't know who it is. We should hide!

(SOUND: MADGE opens the door: it's SARAH.)

SARAH

Afternoon!

FAWX

Is that -

MADGE

Sarah Fletchley, you son of a bitch.

SARAH

Yes, I know, sorry to swing by unannounced. But I was in the neighbourhood and... well, I hadn't heard from you since yesterday and I thought I'd check in on the case.

MADGE

No trouble at all, can I get you a drink?

SARAH

Oh that'd be lovely. Whatever you're having.

MADGE

Great choice.

(MADGE goes off to make drinks.)

SARAH

So? How have the last 24 hours of the investigation gone for you?

STALLION

Absolutely swimmingly, thank you.

FAWX

What he means is that the plot has switched from soup to stew!

SARAH

Oh wonderful! So what does that actually...mean, is stew good? Have you uncovered any new evidence or...?

FAWX

Yes, we were actually about to start recapping all of our evidence just now. What incredible timing.

SARAH

How serendipitous.

STALLION

(feeling left out)

Yes! That's what I was going to... how... *also* serendipitous.

(SOUND: MADGE comes back in with drinks.)

MADGE

There, you are. Gin sling for you, m'lady.

(SARAH takes a sip.)

SARAH

Mm... Pickle juice?

MADGE

That pallette.. We ran out of lemons.

SARAH

It works.

MADGE

I know.

(STALLION pointedly clears his throat.)

Yes, can I help you, James?

STALLION

No drink for me?

MADGE

You know where the bar is.

STALLION

(“what the fuck is this bad day?”)

What is happening right now?

(SOUND: STALLION makes himself a drink.)

FAWX

Alright, now, everyone settled?

MADGE/STALLION

Yes.

STALLION

(from the next room)

Well, I–

FAWX

Good! Ok, so Evidence Number -

STALLION
(from the next room)

Hampton. Do you want anything?

FAWX

In fact I do: I would love to get to the evidence.

STALLION
(from the next room)

I'm making you a gin sling as well, you know how it makes me uncomfortable when there's only one person not drinking.

FAWX

Fine! Thank you! Now - Evidence Number One: The wooden boxes that Crimeria -

STALLION
(from the next room)

Is that not hitting anyone else's ear a bit odd?

SARAH

I don't think that's the word.

FAWX

I would think expediency would be paramount at the moment. Do we really want to waste time arguing over semantics?

MADGE
("a ha!")

You're right!

FAWX

Thank you, Madge—

MADGE

It's not 'Evidence Number One', it's... 'Exhibit A' - !

SARAH/STALLION

'Exhibit A'! Right!/That was gonna bother me.

MADGE

I'm a mark for trials at the Old Bailey. Tuesdays are open to the public. Picked up on some of the jargon.

SARAH

Wait, you go to those too?

MADGE

I'm on a mailing list. How have I never seen you there?

SARAH

I could ask you the same question.

MADGE

There's a murder trial next week if you wanna maybe...

SARAH

If this all gets sorted, fingers crossed.

MADGE

That's one good use for 'em...

FAWX

Oh my god! If nobody is going to pay attention then I'm going back to 'Evidence Number One'. It really doesn't matter.

MADGE

Does if you want to be taken seriously.

FAWX

It doesn't matter!

(Beat. He can read from their faces that it does.)

Alright, fine... *Exhibit A: The Wooden Box from Crimeria.*

STALLION

Maplewood box.

SARAH

What's the difference?

STALLION

(making it up as he goes)

It's imported. Which means it's expensive. Which means...he's rich...

SARAH

("is this fuckin' guy serious?")

Excellent observation.

STALLION

(super defensive)

It was! Thank you!

FAWX

(writing)

"Maplewood Box comma Crimeria". Got it, excellent deduction, James. Alright. Three maplewood boxes from one, Jonathan Crimeria. The contents of which include: One Pair of... Briefs - styled small, one mask - styled cheap, and one... business card with nothing but a time—22 o'clock—and three handwritten numbers: 9, 2, and 23 ...James, if you wouldn't mind pinning this to the evidence wall.

STALLION

Why do I have to pin it?

FAWX

I—You don't *have* to, I'm just asking you.

STALLION

I'm sitting and you're standing, that makes absolutely no sense.

FAWX

Oh my—fine. I'll do it.

(SOUND: FAWX pins the card to the wall. Emphatically)

Now to figure out what it all means...

SARAH

Could the numbers be some sort of code for a meeting of some kind?

FAWX

Yes! Excellent assertion, I love codes. Madge, write that down.

MADGE

James is closer to the paper.

FAWX

(without skipping a beat)

James, write that down.

STALLION

But - !

FAWX

Excellent. Now Exhibit B: Madge.

MADGE

I'm the evidence? I'm honoured.

FAWX

You mentioned that you saw Sazarac with some suspicious documents in the library? Expound on that—every detail counts!

STALLION

And did you happen to clock the brand of Toilet Paper he keeps - I feel like I could get him on the Scott Brothers train fairly easily.

MADGE

Oh yeah? You wanna sell him a Ping Pong league or a recordable candle as well?

STALLION

If anyone could, dear Madge...

MADGE

Sad thing is, he's right. Look at that face. Anyway, I discovered Ms. Sazarac in the midst of a suspicious business dealing with that funny looking banker, Mr Hastings. Bunch of documents involving building demolition and land acquisition. Turns out the Crimeria Estate isn't just in the

market to imprison innocent housekeepers, namely your mum, they're also trying to snatch up as much available real estate as possible in The East End, The Rookery, and Bemondsey.

FAWX

(We're doing great)

That all sounds like serious business. James, write it down.

(STALLION does an elaborate scoff, realises no one is going to back him up, and writes it down. He grumbles something that sounds suspiciously like:)

STALLION

...bloody ridiculous...

FAWX

So! Exhibit B.

(SOUND: He writes on the board:)

“Buying... buildings... in...”

STALLION

Shitholes.

SARAH

Ok.

STALLION

What?

SARAH

I live in The East End.

FAWX

I'm so sorry.

STALLION

For many reasons.

FAWX

Maybe you can tell us then, why would Jonathan Crimeria be so concerned with buying up real estate in your neighbourhood?

STALLION

Obviously he's 2 shots short of a Cocktail.

MADGE

James is right, I don't think we can read anything particularly suspicious into a rich person wanting more of anything. That's kind of just their thing.

STALLION

Plus the real estate there can't cost more than a smile and a song.

SARAH

If we're just going to continue taking the piss out of my neighbourhood -

FAWX

Yes, you're right, and on James's behalf I apologise.

STALLION

What-

FAWX

The East End is certainly more than dark alleys, urine-stained streets, and that one good pie shop. Put a pin in that literally and metaphorically. On to Evidence-

MADGE/STALLION/SARAH

-Exhibit-

FAWX

-*Exhibit C*: a ring, real pewter - still to be determined, taken by yours truly directly from the fingers of our number one suspect: Mr. Hastings, banker, *not* of Bouverie & Sons. As we can all see, a simple band-wedding ring, perhaps? Seemingly likely, but also *unlikely*-as you can see, the ring is inscribed with the symbol of a hammer and anvil. Not exactly the most romantic of images-

STALLION

But, perhaps another clue pointing toward my "secret gambling society" theory! So...point to me!

SARAH

Or he just has an eclectic taste in rings and a penchant for blacksmithing.

STALLION

(starting to get pretty annoyed at being shut down)

Sure...or *that*...

SARAH

You know, I must say, these are more clues than I thought we'd have at this point.

STALLION

You didn't think we'd have 3?

SARAH

I was paying you a compliment.

FAWX

Just wait til you hear Exhibit D, our biggest and best clue yet. Exhibit D: The Crimeria Jewels that were just returned at some point in the last 24 hours.

SARAH

Wait, why didn't you start with that?

FAWX

Exactly! Putting my own flabbergastation aside, we got word from our man on the inside at Scotland Yard that when he went to investigate the chest a couple of hours ago the jewels... were returned!

SARAH

So... if they're returned, then the case is over, right?

STALLION

That's the wrinkle. As Hampton said, Crimeria had his appraisers take a look to verify them and they dubbed them a "counterfeit". Or at least that's what our "man on the inside" said. I don't know, he's being a right shit at the moment.

SARAH

But...that doesn't make any sense.

MADGE

Ugh, *men*, right? Like, who even needs ‘em.

SARAH

How do they know the jewels weren’t fake to begin with? Maybe Crimeria arranged this himself to cover up the fact that they were counterfeit from the start?

STALLION

Pff, *ok*.

FAWX

Now that’s a theory! I love it. My inquiries were more why would anyone in their right mind want to create the illusion that the jewels had returned? And who would be dumb enough to do it with counterfeit jewels?

MADGE

But the good news is, it means that everyone with this information knows your mum is innocent.

STALLION

But the bad news is that only about four people actually *have* this information, and Scotland Yard is so concerned with preserving their reputation that they’ll do almost anything to keep it that way.

FAWX

Unless, *we* catch the real thief! Then we just need to get that information to the public. That shouldn’t be too difficult, right? I mean, respectfully, The Times will publish anything these days to stay in print!

MADGE

Hold on a tick. Do you remember how Crimeria kept talking about The Times when we were there?

STALLION

How could I ever forget, he winked at one point. It’s like, mate, are you trying to fuck The Times? So glad you’re bringing it up so we can unpack.

(MADGE gets up and crosses to the evidence board, grabs the card off the wall)

MADGE

It reminded me—Martha and I used to send each other letters in code, for obvious reasons—god, I remember when I thought *that* was the height of romance, ya know, being a secret—anyway, we would use The Standard but I bet this would work for the Times—do we have today’s edition?

FAWX

Oh! I’ll bet it’s still in the bin!

(SOUND: He’s dashed off in the direction of the bin. Rifles through with zest.)

SARAH

Sorry, who’s Martha?

MADGE

An ex-lady friend of mine. Very heavy emphasis on *ex*.

STALLION

Good for you, she never believed in you. I can *very* much relate...

SARAH

I’m sure.

(SOUND: FAWX barrels back in with the paper. They all crowd around it on the table.)

FAWX

Got it! Here.

MADGE

Alright, so the first number is the page number. Page....9.

(she locates the page.)

Column next...

FAWX

Two, there it is!

MADGE

And line...23?

(Beat.)

STALLION

There is no line 23. There's only 22 lines and then that ridiculous ad.

MADGE

Worth a shot.

FAWX

A valiant effort, Madge.

(SOUND: They put the paper down, stand in silence. SARAH re-counts)

SARAH

Wait a second... what if the 23rd line *is* the ad?

STALLION

You think he gave us a card so we would be sure to see this badly drawn picture of a salaciously-clad woman? Well, it doesn't *not* make sense...

SARAH

No, but maybe he wanted you to see the address for the establishment the salaciously-clad woman is inviting you to?

(They consider the photo.)

ALL

The Admiral's Shanks.

FAWX

I've never heard of it but, as Madge would say, that's no surprise.

MADGE

That is what I'd say. But I haven't even heard of that one. James?

STALLION

(lying)

Well... I mean of course, I've *heard* of it but... Just never made my way down.

SARAH

The Admiral's Shanks is a den for the most crooked and depraved in all of London. A regular who's who of the creme de la creme of swindlers, hustlers, busters, and jugglers.

STALLION

Right, a real shithole. How did you know that?

SARAH

I used to work there.

FAWX

Well, you seem to be the expert! You'll be indispensable in our mission tonight: Infiltrating The Admiral's Shanks.

SARAH

I can get you in but there's something else you should know about The Admiral's Shanks. Not only is it a magnet for the seediest, most depraved clientele in all of London, but according to this ad? It's Casino Night.

STALLION

Casino Night, you say? I have just the outfit.

(SOUND: Transition music. FAWX and STALLION walk down an empty Eastbury Street, mid conversation.)

(SCENE: Ext. Eastbury Terrace. 10pm Night.)

STALLION

—you see, it's perfect, actually—a miniaturized phonograph, small enough to fit into—well, anything, really, I'm hearing. Perhaps the size of a handbag, or even an ascot pin!

FAWX

(trying to be sympathetic to what his friend is going through but reaching a limit)

To be honest, James, I really don't see how your investment business has anything to do with the case at hand—

STALLION

It has everything to do with the case at hand! Imagine undercover work if you could store a recording device in a discreet, on-trend location on your person.

FAWX

I don't know, I just don't buy this "audio is the future" nonsense. What's wrong with the written word?

STALLION

There's nothing *wrong* with it, except that it's bo -

FAWX

Wait, is that them?

(They stop walking)

STALLION

Maybe? It's hard to tell.

FAWX

I think that's them. Why didn't we all come together again?

STALLION

Madge and Sarah's usual attire wasn't particularly suited to a Casino Night theme, and considering they are acting as our companions this evening, it seemed only polite to send them off to find some proper outfits.

FAWX

Very gentlemanly of us.

STALLION

Plus, I sort of thought Sarah could use a win, you know?

FAWX

Mother about to be hanged, new outfit, evens right out. Well, only one way to find out if it's them, I suppose.

(stage whisper:)

Madge! Sarah! It's us! Hampton and James! From the case!

(SOUND: The opposing footsteps quicken.)

MADGE

Oy! Stop waving about, you look like a desperate penguin tryin' to take flight.

FAWX

Got your attention though. 10 o'clock on the dot.

SARAH

Are you honestly wearing tuxedos?

STALLION

Uh, *absolutely* we're honestly wearing tuxedos. See the thought process was -

FAWX

We're about to cavort with miscreant gamblers, Miss Fletchley. We must dress the part. And James won't be caught dead in a room where he's the only one *not* wearing a tuxedo.

STALLION

(darkly)

Not again...

FAWX

Madge, love the dress.

MADGE

Blow it out your top, Hampton. You and I both know this looks about as natural as a shitshow in pyjamas.

SARAH

I think you pull it off quite nicely, but I also think our goal tonight is reconnaissance, not crashing a Karpathian wedding.

MADGE

You have no idea how nicely I can pull this off -

FAWX

Sarah, I think you're underestimating the versatility of the tuxedo.

SARAH

And I think you're overestimating the definition of 'versatility.'

(SOUND: Footsteps as a HOMELESS MAN (George) approaches them.)

HOMELESS MAN (GEORGE)

'Pologies for the intrusion. You don't happen to have a spare few pence, do ya? It's not for drink. Truth be told, I'm taking night classes through the window at the university.

FAWX

Sorry sir. Unfortunately we do not. We're just dressed up this way as a disguise, we're actually all very poor.

STALLION

Speak for yourself.

(to the HOMELESS MAN)

You, sir. What's your name?

HOMELESS MAN (GEORGE)

George.

(Beat. STALLION looks at FAWX. What a coincidence.)

STALLION

Well, *George* -

GEORGE

George Kensington.

(Beat. FAWX & STALLION look at each other. No way.)

FAWX/STALLION

Huh.

STALLION

Well, *George Kensington*, here you are. A shiny, silver shilling.

(SOUND: STALLION hands him a coin.)

GEORGE

Thank you, sir. And might I add how handsome you are.

STALLION

Oh please. Go on.

GEORGE

Is there another shilling in it for me? I'm in the business of compliments.

(SOUND: STALLION sighs. He walked into that one. He fishes for another shilling.)

STALLION

And business is booming, George. Business is booming. Now, shall we casino?

FAWX

Casin-yes.

STALLION/MADGE/SARAH

No, no. Just no/I'm ashamed of you and you should be ashamed of yourself/No one asked for that.

(SOUND: Footsteps to the entrance, where an intimidating bouncer stands guarding the door.)

BOUNCER

Password.

FAWX

(possibly trying another Voice)

Oh, that's me. Hello, my -

STALLION

(to FAWX)

Now, dear Hampton, watch the master.

(To the BOUNCER. Full confidence:)

Old chap, good to see you again. I'm sure you recognize me from my several other times visiting your fine estab-

SARAH

Rummy Jugglers.

BOUNCER

Have a nice night.

(SOUND: The door opens and the activity of the night begins:)

STALLION

Oh, come on....

(SCENE: INT. The Admiral's Shanks. Late.)

(Casino Music plays. Honestly it's super corny. A Victorian Bennigans or Hooters but with card tables set up all around.)

FAWX

That was amazing. So glad you're with us.

SARAH

Happy to help. So here we are... The Admiral's Shanks.

FAWX

And you used to work here?

SARAH

Unfortunately.

MADGE

(referencing the uniform)

And you had to wear that? The lace with the...bare ankles...

FAWX

Madge!

MADGE

What, you were thinking it.

FAWX

No, I wasn't.

(To SARAH)

I really wasn't.

STALLION

It's a shame they don't have this same place but with men.

FAWX

Who would even go?

STALLION

Men.

FAWX

Oh, right. Oh, there's The Hostess! Stay put right there, James, I'll be right back -

STALLION

Stay put, why do I have to stay—

(SOUND: FAWX walks up to the HOSTESS.)

FAWX

Cheerio, Ma'am. My associates and I were wondering if you could escort us to a table?

HOSTESS (PHOEBE)

(cutesy baby voice)

Well hello stud muffins and side pieces, welcome to the Admiral's Shanks, would you like me to lead you to a game?

FAWX

That would be -

SARAH

Phoebe, it's Sarah.

PHOEBE

(Cutesy baby voice)

I'm sorry ma'am, you're going to have to be more specific -

SARAH

St. George's Day '86, you and I drank an entire bottle of Gin and ate a whole jar of pickled eggs. Ever since you haven't touched gin and I haven't touched eggs.

PHOEBE

(a lower cockney voice, her natural speaking voice)

Blimey, Sarah, what in God's Gosche Girdle are you doing here, and on Casino Night no less. You know if the boss recognizes you she's gonna bounce ya tits into the Thames three ways from Sunday.

SARAH

Which is exactly why you're *not* going to say anything, but you *are* going to seat us near her table.

PHOEBE

Oh yeah? What's in it for me?

SARAH

That's a nice chain, wages here the same?

PHOEBE

You know they are.

SARAH

Then I'm sure you don't want me telling anyone where you got the money for that, do you?

(Beat.)

PHOEBE

I missed you, Fletchley.

(Cutesy baby voice:)

Right this way!

(SOUND: PHOEBE leads the group through the pub. SARAH walks with her leading the way.)

FAWX

(To STALLION)

That was amazing.

STALLION

I mean I know people too, you don't see me bragging about it.

FAWX

(like he's pacifying a child)

Oh yeah, sure. I know.

MADGE

Like who?

STALLION

Like... George!

SARAH

George, the homeless man we all just met outside?

STALLION

And others!

MADGE

Oy, dicks.

(SOUND: MADGE elbows FAWX in the ribs.)

FAWX

Ow! What was that for?

MADGE

Look.

(SOUND: Zoom whoosh to the other side of the bar where SAZARAC and OSKAR are.)

SAZARAC

...obviously I need a room with privacy, or my associate, Oskar, here will grind your bones to make his—

(SOUND: Zoom whoosh back to FAWX.)

FAWX

Sazarac.

MADGE

And Oskar.

STALLION
(To FAWX)

Ah ha! I know *them*.

MADGE

Why are they here?

FAWX

I thought Sazarac said she never left the estate.

MADGE

And what is she doing here that she needs Oskar as backup?

STALLION
(darting behind MADGE for cover)

Oh shit!

FAWX/SARAH/MADGE

What?

STALLION

They're not the only surprise on the guest list tonight.

(SOUND: Zoom whoosh to a different section of the bar where McMURPHY is holding court and ARCHIE is staring defeated into his pint glass:)

McMURPHY

"... You call those real scones?" That's when Inspector Cartwright here flipped the table, I brought out my trusty stick, and then we got to kneadin' the dough...

(SOUND: Zoom whoosh back to STALLION.)

STALLION

Archie and McMurphy. That's his name, right? "McMurphy". That sounds right.

SARAH

You know them?

STALLION

One's my partner, the other's... some guy he works with?

SARAH

I thought Hampton was your partner?

FAWX/STALLION

Different partners.

SARAH

Oh, right.

STALLION

Archie didn't tell me he was going to the pub. Why wouldn't he tell me that? I love pubs!

FAWX

He's our man on the inside at Scotland Yard.

SARAH

Oh, the one who put my mum away. Good to know.

FAWX

He's also the one who gave us the tip about the fake jewels... if that makes a difference?

STALLION

He's also to one who doesn't want me on the case anymore. Like an ass with a stupid moustache. Great, now I have to lay low which is the opposite of all of my impulses in a tuxedo.

MADGE

But what's he doing here? No offense, but this doesn't really feel like Archie's vibe.

SARAH

We used to get all sorts from Scotland Yard. Must have something to do with the lace.

FAWX

So that means there are more officers about?

SARAH

On Casino Night? I'd say that's a safe bet.

MADGE

Well at the risk of being a cliché, James, why don't you and I go investigate Oskar and Sazarac, getting you out of Archie's sightlines. And you two play the tables and figure out anything you can about what Crimeria and his "volunteers" have to do with this place.

FAWX

Yes! *And!* Great plan, Madge, but - Are you sure?

STALLION

Oh absolutely. We can handle this. The beauty of any party is the ability to divide and conquer.

FAWX

It's just -

STALLION

What? You don't think I can do it? My god, does no one -

FAWX

No, it's just that. Oskar will recognize your face.

STALLION

Oh Hampton, so innocent. So pure. So underestimating. No. He won't. Come, Madge.

MADGE

Hampton, Sarah. Don't wait up.

FAWX

Ok, just be -

(SOUND: STALLION and MADGE take off from the group. STALLION hits a table on the way.)

Careful.

(PHOEBE, SARAH, and FAWX arrive at a card table.)

PHOEBE

(Cutesy baby voice)

Here's your table, sweetie. Can I put in a drink order for either of you?

SARAH

Pickle Gin?

PHOEBE

(Natural voice)

Get fucked.

(PHOEBE and SARAH smile a friendly smile and she walks off.)

FAWX

That's fine, I'll ask for an ale on the way back.

(The music changes to something slower, slinkier—SARAH clams up.)

SARAH

Actually, Hampton, I might be recognized here—perhaps I should go follow James and Madge, make sure they don't fall into any -

FAWX

Oh ye of little faith. We have to give them a chance to surprise us. The same way you surprised us with your incredibly useful friendship with the Hostess. Now allow me to return the favour because I think you'll find, I also won't have a hard time "blending in" with these miscreants.

(to the DEALER)

Now, my good man, what sort of "game" do we have here?

(SOUND: Travel over other game tables and bars of loud, drunken cops to the other side of the pub with STALLION and MADGE.)

MADGE

Oy, James. Why are you walking facing the wall?

STALLION

Because, Madge, I can't afford to draw excess attention to myself. I'm already reinventing fashion with this tuxedo, it's an uphill battle.

MADGE

(dryly)

Right, then don't turn around now. The jealousy is palpable.

STALLION

Oh, I can feel their eyes, but I can't give the people what they want. We must be but flies on the wall, observing and detecting better than Archie, Hampton, and Sarah.

MADGE

You're really going through something, aren't ya?

STALLION

Not for long I'm not!

MADGE

Alright, James, I love ya, but you keep breaking down this loudly and you're really gonna get us --

SAZARAC

Ms. Pangea?

(SOUND: SAZARAC and OSKAR walk up.)

MADGE

Spotted.

(putting on the act)

Why, yes! Hello Ms. Sazarac. Fancy seeing an accountant like you at a pub like this.

SAZARAC

Furina, please. I think it's safe to say we can throw formalities on the coals. The hot, *burning* coals...

MADGE

Right. Let's do that then.

SAZARAC

I'm so glad you made it. Cut it rather close, didn't you?

MADGE

Oh, you know me, woman of mystery. Furina, this is my associate -

SAZARAC

(could not give less of a shit about this man)

Associate, sure, whatever.

STALLION

(extremely offended)

“Sure”, “whatever?”

SAZARAC

You know, Daphne... I could use your... keen insight and sparkling wit in my private room for a few moments.

MADGE

You have a private room? Here?

SAZARAC

Oh, sweet star-eyed beauty, yes. I'm a member...

MADGE

(directly to STALLION: “I guess I have to go?”)

Well who could pass up that experience... I will be back as soon as my host is through with me.

SAZARAC

Sounds like a challenge. Come, Ms. Pangea.

(SOUND: SAZARAC wists MADGE away, leaving STALLION and OSKAR behind.)

STALLION

(aggressive whispering to MADGE)

Wait, don't leave me here with -

OSKAR

Me?

STALLION

—oh my god!

(She's gone, and behind him, OSKAR has materialised)

Hello... I'm -

OSKAR

George, if I got that right?

STALLION

You... did.

OSKAR

For a sanitation worker, you clean up like a vicar at the opera, don't ya.

STALLION

...Yes. *And* I believe, as all sanitation workers must, in excellent personal hygiene. And, and, and treating myself to one nice suit... a month? - a year? - every few years? It was my fathers.

OSKAR

Huh. Must be nice.

STALLION

Well, if I'm being honest, it had its ups and downs really, but -

OSKAR

You're late.

STALLION

I beg pardon?

OSKAR

I hope you brought your maplewood box, Mr. Stallion, cuz you're gonna need it...

STALLION

(gulp)

I am? What fun...

CREDITS

End of Part Six.