

Part One:

The Adventure of the Best Case Scenario

(SCENE: EXT. London. Piccadilly Circus. Night.)

(SOUND: Nighttime frivolity. Piccadilly Circus at 10/11pm. The theatres are just letting out, carriages roam the streets.)

(MUSIC: Dramatic and Moody Victorian Theme.)

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

In the year 1889 there was nowhere in the world more exciting than London, England...

(SOUND: Champagne corks fly, laughter, etc.)

People argue over the origin of the word “Excitement”. Some say it comes from the Latin “Excitare”, some say the old French:

(pronounced exactly the same)

“Excitier”. As for me, I can’t tell the difference. But all of this is to say that here, here in London, “Excitement” means a lot of different things to a lot of different people.

(SOUND: An alleyway, a lone woman walks. Her heels echoing off the garbage cans and puddles. A second set of footsteps joins her. She pauses. The second set of footsteps pauses too.)

WOMAN

Hello? I do say, is anyone there?

(Beat.)

Hmm...

(SOUND: She begins walking again. After a beat the second set of footsteps come back in.)

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

For instance, for some “Excitement” might mean a night at the theatre; over-expensive cocktails and three hours of singing or screaming you pretend to understand to sound smart at a dinner party. But for others... Well, let’s just say some people have to make their own theatre.

(SOUND: The footsteps quicken, crescendoing until a loud trash can gets thrown over. The woman yelps. She’s reached a dead end.)

MAN

(thick cockney accent)

Well, well, well. What have we here...

(The WOMAN freezes in fear. She doesn’t turn around.)

WOMAN

Sir, before you do anything you regret, I can assure you this stole is not real mink.

MAN

Well then I guess it’s a good thing I ain’t interested in ya mink, innit?

(beat)

Because any respectable street thief could tell ya that purse is an original H.J. Cave.

WOMAN

Please. My husband got it for me. As a gift.

MAN

Smart fellow, he is. See, I’s a buckle man. All about the buckles. And it seems to me, if you’re pairing a fake mink with that kinda legitimate craftsmanship, you don’t deserve to have it in the first place, savvy?

WOMAN

You... certainly know your minks.

MAN

And my buckles. Now. What’s it gonna be, love?

WOMAN

I... Think... Ahhh!

(SOUND: The WOMAN begins to run, the MAN runs after her. The MAN lunges at the WOMAN. The MAN grabs her purse and rushes past her.)

MAN

Thanks for the purse. I assure you it'll have a much better home –oof!

(SOUND: The MAN goes to leave, when out of nowhere a foot extends out of a neighboring corridor, tripping the man and knocking him down into a very large puddle.)

VOICE (FAWX)

Not so fast, Mr. Chatsworth. I'm afraid your luxury purse pilfering days... have come to an unfashionably soggy end.

(SOUND: slow, self satisfied footsteps emerging from the shadowy corridor. It's Hampton FAWX, an over-eager private detective.)

MAN

(we shouldn't quite notice it yet, but in a more posh dialect)

Ahh! My fucking nose.

FAWX

No need for that much salt in your language, Mr. Chatsworth. Your tenure as The Picadilly Purse Pilcher has gone on, unobstructed, for well over a month now, you'll have to forgive me if I lack the requisite sympathy -

WOMAN

Jerry! Jerry, oh my god! Are you ok?

(SOUND: FAWX retrieves the purse from the MAN and hands it to the WOMAN.)

FAWX

A ha! I'm afraid you're mistaken, madame. The name's Fawx. Hampton Fawx. And I believe this purse belongs to you.

(SOUND: The WOMAN rushes past FAWX and runs to the MAN.)

WOMAN

Jerry, my love, what did he do to you? Are you alright?

MAN

(a more posh dialect but clearly the same man)

No, Mildred, I'm bloody well not. This blasted idiot came out of nowhere with his size sevens and dashed me right into a goddamned puddle.

WOMAN

What man? Him?

MAN

Yes, Mildred. Him! The Sherlock Holmes impersonator there who's been talking to himself about the origin of the word "Excitement".

FAWX

I'm—sorry? You heard that? Nevermind—I'm afraid I'm lost. This man was *very* clearly—

MAN

I knew this was going to happen! You try to have one night out committing consensual fashion crimes and some samaritan comes along and poof! Ruined —

(SOUND: The WOMAN gets up and walks to FAWX—a quick tap tap tap of heels.)

WOMAN

My purse, please.

FAWX

But... Wait. Hang on. Alright, yes, I think I see now that I misread this situation, *but* do you want me to at least lay out my deduction as to how I was led to that conclusion? Here, I'll just start: For starters —

(SOUND: The WOMAN blows a whistle from her fake stole as hard as she can—LOUD!)

WOMAN

Police! Help! My husband and I are being mugged by an idiot!

FAWX

Wait, no—!

(SOUND: The feeling of an audio smash cut—a one two three of Siren! Whoosh! A jail cell door being slammed closed! We are now at Scotland Yard.)

(Dejected MUSIC plays for a few moments—reflecting how disappointing this night has been for FAWX.)

FAWX

I'll never understand how it can be so cold outside, but in Scotland Yard it's a bloody furnace. You'd think I'd know by now and yet...

(SOUND: A door slides open, and outside the cell stands James STALLION, his friend, probably posing and looking very cool.)

STALLION

Well, well, Detective Fawx. You look like shit.

FAWX

Well, well, *well*, James Stallion. You are a sight for sore eyes.

(Beat.)

STALLION

Not one for The Strand, I take it?

And we smash into CREDITS:

CREDITS

Fawx and Stallion, by Ian Geers and Lauren Grace Thompson. Part One: The Case of the Best Case Scenario.

(The music plays all the way out, until right at the crescendo, coming right in on the dialogue with:)

FAWX

Well how was I supposed to know “Thief & Aristocrat Role Play” was a trend now?

(SCENE: INT. Scotland Yard Bullpen. The same night, so late in the night it's creeping into early the following morning. General hustle and bustle.)

(SOUND: FAWX & STALLION walk briskly through Scotland Yard past inspectors who don't pay them much mind. We follow them through—walk and talk energy.)

STALLION

If you'd just subscribed to The Standard like I keep telling you to, you'd have seen a pretty substantial spread on it in Tuesday's edition.

FAWX

And *I've* told you I only subscribe to The Times. The Standard's just celebrity gossip and articles about the Queen's favourite waterfowl—

STALLION

The red-breasted merganser.

FAWX

Not my cup of tea.

STALLION

Not the queen's either.

FAWX

Coffee drinker?

STALLION

Caffeine free. You'd know that if you subscribed to The Standard.

(SOUND: Perhaps an alarm rings as the next set of bars opens up for them to walk through.)

FAWX

God forbid I miss such a breakthrough.

STALLION

Must be the trade off for the amount of Role Playing coverage they find room for.

FAWX

Regardless, this is actually good news, James!

STALLION

I won't deny it's an exciting concept.

FAWX

No. Well, I guess, hypothetically, but no. The Picadilly Purse Pilcher is still at large! And now we'll have a better idea of what *not* to look for.

STALLION

I'll strive to be sensitive to the chemistry of the next thief and victim we encounter, detective.

FAWX

Good. Your ascot's crooked.

STALLION

It most certainly is not. This, my friend, is called "roguishly askew" -

(SOUND: Footsteps quickly approaching from the side.)

ARCHIE

Ah, there you are. ...

(Enter Inspector Archibald "ARCHIE" Cartwright, an early 40s inspector for Scotland Yard. He's perpetually exhausted, he can't believe he worked so hard to get promoted to Inspector to have to deal with the same shit he did as a patrolman.)

(SOUND: FAWX and STALLION draw to a stop—they know ARCHIE.)

FAWX

Ahh, Archie, I didn't know you were on tonight?

ARCHIE

(terse)

That is *Inspector Cartwright* to you—

FAWX

Right, I forgot, it's "*Inspector Cartwright*" now. By the way, love the moustache—it's bold and it's working on you! Very stately.

ARCHIE

(an extreme level of confrontation)

You absolute fucking idiots!

FAWX/STALLION

Whoa!

ARCHIE

(same exact angry tone but more hushed)

I'm sorry! You know I can't show you favouritism on my first day after the promotion, it'll look suspicious. Now I'm going to say some more things that I don't fully mean but I need you to act at least moderately cowed, got it?

STALLION

You mean like role playing?

ARCHIE

I'm sorry?

FAWX/STALLION

We've got it.

ARCHIE

Good. Now:

(raises his voice so the other officers can hear)

“You absolute buffoons! Where do you think you're going without following proper checkout procedures?”

(SOUND: A distant boo from the officers across the room.)

STALLION

Needless to say, I am terrified and *extremely* penitent.

ARCHIE

(hushed)

Thank you! Now come with me because I actually do need to properly check you out.

STALLION

You certainly do.

FAWX

I know the drill.

(SOUND: They start walking again, and we follow all three, Archie escorting them through to the front)

STALLION

So, Inspector. Still on for the opera tomorrow?

ARCHIE

(more private tone but you can tell he's still frowning for the act)

Yes. Matinee. Balcony seats. Home in time for an early dinner.

STALLION

Lovely, Salmon again?

ARCHIE

(“Your specialty”)

I love you dearly.

(louder for the crowd)

“And you’d better not forget it!”

(SOUND: A cheer in the distance from the officers. They come to a stop at the front desk.)

Now, James, Hampton. Always a delight. Please never let me find you here again.

FAWX

You know I can’t make that promise.

STALLION

Inspector.

FAWX

Right. Sorry. “Inspector”.

ARCHIE

“Piss off!” Sorry.

(SOUND: ARCHIE leaves at a quick pace, businesslike as always.)

FAWX

I think that went well.

STALLION

He really likes you.

FAWX

Good! I worry sometimes. So James, what do you say to another turn about the circus to find the *real* Purse -

(SOUND: BOOM! The front door to the yard is kicked open by McMURPHY, very excited and boisterous, hyped to deliver the news.)

McMURPHY

Call it, boys. 32 days at large. Who had 32?

COPPER

(from the corner)

32, right here!

McMURPHY

Good on ya!. Alright boys, don't forget to pay Shinewell here by the end of the night!

(SOUND: We follow FAWX as he approaches McMURPHY, anxious as always and with a sinking feeling)

FAWX

Sorry, who was that? What's going on?

McMURPHY

(startled)

Oy! You don't just walk up to an officer like that, I don't care how short you are. I coulda nightsticked ya knees into ya bum and out the other end. What are you mental?

FAWX

...No?

McMURPHY

(announces to the precinct)

Inspector Lestrade has apprehended the Picadilly Purse Pilcher!

(SOUND: A huge cheer.)

FAWX

(dismayed)

Oh, *come on!*

STALLION

Well, at least it was *just* Lestrade this time and not -

McMURPHY

Three Cheers for Inspector Lestrade and the Bad Boys of Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson.

(SOUND: The Policemen "Hip Hip Hooray" three times under this next exchange.)

STALLION

On second thought... flat?

McMURPHY

Let 'em hear ya in solitary, boys!

POLICEMEN

Hooray!

FAWX

Flat.

(TRANSITION MUSIC: A brief, whimsical harpsichord sting that spins us into:)

(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker Street. A bit later.)

(SOUND: The door opens. FAWX and STALLION enter. FAWX drops keys in a little bowl by the door.)

(FAWX is pretty defeated. STALLION stands tall and supportive, but honestly pretty tired.)

FAWX

(sighs)

Good old 224B Baker Street. Hello Ambrosius.

STALLION

Hello Ambrosius.

(SOUND: An impossibly old cat, sitting on a chair, meows briefly in greeting.)

(SOUND: Fawx walks dejectedly over to his wall of evidence, picks up a pen, and crosses out THE PICCADILLY PURSE PILCHER definitively.)

FAWX

The Borough Street Burglar: solved. The Waterloo Waste Wiper: solved. And Piccadilly Purse Pilcher: solved. By Sherlock bloody Holmes of 221B Baker Street. Again

STALLION

Oh come off it, Hampton. That's only three. You have... *so* many more unsolved cases up there.

FAWX

I assume you mean this *one* case that's left?.

(SOUND: He taps the board once, sharply, with the pen for emphasis)

The Golem? The one that hasn't struck in weeks?

STALLION

Well, with any luck we'll get a new brutal murder any day now!

FAWX

God, I *wish*... Ugh. Tea?

STALLION

Gin?

FAWX

I'm so glad you said gin. But only one. Then a good night's sleep and we're back at it tomorrow. Cheers.

*(SOUND: A "cheers," two glasses clinking. A clock's gears rapidly ticking forward, perhaps, time passing, and then we **smash** into:)*

(SCENE: INT. 224b Baker Street. A makeshift boxing ring. Afternoon.)

(SOUND: A ding! of a small countertop bell, like the one at the front desk of a shop or hotel—their makeshift boxing ring bell. A punch, it lands on Fawx, and we're in:)

STALLION

(landing the hit)

But why did you have to tell Archie you liked the moustache? I'm in the midst of a three-month campaign to whittle down his faith in it—lovingly, of course—and you ruin it on what could very well have been Shaving Day.

FAWX

It was just my opinion, am I not allowed to have my opinion?

STALLION

Of course you're allowed to *have* it, but not when it interferes with mine.

FAWX

No, that's not true! That's not how democracy works.

STALLION

We live in a constitutional monarchy, Hampton, do they not teach you *that* in the Times either?

FAWX

Fine, you're right! By the way, should we be sparring after this many gins?

STALLION

Never stopped us before. Which reminds me... Gin break!

FAWX

Gin break! I'm amazed we've had so much of this and I feel fine.

(SOUND: He falls.)

STALLION

Any good detective must train himself to be in a state of readiness at all times.

(SOUND: STALLION helps him up.)

Do you know who said that?

FAWX

Sherlock Holmes?

STALLION

No! Now listen to this, because I need you to hear it: fuck that guy. That quote was from me.

FAWX

Alright, but honestly I'm not even mad anymore.

STALLION

You're not?

FAWX

No! In fact, I think there are benefits to what happened today.

STALLION

Benefits to having every case you've worked on snatched out from under you?

FAWX

(absolutely lying)

Certainly, James. For every case solved, I must look at the larger, social good, and that's that there's one less crime in the world.

STALLION

How benevolent of you. But you're a terrible liar.

(SOUND: Stallion rings the bell—game time again.)

And now you must pay... For Ambrosius!

(SOUND: STALLION charges FAWX, they grapple and eventually FAWX throws him off.)

FAWX

It's not a lie to see the bigger picture. If anything it's, it's freeing!

STALLION

So you feel good?

FAWX

I feel great!

(SOUND: STALLION lands a punch right in the face.)

FAWX

Ahh! The face is not an accepted target in the “Sparring Rules of Ambrosius” !

STALLION

Sorry, mate. Just looking out for the “larger, social good.” And that’s 7 for 7. Me.

FAWX

Go for an eighth?

(SOUND: The door bursts open! MADGE comes storming in, furious.)

MADGE

I can’t fucking believe what just happened to me!

STALLION

Hello Madge.

FAWX

(still on the floor)

Morning, Madge.

MADGE

(“Morning”)

Dickheads.

STALLION

Hampton, do you hear what she just called you?

FAWX

I was just about to ask you the same thing.

(SOUND: STALLION helps FAWX up.)

MADGE

Is no one going to ask me about my morning? I don’t know how to get your attention any more clearly.

FAWX

Apologies.

STALLION

How was your night, Madge?

MADGE

It's noon.

FAWX

It is?

STALLION

Makes sense.

FAWX

It does?

STALLION

Apologies, Madge. How was your *morning*?

MADGE

Fucking miserable!

STALLION

Oh no...

MADGE

The fucking asshole stood me up.

FAWX

Again?

(SOUND: STALLION elbows him. He course corrects.)

Oh no. I'm so sorry, Madge.

MADGE

You're a terrible liar.

STALLION

(whispers, to FAWX)

Told you.

FAWX

(whispers, to STALLION)

Excuse me for trying to show support.

MADGE

(not whispering, to both of them)

Well next time instead of “trying,” maybe you could just “support”!

FAWX

Duly noted, Madge. Tea?

MADGE

Love some, thank you.

FAWX

Alright!

(SOUND: He takes a step toward the kitchen, stops, realizes he has no idea where to go.)

Uhh... Does anyone know where we keep the kettle?

(SOUND: Stallion swans past them, towards the kitchen in the other room.)

MADGE

Good God, Hampton. You live here too, take an interest.

STALLION

Tea’s underway.

MADGE

At least someone around here was born with manners.

(STALLION pops his head out into the doorway)

STALLION

Now, I believe you were talking about “fucking assholes” standing up?

MADGE

The language that you would dare use in front of a woman.

STALLION

In front of my own wife no less.

(They smile a friendly smile. MADGE perhaps flops down into a chair, ready to share.)

MADGE

Ta. It's Martha. She stood me up.

(FAWX and STALLION make customary and very suspiciously practised shows of surprise –this is not their first rodeo.)

STALLION

What?

FAWX

No!

MADGE

Yes! We had a date to go to the Farmer's Market today and when I show up to her flat to pick her up -

FAWX

She wasn't there? That's brutal.

MADGE

Yes, Hampton. It wasn't fun. Their flat was emptier than my marriage vows.

STALLION

Love you too.

FAWX

Wait, so Holmes and Watson aren't there either? What crime could they possibly be solving, there was nothing in The Times this morning! Unless...

STALLION

Hold on - so this was like a 'date' date? Oh god, you're not getting back together are you?

MADGE

Well not if she can't figure her shit out. It's maddening. And the worst part is she didn't leave a note. She used to love leaving notes—you know, because she—

MADGE/STALLION

–hates confrontation.

MADGE
(*wistful*)

That’s why we were so perfect...

(*SOUND: Right as the idea strikes FAWX, the kettle whistles! STALLION pops back into the kitsch to get it.*)

FAWX

Maybe she did!

MADGE

What?

FAWX

You just said, Martha loves leaving notes because she -

MADGE/STALLION
(*STALLION from the other room*)

“Hates confrontation”

MADGE

–and I know - that may *sound* like a criticism, and I guess it is but -

FAWX

Well maybe she did! Maybe it’s just in the flat.

MADGE

Why wouldn’t she just put it in our mailslot like a normal person?

FAWX

Because, you just said yourself, Martha *isn’t* a normal person.

MADGE

Ain’t that the truth...

FAWX

So what if we just... pop over and see?

MADGE

You want to break into my ex's flat to see if she left a note explaining why she stood me up?

FAWX

Yes! Because...I believe in love.

(This is a lie and they both know it.)

MADGE

You wanna see if Holmes is gonna snake your Golem case, don't you?

FAWX

...No.

(SOUND: STALLION sweeps in with the tea tray.)

STALLION

Tea for three! What are we talking about?

MADGE

Hampton says he wants to see if Martha left me a note by breaking into her flat, but really he's just trying to snoop on Sherlock Holmes. Like a bitch.

STALLION

Sounds fantastic! I have nothing else going on today.

FAWX

We're not going to "break in"! We're just going to check and see if anyone's home. If it's empty we'll head straight back!

(SCENE: EXT. 221B Baker Street.)

(MUSIC: A harpsichord flourish)

(SOUND: We're with the three of them, hunched on the stoop, trying—and failing—to look inconspicuous. STALLION checks the door. It's locked. MADGE is not here for this, looking around.)

STALLION

Locked.

FAWX

Check the window, it may be open.

STALLION

You really think *Sherlock Holmes* leaves his windows unlocked?

FAWX

Exactly. It's almost too stupid *not* to try.

MADGE

It's truly shocking you haven't solved anything in five years.

STALLION

It's like they say, "Big Breaks are 90% luck."

MADGE

What's the other 10%?

(SOUND: FAWX slides open the window. It was unlocked. Victory!)

FAWX

Luck.

MADGE

I can't believe that worked.

FAWX

After you.

(SCENE INT. 221B Baker Street. Mid-Afternoon.)

(SOUND: The trio steps through the window and we follow FAWX as he steps, awed, into the living room. MADGE moves with purpose to his side, STALLION lingers behind a bit.)

MADGE

Alright Hampton, this is a quick in & out job, I'm sure you're unfamiliar. I'll take east, you take west, James upstairs. There's a secret games room behind the mahogany bookcase, just pull the copy *King Solomon's Mines*. He thinks it's funny. I know.

STALLION

I must say, Madge, I am surprised how gung ho you are about this.

MADGE

I had my reservations, but now that we're here, let's just fucking do this.

(SOUND: FAWX opens a desk drawer, gasps.)

FAWX

James! Look!

MADGE

You found it?

FAWX

(awed)

Journals. Sherlock Holmes's journals. It... it makes so much sense.

STALLION

Oh! What's it say?

(SOUND: STALLION moves to his side.)

MADGE

Have we completely given up on the In & Out?

FAWX

(reading)

Oh my god...

MADGE/STALLION

What?

STALLION

Is it evidence about the Golem murders?

FAWX

It's indecipherable!

STALLION

What, like a code?

FAWX

No, cursive, but still.

(SOUND: MADGE moves some papers aside on the table, finds what she came for.)

MADGE

Aha! Found it!

FAWX/STALLION

What?!

MADGE

The... seriously? The note. The note that Martha left. The reason that we -

STALLION

Right!

FAWX

Right, that's great, so... no Golem evidence, fantastic... So she did leave one?

(Beat.)

MADGE

Unbelievable.

STALLION

I'm sorry, dear.

FAWX

Me too, I got carried away investigating.

MADGE

“Snooping” is more like it.

FAWX

Call it whatever you like, but I can't just turn off my investigatorial instincts like any other... civilian.

MADGE

Oh, so they've been in the 'on' position this whole time?

STALLION

Let's focus on the positives here; Martha left you a note!

MADGE

Exactly, she left me a note. Like I'm a goddamn carrier pigeon.

FAWX

No, James is right, it could've been worse. Remember when we thought she left you nothing at all?

MADGE

Actually, you're right. This was quite considerate of her. Maybe I shouldn't give up on her just yet.

FAWX

Well we're not saying *that*...

MADGE

What's that supposed to mean?

STALLION

I think what Hampton is trying to say is that it still may not be the best fit. She drives you up the wall, she cancels plans at a moment's notice, she loves earl grey. Don't forget why you broke up with her in the first place.

MADGE

And I've been wrong before! Maybe I am now.

STALLION

In which direction?

MADGE

I don't know!

FAWX

What does the note say, maybe I can deduce some clues as to their whereabouts - or her feelings - through her diction or punctuation.

MADGE

Is that right? When's the last time you deduced a girl's feelings through her diction and punctuation?

(Loaded beat. The answer is never.)

FAWX

Give me the note.

(SOUND: FAWX grabs the note.)

"To Madge" -

I mean, great start -

MADGE

James, you read it.

(SOUND: MADGE steals it back and hands it to STALLION.)

STALLION

"Hey. Sorry, I have some bad news. I completely forgot but the boys are both out of town for some case about a dog in Dartmoor this weekend, which gives me the time to get out of the city and see my son. I know it's not convenient, but can we reschedule for when I'm back? I promise I'm not trying to do that thing where I don't tell you in person to avoid your reaction to bad news. Also, sorry you had to break in to get this. I completely forgot I could've just run it across the street. Oh well. Next time. Sincerely, Martha Hudson."

Huh, I didn't know she had a son?

MADGE

For the best, he's a little twat, if you know what I mean.

STALLION

How old is he?

MADGE

I don't know, 6? 24?

FAWX

Oh my god... did you hear that?!

MADGE

What? Did she say she loves me?

FAWX

Sherlock Holmes and John Watson... are on holiday.

STALLION

Pretty sure she said they're on a case, but...

MADGE

Right, like they've solved everything in London so now they get to travel for work?
Unbe-fucking-lievable.

STALLION

Have you ever been to Dartmoor in the summer?

MADGE

God no, I hate the country.

STALLION

It won't change your mind.

FAWX

Right, sure, whatever, but do you know what this means?

MADGE

Honestly if this has nothing to do with Martha and me I'm checking out.

FAWX

It means that for the whole weekend, we don't have any competition! Our ticket has finally come in! The understudies have finally been called up from the basement! London's number 2 detective team just became number 1!

STALLION

Which metaphor did you want me to go with here?

FAWX

We actually, *finally* have the chance to solve a real mystery in this city without all our hard work being undone in the final hour by Holmes and Watson. This is the biggest opportunity we've ever gotten!

MADGE

Are you seriously saying that me getting stood up is the best career opportunity you've ever gotten?

FAWX

Right, well I can see how you could take it that way, but -

MADGE

Oh, I can't wait to see you try to spin this.

STALLION

Hampton, before you dig a deeper hole for yourself, what cases are there even left to solve? There was nothing in this morning's edition of The Standard -

FAWX

I don't read The Standard -

STALLION

—*or* The Times. That's two whole papers!

MADGE

Maybe you can finally find your precious Golem and get that garish map off my wall.

FAWX

Yes, *yes*, if the Golem strikes this weekend, then we're up! And even if he doesn't, we live in a big city. I'm sure we can find something to solve before the day is out. Here, we'll make it simple. The next case that presents itself is the case that we solve!

(SOUND: A KNOCK on the door. FAWX yelps, immediately freaks out, maybe hides under a table/couch/Madge or something similar.)

Don't answer that.

MADGE

Why not, maybe it's a "mystery".

STALLION

She has a point.

FAWX

But we broke in!

MADGE

It was *your* idea to break in.

FAWX

Which is exactly why I don't want someone confronting me about it!

(SOUND: Another KNOCK on the door.)

SARAH

(O.S. Muffled)

Hello? I can hear you in there. It's muffled, but it's definitely voices.

MADGE

Well, sounds like the game's up.

FAWX

Well, at least she didn't hear—

SARAH

(O.S.)

I'd say 2 or 3 voices, at least.

FAWX

Don't answer -

STALLION

We *are* in the home of a celebrity now, it could be a trap.

FAWX

Yes, exactly! How do we know she's even here to see Holmes and Watson?

SARAH

(O.S.)

Is this the home of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson?

MADGE

Fair bet.

FAWX

Right, but she could be here for any number of reasons, she could be delivering milk for all we know!

MADGE

I'm decently sure that's not it.

FAWX

(lashing out)

Who's the detective here?

MADGE

As we've *just* been reminded, Sherlock Holmes and John Watson.

SARAH

(O.S.)

I have a case for you to solve.

(SOUND: Perhaps a bell, or some other focusing noise. Those were the magic words, this changes everything.)

FAWX

A case...

STALLION

Oh, she said it.

FAWX

Do you hear that, James? She has a case. This is destiny, this changes everything!

MADGE

I truly cannot keep up with this.

FAWX

I am resolved: no matter what this young, desperate woman asks us to solve, we will do it. Or die trying.

(SOUND: FAWX straightens, strides over confidently, and opens the door. Standing on the doorstep is SARAH Fletchley, a lower-middle class woman in her 20s, who did everything she could to look her professional best.)

SARAH

Oh thank god, you answered. I... sorry, you're not—?

FAWX

(all the confidence in the world)

Detectives? Oh, rest assured, weary client, we are! Whatever case you have, large or small, we are more than capable of handling it.

SARAH

(hesitant)

Right...I assume you have experience with robberies?

FAWX

We most certainly do!

STALLION

We do?

FAWX

We do!

SARAH

Right, well...there are these jewels that have been stolen, you see—

FAWX

A jewel *heist*, even better!

STALLION

Fantastic. Do pardon, miss. Excuse us just a moment.

(SOUND: He pulls FAWX inside, closes the door briefly for a conference. They huddle:)

Hampton, we have never solved a jewel heist before.

MADGE

You've never solved any heist before.

FAWX

I know that and I know that, but think about it. This is the best possible scenario for our first big case. Jewels mean wealthy people, wealthy people mean high profile, high profile means mass exposure in *The Times* and *The Standard*. Then we're set as the new Bad Boys of Baker Street!

MADGE

Right, but what happens if you can't solve it?

FAWX

Are you joking, Madge? They're rich! If we don't solve the case they'll just carry on being rich, maybe just a little less so, which is really a win for all involved if you think about it.

STALLION

("I'm rich")

Hey.

FAWX

Present rich company excluded. I don't see a downside here, this is an absolute best case scenario! Alright?

(Beat.)

MADGE

Alright.

STALLION

Alright.

FAWX

(to SARAH)

Alright.

(SOUND: FAWX opens the door again, full of confidence!)

We're in!

SARAH

Oh thank god. Because if we don't find out who did this my mother is going to be hanged.

(Beat. FAWX instantly deflates in panic. This is not the fun mystery they expected.)

STALLION

"Best case scenario?"

FAWX

...oh.

CREDITS

End of Part One.