

**Part Three:**

**The Case of the Ticking Clock**

*(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker St. Friday Afternoon. Directly after the events of Part Two.)*

FAWX

Well, what are we waiting for? - And I can't believe I actually get to say this - We've got a mystery to solve!

*(Beat.)*

God, that felt good!

MADGE

So dicks, what's the rest of the day look like, cuz there's a cheese monger down at Borough who's been avoiding me and I plan to make his life a living hell if I can't get my stilton for the week.

FAWX

Madge, we don't have time for your dairy schemes today, we've got a mystery to solve!

STALLION

Indeed we do!

*(SOUND: STALLION stands, sets his drink on the counter)*

And with that, I'm off!

FAWX

I'm sorry, you're what?

MADGE

Why did no one mention they had to leave so soon?

*(STALLION gets his coat and heads to the door.)*

FAWX

What do you mean 'you're off'? James, we have a case to solve!

STALLION

Yes, we do, however *I* have a matinee to get to, and I'm sorry to say but it's been on the books significantly longer than the case you just picked up.

MADGE

Oh, is it? Tell Archie, I said hello.

FAWX

But - no, that doesn't make any sense. Your matinee isn't until Friday.

STALLION/MADGE

It is Friday.

FAWX

Well, who even goes to matinees on Fridays?

STALLION

Rich people with nothing better to do, mostly.

FAWX

But we *do* have something better to do! Sarah's trusting us! We only have four –

MADGE

Three.

FAWX

*Three days* until Holmes and Watson get back and we need to not only discover the who, but also the why, when, where, and how!

MADGE

But thankfully not the What. No need to find the jewels, so that's a bit of a leg up.

FAWX

No, but if we can, that'd be a *great* bonus for Sarah. A bonus we absolutely can achieve with the two greatest detective minds on Baker Street–

MADGE

–currently–

FAWX

The two greatest detective minds *currently* on Baker Street, sure! James, we need you.

STALLION

I understand, Hampton. Really, truly I do, which is why I'm going to leave you with the best of my conjecture. Based on the details in Sarah's story and my working knowledge of the London Elite, I think it stands to reason that the Crimeria Family Jewels were stolen... from the Crimeria Estate. There's your "where," that's one-fifth of the mystery to me!

FAWX

Wha -

MADGE

What's the matinee?

STALLION

*Marriage of Figaro* at the Warehouse.

MADGE

Fun...

STALLION

A bit Oedipal for me, but Archie loves his farces. And if I play my cards right he'll be moustache-free by the end of the night.

MADGE

Oof, godspeed. That thing looks like four raisins tryin' to escape a bowl of porridge.

STALLION

Exactly! *Hampton* complimented it earlier.

MADGE

This is why I have a hard time accepting compliments.

FAWX

But we only have 3 days!

STALLION

And the fact that some of them happen to fall on the weekend is earth-shatteringly unfortunate. I'll join you for whatever snooping you want to do tomorrow, preferably between ... oh, let's say 11 and 3-

FAWX

But that's only one-sixth. Of *one* of the days.

STALLION

Well, since you don't want to "Take advantage of the weekend" as I like to say, then fine. Because I love you, because I know how much this means for us, and because I'm sure my own cooking will have me up by then anyway, I will see you at 9am tomorrow because you and I, detective, are going to catch a Jewel Thief. Huzzah! I believe in us. Ta ta!

*(SOUND: STALLION leaves. The door opens and closes.)*

MADGE

So... does this mean we *can* go harass this cheesemonger, now?

### ***CREDITS***

FAWX

Well... ok, looks like it's just you and me, Madge. What literature do we have on London's Richest Families?

MADGE

Right... I'll get the Dickens.

*(SOUND: A knock on the door. FAWX yelps.)*

Jesus Christ, what now...

FAWX

Do you think whoever framed Eliza Fletchley knows we're on the case? Oh god, Hampton, it's like your mother used to say, keep your excitement to yourself.

*(SOUND: MADGE opens the door. A newspaper flies at her and hits squarely above her shoulder. The NEWSBOY who threw it is biking away.)*

NEWSBOY

*(from a distance)*

Evening edition, ma'am!

MADGE

Oy! What have I told you about pelting shit at my door! The paint's starting to chip!

NEWSBOY  
*(from a greater distance)*

Sorry, Ma'am!

MADGE  
*(to herself)*

Little urchin.

*(SOUND: MADGE closes the door.)*

FAWX

Is that The Times?

MADGE

Nah, The Standard.

FAWX

Ahh, rubbish then.

MADGE

I don't know, Hampton, you may wanna take a look at the front page.

*(SOUND: Newspaper shuffling.)*

FAWX

"Chambermaid Caught in Crimeria Case Causing Cruel Jewel Caper." Dammit, Madge, it's made the press! And with inconsistent alliteration!

MADGE

Did you think it wouldn't?

FAWX

We can't be stuck here leafing through census charts and mediocre literature now that it's citywide news! We need to be on the streets. Boots on the ground. Climbing over fences. True Detective activities.

MADGE

Right, but it's not like we should just go bang on the doors of the Crimeria Estate tonight, demanding information on a case they think is closed....

FAWX

Why not, Madge. I say, why not! I'll get our coats.

*(SOUND: FAWX runs out of the room excitedly.)*

MADGE

I haven't been to a matinee in ages. Lucky bastard.

*(SCENE: INT. ARCHIE's flat. Evening.)*

*(TRANSITION MUSIC: Some Victorian R&B, only vaguely of the time period.)*

*(SOUND: Salmon searing a pan, a glass of champagne getting poured. STALLION takes a taste.)*

STALLION

Excellent work, James. Thank you, James. Cheers.

*(SOUND: ARCHIE descending the stairs. He stops at the bottom.)*

ARCHIE

Look at this, a Friday matinee and my partner searing salmon bareback without even the slightest concern of getting showered with ripping hot butter. Happy day.

STALLION

You know you really don't deserve this.

ARCHIE

I never said I did.

STALLION

And I'll have you know I have cooked shirtless more times than I've read a good novel in the last year. The butter obeys.

*(SOUND: Some butter spatters from the pan and hits STALLION.)*

Ahh! Shit!

*(Beat. Standoff moment.)*

ARCHIE

Oh was that...was that the butter obeying?

STALLION

... Yes. It appears I've been basted.

ARCHIE

You should get a shirt -

STALLION

-I'm going to get a shirt. Would you mind watching the...

ARCHIE

Not at all.

*(TRANSITION MUSIC: A harpsichord sting.)*

*(SCENE: EXT. The CRIMERIA Estate. Later that night.)*

*(SOUND: The wind blows through the trees. FAWX and MADGE approach the front door, FAWX stops MADGE abruptly before she knocks)*

FAWX

*(whispering)*

Madge, Madge. This is the estate..

MADGE

Why are you whispering?

FAWX

*(whispering)*

Shh! To keep a low profile. Do we need to go over our plan of attack?

MADGE

Are you serious? We had this whole walk.

FAWX

*(whispering)*

I'm thinking maybe "I'm the son of someone in the House of Lords and you're my faithful wife." what do you think?

MADGE

Why am I faithful?

FAWX

Because we're married.

MADGE

Yeah, but I actually *am* married and I'm not faithful to my husband.

FAWX

Hmm, fair point. Alright. Pivot. How about you're having an affair. I don't know about it but I've got my suspicions.

MADGE

Yes, perhaps you found a note in lady's writing in my clasp! And you know it can't be from me.

FAWX

Well you don't like poetry.

MADGE

Not since my father, a former poet, left me and my five brothers and sisters for life in the big city.

MADGE/FAWX

*(brain blast)*

Which is why I married you!/Which is why you married me!

FAWX

You thought marrying up would afford you the resources needed to find your father again. Aww.

MADGE

Right, but I don't think I know that yet. I just act out in horrible ways, not knowing why.

FAWX/MADGE

Hence the affair!

MADGE



*But* the poetry on the note from my mistress is making me think: is this worth it? Is she worth stepping out on my marriage for?

FAWX

And I'm planning on confronting you tonight, once we get home. Because I was stepped out on once before, and I made a promise to myself that it would never happen again.

MADGE

And the person who stepped out on you...

FAWX

Is the woman you're stepping out on me with now!

MADGE

Yeah... Nancy.

FAWX

Nancy *Braxton*.

MADGE

The tart.

FAWX

Yes. I feel good about this. Alright. Ready?

MADGE

As I'm gonna be.

*(SOUND: FAWX knocks. It's probably quite enthusiastic.)*

FAWX

*(borderline gleeful)*

I'm nervous!

MADGE

I know, it's exciting to feel something, innit?

*(SOUND: The front door opens. KATE, a maid, answers.)*

KATE

Hello, welcome to the Crimeria Estate, where all your dreams are just–

FAWX

*(probably doing a voice)*

Hello, Miss! Thank you for that lovely greeting. My wife and I were wondering if we might speak to the proprietor of the estate?

*(Audible eye roll from KATE. She yells into the estate:)*

KATE

Miss Sazarac! The evening solicitors are here again.

*(SOUND: Brisk footsteps from the hall. SAZARAC pops her head out.)*

SAZARAC

Yes? Who is it? What do you want?

*(Silence.)*

Let's try this again knowing my questions aren't rhetorical. Hello. This is the Crimeria Estate. Do you have the correct address?

*(Beat.)*

FAWX

Yes. Yes, my wife... and I do have the correct address. We... If I can level with you for a moment. We're not in the best place. Maritally. It's been... I tell you, it has been quite hard.

SAZARAC

So... how can I help you?

FAWX

Are you married?

SAZARAC

No.

FAWX

Well, perhaps you've avoided the turret spray then.

SAZARAC

Perhaps, indeed. So... how -

FAWX

I just don't understand why she doesn't love me anymore -

MADGE

Oh, here he goes!

FAWX

I'm just trying to speak my case, you're the one always saying I need more friends.

MADGE

To get you out of the house! Jesus, if he's not eating in the breakfast nook, he's sitting in a wingtip by the fire. It's depressing.

FAWX

Maybe I just want you to ask "What's wrong?"

MADGE

Maybe I didn't get into a marriage to play games!

FAWX

Oh yeah? Then why did you get into this marriage?!

MADGE

To... love!

SAZARAC

Ok, ok, ok. Stop!

*(Beat.)*

What *exactly* can I, or the Crimeria Estate, do for you? Because we are definitely not a counselling centre, as much as I would like us to be.

FAWX

Right... right. Well then... Can we come inside?

SAZARAC

No!

*(SOUND: SAZARAC slams the door. Beat.)*

FAWX

Well, ok! Thank you for your time. Come, dear.

*(SOUND: FAWX and MADGE begin to walk away. The door opens again.)*

SAZARAC

And don't you dare try to come to any of our Open Houses tomorrow at 9am. I know your faces now!

*(SOUND: SAZARAC slams the door again. Beat.)*

FAWX

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

MADGE

That if she actually didn't want us to come to the Open House she wouldn't have included all of those specific details?

FAWX

Yes, *and...* we'll need some disguises.

*(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: Victorian R&B.)*

*(SCENE: INT. ARCHIE's flat. Later that night.)*

*(SOUND: Silverware polishing off the last morsels of food on the plates.)*

*(STALLION and ARCHIE finish up dinner. Satisfied. The evening is going swimmingly so far.)*

ARCHIE

Mm. Mmm, mmm, mmmm. Can I just say, I am so glad we had sex before dinner.

STALLION

Well I know how you "inspectors" like to turn in early.

ARCHIE

What time is it?

STALLION

9 o'clock.

ARCHIE

*(sighs)*

Perfect night.

STALLION

I'd like to say I think I cooked the shit out of that salmon..

ARCHIE

Oh, absolutely. There was an excellent fishy-ness in it tonight I'm not sure you've ever attained before..

STALLION

Facetiousness is not your strong suit, Inspector.

ARCHIE

You know, you're not the first person to point that out in the last couple days.

STALLION

Well whoever that is, tell them they're in good company. Is this your way of saying the other inspectors aren't enjoying your sparkling sense of humour on your first big week of investigation?

ARCHIE

Uh...well, no. But I suspect I'll win them over before the decade is out.

STALLION

You haven't told me what the case is, by the way. Anything exciting?

ARCHIE

Oh yes, The Case of the 8 Hour Sleep, a twisted tale of mental and physical exhaustion -

STALLION

No, the *real* one, come on.

ARCHIE

Is this a “This night is about you, so I’m feigning interest because it’s the polite thing to do” thing or an “I bet I can solve your case over the dinner table like Holmes & Watson” thing?

STALLION

I don’t do that.

ARCHIE

Well you haven’t solved one yet, but it’s very cute when you try.

*(A beat. STALLION didn’t find that funny)*

STALLION

*(lightly, but hiding a bit of hurt)*

Well, I think that’s a bit unfair.

ARCHIE

Oh god, no, James I didn’t actually mean—I’m ribbing you, I don’t -

*(STALLION tries not to take it personally, fails)*

STALLION

Yes, no, obviously. I know you’re joking.

*(A beat, awkward)*

*(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: Mischievous Detective theme)*

*(SCENE: INT. 224b Baker Street. Same time.)*

*(SOUND: FAWX is leafing through books and papers, standing at his desk.)*

FAWX

Ok, so, Madge, what did we learn?

MADGE

Always have a reason for your characters to be where they are.

FAWX

Yes! Exactly. Anything else?

MADGE

The Crimeria Estate doesn't give a shite about marital strife.

FAWX

Exactly. They're cold, calculating. A formidable adversary.

*(SOUND: MADGE pouring a tall drink for FAWX and herself.)*

MADGE

And that the house will be open to guests tomorrow.

FAWX

Yes! What do you suppose that's about?

MADGE

I don't know. Weekend thing, maybe? Cheers.

FAWX

Cheers. So... Jonathan Crimeria. In a way London's very own Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham is rich, yes?

MADGE

She lives in a bloody mansion. Next question.

FAWX

Now, we don't want to profile, Madge. Not all mansion-owners are wealthy, just like not all apartment-renters are poor.

MADGE

I'm poor.

FAWX

Right.

MADGE

You're poor.

FAWX

Right.

MADGE

James is rich.

FAWX

And *rich* James is the one who rents our *poor* flat. You've proven my point. Ha!

*(SOUND: They cheers, drink.)*

MADGE

Another? I'm doing another.

*(SOUND: MADGE pours another drink for them.)*

FAWX

Yes, thank you, Madge. This is going to be a long night.

*(trying not to be passive aggressive, failing:)*

For just the two of us.

*(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: The Victorian R&B has taken a distinctly more passive aggressive turn)*

*(SCENE: INT. ARCHIE's flat.)*

*(SOUND: STALLION finishes doing the dishes. Passive-aggressively. If this won't read particularly well in audio, perhaps ARCHIE is getting ready for bed or something similar)*

STALLION

... Now, if it wasn't due to my *accurate criticism* of the smokey eye on Lady Hastings at the Governor's Ball, you never would've busted that unlicensed escort service so... that's what, eight that I've solved?

ARCHIE

If we're keeping an accurate count, that's five you've *assisted* on, mainly through pithy comments and mescaline logic, and three I'm fairly certain you just made up. I'm not sure that makes you an untouchably journeyed detective

STALLION

Sorry, let me just check: what is it that you think Hampton and I do all day?



ARCHIE

A... mixture of physical training and drinking, I assume?

STALLION

Well that's not what we did today!

ARCHIE

Alright, what did you do today?

*(Beat.)*

STALLION

Well, now I don't want to tell you.

ARCHIE

Why not?

STALLION

*(begrudging)*

Because... maybe for a *portion* of the day... you were right.

ARCHIE

Oh, God forbid *I* have a correct deduction from time to time!

STALLION

But! *Then*, I'll have you know, we got a case.

ARCHIE

*(a change of gear, actually pretty supportive)*

Wait, you did?

STALLION

Yes, we did. A real one. A real girl came into my real flat and dropped in our laps a real juicy bucket of mystery.

ARCHIE

Why didn't you mention it before?

STALLION

Well, the intention was there after the matinee and the sex and the apparently terrible dinner–

ARCHIE

“Fishy” doesn’t mean *bad*–

STALLION

Doesn’t it?

ARCHIE

Alright. I love you. I am *sorry* for...insulting your cooking and...whatever else I said. Why don’t you run the case by me? Maybe another set of ears will help.

STALLION

Aww, that’s very sweet, Archibald, but I don’t really *need* your help, actually. Hampton, Madge, and I will be able to get along just fine. In fact, they’re on the case right now. Because we’re on a ticking clock! And I’m sure they’re uncovering quite the conspiracy.

*(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker Street.)*

MADGE

*(o.s.)*

Oh fucking hell!

FAWX

Yes! What is it, Madge? What did you find?!

*(SOUND: MADGE comes storming into the room holding a half-drunk bottle of wine.)*

MADGE

It’s turned! The bottle of Chateau D’Amour that Martha got me for our first anniversary. It’s gone to shit...

FAWX

Good god, woman, I thought you’d found a clue.

MADGE

The last physical gift that woman ever gave me turned sour before I even had time to enjoy it. I’d say I got more than a clue, I got a fuckin’ sign from god.

*(SOUND: She takes a swig. She wretches.)*

Try this, it's just terrible.

FAWX

What? No, Madge, tonight is not about wine or whine-*ing*. Tonight is about focus. Intense focus. Just like Holmes does. We can't go to Sarah empty handed. Now come on, I need you here.

MADGE

Yeah? Well I've pretty well convinced myself I'm dumped, so I need to take a night for me and get drunk.

*(SOUND: She takes another swig.)*

Gah, it's so bad, you've got to try it.

FAWX

No, come on now. You can't think that way. You're a strong, worthwhile... personable woman.

*(Beat.)*

MADGE

The third word you'd use to describe me is "personable"?

FAWX

...no?

MADGE

Right, I'm gonna go walk into the Thames, thanks for nothing.

FAWX

I'm being honest! This is what friends do, yes? I mean, I was the best man at your and James's sham wedding!

MADGE

No, *Archie* was the best man at my sham wedding.

FAWX

Well, that doesn't count.

MADGE

Why wouldn't it count?

FAWX

Everyone knows that when you have a sham wedding so you can live in domestic partnership with your titled best man, the *actual* best man is the next highest ranking member of the wedding party that you're *not* sleeping with. Ha!

MADGE

I think in that case, technically *I* was the best man.

FAWX

Damn.... Alright, fine! You can feel sorry for yourself.

MADGE

I know and I will!

FAWX

*But!* Just for tonight!

MADGE

Ugh.

FAWX

Madge...

MADGE

I know you're right, I just hate it.

FAWX

And I'm sorry. Now. Can you help me scour the bookcases?

MADGE

First you've gotta try the wine.

FAWX

You've just been shouting about how bad it is.

MADGE

I know. It'll make me feel better.

*(Beat. A standoff.)*

*(SOUND: FAWX takes the bottle and takes a swig. He wretches.)*

Right?

FAWX

Oh my god!

MADGE

It's bad.

FAWX

Why is there a crunch? Does it taste like there's a crunch?

MADGE

Ask Martha. Now, what are we looking for?

*(FAWX shakes it off.)*

FAWX

Clues, Madge. We're looking for something... that points us in the direction... of clues.

*(SOUND: MADGE takes a swig. She wretches.)*

*(SCENE: INT. The CARTWRIGHT flat. This has been going on for awhile.)*

ARCHIE

James, just stop this and tell me!

STALLION

I can't! There's such a thing as detective confidentiality.

ARCHIE

I know for a fact that is not a thing!

STALLION

Well, it certainly seems rich that you expect me to just hand over the extremely sensitive and rather salacious details of *my* hard-earned case so you can deign to offer me the crumbs of your

police-sanctioned genius as “help,” but won’t even give me an inkling of what you’ve been working at all day.

ARCHIE

Because there *is* such a thing as *police* confidentiality, James, and I have to respect that! Look, if you’re not going to tell me, can we please just get ready for bed? I’ve been in a foul mood all day and these past few hours - before we started talking about cases - were so nice.

STALLION

Well let me take some of that off of you!

ARCHIE

Look, it’s...I’m sorry. I wish I could tell you more, but...it’s my first case as Inspector, James. You know how hard it was for me to get where I am. I have to be careful. I have to do this *right*. And besides, it’s not even particularly interesting! They’re only calling it “high profile” because there are rich men involved.

STALLION

Hey.

ARCHIE

Rich men that are, unfortunately, not also *good* men like you. You know, I put in for the Homeless disappearances, thought I could help out, but no, too serious for a Freshman Inspector. I swear to god, sometimes I hate the police.

*(A beat. STALLION can see how tired he is, thaws a bit and goes into support mode. Crosses to ARCHIE. Close:)*

STALLION

I’m sorry.

ARCHIE

I know. Me too. Come here.

*(He does. They embrace. From within the hug:)*

STALLION

You know, I do love you, Inspector.

ARCHIE

And I you, Detective.

*(A moment of peace. STALLION takes the opportunity:)*

STALLION

If I were to tell you about our case, would you perhaps consider...

ARCHIE

The moustache stays.

STALLION

Worth a shot.

*(STALLION sighs, pulls back. Let's try this again.)*

So, the girl, with the case.

ARCHIE

*(big "will salvage this night whatever it takes" energy)*

Yes, alright, lay it on me!

STALLION

Sarah is her name. She came to us about this jewel heist sort of thing—which is perfect for us, you know, exactly the sort of case we should be out there solving! It's flashy, it's sensational, it's low stakes—or, at least, that's what we thought. Turns out, her mother was actually arrested—well, falsely arrested—for the theft, and we have to exonerate her before Monday or she'll be hanged for a crime she didn't commit!

*(Beat.)*

Fantastic, right? I mean, what a debut!

ARCHIE

Sarah... Fletchley?

STALLION

The same! Great guess. How did you know?

*(Beat.)*

Ok. That was a fun pause.

*(TRANSITION MUSIC: Detective theme)*

*(SCENE: INT. 224b Baker Street.)*

*(SOUND: FAWX is rifling through papers. Probably on the ground at this point, sorting through a lot of paper with no organization and even less patience.)*

FAWX

Why does James have all the old newspapers?

MADGE

Because he pays for the newspapers.

FAWX

I pay for the newspapers too!

MADGE

Right. Topper?

FAWX

Yes!

*(SOUND: MADGE pours them both drinks.)*

MADGE

James pays for the Standard.

FAWX

I pay for the Times!

MADGE

Then where'd you put the Times?

FAWX

I don't know! It's probably in the bin by now!

MADGE

Well that answers the question then.



FAWX

Goddammit! We need something here, Madge. Anything! We can't just be sitting in a tornado of information and not find out a single thing.

MADGE

Well that's not true, we figured out where you put the Times.

FAWX

You know, this is just like him. Ever since I've known James he always gets exactly what he wants and too bad for the rest of us. Do you think John Watson leaves Holmes in the middle of a case for "date nights"? No! He rushes out to the country alongside him—and he *just* got married!

MADGE

Well, there's probably other reasons for that ranked priority list—

FAWX

*(barrelling through)*

It's like you get hit by one carriage and the rest of your life is all peaches and gravy and The Newspaper! I just...*no*, Hampton. Clarity.

*(FAWX exhales deeply and takes a beat to centre himself. Shakes it out on an open vowel, like an acting exercise.)*

MADGE

What's all this then?

FAWX

Focus, Madge—you should try it. Sherlock Holmes never shows anger, never shows fear, just pure, unwavering poise and focus. We need to remember that.

MADGE

Yeah, but he's also a bit of a knob.

FAWX

If he wasn't a bit of a knob do you think he'd be as good at solving mysteries? I think not.

MADGE

It sure excuses a lot.

FAWX

And so it must be with James. Because he may pay for this apartment, and he may steal our spirits, and he may be a bit of a knob. But he's our bit of our knob. Which is why he's such a brilliant detective.

MADGE

Right... And how do you know James is a brilliant detective exactly?

FAWX

Because I'm an *excellent* detective, and we can sniff out our own.

MADGE

So does that mean you think I'm an excellent and/or brilliant detective?

*(FAWX considers this.)*

FAWX

I suppose you are a bit of a knob. Something must've rubbed off.

MADGE

And it wasn't Martha, I can tell you that right now.

*(SOUND: MADGE takes another swig. FAWX goes over to MADGE, crawling over the open books doing his kind of drunk best not to disturb them. Grabs her and pulls her down to vaguely his level by the lapels for emphasis.)*

FAWX

*(laser focused)*

Hey. You listen to me and you listen good, Madge. I don't want to hear that woman's name come out of your mouth for the rest of the night, do you understand me? Every time you say it, it's just a reminder of what you don't know and what you don't have. And you can't live your life focused on what's outside the window. So everytime you want to say the M-word's name, anytime at all, just remember that she doesn't have what you and I have right here and now; a *purpose*.

MADGE

I mean she does have a son, but I guess that can't be your whole life.

FAWX

*(Still laser focused)*

You know what I mean.

*(A beat. This gets through to her. A sigh. She sits with him.)*

MADGE

Mar—

*(she catches herself)*

M-Lady. M’Lady - that’s ironic - used to always complain about the fold up maps of London in the Gazetteer. Could be a good place to start.

FAWX

No, Madge: *Great* place to start. We can hang it up over the Golem Map. Now, hand me that brandy. And that Gazetteer.

*(SCENE: INT. ARCHIE’S flat. No music. Right where we left off.)*

ARCHIE

Sarah Fletchley...came to see you?

STALLION

Yes? Do you know her?

ARCHIE

And she’s sure her mother is innocent? How?

STALLION

I’m having a very hard time gauging your tone here, are you angry?

ARCHIE

Just answer the question, James!

STALLION

We already said “I love you’s” that means we’re not fighting anymore!

ARCHIE

So—right, so Sarah Fletchley is so sure of her mother’s innocence that she came to you?

STALLION

Well she actually came to visit Holmes and Watson. It was funny, we were actually -

ARCHIE

She went to Holmes and Watson? Why?!

STALLION

That's what I said, but Hampton put on some act about being their "understudies" and "coming out of the basement" or some other some such- I couldn't really follow, you know how he gets when he's excited—anyway she came to us and asked us to save her mother from being hanged for stealing the Crimeria Jewels.

ARCHIE

And her mother wouldn't happen to be named *Eliza* Fletchley, would she?

STALLION

That sounds right, but honestly I'm not sure.

ARCHIE

You didn't *ask*?

STALLION

I didn't think it was important.

ARCHIE

You're supposedly solving her case!

STALLION

Sure, but we don't need to get every little detail right off the bat, these first meetings are more like... consultations.

ARCHIE

James, this is very important, does she have any evidence to prove her mother's innocence?

STALLION

All she said was, her mother loved the Crimerias and there's no way she would ever do something like that. Honestly I wouldn't even consider it an alibi, more of an attestation of her character.

ARCHIE

Anything else?

STALLION

No! Actually, wait, she did say the em... the keys? The ones to the chest that they said she knicked, she never had. Apparently her mother is getting up there in age, so to speak, and pickpocketing may have been a stretch.

ARCHIE

Oh god.

*(SOUND: ARCHIE goes to the closet, grabs his coat and boots and begins getting dressed, with purpose.)*

STALLION

Where are you going?

ARCHIE

I need to get to Scotland Yard.

STALLION

What? Why?

ARCHIE

Because, James, that's the exact feeling I got from her when I arrested her last night.

STALLION

When...sorry, *you* arrested her?

ARCHIE

*(not listening)*

We told her we were the police and she was under arrest and she thought we were taking her to her Senior League's Snooker Tournament. For god's sake.

STALLION

*You* made the arrest? You're the officer that didn't even bother to interview Sarah about her mother, how could you do that? How could you arrest someone if you don't know that they're guilty?

ARCHIE

Because, it was my first case as lead inspector, the second richest man in London was breathing down my neck, and she was identified by Crimeria's bodyguard.

STALLION

So you just took their word for it?!

ARCHIE

You didn't even know her name!

STALLION

Well that's different.

ARCHIE

Oh god, I may have arrested a completely innocent woman. Oh my god.

STALLION

Alright - hey, it's alright - just let me get Hampton and Madge so we can all go -

ARCHIE

James. No no no no, James. I don't think that's a good idea.

STALLION

But we're working on the same case.

ARCHIE

Yes, except I'm working on it in a legal capacity and -

STALLION

Private investigation is legal!

ARCHIE

But you're not a private investigator!

*(Beat. At this point he's dressed, moves to James.)*

James. I love you. And you do so much good. So much. You are the best partner I could ask for. You plan thoughtful evenings, you make me smile at the end of a hard day, you cook pretty good meals that never taste the same way twice-

STALLION

So you think I'm only of use as, what, a *cook*?

ARCHIE

*(realising he may have stepped too far)*

That's not what I'm saying at *all*, but it is part of your talent. And there's nothing wrong with that. You cook beautifully! You live beautifully. You brighten up every room you're in. You already make the world a better place. This is how I'm trying to do the same.

*(STALLION takes this in. He's hurt, but too proud to acknowledge it.)*

STALLION

You know what. You're right. Go ahead, I'll be here when you get back.

ARCHIE

Alright. I do love you, James.

STALLION

And I you, Inspector.

*(SOUND: ARCHIE leaves, the door closes.)*

*(Once he's gone:)*

STALLION

Right, well fuck that.

*(SOUND: Whoosh. Knock on the door.)*

*(SCENE: INT. 224b Baker St.)*

*(SOUND: The door bursts open)*

*(FAWX and MADGE pouring over the giant map of London on their wall. STALLION bursts through the door—it's very dramatic.)*

FAWX

James, what are you doing here?

STALLION

Put the kettle on, Hampton. We've got a goddamned mystery to solve.

**CREDITS**

*End of Part Three.*