

**Part Four:**

**The Associates of Gentlemen**

*(SCENE. Ext. Blakley Park overlooking The Crimeria Estate. 8:59am.)*

*(Blakley Park is a charming little public park that faces the imposing Crimeria Estate. It's got a fountain and a couple paths, but not much else. FAWX and STALLION are waiting for MADGE behind a tree in their disguises, peeking through.)*

**Scene 1A: Fawx, Stallion**

STALLION

So this is it, right? Blakely Park?

FAWX

Oh yes, the large white mansion there. That's the Crimeria Estate.

STALLION

Oh! *That's* the Crimeria Estate. I always thought that was a Savings & Loan Building.

FAWX

Why would you assume that?

STALLION

Any fancy building I haven't been invited into is a Savings & Loan Building to me. The Victoria & Albert Museum? Savings & Loan. Drury Lane? Savings & Loan.

FAWX

Buckingham Palace?

STALLION

The First Bank of England.

FAWX

Huh. How's my hat?

STALLION

Accented-ly popped. My Ascot?

FAWX

Roguishly Askew.

STALLION

Well then I'd say we're ready. You said Madge is -

FAWX

On her way. Said she had to make a stop but would be here by 9 and it's almost -

*(SOUND: MADGE appears behind them, out of breath, pushing through the foliage, not particularly graceful. She's wearing a governess dress and a blond wig with a beauty mark. She's pulling it off.)*

**Scene 1B: Fawx, Stallion, Madge**

MADGE

Told you tits I'd make it.

FAWX

*(affecting his voice: Scottish)*

I'm sorry ma'am we're waiting for someone.

MADGE

Oh my god, Hampton, what the fuck are you doing?

FAWX

*(normal voice)*

Oh Madge, is that you? I love the dress.

MADGE

Yeah, I had to stop by the Hospital to rifle through their Lost & Found. All of my dresses are too noticeable, if you know what I mean.

FAWX

Excellent luck they had that wig as well.

MADGE

No, the wig's mine. Sometimes it's nice to *try* bangs as a good reminder you don't wanna keep this up everyday. Now, Hampton, why do you look like a newsboy?

FAWX

We said we'd come in a disguise and this is my disguise!

*(He cocks his page hat and affects his voice—Scottish.)*

Britt Kensington's the name, and don't let the Scottish accent fool ya, I'm a London boy through and through. Although I did grow up summering in the north with my mother. She had to move back to take care of her father who had the consumption and used it as an opportunity to passively separate from my Da. She didn't think he'd realize, but he did. He realized right away... Oh Da...

*(Beat.)*

MADGE

Bulletproof. You hear me, Britt Kensington? Bulletproof. And you?

STALLION

I am but a humble city sanitation worker, ma'am.

MADGE

And with an ascot no less

STALLION

Must we reserve style for none but the upper echelons of society?

MADGE

Yeah, yeah, pocket squares for all. So, no name for you?

STALLION

*(grabbing a name)*

...George.

MADGE

So to be clear we're about to enter the Crimeria Estate as George the Egalitarian Sanitation Worker and Brad -

FAWX/STALLION

*Britt.*

FAWX

Kensington.

MADGE

Right. Well. At least we were on time.

FAWX

*(affecting his voice)*

And what may we call you, ma'am?

MADGE

Well considering this is now the first time in history that being dressed as a gentleman's wife has been the wrong choice, I have no idea.

STALLION

That's not necessarily true. You two could still pretend to be husband and wife.

FAWX

Already did it last night.

STALLION

And I missed it?!

FAWX

We tried our best to make it work.

MADGE

We got a divorce.

STALLION

It's getting more common these days.

MADGE

Alright, how about I'm an independently wealthy, eligible bachelorette daughter of an obscure war hero?

STALLION

That's brilliant.

FAWX

Wonderful, so what -

*(SOUND: Coins jingling and footsteps approaching quickly. A BANKER is in a rush, shoulder checking FAWX—hard. The BANKER makes ahead straight for the Crimeria Estate without stopping.)*

FAWX

Ahh! That was my-

*(SOUND: The BANKER races by.)*

MADGE

Quick, that banker's headed straight for the front door, now's our chance -

FAWX

*(still clearly in pain)*

Alright, let's go!

*(SOUND: The three start to approach the steps of the Crimeria Estate.)*

STALLION

Say, Madge. If you didn't know this was the Crimeria Estate, what would you think it is?

MADGE

You know, up until last night, I thought it was a Savings & Loan Building. Oh - Banker's in, let's go!

*(SOUND: She rushes to the door ahead of them. We stay with FAWX and STALLION:)*

STALLION

How's the shoulder?

FAWX

It fucking hurts!

**CREDITS**

*(SOUND: Knock Knock.)*

*(SCENE: EXT. The CRIMERIA Estate. Morning.)*

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

**Scene 2A: Fawx, Stallion, Madge, Sazarac, Kate**

KATE

Hello, welcome to the Crimeria Estate, where all your dreams are just - Wait a tick.

FAWX

*(affecting his voice)*

I'm Britt Kensington -

KATE

*(to MADGE)*

Don't I know you, miss?

MADGE

Like hell you do—

*(SOUND: FAWX elbows her.)*

Ahh! Ahem. No - No madam. That would be impossible. I'm but a poor eligible daughter of a now-deceased general. It's best if you don't follow up for more details as the death of my father is very fresh and once the tears start they will not turn off.

*(Beat.)*

STALLION

I'm George.

KATE

Kay...

MADGE

We are associates of the gentleman who -

FAWX

*(affecting his voice)*

Yes, the gentleman banker you just... admitted to your... lovely... home.

STALLION

Yes, that gentleman. We're his associates.

*(SOUND: Speedy footsteps as SAZARAC speeds by the door. An abrupt stop. She backs up to the door.)*

SAZARAC

Kate, is this all for the open house? Are these the volunteers?

KATE

No, Miss Sazarac, they're associates of -

FAWX

*(affecting his voice)*

Associates... of Gentlemen. We're a... a group, of like minded and... well-intentioned enthusiasts of, of volunteering! We love to volunteer and we love to do it as a group.

STALLION

*(playing along)*

And we call ourselves the "Associates of Gentlemen".

MADGE

*(flatly)*

Because every gentleman... needs an associate.

SAZARAC

They certainly do in my experience. Please, right this way. And Kate, where did you say Mr. Hastings was waiting?

KATE

East Library, Ma'am.

SAZARAC

Thank you. By the way, Kate, that girdle. It's doing wonders for your posture. You'll be on upstairs crew in no time and/or 3-6 months. Now, gentlemen and lady, if you please. Follow me.

*(SOUND: They walk in past KATE. The next bit of dialogue trails off as they get further away:)*

Now, Ma'am you look familiar. Have I seen you before?

MADGE

Father's a war hero.

SAZARAC

That must be it. I love wars...

*(SOUND: We stay with KATE. Once everyone's in, KATE pulls out a little snuff box and snorts a bump.)*

KATE

*(To herself, sighing...)*

Two more years of night school, Kate. Two more years...

*(SOUND: The door shuts—and we transition into:)*

*(SCENE: INT. The CRIMERIA Estate. Outside of the Crimeria Study.)*

*(SOUND: Footsteps through the hall. SAZARAC stops everyone abruptly before a large door.)*

## **Scene 2B**

SAZARAC

This is Master Crimeria's study. The protocol is once we knock, to be very quiet as Master Crimeria does not like to raise his voice to invite us in.

STALLION

Why can't he -

*(SOUND: SAZARAC knocks.)*

SAZARAC

Shh.

STALLION

*(whispering)*

Is it a condition or is it a choice?

SAZARAC/MADGE/FAWX

Shh!



*(Beat.)*

SAZARAC  
*(concentrating intently on the door)*

It's a choice.

STALLION  
*(whispering)*

Thank y -

SAZARAC

Shh!

*(Silence.)*

That was it. After you, please.

*(SOUND: She opens the door and ushers them in.)*

*(SCENE: INT. The Crimeria Study.)*

*(SOUND: A large fireplace rages. The same study from Part 2.)*

*(The study is pristine as usual. OSKAR leans against CRIMERIA's desk as the chair at the desk faces away, staring into a full fire going in the fireplace.)*

**Scene 2C: Fawx, Stallion, Madge, Sazarac, Crimeria**

SAZARAC

Master Crimeria, may I introduce the "Associates of Gentleman," our wonderful volunteers.

FAWX

I'm Britt Kensington.

MADGE

Daphne...

*(SOUND: Perhaps a zoom as her eye goes to the curtain on one side of the room.)*

Curtain...

*(SOUND: Not good enough, keeps looking, a zoom over to the globe bar:)*

Globe Bar-

*(SOUND: Zoom back to Madge. She settles on:)*

Pangea! Daphne Curtain-Globar Pangea. Father was German.

SAZARAC

And a war hero.

MADGE

That... is correct.

*(Beat.)*

STALLION

George.

SAZARAC

Indeed, and with that I must attend to some... business in the East Library. Excuse me.

*(SOUND: SAZARAC leaves, quickly as she always does. The door BOOMS closed.)*

FAWX

*(whispering)*

Anyone else catch how suspicious that “business” sounds?

MADGE

*(whispering)*

3 shillings that’s where that banker is. First chance one of us gets we should go check it out.

FAWX

*(whispering)*

If only we knew where the east library was.

STALLION

*(whispering)*

Hampton, it’s *East*.

MADGE  
*(whispering)*

I'll do it. I got a plan.

FAWX/STALLION

You do?

MADGE

Sort of. Just stop whispering!

CRIMERIA

'Volunteer'.

*(SOUND Option 1: He turns around in the rotating chair)*

Volun-tee. To submit or offer of your own free will. Do you know the first time in recorded history the word "Volunteer" was used? It was the 1600s. In France of all places.

*(Bad French accent)*

*"Volunteer"*

Nearly unrecognisable. It originally referred to "offering one's self up for military service." To be of service. To put yourself between danger and... a cause, an institution, an ideal, a home, an expectation, a... man.. That is why you are here today. To offer yourself up for the betterment of something greater than yourself. And for that, gentlemen and lady...

*(Option 2: He turns around in the chair here?)*

For that I thank you.

FAWX  
*(affecting a voice)*

...you're welcome?

MADGE

I have to go to the bathroom!

CRIMERIA

I'm sorry?

FAWX  
*(whispering)*

Good plan.

*(SOUND: MADGE elbows FAWX)*

FAWX  
*(pained)*

I was being serious

CRIMERIA

You have to—

MADGE

Use the bathroom. To “go to” the bathroom. To *relieve* myself as it were. Not quite sure where the phrase originated but... you get the point.

CRIMERIA

Indeed. I do. Oskar.

*(SOUND: OSKAR takes a huge bite of apple from behind FAWX.)*

OSKAR

Yes, boss.

FAWX

Oh!

STALLION

He's been there the whole time?

FAWX

Yes, I knew that. Of course!

CRIMERIA

Please escort Miss... Pangea to the washroom.

OSKAR

Right this way, madame. Your piss chariot awaits.

MADGE

I'd... rather go alone.

OSKAR

Trust me, you will be. I'm just gonna take you to the -

MADGE

Oh no, It's just... a gentleman I'm not acquainted with walking an elegant bachelorette to the washroom. I mean, what would people say?

OSKAR

"He seems nice"?

CRIMERIA

No, no. I understand. People will talk. They always talk... The washroom is down the hall and to your left, in between the portrait room and the gallery.

MADGE

Huh, it's almost a theme. And with that I'm off.

CRIMERIA

Don't be long, *Miss Pangea*. And if you do happen to find yourself lost, just scream... Someone's bound to hear you.

MADGE

Of course. Mr Crimeria. Gentlemen. Adieu. Adieu. Adieu.

FAWX/STALLION/CRIMERIA

Daphne/Daphne/Miss Pangea.

*(SOUND: MADGE exits the room. The door BOOMS closed again.)*

FAWX

Gah!

*(affecting his voice.)*

Sorry, loud door. Guvnor.

*(CRIMERIA gets up from his chair and crosses in towards FAWX & STALLION.)*

CRIMERIA

Yes. It's a statement door. Because every exit is the opportunity for a new beginning and thus... a "big boom".

STALLION

Mine does that too, but it's just an old flat.

CRIMERIA

Gentlemen, can I interest you in a drink?

STALLION/FAWX

Sure/It's 9am.

CRIMERIA

Oskar. 4 please. It's time to get down to business...

*(SOUND: OSKAR laughs to himself. FAWX & STALLION gulp.)*

*(SCENE: INT. The CRIMERIA Estate upper hallway.)*

*(SOUND: MADGE walks along the hallway cautiously.)*

**Scene 2D: Madge, Maid 1, Maid 2**

MADGE

Alright, Madge. Time to snoop. And if you do happen to find the loo, even better.

*(SOUND: Two maids are about to come around the corner.)*

Ah shit, shit, shit. Hello Suit of Armour.

*(SOUND: MADGE ducks behind a suit of armour. The maids pass by her.)*

MAID #2

... Exactly, and I'm just sure of it, you know.

MAID #1

How can you tell?

MAID #2

I fall in love *very* easily. I just know.

*(SOUND: They turn the next corner.)*

*(MADGE peeks out.)*

MADGE

Dammit, Madge. Don't get sucked into the gossip. Just...

*(SOUND: For some reason, the Maids are coming back.)*

MADGE

Oh come on... Wait! The loo! Can I make it? Aw, fuck it, yes I can!

*(SOUND: MADGE hustles across the hallway and closes the door to the washroom.)*

MAID #1

... That's what the molasses is for. If it was just the goat's milk, it wouldn't hold.

MAID #2

And how often does your husband use it?

MAID #1

I mean at this point it's an "everytime" kinda thing and we both just love it.

*(SOUND: The maids cross past the panel in the wall. The door to the washroom closes.)*

*(MADGE is in the washroom.)*

MADGE

Alright. Time to investigate this washroom, starting with your - gold toilet! With... Potpourri-ugh, you would. Hold on a tick... a peephole behind the potpourri. Fucking rich people... Well here goes nothing.

*(SCENE: INT. The CRIMERIA Study.)*

*(MUSIC: CRIMERIA's rich classical music.)*

*(SOUND: STALLION finishes off his drink and puts it down.)*

**Scene 2E: Fawx, Stallion, Crimeria, Oskar**

STALLION

Fuck me, that's good brandy.

CRIMERIA

Thank you, George. Thank you... Now, you're in my study, you've drunk my brandy, you've answered my call, so I must ask, what is it that possesses you to be a part of the Crimeria family legacy?

STALLION

Well truth be told we heard you had your jewels stolen and figured you needed all the help you could get. Sorry, didn't mean to speak the quiet part out loud.

FAWX

*(Brit Voice)*

Uhh what George here means, Master Crimeria is that -

CRIMERIA

What George here means... is to tell me the truth, Mr. Kensington. And you are right—my family's jewels were stolen and yes, I should've listened to my gut after Oskar here even suggested auctioning off the Jewels to assist my now-mutually deceased parents' philanthropic ventures.

OSKAR

Thought it'd be nice, sue me.

FAWX

*(Brit voice)*

So you need us to... find out who took your family's jewels?

CRIMERIA

Aww, look at you. No, luckily, even without that very handy Mr. Holmes in town, the culprit managed to be caught geriatrically-handed, though the jewels themselves remain at large.

FAWX

*(Brit voice)*



So you want us to *find* your family's jewels?

OSKAR

Colder.

CRIMERIA

Oskar?

OSKAR

Boss.

CRIMERIA

Settle....

OSKAR

Heard.

CRIMERIA

You gentlemen, and lady who is physically absent, have graciously given up your time, energy, and bodies for the most fruitful pursuit there is. Oskar, the supplies.

*(SOUND: OSKAR chuckles to himself and pulls two identical, pristine wooden boxes off of a shelf and hands them to FAWX and STALLION.)*

For you see, gentlemen. Inside these pristine, maplewood boxes is where you come in. Feel free. Open up your little... surprises. And don't worry, Miss Pangea's is waiting here for her once she returns.

*(SOUND: The toilet flushes.)*

*(SCENE: INT. The CRIMERIA lavatory.)*

### **Scene 2F: Madge, Sazarac, Banker**

MADGE

Not as discrete as I'd like, but sure. Now what do we see here...

*(MADGE peaks through the peephole in the lavatory. She sees into The East Library where SAZARAC and the BANKER are going over several suspicious documents—we start to hear their conversation through the wall as MADGE does:)*

SAZARAC

... to dampen the amount of attention an acquisition of this magnitude could garner. You understand.

*(The BANKER stares at SAZARAC.)*

BANKER

Mmhm.

MADGE

*(to herself)*

That Sazarac bird and the banker. Get stuffed, James and Hampton...

SAZARAC

That does sum it up, but Master Crimeria is insistent on not losing the momentum he and your firm had simply because of the death of his parents and theft of his jewels.

BANKER

Mmhm.

SAZARAC

So I have for you signed copies of the Land Acquisition Agreement, The Contract of Demolition, The Contract of Construction, And of course, The Insurance Policy on the Crimeria's jewels, which are still at large.

MADGE

*(to herself)*

Oh great, jargon-y documents.

SAZARAC

I'll just need your signature here. Here. And here. Initial there. Apologies, *there*. And voila! Thank you, Mr. Hastings. I do believe we are now one step closer to bringing our city and the Crimeria household into the 20th century. Shall we have a toast? I know it's a tad early but...

*(SOUND: SAZARAC begins walking toward the bar cart which is further away from the peephole. Her dialogue is significantly more muffled.)*

MADGE

No, no, no, no, no. Come on, ya git. Come back closer to the goddamned peephole...

SAZARAC

*(Distant)*

You know it's not every day a woman of my profession gets to have one on one time with a real live... banker.

*(SOUND: The BANKER speaks but it's indecipherable.)*

MADGE

God, why don't peepholes work for hearing!

*(SOUND: SAZARAC is still a bit too far away for Madge to make out, but we hear clearly:)*

SAZARAC

Oh, well. Yes, of course. The chest is currently in the West Game Room, by the study. Perhaps after our -

*(SOUND: The BANKER abruptly gets up and leaves. Papers rustling. A door to the library opens and closes. SAZARAC sighs.)*

Not today, I guess...

MADGE

No! Where is he going, where is he going, where is he going!

*(SOUND: MADGE accidentally pushes in a panel on the wall and, with a large mechanical whirl, the wall she's leaning against turns.)*

Why is the wall turning, why is the wall turning, why is the wall -

SAZARAC

Excuse me?!

*(The wall MADGE was leaning against has spun around, leaving MADGE in the East Library with SAZARAC...)*

MADGE

Uhh... Hello... Daffy lavatory you got here.

SAZARAC

I see you've discovered how sensitive the wood panelling can be Miss...

MADGE

Pangea. Daphne Pangea.

SAZARAC

Daphne Pangea... Yes... Can I make you a drink, Miss Pangea? I hope you don't mind the early hour.

MADGE

Never been one to appease "The Hour" - saddle me up, Miss Sazarac.

SAZARAC

Excellent.

*(SOUND: SAZARAC makes two martinis incredibly quickly.)*

Martini?

MADGE

Neat parlour trick.

SAZARAC

You should see what I can do with balloons...

MADGE

Like children's balloons?

SAZARAC

If you're interested...

*(Beat.)*

MADGE

I'm not *not* interested...

SAZARAC

Come, take a seat. It's nice and warm by the fire...

MADGE

I actually would love a seat at this strong, sturdy table.

SAZARAC

You'll have to forgive the mess of paperwork.

*(SAZARAC moves to clear the desk.)*

MADGE

Don't move it! I've always been a fan of... cluttered workspaces.

SAZARAC

These are just some highly sensitive documents.

MADGE

Well lucky for you, Miss Sazarac, I can't read...

*(Beat. After a moment, SAZARAC steps toward MADGE.)*

SAZARAC

Miss Pangea, are you familiar with the Japanese art of "Shunga", or as it's commonly referred to here in London "Edo-Period Woodblock Erotica"?

MADGE

Oh yeah, pff - old hobby of mine, but please explain it to me anyway.

*(SOUND: SAZARAC steps closer. They're very close now.)*

SAZARAC

The subjects can change from woodblock to woodblock but the intention is always the same. To... Inspire the body. So, *Miss Pangea*, care to be...inspired?

MADGE

*(to herself)*

The things I do for my hobbies...

*(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: CRIMERIA's Classical theme continues)*

*(SCENE: INT. The CRIMERIA Study)*

**Scene 2G: Fawx, Stallion, Crimeria, Oskar**

CRIMERIA

As I've told the papers, Mr Kensington—

FAWX

Call me Britt.

CRIMERIA

—I absolutely shan't.

FAWX

Alright then.

CRIMERIA

The robbery of my parents' jewels has left me understandably betrayed, beleaguered, and bereft. The night of their theft was equally as devastating to me as the night I simultaneously lost both my dear mother and father. And to be stolen by none other than Eliza Fletchley, whom I loved almost like my very own housekeeper! Do you know, she was the one who told me about my parents' untimely deaths? And this is how I'm repaid!

FAWX

That is... Nearly exactly how you were quoted in the papers.

CRIMERIA

Thank you.

STALLION

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe Eliza Fletchley didn't, in fact, steal the jewels? If she cared for you that much, that is.

CRIMERIA

Oh, George. Sweet George. As much as I would like to believe Eliza's innocence I have already begun a long and arduous grieving process over the matter, and I simply cannot give up the progress I've made on that journey on the off chance that an innocent woman may hang for the mistake. You understand, don't you?

FAWX/STALLION

...sure.

CRIMERIA

Well, now that I've achieved that emotional catharsis for the day and I've answered all your nosey little questions about the theft which has nothing to do with why you're here, there's no need to wait on ceremony. Gentlemen: Open your kits.

FAWX

*(Britt voice)*

Oh... thank you sir. I'm this will be of great use to - ...

*(SOUND: FAWX and STALLION open their boxes.)*

Oh.

*(FAWX and STALLION hold their respective open boxes and stare confusedly. FAWX pulls out a pair of very small dark briefs, STALLION sees that his box has the same briefs, but in a brighter colour, he also pulls out a matching masquerade mask.)*

Costume masks. How... thoughtful.

STALLION

That's not all, Britt. We also got these adorable... trunks.

FAWX

Oh, didn't see mine at first... adorable....

CRIMERIA

I assume size small will suffice. Of course, they won't be needed until the Event itself, as I'm sure you're aware.

FAWX

Right... because *this* is where we come in.

STALLION

No offence, but I don't see myself coming in anything that small.

CRIMERIA

You never think you can... but you always do. As I've already discussed with your associates—

STALLION

Yes, our associates.

FAWX

The associates of the Associates of Gentlemen.

CRIMERIA

—you, and whatever remaining assets that you bring along will be compensated quite generously for your service in this matter *after* the Event. However, discretion is of the utmost importance. I'm sure you remember how the press became absolute vultures after the simultaneous, though entirely routine, deaths of my parents in their sleep last month.

FAWX

Ugh, The Standard is the *worst*.

CRIMERIA

Therefore, I will depend on you to be prompt, and arrive with all of your eager *assets* we previously discussed in hand and on time.

FAWX

Right...and those “assets” would be...?

*(Beat. CRIMERIA begins to laugh)*

CRIMERIA

Oh, Mr Kensington, I do so appreciate your folksy lower-class trickery-related Northern humour. Your organisation was highly rated for its efficiency and secrecy, but no one relayed the degree of cheekiness to expect! I know that you know that I know exactly what assets I speak of, and I know you only deliver the highest quality, most singular, and most desperate... *assets* that are available.

FAWX

....sure.

OSKAR

Don't forget the bird.

CRIMERIA

The what?

OSKAR

The third.



FAWX

I thought he said 'bird'

CRIMERIA

He said 'Third'. Third was the word.

STALLION

That's what I heard?

OSKAR

*Miss Pangea.* The third member of their little party. The one who's been gone a suspiciously long time.

CRIMERIA

Blast, you're right. Gentlemen, is Miss Pangea commonly indisposed for this amount of time?

*(Beat.)*

FAWX/STALLION

She has stomach problems./Toilet-related narcolepsy.

CRIMERIA

Oskar, would you mind checking in on Miss Pangea.

FAWX

I'm sure if we just wait a few more minutes she'll be right in, then you can tell us... exactly what it is we're supposed to be doing with uh... these spicy accoutrements -

CRIMERIA

Yes, but you see I don't like repeating myself - It's a Crimeria thing.

STALLION

Really? Why not?

*(Beat.)*

CRIMERIA

Oskar, if you please.

*(SOUND: OSKAR finishes his brandy in one quick gulp and begins to leave.)*

*(SOUND: Doorbell rings.)*

Now who on earth could that be. Oskar, Sazarac's dealing with business in the East Wing. Before you find Miss Pangea, answer the door, shoo away any solicitors, and hand out comment cards if it's the press.

FAWX

If it was anything important I'm sure they'd ring the bell a -

*(SOUND: Doorbell rings.)*

STALLION

Admirable effort.

FAWX

Can't believe that didn't work.

*(SOUND: OSKAR heads to the door.)*

FAWX

Wait, Oskar, I'm sure Miss Pangea is-

*(SOUND: He opens it and standing just on the other side is MADGE about to knock.)*

**Scene 2H: Fawx, Stallion, Madge, Crimeria, Oskar**

MADGE

Hello!

FAWX

Right there, see? Right there! No need to go searching, Because she's right there! Nothing suspicious at all!

MADGE

Thank god I was able to find you all! I've been searching every room along the hallway.

FAWX

Yes, and I'm glad you're back too. Me, Britt Kensington.

STALLION

As am I. Your best friend–

MADGE

Complete stranger.

STALLION

--*new* best friend! George.

CRIMERIA

Yes.... Now, you'll find the Maplewood Box on the table there is for you, feel free to take a gander inside. .

*(SOUND: She grabs the box and opens it.)*

So, Miss. Pangea. Any questions?

MADGE

Uhhh...Nope.

CRIMERIA

Excellent. Now if you don't mind, I'm late to my appointment of staring into the fire and contemplating my family's legacy.

*(SOUND: CRIMERIA stands)*

FAWX

Yes, of course. Absolutely. Associates?

*(They all move to leave. CRIMERIA stops at the door.)*

CRIMERIA

Oh, and Mr Kensington? While I do agree that The Standard is a disgusting paper, I do always keep a keen eye to The Times. I'm always...*watching*...if you know what I mean. The *Times*.

*(Beat. No one does anything.)*

FAWX

100%. Shall we?

*(CRIMERIA exits. OSKAR lingers in the door, laughs briefly at them, and then, from off:)*

CRIMERIA

*(O.S.)*

OSKAR! Why aren't you getting the door?!

*(Transition: We're now in the downstairs hallway, where they've been left to escort themselves out.)*

*(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: Upbeat victorian noir)*

FAWX

Well, I'd say that was a rousing success!

MADGE

So glad you think so too but what exactly are *you* referring to?

FAWX

Well, we didn't immediately get thrown out, *and* our disguises seemed to work impeccably—*and*, we have a clue!

STALLION

A clue that may actually have something to do with the case!

FAWX

Exactly!

STALLION

Side note: I'm starting to think that maybe we should be looking into his parents' death, right?

FAWX/MADGE

Oh my god, yes!/If you didn't say it, I was gonna.

MADGE

Wait, where are we going? Why did we let you lead?

*(FAWX has taken off in the direction of the stairs)*

FAWX

Because, Madge. My detectational impulses are tingling again.

STALLION

I have a tonic for that.

FAWX

Well, I just figured while we're here why not follow our noses over to the scene of the crime. Second floor Games Room, right?

MADGE

Hampton, love the enthusiasm, but we've already lucked our way out of one breaking-and-entering situation this weekend. I don't know if the universe is gonna give us another win like that.

*(SOUND: FAWX pushes open another set of doors, cautiously but not that cautiously, throws back:)*

FAWX

Huh. Funny. I thought I was working with the same Madge who saved the Tuppenstance Library by solving the mystery of overdue late fees at age twelve.

MADGE

It was really just a matter of messy accounting, but also how dare you! Let's do this.

STALLION

I love getting a peek into your little childhood history. It really makes me feel included.

FAWX/MADGE

Sorry.

*(SOUND: Footsteps coming down the hall.)*

STALLION

I'll live, now, let's hurry before anyone sees us!

*(SOUND: They turn a corner and run right into KATE)*

**Scene 3B: Fawx, Stallion, Madge, Kate**

FAWX

Oof! Apologies, sorry, hello—

KATE

What are you doing up here?

FAWX

Erm, well, you see—Kate, right? We actually met earlier when you let us in. We were ... just trying to find our way *out*, and—

KATE

So you went *up* the stairs?

*(Beat.)*

FAWX

...yes?

STALLION

—to get a better vantage point! From up high you can really just get the—full layout of this *very* beautiful estate! Impressive square yardage. Real “old money” quality, and you can *feel* it.

KATE

...right. Well if you're not Ms. Sazarac, this girdle's coming off.

*(SOUND: An unzipping or loosening of ties or something similar—need not be literal)*

Wasn't your voice different earlier, Mr. Krembleton?

FAWX

*(putting the voice back on)*

Nope. It's always sounded like this. Britt *Kensington*, at your service... lassie.

*(Beat.)*

KATE

Sorry, I'm no good with names. Some people say that's no excuse and I should just pay more attention, but I don't think that's right. Ok, I should call for Ms. Sazarac-

FAWX

Please No!-

STALLION

There's no need for all that!-

KATE

Why?

MADGE

Because we're detectives, Kate.

KATE

Oh, like Holmes and Watson?

FAWX

Yes! Sort of. It's a bit of a--well, you know how in stage plays there are "understudies"--?

MADGE

*(cutting off this rant early)*

A bit yes, a bit no, not really time to explain. That's Hampton, that's James, and I'm -.

FAWX

Madge!

MADGE

What? She just said she's no good with names.

KATE

That's true. It's not one of my strong suits. I do play the flute though.

MADGE

Well that's real good for you, Kate. Real fuckin' ducky. Now, we're here looking into the theft of the jewels from the other night and I'm sorry to say, but if you don't tell us what we want to know then you could be held as an accomplice to theft. That's at least 2...and a half... years in prison. So... think very carefully about your next move.

KATE

So... Mr. Crimeria hired you?

MADGE

Let's just say the person who hired us doesn't think Eliza could have done this. And to be honest, neither do we. But the police seem to have made up their minds, so it's down to us and you, Kate, to make sure an innocent woman doesn't get hanged for something she didn't do.

FAWX

We're not here to steal, or get you in trouble, or anything like that. We just want to take a look at the scene of the crime and see if there's anything that could clear her name?

STALLION

*(laying it on thick)*

What do you say, *partner*?

*(Beat. KATE thaws.)*

KATE

It's not right, what happened. I tried to tell 'em, that night, but they told me they had proof, so...

STALLION

Is there anything you remember from the night that might be able to help? Somewhere in the few hours before the event perhaps?

KATE

Not really? We had a lot of temporary workers in to fill staffing shortages, not to mention the guests, so there were plenty of people I didn't know gettin' their fingers in things. Caterers, close-up magicians—a man from the bank.

FAWX

A man from the bank? Why would a man from the bank come to a charity auction?

KATE

Said he had some documents to deliver about the jewels. Ms Sazarac had me show him up to the second floor study.

MADGE

And when was this?

KATE

We were still setting up before guests arrived, so maybe 6:30? 6:31?

FAWX



Very precise. Thank you. Right during the time Oskar took his break... he was left unsupervised on the second floor, near the Games Room where the jewels were stolen. Fantastic! Kate, this is fantastic! A clue, and now a prime suspect—this is perfect! Now, Kate, this is very important: what do you remember about how this man from the bank looked?

KATE

About your height, hat pulled low—Northern accent. He's in the Games Room now, you can see for yourself.

MADGE

Wait, the banker from that night is the banker that came here, today?

KATE

Yeah, Hemings? Harding?

MADGE/FAWX/STALLION

Hastings!/Hastings!/Hedley!

STALLION

*(half a second later)*

Hastings—I got it too!

KATE

See? You're bad with names too! And you're a detective, it's not like you don't pay attention.

STALLION

I genuinely don't know how I'm supposed to respond to that.

FAWX

Kate, thank you so much for your help—gents, let's go!

*(SOUND: He runs off, full speed. Turns around, runs back.)*

FAWX

Sorry, which way?

*(She points in the opposite direction.)*

KATE

Third door on your left.

FAWX

Third door, left! Thank you.

*(SOUND: They all run off in the correct direction. A moment with KATE:)*

KATE

Alright, let's do this girdle again....

*(WHOOSH over to three doors down on their left. They're pressed against the door, whispering furiously.)*

### **Scene 3C: Fawx, Stallion Madge**

FAWX

Alright, Madge, if you could just move your shoulder a bit to the left—oh yes, there he is!

STALLION

You can actually see him through the door crack?! Great eye. What's he doing?

FAWX

It looks like... he's on the move...

MADGE

Which way is he going then?

FAWX

It looks like he's coming right in our -

*(SOUND: The door opens and they all fall through with a loud "oomph")*

MADGE

We just *all* had to lean on the door, didn't we?

STALLION

Agh, Madge, are your elbows made of wrought steel? Good God, woman.

MADGE

I will not apologise for my hard elbows to you or anyone.

FAWX

*(at the bottom of the pile with the BANKER, struggling)*

Ah ha! I've got him! I've got the suspect! Now excuse me, sir, we need to ask you a few—OW!

*(SOUND: The BANKER has thrown an elbow at FAWX, sending him sprawling. The BANKER wriggles free and makes a run for it)*

FAWX

He's getting away! Get up! James, give chase!

STALLION

Me, why me?

FAWX

Damn my pride, because your legs are longer, just GO!

MADGE

Right, don't want to interrupt, but why am I not an option here? I've got a clear two inches on James.

FAWX

Alright, fine! Madge, would *you* like to give chase?

MADGE

I mean, not really? But it is nice to be asked, innit?

STALLION

It is.

FAWX

Alright, what if we *all* give chase at once, and may the best man win?

*(STALLION and MADGE silently confer, shrug)*

STALLION/MADGE

Like a game?/Yeah, I like that.

FAWX

Shall we?

*(SOUND: They give chase.)*

*(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: cool and upbeat, real action-comedy stuff.)*

**Scene 3D: Fawx, Stallion, Madge, Archie**

FAWX

There he is, we've almost got him!

STALLION

See, you're shorter, but that cardio work you've been putting in has really closed the gap!

FAWX

I feel good about it!

MADGE

Oy, dicks. We almost got him.

*(They're just within reach of the BANKER, when finally, coming from the hallway perpendicularly to them:)*

ARCHIE

—James?!

*(SOUND: The music abruptly stops, the air goes out of the room. **Shit.**)*

*(SOUND: FAWX, STALLION, and MADGE all freeze, run into each other with a combined "oof!" They just sort of breathe heavily for a moment, not knowing what to do. Finally, doubling down:)*

FAWX

*(Britt voice)*

Inspector Cartwright, I believe you must be mistaken. Britt Kensington, at your service.

STALLION

And I'm...George.

*(SCENE: EXT. The Front Door of the CRIMERIA estate.)*

*(SOUND: The front door opens abruptly and everyone is pushed out.)*

**Scene 4A: Fawx, Stallion, Madge, Archie, McMurphy**

ARCHIE

Don't worry, Mr. Crimeria, I can assure you we'll be taking these three roustabouts straight to Scotland Yard. We apologise again, for their -

*(SOUND: The door slams shut.)*

Intrusion.

FAWX

Wonderful. James, do you still have your box?

STALLION

You know I do. Madge?

MADGE

Right here.

FAWX

Excellent, now let's head back to 224b to figure out our next -

ARCHIE

James, can I speak to you.

STALLION

I don't know, *can* you.

ARCHIE

Now!

*(SOUND: ARCHIE pulls JAMES away from the others.)*

STALLION

Ow! Not the arm!

*(SOUND: ARCHIE and STALLION move away.)*

McMURPHY

You know those boxes are evidence, right?

MADGE

*(thinking on her feet)*

They're ours. We had them before we went in.

McMURPHY

Ah poo. Fine.

*(A few feet away ARCHIE has pulled STALLION to a remote spot.)*

*(SOUND: Perhaps some branches moving, establishing STALLION and ARCHIE as separated from the group visually)*

**Scene 4B: Stallion, Archie**

ARCHIE

What the hell are you doing here?!

STALLION

Oh, are we doing that “you pretend to be angry with me to save your reputation” game again? Because actually I found that pretty—

ARCHIE

No, we're doing the “I'm actually incredibly cross with you” game!

STALLION

Oh. Less exciting.

ARCHIE

What did I say about leaving the case of the Crimeria Jewels to me?

STALLION

Well, you basically said I was only good for a fuck and a soufflee -

ARCHIE

You've never even attempted a soufflee. They're deceptively difficult -

STALLION

So now I can't make a soufflee?!

ARCHIE

Do you even *want* to make a souffle?

STALLION

No, but I *could*! And you don't believe I could! You don't believe I can make a souffle, you don't believe I'm capable of handling a "big boy case" like this one—

ARCHIE

That wasn't... James. I am doing everything I can to ensure that the person - the *actual* person - responsible for this theft sits behind bars.

STALLION

And you're trying to do it all by yourself, without me. Because if you can make a name for yourself while you're at it then that's the best of both birds.

ARCHIE

'Both *thirds*'?

STALLION

Not *third*, *Bird*. Bird was the word.

ARCHIE

Well, that's not what I heard.

STALLION

Well it's what I said! Birds. Both birds. The ones you're trying to kill with one stone.

*(We shift perspectives over to FAWX, MADGE, and McMURPHY. We can maybe hear a bit of the remainder of the scene that we'll hear in perspective in Part 5, but nothing specific can be heard—it's just muffled voices.)*

**Scene 4C: Fawx, Madge, Archie, McMurphy**

MADGE

Right, how badly do you reckon that's going?

FAWX

I think I heard them talking about birds, so that seems like a good sign.

McMURPHY

I dunno, there are all sorts o' birds that are right terrifying, I reckon. Hawks. Falcons. Pigeons. Crows. Jackdaw. Geese, of course. Ducks. Ravens, well that goes without sayin', I think... Yeah, no, I could keep going, honestly...

*(Beat. What is there to say to that?)*

MADGE

I mean... I think you should.

*(SOUND: Hurried footsteps, ARCHIE approaches, still pretty flustered and in a hurry to get out of there)*

ARCHIE

McMurphy, come on!

McMURPHY

Wait, we're not taking them with us?

ARCHIE

They apologised and said they'd never do it again, didn't they?

FAWX/MADGE

On my life./Once was enough.

ARCHIE

See? Now come on.

*(ARCHIE storms off.)*

McMURPHY

No new evidence, no new perps. It's almost like what's the point, ya know.

*(SOUND: McMURPHY heads off. STALLION approaches.)*

#### **Scene 4D: Fawx, Stallion, Madge (Sazarac)**

MADGE

That was lucky, but why was Archie even here?



STALLION

It turns out our favourite lead inspector's first case happens to also be ours.

FAWX

Oh, come on! The only upside of this ticking clock was that there was no competition!

MADGE

So does that mean *he's* the twat who arrested Sarah's mum?

*(Beat.)*

STALLION

Does it help that now he's the twat who's trying to prove her innocence?

MADGE

I thought we were the twats trying to prove her innocence?

FAWX

Dammit, you're right. We can't let him get there first! What about if -

*(SOUND: Right then the BANKER rushes out the front door of the CRIMERIA Estate and pushes past the group, shoulder checking FAWX in the same shoulder as before.)*

FAWX

Ow! Sonofa-

*(SOUND: The BANKER rushes off.)*

STALLION/MADGE

The banker!

*(SAZARAC comes rushing out the doorway after him, hair and suit a bit askew.)*

SAZARAC

Mr. Hastings! Come back h—oh.

*(She stops for a moment, seeing MADGE. A bit breathless.)*

Miss Pangea...

MADGE

Furina. Uhh - Ms. Sazarac.

SAZARAC

If you'll excuse me. Come back here! Mr Hastings!

*(She runs off in the direction the BANKER departed, towards ARCHIE AND McMURPHY)*

STALLION

You know you *were* in the lavatory for an awfully long time.

MADGE

A lady never tells...but it was fuckin' *mental*.

FAWX

Well, gents, I know that didn't go as *well* as it could have, but I'd still call it a success. We have practically a full roster of potential suspects, a physical run-in with our *main* suspect—

STALLION

*And*, I believe we may have made a promising start toward being inducted into some sort of secret society. So colour me intrigued!

FAWX

And finally, my friends, for the very last crown jewel of this day, may I present:

*(SOUND: He removes a small object from his pocket.)*

STALLION

A ring? Oh Hampton, please tell me we didn't go in there to perpetrate a *second* theft?

FAWX

No, James. I believe this ring will help us solve the first. I managed to swipe it off our mysterious Banker right as he made his daring escape.

MADGE

Damn. I hate to agree with you, Hampton, but you're right. We didn't do too bad!

STALLION

I don't know, sounds like Madge did pretty *well* for herself with one of the aforementioned suspects.

*(SOUND: Maybe they high five?)*

FAWX

Now, back to 224B, we have some clues to decipher...

MADGE

Is one of them going to be 'why that banker keeps clocking you in the same shoulder'?

STALLION

Or 'who that banker is'?

FAWX

Yes and yes. Great new clues to add to the list.

STALLION

So... does it hurt.

FAWX

Yes, it fucking hurts.

***CREDITS***

***End of Part Four.***