

Part Five:

The Case of the Matcha Focaccia

(SOUND: A lively Victorian diner, grease splatters, coffee and tea being poured, newspapers being leafed through. Full of the bridge and tunnel crowd of London.)

(SCENE: INT. The Hen's Cock Patisserie and Diner. Early. The morning before HAMPTON finds himself in Scotland Yard in episode 1. The bell dings as the door opens to the diner. ARCHIE CARTWRIGHT walks in and knocks on a table twice. Today is going to be his day, he's got a good feeling about it.)

ARCHIE

McMurphy.

McMURPHY

(looking up from his paper)

Cartwright. Morning.

ARCHIE

Yes, good morning indeed.

(SOUND: Archie sits down as a server walks up.)

SERVER

What can I get for ya? Toast, Coffee.

ARCHIE

Oh, no, I'm fine.

McMURPHY

You're gonna want to get some food in you, Inspector. No use facing the day without a full stomach.

ARCHIE

Right. Umm... Toast. I'll do some toast. And...

SERVER

Butter or Jam?

ARCHIE

Umm.... What kind of Jam?

SERVER

Currant.

ARCHIE

Yes, what are your current selections?

SERVER

No. Currant. It's the only flavour we got. Red.

ARCHIE

I will take it dry. And a Tea please.

SERVER

Earl Grey alright?

ARCHIE

Do you have coffee?

McMURPHY

Francis, look here: We'll do two Welsh Rarebits with poached eggs on top, as runny as they come, bacon, scones, clotted cream, jam and a large pot of black coffee. And some sausages. The linky kinds, not the circles.

SERVER

You got it, Efrain.

(SOUND: The SERVER walks away. Yelling off:)

A Soggy Special for two with a pot of 'wake your arse up'!

ARCHIE

That's quite the order.

McMURPHY

It's quite the day. Your first day as Inspector, our first day as partners.

ARCHIE

Still, I'm not particularly a breakfast -

McMURPHY

Commissioner says I got to learn from you, Inspector Cartwright. But I wanna make it clear, this ain't my first go round. Been a proud constable for eighteen years and I've seen a lot there is to see in this shit stew of a city that I love.

ARCHIE

That's an image - wait, did you say you've been a constable for eighteen years? No promotions or... threats thereof?

McMURPHY

Absolutely not. Prob'ly cuz they know if they threaten ole McMurphy with a promotion they'd get a swift kick in the pins. I like my station, I like my duties, and most important, I like my hours. Like this. What other job lets you pop off to a greasy spoon like The Hen's Cock for a hearty breakfast and a paper?

ARCHIE

Have you asked any of the other patrons here where they work, because it seems to me whatever they do allows them the same luxury.

(Beat.)

McMURPHY

Alright, alright. I get it now.

ARCHIE

Get what?

McMURPHY

That's how you rose in the ranks so quick -

ARCHIE

Well I've worked at Scotland Yard for nearly 5 years...

McMURPHY

And then all of a sudden, Poof! Big promotion your way. And you know why?

ARCHIE

Because I worked for it?

McMURPHY

Pff, no! Who gives a rip about that, no, you climbed the ladder cuz of that keen detectives' eye you got. I would've never thought to ask what these other do-nothing's do for work what let's em come here for breakfast every day.

ARCHIE

You come here every day and you never thought to ask?

McMURPHY

No. Alls I know is, I'm a copper, and with that station comes certain... benefits around this city. Most important of which is 5% off the bill at this establishment. Now I can see why the Commissioner put us together.

ARCHIE

You do?

McMURPHY

Oh yeah. You: bookishly handsome, observational, by the books detective savant. Me: equally, if not more handsome, newly single re-learnin' to mingle, also observational, but a copper of the streets. Just a couple of bachelors on the prowl. For crime. We complete each other.

ARCHIE

Oh. That's... nice, but I thought you were... nevermind, you know, I also grew up around here so... it's not that I -

McMURPHY

Tell me a story.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry?

McMURPHY

A story. Tell me a story.

ARCHIE

Uh... Well, like I said I grew up -

McMURPHY

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, Not your story. I don't give a rip. Besides it's probably best I don't know your story in case we ever get kidnapped and tortured and they try to play us against each other. I've seen it happen a hundred times. Don't give yourself away so easily, Inspector. Now, you see this?

(He shakes the newspaper.)

ARCHIE

The Times?

McMURPHY

No, The Standard. Can't stand The Times. No more funnies. And you can tell a lot about people by what they think is funny. No, this is The Standard and it's about 90% bullshit, but it's entertaining. I read it to be entertained. Like this: "Modern Circus at Fairgrounds: Lions and Tigers Sure to Give Opera Run For Their Money". That's impossible. Lions and Tigers can't sing. So, see? Entertained. But since I got you here for me this morning, why don't you tell me a story and you entertain me.

ARCHIE

Emm... Alright. Em... ok, here's a...

(In the background, we hear Archie's Theme—basic piano, hopeful, vaguely sounding like Dolly Parton's 9 to 5 but not too much.)

Back before I joined the police, a few years back, I was entering into a competition for local artisan bakers. Now -

McMURPHY

Bakers? You mean like bread?

(Music stops, Archie is thrown)

ARCHIE

They do make bread. Occasionally. Yes.

McMURPHY

Right...

ARCHIE

Uh huh... so:

(The music picks back up, right where Archie left off)

Back then, I used to work with a local bakery—I had an apprenticeship, I was rather good at it, actually. Anyway I was competing in a charity bake-off on behalf of the Somerset Boys Choir and baking a simple sweet focaccia with a balsamic glaze and ground matcha root I was calling “A Lot-cha Matcha Focaccia”. When my baking partner noticed something peculiar happening at the station next to us.

McMURPHY

Was she a looker?

(Again, the music stops. Another sidebar.)

ARCHIE

I’m sorry?

McMURPHY

Your baking partner, was she a hot muffin pie or what?

ARCHIE

Oh. Em... well, *his* name was Richard and he was... fine looking?

McMURPHY

Hang on a tick. You mean you was doing a baking competition, but you wasn’t doing it to get closer to some bird?

ARCHIE

Well... no. No, we were both formerly in the choir so we just wanted to... pay it forward.

McMURPHY

That’s beautiful. I love that.

ARCHIE

Thank you, Constable.

McMURPHY

I bet you both could pull any bird you want with those baking skills, but it’s good to do stuff just for you.

ARCHIE

.... Right. Or Charity. So:

(And one more time, music comes back in: we will finish the story this time!)

We turn to the group next to us and I notice one of the men slipping something from their pocket into their dry mix. Now, normally I wouldn't mind, every baker has their process and their recipe, but part of the challenge of this particular competition was that we were only allowed to use the ingredients laid out on the tables before our arrival. So it was against the rules.

McMURPHY

No way!

ARCHIE

I know! So, I went back and forth and back and forth about it for almost the entirety of the second prove when Richard could tell I wasn't focused on our "Lot-cha Matcha Focaccia" because I was too busy worrying over their choux pastry tower of Big Ben. So I went over and told one of the judges. It just didn't seem fair. I didn't want to be a stick in the mud, but if the Somerset Boys Choir was going to lose out on the cash prize because of cheating I couldn't live with myself.

McMURPHY

Damn straight.

ARCHIE

Exactly! And when the judges went over to inquire about the mystery ingredient they found a small vial of Strychnine -

McMURPHY

No!

ARCHIE

Yes! As it turns out, that pair of bakers were trying to kill off the judges of the competition in order to make off with the prize money themselves. Depriving all of the legitimate charities we were competing for of a cash prize, and committing full blown murder in the process. What started as simply alerting the judges of a con job ended up saving two lives and an entire baking competition. And that was the day I decided to put childish dreams aside and spend the rest of my life trying to help people, and make the world even slightly safer so the good citizens of London can enjoy their sweet breads in peace, so to speak.

(The music comes to a nice, neat conclusion—Archie feels good about it but maybe a bit embarrassed by the earnestness)

McMURPHY

Now that is a good story. I didn't even know you could bake with Strychnine.

(ARCHIE takes this in, baffled.)

ARCHIE

What? No, you can't. That was the whole -

McMURPHY

Alls I know, Inspector, is you and me, we're gonna clean up this city together. Now do you got pockets?

ARCHIE

(at a loss)

Yes. Yes I do...got, or, well, *have* pockets. Why do you ask?

McMURPHY

Put your hands in those pockets, pull out your wallet, and pay the bill.

ARCHIE

But I didn't even want -

McMURPHY

Francis! You took too long again, now ya gotta wrap it up for us and bring the check! We got police business to do!

(To ARCHIE)

That way he remembers the discount.

ARCHIE

Right...

McMURPHY

Happy First Day, Inspector. I got a good feeling about this.

CREDITS

(SOUND: An alarm going off within Scotland Yard.)

(SCENE: INT. Scotland Yard. Morning.)

(SOUND: A slurry of voices and business. A door opens:)

COMMISSIONER

Cartwright! McMurphy! In my office now!

(SOUND: Door shuts. We're in the COMMISSIONER's office, a bit quieter)

ARCHIE

Commissioner Entwistle.

McMURPHY

Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

Shut your traps with the niceties! I ain't hearing 'em. Now do you know why I called you in to my office?

ARCHIE

I'm assuming a crime has been committed.

McMURPHY

Or maybe we're in trouble.

ARCHIE

Why would we be in trouble?

McMURPHY

I don't know, we were at breakfast a long time. Your story took awhile.

ARCHIE

You asked me to tell that story.

McMURPHY

I was hooked! Lock me up!

COMMISSIONER

Aww well look at that. First day as partners and you're already going out to breakfast together and jawin' like an old married couple!

ARCHIE

Sorry, sir.

McMURPHY

Don't be sorry, it's not illegal to have breakfast.

ARCHIE

No, but it is a bad look to be late to work because of it.

COMMISSIONER

Alright, shut it with the tete-a-tetes! Jesus, if I wanted to hear a couple argue this much I'd go see one of those Russian plays my son is always pitchin' a fit about.

ARCHIE

Sorry, sir.

McMURPHY

I don't wanna make you see theatre.

COMMISSIONER

No one does! Now, since the idea that I called you in here to give you a case didn't occur to either of you -

ARCHIE

Well, I -

COMMISSIONER

Either of you! I've gotta now be the one to bust your first day cherries. You got a case.

McMURPHY

Alright! Whatever it is, Commissioner, we're on it.

COMMISSIONER

I know you are, McMurphy. That's why you're *paid* to be here. To solve crimes, not sit in the middle of the bullpen taking bets on when perps are gonna get caught, like a dumbass.

McMURPHY

Thank you, sir.

COMMISSIONER

Not a compliment. Now look, we're coming up on a huge weekend for Scotland Yard, as you may or, in your case, McMurphy, may *not* be aware, Sherlock Holmes and John Watson are taking a weekend in the country to play with dogs or some other some such. And Lestrade has also requested the weekend off since he's at least honest with himself that he may as well be a pile of shit in an icebox when they're away, which means you two are my top team.

McMURPHY

You have no idea how much that means to me, sir..

COMMISSIONER

Again, not a fuckin' compliment.

ARCHIE

Sir, if you don't mind my asking -

COMMISSIONER

I do.

ARCHIE

We're not the seniormost team, why are we the ones being put on the important cases?

COMMISSIONER

Oh I'm sorry, Cartwright. Too much pressure for you?

McMURPHY

You kidding? You shoulda seen him at breakfast, sizin' up perps left and right, askin' all the right questions. I think he just means... why us?

COMMISSIONER

Because I said you! And I'm your commissioner. And I don't have to give you two a single pip for insight into my reasoning! Savvy?

ARCHIE

'Savvy'?

McMURPHY

Savvy.

COMMISSIONER

You're my top team. Deal with it and don't make my reflux act up! You two are on top call. As such we got a call from a high profile citizen reporting a jewel theft. I'm putting you two on it.

ARCHIE

Jewel theft! Em... excellent. Well, first we'll need details: who's, what's, where's -

McMURPHY

No way! We get to solve a jewel heist! Ya know, the ex missus would be so jealous that me choosing my job over her finally paid off. . This is amazing. We won't let you down, Commissioner. Inspector, after you.

(SOUND: McMURPHY gets up and starts to leave.)

ARCHIE

Well, Constable, all due respect, we should get as much of the basics out of the way before we head over. We don't want to appear ill-informed.

COMMISSIONER

Jonathan Crimeria. Had a gala for homelessness last night, and when he went to auction off his family jewels he saw they'd been pinched. Boom. Go.

ARCHIE

So it was a gala with primarily homeless attendees?

McMURPHY

I think he means a gala in support of homelessness.

COMMISSIONER

No and Fuck No. Now get out of my office before I take your desk baubles and use 'em for target practice. And I won't be using my gun.

ARCHIE

All due respect, sir, there are still -

McMURPHY

Ahh come on, Inspector. No need to bother the commissioner with our half-theories just yet. We'll figure it out on our feet. Lestrade style.

(SOUND: McMURPHY pulls ARCHIE up and towards the door.)

COMMISSIONER

And Cartwright. I don't think I need to reiterate the importance of good first impressions. Get the broad strokes, find your perp, bag 'em and tag 'em, fill out the rest in paperwork. Don't make us wrong about you.

(Beat. The weight of this descends on ARCHIE.)

ARCHIE

Of course, sir. Constable.

McMURPHY

After you, my liege. This is gonna be fuckin' mental, yeah?

(SOUND: Door closes as ARCHIE and McMURPHY leave.)

COMMISSIONER

(sighs)

There goes the reflux. This fuckin' job...

(SOUND: Knock Knock)

(SCENE: EXT. The CRIMERIA estate. Morning.)

(SOUND: The door opens.)

KATE

(crying)

H-h-hello?

ARCHIE

Good morning, we're with the, um... We're with Scotland Yard and we've come about the missing jewels. Here are our badges, so you know we're legitimate police. McMurphy, show yours.

McMURPHY

Damn, I think I may have left it at home. No worries.

ARCHIE

You think you left your... what?

McMURPHY

Nah, it's all good. As long as one of us has one, am I right?

ARCHIE

I... I can assure you ma'am, he's a certified police officer. If you need any further proof, I'm happy to -

McMURPHY

Inspector Cartwright and Constable McMurphy, at your service ma'am. And might I say, you have a lovely crying face. Ya know, most women can't pull that off.

ARCHIE

McMurphy!

KATE

(crying)

It's fine. I believe you. Follow me...

(KATE begins sobbing.)

ARCHIE

Thank you...

(SOUND: The door closes. KATE, ARCHIE, and McMURPHY. ARCHIE pulls out a handkerchief)

Here, take my handkerchief, just—

(SOUND: KATE blows her nose into it. Hard.)

Feel free to keep that. It's an heirloom so... delicate wash.

KATE

(crying)

H-h-here's Master Crimeria's study. H-h-have a good day.

(SOUND: KATE sobs even louder)

ARCHIE

Thank you very much Miss...

KATE

Kate, sir.

McMURPHY

'Kate'? Beautiful name. Ya know, it's so funny, my ex's name was 'Jocasta'.

ARCHIE

Right... Kate. Thank you.

(SOUND: Sobs in the distance as well. It seems the entire caretaking staff is sobbing.)

If you don't mind my asking, is everything... ok?

KATE

(crying)

W-what? Oh...

(whispers to him)

We're all fine, but when Master Crimeria's in a mood we get paid extra to make a big show of it.

*(SOUND: A **huge** wail in the distance.)*

Except for her. That's just Margaret. Boy trouble.

ARCHIE

Understandable. Well, thank you, Kate.

(SOUND: The door opens.)

SAZARAC

Who are you? What are you doing there? What do you want?

ARCHIE

I'm Inspector Archibald Cartwright, this is my partner, Constable McMurphy. We heard there was a theft.

SAZARAC

Finally! We called last night! But better late than never, I guess.

ARCHIE

Last night? But we only just got the -

SAZARAC

Thank you, Kate. You're dismissed.

(SOUND: KATE sobs one final time and leaves.)

Ugh. Terrible cryer, don't you think? Gets all... pug faced. Oh well, she may just be getting used to the girdle. Follow me please.

ARCHIE

Of course...

McMURPHY

Lifestyles of the rich and famous. Pug faces and girdles, Archie. Pug faces and girdles.

(SOUND: The door to the CRIMERIA study closes with a boom.)

(SOUND: A fast forward sound as we transition past the scene we've seen in Part 2.)

SAZARAC

—obviously we want to be of use to Scotland Yard in any capacity that we can. So please, if you need anything, you have the full support of House Crimeria behind you. So. Eliza Fletchley's address...

(SOUND: Another fast forward—now we're in a cab with ARCHIE and MCMURPHY, about an hour later. Archie's theme plays in the background—propulsive, hopeful, full of momentum and purpose.)

ARCHIE

So, Constable. We've just heard from the victims of the crime. What are your first impulses?

McMURPHY

Oof. What a question. A lot of it is still marinating, but, you're right: Someone's not telling the truth.

ARCHIE

Yes, unfortunately I agree...

McMURPHY

It is unfortunate. Thank you.

ARCHIE

I tell ya who gives me the odd churning, that -

(SOUND: Archie flips through his notes briefly—a tiny little notebook)

Furina Sazarac.

McMURPHY

Thank you, finally somebody said it.

ARCHIE

You too? I just got a real cagey feeling from that one.

McMURPHY

Exactly, real straightlaced, right? Like, Probably someone who only writes in pencil, ya know? So they can erase? Ya can't trust those people, they don't know how to stick with a choice. My ex-wife, Jocasta, you remember, was a pencil person and look where it got her. Second marriage, with two kids in tow, living on a beach in Majorca. Can't trust it. Nah, give me a good ole fashioned quill and ink any day of the week. That's how you can tell what kinda person someone is. How they write. And for me? Quill & Ink.

(ARCHIE stares off. Amazed at what he's just heard an actual human being say. What to respond to first.)

ARCHIE

We do have *pens*, you know.

(McMURPHY nods his head. Good point.)

McMURPHY

Pens. Right. And luckily we have our "pen" and her name's Eliza Fletchley, so what do you say we tag us a perp?

ARCHIE

I don't want to jump to rash conclusions, Constable. That's precisely how errors occur and the wrong person gets pinned for something they didn't do. Let's think about this.

(SOUND: The carriage pulls to a stop. Perhaps a muffled horse neigh.)

McMURPHY

We're here!

ARCHIE

Where?

McMURPHY

Fletchley's flat. I gave the address to the driver. Ready?

ARCHIE

(totally thrown)

What, I - no! I'm not... We have to think this through. What other *definitive* evidence do we have against Eliza Fletchley?

McMURPHY

The key.

ARCHIE

That's one.

McMURPHY

Her bein' in the study after hours.

ARCHIE

Right, well, I suppose that's two—

McMURPHY

Eye witness reports from the big fella of seeing her near the jewels before the auction.

ARCHIE

Yes... *But* that's only one perspective.

McMURPHY

Yeah, but there were three of 'em who perspected it.

ARCHIE

Right... and you don't find that the least bit odd they were all so willing to turn on this one chambermaid?

McMURPHY

Not a hoot! Why would they lie? They're the ones who got their jewels stolen. See, in my mind, jewels bein' stolen by an innocent chambermaid, that don't make no sense. But a poor chambermaid bein' fed up with crumbs for the past 20 odd years deciding to go rogue and steal some jewels. You got motive, character, drama. All the makings of a good story.

ARCHIE

Well, yes, but we're not looking for a story, Constable, we're looking for the *truth*. And there's something I'm just not -

DRIVER

(from outside)

Oy! You lot gonna get out of the carriage or what? I'm double parked in The East End and this place is crawlin' with ingrates.

ARCHIE

Em... yes! I'm sorry, sir we're just... deliberating.

DRIVER

(o.s.)

Deliberate all you want, but the meter's still running.

McMURPHY

Alright, what about this, we bring her in for questioning, check her out, ask her some questions, and if she seems innocent enough we'll try a different avenue.

ARCHIE

Constable, I actually think that's a good idea. I admire the restraint and level-headedness.

McMURPHY

See? You're rubbin' off on me. And I like it.

(SOUND: ARCHIE and McMURPHY depart the carriage.)

(SCENE: EXT. The FLETCHLEY flat. Whitechapel. Morning.)

(SOUND: Knock knock. The door opens with a creak. The flat is very old and not in the best shape)

ARCHIE

Hello, I'm... em... Inspector Cartwright and this is Constable McMurphy... We're here from Scotland Yard looking to have a word... just a word or two with Eliza Fletchley? W-Would that happen to be you?

(SOUND: An elderly woman, Eliza Fletchley, acknowledging sweetly.)

ELIZA

Yes, dear.

ARCHIE

Excellent, now we just wanted to -

McMURPHY

You're under arrest Ms. Fletchley, for the thievin' of the Crimeria Jewels!

ARCHIE

What?!

(SOUND: Very quick cut. An Alarm at Scotland yard, a jail cell being shut, and finally:)

OFFICERS

HOORAY!

COMMISSIONER

Three Cheers for Cartwright and McMurphy setting a new Scotland Yard Record for Assignment to Arrest in just 3 hours and 17 minutes!

McMURPHY

Eat it, Lestrade!

OFFICERS

Hip hip Hooray! Hip hip Hooray! Hip hip Hooray!

McMURPHY

(giving a speech to the room)

Thank you, thank you. You know, I'll be honest when I first got assigned to be Cartwright's partner I thought "Isn't that guy just a temp?" but then -

(This fades out as ARCHIE pulls the COMMISSIONER away.)

ARCHIE

Commissioner, may I have a word?

COMMISSIONER

Spit it out, Cartwright. You don't wanna miss your party.

ARCHIE

I... Well, first of all I want to thank you for the party favours, balloons, and biscuits for celebration -

COMMISSIONER

You can thank the girls in Party Planning, but sure I'll take it.

ARCHIE

But something about Eliza Fletchley rubs me the wrong way. Look at her, she could barely give prints on her own. Are we really sure she's this jewel thief mastermind? When we made the arrest she offered us tea and scones.

COMMISSIONER

You don't think that sounds like the behaviour of someone with extreme guilt? Or a penchant for poisoning pastries?

ARCHIE

She asked if I knew anyone who could babysit her daughter while she was gone. And I'm fairly positive her daughter is well in her twenties.

COMMISSIONER

I've never known how old my kids are. I just say 13 and hope for the best.

ARCHIE

We didn't even have an arrest warrant.

COMMISSIONER

Oh I don't think that's true. Check your inside pocket.

(SOUND: He does. He pulls out an arrest warrant.)

ARCHIE

Where did this - ?

COMMISSIONER

You don't spend over 30 years in law enforcement without pickin' up a few tricks, Cartwright.

ARCHIE

But what about the proper channels...

(The COMMISSIONER blows a raspberry.)

It's just...this just isn't how I thought it would work. Justice.

COMMISSIONER

Well ain't that just a summation of the world.

ARCHIE

But sir, we didn't even find the jewels. I don't think we should throw the book at Eliza Fletchley just because she was our only suspect and happened to be home.

COMMISSIONER

Oh, so you're telling me you already searched her flat for the jewels.

ARCHIE

Well... yes. Of course.

COMMISSIONER

Without a search warrant.

ARCHIE

I... em...

COMMISSIONER

That's a damn shame because... it'd be fairly easy to get one of those, and you'd have probable cause for it, but something in your gut told you not to bother and investigate without going through the *proper channels*.

(Beat.)

Look here, Inspector. The case has been solved. The insurance people are taking care of the rest. It's done. Drop it. Take a victory lap. Crimeria is happy, I'm happy, we're all happy.

ARCHIE

All due respect, sir, but Eliza Fletchley is not happy. Her daughter is not happy.

COMMISSIONER

Criminals never are. But that's the way it should be.

(Beat. Archie is upset, you can feel it.)

I know it takes some getting used to, son. But you keep cleaning the streets at this rate and I see 'chief inspector' in your future.

ARCHIE

I just...

(SOUND: a COPPER walks up to them.)

COPPER

Commissioner, do you have the keys for Holding? I can't find 'em anywhere.

COMMISSIONER

We removed the locks - Budget cuts - just give the door a good slam so it sounds shut. Who do you got?

COPPER

Hampton Fawx again. Tried to join in some couple's sexual excursions or steal a purse or some such. I'm not sure - I'll get him set up, no worries.

(SOUND: the COPPER walks away.)

COMMISSIONER

Well, you heard it, inspector. Crime doesn't stop. Now if you'll excuse me, my reflux has been tame all evening and there are biscuits to attend to.

(SOUND: COMMISSIONER walks away. ARCHIE sits in this, frustrated, with one more problem to deal with)

ARCHIE

Shit.

(SOUND: Another fast forward, this time past ARCHIE and JAMES's date night in episode 3. Thunder and rain. Knock knock.)

(ARCHIE stands outside McMURPHY's Flat in the rain. His theme plays again, a little faster, more desperate—the internal tempo of a man with a mistake to fix)

McMURPHY

(muffled behind a door)

Knock, knock, knock - I heard ya the first time, ya auld cow! Just leave the milk by the door and back away!

ARCHIE

McMurphy! It's Inspector Cartwright! I have to speak to you!

McMURPHY

Inspector Cart - be right out!

(SOUND: An elaborate series of locks opening up. The door opens.)

Yes sir! What do ya need, I'm on it!

ARCHIE

Thank you constable, I just - where are your trousers?

McMURPHY

It's late, I was getting ready for bed.

ARCHIE

Right. That makes sense.

McMURPHY

You wanna come in from the rain, Inspector?

ARCHIE

Thank you.

(SOUND: ARCHIE steps inside inside. The door closes.)

Are you going to put on trousers?

McMURPHY

Are we going out?

ARCHIE

Are you saying if we were to stay in you'd leave your trousers off?

(Beat.)

McMURPHY

No?

ARCHIE

Good. Then put them on and set the kettle. I think we have a bit more work to do on the Crimeria Jewels.

(SOUND: A Ticking clock. A rooster crows. These guys have been up all night. The kettle whistles, tea gets poured, both men down it quickly, the door closes, now they're walking in Blakely Park.)

(SCENE: Ext. The CRIMERIA Estate. The following morning, concurrent with episode 4.)

McMURPHY

And you're sure you don't wanna wait for a warrant?

ARCHIE

(lying, but really trying to convince himself)

It's fine. Commissioner told me this is just the way it works sometimes. Can't let our hunches be impeded by the legality of it all.

McMURPHY

You bring up a good point. But it's Saturday, And I got a hunch that rich people like to sleep in. My ex, Jocasta, always used to sleep in on Saturdays and she used to be an Heiress. Honestly on Monday thru Friday as well. I bet Crimeria's sheets are made of velvet and buttermilk.

ARCHIE

Exactly, we want to catch Crimeria off guard. See if his story changes without time to prepare. And finally get a look at that chest.

McMURPHY

I hear you. Just a shame that it had to be before breakfast.

ARCHIE

If we strike gold, I'll get you meat pie on the way to the Yard, sound good?

McMURPHY

...yeah.

(SOUND: Knock Knock.)

(Beat.)

ARCHIE

Why didn't your ex sleep in on Sundays?

McMURPHY

Lord's Day. She was at St. Christopher's before I'd even open my eyes.

ARCHIE

Huh. Wasn't that the one where the vicar disappeared last month?

McMURPHY

If by 'disappeared' you mean 'absconded to Majorca' then yeah, that's the one.

(Beat.)

(SOUND: The door opens.)

(KATE stands at the door.)

ARCHIE

Ahh! Kate. Thank god. Em... look we left some equipment here yesterday, would it be possible if we just popped in to pick it up?

KATE

Sure, I don't care. Full house today.

McMURPHY

Thank you.

(SOUND: KATE lets them in)

ARCHIE

I'm sorry, "Full House"?

KATE

Well, besides Master Crimeria and the rest of the staff, we got some volunteers from the "Associates of Gentlemen" - never heard of it - and some banker with a funny nose.

ARCHIE

Interesting... very, very interesting... Now if you'll excuse me.

(SOUND: CRIMERIA walks up behind them.)

CRIMERIA

Inspectors Fart-chi and McMonkey. What a nice surprise.

McMURPHY

He remembered our names! Cartwright, you hear that?

ARCHIE

No one's more disappointed we had to return than me, Mr. Crimeria, however we have received a warrant from Scotland Yard to search the premises for any physical evidence of Eliza Fletchley within the chest to verify that it was indeed - James?!

(SOUND: Another fast forward. The front door is opened, speedy footsteps from FAWX, STALLION, MADGE, ARCHIE, and McMURPHY. The door closes again.)

(We pick up mid-scene in the same conversation between STALLION and ARCHIE in Part Four. We can feel how frustrated ARCHIE is, hear it from his point of view this time.)

STALLION

—and you're trying to do it all by yourself. 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.

ARCHIE

What do you want me to do here, James?! Do you want me to admit—*again*— that I made a mistake and arrested an innocent woman? I believe I've done that, and I am here, trying to make it right!

STALLION

Then why can't I *help* you make it right?

ARCHIE

Because the more that you and Hampton are involved in creating a case for Eliza Fletchley's innocence, the less legitimate that case will appear. You don't have the police behind you, and you don't have Sherlock Holmes's reputation—if you barrel forward proclaiming her innocence and running around in costumes with no evidence, you will be a joke, and so will her case. And I am sorry about that, but this is a *person*, and I would think her life would be more important to you than the glory of who got to save it.

STALLION

So you don't believe we can do it.

(Beat. ARCHIE decides to be honest, even knowing this will hurt him:)

ARCHIE

I don't believe that other people will believe you can do it. No.

(This was clearly the wrong thing to say. James goes cold.)

STALLION

Well, Sarah Fletchley believes we can do it.

ARCHIE

Stop this, James, *please*. I am asking you to stop this. For me.

(Beat. No answer. ARCHIE can see there's nothing that will change his mind, deflates.)

Fine. At least be careful.

(Further away, after ARCHIE has rejoined McMURPHY)

McMURPHY

Right, so what was all that about?

ARCHIE

Just Fawx and Stallion peddling their wares or some such. Harassing the elite.

McMURPHY

Ain't that just like the poor. But what were they -

(SOUND: The BANKER rushes by them, shoulder checking McMURPHY. SAZARAC follows)

Ahh, my shoulder! What the bloody fuck!

ARCHIE

Who on earth was that?

SAZARAC

(rushing up)

Come back here! Mr. Hastings!

ARCHIE

Good morning, Ms. Sazarac -

SAZARAC

Gah! When did you get here? Does no one understand appointments anymore?

ARCHIE

We just stopped by to... em... investigate the chest. Commissioner needs dimensions and all. You know how thorough the Yard is.

SAZARAC

Yes, fine. Luckily you're catching me in a... very good mood.

ARCHIE

And em... who might that have been who just... rushed out?

SAZARAC

Oh, Mr Hastings? He's a new insurance banker from Bouverie & Sons. Just... doing some insurance business...

ARCHIE

Right... May we see the chest?

SAZARAC

Absolutely.

(Transition inside of the CRIMERIA ESTATE.)

(SOUND: Footsteps on fine carpet.)

Here we are.

ARCHIE

Well that is immaculate.

SAZARAC

Designed by the Czar of Russia's jewellery-obsessed nephew in the early 1400s, the Crimeria Family won the chest in a game of Kribbutz back in '62. It's held everything from fine China, to fine Jewellery, to fine novelty collectible figurines but we don't talk about that period.

McMURPHY

No shit.

SAZARAC

And of course, only has one key. Which I, of course, keep on my person at all times (recent shameful pickpocketing incident aside).

(SOUND: SAZARAC unlocks the chest.)

Feel free to take a look, gentlemen, but I'm sure you'll find -

(All three gasp!)

Good God!

McMURPHY

No way!

ARCHIE

Miss Sazarac... Those wouldn't happen to be The Crimeria Family Jewels, would they?

(Inside the chest now sits all of the Crimeria Family Jewels, glittering in the light.)

SAZARAC

Yes, inspector... I believe they are...

(SOUND: Police alarm, jail cell closing.)

(SCENE: INT. Scotland Yard.)

(ARCHIE is in COMMISSIONER Entwhistle's office, riding high. We heard ARCHIE's theme again, just as propulsive as the beginning of the episode—as satisfied as he is that he's done the right thing.)

ARCHIE

... And I know, I know Commissioner, you told me to drop it and let it go, that the case was closed, but it wasn't! And I could feel that it wasn't.

COMMISSIONER

Cartwright.

ARCHIE

As soon as I saw Eliza Fletchley I knew there was no way someone like that could've pulled off what they were insinuating! She's old!

COMMISSIONER

Cartwright.

ARCHIE

And nothing against the aged, of course, I just mean, 'stealth' may not be a top 3 forte for her -

COMMISSIONER

Cartwright!

ARCHIE

Sorry, I was just... It's very gratifying when a hunch pays off. I'm buzzing.

COMMISSIONER

I can tell, you look like my son when he talks about "The History Plays". I don't get it, but it makes him happy. Fuck if I know what anyone's saying. I just go for the fights.

ARCHIE

Yes, well... those are great too! So, shall we tell Ms. Fletchley she's free to go or...?

COMMISSIONER

Whoa, whoa, whoa easy, Cartwright. We're not there yet.

ARCHIE

We're not? All due respect, Commissioner, I just don't see why Ms. Fletchley needs to remain in prison, given this development. Unless she is able to be in two places at once, it seems unlikely that she would be able to pull off a manoeuvre of that magnitude. And this banker, Mr. Hastings, that Ms. Sazarac and I witnessed fleeing the scene? Doesn't even exist! I checked with Bouverie & Sons, there is no such man in their employ—it's so obvious that *he* is our perpetrator!

(SOUND: COMMISSIONER gets up to make himself a drink.)

COMMISSIONER

(Sighs)

Cartwright. We're not gonna be letting Mrs. Fletchley go just yet.

(Beat.)

ARCHIE

Em... ok. Why not?

COMMISSIONER

Because. Crimeria is... a very powerful man. And regardless of whether Ms. Fletchley stole the jewels or not, Crimeria's opinion of Scotland Yard holds a lot of sway over the rest of London, or at least whoever will listen. And delivering him a head on a pike - so to speak - reassures him, as well as the rest of the city that we're doing our jobs.

ARCHIE

But releasing an innocent person is also us doing our jobs, I don't understand why -

COMMISSIONER

Because that's not how they see it. We arrest someone, good, we got the bad guy. We let that person go, 'oh look, there goes Scotland Yard, arresting random people for no reason.'

ARCHIE

But if we don't release her that is exactly what we'll be doing.

COMMISSIONER

Look, Cartwright. I didn't make the rules, ok? Serving justice is half the job, but the other half is maintaining the illusion of justice being served. The only people who know the jewels were returned are you, McMurphy, Mr. Crimeria's people, and me. As far as everyone else knows they're still missing, and someone needs to pay.

ARCHIE

But...an innocent old woman like Eliza Fletchley?

COMMISSIONER

Look on the bright side, it's not like Eliza Fletchley is gonna be clogging up our jails for a long time. Just get through Monday, the hanging, and we'll be fine.

ARCHIE

Commissioner, I'm sorry but that's unacceptable.

COMMISSIONER

Is it? And what do you call returning to the scene of the crime and lying about a search warrant you didn't have?

ARCHIE

You told me you could get me a warrant if I needed.

COMMISSIONER

I can. Doesn't mean I will.

(Beat.)

There's only one way Eliza Fletchley goes free and that's if Crimeria himself decides he's dropping the charges.

ARCHIE

Then... All due respect, sir, can you please phone him. And ask.

COMMISSIONER

I gotta tell ya, Cartwright, this situation right here, it doesn't go the way you want.

ARCHIE

Please.

(Beat.)

COMMISSIONER

On one condition.

ARCHIE

Name it.

COMMISSIONER

No matter his answer, you're done with this case. You did good work, you followed your gut. I would've done the same thing at your age. But if you go against my orders again I'll be bringing up your little breaking and entering stunt -

ARCHIE

But I didn't do any -

COMMISSIONER

And I'd venture to guess if I told Mr. Crimeria he'd want me to take... severe action. On you and your partner.

(Beat.)

ARCHIE

I understand. Make the call.

COMMISSIONER

I will -

ARCHIE

Now. Please.

(SOUND: COMMISSIONER goes to the telephone in his office.)

COMMISSIONER

(Speaking into the phone.)

Yes, hello love, connect me to the residence Jonathan Crimeria. Thank you.

(Beat.)

It's ringing.

Yes, Hello. This is Commissioner Entwhistle over at Scotland Yard... Yes, Ms. Sazarac, I do know what time it is... That's actually why I'm calling, see? We still have Ms. Fletchley down here, in holding, and -..... Well Inspector Cartwright and myself were just wondering if Mr. Crimeria was planning on dropping the charges considering the rediscovery of... Oh... Oh, I see... How sure?... Can't argue with 100%. Absolutely... You as well Ms. -

She hung up. Batty bird.

ARCHIE

Well? What did she say?

COMMISSIONER

A Fake.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry?

COMMISSIONER

The jewels that we discovered in the chest today? 100% Counterfeit, according to Brixbybreyer Jewelers. And they're the Number One show in town. Hell, I even gotta keep them on the QT that my wife's engagement ring isn't 100% real. They know what they're doing.

ARCHIE

Then... I don't understand, who would put *fake* jewels back in the case—

COMMISSIONER

It don't matter.

ARCHIE

It most certainly does, sir. This, most definitely points to someone else, not Ms. Fletchley, not to mention a counterfeiter and -

COMMISSIONER

And nothing. Crimeria is moving forward with the insurance policy on the jewels. And as for us, nothing changes. Case closed, Inspector Cartwright. Have a good night. There's still some cake in the break room.

ARCHIE

But sir -

COMMISSIONER

The Case. Is closed. Take the night, go to a pub, grab a pint, take a bird home, and come in tomorrow for your next assignment.

(Beat.)

The Case of the Crimeria Jewels is over. You will not open it again. Clear?

(Beat.)

ARCHIE

(furious)

Clear.

(SOUND: ARCHIE gets up and immediately leaves.)

COMMISSIONER

Alright, now -

(SOUND: The door slams closed. More intensely than we've seen from ARCHIE so far.)

It's always the ones that know what they're doing... Goddamn reflux.

(SCENE: INT. Scotland Yard. Bullpen)

McMURPHY

Cartwright! Cartwright! How was the Commissioner? Was his mind blown to bloody Bucharest? Did he say anything about me? Or a promotion or bein' better than Lestrade or anything? Just curious.

ARCHIE

The case is closed, Constable. You did good.

McMURPHY

That's what I'm talkin' about! Cartwright and McMurphy, we're gonna be the biggest studs in Scotland Yard. Next stop, precinct cricket league. Come on, pub? I'm buyin' the first round.

ARCHIE

Yes, absolutely. You know what, why don't you run off ahead. I just need to finish up some paperwork and I'll catch up with you.

McMURPHY

Alright! Admiral's Shanks here we come!

(A beat as McMURPHY bounds out the door. ARCHIE sits down. Sighs wearily. Begins to shuffle some papers, moves to his typewriter. He begins to type. Slowly, the chords of his theme come back, but halting, harsh)

ARCHIE

Investigation by Inspector Cartwright and Constable McMurphy into the theft of the Crimeria Family Jewels. Officers concluded that the robbery was perpetrated by Eliza Fletchley, aged 84. Despite her age, infirmity, and conceivability to demonstrate the faculties needed to carry out a successful jewel theft; despite the fact that a counterfeit set of jewels was returned to this supposedly-locked box this very day while she was in custody; despite the fact that they had no reason to arrest her in the first place except for Inspector Cartwright's own disappointingly substantial sense of insecurity and the odd bit of tangential evidence from witnesses who by all rights should be suspects themselves; despite the fact that Inspector Cartwright sometimes feels he could be doing the world a bigger favour stress-baking banoffee pies rather than attempting police work... Case closed.

(A beat. The music stops. He rips the paper out of the typewriter, crumples it. Sits for a moment, stewing.)

Right. Fuck this.

(A shift—ARCHIE is across the room, we hear him pick up the phone in the bullpen)

Operator? Connect me to the residence of Hampton Fawx.

CREDITS