

Part Nine

The Case of the Flockton Street Finale

(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker Street. Right where we left off.)

(FAWX and MADGE are in mid conversation from Part Eight)

MADGE

...I just don't understand why you can't patch things up with James. I feel like we *just* went through this.

FAWX

We did, and we *resolved* that we are making our own path forward—Hampton and Madge, Fawx and Stallion—god, it's so perfect, we don't even need to change the name!

MADGE

Oh, god, after all that you're still on this weird "pride" kick?

FAWX

Pride in what?! I've never had a professional success to take pride in! If anything I'm blinded by my own ambition! I *wish* I had pride in myself!

MADGE

I think one sentence is the saddest thing you've ever said, and *then*...

FAWX

James Stallion is as good as dead to me and I will not change my mind!

(SOUND: Knock on the front door. FAWX, MADGE, and Ambrosius look to the door.)

MADGE

Hampton, what time is it?

FAWX

Bit after 3 in the morning.

MADGE

Right, so anyone coming round at this hour is...

FAWX

Rude. And suspicious... Unless....

MADGE

Unless... it's the only person who knows we'd still be up at 3 in the morning.

FAWX/MADGE

James.

(SOUND: FAWX unlocks the door and opens it revealing: OSKAR standing on the stoop.)

OSKAR

Evening, friends.

FAWX/MADGE

Oskar?!

CREDITS

OSKAR

Nice flat, this. I'll be honest I was expecting something a bit more... shit?

FAWX

Oskar, so *nice* to see you. What are you - why - Madge, RUN -

(He makes a break for it, OSKAR stops him)

OSKAR

Not so fast, little Fawx.

FAWX

Worth a shot.

OSKAR

I ain't here to hurt ya.

MADGE

Right, and what about me?

OSKAR

You neither.

MADGE

Ok, we're good.

FAWX

So... if you're not here to hurt us then...

OSKAR

Why am I here? Right. Well, see the thing is -

FAWX

You wanted to change sides? Are you a good guy now?! Madge, we've got us an 11 o'clock partner -!

OSKAR

No.

FAWX

Ok.

OSKAR

I was actually on my way to disperse a healthy amount of pain and discomfort to you because The Crimeria Family jewels have been stolen.

FAWX

(playing dumb-badly)

Well, ha, um—Ya don't say?

OSKAR

I do and I did. Now where are they?

FAWX

Well, how in the pip bin are we supposed to know? We just found out the jewels were fake a few hours ago.

OSKAR

Right, but I'm not talkin' bout the fake jewels no more. I'm talkin' bout the real ones that were stolen. Tonight.

FAWX

...You're saying you knew where the real jewels were this whole time?

OSKAR

Stop playing dumb! Miss Fletchley was your client, now she's been arrested -

FAWX

God, word travels fast -

OSKAR

And you were her last known contacts. Way we see it, if she could successfully steal the fake jewels once, there's no reason why she couldn't steal the real ones too.

FAWX

Well as I'm sure you could tell from my reaction a few hours ago: I had no idea she had stolen the jewels when we took her on as a client. I had no idea she had returned them disguised as a funny banker. And finally, I had no idea they were fake until both of those events had already transpired. I'm apparently quite blinded by my own ego and ambitions.

MADGE

We've been having breakthroughs tonight

OSKAR

That's nice, but I don't really give a fig. It don't matter to me who knew about the jewels or why. What matters to me is that my boss is happy. And my boss is only gonna be happy if they get what's theirs. So. You are gonna give that to them.

FAWX

And by 'that' I assume you mean the *real* jewels?

MADGE

Even if we knew where they were, why are we gonna do that?

OSKAR

Because we have your friend.

FAWX

Aha! Joke's on you, I have no friends. Now if you'll -

OSKAR

James Stallion, or would you prefer “The Golden Stallion” from your short shorts and cock wagging days. You sure he don’t mean nothing to you?

(SOUND: OSKAR produces STALLION’s ascot.)

FAWX

James’ ascot. Where did you get that?

OSKAR

I don’t like repeating myself, mate. It’s a Crimeria thing. We have your friend, Mr. Stallion, at a secure location. And nothing’s gonna happen to him, don’t worry ya full head of hair over it, so long as we get the jewels.

MADGE

You sonofa -

FAWX

But we don’t *have* the real jewels. I just told you, I didn’t even know Sarah had the fake jewels until a few hours ago!

OSKAR

Right, see, that’s not my problem. I’m just the messenger here to tell you the situation: Your friend for the jewels. It don’t get much simpler.

MADGE

So you just wanted to *stop by* and let us know?

OSKAR

Well yeah. I was considering throwing a rock through the window with an intimidating note or something to that end but then I thought “Nah. Don’t got no paper.”

FAWX

Well...that’s an expensive fix, so thanks for that.

OSKAR

Besides, everyone knows Baker Street’s where Holmes and Watson are. Last thing I need is some actual detective breathin’ down my neck.

FAWX

You sonofa -

OSKAR

32 Flockton Street. 1 hour.

(OSKAR turns to leave.)

FAWX

Wait a minute. An hour. That makes no sense—it'll take us nearly 2 hours to get to Flockton Street. We wouldn't even make it on time if we left with you. Let alone knew where the real jewels were.

OSKAR

That's not true. I got the carriage out front, it'll only take me 40 minutes tops.

FAWX

So are we expected to just...ride with you?

OSKAR

I wasn't planning on it but... sure, I just gotta make some room...

FAWX

Ok, can we leave in 20 minutes?

OSKAR

Why would we leave in 20 minutes?

FAWX

To give us time to look for the jewels.

OSKAR

Still sticking with that story, eh?

FAWX

Yes!

OSKAR

But you can get them in 20 minutes?

FAWX

Probably not!

OSKAR

Then what difference is it what time we leave?

(SOUND: OSKAR grabs FAWX and MADGE and shoves them towards the door of 224B.)

MADGE

Oy! Easy with the dress. I need to return this tomorrow for a full refund.

FAWX

No, no, no, no wait!

(FAWX throws his hand on the door, stopping them. OSKAR allows it, waits to let him finish)

FAWX

I, I, I think if we show up to Flockton St... Early... Without the jewels then... ya know, that's just a waste of everyone's time and, and potential safety. But if you give us the full two hours, then rest assured, Mr. Oskar, when we show up to the rendezvous point... we will have your jewels.

(Beat.)

OSKAR

Boy, he sounds confident, don't he? Alright *Mr. Fawx*. You have *one* hour. Don't be late. And don't be light.

(SOUND: OSKAR leaves. FAWX shuts the door.)

FAWX

Oh my god.

(SOUND: FAWX collapses in a chair.)

MADGE

What is it? Ya recoiling cuz you were successfully confident for the first time in your life?

FAWX

I think I'm going to be sick.

MADGE

No, no. None of that. Neither of us has money to clean these carpets.

FAWX

I don't know what I just did. I don't know why I did that. They have James. Oh god, they have James!

MADGE

Not so mad at him now are ya.

FAWX

Of course I am! But I don't want him to die! Two truths can co-exist.

MADGE

Good point. You're on a roll.

FAWX

Oh, god, this is a disaster—we can't solve this case in an hour, why did I *say* that? Hell, we couldn't solve it in two! We have no leads, no James, and I just dramatically ripped all our evidence off the wall like an absolute buffoon! All that's left is ripped newspaper and this ridiculous Golem ma—

(He stops cold. Beat. Looks at the map.)

MADGE

Hampton? Are you having a stroke? Do you smell burnt toast, cuz that could just be the perfume sample I tried. I'm not married to it.

FAWX

Wait! I think something is happening...

MADGE

Like...a mental break?

FAWX

Yes. A mental break... of genius!

MADGE

(“stay down, kid”)

Ok...

(SOUND: FAWX moves to the board, with purpose)

FAWX

What was the address of the meeting again?

MADGE

32 Flockton St. Why?

(MUSIC: Victorian detective theme)

FAWX

Madge, look at the map. These are all the locations the Golem has struck over the last six months. Now, what else do all of these locations have in common?

MADGE

(not following him)

...They're not my favourite spots for a night cap?

FAWX

I'm being serious, Madge.

MADGE

They're...homeless hubs in London. Hampton, we knew this already, we've known this for months. He strikes in places where no one will be missed, so by the time someone reports the disappearance, it's too late to investigate.

FAWX

Right, but aside from that - take away what we know about the Golem, about the crimes - what do these *locations* have in common?

(A beat. Nothing. He reports from the papers on the board, tapping each headline in turn.)

The Admiral's Shanks - East London... September 24th. "GOLEM TERRORIZES HOMELESS IN EAST LONDON".

(Another tap.)

Blakeley Park... October 16th. "OVERNIGHT EXODUS: NO MOSES FOR DISAPPEARING HOMELESS OF BLAKELY PARK."

(Another.)

Flockton St. - right in the heart of Bemondsey. November 3rd. "INCREASED GOLEM-ING ACTIVITY IN SOUTH LONDON. ALL SIGNS POINT TO GOLEM". These are all places we've been this weekend, Madge.

MADGE

Alright, let's say I go with you on this speculation -

FAWX

Deduction -

MADGE

Uh huh - That would mean that we have to go get James from...

FAWX

The heart of The Golem's Path.

MADGE

Goddammit.

FAWX

What?

MADGE

I mean it doesn't *really* make sense but also it kind of makes sense.

FAWX

There's something there, right?

MADGE

It's not nothing.

FAWX

I know! If only we weren't walking into the gullet of the Golem without the jewels.

MADGE

Well that's not entirely true.

FAWX

What do you mean?

MADGE

Alright, Hampton, you have to promise you won't get all fidgety and indignant when I tell you this.

FAWX

(both fidgety and indignant)

I don't get fidgety and indignant.

MADGE

You do, but I'm choosing to take you at your word. Tonight, when we split up at the Admiral's Shanks, I went with Sazarac into an overly-perfumed, tacky little side room. And after momentarily knocking her out my sexual prowess *again* I noticed something in her briefcase.

(SOUND: a small zipper.)

FAWX

Oh my god. The jewels.

MADGE

You got your deductions and I got my impulses.

FAWX

And you kept them in your bustle?

MADGE

It's quite handy for storing things.

FAWX

Oh, you know, chewing gum, cigarettes, priceless jewels.

MADGE

To name a few. So what do you have to say knowing I'm also a bit of a thief when the time calls for it.

FAWX

What do I have to say? Let's go free a Stallion.

(SOUND: Transition. Walking along a dark alleyway in London, FAWX and MADGE step in puddles and pass hooting owls. No one knows where they are, but it's atmospheric.)

(SCENE: EXT. 32 Flockton St. 4am)

FAWX

And... 32 Flockton Street. This must be the place.

MADGE

Oh fun, a dilapidated warehouse. Moody enough for ya?

FAWX

And perfect for a final confrontation. Now before we go in there, Madge, I just wanted to say thank you for -

MADGE

You think this is the end of the road for us?

FAWX

Well, no, not exactly but - I haven't said it before. And I should have.

MADGE

(touched but not gonna make a thing of it)

Well. Then to make up the deficit you'll have to tell me a second time later. Now what's the plan?

FAWX

The same it always is, I suppose.

MADGE

You're gonna do a silly voice and I'm gonna feel confident in winging it until someone actually asks something of me? That's reassuring. Well, for Queen & Country?

FAWX

And Ambrosius.

MADGE

Right. And Ambrosius.

(SOUND: The rickety door opens up, revealing OSKAR. Again.)

OSKAR

I was gonna eavesdrop, but my damn reflexes just opened the door. You know how it is. Habits.

FAWX

Then by all means.

OSKAR

After you.

(SOUND: FAWX and MADGE head into 32 Flockton Street. OSKAR closes the door and locks it.)

(SCENE: INT. 32 Flockton Street.)

(FAWX and MADGE walk into a warehouse. Clearly whatever sort of a building was here has been gutted. In the centre of the room sits a large desk, currently vacant.)

(SOUND: OSKAR starts patting down MADGE.)

MADGE

Hey, hey, watch it with the pat down! Jesus, hands like a meat hammer.

OSKAR

That's not all, love.

MADGE

I bet you tell yourself that a lot, huh?

FAWX

Mr. Oskar. I believe I have what you're looking for.

(SOUND: FAWX produces a bag.)

No need to impose on the lady.

OSKAR

That's all well and good, but I still gotta pat you down.

FAWX

Fine, pat us down. But then you bring us James Stallion.

CRIMERIA
(from the shadows)

Impressive timing, Mr. Fawx.

(SOUND: Slow footsteps out of the shadows.)

When Oskar here told me that you insisted on *not* having the jewels I was sure we were going to have to... incapacitate your partner. I'm so glad to see you've come to your senses. This will be so much less of a mess.

(SOUND: CRIMERIA arrives at the desk.)

FAWX

Jonathan Crimeria.

CRIMERIA

In the flesh, Mr. Fawx. Or should I say:

(Affecting his voice)

'Britt Kensington'.

FAWX

No, that's - don't.

CRIMERIA

Oh it's fine. I thought it was adorable. I've always admired those who went above and beyond. And you certainly strike me as the "extra credit" type.

MADGE

Well he sure has you pegged.

CRIMERIA

And, of course, *Mrs.* Stallion, believe me the pleasure is all mine.

MADGE

Ya know, same goes for me.

CRIMERIA

Please, please have a seat. No use standing on ceremony literally *and* metaphorically.

(While they take their seats:)

MADGE

(To FAWX)

What “literal” ceremony do you think he’s talking about?

CRIMERIA

Oskar!

OSKAR

Yes, boss.

CRIMERIA

Am I happy?

(SOUND: OSKAR checks the bag with the jewels.)

OSKAR

You’re very happy, sir.

CRIMERIA

Good. I love being happy.

FAWX

Well, we aim to please. So...

CRIMERIA

So... what? Am I being rude? Did I not offer you drinks? Oskar - !

FAWX

No! No. Thank you.

CRIMERIA

Are you sure? It’s quite alright. I keep a travelling bar with me at all times. Here, I even brought some of that brandy that you liked.

MADGE

I’ll be honest, I was just being nice when I said that -

FAWX

Where's James?

CRIMERIA

James? Oh right, "The Golden Stallion"! Yes, that makes sense you'd want to see him. Oskar!

OSKAR

Christ, anything I can do for you?

CRIMERIA

Yes, a bit less lip, please. Go

(SOUND: OSKAR goes off.)

Apologies. Normally this is a 3 person operation, but our dear Ms. Sazarac is running late. Perhaps a bit embarrassed considering it was under her watch that the jewels were stolen. Again. Good on you two for arriving before the full threatening party. That's professionalism. And you are nothing if not professional, eh? Forgive the joke.

FAWX

It's under consideration.

MADGE
(to FAWX)

What was the joke?

FAWX
(to MADGE)

Pretty sure we were.

CRIMERIA

Correct. Ahh. Here they come.

(SOUND: OSKAR comes back with an old school set of stocks with STALLION locked in, or something similar—perhaps he's dragged instead, but it's not great. He looks terrible.)

FAWX

James!

MADGE

Christ!

STALLION

Hampton? Madge? What are you...?

FAWX

It's alright James, I forgive you.

(SOUND: MADGE kicks him)

And also I'm sorry too.

STALLION

A bit past that now, but thanks for the confirmation.

CRIMERIA

Oh no! Did you two have a falling out? I'm sorry. See, while we've been waiting I've been asking your good friend and husband, Mr. Stallion all sorts of questions regarding you both. Your operation. Your friendship. Your marriage. Not a lot on that last one, I'll say. And unfortunately have only gotten the following response:

STALLION

Oh my god, piss off.

CRIMERIA

Oskar.

(SOUND: OSKAR punches STALLION.)

MADGE/FAWX

Jesus!/Oh my god, James!

STALLION

It's fine. I mean, it hurts a lot but it's preferable to his *constant* talking.

CRIMERIA

Yes. It's called a monologue, you dilettante. You spend so much time at the opera, Mr. Stallion, you'd think you'd appreciate a good performance.

STALLION

It's not that good.

CRIMERIA

Yes it is! I know it is! I rehearsed it so it would be!

STALLION

There's a reason some people leave it as a hobby.

CRIMERIA

Oskar!

(SOUND: OSKAR punches STALLION again.)

FAWX

Ok! That's enough of that now. Please!

STALLION

Thank you.

CRIMERIA

Fine, fine. I'd still say if he had any manners we wouldn't be resorting to this level of brutality, but ultimately: not my choice.

FAWX

Ok! Now, we gave you the jewels. Unlock James and we'll be on our way.

CRIMERIA

If only 'twere that simple.

FAWX

But it 'twere- you said it 'twere that simple!

OSKAR

That 'twere on me. I lied't.

CRIMERIA

Oh Oskar, you scoundrel. This is classic him.

(FAWX sighs in annoyance.)

FAWX

Ok so... what now?

CRIMERIA

Now... we wait.

MADGE

We...wait?

CRIMERIA

We wait. Don't make me repeat it again. I've already told you I don't like to repeat myself -

ALL

It's a Crimeria thing.

(Pause.)

FAWX

You know, when I imagined a climactic confrontation for our first case, I didn't really factor in "wait--"

CRIMERIA

(Full on baby tantrum)

What did I just say about repeating myself?! I said, we wait, so now we wait, alright? What's the good of talking if nobody listens to what you have to say! God, you're acting just like my parents, may they rest in peace: NOW...we wait!

(Beat. It goes on for a long time.)

MADGE

Right, so how long were you imagining this to go on for exactly?

FAWX

Are we waiting *on* something? Because there's a large distinction between--

CRIMERIA

We wait until we receive word that the Fletchley girl has had her date with the gallows.

FAWX

Sarah!

CRIMERIA

That's the one, yes. We wait until *Sarah's* death certificate has been signed, sealed, and delivered and *then* -

STALLION

Oh my god...

CRIMERIA

Yes?

STALLION

That's practically 16 hours from now. You couldn't have staged this rendezvous closer to the actual hanging?

CRIMERIA

It's not my fault they don't execute criminals on Sundays. You can blame god for that.

STALLION

I do.

CRIMERIA

So do I... Every day... But, in retrospect there were some... actualities about this part of the plan that could've used a second pass, *but* that doesn't mean this won't still work just fine. And the important thing is, I'm now reunited with my family's jewels. Thank you.

FAWX

And James?

CRIMERIA

All yours once I receive word of the hanging. And with it, of course, the insurance check from the lost jewels.

FAWX

Insurance check? But you have the jewels again, why do you also need money from them?

CRIMERIA

Is he serious? Are you serious? Do you not know how insurance fraud works?

MADGE

Wait, wait, wait. If this was all just some insurance nonsense then why did Sarah steal the Jewels? Why not just get Oskar or, or the other one.

CRIMERIA

Sazarac?

MADGE

Sazarac, sure. Oof, glad she's not around to hear that one.

CRIMERIA

Excellent point, Mrs. Stallion. Luckily I am prepared with an answer.

STALLION

Great.

(SOUND: OSKAR punches him.)

FAWX/MADGE/STALLION

Ok!/Would ya stop?/Stop punching me!

CRIMERIA

It's simple. Because my business partner needed some... financial swaying, so to speak.

FAWX

And you didn't have the money to pay?

CRIMERIA

Oh no, I do. I'm very rich. But why give away money when you could break even? It was actually her idea to use Miss Fletchley. It was quite clever.

STALLION

Her?

FAWX

Catalina Montgomery Schnutz. The owner of The Admiral's Shanks.

MADGE

Sarah's old boss.

CRIMERIA

Precisely! Excellent deduction. Honestly your rate of improvement is impressively above average. Yes, once the plan to steal the jewels for the money came about it was just about finding the right culprit. Mrs. Schnutz has no shortage of names in her debt but one in particular really seemed to stick in her craw. And it helped that she happened to have a relative that I already had on staff.

FAWX

So Sarah was set up?

CRIMERIA

You could say that.

MADGE

But could *you*?

CRIMERIA

I believe I just did.

FAWX

Well no. I mean you sort of did. You hinted at it. But if you did it then take the credit. It's a genius plan and you pulled it off. For consistency's sake, it would just be a shame to start inferring and half-saying now.

CRIMERIA

Fine, yes, sure. I wasn't planning on mentioning Miss Fletchley so much in my speech, but I can improvise. Yes *and* she was "set up," as you so crudely said.

STALLION

Ok then. And - well I mean since we're here for... awhile.

CRIMERIA

Again, apologies for that.

STALLION

You didn't apologise the first time, but fine. You mind telling us about how you've been using the Admiral's Shanks to hide all your dirty business, getting protection from the clientele?

FAWX

I'm sorry?

STALLION

Retired officers. The entire patronage.

CRIMERIA

Most of them. There are still *some* good old fashioned criminals left in this world. But actually - oh, I'm actually really excited I'll get to do this next part.

MADGE

Can't wait...

CRIMERIA

The Admiral's Shanks wasn't just our office of operations. It was *the* operation.

(Beat.)

STALLION

Ok...?

FAWX

Care to elaborate?

CRIMERIA

(loving it)

If I must. Mr. Fawx. Surprise exam for the room: What's better than *one* of your favourite things?

FAWX

... World peace?

CRIMERIA

Wrong. *Multiple* of your favourite things!

MADGE

Can't believe you missed that.

STALLION

It was right there, mate.

CRIMERIA

Exactly! Franchising! Multiple Admiral's Shanks throughout London! Tens of thousands of men a month flock from all over London to this one location. It's lightning in a bottle. And since lightning never strikes the same place twice, we just have to plant lightning rods all over the city.

FAWX

Ok, ok. But in Whitechapel? The East End? Bemondsey? These are all the most dangerous parts of London, no one in their right mind would want to build a pub out here.

MADGE

Especially with all them Golem attacks recently.

CRIMERIA

Well yes, if you believe in that sort of thing and happen to be homeless, I can see how that would be a concern. However I am neither.

MADGE

Brag.

CRIMERIA

And you would be correct if we were indeed just interested in constructing a pub. These establishments however, are going to be so much more than pubs. You see, Messers Fawx and Stallion, The Admiral's Shanks is about to undergo a massive personality shift.

MADGE

(to FAWX)

Safe to assume he knows what those look like.

CRIMERIA

Instead of being a neighbourhood watering hole with the most salaciously costumed waitstaff law will allow, we're looking at being more of a lucrative industry. Game Halls. With the most salaciously costumed waitstaff law will allow.

FAWX

Game Halls? Like with... Games?

MADGE

Very good.

CRIMERIA

The Admiral's Shanks is about to become the first franchised and licensed gambling house in all of London. Where every night is Casino Night! And where every night the house always wins.

OSKAR

(jokingly)

So long as the big, bad Golem don't piss in the porridge.

FAWX

Oh I don't think you'd have to worry about that, would you Oskar?

OSKAR

You tryna infer somethin', *detective*?

FAWX

Oh, no, not at all, I'm quite lost on this whole thing actually—this being my first case and all. You did just mention, though, that the contracts for all of the new Admiral's Shanks locations happen to be in the neighbourhoods The Golem has struck—truly unfortunate for the homeless communities in those areas. But even more unfortunate, it seems, is that those areas are also home to the other Crimeria legacy: the Homes for the Homeless shelters that your parents erected prior to their untimely, simultaneous deaths a month ago.

OSKAR

So what, ya got two details?

FAWX

Exactly. Two delicious little details. You saw promise in those neighbourhoods, as you've said, promise for a future that didn't involve homeless Londoners ruining your brand new franchise of gaming halls. A future that didn't involve your parents' legacy, only yours. But you couldn't simply shut down the shelters in those areas—what would The Times say about you? No, you needed to create a monster to prey on the people of those neighbourhoods, a monster to make them too scared to go to the very places they should have been safe from the likes of you. And luckily, you had a monster next to you this whole time. Am I right, Oskar? Or should I say: The Golem?

(Beat.)

OSKAR

You know you made no impression on me when I first met you, but now I'm really starting to like you.

CRIMERIA

Barring the added bonus that after the attacks the property value in the neighbourhoods dropped significantly, that's another correct deduction. Look at you go!.

STALLION

Hampton, you did it!

FAWX

I did. I was right? I was right! Oh Yes!

CRIMERIA

Aww, that's very sweet. Good for you.

MADGE

So what gave you the right to think you could just go around offing every tom, dick, and jane on the corner, you great brute.

CRIMERIA

That would be me. I gave him the right. I'm rich.

FAWX

Besides, they didn't kill all of them.

STALLION

Wait, he didn't?

CRIMERIA

Oh god, no. We're not barbaric.

OSKAR

Figured why bin these folk, when we could use 'em...

MADGE/STALLION

The Volunteers...

FAWX

You know, looking back at it later, having been thrown headfirst into an underground fighting ring against my will, I assumed that morning at your estate you had meant to recruit us to fight from the start. But then I remembered what you said:

CRIMERIA

(same from part 4, flashback)

...I know you only deliver the highest quality, most singular, and most desperate...assets, that are available.

FAWX

You weren't talking about us at all. And you weren't talking about some inanimate objects or "assets". You meant people. People we were supposed to recruit to fight in your club, who had nowhere else to go. Just like—

(Overlapping flashbacks come whooshing in with momentum:)

GEORGE

(flashback)

George Kensington.

ANNOUNCER

—our loser, the dear Grasshopper George—

GEORGE

(struggling)

Help me...

FAWX

You sent out agents all over this city to find people to fight for you. Agents like Oskar, Catalina, and Sazarac. "Volunteers."

CRIMERIA

The only volunteering opportunity in London that pays cold, hard cash.

OSKAR

Only none of 'em actually make it long enough to get paid.

MADGE

That's sick!

CRIMERIA

I know, right? Honestly I can't even take credit for the "volunteers" idea. That was all my faithful accountant. Ms. Sazarac has a lovely mind for fitting things where they don't normally belong.

MADGE

She did? Ugh, now I just feel gross.

CRIMERIA

Indeed. I must say, The Golem, Ms. Sazarac and I really do know how to put on a show, don't we?

STALLION

Wait a buttered biscuit, all of this was just about the money?

CRIMERIA

Is he...? Yes, I feel like we're repeating ourselves at this point. And I don't like doing that -

STALLION/FAWX/MADGE

It's repeating!/It's a Crimeria Thing/We know!

STALLION

That is so boring.

FAWX

And it'll never work.

CRIMERIA

I assure you, Mr. Fawx, all the pieces are in place. There's no way for it to fail.

FAWX

I'm not talking about financially, Crimeria, I'm talking about reputationally.

MADGE

People don't want to see the same establishment on every corner. They want to know that where they're going is special. Special to that neighbourhood, that clientele. Unique.

STALLION

Exactly! People want to feel like their pubs and shops are a secret so they can lord it over everyone and feel cool. And franchised businesses are decidedly not cool.

CRIMERIA

Come come, Messers Fawx & Stallion, you of all people should know the importance of having a brand. Isn't that how "London's top private investigative team" stays so busy with important cases? What? That is you, isn't it? Or... are you just their neighbours?

FAWX

(annoyed sigh, to himself)

...Fuck this guy.

CRIMERIA

But now comes the best part of my plan.

STALLION

Jesus What'd you prepare a bergomask?

CRIMERIA

Oskar?

(SOUND: OSKAR produces and cocks a gun.)

FAWX/STALLION/MADGE

Whoa, whoa ok hold on now, Crimeria./That sounded like a gun but I can't see it. Is it a gun?/You won't do it, cuz you're a fucking scab.

CRIMERIA

One question you failed to ask - although you did get a lot of good ones in - was why? Why would I tell you all this? Why would I reveal my whole plan to you and just let you walk free?

FAWX

Because we don't have proof.

CRIMERIA

Exactly.

OSKAR

Ya know, if I didn't know any better I'd say you was on your way to being a real detective.

FAWX

I... thank you?

MADGE

Wasn't a compliment.

FAWX

With a different tone it could've been.

CRIMERIA

But alas, it t'wasn't! And so I can just continue to prattle on about our insurance scheme, how we worked with Ms. Schnutz to frame young Sarah Fletchley, how I've made good on my parents' overly expensive promise to clean up the streets of London albeit through systematic, gambling-based kidnapping and cage fights, and there's no way anyone will believe you!

FAWX

Do you know, three days ago I would have been absolutely furious to hear you say that—

MADGE

Fidgety and indignant—

FAWX

—fidgety and indignant, thank you, Madge. But after the weekend I've had, I'll be honest: I absolutely agree.

CRIMERIA

You...agree?

FAWX

I do! It's a great point, after all. Who would believe our word—just three nobodies who happen to live on Baker Street—against that of the “great, philanthropic Jonathan Crimeria.” We're not even real detectives. And I used to think that was a disadvantage.

STALLION

Hampton, what are you—

FAWX

But here's the thing: if you assume that no one will believe your word, even when it makes sense, you start to get creative. You start to come up with other solutions. You start to wonder, if they'll believe someone like you over someone like me, maybe it shouldn't be *me* telling them. Maybe...maybe it should be you.

CRIMERIA

I appreciate the attempt to make your one moment of glory last as long as possible, but I really—

FAWX

Wonderful thing, recording devices. My partner, James, managed to invest early after he got hit by a city carriage in this very handy thing called a wax cylinder. They say it's going to revolutionise the way we get information—no need to write anything down, you can hear it directly from the source.

CRIMERIA

Oh right, and where would this hypothetical wax cylinder even live? Your bodice? Mr. Stallion's hand me down ascot?

STALLION

That was a gift!

FAWX

No. You see, here's another thing I learned this weekend, from my other partner, Madge: you can hide a lot in a lady's bustle. Priceless jewels, a stick of chewing gum...A full confession from Jonathan Crimeria himself.

CRIMERIA

What?

OSKAR

You -

STALLION

So *that's* why you were playing so dumb!

FAWX

I - what?

(SOUND: The sound of a carriage, some distance away, at high speed.)

CRIMERIA

Well, well, well. Look at you Mr. Fawx. Just full of surprises and wax cylinders and bustles, unfortunately it won't matter! You will not outsmart me! I cannot be outsmarted! I went to boarding school! I know how to spot the difference between a good canapé and a pile of carrots and twigs! I know what a salad fork is! You're just a quartet of bumbling nobodies. A stain on the pantaloons of Holmes and Watson that no one will ever notice. Now, Oskar, unfortunately we must resort to Plan B: the gun.

(SOUND: The gun is cocked. The carriage is closer)

I do hope your wax cylinder picks up this next part, Mr. Fawx, because it's going to be a -

(SOUND: Suddenly the carriage comes crashing through the wall of the building and comes rushing at CRIMERIA, OSKAR, and STALLION.)

OSKAR

Shit!

MADGE

Is that a carriage?!

FAWX

JAMES!!!!

(SOUND: FAWX leaps to tackle STALLION out of the way, right as OSKAR realizes the carriage is about to hit him)

OSKAR

Ah, shit.

(He is hit by the carriage, which goes a few more yards and stops.)

MADGE

Seriously is that a fucking carriage that just crashed through that wall?! Because what the fuck?!?!?

(SOUND: FAWX frees STALLION.)

FAWX

James. James, are you ok?

STALLION

Hampton. Did you just jump in front of that carriage for me?

FAWX

Yes. Yes I believe I did.

(SOUND: They hug)

MADGE

Oy, dickheads! Over here, away from that runaway carriage before -

(SOUND: The door to the stagecoach swings open. SAZARAC, all dishevelled pops open the door, coughing profusely. There's some smoke starting to come out.)

Sazarac?

SAZARAC

Madge! Madge, are you ok?! Once I found out Jonathan was planning on bringing you here I knew, I *knew* I had to stop him. Because I realised, I don't need a job to feel important, and I don't need jewels to be rich. Because Madge... Madge, I love -

(SOUND: The carriage blows up.)

FAWX

Oh my god.

STALLION

Did that carriage just blow up?

FAWX

Well that was convenient. Madge?

MADGE

I swear I didn't realise we had that kind of thing. But now that I think about it, I mean, the signs were there.

(SOUND: They stay for a second staring at the fire.)

Right, wanna get out of here?

FAWX/STALLION

Yeah.

(SOUND: They run out the door and down the street before:)

(SCENE. EXT. Flockton St. Down the block)

STALLION

Wait. Should we go back?

MADGE

Fuck no, why?

STALLION

Check to see if Crimeria survived that carriage collision? Or Oskar?

(SOUND: The entire building collapses behind them. Beat.)

STALLION

On second thought...

FAWX

You know, I'm 95% sure I figured out how he murdered his parents about 3 minutes into that monologue.

STALLION

Fucking finally.

MADGE

Yeah, I refuse to feel bad for him.

STALLION

I do feel bad for Sarah, though. And as much as I hate to admit it, I think I owe that girl an apology.

MADGE

Couldn't agree more. But for now, I do believe we just solved our first case.

FAWX

I think you're right, Madge. I think you're right.

(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC: Upbeat detective theme.)

(SCENE: INT. 224b Baker Street. The following day.)

SARAH

So it just blew up?

STALLION

Yes, Sarah, that's what I'm trying to tell you. The fires of hell mere inches from my face. I'd have been done for if it wasn't for Hampton.

FAWX

That's true. Apparently the asbestos in that building was terrible - it's good they found out now, that pub would've never lasted there.

SARAH

Well I really can't thank you enough. And since Schnutz erased my debt, it looks like mum'll be heading for an early retirement. Thank you again, by the way.

MADGE

It's not every day you get to blackmail someone via wax cylinder, and I thank you for the opportunity to explore this new, terrifying side of myself.

(SOUND: knock knock.)

ALL

It's Open!

(SOUND: ARCHIE enters.)

Archie!

STALLION

There he is! The best damn inspector in Scotland Yard.

FAWX

Inspector.

MADGE

Inspector.

ARCHIE

Hello James.

(SOUND: A quick peck on the cheek.)

Hampton, Madge.

SARAH

Right, should I go or -

STALLION

Oh shit, I forgot. No...?

FAWX

No, no, don't be silly. You're a free woman, Sarah. Free to cavort with anyone you see fit, from kings and queens to former people under your employ.

SARAH

Right... I'm gonna -

ARCHIE

No need, Miss Fletchley. We're well out of the realm of "conflict of interest" now.

SARAH

Ok...

ARCHIE

I just wanted to come by in case you hadn't seen the paper this morning.

STALLION

Oh my god, the spread on the House of Lords' favourite recipes for their Christmas party? How many different mince pies do you need?

ARCHIE

No, not The Standard. The Times.

(SOUND: ARCHIE unfolds the newspaper and tosses it on the table. STALLION picks it up and reads:)

STALLION

"Holmes & Watson recover Crimeria Jewels after Death-Defying Scrap with The Golem." Hey! Look at that, that's - wait, what the blazes?!

SARAH

But...the Golem didn't steal the Crimeria Jewels, I did.

STALLION

We know.

SARAH

I'm just saying, give credit where it's due.

FAWX

They already wrote the article? That was fast.

ARCHIE

Though not entirely thorough. If I had to guess they have a template for Holmes and Watson stories and at this point it's just finding and replacing the specific details with whatever information pertains to the new case.

FAWX

I could've told you that. I don't think The Times has written an original article about them since their Study of Pink.

MADGE

I think you mean "Study *in* Pink." And he calls himself a fan.

FAWX

Actually, I just wanted to leave the joke on the table there for you and see if you'd pick it up.

MADGE

Never question my penchant for studies *in* pink...

STALLION

I'm sorry, maybe I'm still a bit daft from being kidnapped, forced to fight in a cage, almost killed in a fire, kidnapped again, and kept in the stocks all night, but we *actually* solved this one! How the hell did Holmes and Watson snake this case too?

FAWX

Because I gave it to them.

STALLION/MADGE/SARAH

What?!

MADGE

But...you hate them stealing your cases.

STALLION

Exactly, not to mention they weren't the ones who fucking solved it! They were on vacation for Christssake!

FAWX

Yes, yes, and yes. But...as much as I am loath to admit it, there is only one man in this city that can make Scotland Yard open a closed case, and luckily for us, he lives across the street and his train arrived this morning.

STALLION

But—the recording—

FAWX

They never would have even listened to it coming from us. It was a simple deduction, really.

MADGE

And you're... ok with this?

FAWX

Me? Yes. I think I am. I'll be honest, I made the decision when I was running on very little sleep and the adrenaline of having almost been killed but, yes, it was the right choice. Sarah is safe, her mum is safe, and justice was served so I'm glad for it. Truly.

(Beat.)

You know, perhaps with time to sit and think about it, will I actually feel “good” about it?... But no, no. That's for another day. Maybe. Who knows. But *today*, I'm just glad that the Case of the Crimeria Jewels has come to a close!

STALLION

Well, if it's possible to be equal parts good-chuffed and bad-chuffed on your behalf, put me in that category. How did they take all of it over at Scotland Yard?

ARCHIE

Oh, I wouldn't know, I quit.

STALLION

You -? I'm sorry, maybe I didn't, uhh... Had a bit to drink You...?

ARCHIE

Quit.

STALLION

You did?

ARCHIE

I did.

STALLION

When?

ARCHIE

Just now.

STALLION

And you didn't... you know we can talk about this later if you're not feeling -

FAWX/MADGE/SARAH

Or now/No shit/Good for you, but why?

STALLION

This was your first case as Inspector... why would you just hang up the hat and stick now?

ARCHIE

Helmut and Baton, but valiant effort. I suppose it was the culmination of a lot of small things ultimately, but at a certain point I realised that Justice and "Justice Through the Proper Channels" are not always the same thing. And honestly I think there's probably better, less soul-crushing work I can be doing to contribute to the world. At least I hope.

STALLION

I'm proud of you.

ARCHIE

Thank you. It feels good.

STALLION

You know you are always complaining that there's no good patisserie near our flat.

ARCHIE

I'm listening.

FAWX

You know, Archie, in the interest of forging our own path forward, I think we are looking to expand the team quite a bit. And in the future, perhaps we could implore your skills on the odd case or two. A consultant to the consulting detectives, if you will.

MADGE

Or at the very least, we'll absolutely require free catering. So ya got that going for ya..

STALLION

Oh god, I'm going to have to start exercising regularly again, aren't I?

ARCHIE

I'd be honoured on both counts.

FAWX

Well I don't know about you all but I propose a toast!

ARCHIE

There we go. That took longer than expected.

SARAH

Sounds great.

FAWX

John Milton once said -

(SOUND: Everyone objects.)

STALLION/SARAH/MADGE/ARCHIE

No, no!/Oh shove off/Fucking Milton?/I really just want to drink.

FAWX

Ok, ok, ok, ok. Fine! It was going to be good, but fine. Now, let's see...

MADGE

I'm just gonna drink -

SARAH

Ok good, me too.

FAWX

Alright! Fine. The short version. To... To old friends and the new opportunities they invite.

STALLION

Yes, to what is - on paper at least - another professional failure.

FAWX

Exactly. My favourite failure so far.

MADGE

For Ambrosius.

ALL

For Ambrosius.

(SOUND: Ambrosius meows, sleepily. They all down their glasses in one. FAWX looks out at his friends.)

STALLION

Alright, fill 'er up again.

ARCHIE

Another toast?

STALLION

No, just thirsty.

ARCHIE

That makes two of us, love.

(They smile at each other.)

SARAH

You know Madge, if you want, I can teach you a few of those sleight of hand tricks I was telling you about.

MADGE

Oh yeah, then maybe I could teach you a few things as well. About some subjects I don't wanna get into in front of these delicate flowers here.

SARAH

Promise?

MADGE

On my life.

(They share a moment. FAWX just notices this now. A nice little deduction:)

FAWX

(pleased, maybe a little teasing)

Oh, so you two—?

MADGE

Two deductions in 24 hours, Hampton? Don't hurt yourself.

FAWX

Noted.

(SARAH and MADGE break away. A moment, to himself, with Ambrosius:)

Good show, Ambrosius. Good show.

(SOUND: Ambrosius does his tired meow of recognition and falls asleep again. Then suddenly: a knock on the door.)

STALLION

Ughhh come on. Can't we just drink in peace! I'm exhausted.

SARAH

It's open!

MADGE

Now ya gettin' the hang of it.

FAWX

I'll get it, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FAWX goes to the door.)

MADGE

Good, and tell 'em to bugger off! There's already three people too many in here.

(SOUND: FAWX opens the door.)

FAWX

Yes, hello, can I help... you...?

(A distressed well-to-do gentleman stands at the door.)

CLIENT

(Terrified, hasn't slept in days)

H-Hello, I—I have a case?

FAWX

Yes, of course, sorry, you're probably looking for 221B Baker Street, easy mistake-

CLIENT

No, I'm looking for you. Mr. Fawx & Mr. Stallion? My niece, Kate, works at the Crimeria Estate—she told me you helped set Eliza Fletchley free?

FAWX

(perhaps a bit flustered by the recognition)

Right...yes, well, actually, we did, a bit.

CLIENT

Are you Mr. Fawx or Mr. Stallion?

FAWX

Well...that's the thing, really. We're not so much a detective duo as a detective team these days. We sort of... do our own thing here.

(as he lists off the names, everyone makes some verbal sign of acknowledgement)

I'm Hampton. This is James, my best friend and partner. Madge, my—well, my *other* best friend and partner. Archie, currently unemployed/consultant. And...well, if she'd like that is....?

SARAH

Sarah. Here to help, I suppose.

FAWX

Excellent. So...how may we help you, sir?

(Beat. The CLIENT takes a seat.)

CLIENT

It's about these messages I've been getting from my sister. Trouble is... she died over three years ago.

(Beat.)

FAWX

Well, team?

ALL

Yes?

FAWX

How do we feel about ghosts?

CREDITS

Fawx and Stallion is written and directed by Ian Geers and Lauren Grace Thompson. This episode was sound designed by Sarah Buchinsky (pronounced Boo-chin-skee) and original music was composed by Baldemar. This episode featured Jeremy Thompson as Hampton Fawx, Chris Vizurraga as James Stallion, Katie McLean Hainsworth as Madge Stallion, Tommy Malouf as Jonathan Crimeria, Shawn Pfautsch as Archie Cartwright, Mike Ooi as Oskar, Tina Muñoz Pandya as Sazarac, and Daniel Millhouse as the Client. Find us on Twitter, Instagram, and Tumblr @224BBaker, or on our website, 224bbaker.com.

END OF SEASON ONE