

Part Two:

The Case of the Three-Day Weekend

(SCENE: INT. 221B Baker St. A few minutes later.)

(FAWX is seated in Sherlock Holmes's wing tipped chair, attempting to look comfortable and professional, STALLION and MADGE flanking him, standing. SARAH is seated on one side of a couch.

SOUND: A long beat of awkward silence, maybe the sound of the clock ticking away. A finger tapping impatiently as SARAH waits for them to stop staring at her and say something. Finally: a tea kettle goes off in the next room. It goes off for a second.)

SARAH

Do you want to maybe get that?

(Beat. No one answers. Finally, MADGE sighs and goes to get it.)

MADGE

Got it.

FAWX

Right... So you...

SARAH

Need you to solve a jewel heist or else my mother will be hanged.

FAWX

(still flustered but trying to cover)

That's... what I thought you said, yes. I mean, I, you know...*recall*. Things. All the time.

SARAH

In three days.

STALLION

Oh good, a ticking clock. Anything else?

(MADGE pops her head back in)

MADGE

Tea?

SARAH

Um, yes. Sorry. I don't believe I caught *your* name?

MADGE

Madge.

SARAH

Thank you. Madge.

FAWX

Yes. And Thank you...?

SARAH

Sarah. Fletchley.

MADGE

Now I won't forget it.

STALLION

Actually, does anyone know where they keep the bar here? I think I need a drink.

MADGE

Dry house. Hence the tea.

STALLION

Really?

MADGE

I know. They're impossible.

(Beat.)

SARAH

Right, so you're clearly not Sherlock Holmes or John Watson. So... what, did you just break in, then?

(Beat.)

Yes.

MADGE

But, it's fine! We're the neighbors.

FAWX

Sure. That...makes things better then?

SARAH

(Beat.)

Should we maybe go to *your* flat-

STALLION

Yes, absolutely -

FAWX

Drafty in here anyway -

STALLION

Well they don't lock their windows!

CREDITS

SCENE: INT. 224B Baker St. Moments later.

(Everyone sits in the exact same positions in 224B.)

(SOUND: Same ticking clock. Same silence. Same nervous fidgeting.)

So... *this* is your flat?

SARAH

Yes -

FAWX

It sort of looks...exactly the same-

SARAH

FAWX

Oh, does it? I hadn't noticed. Anyway - Welcome, Sarah, to 224B Baker Street. The operating centre for Fawx & Stallion, gentlemen detectives.

SARAH

Is that two tables you got in your dining room?

FAWX

Well, the one on the left is actually specifically used for Table Tennis. Helps the mind expand.

STALLION

I was an early investor.

MADGE

But we do mostly just use it as a second table, so ya not wrong.

SARAH

I like your cat.

FAWX

Hmm? Oh yes, that's Ambrosius. He's key to our whole operation.

SARAH

Oh, how's that?

FAWX

The feline mind is an enigma. A puzzle that begs solving. Isn't that right, Ambrosius?

(SOUND: The cat meows, in his old and exhausted way. More like a wheeze, to be honest.)

MADGE

(To STALLION)

I always just thought of him as a mascot but sure. Puzzles.

FAWX

Right. So. Introductions. I am Hampton Fawx, Detective. And... Gentleman.

STALLION

James Stallion, Gentleman...and Detective.

MADGE

Again, Madge, neither. I brought the tea before. But I'm also a full blown Taurus so do what you want with that.

SARAH

Sarah. Fletchley. As I said.

FAWX/STALLION/MADGE

Hello Sarah.

SARAH

Right. Ok then. So my case is... Actually, you know what?

FAWX

What?

(SARAH stands)

SARAH

I think I'd better go.

FAWX

But wait, you said you had a case!

SARAH

Yes, I do. For Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson. And to be frank, I need the best detectives in London and I need them now -

FAWX

Well then you're in luck, because Holmes & Watson are actually out of town currently-

SARAH

How is that luck -

FAWX

—and left us in charge!

(Beat. She eyes them suspiciously.)

SARAH

...is that right?

FAWX

Yes, that *is* right! Right? Left us in charge of keeping their flat in order, pet sitting, mail sitting, house sitting, you know, as well as their cases, obviously.

STALLION

Case Sitting.

FAWX

Case sitting, thank you, James! So, if you have a case, we are happy to...sit. On it...

(Beat.)

SARAH

Look, Mr. Fawx, Mr. Stallion, Mrs... Madge -

MADGE

It's Miss.

STALLION

(gesturing to himself and Madge)

Well legally it's "Mrs." but that's...

MADGE

Yeah, "legally" it's "Mrs." but for *you* it's Miss.

SARAH

Look, all of you, it's not that I don't trust you - I mean I did just meet you breaking into someone's flat - it's just that I only have the weekend to clear my mother's name before she's hanged for a crime she didn't commit, so unless you have a good track record of finding jewel thieves in a very short amount of time, I'm afraid I'll have to start hitching to Devonshire.

STALLION

Is that the title for something?

MADGE

No, but keep it.

FAWX

Mrs. Fletchley -

SARAH

Miss.

FAWX

I'm sorry?

SARAH

You said "Mrs" but it's not - I'm just "Miss".

MADGE

Really?

SARAH

You were saying, Mr. Fawx?

FAWX

Uh, yes. I was. Sorry, I say a lot. It's kind of my Thing.

STALLION

Most of it's good.

FAWX

Thank you, anyway, yes. We can absolutely solve your case.

MADGE

We can?

FAWX

We can!

STALLION

("I guess we can")

We can.

SARAH

Are you sure? You don't even know all the details. You barely know *any* of the details.

FAWX

Missing Jewels. Mother in Jail. You can fill us in on the rest whenever *you* are comfortable.

SARAH

Have you ever solved anything like this before?

(Beat.)

FAWX

Well, nothing quite like... *this* but -

STALLION

But that is because we believe every case is different! And deserves its own special handling.

SARAH

Alright... Assuming I'm going along with this, do you have any sort of "payment plan" like Holmes & Watson. I'm...sort of going through a particularly rough time right now.

MADGE

(To STALLION)

I didn't know they had a payment plan.

STALLION

(To MADGE)

That answers the mystery of how they get so many mysteries. Affordable bastards.

FAWX

Please, Miss Fletchley, with us you wouldn't have to pay *anything*. We work on sort of a, well, a pay-what-you-can model—it's actually, it's basically revolutionary!

MADGE

We do?

STALLION

It's not any different than what we've been doing.

FAWX

We believe everyone should have access to... having their cases solved.

SARAH

So you just take cases for free? How are you able to stay open?

FAWX

Donations?

STALLION

I'm independently wealthy.

MADGE

He was hit by a carriage.

STALLION

Yes. *Independently.*

SARAH

I don't think that makes any sense.

FAWX

Funny you should ask—

SARAH

I didn't.

FAWX

—because it's a great story...

(SOUND: Memory harps of some kind. We are transitioning into a flashback.)

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

See, it all started 5 years ago. On a bright, sunny day in Piccadilly Circus.

(SOUND: Birds chirping, people out and about, happy.)

STALLION

(O.S. Narration)

That's not true. It was raining.

(SOUND: A sudden downpour, perhaps a clap of thunder.)

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

Oh, I don't know about that. It was my first day in London, you think I'd remember if it was a torrential downpour. Anyway, there I was -

(SOUND: Rain stops. Bird's chirping, happy again)

STALLION

(O.S. Narration)

It was my first day in London as well which is why I know definitively that it was raining. I had just left a rainy climate for sunnier pastures and when I arrived in the big city: "oh look, more rain!" It has to have been raining-

(SOUND: Downpour.)

-because how else would -

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

Right, right. I'm not there yet, don't want to spoil the whole story.

STALLION

(O.S. Narration)

You'd think as my best friend, he'd remember -

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

I do! -

SARAH

(O.S. Narration)

Where were you coming from?

STALLION

(O.S. Narration)

Tintwhisle, in Derbyshire.

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

So there I was, having just arrived in -

SARAH

(O.S. Narration)

That's funny. You don't have an accent.

STALLION

(O.S. Narration)

I thank God for that, and you for noticing.

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

Anyway... There I was -

STALLION/SARAH

(O.S. Narration)

Sorry.

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

It's all right - Anyway, there I was, having just arrived from the small hamlet of Ashford in Surrey, when -

MADGE

(O.S. Narration)

I'm from Ashford as well. Everyone was sharing their pasts. Just thought I'd chime in.

SARAH

(O.S. Narration)

Oh, is that how you two met?

MADGE

(O.S. Narration)

That is actually a funny story. See, it all started about 15 and a half years ago...

(SOUND: Memory harp begins and is immediately cut off by FAWX:)

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

No. No, sorry Madge it's just...

MADGE

(O.S Narration)

Right, go on with your boring story then.

FAWX

(O.S. Narration)

So London. 5 Years ago. In the rain. Where we begin our scene...

(SOUND: Memory Harp, a modest sprinkle of rain and activity bustling in Piccadilly Circus. We're with a younger FAWX.)

FAWX

London, you beautiful mistress, lay ope your secrets, for I, Hampton Fawx, am here to solve your mysteries!

BYSTANDER 1

(o.s.)

Look out! Runaway carriage!

(SOUND: A carriage comes charging at FAWX who turns and sees it just in time before he's pushed out of the way. A crash. A group of townspeople gather, concerned.)

BYSTANDER 2

Alright, alright give the boy some air. Oy, Lad. You ok?

FAWX

(groggy)

I was just... what happened?

BYSTANDER 1

You were standing in the middle of the street and the waste carriage almost hit you. Then that handsome gentleman pushed you out of the way.

FAWX

Which gentleman?

(SOUND: Emerging from the crowd, which neatly parts, is a younger James STALLION.)

STALLION

James Stallion. Just arrived in London. Pleased to meet you.

FAWX

Hampton Fawx. Also just arrived in London. Thank you for saving me. Are you alright?

STALLION

Well, I will admit the city is rather large and a bit intimidating, but—

FAWX

No, I mean because you're bleeding from your leg and... oh god, is that bone?

(STALLION looks down and it definitely is.)

STALLION

Huh. Look at that. It is. Good eye, Hampton Fawx. You know, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful partnership.

(SOUND: Memory Harp. End of Flashback.)

(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker St. Present time.)

STALLION

—and since the waste carriage was technically city property, I was able to sue the City of London and settle for... let's just say a truly negligent amount of money. Which I used to make some simple investments: Indoor Table Tennis leagues, for one - hence the second table - I have a share in a company with these chaps I met at a party named the Scott Brothers, who claim they're going to revolutionise the toilet paper industry. It was too funny to pass up.

FAWX

He was also an early investor in the phonograph—

STALLION

Just imagine, Sarah: the ability to record anything, anywhere. *Perfect* for detective work, not to mention it'll revolutionise storytelling as we know it!

SARAH

Right, and those things...were successful?

STALLION

They *will* be. And, for now, well, in a funny way wealth sort of perpetuates more wealth...

SARAH

I wouldn't know.

STALLION

I know, right.

FAWX

So money's no problem for us.

SARAH

I'm not sure why this seemed like an appropriate time for your backstory, but here we are.

FAWX

We just want you to know that you can trust us. So, what is *your* story?

SARAH

I don't know if we've gotten there yet, but as for the case -

FAWX

Right, that's what I meant, The Case. You don't need to tell us anything you don't want to.

STALLION

Unless it pertains to the Case.

FAWX

Right, unless it pertains to the Case. Of course. That's a... yes.

SARAH

Well...here's what happened.

FAWX

Excellent! Madge, take this down.

MADGE

James, take this down. If we're diving into the real thing, I'll get drinks.

SARAH

It's barely one o'clock in the after -

STALLION

Thank you - sloe gin for me, please.

FAWX

Same, please.

SARAH

Ok. So my mum works for -

MADGE

Sarah?

SARAH

Sorry?

MADGE

What do you want? Gin? Whiskey? Failed batch of home-brewed ale?

SARAH

Oh, um... whatever you're having is fine.

MADGE

Brave girl, I like it.

(SOUND: MADGE exits.)

SARAH

So. My mum - I'm sorry. Shouldn't she be here for this?

FAWX

Who? Madge? Oh no it's fine, we can fill her in later.

STALLION

I assure you, Sarah, this is all part of the Stallion and Fawx process.

SARAH

Drinking and... walking away during the... right, em. So my mum is the 2nd floor housekeeper for Jonathan Crimeria's Estate.

FAWX

Right. Yes. Jonathan Crimeria.

(to STALLION)

Why does that name sound familiar?

STALLION

(to Fawx)

Second richest family in Britain. Used to be in art collecting then took a sharp pivot into philanthropy a few years ago. Then last month they both died out of nowhere. It was in The Standard for weeks. So annoying.

FAWX

Interesting. I wouldn't think there was a lot of money in Philanthropy.

SARAH

There isn't.

FAWX

Alright, one for me.

(SOUND: STALLION makes a note.)

STALLION

Noted.

SARAH

Monday.

(Beat.)

FAWX

I'm sorry?

SARAH

My mum's to be hanged on Monday. Just a reminder, in case anyone forgot.

STALLION

(“Ok, Killjoy”)

Also noted.

(SOUND: STALLION makes a note.)

SARAH

Before The Crimerias' deaths, they were set to unveil a multi-million pound venture to assist the homelessness situation in London.

FAWX

Aww, that's great!

SARAH

But as you can imagine their untimely deaths have pretty much stopped the entire venture in its tracks.

FAWX

Not as great.

SARAH

Until Jonathan Crimeria broke his month long mourning period with a gala auction last evening...

(TRANSITION HARPSICHORD into:

(SCENE: INT. The Crimeria Estate in the heart of London. The previous evening.)

(SOUND: A large ornate ballroom, filled with the richest people in London, all chatting amongst themselves and eating disappointing hor-d'oeuvres. We're with Jonathan CRIMERIA, standing at a podium and giving an address)

CRIMERIA

Ladies and Gentlemen, esteemed guests, colleagues, peers, and friends who came just to enjoy the canapé, I'm afraid to announce... a crime has been committed.

(SOUND: Mild hubbub.)

One that I, Jonathan Crimeria, have committed.

(SOUND: Gasps and confusion.)

However, my friends, before you cast your surprise and moral arrows, I must confess I was not alone.

(SOUND: General hubbub.)

I am not the sole culprit. In fact, my accomplices are many. In even greater fact, I see some of them here this evening. And I would hope... that they know who they are.

(Hangs in the air.)

Come forward. Those of you honest and brave enough to admit to your sins, be free of your guilt. Do not live like a prepubescent child, in ignominy and fear.

(Pause.)

No one? Well then, it appears *I* must be the one to shake this shrub and see what nuts fall to the furnace. Because I'm afraid, my friends, that *all* of you are guilty of this crime.

(SOUND: Great hubbub. A large amount.)

And the crime that we are all guilty of... is a lack of empathy.

(SOUND: The air lets out of the room, several of the guests chuckle in recognition.)

Bit of a walk, I know, but I got you there.

(SOUND: The crowd is won over.)

But in all seriousness. See? Serious face is on. We have all, you and I, been guilty of abandoning good folk like you and me. The Homelessness Situation in England is really, truly... bad.

(SOUND: Rumble of guilty acknowledgement.)

And trust me, I wish we could continue to ignore our destitute neighbours and enjoy what is sure to be another classic England Summer, but we simply can. Not. The recent rise in attacks on our Homeless Citizens mixed with the rumours - as outlandish as they may be - of a "Golem"-type figure stalking the sewers of our fair city can no longer be ignored. And that is why I've gathered you all here, the creme de la creme de la cream, to make a difference. To do what we wealthy cretins are best at: affecting positive community change through large scale financial donations.

(SOUND: An acknowledging chuckle goes through the crowd.)

And while I'm sure every single one of you good-hearted, caring, and wealthy individuals would push a child into traffic at the opportunity to give away your hard-earned money for charity, I figured there was no harm in sweetening the pot with a little auction of some of the Crimeria Family's most prized possessions.

(SOUND: Mounting excitement.)

For, as I'm sure you're all aware from The Standard's sterling obituary, my parents valued nothing in the world more than their philanthropic ventures. Nothing at all. So without further ado, may I introduce the first item up for bid... The Crimeria Family Jewels. A bit extravagant, I know, but why waste your time with artisan cheeses and candelabras.

(SOUND: A chest is wheeled out with a velvet curtain covering a display. The crowd 'Ohhs' and 'Ahhs'.)

We'll start the bidding at 100 pounds. Oskar, if you would please open the case.

SARAH

(transitioning us back to present day)

And when they did....

(SOUND: The case is opened. A huge group gasp. Panic and outrage.)

SARAH

(transitioning us back to present day)

The case was completely empty. The jewels had disappeared.

(SCENE: INT. 224B Baker Street.)

(Everyone is wrapt, listening to SARAH's story.)

FAWX

This is... incredibly detailed. You have no idea how easy you make a detective's job with this much... detail.

MADGE

Extremely expressive, too. Anybody ever tell you you're a beautiful storyteller?

SARAH

Not yet.

MADGE

You're a beautiful storyteller.

SARAH

Thank you.

STALLION

Just one question, Miss Fletchley.

SARAH

Of course.

STALLION

You said all of the most important people in London were there.

SARAH

Yes?

STALLION

So I supposed the question begs... why wasn't I invited?

FAWX

Or *conversely*: what happened next?

(TRANSITION MUSIC: Driving Victorian Gala Theme.)

(SOUND: Glass clinking with ice, a fire burning. The Crimeria study is a place with a lot of carpets.)

(SCENE: INT. CRIMERIA Study. The evening of the gala. A couple hours later.)

(We're with ARCHIE, interviewing CRIMERIA about the incident, McMURPHY at his side. A fire is going, perhaps, and CRIMERIA sits in a wingtip chair, flanked by SAZARAC. OSKAR lurks in the corner.)

(SOUND: Crimeria finishing his drink with a loud exhale.)

CRIMERIA

Oskar, another brandy.

(SOUND: OSKAR begins to walk to the bar and pours a brandy. A Tall Brandy.)

SAZARAC

Now, Jonathan...

CRIMERIA

What, as if an inspector from Scotland Yard has never seen someone in distress? I'm sure you've seen people act in a slurry of disparaging ways, all worse than a bit of drink, Inspector...?

ARCHIE

Archibald Cartwright, sir.

McMURPHY

And Efriam McMurphy. *Constable* Efriam McMurphy. Since we're doing introductions.

CRIMERIA

The finest the city could spare, I'm sure.

McMURPHY

Thank you, sir. So what are ya thinkin', Cartwright?

ARCHIE

Well, first we'll need a bit more information before we start -

McMURPHY

Right, me too, cuz I just don't get it, see. To me, it doesn't add up.

CRIMERIA

Would you like me to go over the events of the evening again? Huge speech up top, pant-dampening anticipation, 'here come the jewels', 'oops they're gone'! Would you like me to slow it down?

SAZARAC

Jonathan...

ARCHIE

I think we can all follow that, it's only four steps. Now, Mr. Crimeria, can you think of any reason why someone would want to steal the jewels?

CRIMERIA

I'm ashamed to say but I can think of a few, I'll begin with the fact that they're *jewels*.

SAZARAC

Jonathan!

CRIMERIA

I know, but come on.

ARCHIE

Quite alright, quite alright. Just uh... Walked right into that one. We're just trying to create a timeline. We're not trying to upset you.

SAZARAC

And we know that, Inspector. We do. If I can speak plainly on behalf of Jonathan and the entire Crimeria household - I am Furina Sazarac, the Crimeria's Accountant -

McMURPHY
(To ARCHIE)

Crimerias had their own accountant?

SAZARAC

Yes. They did. It's me. Furina Sazarac. And again, many apologies for Jonathan's stress. It's been... an increasingly difficult month.

CRIMERIA

Here, here!

SAZARAC

Those jewels... well, they were incredibly important to the late Crimerias.

CRIMERIA

Exactly. And they were my bloody inheritance!

McMURPHY
(*sincerely*)

And you were about to auction 'em off too. It's all just a damn shame.

ARCHIE

(fake sincerely)

Absolutely. I can't even imagine how someone in your position is able to cope.

CRIMERIA

What is that supposed to mean? Is he joking?

(To SAZARAC and OSKAR)

Is that a joke -

(To ARCHIE)

Was that a joke?

ARCHIE

(starting to sweat)

I...

SAZARAC

Obviously not, Jonathan. The inspector is just trying to share his concern. It's good to have someone on the case with a vested interest.

CRIMERIA

Is that right? Inspector? Are you concerned?

ARCHIE

Of course. Scotland Yard doesn't hire anyone unless they can prove how much they despise crime. In fact one of the original slogans was "We Arrest because we Detest... Crime."

(ARCHIE attempts to laugh at the joke but no one gets it.)

SAZARAC

Catchy...

CRIMERIA

Well, however painfully on-the-nose, it certainly sends a comforting message.

McMURPHY

And I didn't even know that, but I can assure you it's not a joke because it wasn't even funny.

ARCHIE

(pained)

Thank you, Constable McMurphy.

McMURPHY

I got you, partner.

SAZARAC

Obviously tensions are high because of the tragedy these jewels' disappearance has caused. The Late Crimerias' initiatives in The East End, The Rookery—Bemondsey. These were the locations for the last great project of the Crimerias before their tragic simultaneous passing one month ago to the day; the Homes for the Homeless Initiative.

CRIMERIA

Imagine if you died suddenly and tragically before you could cut the ribbon on your life's work.

SAZARAC

And help out the homeless.

CRIMERIA

Yes. That too. Those priceless family heirlooms were to be auctioned off to solve homelessness... it's exactly what my parents would've wanted. If we don't recover them...

(He looks around.)

It will be a stain on not only the Crimeria name... but on the very act of Philanthropy itself.

ARCHIE

Well, trust us, sir; your pride is our number one priority.

CRIMERIA

Thank you.

ARCHIE

Now, who was the last person to come into contact with the jewels?

CRIMERIA

I hadn't been in the study since roughly 4:15 this afternoon when my gentlemen's club dispersed after our weekly game of Blind Man's Buff, at which time Oskar, here, was standing guard, yes?

(OSKAR is suddenly right behind ARCHIE—terrifying)

OSKAR

Yea.

ARCHIE

Good god! Apologies, I had forgotten you were here.

OSKAR

Good. I'm quiet like that.

CRIMERIA

But *anyway*—that was it. Until Miss Sazarac brought the jewels down for the auction around eight o'clock.

ARCHIE

And were the jewels in the display chest when you brought them down?

SAZARAC

I'm ashamed to say I didn't check. The curtains were drawn and I assumed all for the best. It was asinine and unforgivable. I spend every waking second contemplating whether my punishment is better served in a sanitarium or at the bottom of the Thames.

(Beat.)

ARCHIE

Right. And you, Oskar—

OSKAR

Yea.

ARCHIE

—oh, god, now you're over there. Hello. Did you abandon your post at any point during the afternoon?

OSKAR

Nah, I ain't no deserter.

CRIMERIA

See?

McMURPHY

Not even... to take a wee?

ARCHIE

McMurphy. I apologise, Mr-Oskar, that is -

McMURPHY

What? It's nature! Man's gotta go, if a man's gotta -

OSKAR

Yea.

CRIMERIA

What?

OSKAR

I was here for 4 hours, can you hold a wee for 4 hours?

McMURPHY/ARCHIE/CRIMERIA/SAZARAC

No/Yes/Yes/Not anymore...

OSKAR

I tripped off for 2 ticks to use the loo. Sorry, boss.

CRIMERIA

Well normally I'd say it's fine but right now I feel vindicated in my shock!

ARCHIE

Did you notice anything different about the room when you returned?

OSKAR

Oh yeah.

ARCHIE

Care to elaborate?

OSKAR

The cleaning bird was in. Leaving the direction of the chest.

CRIMERIA

Mrs. Fletchley?

OSKAR

That were it.

ARCHIE

Sorry, who is Mrs. Fletchley?

SAZARAC

Eliza Fletchley. The housekeeper in charge of all second floor rooms. But that would be impossible because she wasn't shifted to work last night.

CRIMERIA

Exactly! I gave her and the rest of the staff the night off to work the auction!

OSKAR

See, that's what I thought too. Until I saw this fall out of her pocket...

(SOUND: OSKAR produces a small key.)

SAZARAC/CRIMERIA

What?!/No!

McMURPHY

Well this one's got some twists and turns, don't it!

ARCHIE

Miss Sazarac, that wouldn't happen to be the key to open the Display Chest where the jewels were being kept, would it?

SAZARAC

Bone-shakingly unlikely considering there is only one copy of the key and it is in my p-

(SOUND: She checks her pockets. Checks again. Pats her dress down. She can't find it.)

I... seem to have... em...

CRIMERIA

You don't have it? Why don't you have it? What kind of an accountant are you?

SAZARAC

I-I'm sorry Jonathan but... I must've been robbed.

McMURPHY

What? No!

SAZARAC

I keep the key hidden on my person at all times for safe keeping.

CRIMERIA

So, how did Eliza Fletchley end up with it then?

ARCHIE

Mhmm. And is this behaviour out of the ordinary for Ms. Fletchley? To be where she uh... shouldn't?

CRIMERIA

I'd say so... She's been a maid in the Crimeria estate since I was but a boy. She practically raised me. Taught me maths, how to poach an egg, skating. She was the one who broke the news to me that both of my parents simultaneously passed away in their sleep last month. There's... there's just no way...

(He stares off into the fire.)

She's just a sweet, old woman.

SAZARAC

Precisely, a lovely, couldn't hurt a fly, old woman.

ARCHIE

Mr...em... Oskar? Anything to add?

OSKAR

She might've lost her fastball a bit.

SAZARAC/CRIMERIA

Oskar!/Really, old boy!

OSKAR

I calls it like I sees it. Yeah, sure she's "sweet" and all but she's not exactly someone I'd pick on a rugby pitch. Clumsy ole biddie. All I'm sayin'.

SAZARAC

Actually... Come to think of it... She did run into me. Yesterday. I was rounding the East Wing corridor to check on arrangements for the gala and she ran right into me. You don't think....

CRIMERIA

Impossible.

OSKAR

That'd be the moment, though. Right?

ARCHIE

Well, that may not be. Miss Sazarac, did your... person come into contact with anyone else in the 24 hours preceding the events of the gala?

McMURPHY

Great question.

SAZARAC

What? Me? Absolutely not! I'm one of the most trusted members of the board of the Crimeria Estate. I did not get to where I am today by letting everyone and their mother come into contact with my person. I'm a professional, for godsake.

ARCHIE

I wasn't implying anything to the contrary. Here, let's take a moment, recompose, and begin building out this timeline again, but with -

(CRIMERIA, SAZARAC, and OSKAR all let out annoyed sighs.)

McMURPHY

I think what Inspector Cartwright here means is we should go have a chat with Mrs. Eliza Fletchley. Right, Inspector?

SAZARAC/OSKAR

Thank god!/There ya go!

(Beat.)

ARCHIE

That is... Mr. Crimeria, you seem to think this is beyond her temperament. Is there anything else we should know?

CRIMERIA

Yes, Inspector. Though I wish it weren't the case, I believe that whatever measure of sugar one may possess, an equal measure of cyanide may also be found.

ARCHIE

Right...

McMURPHY

I mean, how do you not with a line like that? Gentlemen, Miss Sazarac, I don't think we need to hear anymore. Housemaid here on her night off, access to the jewels, sneaking in when the guard's havin' a wee? I'd say we got our man. Eh, Inspector? Open and shut case. They're gonna love you, down at the Yard.

CRIMERIA

I do hope they will. Sazarac can help you with Miss Fletchley's address. Oskar.

(SOUND: CRIMERIA and OSKAR leave.)

SAZARAC

I'm so sorry gentlemen, but as you can see this is a lot for Mr. Crimeria to swallow.

(SOUND: SAZARAC leads ARCHIE & McMURPHY to the door.)

It has been an unbearably difficult month.

ARCHIE

You said.

SAZARAC

I did. But that's because it has been. 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.

McMURPHY

Miss Sazarac, you have no idea how much that means.

SAZARAC

So. Her address...

(TRANSITION MUSIC: Victorian Gala Music punctuation.)

(SCENE. INT. 224B Baker St. Present time.)

(SARAH finishes her story.)

FAWX

Incredible detail. Anything else?

SARAH

Yes. It would've been absolutely impossible for my mother to steal that key. She can't even play a game of snooker anymore, what makes them think she's some pickpocketing savant?

STALLION

Mothers are tricky. They could have a lot of special skills you'd have no idea about...

SARAH

Look, if I'm being honest, my mother hasn't been...herself, for a bit now. She forgets things, loses her way. I take care of her the best I can but I can only do so much, I work too—

FAWX

Sarah, I have to ask: is it possible she stole the jewels on accident? Or that she forgot?

SARAH

You don't understand, they don't tell her anything, they don't tell *anyone* who works there anything. They don't trust people like us to know those things, so she wouldn't have even known the jewels were there, much less which key to use or who had it!

FAWX

Do you know any reason why she might have had the key on her, then?

SARAH

She's a cleaning lady, what do you think? She picks things up that rich people drop all the time. It's the job. They make a mess, we clean it up, and we don't ask questions where it came from. But I'm not letting her pick up this mess—she's given enough to them.

FAWX

And when the police came to your house, did they find anything, the jewels?

SARAH

No, they didn't, because there was nothing *to* find. I was there when she came home, she had the exact same things she left with. I would have noticed if something was different, I *know* my mum.

FAWX

Is that what you told the police, when they questioned her?

SARAH

They weren't much interested in questioning anyone. I don't think anyone spoke one word to me, they didn't care. Jonathan Crimeria made up his mind, and so did they. And on Monday, she's going to hang for it. -

(SOUND: MADGE re-enters with two simple drinks and two extravagant cocktails on a fancy tray, completely missing the mood shift.)

MADGE

Alright! Two sloe gins for the dickheads in the house and two Timber Doodles for the ladies.

STALLION

Oh yes, thank you!

FAWX

Yum yum yum!

SARAH

Um, thank you, now -

STALLION

Mm! Alright, Cheers. What should we cheers to?

SARAH

This is -

FAWX

Oh, great point, James. It's a waste if we don't. Ok, ok, hmmm. To... To the first of many.

STALLION

Here here!

FAWX/STALLION/MADGE

To the first of many!

(SOUND: They drink.)

SARAH

The first of many what?

FAWX

I'm... sorry?

SARAH

The 'first of many' What.

STALLION

Oh shit.

FAWX

The first... of many... wonderful interactions we'll have... through this case!

SARAH

Really? You think it'll be pretty straightforward, then?

FAWX

No. Well, no, but... I can see how you'd deduce that's what I meant, but -

MADGE

Oh Christ, Hampton, just tell her. I can't watch you flounder like this. It's gone from funny to sad real quick.

FAWX

Alright. Sarah. Em. So this... is actually... although we are past due... our first... case.

SARAH

And you waited to tell me until now because...?

FAWX

Because... it hadn't come up?

SARAH

Look, I'm sorry, but this was clearly a mistake.

(SOUND: SARAH gets up to leave.)

FAWX

No, Sarah! Wait! We can explain!

STALLION

Let him explain.

SARAH

Look, I just can't really risk this whole thing on... you. Thank you for the tea, Miss Madge.

MADGE

Oh, the pleasure was *very* much mine.

(SARAH reaches the door.)

FAWX

Give us the weekend!

SARAH

What?

FAWX

Give us the weekend. You said your mum gets hanged in four days, on Monday, right?

SARAH

Three.

FAWX

What?

SARAH

Three days.

FAWX

Three days what?

SARAH

My mother is hanged in three days.

FAWX

No. Is it Friday already?

STALLION
(To MADGE)

I thought it was Saturday.

MADGE

I just kinda go with it.

SARAH

Goodbye.

(SOUND: She opens the door, FAWX leaps in front of her to stop her from leaving, perhaps closes the door again)

FAWX

Wait, no no no! Three days! You said it was three days, give us those *three days* to find the jewels that were stolen and -

SARAH

To be clear, you don't need to find the jewels. I don't *care* about the jewels. You just need to clear my mum's name.

FAWX

Even better! One less thing to do, I'm terrible at multitasking—

SARAH

You're not helping yourself the way you think you are.

FAWX

Give us the weekend to clear your mum's name, and if we haven't figured it out by then... then I will personally meet Sherlock Holmes at the train station and *ensure* that he solves the case himself.

(Beat.)

I promise, Sarah. We'll do everything we can. *I* will do everything I can.

(Beat.)

SARAH

You promise?

FAWX

I do.

(A long beat. SARAH sighs.)

SARAH

Three days.

FAWX

(pleasantly surprised)

Wait, *really?*

STALLION

Hampton, you *have* to stop.

SARAH

Please don't make me regret this. Now, I must get to work. If you uncover anything you can find me at the Flag & Pike in Whitechapel until 2am. Or in general, just leave a message for me there. Herb, The Pubman will make sure I get it.

MADGE

That sounds familiar -

SARAH

Have you been there before?

MADGE

Not yet, but I'll make a point to now.

SARAH

Well if dives are your cup of tea, we're always pouring. I'm afraid some of us aren't independently wealthy.

STALLION

Very true.

FAWX

Excellent. Yes, well. We will get started right away and provide you with status reports if em... anything comes up!

(Beat.)

SARAH

Mr. Fawx, I hope you're serious about this.

(SOUND: SARAH opens the door to leave.)

MADGE

(To herself)

Well if I'd known you had plans I wouldn't have made such an extravagant -

SARAH

(to herself)

Oh yes, I almost forgot. The Timber Doodle.

(SOUND: SARAH downs the whole thing in one gulp.)

Is that Nutmeg?

MADGE

(Impressed)

Cloves.

SARAH

It's delicious.

(She steps out, pauses, turns back once more)

I know you said you're going to do your best but... Please do. It's my mum.

(SOUND: She closes the door and leaves.)

FAWX

Wow.

MADGE

I know. What a palate.

FAWX

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

(Beat.)

God, that felt good!

CREDITS

End of Part Two.