

**TITLE: FOXING GLOVES**

**EPISODE TITLE: RULE OF FOUR**

**PITCH:** FOXING GLOVES IS A DETECTIVE SERIES SET AROUND 1920. IT CONTAINS ELEMENTS OF STEAMPUNK AND ALSO ELEMENTS OF THE SURREAL. IN THIS FIRST EPISODE, 'RULE OF FOUR', DETECTIVE REX LOGAN, HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED DETECTIVE PARTNER MICK NASH AND LOGAN'S ASSISTANT MOLLY PEPPER INVESTIGATE A SPATE OF ROBBERIES AT THE LOCAL MUSEUM BY A CRIMINAL NOT LIKE ANY OTHER. THE THIEF HAPPENS TO BE ONE OF THE ARTWORKS IN THE MUSEUM WHO IS TRYING TO ATTAIN LIFE BY STEALING PIECES CONTAINING THE FOUR ELEMENTS – EARTH, FIRE, WATER AND WIND. THE SHOW HAS A CENTRAL THEME WHICH IS REX LOGAN'S ONGOING QUEST TO DISCOVER WHAT BECAME OF HIS FATHER. HAVING DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY TWENTY YEARS PREVIOUSLY THIS QUEST CONSUMES HIM. EACH EPISODE PRESENTS A DIFFERENT AND UNUSUAL CASE TO SOLVE. THIS TAKES THEM FROM MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS WHERE FACULTIES SLOWLY BEGIN TO FADE, TO GETTING TO GRIPS WITH CASES INVOLVING FOLKLORE AND ANCIENT SECRETS. LOGAN REGULARLY PICKS UP CLUES INVOLVING HIS FATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE UNTIL THE LARGEST CASE OF ALL BEGINS TO UNRAVEL AND HIS FATHER'S SECRET IS REVEALED. I WOULD BEST DESCRIBE IT AS A MEETING OF SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE MIGHTY BOOSH. I COULD SEE JULIAN BARRATT PLAYING THE ROLE OF REX LOGAN, FREDDIE FOX PLAYING MICK NASH AND AISLING BEA AS MOLLY PEPPER.

**FX: KEYS JANGLING REPEATEDLY AND FINALLY TURNING IN A LOCK.**

1.LOGAN: Another day, another locked door to wrestle with.

**FX: DOOR LOCKING. PHONE RINGING.**

1.LOGAN: Uh! Every evening just as I lock up - Mrs. Potterworth! If I've told her once I've told her a thousand times that I don't investigate cat bullies.

**FX: KEYS JANGLING HASTILY. DOOR UNLOCKS.**

1.LOGAN: Alright, alright....

**FX: PHONE BEING PICKED UP.**

1.LOGAN: Hello Mrs. Potterworth.

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) (DARK, MYSTERIOUS) Hi...

1.LOGAN: Mrs. Potterworth?

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) This is detective Rex Logan.

1.LOGAN: I'm detective Rex Logan!

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) What? I mean ***is this*** detective Rex Logan?

**BEAT.**

1.LOGAN: I've already told you that I am.

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) Excellent. I have information on your father.

1.LOGAN: My father? My father disappeared twenty years ago under mysterious circumstances. What information could you possibly have?

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) Your father disappeared twenty years ago under very myster...ooh you already know that...I may also have some more information....we have crossed paths thrice before and over the course of the next couple of days we will meet a fourth and final time.

1.LOGAN: And as our paths cross you are going to tell me what happened to my father?

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) Where would the fun be in that? If you succeed in stopping me I will admit defeat and impart my knowledge to a better man.

1.LOGAN: And if I lose?

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) If you...ha ha ha...lose Mr. Logan...let's just say...ha ha ha. I'm not quite certain where the laughs of an evil genius should come in....shall we begin our merry dance.

1.LOGAN: I assume that you don't mean that literally?

2.VOICE: (ON PHONE) Hu ha ha ha ha...no I don't mean literally. I mean a dark and twisted dance, a dance with the devil...and if you...ha ha ha...lose....

**FX: PHONE HANGING UP.**

1.LOGAN: How odd...

**FX: ECHOEY LAUGH.**

**GRAMS: VIOLIN MUSIC BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.**

**FX: DISTANT MUMBLES/ECHOEY SOUNDS OF MUSEUM.**

1.CECIL: Good morning Mr. Logan, my name is Cecil Watkins and it's an absolute pleasure to have you as our guest of honour here at the Royal Brongaloonian Museum.

2.LOGAN: I know who you are Cecil, I'm called here every couple of weeks.

1.CECIL: Oh you know what I'm like; I like to be official about these things to compensate for my lack of lots of other things.

2.LOGAN: It's great to see all the artifacts that I recovered singlehandedly, back in their rightful place.

1.CECIL: That's why I've brought you here. No, it's not why I've brought you here. I'm afraid I may have been a bit of a scamp and brought you here under false pretenses. Well, one real pretense and a false one.

2.LOGAN: Would you care to elaborate?

1.CECIL: For you Rex I'd care to elaborate so now I'll do just that. I picked you to be the first guest to view our Wonder Room, it's where our unexplainable treasures are housed.

2.LOGAN: I'm honoured about that much of it but where then does the false pretense come in?

1.CECIL: The false one is where I get you to run the rule over the new security system in there.

2.LOGAN: Well it's about bloody time Watkins. There have been countless break-ins in the past couple years.

1.CECIL: There have been forty-three break-ins. Mr. Brongaloon was livid after the first one and said he would only give me forty-three more chances. One more robbery and I'm finished. Here it is...(WITH REVERENCE) The Wonder Room.

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN SMOOTHLY.**

**GRAMS: ANGELS SINGING.**

2.LOGAN: This is very impressive Cecil, very impressive indeed. Where on earth did this ladder come from?

1.CECIL: I can't remember but it's called the Barillion Ladder, it's made from solid gold it's virtually priceless.

2.LOGAN: Fantastic. I haven't seen this painting before either, 'The Man in the Bowler Hat'.

1.CECIL: I'm not sure where this came from either but a mysterious Chinese donor gave it to us and when we got it examined we found that it dates back to the fifteenth century! Who wore a bowler hat, a scarf and an umbrella in the 1400's!?

2.LOGAN: Intriguing.... that even looks like a phone in the background and those emblems on the scarf are unusual for the time. A flame, a lake...this is new too, 'The Ice Coin of Kablana'.

1.CECIL: Now that is the jewel in our crown. It was fashioned sometime between the Ice Age and The Bronze Age and the ice contains flecks of bronze. It holds within it untold power. What do you think?

2.LOGAN: It sounds great but where is it?

1.CECIL: This is one of the powers of the coin. To protect itself it cannot be seen from many angles.

2.LOGAN: I've walked around it twice, I've observed it from every angle and I still can't see it.

1.CECIL: Again I wouldn't worry about it. It often adapts to sunlight, which makes it very difficult to be seen. It is made of ice after all.

2.LOGAN: But it's shaded from the sun. Are you absolutely certain it's here?

1.CECIL: Oh God yes. I can almost see it from here. Have a look

through this special spyglass made of ice. Now tell me what you see.

2.LOGAN: Nothing.

1.CECIL: What?

2.LOGAN: It's gone Cecil! The Coin of Kablana is gone!!

1.CECIL: Oh no! Here comes Mr. Brongaloon. He can't know it's gone or I'm... what's the word...

2.LOGAN: Gone?

3.BRONGALOON: 'Gone'. Poor choice of words from a poor detective but as long as you're not referring to our new Ice Coin I'm a happy man.

1.CECIL: NERVOUS VIGOUROUS LAUGHTER) As if we'd be talking about the coin (CONTINUES NERVOUS LAUGHTER)

3.BRONGALOON: So how are we shaping up for the grand opening of the room tomorrow?

1.CECIL: (NERVOUS) G-great. I-I've implemented a few coiny –TINY, tiny changes. Ice suppose, ice, ice, I suppose you'll want to change – check the – loose cha – look at the-

3.BRONGALOON: I have absolutely no idea what you're after saying to me.

1.CECIL: I said, ice, ice, I sai-

3.BRONGALOON: Don't repeat the gibberish! So Logan, is our room secure? Is the coin safe?

2.LOGAN: W-well it's going to be hard to steal it.

3.BRONGALOON: But is it impossible?

2.LOGAN: Ahem...I-I would say at this moment in time it is impossible to rob it yes.

3.BRONGALOON: Why do I feel so nervous about it then? I need to check it from the viewing deck in the corner. It's the only point it can be truly appreciated from.

- 1.CECIL: I wouldn't do that sir.
- 3.BRONGALOON: Why on earth not? Hand me the spyglass.
- 1.CECIL: I would but it is being.....washed.
- 3.BRONGALOON: (DISBELIEVING) Washed? You're washing ice?
- 1.CECIL: B-briefly sir, yes. But just long enough that you won't be able to see it on this visit.
- 3.BRONGALOON: And this washing of the spyglass is taking place up your left sleeve is that correct?
- 1.CECIL: That's correct sir, yes.
- 3.BRONGALOON: (IMPATIENT) Give me the spyglass you imbecile! ...Now lets see the beauty..... Watkins, would I be right in surmising that we have come to the magic number of forty-four robberies?
- 1.CECIL: Well it depends on the angle Mr. Brongaloon and if the sssun is shine...some would say yes to it still bbbeing there.
- 3.BRONGALOON: Well My family has run this museum for over one hundred and fifty years and I'm saying no to it being there.
- 1.CECIL: So you're saying the opposite to me; you're taking up a contrary position.
- 3.BRONGALOON: Yes I am taking up a contrary position due to the fact that it's not there.
- 1.CECIL: Oh is that why....
- 3.BRONGALOON: Now I'm going to ask you one more time is the coin there or is-
- 2.LOGAN: The coin is gone Mr Brongaloon.
- 3.BRONGALOON: Alright Watkins pack up your things. I gave you the benefit of the doubt time and time and time and time again but this Watkins is the final straw.
- 1.CECIL: But I've worked here for thirty years. I salute the pictures, I even talk to the ancient animals - they call me the doctor

Doolittle of stuffed animals. The job is my whole life.

3.BRONGALOON: I don't care whose life it is! Forty-four robberies and the destruction of the Triassic display after you were outsmarted by a pack of dogs. You're gone Watkins, you're absolutely gone.

1.CECIL: (CRYING) They were border collies...

3.BRONGALOON: That's the other thing; I haven't a clue what you're on about most of the time. What are you blabbering about now?

1.CECIL: The dogs, they were border collies (CRYING)....the smartest of all dogs.

3.BRONGALOON: They were collies? That's okay then.

1.CECIL: So I'm not fired?

3.BRONGALOON: Of course you're fired!

**FX: CECIL CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY.**

2.LOGAN: Mr. Brongaloon, Cecil should not be faulted for the robbery of the coin. You may have a case for the other forty-three robberies but his choice of security system this time was impeccable. We're dealing with a very sophisticated criminal the likes of which we have never encountered before.

3.BRONGALOON: I cannot look past having a room stolen room, refusing royalty, giving the keys to dogs-

1.CECIL: Collies (SNIFF)

3.BRONGALOON: Golden ladders, magic quills, and the coin...I could go on thirty-seven more times... Not to mention the artifacts that were never found...The Wind Slicer; The Sundial of Krundile and St. Pandors Plough. Which, by the way I'm also holding you accountable for.

2.LOGAN: I will put my reputation on the line and assure the safe return of both the coin and the capture of the perpetrator if you give Cecil just one more chance.



3.BRONGALOON: Due to the lack of proper detectives I have no option but to agree. The coin is the star attraction when we launch the Wonder Room tomorrow. It simply has to be there or I'm all but ruined. I have no qualms about throwing Cecil out on the street.

2.LOGAN: I'm already on it. There's a note in the glass case where the coin was kept. Listen: '*The Dog of Jewels is who you seek, they're all unique in Angel speak.*' Gentlemen, I'm returning to my office to ponder on this some more. You stay here and feel awkward with each other.

**CUT TO:**

**FX: BACKSTREET BAR. GENTLE HUM OF LIGHT CONVERSATION. DRINK BEING POURED IN A GLASS.**

1.NASH: Tell me Mr. Brongloon why do you frequent this seedy bar and not an establishment befitting a man of your stature?

2.BRONGALOON: That's my business.

1.NASH: Sitting on sick-stained seats in a dingy bar is your business? What kind of a business is that?

2.BRONGALOON: (FLUSTERED) What? No, no! It's not my work business! it's my- my, the business of my own bus-. Why am I even bothering explaining myself to you? Pour me a drink.

1.NASH: Well it looks like you've had a rough day. This one is on me.

**FX: A SPLASH CAN BE HEARD IN HIS GLASS.**

2.BRONGALOON: (GRUNTING) Yeah.

**BEAT.**

1.NASH: Ah, can you pay me for the drink?

2.BRONGALOON: What's wrong with you? You just said it was on the house.

1.NASH: Not the drink, the ice cube.

**FX: BRONGALOON HISSING IN DISGUST AND COINS HITTING THE COUNTER.**

1.NASH: This place is so dull. Any suggestions for livening it up?

3.VOICE: Drinks! (TRAILING OFF) Let's pay for some drinks and have them.

1.NASH: Not bad, anything else?....Anyone?

**FX: BARELY AUDIBLE VOMITING.**

- 1.NASH: What was that? Sea shanty's?
- 3.VOICE: No, I said (HE VOMITS LOUDER).
- 1.NASH: (DISMISSIVELY) Yeah...how about....free...shots, free shots?
- 3.VOICE: Now we're talking! (VOMITS)
- 4.MR. CLONKERS: (AUTHORATIVE) What the hell do you think you're doing?
- 1.NASH: You told me to do things Mr. Clonkers.
- 4.CLONKERS: I told you to promote the place and generate more custom, not tell people that it's dingy old dive and give out free drinks!
- 1.NASH: I wasn't really going to give out free drinks. They were just going to be free for me.
- 4.CLONKERS: Look around you, there's a load of jobs to do. There's that mess in the room where all the rats broke in, there's the burst sewerage pipe and Jim isn't going to clean up his own sick.
- 3.VOICE(JIM): Here, here. Look, I'll give you a hand. If we (VOMITS) maybe we could start here with this new one.
- 1.NASH: Right Mr. Clonkers I'm just going to have six or seven of these free shots, and then I'll get on it.
- 3.CLONKERS: You most certainly will not!
- 1.NASH: I should be manager at this stage. No wonder everyone is leaving. You can go find yourself a new barman!
- 3.CLONKERS: So now *you're* leaving?
- 1.NASH: No....bbut that's what I would have said if I was.
- 3.CLONKERS: You know something; I've put up with your mad detective stories and insane claims long enough: (MOCKINGLY) "I solved the case of the Christmas carpenter."

1.NASH: Really? So did I!

3.CLONKERS: Just get lost will you; you're finished here.

1.NASH: Fine!! I'm gone! Don't worry, you won't be seeing me again...but when you do I'll be living up in the fancy Sparrows Nest district.

**FX: LEGS OF A STOOL SCRAPING ON THE FLOOR.**

**BEAT.**

1.NASH: Now, I'll have a pint of ale please.

3.CLONKERS: What are you doing?

1.NASH: Drowning my sorrows.

3.CLONKERS: You'll be paying for it.

1.NASH: (DISBELIEF) What!

**CUT TO:**

**FX: LOW DRONE OF A RADIO.**

- 1.LOGAN: What on earth?.... *'The Dog of Jewels is who you seek, they're all unique in Angel speak'* . Angel speak, what do you make of that? Perhaps it refers to a church or a biblical verse. 'Dog of Jewels'...any thoughts on that? Dog Jewellery? Uh!.....Ah, Molly can you step into my office please?
- 2.MOLLY: (INTERCOM) Would you like me right away or would you prefer if I gave you a few minutes like the last time?
- 1.LOGAN: Right now, please. Oh, and stop talking like you're on an intercom, you're just outside the door.

**FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.**

- 1.LOGAN: Great Molly, have a seat.
- 2.MOLLY: What can I help you with Mr. Logan?
- 1.LOGAN: I was just tired of talking to myself. What do you make of this note? 'The Dog of Jewels', someone who's aggressive about their collection I'm assuming but 'unique in Angel speak'. There's no angelic language that I'm aware of; a church?
- 2.MOLLY: I wouldn't know anything about that Mr. Logan, I'm just a receptionist.
- 1.LOGAN: Just have a look. I'm staring at it for the last four hours. I turned it upside down, I put it under a microscope, I put it over a microscope, I even threw some of this black powder at it; it's giving me nothing.
- 2.MOLLY: Black powder?
- 1.LOGAN: Yes, it's either a mystical substance that once belonged to a sorcerer who used it to solve the most cryptic of codes or else it just fell out of this tea bag.

2.MOLLY: Okay...Look at the gap between the 's' and the 'p' in speak, maybe it doesn't actually say 'Angel Speak', maybe it says 'Angels Peak'. Isn't there a mansion on Sparrows Nest called-

1.LOGAN: Angels Peak Manor! Owned by Shep Hegarty the rogue antique dealer! Brilliant Molly! It's a lead; it's a good one; I'll pursue it; I'll go now; I'm gone.

2.MOLLY: You're late night fancy district hat?

1.LOGAN: Quickly!

**CUT TO:**

**FX: EXTERIOR COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. DISTANT DOG BARKING. AN OWL HOOTING. DOG SQUEALING.**

1.LOGAN: Past these cherry blossoms, up this gravel path and over that perimeter walls lies Angels Peak Manor. Hmm...it looks like someone's after scaling the wall recently...and this looks like he had some interaction with a collie...possibly got off with it...did a little dance and ran into the mansion. Now just a little more skulking...

2.NASH: (DRUNKEN SINGING) Oh line up your Annie Raffertys and I'll kiss 'em. Sure the gure with the hair dark and wavy, Mick Nash in the moonlight drinking gravy. Hi ho not many miles to go hihooo-

**FX: CRUNCHING.**

1.LOGAN: Aaah! God in heaven!

2.NASH: I'm so sorry wall. Did I hurt you? Where does it hurt? I'll kiss it better.

1.LOGAN: I'm down here you imbecile! Get off my wrists!

2.NASH: Oooh, are you part of the wall?

1.LOGAN: ANNOYED) No I am not part of the wall. I am a human man, a detective one.

2.NASH: Hey, I know you. You're that detect..defective...Ralph Lauren.

1.LOGAN: It's Rex Logan actually.

2.NASH: Wow! Exactly right. Are you working on a case right now? I can help you.

1.LOGAN: Can you please leave? This case is at a very precarious stage and you're-

2.NASH: Precarious? That's my favourite bit of a case. I'm a fetective myself and I (hic)..I can help you.

1.LOGAN: I doubt that very much. Now run along for ages so that I never see you again.

2.NASH: I can help though. Bling-blanc fix; case solved. Easy (hic).

1.LOGAN: You think this is easy? Listen to this if you can. Inside that house lies the 'Ice Coin of Kablana', the most powerful coin the world has ever known. The scoundrel of the antiques world, Shep Hegarty, stole it from the museum earlier today. In the wrong hands it can be extremely dangerous. Now judging by that glazed look in your eye I assume very little, if any of that actually registered with you.

2.NASH: I registered it. I can (hic) the coin of kalbanana.

1.LOGAN: Look for bananas all you want but do it somewhere else. Now leave!

**FX: FOOTSTEPS FADING INTO THE NIGHT.**

**GRAMS: DYNAMIC MUSIC TO ACCOMPANY LOGANS DARING PLAN.**

1.LOGAN: Now for my plan of action; firstly I scale the perimeter wall. Take out guard with a swift blow to the neck. Remove his belt. Use belt to muzzle collie. Lock Hegarty in his artifacts room. Retrieve the coin and escape out the east gate. Outcome: brilliance.

2.NASH: I have it. I got the coin.

1.LOGAN: No! I'm supposed to get.... I-I mean how did you...

2.NASH: Simple. The wall crumbled, the guard was asleep and the dog came onto me.

1.LOGAN: Right...ggreat. Good work Mr...?

2.NASH: Thanks.

1.LOGAN: And whom do I thank for finding the coin?



2.NASH: CONFUSED) Well me. I found it.

1.LOGAN: I know you found it and to whom do I owe the pleasure?

2.NASH: ME! I just gave you the coin nine seconds ago!

1.LOGAN: I'm perfectly aware that you gave me the coin that I now hold in my hand. I was a party to the event but what's your mention?...your epithet?...what's your bloody name?

2.NASH: Mick Nash at your service. So seeing as we work so (hic) well together perhaps we should team up.

1.LOGAN: I appreciate your help but I work alone.

2.NASH: I found the coin and locked Shep Hegarty into the room. That's the second case I've basically solved for you.

1.LOGAN: Second case? What are you talking about?

2.NASH: I found the list for you in the Christmas carpenter case.

1.LOGAN: Carpenter?...at the orphanage, he stole the kids presents and was replacing them with his own slightly inferior versions. Yes I remember. Little Mikey Nash, that must have been twelve years ago. Okay, okay, look, a preliminary interview. Be at my office at eight in the morning.

2.NASH: I don't know where you work.

1.LOGAN: If you're a detective like you say you are I should be easy to find, eh?

2.NASH: Hic.

**CUT TO:**

**FX: CLOCK TICKING.**

1.LOGAN: (TUTTING) Nine minutes late and counting. Just as I suspected.

**FX: LOUD BANG.**

2.MOLLY: (INTERCOM) Mr. Logan, Mrs. Potterworth is here and she has her cats with her.

1.LOGAN: Oh lord! Tell her I have a prior engagement. She'll need to come back tomorrow.

2.MOLLY: Ah Mr. Logan, now there's a gentleman here. He's fight-he's fighting the cats!

1.LOGAN: Send him in.

2.MOLLY: (INTERCOM) Let go of his whiskers! He's not really...paying a lot of attention to me.

**FX: CATS SQUEALING, MAN GRUNTING.**

**FX: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CREAKING OPEN.**

3.NASH: (SHOUTING).For the last time I didn't bite your cat on the forehead now can you stop saying that please?...There you go again!...And again yet again....(SHOCKED) Cancel your lips! (SOFTER TONE) Oh hello Rex. I brought you the paper. Most of the pap...the back page. The most important bit in my opinion.

1.LOGAN: Busy morning was it?

3.NASH: Let's just say that I'm having a fight with some lads out there on the stairs.

1.LOGAN: Well let's just say that you are ten minutes late for your interview and let's also say that you didn't even introduce yourself to my receptionist before waltzing in the door. That's not how to enter an office.

- 3.NASH: Believe me I would have introduced myself if the cats gave me half a chance. But they're so bitter!
- 2.MOLLY: I'm so sorry Mr. Logan, he just wrestled in past me.
- 3.NASH: Well hello there young lady, my name is Mick Na-
- 1.LOGAN: What the hell happened out there Nash?
- 3.NASH: I'm afraid cats have an aversion to me. It's got to do with the fact that I have a few avian traits such as the vision of the great horned owl.
- 1.LOGAN: Surely you have something more to offer than the vision of an owl and annoying cats?
- 2.MOLLY: I'll leave you to it gentlemen.
- FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.**
- 3.NASH: Wow! You must struggle to get any work done around here if you know what I mean.
- 1.LOGAN: This is a professional establishment where we don't leer and objectify women.
- 3.NASH: No, I mean detective work is very tough it must be a struggle a lot of the time.
- 1.LOGAN: Yes well....yes it is. But Mr. Nash you are a detective too are you not? I'm sure you are well aware of the difficulties.
- 3.NASH: Oh yes, yes indeed. Look at the pair of us being two detectives, knowing about how difficult it is. I mean I was solving cases wholesale at the bar I work in – worked in down by the docks.
- 1.LOGAN: What I do is a bit more specialised than hunting down rogue fishermen for unpaid bar tabs.
- 3.NASH: I feel I've earned a promotion to the big leagues. I've been working deep undercover as a barman and-

- 1.LOGAN: Undercover? For whom...What agency do you work for?  
Who do you report to?.....
- 3.NASH (WEAKLY): .....Tim.....
- 1.LOGAN: Let's dispense with the nonsense shall we. Now what's the  
real reason you're here?
- 3.NASH: Ahem. As you know I grew up in the orphanage with my  
younger brother Pat. A doctor used to call in during his time  
off to tend to the sick. One night Pat was running three  
fevers and was convulsing in a few different manners, the  
nuns gave him no hope of survival after they spent two hours  
trying to kick the 'evil spirits' out of him. The doctor cleared  
the nuns from the room and spent the whole night tending to  
him. At 7am his fevers broke and by 10 o'clock he was  
looking for breakfast. The doctor was Dr. Hanley Logan, your  
father. I vowed from that day to this and for more days after  
this to help his family as he helped mine.
- 1.LOGAN: That's very noble of you Mr. Nash but a strong cause doesn't  
necessarily make a strong detective.
- 3.NASH: But wasn't a strong cause the whole reason you became a  
detective. Your quest to find your missing father.
- 1.LOGAN: Well I...I look that's a...how did you...Look I appreciate the  
sentiment but I really do prefer to work alone plus if I'm  
honest I have serious doubt-
- 2.MOLLY: (INTERCOM) Ah Mr. Logan there's a...did you want me to  
use the intercom this morning?
- 1.LOGAN: No Molly, don't use the intercom for now. It's best you just  
come into the office. I'm not even sure that intercoms have  
been invented yet.
- 2.MOLLY: (INTERCOM) Okay Mr. Log-(NOT ON INTERCOM) I mean,  
okay Mr. Logan.

**FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.**

- 1.LOGAN: What news do you bring Molly?
- 2.MOLLY: I have Sir Frederick Brongaloon from the museum on the  
line. Something about the coin being stolen.

1.LOGAN: Why did you come in to tell me that? Go out and patch him in.

2.MOLLY: But you told me to...Yes sir.

**FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.**

1.LOGAN: Why is he ringing about it again? I delivered Shep Hegarty to the police and gave the coin back to him last night.

3.NASH: He's probably just ringing from yesterday.

1.LOGAN: Hello Mr. Brongaloon.

4.BRONGALOON: (ON PHONE) (ANGRY) The coin's been stolen....again. It's been stolen again! I've fired Cecil Watkins. Only you and Watkins have been to the Wonder Room so in my eyes you both are the chief suspects. Find the coin and the other three missing artifacts or I will bring the law down on you like a ton of bricks! I'll make sure you never work in this town again! You have one day!

**FX: PHONE HANGING UP.**

1.LOGAN: Right, maybe I'll need your help after all. It looks like I'm up against it here. Molly step in here straight away please.

**FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.**

2.MOLLY: What did I do?

1.LOGAN: Just listen and throw in any ideas or suggestions you may have. There's one, no four items that we now need to recover. All items were taken from the museum and all have a unique power. We have to assume that the same individual has taken all four. Now who are the potential suspects? I have to include my friend Cecil but who else?

3.NASH: Ah let's see....you?

1.LOGAN: What do you mean me?

3.NASH: Brongaloon said it himself. Only you and Cecil have had access to that room. You can never rule anything out until

you can then rule it out. That's my motto.

1.LOGAN: Well let's just assume for the minute that the detective hired to solve the case isn't a chief suspect.

3.NASH: (QUIETLY) Just trying to help.

**BEAT.**

1.LOGAN: Now all the missing pieces have some level of special power so all would have a natural place in the Wonder Room. Our only suspect is Watkins. Hegarty is out as he has spent the night in prison. The Wonder Room concept came from Cecil who decided on what should be in there, the security system, even the colour and design. The- feel free to jump in any time here people.

3.NASH: Hmm...a lot to ponder. Wonder Room...very interesting. The power comes from the room I'd say. Maybe even our wondering right now is because of that room....

2.MOLLY: I'm not sure if this is helpful but ahem...what are the other three missing artifacts again?

1.LOGAN: We have the sundial, St. Panders Plough and the Wind Slicer.

2.MOLLY: I could be completely off here but the sundial or sun could represent fire; the plough could relate to the earth; the wind slicer is air. That gives us with fire, earth and air. Three-

1,2.LOGAN & MOLLY: Of the four elements essential to life.

3.NASH (LOST): ...to life.Exactly.

1.LOGAN: The fourth element is water and in ancient Taoism they believed that metal was the fifth element. The coin is made of ice, it has traces of bronze and has a mystical power...ice and bronze...water and metal! Whoever it is is aligning all the elements!

2.MOLLY: He's trying to create life!

3.NASH: Who is? I'm just trying to paint the picture in my head. It's one of those...life creators isn't it?

- 1.LOGAN: Oh dear lord that's it! It's the painting! It's The Man In The Bowler Hat! The emblems on his scarf were three of the four elements...He's able to step out of the picture and pilfer the artifacts...he's trying to give himself life! He wrote the 'Dog of jewels' note that I found in the museum to get Hegarty caught.
- 2.MOLLY: So that you would track down Hegarty and return the coin to the Wonder Room...
- 1.LOGAN: ...And he was free to take it for himself. With each artifact he collects he is able to extend his time outside the painting. Once he has the four elements aligned he can develop his human powers permanently and no longer be confined to the painting.
- 3.NASH: That's why I never trust anyone who wears a bowler hat.
- 2.MOLLY: What? In case they start to exist?
- 3.NASH: That and the pretense that their head is perfectly dome-shaped.
- 1.LOGAN: He will stop at nothing to become human and as a result is extremely dangerous. Nash I need you to get over to the museum now and keep a watchful eye on the painting. Tell Brongaloon I sent you. Our time is running out as once he has developed the power of existence nothing or no-one is safe.
- 3.NASH: Are you not coming with me?
- 1.LOGAN: I'll be there presently. I have arranged a hasty meeting with Oliver Flarkus.
- 3.NASH: Oliver Flarkus?
- 2.MOLLY: He spends most of his time in a drawer out by the walled garden and lives on a diet of bees of whiskey.
- 3.NASH: He lives on what?
- 2.MOLLY: Somehow he's managed to convince bees to drink tiny droplets of whiskey that he pumps into their hive. They

stagger out drunk; he then traps them, studies them and eats them.

3.NASH: He eats drunken bees?

2.MOLLY: Experts have warned him that it will lead to madness but he always staunchly refutes it through a series of yelps and clicks.

1.LOGAN: That's enough now Molly.

2.MOLLY: Yes sir. Ah will you be needing your evening garden hat for meeting him out by the garden....this evening?

1.LOGAN: I've no idea what you're talking about. What are you waiting for Nash? Get to the museum now!

**FX: QUICK FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSING.**

1.LOGAN: I must move with haste too.

2.MOLLY: Your garden hat Mr. Logan?

1.LOGAN: My evening one, yes.



**CUT TO:**

**FX: HOLLOW SOUND OF MUSEUM.**

- 1.NASH: Mr. Brongaloon, it's me, not Rex Logan.
- 2.BRONGALOON: What? Who are you? (RECOGNITION) You!?
- 1.NASH: It's okay, I'm Mick Nash.
- 2.BRONGALOON: You're the thief!?
- 1.NASH: How could I be the thief? I'm working with Rex. He told me to sort the whole thing out.
- 2.BRONGALOON: Too busy to come himself was he?
- 1.NASH: Yes..... I'll just sit here and watch this painting. He's the culprit.
- 2.BRONGALOON: (DISBELIEVING) What? The painting is the culprit?
- 1.NASH: Yes, we have to keep a watchful eye on him and with me having the vision of an owl-
- 2.BRONGALOON: I think I'll keep a watchful eye on you instead.
- 1.NASH: Great 'cos it looks like Bowler Hat is watching you so we have a nice little circle of observation going on. This will be lovely.

**FX: LOUD CRACKLING SOUND AND RIPPING OF CANVAS.  
HEAVY BREATHING.**

- 2.BRONGALOON: What in the-?
- 1.NASH: See, I told you. Look how real he is now.

**FX: BRONGALOON WAILING AND SCREAMING.**

- 1.NASH: Who was right now, huh? Probably knocking you out I'd say....yep knocked out. Wait! That's enough!
- 3.BOWLER HAT: DEEP VOICE, SINISTER) Look at you Mick

Nash...youthful, exuberant, full of.....LIFE. Come with me.

1.NASH: Lovely. Where are we going?

**FX: CRACKLING, RIPPING CANVAS.**

1.NASH: Wooow, I've hardly ever been inside a painting before.  
Wooow, I mean ow...oooow!!

**CUT TO:**

**FX: DISTANT SOUND OF BEES BUZZING. ONE BEE HICCUPS.**

1.LOGAN: Flarkus? Are you here? Flarkus? I don't have time for your games.

2.FLARKUS: (MUFFLED) Try the second drawer.

**FX: DRAWER SLIDING OPEN.**

1.LOGAN: There you are. Have you got the item?

2.FLARKUS: (EXCITABLE) Where you are? Oh yes there I are. Well thank you for that. So if that's all you came to tell me then I'll let you be on your way.

1.LOGAN: Great I'll just have the item and I'm gone.

2.FLARKUS: Ah yes the hundred gallons of seawater. I ran out of cups so I filled it into this tank. I assume you brought the fifteen horses to pull it.

1.LOGAN: I don't know what you're talking about? I asked you to get the special item...for the museum?

2.FLARKUS: Why didn't you say? I have it here somewhere. Ah, the blue monsoon; the storm in a bottle.

1.LOGAN: I really don't have time for this. Remember the special item I talked to you about?

2.FLARKUS: (REPEATING): (TRYING TO RECALL) Oh, really don't have time for this, the special item I talked about.

**BEAT.**

1.LOGAN: Well?

2.FLARKUS: You certainly never mentioned anything about a well.

1.LOGAN: For the love of God Flarkus do we have to go through this every time? I need the-

2.FLARKUS: (DRAMATICALLY) Don't say it!! The drawers have ears in this place. I know what you require. I'll follow you to the creamery.

1.LOGAN: The museum!

2.FLARKUS: Perfect. The marine is beautiful this time of night.

1.LOGAN: THE MUSEUM!!

**FX: DRAWER DOOR SLAMMING SHUT.**

1.LOGAN: I just hope that Flarkus knows what he's doing and that Nash is on top of things here.

**FX: LARGE WOODEN DOORS CREAKING OPEN.**

- 1.LOGAN (HOLLOW) Hello? Nash? Anything happening yet?  
Brongaloon! Good Lord! Are you hurt?
- 2.BRONGALOON: (GROGGY) Where were you?
- 1.LOGAN: What happened? Where's Nash?
- 2.BRONGALOON: You're too late. You're too late...he came out of the painting! My nostrils have been sliced. He attacked me with his whole body and he-he must have taken your friend...you're too late.
- 1.LOGAN: We have one final chance to stop him. He can still only exit the painting in short bursts. He will need to come back out for another artifact. He will then attempt to take it back into the painting.
- 2.BRONGALOON: He can't take anything else. I won't be able to handle it. What's he coming for next?
- 1.LOGAN: Either Silver Wing-
- 2.BRONGALOON: Noooo!!
- 1.LOGAN: Or the Barillion Ladder.
- 2.BRONGALOON: Noooo!!
- 1.LOGAN: Either of these are sure to give him all the power he needs to turn human permanently at which point he will exact revenge on all of us.
- 2.BRONGALOON: We just have to stop him taking them back into the painting at all costs then.
- 1.LOGAN: It's not going to be easy. So desperate is he to attain life that he will stop at absolutely nothing. Nash must be trapped in the painting along with the missing artifacts. Where's Cecil?
- 2.BRONGALOON: I banished him from the museum in a fit of rage. We won't see him around here again. I cannot have him ruin my

family's fortune and cause me to have my nostrils sliced.

1.LOGAN: Based on my psychological profile of Bowler Hat I believe he wants the best of everything. He'll want gold. It will be the ladder next.

2.BRONGALOON: Noooo!!

1.LOGAN: What kind of security surrounds it?

3.CECIL: (DISTANT) An O'Brien treble pained cover of tempered glass; Tough enough to withstand two and a half earthquakes.

2.BRONGALOON: Where on earth did you spring out of? I fired you.

3.CECIL: I've been hiding out in the museum. The statues were nice enough to put me up for a few nights... Sealed to within an inch of it's life the case surrounding the ladder is waterproof, rustproof, futureproof, pastproof, shatterproof-

1.LOGAN: Cecil?

3.CECIL: Skidproof, rainproof, mothproof-

1.LOGAN: Cecil? Are you okay?

2.BRONGALOON: He's demented!

3.CECIL: Oh I've never been better Rex, thank for asking...Sourced and tested myself in the foothills of the Calagascar mountains where I trained for many years to make my mind as much a fortress as this glass case. Brongaloon you will pay for your mistreatment of me. You will pay dearly.

2.BRONGALOON: What are you waiting for Logan? Arrest him.

3.CECIL: I hold the only key to the ladder. One false move-

4.BOWLER HAT: And I'll have it taken. Hahaha...we meet again Rex Logan. It's a pity you are going to lose yet again and miss that vital information I have on your father. In fact I am afraid I may have to terminate all three of you after I raid this bountiful Wonder Room yet again.

2,3.BRONGALOON & CECIL: Nooo...aaaarrrggghhh!!

3.CECIL: He's saying "yet again" too many times!!!!

4.BOWLER HAT: Excuse me a moment Rex.

**FX: TWO HEADS POPPING TOGETHER. MOANS FROM CECIL AND BRONGALOO.**

4.BOWLER HAT: Don't worry they're only hurt. I promised myself I'd save all the killing until I'm fully human.

1.LOGAN: I'm afraid I cannot let you take the ladder. Wouldn't you prefer to be a beautiful and mysterious work of art? Admired and loved by all who view it. As a human you will never generate as much awe as you do as a painting. We humans crave that admiration but you already have it. Take your rightful place in the painting. Return my friend and the artifacts and be the source of inspiration you were created to be.

4.BOWLER HAT: (SOFTLY) You're right Rex, you're absolutely right about...NOTHING!!!!

**FX: CRASHING SOUND OF GLASS. LOGAN GROANING.**

4.BOWLER HAT: I have been trapped in that prison for hundreds of years. Four hundred and forty four years to be exact. Plus another amount of years on top of that. My time has come to attain the life I always craved and take it from those who looked at me without ever...(ANGRY) WITHOUT EVER considering my plight. I remember each and every one of their faces.

1.LOGAN: (LABOURED) Don't.....you can't do this...

4.BOWLER HAT: I expected more from you I really did. At least you proved that the glass case isn't Rex Logan proof. Hahahahaha.

1.LOGAN: T-that's not even funny....I know how egotistical you are. You- you want to excel at everything but you lack wit.

4.BOWLER HAT: That will come in time.

1.LOGAN: I-It won't. You either....have it or you don't.

4.BOWLER HAT: No!!! I will get it!!....Hahahaha and you won't get inside my head. Now I'll just take this ladder and be on my way. The next time hahahahha you see me I will hahaha be human and you will be dead ha.

1.LOGAN: Even...your laughs are wrong.

4.BOWLER HAT: I have a good mind to kill you now... No! Stay there and I'll kill you when I come back. And back I go...

1.LOGAN: Okay.

4.BOWLER HAT: Wait. What do you mean 'okay'?

1.LOGAN: I'll wait here for you to kill me.

4.BOWLER HAT: What? Wwhy? No, no, no, no, no. Your petty attempts to unbalance me will not work. Goodbye Rex. I'll be back soon for the reckoning. And back in I go...

**FX: LOUD CRASH ON CANVAS. THUD ON THE FLOOR.**

4.BOWLER HAT: What's happening? Why can't I get back in the painting.

1.LOGAN: But you wished to stay out of it did you not?

4.BOWLER HAT: Yes but not yet. I have to metamorphosize first. Did you not get what I was trying to do at all? I explained it loads of times.

1.LOGAN: Surely a man of your 'wit' can see the funny side of not being able to get back into your own painting.

4.BOWLER HAT: (FORCED). Hahaha....yes I get it hahaha but now allow me back so that I can start destroying everything and everyone.

1.LOGAN: I'm afraid I cannot allow that. It looks like the final joke is on you.

4.BOWLER HAT: Where's the original of me? Where's the original painting!? I need it now!

1.LOGAN: Oh hello Molly, I was expecting to see Flarkus. He obviously



came up trumps with the quality forgery of the painting.

5.MOLLY: Indeed. I encountered Flarkus at the crossroads. He was rushing towards the round tower as he was convinced that that's where you were. I told him I would bring the painting here. He eventually agreed and ran off into the forest after a badger. I swapped the paintings while you were getting smashed into the glass case.

6.NASH: Yes great diversion Rex and it gave Molly just enough time to rescue me and the artifacts. I must remember that diversion.

1.LOGAN: Ah Mick, welcome back. I'd try not to make a habit of that particular diversion if at all possible.

6.NASH: I might just trial it for a couple of months.

4.BOWLER HAT: Where's the original painting!? I'll make it worth your while.

**BEAT.**

6.NASH: Sorry, whose while are you going to make it worth?

4.BOWLER HAT: This one here that has much more to her that she would lead you to believe.

6.NASH: Why wouldn't you make it worth my while?

1.LOGAN: I'm afraid your time is up. Your painting will now only live on as a forgery. And you I'm afraid will be no more.

4.BOWLER HAT: Noooo!!!

6.NASH: So is he going to explode or turn to dust or what?

4.BOWLER HAT: Nooo!!! Dust I'd say...

**FX: SOFT GRANULES FALLING ON THE FLOOR.**

4.BOWLER HAT: (ECHOEY) hahahahaha....

1.LOGAN: Whew, well done all. The plan worked perfectly. Mick, how on earth did you get stuck in the painting? He was only after the artifacts.

- 6.NASH: As I was staring at him with my owl vision I could notice even his slightest of movements. Movements that would go unnoticed to the un-owled eye. I believe it unnerved him so he thought, 'come out of the painting, beat up Brongaloon so he can't raise any alarm and take this brilliant detective with the excellent vision back with me.' He then tore me back through the painting with him. Do you see all the skin on my side there; well the shirt over that skin was ripped to pieces.
- 1.LOGAN: Right, well that explains that much of it, in a way.
- 5.MOLLY: I replaced the real painting with Flarkus' forged version and as soon as I placed the painting on the floor all the missing artifacts and Mr. Nash fell out.
- 6.NASH: Luckily you were really hurt so your groans managed to drown out the sound.
- 1.LOGAN (DUBIOUSLY): Yes very lucky. Right so we will place the artifacts back in their rightful place and be on our way.
- 6.NASH: What about Brongaloon and Cecil? They're still knocked out. Shouldn't we wake them up?
- 1.LOGAN: No. We've done all we can here. Any other issues they have are between themselves. Plus we have to get rid of the original painting as Bowler Hat is no longer in it. I don't think Brongaloon would allow us to just stroll out the front door with a priceless work of art.
- 6.NASH: So the solvers become the solvees.
- 5.MOLLY: I'll make sure the corridor is clear.
- 6.NASH: Wow, who would have thought that a priceless work of art would be so heavy? You know, I have a real problem with the word 'priceless'. Surely priceless means no price, which means it's worthless.
- 1.LOGAN (WHISPERING): Be quiet and help me lift it. If Brongaloon catches us we're done for. He's suspicious of me as it is.

5.MOLLY (WHISPERING): The coast is clear but we'd better hurry. Dawn is starting to break.

2.BRONGALOON: (AUTHORATIVE) I knew it! Suspicious with very good reason it would seem. I now have all the proof I need to make sure your days as a detective are numbered.

**FX: DULL THUD OF A PAN ACROSS THE HEAD.**

1,5,6.LOGAN&MOLLY&NASH: Cecil!

3.CECIL: I told him he'd pay dearly. Anyway I used my least favourite of all the artifacts in the Wonder Room; The Pan of Krokona. All it does is change colour when you hit someone over the head with it.

6.NASH: Well it was some shot. Smash! Right between the eyes.

1.LOGAN: How are you going to explain all of this to him when he wakes up?

3.CECIL: Easy. I'll just convince him that we are just waking up after being knocked out by Bowler Hat and what he just saw never happened. I'd do that for you Rex.

1.LOGAN: I very much appreciate it Cecil. You know, I like this new dynamic and confident side to you. It bodes well for you going forward.

3.CECIL: Yes, I think being temporarily fired was actually a good thing. It seems to have given me a new lease of intelligence.

5.MOLLY: So what are you going to do while you're waiting for Brongaloon to wake up?

3.CECIL: Oh I'll probably just knock myself out again. I think it would give things a more realistic feel if we both came to together.

1.LOGAN: I don't really think that's necessar-

**FX: THWACK OF A PAN ACROSS THE HEAD.**

6.NASH: Good heavens! He's after absolutely nailing himself with it!

1.LOGAN: Let's just hope he's able to convince Brongaloon. We really

must hurry if we don't want to be spotted...and lift.

**BEAT.**

6.NASH: (GORMLESS) Wha...?

**FX: CRACKING.**

1.LOGAN: Aaah my vertebrae!

6.NASH: You shouldn't be trying to lift it by yourself Rex. Here, let me help you.

1.LOGAN: (TO HIMSELF) Unbelievable.

5.MOLLY: Just down the steps and to the left. I have an automobile parked behind the bush.

6.NASH: What are we going to do with it?

1.LOGAN: Molly knows a place. Some sort of storage facility. Just before you go Molly, something that Bowler Hat said about there being much more to you that you would have us believe. Any idea what he could be referring to?

5.MOLLY: The only thing I could think of is the storage facility. I am quite guarded about it.

1.LOGAN: Indeed. No time to waste so. Get it to your storage room as soon as possible and take the rest of the day off.

6.NASH: Yeah take the day off; you've earned it. We're delighted with your work and if your free Friday night I'm willing to take you to dinner to show my appreciation.

5.MOLLY: I'll get going then Mr. Logan.

1.LOGAN: Good idea.

**FX: OLD-STYLE CAR ENGINE STARTING AND DRIVING OFF.**

**FX: BIRDSONG. MORNING.**

1.LOGAN: It was tough tonight, but we pulled together well and got through it. I suppose it is advantageous to have the extra numbers. Two heads are better than one.

2.NASH: Don't forget Molly.

1.LOGAN: I'm including Molly.

2.NASH: You're forgetting me then.

1.LOGAN: I'm not *forgetting* you....

2.NASH: ....Aaaahhh..hahaha good one Rex. Hahaha!

**BEAT.**

2.NASH: Aw come on Rex; laugh at your own joke.

1.LOGAN: I don't feel like laughing. I just solved the case but it seems hollow somehow. Brongaloon has nothing but disdain for me and Bowler Hat agreed to reveal information on my father if I defeated him but nothing has emerged.

2.NASH: I can't believe he'd do that to you. That's now like Bowler. The only thing I could find was a note next to his dust.

1.LOGAN: You found a note next to him? What does it say?

2.NASH: I have it here somewhere. Now where did I put it? No, not there, is it here? Ah here it is in my trousers, well in my undertrousers to be exact. Here you go.

1.LOGAN: Maybe just read it out to me.

2.NASH: Ahem 'Kaunis-indah'.

1.LOGAN: Kaunis-indah? That's it?

2.NASH: That's it Rex. No need to thank me for finding it and reading it. You know I think I'm going to prove very useful to you.

- 1.LOGAN: Strangely Mick, strangely I think you're....buying me breakfast.
- 2.NASH: I know a lovely place. I hope you like hen.
- 1.LOGAN: Chicken? For breakfast?
- 2.NASH: Well it's very young chicken.
- 1.LOGAN: Mick, do you mean eggs?
- 2.NASH: That's the word.
- 1.LOGAN: Oh Lord! Is this what all our conversations are going to be like? I'm going to run back to the office and grab some files to look at over breakfast.

**FX: STREET SOUNDS IN THE DISTANCE. THE ODD CAR.  
BOY SELLING PAPERS.**

- 1.BOY: (DISTANT) Boy sells paper on the street. Read all about it.
- 2.LOGAN: Molly?
- 3.MOLLY: (WORRIED) Thank God you're here! Brongaloon is in your office. I told him you wouldn't be in today but he insisted on waiting. I think he knows.
- 4.NASH: And what are you doing here? Are you not supposed to be getting rid of the painting?
- 2.LOGAN: Molly, go hide the painting right now!
- 4.NASH: Yeah and I'll take care of Brongaloon.
- 2.LOGAN: You most certainly will not! Follow my lead.

**FX: OFFICE DOOR OPENING.**

- 2.LOGAN: Ah Mr. Brongaloon, such a pleasure to see you again.
- 4.NASH: Yes, a right old pleasure altogether.
- 5.BRONGALOON (STERN): Firstly I'd like you to address me by my proper title. It's Sir Frederick Brongaloon and I want to be referred to as such.
- 4.NASH: If we were in a rush would it be okay to say Sir Fre Brong?
- 5.BRONGALOON (ANGRY): It most certainly would not! Now can either one of you two idiots explain to me what you did last night and how you thought you'd get away with it?
- 4.NASH: I'll field this one Rex. Look we had to tak-
- 2.LOGAN: -To what exactly do you refer Mr –Sir Frederick?
- 5.BRONGALOON: (EXASPERATED) Wha? Well you were there last night weren't you. You were privy to all the goings-on were you not? Why don't you tell me what happened?

2.LOGAN: Well essentially Sir Frederick we solved the case for you.

5.BRONGALOON: And would you say that you accomplished this through completely legitimate means?

2.LOGAN: I believe we did sir yes.

4.NASH: Yes I believe we did sir yes too. A certain amount of confusion is to be expected after you get knocked out three times in the same night.

5.BRONGALOON: Three times? Knock out one: Bowler Hat comes out of the picture slices my nostrils and beats me to a pulp. Knock out two: Bowler Hat reappears and clocks my head off Watkins. When and where was number three?

4.NASH: T-t-that's what I'm referring to. You and Cecil together had a sort of communal knock out s-s-so that would make three...

**BEAT.**

5.BRONGALOON: This is exactly what I'm talking about. If I hire a standard detective, he solves the case through traditional methods, I'm happy, he's happy; clean as a whistle. But with you Mr. Logan when you solve a case through your bizarre techniques you end up raising more questions than you answer.

4.NASH: Hey, hey, hey, hold on a second there your Excellency. This man is also as clean as a whistle. I don't care if you're a Lord, a Duke, a vegan – whatever! He always smells like a fresh summer meadow (ANIMATED) and for you to come in here-

2.LOGAN: That's enough Mick, thank you.

5.BRONGALOON: Oh this is an utterly pointless exercise. I'm talking to you two and I may as well be talking to a field of thistles.

4.NASH: Yeah a field in the summertime. A gorgeous smelling one.

5.BRONGALOON: I'm not going to waste any more of my busy day on this nonsense. I know you've pulled off some trick Logan. You've got away with it this time but I'll be keeping a very, very, very, very, very close eye on you. Good day to you!

**FX: FOOTSTEPS FADING DOWN STAIRS.**



2.LOGAN:            You know Mick I'm starting to think that there may be merits  
to you after all.

4.NASH:            And....

**FX:                      OFFICE DOOR CLOSSES.**

4.NASH:            ....case closed.

**END.**