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The
SHERLOCK
ENTREATY

By
Charmaine Spencer

With sincere apologies to Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes and author of “The Adventure of the Naval Treaty”

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The Sherlock Entreaty
By Charmaine Spencer

CHARACTERS
4-5W / 4-6M
(Depending on Doubling)

DOCTOR WATSON: 30’s; has a medical degree, but prefers the solitude of writing.
WALTER SALLOWFIELD: 40’s; an actor, who is not as talented as he thinks he is.
PERCY PHELPS: Watson’s school friend; nervous clerk in the Foreign Office.
ANNIE HARRISON: Phelps’ fiancée; beautiful, caring, very intelligent.
JOSEPH HARRISON: Annie’s older brother, a country gentleman with secrets.
MRS. HUDSON: Watson’s landlady; runs her house with a steady hand.
LADY HOLDHURST: Wife of the Foreign Minister, aunt to Phelps.
DETECTIVE FORBES: All business. (May Double with Phelps)
MRS. TANGEY: Char woman; keeps herself to herself. (May double with Mrs. Hudson)
RAILWAY PORTER: Irish, amiable. (Male or Female; may Double with Phelps)
DARK FIGURE: Stealthy, mysterious; Joseph in disguise.

TIME
1870’s

SETTINGS

Watson’s Flat at 224 B Baker Street, London
Joseph’s Ground Floor Bedroom at Briar House, Woking
Railway Compartment
Phelps’ Room at the Foreign Office
The Sherlock Entreaty
By Charmaine Spencer

ACT I
Scene 1


AT RISE: WATSON sits at the desk, writing furiously. Exaggerated sound of heavy steps on the hall stairs. A knock at the door.

MRS. HUDSON (Off) Doctor? (Pause) Doctor Watson, your hot chocolate sir.

WATSON What? Oh, Mrs, Hudson. What time is it?

MRS. HUDSON enters with a cup, cookies on a tray.

MRS. HUDSON (Entering) Half past ten it is sir. You’re writing very late tonight.

WATSON The Strand, they want the manuscript on Tuesday.

MRS. HUDSON Another story as regarding our Mr. Holmes is it?

WATSON Yes. (Takes the tray) Thank you for this. (Drinks eagerly)
MRS. HUDSON
Is the faithful landlady at reference in this one?

WATSON
No, this opens in Pall Mall then proceeds to the Diogenes Club

MRS. HUDSON
(*Looking over his shoulder*)
Who’s this Mycroft then?

Holmes’ brother.

MRS. HUDSON
I never knew he had a brother.

WATSON
Well, he does now.

MRS. HUDSON
So clever, your accounts. Sadie, what does the laundry, I never took her for a reader but she goes on something fierce about ‘im. I think, in fact, she has quite set her cap.

For Sherlock Holmes? But…

MRS. HUDSON
Well I know, that’s what makes it so humorous

WATSON
You won’t encourage her.

MRS. HUDSON
‘Course not. I will say, though, that she’s not the only somebody in London that’s keen on meeting face to face with his grand self.

WATSON
What do you mean !?

MRS. HUDSON
Well lately there’s been...here, by example, Friday last I saw a fine gentleman...too fine for this part of London by the look’a him. Anyways, there he was, across the road, walkin’ up and down makin’ an earnest study of the numbers. He had a paper in his hand, so I says to meself, “That’s a page torn out’a the magazine and he’s looking for 221.” But a’course as 221 is the bank building...Well, he puzzled a bit longer and then went on his way.
WATSON
This is not good.

MRS. HUDSON
No. Looked that downhearted he did. Oh. And then, and then. Yesterday, I was over at the bank, with your rent money, and Mr. Oliver, that clerk which I’ve got me eye on—

WATSON
(To himself)
Is it possible?

MRS. HUDSON
Old I may be, but I’m still a fling away from the trash heap.

WATSON
I’m sorry, what?

MRS. HUDSON
No matter. Anyways, Graydon…ah, Mr. Oliver…says to me the bank has got six inquiries in the last month. Says his manager is most put out that “this arther, whoever he is, should pur-port to reside at 221B Baker Street with a figger so sought after as this detective person.”

WATSON
I should have used our own number I suppose. Just…221, it’s more…lyrical.

MRS. HUDSON
If you say.

WATSON
If I’d known. But if I had known…Dear Lord, you didn’t tell him…your friend—

MRS. HUDSON
I’m not one to gossip about me tenant’s business, no sir.

WATSON
Good, that’s good.

MRS. HUDSON
We had a laugh about the names being similar, meself and the landlady what’s in the stories, but no, no, your enterprise is your own and I’ll leave you to it. Oh, you’ll be wanting these curtains drawn, it’s that late. Just let me… (Looking down into the street)
Oh mercy.

WATSON
What?

MRS. HUDSON
We’ve got another one. Come, come.
WATSON  
(Joing her at the window)  
I don’t see—

MRS. HUDSON  
Across at the bank, rubbin’ his neck. Now. He’s right under the street lamp. See’im?

WATSON  
A business type but very well fixed.

MRS. HUDSON  
Ringing his hands poor sot.

WATSON  
Something dramatic has occurred. He’s come away without a hat.

MRS. HUDSON  
After Mr. Holmes then…OH! (Jumping back) Glanced right up at the window. Did he see us?

WATSON  
Yes, he’s coming across. Strange, he looks familiar, but—

SFX: Doorbell downstairs.

MRS. HUDSON  
Oh my stars and angels!

WATSON  
Go down.

MRS. HUDSON  
What’ll I say? Poor gentlemen, what’ll I say?

WATSON  
Tell him—

SFX: Doorbell, insistent.

WATSON (Cont’d)  
Tell him you’ve never heard of Sherlock Holmes!

MRS. HUDSON exits. WATSON hovers by the open door. SFX: Doorbell.

MRS. HUDSON (Off)  
Give it a minute, I’m coming.
SFX: Heavy steps on the stairs, keys jingle.

MRS. HUDSON (Cont’d)
Hello, yes?

PHELPS (Off)
Please, excuse me. I’m looking for 221. I must speak with Sherlock Holmes.

MRS. HUDSON (Off)
Sorry sir, but—

PHELPS (Off)
Do you know him? My card. I’m from the Foreign Office. Percy Phelps.

WATSON
Percy Phelps!

Yes!

Tadpole Phelps?

Yes, yes.

SFX: Footsteps running up the stairs.

MRS. HUDSON (Off)
Sir!

PHELPS
(Out of breath)

WATSON steps back into the room;
PHELPS follows.

WATSON
My friend, I’m—

PHELPS
Oh providence! Bumpy. Bumpy Watson. Listen, I read in The Strand that your colleague…Sherlock Ho…Home… (Gasps for air)

WATSON
My dear man, sit down.
SFX: Heavy steps on the stairs. (This is becoming a comic “bit”).

MRS. HUDSON
(Entering out of breath)
Doctor, I’m that sorry.

WATSON
Never mind, please bring a pot of strong coffee.

PHELPS
I’m not drunk, I’m not drunk.

WATSON gestures; MRS. HUDSON exits.

WATSON
But there is something wrong. You have come in haste by dog cart.

PHELPS
How…?

WATSON
Splashes of mud on your sleeve. Let me get you a brandy.

PHELPS
Yes, yes.

WATSON
Tadpole. My old friend.

PHELPS

WATSON
If you’ll tell me—

PHELPS
Is he in bed? It’s late. Is it late? I’m sorry but, I’ve gone mad. Oh God Bumpy, don’t you see? My honor, my country. God! Oh God! If the document reaches the French. I must see him. Watson for heaven’s sake!

WATSON
(Handing PHELPS the glass)
Perhaps I can help.
PHELPS
No! I mean…I’ve read your accounts. My fiancée, my Annie gave me a subscription. Last Christmas. Only last Christmas.

WATSON
Then you must—

PHELPS
You write well but, by your own description, you haven’t… I’m sorry, you lack…Oh please, Sherlock Holmes is the only mind who can save me. Save the empire!

WATSON
Well, Holmes is…ah…he’s not here just at the moment. Sit down now. (Leads PHELPS to the armchair by the fire)

PHELPS sits.

WATSON
Explain. I insist.

PHELPS
Very well, very well. Ah, my brain. Lord Holdhurst—

WATSON
The Foreign Secretary?

PHELPS
And my Uncle. Oh, the look on his face!

WATSON
Come now. The facts. Just a piece at a time.

PHELPS
If I can. (Deep breath) I…I’m a clerk in the Foreign Office and this afternoon my uncle trusted to my hands the draft of a treaty between England and Italy. I was to pen a copy. You must understand, this is a very sensitive and secret document concerning our naval forces in the Mediterranean and Ohhh! To have it stolen from under my very nose!

PHELPS (Cont’d)
(Springing to his feet, lurching around the room)
If Mr. Holmes cannot help, I swear I shall take my life!

WATSON
My dear chap.

PHELPS
I need…I…(Pause) Wait. This room, it’s wrong somehow. The Persian slipper with the pipe tobacco, right… but not right; where are his books, his collections?
Percy, I must—

My Uncle believes your accounts are merely fiction. He scoffed to the wife of the prime minister. “If anyone has been led to believe this mastermind actually exists, the author has perpetuated a massive fraud.”

Fraud? Fraud!

But I know. I see…Look! The deerstalker, the pipe. He IS at home. *(Plunges toward the bedroom door)*

*(Rushing to intercept)*

He’s not.

*(Flinging the door open)*

Where is he?

On a case…in…Basingstoke.

Basingstoke?

On my honor.

And when he is at home…you share a single bed?

Ah…well…

*(Pause)*

God Bumpy! If you begged him to return, surely he would…I…I….

*[WATSON guides PHELPS back to the chair, checks his pulse.]*

This is not well. I will help all I can but you’re dangerously close to a brain fever. Be calm now. Is there someone I can call for you?
PHELPS

Annie. (Gasp) My Annie.

WATSON

Where is she?

PHELPS

In the country. Her family home. At Woking.

WATSON

(Pulling a train schedule from the pile on his desk)

You must go down to Woking. (Opening the door to the hall) Mrs.—!

MRS. HUDSON is seen listening at the door.

MRS. HUDSON

(Calmly rising)

Doctor?

WATSON

Get me a carriage.

MRS. HUDSON

Right away. (Exits)

WATSON

(Consulting a timetable on his desk)

There’s a train at midnight. I’ll wire your Annie and—

PHELPS

Annie’s brother is in town. Joseph. We planned to meet at the Lyceum, before…

WATSON

(Checking his pocket watch)

If we hurry, we might catch him at the theatre. Much the better if he is with you. You’ll go down to Woking and I’ll—

PHELPS


WATSON

I’m not sure he can—

PHELPS

Please! My Uncle called in Scotland Yard, but they’re useless. Only Sherlock Holmes…
WATSON
But…

PHELPS
Tomorrow or I shall die!

*SFX: Distant sound of wheels on cobblestone. MRS. HUDSON appears at the door breathing heavily.*

WATSON
Come now. We’ll go to the theater and find your Joseph.

PHELPS
You come as well. Holmes will need his Watson.

WATSON
Yes, (Sigh) I’ll come. Mrs. Hudson take his other arm.

MRS. HUDSON
(To WATSON)
“Holmes will need…!” Doctor?

WATSON
Careful now. It’s a bit steep.

MRS. HUDSON
But Doctor!?

WATSON
Mrs. Hudson! We are going to the Lyceum, then Waterloo station…Oh, I’ll need my key.

MRS. HUDSON
(Grimly)
Don’t worry. I’ll wait up.

ALL exit. SFX: Heavy steps on the stairs. LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Scene 2

SETTING: SAME, an hour later.

AT RISE: SFX: Foot-steps on the stairs. Door opens. WATSON appears, in the doorway, calls back.
WATSON
No Mrs. Hudson, go to bed. Don’t worry, go to bed. (Enters) Come in.

SALLOWFIELD enters, in slightly shabby top hat and evening cape, carrying a violin case.

SALLOWFIELD
Thank you. No applause.

WATSON
May I take your—

SALLOWFIELD hands over the violin case.

WATSON (Cont’d)
You play the violin?

SALLOWFIELD
When moved. (Whips off his hat and cape, hands them over, retrieves the violin)

WATSON
Perfect. Now Mr…Is it actually Sallowfield?

SALLOWFIELD
Walter Arthur Sallowfield, yes. The lady recognized me, I think.

WATSON
No matter. Mrs. Hudson understands the situation.

SALLOWFIELD
I am so often accosted in the London thoroughfares by adoring fans.

WATSON
No one will recognize you in Woking.

SALLOWFIELD
But we toured this production to the provinces, I’m sure—

WATSON
I don’t think so …you’re playing a dog.

SALLOWFIELD
Nanna. It’s a pivotal role. The astonishment I register when Peter Pan—

WATSON
I daresay. Will you— (Gestures toward the armchair)
SALLOWFIELD
A private engagement. That means no billing but… the pay?

WATSON
As I promised.

SALLOWFIELD
(Sits)
Well…all right. I am at your discretion—

WATSON
Fine, then—

SALLOWFIELD
Until one hour prior to curtain tomorrow evening.

WATSON
I understand. Now, you will be performing the character of Sherlock Holmes.

Who?

SALLOWFIELD
You’ve never heard of him?

WATSON
No, but then I haven’t done the comedies.

What?

SALLOWFIELD
Shakespeare?

WATSON
Oh. No. He’s not in a play, he’s in The Strand.

SALLOWFIELD
That explains it. I never peruse the magazines. If I read anything, it’s the Times and then only the reviews. So gratifying to see one’s colleagues vilified in the press.

WATSON
Ah…yes. So, we have work to do. When we arrive at Woking, you will need to be perfect.

SALLOWFIELD
(Rising)
Never fear, I am a quick study. Just provide me with my sides and—
Sides?

No, no script.

Then... Oh glory! An impromptu...?

Yes, I—

I've never done improvisation.

Oh.

No, I'm wrong. There was once. I was Horatio at the Haymarket. Letter perfect until the last moment of the play but... it seems, that evening, I had a touch of the "malaise." The sword fight affected me very badly.

What happened?

Cradling the body of poor dead Hamlet, I went completely up on my line. "Goodnight, sweet prince"? Never. I extemporized for a full three minutes. The house was agog and so were my fellow players. Every jack one of them, mute with admiration!

(To himself)

What have I begun?

Just give me my backstory.

What?

Motivations.
WATSON
Of course, I should explain. I’m…you see I am a doctor, but not a very competent one. At least I’ve been unable to build a practice. I know the science, I am an excellent diagnostician but somehow the patients…

SALLOWFIELD
Don’t like you. Well, as one who makes a profession of being liked…nay, loved, I can say that empathy is a very special skill. To reach across the footlights—

WATSON
Yes. Let me continue. The American, Edgar Allan Poe placed, in one of his stories, a criminal investigator. Intrigued, I thought I would try to invent a detective of my own and give him a mystery or two. As it happened The Strand rather liked my efforts and so, for the past two years, I’ve managed a comfortable living.

SALLOWFIELD
“A consummation devoutly to be wished.”

WATSON
Yes, but it seems the reading public has gone mad. I did well, defining his personality, his methods, but I never imagined…and now…this is too bizarre…an old friend has gotten himself into a pickle and I believe he will do himself harm, if Sherlock Holmes does not materialize.

SALLOWFIELD
I see your dilemma. But I am equal to the task. Must the name be Sherlock?

WATSON
Yes. Sherlock Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD
As you say. Far be it from me to question the author. Your Sherlock then, who is he?

WATSON
He has a swift and brilliant mind. A master of observation and deduction. He could look at you and see immediately that you were an actor, that…ah, your barber has a stigmatism in his left eye, your bedroom window faces the east and you sleep, during the day, on your left side. You darn your own socks, cook your own sausages, empty your own—

SALLOWFIELD
That…that is not true!

WATSON
All right.
SALLOWFIELD
I understand why the fellow’s a fiction.

WATSON
(Producing a stack of magazines)
You can read my stories on the train. All you will need to know, I think.

SALLOWFIELD
As you say. Then, to the costume.

WATSON
Clothes. Of course, you can’t wear what you have on. Let me think. Well…we’re going to the country. (Hands him the deerstalker cap)

SALLOWFIELD
Not really.

WATSON
And a suit of my own, excuse me.

SALLOWFIELD
Scrooooooge.

WATSON
(Entering with suit of clothes and his medical bag)
I perceive that you under-weigh me by seven pounds, but I believe these will do.

SALLOWFIELD
Is your Sherlock a sloven?

WATSON
By no means.

SALLOWFIELD
But this is herringbone.

WATSON
Is it?

SALLOWFIELD
And the cap is houndstooth.
WATSON

I don’t see—

SALLOWFIELD


*SALLOWFIELD takes the clothing, exits to the bedroom. WATSON gathers props: magnifying glass, notebook and pencil, tape measure. Digs under a pile of papers in a bottom drawer, unearths a tobacco pouch.*

WATSON

We won’t stop the night, we’ll show you to Percy, calm him, ask some questions.

*WATSON fills a tobacco pouch from the Persian slipper, adds the meerschaum pipe to the collection. He sorts through the magazines and shoves a roll of them into his medical bag.*

WATSON (Cont’d)

I never thought Tadpole Phelps was particularly smart but evidently his uncle secured a post for him in the Foreign Office. I imagine Lord Holdhurst expects to rise to prime minister, so he’d ruin poor Percy before he’d take a stain on himself. Are you all right!?

SALLOWFIELD (Off)

Oh yes!

WATSON

Ironic. I say I’m doing this solely for my friend but…more to the point… it’s to prevent Lord Holdhurst from taking out a warrant…on me. Satan damn Sherlock Holmes.

*SALLOWFIELD (Entering, in costume)*

Oh, I hope not. This is going to be rather fun. These my props? Hmmm. *(Arranges the items in various pockets)*

WATSON

Let me have the notebook. I’ll list the questions you’ll put to Percy. Oh…but then…Oh my, he’ll expect…he’ll speak to his uncle and His Lordship will expect…Oh damn! We have to take the case.

SALLOWFIELD

Do what?
WATSON
Come back to town and look for clues. Can I have you for...I don’t know. This is Tuesday...perhaps through Saturday?

SALLOWFIELD
Evenings and matinees excepted.

WATSON
All right.

SALLOWFIELD
Then done.

WATSON
I have no illusion that we might actually solve the business, but I have to try.

SALLOWFIELD
(Looking in the mirror, in his idea of Sherlock’s voice)
“Try?” My dear Watson, I beg you not to underestimate me. (Turns to arrange the props in various pockets)

WATSON
That’s good Sallowfield, very good.

SALLOWFIELD
(studies the pipe and tobacco. As he pockets the tobacco, gazes around, spots a box of matches on the mantle.

WATSON
I think this is everything, we should…

SALLOWFIELD
(Pocketing the matches, peering into the Persian slipper)
Hmmmm.

WATSON
That belongs to him? I mean…

SALLOWFIELD
(Filling the pipe from the slipper)
Eccentric.

WATSON
Yes, his habits are...casual. But his methods are meticulous and thorough.
SALLOWFIELD
(Looking at the table of beakers, etc.)
Is he a scientist?

WATSON
I dabble, but he…well, it’s all in “A Study in Scarlet.” (Picks up his medical bag)

SALLOWFIELD
As you say. Are we off?

WATSON
Yes. “The game’s afoot.”

SALLOWFIELD
“Ah-foot.” I like that.

WATSON
I’ll go down and find a cab.

SALLOWFIELD
Splendid.

WATSON exits. SFX: Sound of steps on the stairs.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)
(Looks in the mirror, lights the pipe, strikes a pose)
Excellent Watson. (Picks up his violin case, strides to the door, stops to survey the room)
The game is Ah-foot!

SALLOWFIELD Takes a triumphant drag on his pipe, has a fit of coughing, exits. BLACKOUT.

Scene 3

SETTING: The next morning. JOSEPH HARRISON’S BED/SITTING ROOM AT BRIAR HOUSE. A large casement window, curtains pulled back, opens onto a sunny garden, top of a rosebush visible. A bed, bedside table with liquid medicine, pill bottles, bottle of water, glass. Wardrobe, small table and chair.
AT RISE: PHELPS is in bed, asleep. ANNIE HARRISON sits in a comfortable armchair in a corner of the room, reading The Strand. SFX: A Knock on the door. With a worried glance at PHELPS, ANNIE jumps up. JOSEPH HARRISON enters, a telegram in hand.

ANNIE

Joseph, shhh.

JOSEPH

I have a message. How is the patient?

ANNIE

Shhh. Asleep.

JOSEPH

Then go have your breakfast.

PHELPS stirs, moans.

ANNIE

(Pulling him toward the door)

Quiet. Go.

JOSEPH

(Turning in the doorway)

What is all this all about? He made no sense last evening.

ANNIE

An important paper’s been lost, now please—

JOSEPH

We couldn’t put him above in a guest room because…You actually thought he would leap out a window because of a…a paper?

ANNIE

I know it’s a terrible inconvenience turning you out of your room.

JOSEPH

Well…well, no matter. If it eases your mind. But, now… (Hands her the telegram) he has invited visitors.

ANNIE

(Reading)

He said something. A friend I think.
JOSEPH
Two. On the nine-forty, so you have the time to refresh yourself. Go. I’ll stand guard.

ANNIE
I can’t. Joseph—

JOSEPH
Of course, of course. (Pause) You know, you remind me of the time he went into the brambles playing blind man’s bluff. Two nurses and his own mother, but little Annie wouldn’t leave his side.

ANNIE
I—

JOSEPH
His injuries were minor but he certainly made the most of them.

ANNIE turns; JOSEPH puts his hand on her arm.

JOSEPH
If you wanted a husband, you might’ve looked further than the house next door.

ANNIE
(Pull away, coldly)
Please send the carriage to the station and ask Maddy to assemble a tea.

JOSEPH
I need a clean shirt.

ANNIE
Silently then.

JOSEPH goes to the wardrobe, gingerly opens a drawer, takes out a folded shirt. ANNIE gestures toward the door.

PHELPS
Ah…ah…

ANNIE
(Scurries to his side)
Percy?

JOSEPH smirks, exits.

PHELPS
No… No! (Sitting up) Is it war?!
ANNIE
Shhh, no.

PHELPS
No. France has declared.

ANNIE
You’re dreaming, dear. Take this. *(Hands him a glass of water)*

PHELPS
They will, you know. France. *(Gulps the water, coughs)* When they learn of the treaty, they will call on Russia to block all trade with Italy and then…

ANNIE
Perhaps it won’t come to that. Do you want to get up? Your friends will be here soon.

PHELPS
Friends? Both?

ANNIE
*(Holding out telegram)*
According to this—

PHELPS
Good, good.. Sherlock Holmes will surely—

ANNIE
Sherlock Holmes?

PHELPS
Yes.

ANNIE
*(Patting her hair into place)*
Oh dear.

PHELPS
I’ll get up.

*PHELPS throws off the covers, sets his feet on the floor. He is wearing an undershirt and undershorts.*

PHELPS *(Cont’d)*
*(Grabbing at the blanket)*
Do I have a dressing gown? No, I didn’t pack.
ANNIE

(Going to the wardrobe)
You’ll have one of Joseph’s.

PHELPS
This is his room. Of course. Is this his room? I don’t remember…I…Good lord, did you undress me?

ANNIE

(Taking the dressing gown from a hanger)
Of course not, Joseph—

PHELPS
I was a terrible bother.

ANNIE

No.

PHELPS
You are so good, Annie. If this turns out…if I keep my job. We shall have that engagement party I promised.

JOSEPH

Percy? Your friends—

PHELPS

(Swaying)
I’m sorry, I…

JOSEPH rushes forward to help ANNIE settle PHELPS into the armchair. In the doorway, WATSON glances into the room, sets his bag down, and takes the notebook out of his pocket.

WATSON

(To SALLOWFIELD)
Right. Here’s the notebook. Read the questions I’ve put down.

SALLOWFIELD clumsily shifts the violin case he’s clutching to take the notebook.
WATSON
Did you need to bring the violin?

SALLOWFIELD
I assure you.

WATSON
Well…

PHELPS settled, JOSEPH turns to WATSON and SALLOWFIELD.

JOSEPH
Gentlemen, Come in.

SALLOWFIELD
(Sweeping in)
Places. Act One.

JOSEPH
Excuse me?

WATSON
(Moving past SALLOWFIELD)
Mr. Harrison, thank you. Percy dear man… (Stops at the sight of ANNIE)

PHELPS
Watson, Watson.

WATSON
(To ANNIE)
Forgive us for popping up like this. We found an earlier train and…

PHELPS
Doctor Watson, Miss Harrison.

JOSEPH
You walked from the station?

SALLOWFIELD
Excellent air you have in the country.

WATSON
I’m sorry. My friend—

SALLOWFIELD
Oxygen. (Tapping his head) Feeds the little gray cells.
ANNIE

(Offering her hand)
Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We’re honored.

PHELPS

Forgive me if I do not rise.

WATSON

No, old fellow, stay where you are. Perhaps first I should… (Retrieves his medical bag)

ANNIE

Joseph and I will retire.

SALLOWFIELD

By no means.

WATSON

But—

SALLOWFIELD

The doting fiancée must be part of the dramatis personae.

ANNIE

And Joseph?

SALLOWFIELD

A hefty fellow. (To JOSEPH) You can stand by to move the furniture.

PHELPS coughs. JOSEPH and ANNIE pour water; attend him.

WATSON

(Whispering)
What are you doing?

SALLOWFIELD

What do you mean?

WATSON

You don’t want a full audience until you’ve mastered the part.

SALLOWFIELD

Sit down Watson.

PHELPS

My friend. By me.
WATSON

(Moving the chair from the table)

Do you feel well enough?

PHELPS

Great disaster is upon us. Mr. Holmes must have the facts.

ANNIE

I’ll bring in the tea. (Exits)

JOSEPH moves away, listens intently.

PHELPS

She’s a bit in awe of you Mr. Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD

(Searching through the notebook)

Understandable. Now Mr. Phelps…my first question…ah…

PHELPS

I am at your service.

SALLOWFIELD

Yes…ah…

WATSON

From the beginning. Leave out no detail.

SALLOWFIELD

Yes, good.

PHELPS

The beginning, right. Then…uh…Yesterday afternoon, my uncle Lord Holdhurst. He’s Foreign Minister. I’m just a clerk but he…I have hopes. I mean I had.

SALLOWFIELD

Hmmm.

PHELPS

Yes. My uncle is kind but exacting. Brilliant. He knows the cause and effect of every foreign thing…entanglement.

SALLOWFIELD

Entanglements…

PHELPS

Yes…?
SALLOWFIELD
...are made to be untangled.

PHELPS
Uh...yes. So, yesterday afternoon, my uncle called me into his office and handed me the original of a very secret treaty. Has to do with the naval forces of England and Italy. It was ah...well you see, the French and Russians have gotten too big for their britches in the Mediterranean and England and Italy...but, well, I was tasked with making a fine copy. I have a good hand. You remember Watson, my medal in penmanship.

WATSON
I think...

PHELPS
Yes. So I was to do the work in my office, after everyone else had gone for the day. No one was to know. The pact, you see is very...fragile. Very secret.

WATSON
When Lord Holdhurst met with you. Were you seen? Overheard?

PHELPS
No. I’m sure. I mean, the door was closed.

ANNIE enters with the tea tray.

PHELPS (Cont’d)
“I rely on you,” That’s what he said, “I rely on you.” I was to keep the papers about me and deliver a copy in the morning. I ask you, how difficult is that? I ask you!

ANNIE
Percy darling.

PHELPS
The treaty has reached Paris, I know it has. And I sit here, stupid, useless.

JOSEPH turns, gazes out the window.

WATSON
Shhh. Rest a moment.

SALLOWFIELD flips through the notebook and scribbles frantically. ANNIE pours PHELPS a cup of tea.

PHELPS
No tea. I must finish.
WATSON
All right, but calmly.

PHELPS
Once the thing is signed, well and good. But the French would pay an immense amount of money to…

JOSEPH turns; stares at PHELPS.

PHELPS (Cont’d)
…to get a sniff at this moment. If it reaches Paris, they will take steps, they will try…Oh God! An international incident! On my head. My fault.

SALLOWFIELD
Just so…so…you, uh…you took the papers to your own office.

PHELPS
And locked them in my desk.

SALLOWFIELD
Right. Locked. With a key?

PERCY
Ah…

WATSON
(To PHELPS)
Go on.

PHELPS
As I told you, I was supposed to meet Joseph to dine and attend the theater. I sent my regrets to his hotel.

SALLOWFIELD
Mr. Harrison?

JOSEPH
What? Ah…yes, that’s right.

PHELPS
Then, then…then…Everyone went home, I took out the papers—

SALLOWFIELD
Sitting at your desk?

PHELPS
Why yes.
SALLOWFIELD

I think…Let us set the scene.

WATSON

Holmes…

SALLOWFIELD

(Pulling the chair out from under WATSON, placing it at the table)

Excuse me Watson. Miss Harrison.

ANNIE takes the tea tray from the table looks around, places it on the bed.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

(Studying the table)

Not right. Watson. Mr. Harrison, if you please.

WATSON and JOSEPH lift the table.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

Here. No, the light is better just here.

WATSON and JOSEPH walk two steps, set down the table.

SALLOWFIELD

Now the chair. Thus, at an angle.

WATSON

Holmes…

SALLOWFIELD

(Taking a folded napkin from the tea tray)

Watson, you know my methods. Now the document, ah… a long document?

PHELPS

Yes.

SALLOWFIELD

(Unfurling the napkin)

Splendid. Now.

PHELPS starts to rise.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

(To PHELPS)

No, no. Don’t trouble yourself. Watson, will stand in. Watson?
WATSON reluctantly moves to the table, sits.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

Who else?

PHELPS

No one.

SALLOWFIELD

Then Mr. Harrison, you will stand by. Miss Harrison take your seat. Mr. Phelps you will direct. You were working at your desk and the time was…

PHELPS

I didn’t begin until half past six. Another clerk was slow in taking his departure.

WATSON

His name?

PHELPS

Charles Gorot

JOSEPH

Gorot, that’s a French name.

SALLOWFIELD

I’m sorry Mr. Harrison, a stage hand is not to be seen…nor heard.

ANNIE

Darling, perhaps Scotland Yard—

SALLOWFIELD

The Yard? Pish!

WATSON

Holmes—

SALLOWFIELD

(To WATSON)
You are copying. Mr. Phelps?

PHELPS

I had missed my dinner, so at quarter after eight, I was feeling peckish. I got up and rang for the charwoman. She keeps a fire in a small room on the ground floor. I thought I might get a cup of coffee.

SALLOWFIELD

So you rang the bell. Mr. Harrison.
JOSEPH

What!?

SALLOWFIELD

Do the bell, you’re the bell.

JOSEPH

Ah…Ding?

SALLOWFIELD

More enthusiasm.

WATSON

You rang. Did she come up?

PHELPS

No. So I went down.

SALLOWFIELD

And left the papers on the desk!

PHELPS

God help me! God help me!

ANNIE

Mr. Holmes, we must stop.

WATSON goes to PHELPS. ANNIE takes a pill bottle from the bedside table.

SALLOWFIELD

Fine. The case is solved!

ANNIE/WATSON

What?!

SALLOWFIELD

The charwoman did it.

PHELPS

No, no. When I went down, she was just coming in.

SALLOWFIELD

Are you sure?

PHELPS

Her hat and cloak were wet.
SALLOWFIELD

It was raining.

PHELPS

I...well...yes.

WATSON

Good, go on.

PHELPS

Oh. So, she promised to light the fire and bring my coffee and then...then a bell rang.

SALLOWFIELD

(To JOSEPH)

Bell.

WATSON

Never mind! Someone rang. From another office.

PHELPS

No, that’s the thing. That’s when I knew. Imagine. She looked at the array. She said the summons was from my office. Someone in my office. With the treaty laying out there for God knows who. I nearly broke my legs on the stairs but I was too late. No one to be seen and the treaty gone. Gone, gone!

ANNIE

Shhh, take this.

ANNIE hands PHELPS his pills and a glass of water. He complies absentmindedly.

WATSON

You summoned a constable.

PHELPS

And my uncle. I had to...The way he looked at me. Ohhhh!

WATSON takes PHELPS’ pulse.

SALLOWFIELD

What we need are more clues. (Moves to lift and study PHELPS’ other hand)

WATSON

What are you doing?

SALLOWFIELD

You wrote it yourself Doctor. A sleeve, a thumb-nail.
What?

SALLOWFIELD

The last man to handle the document.

PHELPS

I? Do you think it was I… who…?!

WATSON

Of course not, of course not.

PHELPS

If my uncle were to believe…

ANNIE

Shhh, dear. He couldn’t possibly.

WATSON

Holmes, it’s time we took our leave.

SALLOWFIELD

Is it?

WATSON

We have the facts.

ANNIE

But surely you must stay for luncheon.

WATSON

No.

ANNIE

Please. I must stay here, but Joseph will host.

JOSEPH

I will?

ANNIE

You’ll enjoy hearing of Mr. Holmes’ adventures.

WATSON

No, he won’t.

SALLOWFIELD

But—
WATSON

Out.

SALLOWFIELD
Well, it’s true, I cannot remain long out of London. Causes an unhealthy excitement among the criminal classes. So, I’ll await. On the lawn. (Picks up his violin case, exits)

PHELPS
Will he take the case?… I mean…

WATSON
There are features here that are most intriguing. We’ll call in at the Foreign Office.

PHELPS
Please tell my uncle… no, what can I say?

WATSON
I will say you are doing your best to set everything to rights.

PHELPS
Thank you, thank you.

ANNIE
My dear. To bed now. Joseph, the tea things.

Smiling, JOSEPH removes the tray from the bed. ANNIE and WATSON help PHELPS into it. SFX: The distant sound of a mournful violin. WATSON looks to the ceiling, sighs. JOSEPH opens the window, leans out.

ANNIE
Mr. Holmes seems distracted… perhaps, really, the police—

(Turning back)
Now Annie, If Mr. Phelps feels this Holmes is the man…

SFX: The violin goes off key, SALLOWFIELD appears outside the window, violin and bow in hand.

SALLOWFIELD
(Looking at the rose bush)
Ah, a rose is a beautiful thing. May I? (Picks a rose and puts it in his lapel)
WATSON

We’re going.

ANNIE

Doctor—

JOSEPH

I’ll bring up the carriage. (Exits)

WATSON

Miss Harrison—

SALLOWFIELD

Watson, come. (Disappears from the window)

WATSON

Well… (Starts for the door)

ANNIE

Doctor your bag. (Hands the medical bag to WATSON)

WATSON

Thank you…I… Miss Harrison, about Mr. Holmes…I mean don’t worry. I can assure you, I will do our best. (Exits)

Puzzled, ANNIE watches WATSON go, turns back to PHELPS. LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Scene 4

SETTING: Train Compartment; Noon, two benches facing each other. The train is moving.

AT RISE: SFX: Train whistle; metallic grating as train brakes. WATSON and SALLOWFIELD enter with medical bag, violin case, SFX: Train whistle. Train jerks forward. WATSON and SALLOWFIELD lurch, scrambling onto opposite benches. WATSON takes out the notebook. SALLOWFIELD settles for a nap.

WATSON

Were you planning to sleep?
SALLOWFIELD
Oh yes. A thespian who cannot sleep on a train will not last a fortnight in the provinces.

WATSON
Where did you start out?

SALLOWFIELD
In life, Manchester. In theatre, at the bottom. But let’s have a better subject.

WATSON takes a Strand magazine out of his bag, hands it over.

Do your research.

WATSON
A literary device. As a contrast to Holmes. Which brings me to…your performance…ah…

SWALLOWFIELD
(Reading the cover)
“A Case of Identity.” Tell the truth, I have read this one. Nice plot but you paint yourself as quite the dullard.

WATSON
A literary device. As a contrast to Holmes. Which brings me to…your performance…ah…

SALLOWFIELD
(Opening the case to the violin)
Hello darling.

WATSON
You’re not going to play.

SALLOWFIELD
If you prefer not.

WATSON
I prefer not.

SALLOWFIELD takes up the violin and a white cloth, begins cleaning/caressing.

WATSON (Cont’d)
What was that business? The violin in the garden?

SALLOWFIELD
You said your detective plays.

WATSON
When we are at home. For inspiration.
SALLOWFIELD
And I play where I am. For...if you must know...for reassurance.

WATSON
Reassurance?

SALLOWFIELD
You ordered me out of the house.

WATSON
You were making an ass of yourself.

SALLOWFIELD sets the violin under his chin. WATSON grabs the bow.

SALLOWFIELD
(Taking the bow back)
You’ll get rosin on your trousers.

WATSON
Forgive me. It’s just—

SALLOWFIELD
I have failed the audition and you would like me to withdraw...

WATSON
You can’t! I mean...I’m sorry if I...

SALLOWFIELD
That’s all right. No one has ever said “Walter Sallowfield won’t take direction.”

WATSON
I did rush you into this. So perhaps we could...ah...“rehearse” this afternoon and I’ll make an appointment with the Foreign Office for the morning.

SALLOWFIELD
Suits me, but I really don’t see the point. We’ve played the scene, reassured your nervous friend. Let Scotland Yard earn their keep.

WATSON
I don’t think they’re equal to it.

SALLOWFIELD
And your... (Holding up the magazine) Bohemian Eccentric is?

SFX: A knock. A PORTER enters with a tray of tea, sandwiches and a small collapsible table.
Luncheon sirs.

Oh lovely.

Tea, ham sandwiches and—

*The PORTER stumbles, SALLOWFIELD clutches his violin. WATSON catches the tray.*

PORTER (Cont’d)

Thank you, sir. So very sorry sirs. It’s the rail joinings. Come loose a bit on the curves they do.

Ah, well…

(Setting up the table, taking the tray, setting it in place)

Very sorry. Will there be anything else?

(Rearranging himself)

A bottle of Madeira.

No, nothing else.

What?

I, uh….

Give me the bill.

*PORTER hands over the bill. WATSON signs. SALLOWFIELD picks up his bow.*

If you don’t mind it sir, the company would be obliged if…I mean if you could refrain from making music in the car.
SALLOWFIELD
What?

PORTER
The other passengers. Thank you sir.

WATSON
(Handing the bill back with a tip)
Thank you very much.

PORTER
(Glancing at the bill)
I say.

WATSON
Yes?

PORTER
Very sorry I am, sir, but is that…? Are you DOCTOR John Watson?

WATSON
Why yes.

PORTER
Then this is…it has to be. Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Forgive me Mr. Holmes, but I…I’m so sorry sir, but could I ask? As you’re here…

SALLOWFIELD
(Taking a sandwich)
Hmm?

PORTER
I’ve got a bit of a mystery. Not a thing to bother you about I’m sure but…your advice would mean a great deal

WATSON
Go on.

SALLOWFIELD peers into the depths of his sandwich.

PORTER
Monday it was. Somebody nicked me tips. I hung me coat see, on the hook while I was having me lunch.

WATSON
With the money in your pocket.
PORTER
Aye and it was a bit of money so I... Mr. Holmes, what should I do? (Pause) Mr. Holmes?

SALLOWFIELD
(Pouring a glass of wine)
Me? Ah... use a different hook?

PORTER
What?

SALLOWFIELD
Or a different pocket.

WATSON
What Mr. Holmes means... You want to catch the thief?

If I could.

WATSON
Does your cook use powdered saffron?

PORTER
I think so, yeah.

WATSON
Then you keep your money in your pants and the next time you hang up the coat, have a bit of saffron in each pocket.

PORTER
(To SALLOWFIELD)
Is that right?

SALLOWFIELD
Right. Saffron. (To WATSON) Why?

WATSON
You remember, Holmes. (To PORTER) Hang up the coat and, after luncheon, keep an eye out for the person with the yellow fingers.

SALLOWFIELD
Yellow fingers. That's your clue.

PORTER
Thank you, Mr. Holmes. I'm glad to have had you in me car and I thank you sir for your time and I am sorry to have bothered and it's an honor, an honor and you ring if there's anything more I can—
SALLOWFIELD
Madeira.

PORTER
What? Ah. Ah yes, and biscuits. Right away. (Exits)

SALLOWFIELD
That was a nice little scene.

WATSON
What do you mean?

SALLOWFIELD
We work well together.

WATSON
Then, we should continue…

SALLOWFIELD
Perhaps

WATSON
…and solve the thing.

SALLOWFIELD
I doubt we could do that.

WATSON
The clues are there. For my friend. And…look, if we could actually recover the treaty and prevent an international incident. You’d do it wouldn’t you? For your queen?

SALLOWFIELD
Old Vicky the prude?

WATSON
Then…for the drama.

SALLOWFIELD
Distraught young man restored to his honor?

WATSON
Yes.

SALLOWFIELD
War between Italy and France averted?

WATSON
Yes, yes!
SALLOWFIELD
An excellent second act, but you can’t leave the audience dangling. You must also identify the culprit and pack him off at final curtain.

WATSON
If we do catch him—

SALLOWFIELD
Will you write about it?

WATSON
I don’t know.

SALLOWFIELD
And the dramatic rights?

WATSON
Uh…yours.

SALLOWFIELD
Ha! Then we shall play it out. Do you want some of this ham?

WATSON
Please.

SALLOWFIELD holds out the plate.
SFX: Train whistle. As the train and lurches, the sandwich slides off the plate into WATSON’s lap. He tosses the sandwich back on the plate, rises, grabs his bag, exits brushing himself off. SALLOWFIELD picks up the sandwich, the violin case and exits munching. LIGHTS FADE OUT.

Scene 5

SETTING: Next morning; PHELPS’ ROOM IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE’. Drab little windowless office. Empty except for desk, chair, lamp, bell pull, framed map of Great Britain on the wall.

AT RISE: SALLOWFIELD, WATSON, LORD enter.
WATSON
I wired Lord Holdhurst’s office to request that he meet us, I don’t know… (Looks at the office stunned)

SALLOWFIELD
Drab little hole.

WATSON
This can’t be Percy’s office.

SALLOWFIELD
Number twenty-seven.

WATSON
But it’s completely empty!

LADY HOLDHURST, in aristocratic finery, appear in the doorway.

LADY HOLDHURST
It was vital that his papers be secured.

WATSON
I’m sorry… I…

LADY HOLDHURST
(Extending her hand)
Lady Eugenia Holdhurst. My husband is—

WATSON
(Bowing over her hand)
Foreign Minister. Yes. We had hoped your husband—

LADY HOLDHURST
Oh, Sebastian took himself off to France.

WATSON
In the event that the treaty…

LADY HOLDHURST
Ever the diplomat… (Spots SHALLOWFIELD) Oh. Hallo.

WATSON
Laldy Holdhurst, Sherlock Holmes.

LADY HOLDHURST
Oh, not actually! My husband assured me you were the figment of some writer’s fevered imagination…
WATSON  
Fevered…?

LADY HOLDHURST  
Yes, and “the public’s unfortunate appetite for light reading.”

SALLOWFIELD  
Perfectly understandable, Lady Holdhurst. I appreciate my Boswell here, but detection is an exact science and his accounts run more in the style of Charles Dickens.

WATSON  
Uh—

LADY HOLDHURST  
Well, I am truly delighted to meet you, Mr. Holmes. I shall resubscribe to The Strand immediately.

Lady Holdhurst, I wonder—

WATSON  
Lady Holdhurst, I wonder—

LADY HOLDHURST  
(To SALLOWFIELD)  
So tell me Mr. Sherlock Holmes. What happened here?

SALLOWFIELD  
I…well…I never theorize until the facts have all been collected.

LADY HOLDHURST  
Then proceed. Collect.

SALLOWFIELD  
Right ho…uh…  

\[SALLOWFIELD \text{ takes out tape and measures distance from the desk to wall, bell pull to floor. LADY HOLDHURST steps out of his way.}\]

WATSON  
My Lady, you must understand this is…difficult. The scene has been swept clean.
LADY HOLDHURST
Percy’s effects were moved to a storeroom. Sebastian and I do hope that our dear nephew may return to his position, but the kinship is awkward. There is little we can do.

WATSON
But if there was evidence…

LADY HOLDHURST
Oh, the police made a thorough investigation in situ.

SALLOWFIELD
So much for top billing.

LADY HOLDHURST
Excuse me?

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)
(To SALLOWFIELD)
Say, what are you doing?

SALLOWFIELD
Data! Data!… I can’t make bricks without clay.

LADY HOLDHURST
Detective Forbes has been asked to step in. And the charwoman is also at your service. Just ring.

WATSON
Do you know if Lord Holdhurst mentioned, to anyone, that he meant to give the treaty over to be copied?

LADY HOLDHURST
I doubt it. He’s taciturn to a fault. Why I have to search his pockets just to…ah…ahem.

WATSON
Yes…ah…Mr. Phelps swears he spoke to no one. So the thief’s presence in this room, on this particular evening, must be purely accidental.
LADY HOLDHURST
Or there was no one here at all…save our nephew…

SALLOWFIELD
(Looks up from his investigations)
Hmmm?

WATSON
You cannot believe…

LADY HOLDHURST
I don’t wish to, of course. But he seems to have disappeared and—

WATSON
Not disappeared, just gone to…to friends. I assure you he is distraught.

SALLOWFIELD
Of course he might be acting.

WATSON
No.

LADY HOLDHURST
Well, as it may be. I do not know him really. Not well. Sebastian’s sister and he…well, families you know. Still, I urged my husband to help the boy get on.

WATSON
Just so.

LADY HOLDHURST
But now. I hope our trust was not misplaced.

WATSON
It wasn’t.

LADY HOLDHURST
As you say. Well, I believe the investigation is in good hands.

SALLOWFIELD
You may be assured.

WATSON
One last thing. Did Lord Holdhurst say…? If the document finds its way to Paris…

LADY HOLDHURST
Disaster! French opposition would destroy the agreement. I tell you, Sebastian was truly beside himself. I was trying to help him pack. Shirts and collars and socks every which way.
WATSON

But—

LADY HOLDHURST
What did he say exactly. Something about Russia and balance of power in the Mediterranean.

SALLOWFIELD
(Surveying the room)
No window.

LADY HOLDHURST
None whatsoever.

SALLOWFIELD scribbles in notebook; moves to examine the door.

WATSON
And he would know immediately when the French—

LADY HOLDHURST
Oh yes. That’s why he went. To be on hand, to try to...to report to the Prime Minister if he couldn’t...oh! This could destroy him! Destroy us both!

WATSON
When is the treaty to be signed?

LADY HOLDHURST
Monday next.

WATSON
So, in three days the secret is worthless.

LADY HOLDHURST
I must go.

WATSON
Three days. If you hear form your husband.

LADY HOLDHURST
His office will be informed.

Testing the hinges, SALLOWFIELD opens the door just as LADY HOLDHURST turns. She looks at his askance and exits. He watches her go.

SALLOWFIELD
Ah, the nobility. I’d cast her in Moliere or maybe Wilde.
WATSON
Sallowfield, listen. The thief is surely on his way to the continent. We have only until tomorrow or, please God, Saturday. Pray Detective Forbes can shed some light. Let me have the notebook.

SALLOWFIELD
*(Handing over the notebook)*
You may check my measurements.

WATSON
Of what?

SALLOWFIELD
Consider this. Phelps was forced to stand. When he rang for the charwoman.

WATSON
All right.

SALLOWFIELD
A nice bit of blocking that. Stand, ring, turn. Now, waiting for her to come up. What did he do in the interval?

WATSON
Sat down to his work.

SALLOWFIELD
Too static, won’t play.

WATSON
Blast!

SALLOWFIELD
That’s all I can get. This set is badly in need of dressing.

WATSON
Augh! I’ll ring for the charwoman. *(Pulls the bell cord)*

*SFX: An immediate knock on the door. Stunned, WATSON opens it to see the charwoman, MRS. TANGEY, in the doorway, with a dust mop.*

MRS. TANGEY
May I be of service?

WATSON
Ah...
MRS. TANGNEY

(Holding out her hand)

WATSON
How did you…? Don’t the bells ring in your room?

MRS. TANGNEY

(Taking her hand back and wiping it on her skirt)
Yes sir, two levels down.

WATSON
Then—?

MRS. TANGNEY
Didn’t come by the bell then, did I?

WATSON
Then how?…

MRS. TANGNEY

(Swinging the mop vigorously)
Doin’ me moppin’ of hall here.

SALLOWFIELD
What did you hear?

MRS. TANGNEY
Besides meself mentioned? Nothin’ I didn’t already know from the fuss goin’ on.

SALLOWFIELD spots something on the floor, goes down on his knees with the magnifying glass.

WATSON
The evening of the theft, Mr. Phelps says—

MRS TANGEY

(To SALLOWFIELD)
Say, I don’t know what yer lookin’ for but you won’t find a speck ‘a dust nor a shoe mark in this office.

SALLOWFIELD
No, there’s something here.

MRS. TANGEY
I won’t believe it.
SALLOWFIELD

No, sorry, grain of the wood.

WATSON

(To MRS. TANGEY)

It was you who cleaned the room?

MRS. TANGEY

Top to bottom with a good strong brush.

SALLOWFIELD

(Standing, looking at MRS. TANGEY through his glass)

You’re the charwoman.

WATSON

Sallowfield…ah…Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD

No, I’m on to something. (To MRS. TANGEY) You come and go in these offices. As you please?

MRS. TANGEY

I gotta clean don’t I? Wait. I get your meaning.

SALLOWFIELD

Show me your hands.

MRS. TANGEY

Show you me fist. I already been suspicioned by the police.

SALLOWFIELD

Ah.

MRS. TANGEY

“Ah” nothin’. Took me to me room downstairs, they did, and stripped me to me knickers. Called in a female, but still…

SALLOWFIELD

You might have thrown the treaty in the fire.

MRS. TANGEY

Weren’t no fire. I just come in.
WATSON

*(Reading from the notebook)*

You were behind your time.

MRS. TANGEY

Omnibus was late. The streets of an evening. Clogged up with carriages. Rich folk to the theatre, God knows why.

SALLOWFIELD

I beg your pardon!

MRS. TANGEY

And raining it was.

WATSON

So your boots were wet.

MRS. TANGEY

Me entire self more like.

SALLOWFIELD

A ha!

WATSON

Holmes, why don’t you take a look in the corridor.

MRS. TANGEY

You won’t find a track, not from me. Put me soft slippers on. *(Pulling away her skirts)* See?

SALLOWFIELD

Well, then—

WATSON

Chart the arrangement of the rooms, anything.

SALLOWFIELD

*(Pouting)*

I need the notebook.

WATSON hands him the notebook. SALLOWFIELD takes it, flounces out.

WATSON *(Cont’d)*

Mrs. Tangey sit down.

MRS. TANGEY

Don’t mind if I do.
MRS. TANGEY leans the mop against the wall, settles happily into the chair behind the desk.

WATSON
All right...so...you came in, it was raining and you did not come upstairs.

MRS. TANGEY
Hardly got me scarf off, Mr. Phelps was standin’ there lookin’ peeved and after ‘is coffee. And then the bell went.

WATSON
The bell. From this office?

MRS. TANGEY
I says to Mr Phelps, “Why sir, if you’re standin’ here, who is it that ringing from yer own digs?” Well, he goes white in the face and flings himself up the stair and then not a minute later, down he comes again. Out the street door and back in with a constable and then all hell, and the next thing I know I’m in me knickers and—

SALLOWFIELD
(Entering)
There’s a side stairway. To a back street.

So there is.

MRS. TANGEY
Is the door kept locked?

WATSON
Not during working hours. I lock up after I come in. Front and back.

SALLOWFIELD
(Pointing at Mrs. Tangey)
But on the night of the crime...

MRS. TANGEY
Poke that finger in yer own eye. I told ya what happened.

WATSON
I’m sorry Mrs.—

MRS. TANGEY
(Rising)
Look, I been scrutinized in and out and down to me drawers. I been given a clean character by the official police and I’m hanged if I’m gonna allow this smug-ass to come in here and...
Holmes...

WATSON

SALLOWFIELD

I’ll inspect the stairs. *(Exits)*

MRS. TANGEY

A clean character I tell you and I won’t be accused. Strip me down right here, if ya—

No! Nobody wants to—

FORBES

*(Entering)*

Is there a problem here?

MRS. TANGEY

There! You was here.

FORBES

*(To WATSON)*

Forbes from Scotland Yard.

You tell ‘im.

FORBES

Mr. Holmes?

WATSON

Doctor Watson. Holmes is—

MRS. TANGEY

You’re the copper, you tell this gentleman, what thinks whatever he thinks, that these goings on got nothin’ to do with me.

FORBES

Oh well, Molly, we know you’re not our culprit. You go on about your work now. We’ll ring if we need you.

MRS TANGEY

*(Grabbing her mop)*

I’m an honest woman. *(Calling out the door to SALLOWFIELD)* And you can thank me for the cleanliness of them stairs too. *(Exits)*
FORBES

(Laughing)
A lively sort. Now. I have to say, Mr. Watson, I’ve come at the request of the Foreign Minis-
ter and I should tell you, right up front, that I am a reader of your “adventures”.

WATSON

Indeed?

FORBES
The Strand gets passed around the Yard on a regular basis and it’s agreed you do write an
imagi-tative story. “The Crooked Man” and that last one…

WATSON

“The Resident Patient.”

FORBES
Imagi-tative, like I say. But, as professionals, we don’t think too much of your Sherlock
Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD

(Enters)
Is that so?

WATSON
Detective Forbes, Mr. Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD
You don’t like my methods?

WATSON
Detective, we just have a few questions to—

FORBES

(To SALLOWFIELD)
No and for all your swagger, you won’t be solving this case.

SALLOWFIELD
Why not?

FORBES
First, there’s not a shred of evidence.

WATSON
This office. Could you describe it. Before it was sanitized?

FORBES
Papers on the desk. The clerk’s copy of said documents, what was completed. Some other
folders, pen, ink, all that. Framed document. Some kind of award.
No traces of an interloper.

None.

It was a wet night.

Was indeed.

And you arrived at—

Fifteen minutes or so from the time when the cry was raised.

And there were no wet marks or mud on the floor?

Not here, nor up the side stair.

Ah! The side stair.

The thief could have been hiding in the building.

Nah. Offices are locked up when their respective inhabitants go home. No concealment possible in the corridor, or as you can see, in here. Of course we perused the Frenchman who stayed behind his time, traced his movements, searched his digs this morning.

And nothing.

As I say, you’re wasting your time on this. Our own experts have—

Experts, like yourself, I’m sorry to say, see…they see but they do not observe.

I beg your—!
SALLOWFIELD
For example, the side stairs. How many steps from the door to this level?

FORBES
Could have come and gone in four minute or less.

WATSON
Holmes…

SALLOWFIELD
But how many steps exactly?

FORBES
(Fuming)
I’m sure I don’t know.

SALLOWFIELD
Exactly!

!FORBES
Well Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I’m sorry for you but I do observe, and I’ve been observing that I believe I have seen you before.

SALLOWFIELD
Oh?

FORBES
In the West End.

WATSON
Oh no.

SALLOWFIELD
Well, ah…I do get around.

FORBES
This face here was on a poster at one of the theaters. You are an actor.

I am.

SALLOWFIELD
Ohhhhh…

WATSON

SALLOWFIELD
The poster you saw, I was…at the time…I must have been…yes! I was on a case. In one of my many disguises.
WATSON
Yes.

SALLOWFIELD
An uh…a very valuable costume had been stolen and I had my sights on the leading lady. Played a fortnight to very good reviews. They asked me to join the company but…

FORBES
Well, means nothing to me. Your little charade.

SALLOWFIELD
Charade?! When I have identified the culprit—

Winter day in hell.

FORBES
As I say “when,” you will informed. I enjoy spinning my spidery web but the flies I leave to you.

WATSON
Detective, please take my card, if you learn anything more—

FORBES
Ha. (Exits)

SALLOWFIELD
Did you see that? “Saw that face in the West End” he says. Did you hear? I CAN improvise!

WATSON
Oh be quiet. Let me think. What do we have?

You mean clues?

SALLOWFIELD
Mrs. Tangey agrees with Percy’s account. That’s good.

SALLOWFIELD
Unless he was playing her a little scene.

WATSON
No, I don’t see… (Pause) Oh of course! If Percy took the treaty, who rang the bell?
SALLOWFIELD
The bell. Yes.

WATSON
Someone came in from the street. But there were no marks of damp in the office or on the stairs.

SALLOWFIELD
Stairs. Twenty-eight steps to the door and four down to the hitching post.

WATSON
Hitching post? (Pause) of course.

SALLOWFIELD
I say, what’s the time?

WATSON takes out his watch, opens it as SALLOWFIELD peers over his shoulder.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)
Tinkerbell save me! I have a matinee!

WATSON
Let’s go then. Back stairs.

SALLOWFIELD
(Bolting out of the door)
I’ll find a cab.

WATSON
A cab. Of course. Sallowfield! Tell the cabbie, the newspaper offices. I need to place an advertisement. (Exits)

Scene 6

SETTING: WATSON’S FLAT, Next Morning. The leftovers of breakfast are on the table.

AT RISE: WATSON paces, reading the notebook. SFX: Doorbell. WATSON rushes to the window.

WATSON
Drat, it’s you.

SALLOWFIELD (Off)

Thank you Mrs. Hudson.
SFX: Footsteps on the stair. SALLOWFIELD enters, carrying cloth covered items on hangers and his violin case.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

My dear Watson.

WATSON

Humph.

SALLOWFIELD

Oh, I’ve missed breakfast. Oh well. What scene do we play today? (Removes his jacket and dons the dressing gown from his collection) I was at the theatre rather late, plundering the costume shop. What do you think? The indoor Holmes. And, and… (Displays a plaid greatcoat, the deerstalker hat and a walking stick) The outdoor Holmes. And look… (Placing The deerstalker and the coat together) Houndstooth.

WATSON looks out the window.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

(Posing with the walking stick, then pulling a long sword out of it)

And this. En garde! I’m ready to confront our culprit.

WATSON

We don’t have a culprit.

SALLOWFIELD

No answer to your advertisement? No cabbie on the doorstep to claim the reward?

WATSON

Not yet.

SALLOWFIELD

You’re certain our man came by cab?

WATSON

If he had come on foot there would have been muddy tracks.

SALLOWFIELD

Seems obvious.

WATSON

But…

WATSON/SALLOWFIELD

“Nothing is more deceptive than the obvious”
WATSON
You’ve been reading.

SALLOWFIELD
Nana is off stage for all of the second act. Your stories are quite good.

WATSON
Thanks.

SALLOWFIELD
Actually I was so engrossed with “The Yellow Face” I nearly missed the curtain call.

WATSON
(Looking out the window)
Writing is so easy. I need a clue to appear, there it is. But here, if we don’t get our cabbie, we’re finished.

SALLOWFIELD
Quite the three pipe problem. (Goes to the Persian slipper, fills the meerschaum pipe)

WATSON
If the treaty reaches Paris, we might trace the man back, but the damage to poor Percy… The damage will be done.

SALLOWFIELD
(Lighting up)
I still think it was Phelps who did it.

WATSON
Impossible.

SALLOWFIELD
“When you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.”

WATSON
Oh shut up.

SALLOWFIELD
I’m afraid, my good doctor, you have become too emotionally involved in this case.

WATSON
Never.

SALLOWFIELD
Hmmm.
WATSON
Well…perhaps. But Percy Phelps…I, myself, was quite the outcast at school. All brain, and nothing much else.

SALLOWFIELD
Hmm… (Wanders to WATSON’S science table)

WATSON
At cricket, they called me Bumpy because I was slow and plump. But Percy helped me accept myself and the horrid name. He happily welcomed Tadpole, he said, because it meant he was destined to grow into something. And he has.

SALLOWFIELD picks up two beakers, pours liquid from one to another.

WATSON (Cont’d)
But now…he has come to me for help and I’m useless. (Pause) What are you doing?

SALLOWFIELD
I have no idea. (Sets beakers down, quickly backs away)

MRS. HUDSON
(Entering with teapot, plate, toast rack, jelly pot on a tray)
Tea and toast for Mr. Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD
(Sherlock voice)
Thank you Mrs. Hudson. Very good of you.

MRS. HUDSON
(Clearing the table)
Something more for you Doctor?

WATSON
No, no.

MRS. HUDSON exits; SALLOWFIELD eats.

WATSON
Maybe I’m too involved. Detection is an exact science and should always be approached in a cold and unemotional manner.

SALLOWFIELD
Umm-hmm.
WATSON
So. Let us think. We need more facts. If it wasn’t a cab… *(Flipping through the notebook)*
Let’s go back. *(Pacing through the scenario)* All right. Percy gets hungry, rings for Mrs.
Tangey. Waits. Goes down the front. So, the thief comes in, seizes the papers. Then what?
Listens at the door? Peers out?

SALLOWFIELD
Good piece of blocking there.

WATSON
Percy is still with Mrs. Tangey, so the way is clear.

SALLOWFIELD
Until the bell rings and your Percy goes mad and—

WATSON
“The bell rings.” That’s it. Instead of bolting, instead of dashing out and down the stairs, the
thief rings to summon the charwoman? In God’s name, why?

SALLOWFIELD
Good question.

WATSON
And there we stop.

SALLOWFIELD
Also an excellent marmalade.

WATSON
What?

SALLOWFIELD
I’m sorry. *(Completing his meal)* I’m really no help, am I? *(Goes to his violin case, opens it)*

WATSON
You’re all right. It’s me.

*SFX: Doorbell.*

WATSON
Eureka! *(Springs to the window)*

SALLOWFIELD
Cabbie?

WATSON
No. Boy from the telegraph office.
SFX: Footsteps on the stairs.

MRS. HUDSON

(Enters)
Doctor. An urgent message. From Woking. (Hands WATSON a telegram)

WATSON

Percy. Oh God.

WATSON reads as SALLOWFIELD calmly closes, latches the violin case, changes his dressing gown for the great-coat and deerstalker.

WATSON (Cont’d)
There’s been a burglary. In the night. Someone tried to break into Percy’s room.

Oh dear.

MRS. HUDSON

Not hurt it seems.

WATSON

SALLOWFIELD
But he begs us come.

WATSON

(Collecting his coat, medical bag)
Yes.

SALLOWFIELD
Our man is certainly having a dreadful week.

WATSON
Mrs. Hudson, I’ll be at Briar House, Woking. Wire if you get a visit from a cabbie...get his address.

SURELY.

WATSON

(To SALLOWFIELD)
Ready?

SALLOWFIELD

(Picking up his violin case and walking stick)
The plot thickens.
WATSON and SALLOWFIELD Exit. 
MRS. HUDSON starts to clear up. SFX: Two sets of footsteps on the stairs suddenly stop, one returns.

SALLOWFIELD

(Leaning in the door)
The Lyceum Theatre. Tell them to get the understudy for Nana.

MRS. HUDSON

Yes sir.

SALLOWFIELD

I just hope Abbington is up on his bark. (Exits)

SFX: Footsteps on the stairs.
BLACKOUT.

END ACT I
ACT II
Scene 1

SETTING: BRIAR HOUSE, JOSEPH’S BEDROOM: early afternoon. The rose bush is longer visible in the window.

AT RISE: PHELPS in shirt, pants, dressing gown and slippers, is pacing.

WATSON (Off)
Don’t worry Miss Harrison, Mr. Holmes will get to the bottom of it.

PHELPS
Watson?

PHELPS springs to the door, opens to reveal ANNIE. WATSON with medical bag, SALLOWFIELD with walking stick and violin case, stand behind her.

ANNIE
Percy. I was just telling—

PHELPS
Come in, come in.

ANNIE enters. PHELPS pulls WATSON into the room. SALLOWFIELD follows.

PHELPS (Cont’d)
Oh Watson, I’m beginning to believe that I am the centre of some monstrous conspiracy.

SALLOWFIELD
Conspiracy! Just a moment.

Depositing his walking stick and violin case, SALLOWFIELD pats his pockets and finds a pencil.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)
Excuse me just one…

SALLOWFIELD continues to search until WATSON takes the notebook out of his own pocket, hands it over.
SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)
Ah. Now. (Poised with pencil and notebook) You were saying?

PHELPS
Uh…I…as far as I know, I haven’t an enemy in the world, but after this. I believe it’s not my honor at peril but my very life.

WATSON
The facts.

PHELPS
What happened…where to start? What happened was—

ANNIE
Doctor, yesterday evening Percy was feeling so much better we thought—

PHELPS
And thought wrong. But that’s the damnable thing, Watson. After your message, I was…I was feeling almost myself. To know that my Uncle is in Paris…perhaps he can intervene, he can…

WATSON
Go on. Last evening…

PHELPS
I dressed and joined Annie and Joseph for dinner. About ten, I began to feel quite sleepy. I begged Annie not to keep vigil. I felt I could…

SALLOWFIELD
(Scribbling in the notebook)
Felt you could…?

WATSON
You went promptly to sleep.

PHELPS
Yes. But late, late in the night, I suddenly awakened.

WATSON
At what time?

PHELPS
I don’t know. I heard a noise.

ANNIE
When he roused me, it was nearly two.
Watson

Very good. What was the noise?

Phelps

It...I thought it sounded like a mouse or something. Gnawing inside the wall. Then I realized it was coming from the area of the window. And then a sharp metallic...uh...

Sallowfield

Clank.

Watson examines the window.

Phelps

No, more like a—

Sallowfield

Click.

Phelps

No.

Watson

(Flipping the casement latch)

This.

Phelps

Yes!

Watson

(Examining the casement)

Someone has forced a sharp instrument between the casements.

Phelps

I lay there, utterly frozen, waiting. It seemed like an hour.

And then?

Sallowfield

Phelps

The air. I knew the window was being opened. By God! I sprang out of bed. And... and... there was a shape. A man!

Watson

Could you make out the face?

Phelps

It was dark. A bit of moonlight, but it happened so quick. He turned and ran.
WATSON
And you saw nothing else.

PHELPS
I think. Let me think. As he turned there was a glint of light. God help me, I think he had a knife. God! Did he come to kill me?

SALLOWFIELD
He brought the proper tool for it.

WATSON
Holmes!

PHELPS
Why? What have I done? Where should I go?

WATSON
You’re safe now. You went immediately to call Miss Harrison?

PHELPS
No. I was afraid to move. I was afraid he was still… I listened. I don’t know how long.

WATSON
Miss Harrison, when you were awakened?

ANNIE
I went to Joseph. He was sleeping in the guest wing.

WATSON
And…?

ANNIE
He got his hunting rifle and searched the grounds.

WATSON
And nothing.

ANNIE
No. He is out again just now.

WATSON
(Leans out the window, looks at the ground, gazes up)
You have a heavy fence. Was the gate locked?

ANNIE
I’m sure. As always.
SALLOWFIELD

*(Joining WATSON at the window)*

Let me see. Oh. Someone trampled the roses.

WATSON

*(To ANNIE)*

Who else was in the house last night?

ANNIE

The servants come in by day, so no one.

WATSON

*(To PHELPS)*

Did you lock this door last night?

PHELPS

A habit of mine. Always. Even at my own flat. *(To ANNIE)* Is that silly?

ANNIE

N…no. No.

PHELPS

I feel…well…there I am, completely unconscious. Anyone could—

JOSEPH

*(Appearing outside the window)*

Gentlemen.

PHELPS

Ah!

ANNIE

Joseph! You startled us.

JOSEPH

I saw the gentlemen arrive.

WATSON

Mr. Harrison, if you please, the ground—

JOSEPH

Oh. Am I standing on evidence? I just thought…*(Holding up a broken piece of a wooden fence)*… thought you might like to see this. Top of the fence by the road has been splintered. Where our visitor scrambled over no doubt.

*JOSEPH hands the wood to SALLOWFIELD who sniffs it.*
WATSON
By the road. Bold to go over where someone might see. *(Takes the wood, fingers the broken edge)*

JOSEPH
Not much traveled at night. As a rule.

WATSON
Hmm...well. Did you notice any footmarks? At the fence or—

JOSEPH
Nothing.

SALLOWFIELD
I should make sure of that. *(Takes out his magnifying glass)*

WATSON
Yes. do. Mr. Harrison, would you show Mr. Holmes the fence, take him around the grounds.

JOSEPH
I don’t see what good...but, if you wish.

SALLOWFIELD
Here I come.

PHELPS
Watson?

WATSON
A moment. *(Pause; studying the wood splinter)* All right. Yes?

PHELPS
Mr. Holmes doesn’t think this intrusion was merely a coincidence.

WATSON
I don’t know.

ANNIE
What I wonder—

PHELPS
Dear—
ANNIE
I’m sorry darling. Doctor, why would a burglar come around to this window? Considering the empty rooms at the other side of the house. The French doors into the garden.

WATSON
You have a logical mind, Miss Harrison.

ANNIE
I—

PHELPS
If I hadn’t awakened, I should have been murdered in my bed.

WATSON
Excuse me a moment. *(Exits by the door, leaving it open)*

PHELPS
He has no idea. Neither of them do. I certainly don’t see the brilliant Mr. Holmes portrayed in those stories you like so much.

ANNIE
They are kind to put forth such an effort.

PHELPS
What time is it? Has there been any word from my uncle?

ANNIE
Nothing.

PHELPS
Watson’s wrong. My uncle…He’s given me up. I won’t have anything until the treaty is exposed. Then I’ll hear, make no mistake, THEN I’ll hear from him.

ANNIE
*(Taking his hand)*
Darling, you do know that whatever the outcome—

PHELPS
*(Pulling away)*
Outcome? My ruin will be the outcome.

WATSON appears outside the window, holding a branch of the rose bush. He plucks a shred of black cloth from it.

WATSON
Percy, was your man wearing black?
I don’t know. I don’t know!

(WATSON)
This burglary may have no connection to the case at hand. But then… (Drifts into thought)

(ANNIE)
Yes?

(WATSON)
Percy, you must come up to London with Holmes and I.

(PHELPS)
Now? Why?

(WATSON)
We need you to…ah…retrace your movements on Tuesday evening.

(PHELPS)
But I gave you a full account.

(WATSON)
Yes, but there are one or two points. One night only.

Insane.

(WATSON)
Trust me

(PHELPS)
(Sigh)
Very well.

(PHELPS turns, removes the dressing gown, locates his shoes, puts them on, pulls his jacket out of the wardrobe, puts it on.

(ANNIE)
I will come. If…

(WATSON)
(Pulling ANNIE aside)
Miss Harrison. I…ah…Mr. Holmes has a plan and we need your help.
ANNIE
If I can?

WATSON
You must stay here, in this room, for the rest of the day. Through dinner, until you retire for the night. Can you do that?

ANNIE
Joseph will wonder.

WATSON
Make whatever excuse you must, but do not stir. That is of utmost importance. When you go up to bed, leave this window unlatched but lock the door and keep the key. Do you understand?

ANNIE
I think…yes.

JOSEPH and SALLOWFIELD pass by outside the window.

WATSON
Do exactly as I ask and we may bring this entire ordeal to a good conclusion.

(Ready to go)
What are you two whispering about?

WATSON
Ah…your lady was giving the Doctor instructions for your care in London.

PHELPS
(To ANNIE)
Instructions you didn’t want me to hear?

ANNIE
(Playfully)
Did you want to hear yourself spoken of as a little child?

PHELPS
Bah!

SALLOWFIELD
(Appearing in the window; to off)
Thank you, Mr. Harrison. I’ll be along in a moment. Watson look at this. (Holds up a cigar butt)
WATSON
What’ve you got?

SALLOWFIELD
(Climbing in the window)
An important clue. As it happens, I have written a monograph on a hundred and fifty types of cigar and cigarette ash.

ANNIE
That’s probably...the gardener smokes incessantly. We close up all the windows when he works near the house.

WATSON
(To SALLOWFIELD)
You can test that in your laboratory at Baker Street.

SALLOWFIELD
No need. (Tosses the cigar butt out the window)

PHELPS
(To SALLOWFIELD)
What else did you find?

JOSEPH
(Appearing in the doorway)
Nothing more.

SALLOWFIELD
Yes, I’m afraid your burglar is well gone.

JOSEPH
And without the family heirlooms.

PHELPS
If that’s what he was seeking.

ANNIE
(Collecting PHELPS’ medicines)
Joseph, would you have a small bag Percy could borrow.?

JOSEPH
What’s this?

WATSON
He’s coming to inspect his office.

SALLOWFIELD
But there’s nothing there?
WATSON

(Glaring at SALLOWFIELD)
Something. We. Missed.

SALLOWFIELD

But…well, possible.

JOSEPH

(Going to the wardrobe)
I have a small traveling case.

PHELPS

I’ll return it with your other things. I’m much obliged.

WATSON

You won’t go back to your cold flat. Holmes and I will give you a friendly bed for the night and the finest breakfast Mrs. Hudson can conjure.

PHELPS

I’m not sure—

JOSEPH

Seems a good plan. (Takes a folded nightshirt from a drawer, holds it up) A nightshirt?

WATSON

Excellent.

JOSEPH stuffs the nightshirt into the case, hands the case to ANNIE who adds the medicines.

JOSEPH

The carriage is still at the gate. I’ll summon the coachman.

WATSON

Then we’re off.

SALLOWFIELD

(Collecting his walking stick and violin case)
Wait. All right.

WATSON, SALLOWFIELD and PHELPS exit.

JOSEPH

Come Annie, go with them to the station and then Baylor can take you for a long ride in the country.
ANNIE

I’d, uh…I’d rather take the opportunity to straighten this room.

JOSEPH

Silly, that’s Hilda’s job.

ANNIE

Of course, but I’ve…Actually I have a bit of a headache. I think I’d like to sit and read. The room is so cool.

But—

JOSEPH

And I’d like to spend the evening in prayer. In this room of so much misery, I will ask that we will put all this behind us, my dear will be restored to his place. Do you mind?

JOSEPH

No…well, no.

ANNIE

Darling Joseph. I promise your room will be restored to you in the morning. Go, the gentlemen are waiting.

JOSEPH exits, ANNIE picks up, from the bedside, a copy of The Strand, sits, turns to a page, reads.

ANNIE (Cont’d)

“Being a reminiscence of Doctor John Watson.” Doctor Watson. I think your accounts of Sherlock Holmes are terribly exaggerated. And you give yourself much too little credit.

As ANNIE reads, LIGHTS FADE OUT.

ACT II

Scene 2

SETTING: Same, JOSEPH’S BEDROOM, night. The room is dark except for the moonlight through the window.

AT RISE: The moonlight reveals ANNIE, asleep in the armchair. An unlit candlestick sits on a small table next to her. The door opens. JOSEPH enters quietly with a lamp.
ANNIE
Yes? Oh. What time is it? Joseph?

JOSEPH
Ah...nearly eleven.

ANNIE
The candle’s gone out. I was...I’ll go up, as soon as I gather myself.

JOSEPH
I’ll wait with the lamp.

(Going to the window)
Thank you. Joseph, I...I want you to know I am mindful of how you care for me. (Slowly, silently opens the latch, quickly draws the curtains) You work so hard to see to the finances and the house and everything.

JOSEPH
No matter.

(Turning)
I ought to take more of the responsibility.

JOSEPH
But soon you’ll be off to London.

ANNIE
When I marry.

JOSEPH
Yes.

ANNIE
Well...

JOSEPH
Come now.

JOSEPH starts out the door. ANNIE stops to take the key out of the lock on the inside of the door.

JOSEPH (Cont’d)
What are you doing?
ANNIE
Oh. I… I want to… *(Puts the key in the outer lock)* If the burglar comes back, this door will be locked so he… so he can’t roam the house

JOSEPH
But—

ANNIE
Indulge me, I was so frightened.

JOSEPH
*(Sigh)*
Very well.

*JOSEPH, ANNIE exit. SFX: The sound of the door being locked. A moment. The window slowly opens, pushing the curtains aside SALLOWFIELD and WATSON appear in dim light of a lantern. THEY climb clumsily into the room. WATSON carries the lantern. SALLOWFIELD, in the deerstalker cap, is hampered by his violin case and walking stick.*

WATSON
You brought the violin?

SALLOWFIELD
I couldn’t leave it at the station.

*WATSON hands SALLOWFIELD the lantern then closes, latches the window and opens the curtain*

WATSON
Might have been prudent. We’ll have to hide under the bed.

SALLOWFIELD
*(Setting the lantern on a table)*
You actually think he’ll come again?

WATSON
With Percy gone, he won’t hesitate.

SALLOWFIELD
A weak fellow, your friend. He nearly wept when you said he was riding up on his own.
WATSON

Shhh, hurry.

*WATSON and SALLOWFIELD crawl under the bed.*

SALLOWFIELD

*(Off, out of sight)*

Ah! What’s that?

WATSON

*(Off, out of sight)*

It’s me. Ouch. Is that the fiddle?

SALLOWFIELD

*(Off, out of sight)*

Sorry.

WATSON

*(Peeking out)*

Where is that light coming from?

SALLOWFIELD

*(Peeking out, dislodging the deerstalker on his head)*

The lantern.

WATSON

Get it.

*Tossing the deerstalker under the bed, SALLOWFIELD creeps out, grabs the lantern, blows it out, and scurries back.*

WATSON

*(Off, in dark)*

Ow.

SALLOWFIELD

*(Off, in dark)*

Sorry.

WATSON

*(Off, in dark)*

Shhh!
A long moment. A crunching sound. In the faint moonlight, a DARK FIGURE appears at the window, pushes on it, grunts. WATSON’s head appears from under the bed then quickly disappears again. There is a scratching sound and the latch flips up. SALLOWFIELD’s head appears then disappears. The FIGURE pushes the window open, climbs in, goes straight to the candle and lights it. HE moves the armchair, small table, out of the way, sets the candle on the floor, and then crouches in the corner. HE takes out a small knife and carefully pries a section of the baseboard away from the wall.

WATSON (Cont’d)

Go!

The FIGURE shoves the baseboard back into place. WATSON scrambles out from under the bed, the violin case skids out the other side, followed by SALLOWFIELD and his walking stick. THEY catch the FIGURE as he reaches the window, THEY fight.

SALLOWFIELD

Avast, you blackguard.

WATSON

Sallowfield! He has a knife!

SALLOWFIELD

That’s all right, I’ve got a sword. (Struggles to remove the blade from the walking stick)

WATSON

(Rushing forward)

Watch out.

The FIGURE thrusts at WATSON, striking his hand.

WATSON (Cont’d)

(Clutching his hand)

Ow! Damn it all.

The FIGURE starts toward the window, stumbles over the violin case, picks it up.
As SALLOWFIELD grabs him, the FIGURE hits him over the head with the case. WATSON moves in to break SALLOWFIELD’s fall. The FIGURE drops the violin case, climbs out of the window and disappears. A long moment, WATSON and SALLOWFIELD breathe heavily, SALLOWFIELD slides to the floor.

WATSON
Sallowfield!

SALLOWFIELD
I want a word with the choreographer.

WATSON
My friend, are you all right?

SALLOWFIELD
I think. Oh my head.

WATSON
lifts the candle to a table. In its glow he inspects his bleeding hand. SFX: The sound of the key in the door lock. ANNIE, in dressing gown, carrying a shotgun, bursts into the room.

ANNIE
(Pointing the shotgun at WATSON)
Stop.

Miss Harrison!

WATSON

ANNIE
Doctor Watson?!

WATSON
Put down the…

ANNIE
(Lowering the gun)
What are you doing? Is that Mr. Holmes?

SALLOWFIELD
I’m all right. What did he hit me with?
WATSON

The violin.

SALLOWFIELD

No! (Crawls to the violin, rises, places it lovingly on the bed, opens the case)

WATSON

(To ANNIE)

This was very brave of you.

ANNIE

(Handing over the shotgun)

Take it. It belongs to Joseph, I really don’t... Oh, your hand.

WATSON

A scratch.

ANNIE

(Going to the wardrobe for a handkerchief)

What happened? You were going to... Where’s Percy?!

WATSON

By now, he’s been collected from Waterloo station, fed a good dinner and tucked into bed.

ANNIE

(Tending to WATSON’S hand)

While you put yourself in peril on his account.

SALLOWFIELD

I deduced that the burglar would make a second try. Where’s my sword?

ANNIE

And he...he did come.

WATSON

Yes.

SALLOWFIELD finds his walking stick, easily slides the sword in and out.

ANNIE

And escaped. (Looks around the room, fixes on the chair pulled away from the corner)

SALLOWFIELD

Got clean away, the blighter. (Puts down the walking stick, picks up the violin, tunes)
ANNIE

(Shaken)

Doctor…?

WATSON

(Looking at ANNIE)

Sallowfield, put that away.

SALLOWFIELD opens his mouth to speak, sees he’s being ignored, shrugs, lays the violin back in its case.

Miss Harrison—

ANNIE

(To WATSON)

Why did this person…? Does this have to do with the treaty?

WATSON

You must go back to your bed.

ANNIE

Do you think I could? Tell me—

WATSON

You’re shivering. At least go up and dress.

ANNIE

Dress? Oh dear, I’m in my…oh heavens, you must think…

WATSON

I think you are very…prompt.

THEY laugh.

WATSON (Cont’d)

(Warmly)

Go. Mr. Holmes will soon have answers for you.

ANNIE

I’ll rouse Joseph. If he’s…I’ll…I’ll see. (Exits)

SALLOWFIELD

“Holmes will have answers”?

WATSON

Quick! (Takes the candle to the corner)
SALLOWFIELD
What are you doing?

WATSON
When a man crouches in a corner in the middle of the night, he’s not inspecting for mice.

WATSON feels along the baseboard, finds the loose section, pulls it away from the wall.

WATSON (Cont’d)
Yes! (Reaches in and pulls out a sheaf of papers tied with a ribbon)

SALLOWFIELD
My word. Is that—?

WATSON
(Slipping off the ribbon, reading)
It is.

SALLOWFIELD
Eureka! All of it?

WATSON
We’ll need Percy or Lord Holdhurst, but I think so, yes.

SALLOWFIELD
But wait, that means…Watson…

WATSON
Yes?

SALLOWFIELD
The burglar. He must be the one who put it there.

Elementary

SALLOWFIELD
(Pacing)
Elementary. But…why hide it in the very room of the very man he stole it from unless…Wait. Phelps. He had it all along. He brought it in here, he opened up the wall, he hid the treaty, until he could… Wait.

WATSON
Sallowfield—
SALLOWFIELD
When did he hide it? That first night he was off his head. Wait. He was acting. Wait. Miss Harrison sat by every minute. Wait. He had a clear chance last night but he went to sleep. Wait. It was the maid, no, the gardener. Wait. No. Wait.

WATSON
(Laughing)
When the impossible is eliminated—

SALLOWFIELD
But it’s all impossible.

WATSON
Never mind, old Percy and the empire are saved.

SALLOWFIELD
Recovered the treaty, but lost the prey.

WATSON
Rescued a friend and saved the day.

SALLOWFIELD
Ha, ha, very clever. But yes, there is that.

WATSON
Excellent performance, Mr. Holmes.

SALLOWFIELD
(Bowing)
I thank you.

WATSON tries to put the bundle of papers inside a jacket pocket but it doesn’t fit.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)
Here. (Takes the papers from WATSON; pauses) I say, may I direct the final scene?

WATSON
What do you mean?

SALLOWFIELD
The denouement. Breakfast, your flat. Phelps, the fiancée, the skeptical Aunt Eugenia.

WATSON
If you like, but the treaty…
SALLOWFIELD
Will be secure. *(Removes the violin and encloses the papers in the case)*

WATSON
And your violin?

SALLOWFIELD
Not very good at it, do you think?

WATSON
No. I mean, no you play well.

SALLOWFIELD
Oh well, I’ll bring it along. *(Pulls the case off a pillow, slides the violin into it)*

JOSEPH *(Off)*
Tell me for God’s sake.

ANNIE *(Off)*
Just come.

WATSON
*(Hurriedly replacing the baseboard, to SALLOWFIELD)*
Silence.

*ANNIE and JOSEPH enter.*

JOSEPH
What’s this? Our burglars?

ANNIE
Joseph, no.

WATSON
No, but you did receive a return visit.

SALLOWFIELD
Which I anticipated.

JOSEPH
But they’ve gone.

WATSON
It’s time to put this in the hands of the police.

JOSEPH
Oh…uh…No. I don’t see the need. Looks as if you gave them a thorough thrashing.
SALLOWFIELD

Oh, we did.

JOSEPH

Then I doubt they’ll be back.

WATSON

As you say.

JOSEPH

Now, I’m sure you are weary and want to get back to London. I’ll take you to the station myself. Annie you should go and be with your intended. When the blow falls—

WATSON

The blow?

JOSEPH

I understood… international calamity?

WATSON

Oh. Yes. Yes, it will be very hard on poor Percy. Miss Harrison do come.

ANNIE

All right.

WATSON

Mr. Harrison, you must join us.

JOSEPH

Oh no. I’ll stay to be sure there is no more trouble…and..ah…put my room to rights. I’ll get the carriage. (Exits)

ANNIE

I’ll get my things. (Exits)

WATSON

Oh brilliant!

SALLOWFIELD

What?

WATSON

Later. Give me the notebook and get the lantern will you?

SALLOWFIELD hands over the notebook. WATSON finds a pencil, writes.
SALLOWFIELD

(Crawling under the bed)
Uh. Where? Ah there you are.

SALLOWFIELD crawls out, with deer-stalker and lantern, sets lantern on the table.

SALLOWFIELD (Cont’d)

(Putting on the deerstalker)
Ow! (Rubs his sore head, stuffs the cap into the pillowcase with the violin) What are you writing?

WATSON

To Joseph. To ah...to apologize for the state of his room. (Tears out the page, lays it on the table, picks up the lantern, offers the notebook) Do you want your notes?

SALLOWFIELD

No, no. You’ll need them when you write your account for The Strand.

WATSON

Not of this adventure.

SALLOWFIELD

No villain in the dock. No satisfying conclusion.

WATSON

Uh...Yes. That’s right. (Picks up the violin case) So. How will you stage your finale?

SALLOWFIELD

(Picking up his walking stick and the pillow case)
Oh Watson, you know my methods.

WATSON smiles, slaps him on the back.
SFX: The sound of carriage stopping outside. ANNIE appears in the doorway.

ANNIE

(Pulling on her gloves; frowning)
Gentlemen. Ready?

THEY exit. LIGHTS DOWN.
ACT II
Scene 3

SETTING: WATSON’S FLAT; Morning. The deer-stalker cap is on the marble bust, the science equipment has been replaced by a table, set for five with large covered platter, tureen with lid, other dishes, a ladle, other silver. The door to the hall is open.

AT RISE: WATSON sits at his desk writing, his hand bandaged; the broken piece of fence from Briar House beside him. SALLOWFIELD, a large bandage wrapped around his head, poses by the fireplace with the meerschaum pipe.

WATSON
How’s your head?

SALLOWFIELD
Should have nabbed the blighter.

WATSON
Well…

SALLOWFIELD
I am trained in stage combat, but the blocking was all wrong.

WATSON
(Going to the door, calling down the stairs)
Mrs. Hudson!?

MRS. HUDSON (Off)

Yes sir.

WATSON
No, don’t come up. Just, would you step across and ask your friend at the bank about that inquiry.

MRS. HUDSON (Off)

Surely.

SALLOWFIELD
What’s that about?
A piece of the puzzle.

SALLOWFIELD

Are there more pieces?

WATSON

Just one.

SFX: Steps on the stairs. PHELPS and ANNIE enter.

I hoped the walk would do you good.

PHELPS

It didn’t. (Slings off his coat; slumps in a chair)

ANNIE

Well then, forgive me. (Hanging up PHELPS’ coat and her own) Doctor Watson, this is a very interesting borough. Do I understand from “A Study in Scarlet” that Mr. Holmes chose your rooms?

SALLOWFIELD

Did I? Ah yes.

ANNIE

But why do you give the address as 221 Baker Street when you reside at 224?

WATSON

Ah, uh... Not to confuse the reader. We, ah...began at 221 but they razed the building to put up the bank.

SALLOWFIELD

So we came across here.

ANNIE

Forgive me, these lodgings seem rather small for the two of you.

SALLOWFIELD

Well, yes, but—

PHELPS

Augh! Idle fiddle-faddle.

ANNIE

Oh.
PHELPS
No, Annie. I’m sorry, I’m going mad. Any moment word may come and the waiting, the waiting...

SALLOWFIELD
Buck up old man.

WATSON
(To himself)
Yes Tadpole, quit wriggling and grow some…legs

PHELPS
Watson?

SFX: Doorbell.

SALLOWFIELD
Ah, our final guest has arrived.

WATSON
I’ll go down. (Exits)

SFX: Sound of steps going down.

WATSON (Off)
This way.

SFX: Sound of steps coming up.

PHELPS
Who is it?

LADY HOLDHURST (Off)
Ahem.

PHELPS
Who?

WATSON AND LADY HOLDHURST enter.

PHELPS (Cont’d)
(Leaping to his feet)
Oh God!

ANNIE
Percy?
SALLOWFIELD
Lady Holdhurst, welcome, welcome.

LADY HOLDHURST
Thank you. *(Squinting at PHELPS)* Nephew?

PHELPS
Aunt Eugenia.

LADY HOLDHURST
You look all right.

PHELPS
Thank you…I mean…

SALLOWFIELD
Let me take your wrap.

*SALLOWFIELD helps LADY HOLDHURST off with her wrap, hangs it on the rack.*

SALLOWFIELD *(Cont’d)*
I don’t know if you have met Miss Harrison and of course you remember my right hand, Doctor Watson.

*LADY HOLDHURST*(To ANNIE)
Young lady. *(To SALLOWFIELD)* You have put me in awkward position, Mr. Holmes. My husband insists that we do not communicate with our nephew until the outcome of this…this incident is determined

PHELPS
Then you haven’t…there has been no…

LADY HOLDHURST
Repercussions? Not as yet.

PHELPS* groans.*

SALLOWFIELD
Then there is still hope. Breakfast is served.

LADY HOLDHURST
I’m afraid I can’t stay.
SALLOWFIELD
Oh, please, Lady Holdhurst. Won’t you grace me? I’ve never shared a table with the wife of the future prime minister.

LADY HOLDHURST
You are indulging in fantasy.

SALLOWFIELD
Likely, it’s my life’s work. But will you?

LADY HOLDHURST
Oh, very well.

WATSON pulls out a chair, gestures to ANNIE. SHE smiles at him, sits. SALLOWFIELD guides LADY HOLDHURST to a seat. WATSON, SALLOWFIELD sit.

SALLOWFIELD
(To LADY HOLDHURST)
So, no word from Paris? Mr. Phelps, I believe the platter is nearest you.

PHELPS
I can’t eat. I can’t— (Starts to rise)

SALLOWFIELD
(Motioning him to sit)
Manners, please. Even in a crisis, we are gentlemen. If you won’t indulge then perhaps you’ll serve your Aunt and your fiancée.

PHELPS sighs and lifts the cover. On the platter lies the treaty.

PHELPS
Ahhh!

LADY HOLDHURST
What on earth!

PHELPS leaps to his feet, clasps the treaty to his heart, dances around the room, laughing and crying.

WATSON
(Jumping up)
Old man.
PHELPS
I have it, it’s safe! Saved, I’m saved! *(Laughs hysterically)*

LADY HOLDHURST
He’s gone mad!

ANNIE
*(Rising)*
Percy!

LADY HOLDHURST
*(Rising)*
Do something! Restrain him!

WATSON guides PHELPS back to his chair, where HE collapses. ANNIE leans over, touching his brow.

LADY HOLDHURST *(Cont’d)*
He’s dead!

ANNIE
*(Sighs, sits)*
He’s fine.

*A pause as WATSON takes PHELPS’s pulse.*

WATSON
Just fainted.

SALLOWFIELD
Hah! I thought I’d killed him.

LADY HOLDHURST
*(Dropping into her chair)*
My lord! My dear lord in heaven. Oh!

WATSON
*(Turning to LADY HOLDHURST)*
Sallowfield!

ANNIE looks quizzically at WATSON.
SALLOWFIELD pours LADY HOLDHURST a glass of water.
WATSON
Lady Holdhurst, you may wire your husband to return home. Your nephew is well and the treaty is safe.

LADY HOLDHURST
(Suddenly recovered)
The treaty? Are you sure?

PHELPS gains consciousness.

PHELPS
(Gasping)
Ah….

LADY HOLDHURST
(Looking at SALLOWFIELD)
I think we could have done without the theatrics.

ANNIE
(Looking at PHELPS)
I agree.

PHELPS
Did I dream? (Looking down at his hands) It’s here. It’s here.

Is it intact?

WATSON

PHELPS
(Paging though frantically)
Yes. I believe yes. Where did you find it? How? The thief must be prosecuted.

WATSON
The thief has escaped.

No.

WATSON
Just as well. I imagine Lord Holdhurst would prefer to keep this little incident out of the courts, and the newspapers.

LADY HOLDHURST
He certainly would.

ANNIE
(To WATSON)
But you know who it is.
PHELPS

(To SALLOWFIELD)

Do you?

SALLOWFIELD

(To WATSON)

Do we?

WATSON

I think Percy should lie down. Miss Harrison, if you would go with him to the other room.

ANNIE

I will not.

PHELPS

I’m all right. Who plotted my downfall? Who is the villain who drove me to madness?

WATSON

(Looking at ANNIE)

I’m sorry, it was—

ANNIE

My brother Joseph.

Silence.

ANNIE (Cont’d)

I’m right, am I not?

WATSON

I’m so sorry.

PHELPS

Joseph!

WATSON

(To ANNIE)

How did you know?

ANNIE

You asked me to stand guard. The treaty was in his room.

LADY HOLDHURST

Whose room is that?

WATSON

The night of the theft. Mr. Phelps and Joseph Harrison traveled down from London. Miss Harrison, what happened exactly?
ANNIE
There was confusion. Percy was…I begged Joseph for his room. He went ahead to light a lamp.

WATSON
And hide the treaty.

ANNIE
Behind the baseboard wasn’t it?

WATSON
Yes.

PHELPS
You knew? You knew where it was?

ANNIE
Not until…last night, when I saw…That corner was his treasure trove as a boy. Percy you can’t think…

WATSON
Joseph kept his secret well. I expect he planned a journey to Paris as soon as he could retrieve the papers but, Percy, mark this: It was your lady, my friend, who refused to leave the room. It was she who safeguarded not only your health, but your honor as well.

Silence, WATSON looks at ANNIE. SHE smiles, gratefully.

SWALLOWFIELD

Scene and Act. The end.

LADY HOLDHURST
I beg your pardon. Who is this Joseph?

ANNIE
I’m sorry, Lady Holdhurst. He is my brother.

LADY HOLDHURST
With whom you reside.

ANNIE nods.

PHELPS
But what about the burglar?

WATSON
I think, at dinner, Joseph must have put a sleeping powder in your wine.
PHELPS
It was a plot. He plotted to ruin me.

WATSON
Not at the beginning. That evening you were scheduled to meet for dinner and the theater.

PHELPS
That’s right.

WATSON
Evidently he missed your message begging off. So, finding himself driving by your office he decides to pop in and collect you.

SALLOWFIELD
The problem of the bell!

WATSON
Finding the office empty, he rings to inquire and while he waits…

SALLOWFIELD
He glances around for something to read!

WATSON
And seizes the opportunity.

LADY HOLDHURST
Confusing, most confusing. How can you know these things?

SALLOWFIELD
The name is Sherlock Holmes. Our business is to know what others do not.

SFX: Knock on the door Standing nearest, SALLOWFIELD opens, takes from MRS. HUDSON a piece of paper, closes the door, reads.

ANNIE
But still…Doctor why? Joseph had to know what he was doing to us…to me.

WATSON
(To SALLOWFIELD)
Is that from Mr. Oliver? (To the OTHERS) We asked the bank across to inquire at Joseph’s institution.

SALLOWFIELD
He was heavily in debt. Bad speculations, bad women, bad—
WATSON
Stop! Stop! *(To ANNIE)* I’m sorry.

ANNIE
I’m glad to know. Lady Holdhurst, I am so…I’m…

LADY HOLDHURST
None of your fault, I suppose. Sebastian will say it is best forgotten. So, I had better send that wire and relieve his mind. Nephew, when he returns, I’m sure he will want to discuss your future.

*LADY HOLDHURST points to the treaty still clutched at PHELP’s chest.*

LADY HOLDHURST *(Cont’d)*
Are you going to finish that copy or whatever was wanted?

PHELPS
Yes Ma’am. Yes Aunt. Annie I should.

ANNIE
Yes, go with your Aunt. You must.

*PHELPS heads for his coat.*

ANNIE *(Cont’d)*
But Percy, before you leave, may I…I need to…

LADY HOLDHURST
Take your time, my boy.

WATSON
Lady Holdhurst, if I may escort you to your carriage?

*WATSON gets her wrap.*

LADY HOLDHURST
Thank you. *(To SALLOWFIELD)* Mr. Holmes, it’s been a…an experience.

*SALLOWFIELD bows, WATSON helps LADY HOLDHURST with her wrap.*

*They exit.*

*PHELPS*

*(To ANNIE)*
What was it then?
ANNIE

Percy, I… (Glances at SALLOWFIELD)

SALLOWFIELD

Oh…uh… (Looks around) Ah!

SALLOWFIELD puts on the deerstalker, ties the flaps down over his ears, sits at the desk, turns his back and pretends to engross himself in a copy of The Strand.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes

Continue to next page for Props List
Followed by Set Notes
### HAND PROPS

#### ACT I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROP</th>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>PLACEMENT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Scene 1 - Watson’s Flat</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain Pen</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Railroad timetable</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pocket watch</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tray with brandy decanter and glass</td>
<td>Mrs. Hudson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Scene 2 - Watson’s Flat</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerstalker cap</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suit of clothes for Sallowfield</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical bag</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Persian Slipper with tobacco</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stack of The Strand magazines</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small notebook</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnifying glass</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pencil</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penknife</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tape measure</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco Pouch</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meerschaum pipe</td>
<td>Watson/Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Box of matches</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Scene 3 - Briar House, Joseph’s bedroom</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strand Magazine</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engagement ring</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegram</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shirt</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical Bag</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notebook</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin Bow</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water Bottle</td>
<td>Annie/Joseph</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water glass</td>
<td>Annie/Phelps</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dressing gown</td>
<td>Annie/Phelps</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea Tray, Tea pot, 5 cups, saucers, napkins</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pill bottle, pills</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PROP | CHARACTER | PLACEMENT
---|---|---

**Scene 4 - Compartment on a moving train**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Proposition</th>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Placement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Violin case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin bow</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White cloth</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical bag</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small notebook</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coin for the Porter</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strand magazine</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea tray, pot, cups, plates, ham sandwiches</td>
<td>Porter</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invoice</td>
<td>Porter</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Scene 5 - Phelps’ room in the Foreign Office**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Proposition</th>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Placement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tape measure</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnifying glass</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small notebook</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dust mop</td>
<td>Mrs. Tangey</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pocket watch</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Scene 6 - Watson’s Flat**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Proposition</th>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Placement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Notebook</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical bag</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin in case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dressing gown</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houndstooth greatcoat</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hangers</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloth cover</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerstalker cap</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking stick/sword</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meerschaum pipe</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Persian slipper</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two beakers, one with colored water</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tray, teapot, cup, saucer, plate, toast rack jelly pot</td>
<td>Mrs. Hudson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegram</td>
<td>Mrs. Hudson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**HAND PROPS**

*Act 2*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROP</th>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>PLACEMENT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Medical bag</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notebook</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Branch of rose bush, shred of black cloth</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerstalker cap</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking stick/sword</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pencil</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnifying glass</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cigar butt</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broken piece of wooden fence</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small traveling case</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folded nightshirt</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoes</td>
<td>Phelps</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacket</td>
<td>Phelps</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liquid medicines, pill bottles</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Strand magazine</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Scene 1 - Briar House, Joseph’s bedroom**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROP</th>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>PLACEMENT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Candle/candle holder</td>
<td>Annie/Joseph</td>
<td>(Set on Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Door key</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lantern</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treaty, tied with a ribbon</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pencil</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set off stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerstalker cap</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin Case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking stick/sword</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small knife</td>
<td>Joseph (Dark Figure)</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matches</td>
<td>Joseph (Dark Figure)</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shotgun</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Handkerchief</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pillow case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notebook</td>
<td>Sallowfield/Watson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Scene 3 - Watson’s Flat

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROP</th>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>PLACEMENT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Large covered platter with the treaty inside</td>
<td>Phelps</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broken piece of wooden fence</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folded paper, bank report</td>
<td>Mrs. Hudson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engagement ring</td>
<td>Annie</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerstalker cap</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copy of The Strand</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tureen &amp; Ladle</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Scene 4 - Watson’s flat

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROP</th>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>PLACEMENT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Large tray</td>
<td>Mrs. Hudson</td>
<td>(Set off Stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scene 4 Breakfast dishes</td>
<td>Mrs. Hudson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Checkbook, check</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain pen</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broken piece of fence</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brandy decanter, Glass</td>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerstalker cap</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin Bow</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violin case</td>
<td>Sallowfield</td>
<td>(Set on stage)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SET NOTES

**WATSON’S FLAT:**
Contains described elements of 221B, but is a very poor facsimile of the room described in the stories.

**JOSEPH’S BEDROOM:**
1. The wardrobe includes drawers and space for hanging clothes.
2. The Bed sits high enough for Watson, Sallowfield to crawl under.
3. Armchair is placed to block a corner of room.
4. A section of the baseboard in that corner is removable.
5. Preset behind baseboard section, roll of papers, tied with ribbon.
6. Window is large enough for a man to climb through and locks with a prominent latch.