**Sherlock Holmes and the Speckled Band**

Original Script by Brandon Partrick

Written and Produced by Serenbe Playhouse: Original Production Residency

Marist School 2016 Spring Production

**ACT ONE SAMPLE**

ACT I Scene 1

SHERLOCK Pray, Ms. Stoner, be precise with the details.

*A moment back in time. A young woman is walking home. A storm is brewing in the night air. She seems tense, afraid. Her apprehension grows as she approaches the decrepit Manor at Stoke-Moran, hearing the cacophony of a gypsy camp. Loud music, drinking, dancing, fighting. As she passes by one of their fires, a man steps up to her, blocking her path.*

STRANGER 1 Why bless me miss, you are looking quite the vision this night!

STRANGER 2 Oi! Look who it is!

STRANGER 3 As the young woman Leave me alone.

STRANGER 4 Aw, no need for rudeness!

STRANGER 2 Just a little dance around the fire with me, eh? If you don’t like it out here, I could always join you inside...

JULIE Stay away from me! I would never let a man like you in the house.

STRANGER 1 Well, love, that’s not quite up to you, is it? Just ask Roylott, he’ll tell you!

*Julie rushes inside*.

STRANGER 3 (To stranger 1) You’ve scared her off, then.

STRANGER 2 With that ugly mug, you’d scare me off.

Act I Scene 2

*Helen, Julie’s twin sister, is sitting in her room, looking through the window. A peculiar knock from the hallway. Helen rises, looks through the small gap under the door, moves a chair propped under the knob, unlocks, and then opens the door. Julie enters in an agitated state. After checking the hallway, Helen closes the door carefully and replaces the security measures.*

JULIE The smell coming from his room is awful.

HELEN His imported cigars are quite pungent. It is a filthy habit.

JULIE Habits to match his friends. Must he let them set up camp right outside the door?

HELEN It used to be just the southern acreage of the estate.

JULIE They’re absolutely horrid. I would sooner run into the wild cheetah he lets wander around than his companions.

HELEN Don’t speak like that. I couldn’t stand it if anything happened to you.

JULIE Well I can’t stand being here one more minute.

HELEN Just have patience, Julie. You and Bernard will be married in two short weeks, and you will be free of this.

JULIE We will both be free of this. You will find a husband soon, i’m certain. Until then, Bernard and I will host you as long as need be. A noise outside. I must return to my room, he grows suspicious past curfew. I’d like to avoid him at ALL costs until the wedding, if possible.

HELEN I am so very happy for you, sister. Sleep well. Julie and Helen embrace. Julie rises to leave, but turns back at the door.

JULIE Tell me Helen, have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of night?

HELEN Never. Why?

JULIE During the last few nights I have always heard a low, clear whistle. I cannot tell where it came from - perhaps the next room, perhaps the lawn.

HELEN It must be those wretched gypsies.

JULIE Very likely. But then I wonder why you didn’t hear it also.

HELEN Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you.

JULIE Well, it is of no great consequence. Good night Helen. Julie leaves. After re-locking the door, Helen goes to bed. A storm begins, growing steadily as the scene progresses. The gypsies outside are hollering as they scramble to stay dry. Wind and rain beat against the windows noisily. Amidst the din, a great cry emanates from Julie’s room.

HELEN Julie!? Julie!? Helen throws the chair away, hurriedly unlocks the door and rushes for Julie’s room. A low, clear whistle is heard. A clanging of metal. Helen runs through Julie’s open door, seeing her sister shaking on the ground in her nightgown. Helen runs to Julie, cradling her, trying to keep her still.

JULIE Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!

*Julie starts to babble, and point towards the wall. Her movements slow, becoming completely still. She dies in Helen’s arms.*

**ACT II SAMPLE**

ACT II

Prologue The multiple Watson theory is explained

WATSON I can already tell that I have the honour of addressing a very intelligent audience. It is easy for you to see me as John Watson, of course, recounting the events as they happened years ago.

WATSON 25 And it is no great strain to imagine me as John Watson, at another time in life.

WATSON 26 I, as well, am Watson.

WATSON 27 I’m the very same Watson, yet different.

WATSON 24 I’M SPARTACUS!

WATSON 28 No, you’re Watson. None of that, now.

WATSON 29 One of my more indulgent moments, please forgive me.

WATSON 3 And I’m somebody too!

WATSON I can see that we’re getting distracted. Everyone who is Watson, raise their hands. Everyone comes on stage and raises their hands. Looks like that’s...1, 2, 3,..everyone.

WATSON 23 So as not to add another mystery to the one at hand

WATSON 22 We will have to ask,

WATSON 23 & 12 Why are there so many of the same person?

WATSON 4 In any one life, we change from moment to moment.

WATSON 23 And in a life spent with Sherlock, there are many moments. Therefore many changes.

WATSON 5 Many different times where one path was chosen over another.

WATSON Allow us to represent those instances, where one manner of Watson was decided upon, by fate or by choice.

WATSON 6 Why Watson then? Is this not Sherlock’s story?

WATSON Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives Watson the position of Narrator, so I will claim ownership of it. Sherlock certainly has his account, but to delve into his psyche would be akin to something like this;

*A cacophony of numbers, lines, maps, violin music, faces. An assault of lights and sound. A blink of this, and then back to normal.*

Everyone has their own manner of brilliance, I daresay.

WATSON 24 And how, if we are ALL the same person, may we occupy the same space and time?

ALL WATSONS THE MAGIC OF THEATRE!

Act II Scene 1

Watson’s Test (SONG)

*A train bound for the countryside departs London as the song begins. The Watson chorus sings. The journey ends when the song finishes.*

**SOPRANOS/ALTOS**

WHAT IS IT LIKE, TO WORK WITH A GENIUS?

WITHOUT QUESTION, A MASTER OF CRIME!

**TENORS/BARITONES**

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO WALK IN HIS FOOTSTEPS?

SEEING THE WORLD THROUGH HIS MIND AND HIS EYES?

**ALL**

TO SEE THROUGH HIS EYES...WATCHING HIM FERRETING ANSWERS!

A FOCUS SO PURE, A BRILLIANCE SO BRIGHT!

PRECISE AND RESERVED, SO COOL AND SO CLEVER!

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO SEE THROUGH HIS EYES?

TO SEE THROUGH HIS EYES!

WHAT DOES HE SEE THROUGH THOSE EYES?

DOES HE SEE US THROUGH HIS EYES?

(spoken) WHO ARE WE? AND WHO ARE WE?

WE ARE THE WATSONS; DOCTORS JOHN WATSON OF LONDON.

WE ARE THE WATSONS; WE ARE THE DOCTORS JOHN WATSON OF LONDON!

WE ARE HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, TRUE AND TRIED WE SWEAR ALLEGIANCE ’TIL THE DAY THAT WE DIE!

WE ARE HIS EARS, WE ARE HIS EYES... WHAT DOES HE SEE THROUGH THOSE EYES!?

**SOPRANOS/TENORS**

WE ARE THE WATSONS, DOCTORS JOHN WATSON OF LONDON

**ALTOS/BARITONES**

TRIED AND TRUE FAITHFUL FRIEND, LOYAL TO THE END!

**ALL**

WE ARE THE WATSONS.

WE ARE DOCTORS JOHN WATSON OF LONDON!

WE ARE…

WATSON (he cuts them off) Now let us rebuild our fourth wall, and continue with the story.