

Miss Holmes was originally produced by Lifeline Theatre in Chicago and premiered in 2016.

Cast:

Sherlock Holmes.....Katie McLean Hainsworth
Dorothy Watson Mandy Walsh
Lizzie Chapman/Peggy/Martha Kate Nawrocki
Elizabeth Garrett Anderson/
Mrs. Hudson/Eudora Featherstone.....Abie Irabor
Mycroft Holmes/Vagrant Christopher Hainsworth
Geoffrey Lestrade/Orderly #1 Christopher Jones
Michael Stamford/Reginald/Orderly #2 Michael Reyes
Thomas Chapman/Orderly #3 John Henry Roberts
Edwin Greener/Superintendent LaQuin Groves
Understudies Rasell Holt,
Jhenai Mootz, Tim Newell,
Siobhan Reddy-Best, Timothy Sullivan

Crew:

Director Paul S. Holmquist
Assistant Director..... Emily Wills
Stage Manager Becky Bishop
Assistant Stage Manager.....Morgan Gire
Scenic Design..... Ashley Ann Woods
Lights Jordan Kardasz
Original Music & Sound.....Andrew Hansen
Costumes..... Rachel M. Sypniewski
Properties Holly McCauley
Dialect Coach..... Elise Kauzlaric
Fight Choreographer Greg Poljacik
Dramaturg Maren Robinson

Miss Holmes

CHARACTERS

SHERLOCK HOLMES

DOROTHY WATSON

LIZZIE CHAPMAN: a young wife

EUDORA FEATHERSTONE: an elderly, grieving mother

MRS. HUDSON: Sherlock's disapproving landlady

ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON: first woman to qualify
as a doctor in England

PEGGY: a maid

MARTHA: a washerwoman

MYCROFT HOLMES: Sherlock's older brother

GEOFFREY LESTRADE: a Scotland Yard detective

THOMAS CHAPMAN: a Scotland Yard detective

MICHAEL STAMFORD: a doctor

EDWIN GREENER: an army veteran and petty criminal

REGINALD: Eudora's nephew

SUPERINTENDENT

ORDERLIES #1-3

A VAGRANT

VARIOUS LONDONERS

SETTING: London, circa 1881

For Mandy

Dedicated to the members of
#NotInOurHouse, A Chicago Theatre Community

Miss Holmes

ACT I

THE CHAPMANS

*(Lights up on the home of THOMAS and LIZZIE CHAPMAN.
It is a modest, well-appointed middle class home.*

LIZZIE reads a letter. The contents disturb her.)

THOMAS *(offstage)*. Lizzie!

(LIZZIE scrambles to hide the letter. Inspector THOMAS enters.)

THOMAS *(cont'd)*. Lizzie? What are you doing?

LIZZIE *(struggling to seem cheerful)*. Tom! You're home early.

THOMAS. I was calling for you. Didn't you hear me?

LIZZIE. Sorry, my mind must have been elsewhere.

THOMAS. Where?

LIZZIE. What?

THOMAS. Where? Where did you mind go?

LIZZIE. I don't know, Tom. I was just—

THOMAS. I was in the next room. You must have heard me.

LIZZIE. I was distracted, is all.

THOMAS. By what? *(Sees the letter.)* Is that a letter?

LIZZIE. Yes.

THOMAS. For you?

LIZZIE. Yes.

THOMAS. From whom?

(Pause.)

THOMAS *(cont'd)*. From whom?

LIZZIE. I don't know.

THOMAS. Let's have it.

(LIZZIE hands the letter to THOMAS, who reads it.)

LIZZIE. I know it's rubbish. I didn't want to upset you.

THOMAS. This came in the post?

LIZZIE *(nods)*. No return address, though.

THOMAS. It says, "I've tried to warn you before." This isn't the first?

LIZZIE. Once before. I burned it. It's just someone jealous of you, trying to cause trouble. I imagine you see this sort of thing all the time at work.

THOMAS. That's work. Bringing a man's wife into it ... Well, that's just uncalled for. I hope you weren't too upset by it.

LIZZIE. Not too much. You know me.

THOMAS *(affectionately)*. Don't I, though. Do us a favor, Lizzie, and fetch something to eat. I've only got a short while then I'm off again.

LIZZIE. Another late night?

THOMAS. Crime never sleeps, love.

LIZZIE. I would think you boys at Scotland Yard could set the example by keeping regular hours.

THOMAS. An inspector's work is never done.

LIZZIE. No, I suppose not.

THOMAS. Whatever we've got is fine.

LIZZIE. Sorry?

THOMAS. Supper, Lizzie.

LIZZIE. Oh, right! I'll just have Alice fix something up.

THOMAS. No, why don't you do it yourself.

LIZZIE. She's our cook. Her feelings will be hurt.

THOMAS. I like it better when you do it.

LIZZIE. Well, all right then. Just give me a minute.

THOMAS. I'll be in the front room then.

LIZZIE. Of course, dear. *(Indicating the letter.)* Shall I get rid of that?

THOMAS. No. I'll take care of this.

(THOMAS exits. LIZZIE watches him go, then exits toward the kitchen.)

BETHLEM ROYAL HOSPITAL

(The scene shifts to an insane asylum. The sounds of the inmates are heard through the walls. A certain Mr. Holmes [MYCROFT] waits.)

The SUPERINTENDENT enters, with ORDERLY #1 right behind him. ORDERLY #1 sports an impressive black eye.)

SUPERINTENDENT. Mr. Holmes? Oh, Mr. Holmes? I am Superintendent Ellis, sir. I was the one who—

MYCROFT. Where is she?

SUPERINTENDENT. Oh. Yes, of course.

(The SUPERINTENDENT signals to ORDERLY #1, who exits.)

SUPERINTENDENT *(cont'd)*. Forgive me, Mr. Holmes. I certainly would have communicated with you sooner if I had any idea of the identity ...

MYCROFT. You have her paperwork?

SUPERINTENDENT. Here, sir.

(The SUPERINTENDENT hands a packet of papers to MYCROFT.)

SUPERINTENDENT *(cont'd)*. You will see, Mr. Holmes, that per your request her real name does not appear anywhere. She was a Jane Bloggs when she came to us, and shall remain so for as long as you require it. Um ... how long will you require it?

(MYCROFT hands the SUPERINTENDENT an envelope stuffed with several bills.)

SUPERINTENDENT *(cont'd)*. I see. That is quite a long time, I assure you. Are you certain, sir, that you wish to take her into your own custody? I ask because, well, it became necessary to restrain her—

MYCROFT. Restrain her?

SUPERINTENDENT. For her own safety, sir. If you've seen the police report, you know that she put up quite a struggle when she was first detained.

MYCROFT. I'm not surprised.

SUPERINTENDENT. And since she's been here ... Well, perhaps you are aware that she grows quite agitated if someone gets too close to her. We had a minor incident. It took some effort to restrain your ... ah ... Well, the straitjacket was intended to prevent any further disturbances.

MYCROFT. A straitjacket? And she kept it on? That was unusually helpful of her.

SUPERINTENDENT. Helpful, Mr. Holmes?

MYCROFT. Indeed. A mere straitjacket is no restraint for her whatsoever, and if she remained confined after you placed her in one, then she did so of her own free will, for her own reasons.

(Sounds of shouting and struggling come from offstage.)

MYCROFT *(cont'd)*. Ah. Here we are.

(ORDERLY #1 returns, struggling with a woman [SHERLOCK] whose movement is hampered by a straitjacket. Her face is badly bruised. She stops fighting when she sees MYCROFT.)

SHERLOCK. Oh. It's you.

MYCROFT *(to the SUPERINTENDENT)*. Explain these bruises.

SUPERINTENDENT. As I said, sir. It took some effort to—
MYCROFT. Remove the restraints. Now.

(The SUPERINTENDENT signals to ORDERLY #1, who approaches the woman. As he reaches for the restraints, he whispers in her ear.)

ORDERLY #1. See you soon, sweetheart.

(The woman raises her knee straight into ORDERLY #1's groin. He doubles over, and she smashes his face with her forehead. ORDERLY #1 falls to the ground, hands over both his nose and his genitals.)

MYCROFT. Enough! Are you quite finished?

SHERLOCK. Just a moment.

(With no difficulty whatsoever, the woman shrugs out of the straitjacket. She holds it out for the bewildered SUPERINTENDENT to take.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. There we are. Shall we go, Mycroft?

MYCROFT. Come along, Sherlock.

(They exit, leaving the SUPERINTENDENT and injured ORDERLY #1 behind them.)

SHERLOCK AND MYCROFT

(The scene shifts to MYCROFT's carriage. MYCROFT and SHERLOCK enter. MYCROFT offers SHERLOCK his coat, which she reluctantly takes and wraps around herself.

They sit opposite each other in awkward silence as London in 1881 passes by outside.)

MYCROFT. You were gone nearly a fortnight this time. That's a record, I believe. *(Waits for SHERLOCK to respond. She doesn't.)* What exactly were you trying to accomplish this time? *(Pause.)* Do you even recall where you were when the police came? You broke a young man's arm. I assume he tried to touch you. *(Pause.)* I fail to see how these so-called "clients" of yours can possibly be worth all this trouble.

(SHERLOCK looks at MYCROFT. She considers fighting, then decides it isn't worth the effort.)

MYCROFT *(cont'd)*. If you moved back home you could avoid situations like this. If you stayed with people who were aware of your requirements. *(Pause.)* I wish I knew why you hated me so.

SHERLOCK. Don't be melodramatic, Mycroft.

MYCROFT. I can't see how else to interpret your behavior. There must be some reason for these outbursts.

SHERLOCK. My reasons are my own.

MYCROFT. Sherlock, I can't keep doing this. You know my position. My work with the government requires—

SHERLOCK. Don't mince words. You *are* the government.

MYCROFT. My work with the government requires a degree of discretion that is difficult to maintain when I have to drop everything to hunt you down, cover your tracks and repair whatever damage you may have caused whenever you go off on one of your tantrums.

SHERLOCK. I am not a child, Mycroft.

MYCROFT. Alas, no. If you were, explaining your behavior would be far easier, and far less expensive to keep quiet.

SHERLOCK. Is that what I am to you? A business expense?

MYCROFT. Surely you weren't expecting sentiment?

SHERLOCK. Of course not, Mycroft. Don't be vulgar.

MYCROFT. Then let me make one thing quite plain. I will not let you undermine my work. If you will not conform to the standards expected of you, I am prepared to take drastic measures.

SHERLOCK. What? Back to the asylum again?

MYCROFT. I would be well within my rights.

SHERLOCK. When will you learn that escaping from such a place poses no challenge for me?

MYCROFT. It might, if I advise them on the best methods for keeping you contained.

SHERLOCK. You wouldn't.

MYCROFT. Oh, so you do expect some sentiment, after all. I thought we both were above such trivial qualities. How disappointing.

(They sit in silence. SHERLOCK raises an exploratory hand to her bruised face.)

MYCROFT *(cont'd)*. Does it hurt?

SHERLOCK. Just take me home, Mycroft. Please.

MYCROFT. I imagine Mrs. Hudson will have a thing or two to say about your appearance.

SHERLOCK. I will deal with Mrs. Hudson.

MYCROFT. You may want to have someone look at that. Just in case.

SHERLOCK. Thank you for your concern, Mycroft. I shall speak to Dr. Anderson.

MYCROFT. Anderson? One of those women doctors from that school?

SHERLOCK. You know perfectly well who she is.

MYCROFT. Suit yourself. *(Calls forward.)* Driver! Change of plans. We won't be returning my sister to Baker Street right away. Take us to the Royal Free Hospital. The London School of Medicine for Women.

(The carriage disappears into the London traffic.)

THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL

(The scene shifts to a hallway at the Royal Free Hospital. MICHAEL STAMFORD sits, reading a paperback novel. He seems pleasantly engrossed by it.)

Dr. DOROTHY WATSON enters, angry. She wears a surgical smock covered in blood. She wipes her hands in a bloody towel.)

WATSON *(not seeing STAMFORD)*. Bloody buggery bollocks!

(STAMFORD jumps up, startled.)

STAMFORD. Oh! Dorothy! I say!

WATSON. You say what?

STAMFORD. I just ... Well, I ... Sorry. "Dr. Watson." I know how particular you are about that. Bad day, is it?

WATSON. Why, Dr. Stamford, what on earth would possibly give you that idea?

STAMFORD. Um ...

WATSON. Yes, Michael, it is bad day. Pray pardon my unladylike outburst. Just ... bollocks.

STAMFORD. May I ask?

WATSON. Sepsis. An infection after an abdominal hysterectomy.

STAMFORD. I see. And your patient ... ?

WATSON *(shakes her head)*. Would probably have been fine if anyone had told her to come in at the first sign of a fever. But by the time they finally got her here most of her colon and small intestine was necrotic, and her lungs were riddled with infected tissue.

STAMFORD. Why on earth didn't she come in right away?

WATSON. Oh, she couldn't come right away, see, because her husband would have been "cross" if he'd returned home from work to find her gone from the house. Mrs. Pertwee. That was her name.

STAMFORD. Well, that is unfortunate. But I imagine you must see a lot of that sort of thing here.

WATSON. Yes, Michael, I see quite a lot of that sort of thing here.

STAMFORD. I think perhaps I've come at a bad time. Perhaps I should—

WATSON *(noticing the book)*. What is that?

STAMFORD. Oh this? Just a book. *The Fellow Travellers* by D.W. Graham.

WATSON. You're reading D.W. Graham? You surprise me, Michael. I would not have taken you for a fan of novels about young women studying medicine.

STAMFORD. Yes, well, you know. Mother read it, said she thought I'd learn something from it. Not sure why. Rather silly stuff, to be honest.

(WATSON's expression drops.)

WATSON. Oh. Well. I'm afraid I can't talk long. What brings you all the way down to the Royal Free Hospital?

STAMFORD. Well, I wanted to discuss the letter you sent to Mother.

(WATSON halts.)

STAMFORD *(cont'd)*. If you needed money, I wish you had come to me.

WATSON. If I needed—? Did you even read the letter?

STAMFORD. Read Mother's correspondence? Don't be silly.

WATSON. What exactly did she tell you?

STAMFORD. Just that you'd written, and something about needing money. Makes sense. That awful boarding house you live in. *(Seeing WATSON's expression.)* I'm only saying I understand how hard it can be, for a woman in your position. With your parents gone, and that unfortunate business with your brother—

WATSON. I am not comfortable having this conversation with you.

STAMFORD. She only wants what's best for you, as I do.

WATSON. The money wasn't even for me. I was hoping she'd make a donation to the school.

STAMFORD. The school? Oh! Yes, well, I can see why you might need ... *(Again off WATSON's look.)* Anyway, I have a counteroffer.

WATSON. Oh?

STAMFORD. Yes. I wish to renew my proposal.

WATSON. What proposal? *(Pause.)* Michael, you can't mean—

STAMFORD. I do.

WATSON. That was eight years ago.

STAMFORD. Nine, almost.

WATSON. That was before I left for Edinburgh.

STAMFORD. Yes.

WATSON. I thought you were joking. You said you were joking.

STAMFORD. No; you said I was joking and I agreed because it was less embarrassing that way. But wait. Let me do this properly.

(STAMFORD kneels.)

WATSON. Oh please don't.

(STAMFORD takes WATSON's hand.)

STAMFORD. Dorothy Watson, I asked once before, and now I ask again: Will you marry me?

WATSON. Couldn't we do this in private?

STAMFORD. It wouldn't be proper. I'll admit, a hallway at a place like the Royal Free is not quite ideal, but it's becoming damned difficult to find you anyplace else.

WATSON. I don't know what to say. Have you been waiting for an answer for eight years?

STAMFORD. Almost nine.

WATSON. I ... Michael ...

STAMFORD. Bear in mind the offer has improved a bit in that time. I have a proper practice now. Good income. You wouldn't need to work.

WATSON. And what would I do instead?

STAMFORD. Run the house, of course.

WATSON. Run the house? Michael, look at me! (*She indicates her gore-stained smock.*)

STAMFORD. Yes, precisely! I'm offering you a chance to put all of this unpleasantness behind you.

WATSON. What about this picture makes you think I would give it all up and "run your house" instead?

STAMFORD. I believe there are many women who would jump at the chance.

WATSON. Then why don't you ask one of them?

STAMFORD. Dorothy, be realistic. This can't go on forever. You should hear what people say about this place!

WATSON. I am quite aware of what is said about this place.

STAMFORD. Look, obviously this was the wrong time to broach the subject. I just ask that you take a moment to consider it. I don't expect an answer right now. I've waited eight years—

WATSON. Almost nine.

STAMFORD. I suppose I can wait a little longer. But not forever. We are neither of us growing younger, after all.

WATSON. No. No, we are not.

(*Dr. ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON enters.*)

ANDERSON. Doctor Watson, I wonder if I might— (*Sees STAMFORD kneeling.*) Oh. Hello.

WATSON. Dr. Anderson! Forgive me. Dr. Stamford was just leaving.

(*STAMFORD stands.*)

STAMFORD. Yes. Well. I really should be getting back. But I do hope we can resume this conversation soon.

WATSON. I will think about what you have said. Good day, Dr. Stamford.

STAMFORD. Dorothy. Mrs. An—Er, Dr. Anderson. Good day. (*Exits.*)

ANDERSON. That was painfully awkward. I'm so glad to have witnessed it.

WATSON. He's offering to rescue me from this place by marrying me.

ANDERSON. Better women than you have been enticed by just such a proposition.

WATSON. Would you be?

ANDERSON. I'm not the one looking for a way out.

WATSON. Oh, no. That's not it at all. It's just ... Mrs. Pertwee died on that table today because she was too afraid of what Mr. Pertwee would do if things weren't to his liking when he got home. And she's hardly the first.

ANDERSON. I am aware.

WATSON. Shouldn't we be doing something about that?

ANDERSON. What exactly did you have in mind?

WATSON. I wish I knew. This is the London School of Medicine for Women. The only school of its kind in all England. We should be making a difference.

ANDERSON. Aren't we?

WATSON. I don't know.

(ANDERSON studies WATSON.)

WATSON (*cont'd*). Is something wrong, doctor?

ANDERSON. Hmm. Will you accompany me, Dr. Watson? I have a patient waiting for me, and I would appreciate your opinion.

WATSON. You want *my* opinion? Yes, of course, Dr. Anderson.

ANDERSON. Well, let's get you cleaned up, and then follow me.

(*They exit.*)

SHERLOCK AND WATSON

(*The scene shifts to an examining room. SHERLOCK, her face still bruised, sits holding two apparently identical pieces of paper. She holds them up to the light, scrutinizing them intently. She sets one page aside and examines the other. She goes over the edges and then smells it. Something catches her attention. She smells it again, then sets the page down and picks up the other one. She smells the second piece of paper. Then she tears off a corner, pops it in her mouth, and chews on it. This action appears to answer a question for her.*)

ANDERSON and WATSON enter. WATSON has removed the bloody surgical smock. Before either of them can speak, SHERLOCK holds up the uneaten piece of paper.)

SHERLOCK. Dr. Anderson, taste this and tell me if you detect a hint of eucalyptus.

ANDERSON. Thank you, Miss Holmes, but I refrain from masticating stationery, and I'm sure I could not identify the taste of eucalyptus anyway.

SHERLOCK. Then I shall require a palate cleanser, lest I contaminate the samples.

ANDERSON. Miss Holmes, I want to introduce you to my colleague, Dr. Dorothy Watson.

WATSON. How do you do? Miss Holmes, is it?

SHERLOCK. Bern.

WATSON. I beg your pardon?

SHERLOCK. Bern. Switzerland. It's where you studied. Or rather, where you completed your studies, which began in Edinburgh.

WATSON. Um ... Yes, that's correct. How did you know—

SHERLOCK. And now you find yourself in a spot of trouble. The exact nature of it eludes me for the moment, but keep talking.

WATSON. Wait, did you discuss me before—

ANDERSON. I assure you I have never mentioned you to her before this moment. I just thought it might be good for the two of you to meet. Call it a hunch. Miss Holmes, I leave you in Dr. Watson's capable hands. She's a romantic, this one. I think you'll get on splendidly. Lovely to see you again.

WATSON. Wait, but what—

(ANDERSON exits.)

SHERLOCK. Shall we proceed, then?

WATSON. Very well. That is quite the black eye. May I ask how it happened?

SHERLOCK. An orderly at Bethlem Royal Hospital shoved my face into a wall.

WATSON (*slight pause*). I see. Did he have any reason to do that?

SHERLOCK. Technically, such behavior is outside the purview of his position. That said, his action is somewhat understandable, in that it was a response to my striking him with a closed fist.

WATSON. Ah. And did *you* have any reason to do that?

SHERLOCK. I did.

(WATSON waits a moment, until it's clear there is no further explanation.)

WATSON. May I see your hand?

(SHERLOCK holds her hand up. WATSON takes it gently and examines it.)

WATSON *(cont'd)*. Does this hurt? 

SHERLOCK. Oh yes.

(WATSON looks up at SHERLOCK, who betrays no other sign of experiencing pain.)

WATSON. Miss Holmes, these bruises are consistent with those of a trained boxer after a match.

SHERLOCK. I'm glad to hear it. I've read so many books on the subject, but rarely is one afforded the opportunity of a practical application of technique.

WATSON. You only hit him once, yes? No broken bones in your hand, which means your technique is admirable. But these bruises tell me you aimed for the eye, where the bones are particularly hard. May I suggest something softer, like the nose or lower jaw?

SHERLOCK. A blackened eye sends an effective message, don't you think?

WATSON. A black eye is just a bruise. The number of hands I've seen broken while causing black eyes makes me wonder who is receiving the message.

SHERLOCK. Intriguing.

WATSON. Can you look up for me? *(SHERLOCK does.)* Any vision troubles since this happened?

SHERLOCK. None.

WATSON. Any pain?

SHERLOCK. Some. Not as much as the hand.

WATSON. Right. Well. The discoloration is consistent with a simple periorbital hematoma. I don't see any injury to the eye itself, and if the pain has begun to subside then I don't believe you've broken anything.

SHERLOCK. And your recommendation for treatment?

WATSON. Cold compresses for two days, then warm compresses after that. Provided you can avoid any more altercations, you should be back to normal in a week or two.

SHERLOCK. Thank you, Dr. Watson.

(SHERLOCK stares hard at WATSON.)

WATSON. Is there anything else, Miss Holmes?

SHERLOCK. I have not yet determined Dr. Anderson's reason for introducing us.

WATSON. Must she have some ulterior motive?

SHERLOCK. You are not the first woman the good doctor has brought to my attention, although you are certainly the first colleague.

WATSON. Dr. Anderson consults you regarding her patients?

SHERLOCK. Not exactly. Some women have trouble that cannot be helped by a doctor. Sometimes they find themselves with problems or concerns that cannot be addressed through customary means. When that happens, they come to me.

WATSON. And who are you, exactly?

SHERLOCK. I am Sherlock Holmes.

WATSON. Sherlock? That's an unusual name, if you don't mind my saying. I don't recall if I've met any men named Sherlock, but I'm certain I've never met any women.

SHERLOCK. Indeed you haven't.

WATSON. I see. Well, I am sorry I cannot satisfy your curiosity any further, but my troubles are of the most mundane sort.

SHERLOCK. I should like to hear more about them, nonetheless. Would you do me the courtesy of visiting me at my home?

WATSON. I ... well ...

SHERLOCK. You are now making an effort to think of a prior engagement or responsibility that prevents you from visiting me. But let me put it to you this way. Do you respect Dr. Anderson?

WATSON. She was the first woman to receive a medical license in all of Great Britain. She is a gifted doctor. Of course I respect her.

SHERLOCK. Yes. And when I presented myself to her with injuries sustained during a fist fight at an insane asylum, her first thought was to introduce me to you. Aren't you at least curious to find out why?

(WATSON blinks.)

WATSON. What's the address?

SHERLOCK. Baker Street. Number 221B. I'm looking forward to it.

(They exit separately.)

SCOTLAND YARD

(The scene changes to a busy street in London, just outside the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police Service, more colloquially known as Scotland Yard. VARIOUS LONDONERS make their way back and forth.)

(Inspector GEOFFREY LESTRADE enters, looking like he's reached the end of yet another bad day at work.)

THOMAS *(offstage)*. Inspector Lestrade!

(LESTRADE halts in his tracks. He turns to see THOMAS enter, followed by EDWIN GREENER.)

LESTRADE. Inspector Chapman.

THOMAS. Calling it a night then, eh Geoffrey?

LESTRADE. I am. Good night.

THOMAS. Come on then. No need to be uncivil.

LESTRADE. Was I? Then I do apologize.

THOMAS. No worries. Home to the wife, then?

LESTRADE. Not married, Tom.

THOMAS. You should try it. Complete life.

LESTRADE. So I hear. Your life must be very complete indeed.

(THOMAS looks to EDWIN, considering violence for a moment. Instead, he laughs loudly.)

THOMAS. Good one! Look at Lestrade, with the jokes and that. Yes, well, third time's the charm, they say. Oh hey, Lestrade, me and Edwin here are going up round Ginny's tonight. You should join us.

LESTRADE. I don't think so.

THOMAS. Oh, come on! You keep playing it straight like this, you're gonna start making fellas nervous around here.

LESTRADE. What "fellas" have a reason to be nervous? Not you, Tom Chapman, I'm sure. I'm no internal affairs rat, and you ... Well, who among us at the Yard doesn't have a spot or two on his jacket?

THOMAS. Careful, Geoffrey. You got one good laugh in; don't start thinking you're a comedian.

LESTRADE. Wouldn't dream of it. You and Mr. Greener have a good night.

(LESTRADE starts to exit.)

THOMAS. Oi, Geoffrey. Look. I just want to say, no hard feelings, right? You were just doing your job. I get that.

LESTRADE. Now who's telling jokes?

THOMAS. I mean it. To be honest, I'm glad it was you. No one could say I rigged the game with Geoffrey Lestrade on the case.

LESTRADE. No, they couldn't, could they.

THOMAS. You're a credit to the Yard, you are.

LESTRADE. You done, Tom?

(THOMAS closes on LESTRADE.)

THOMAS. Yeah, I'm done. What about you? Are you done, Inspector Lestrade?

LESTRADE. The case is closed, Tom. Not much I can do about it now.

THOMAS. That's right.

LESTRADE. Doesn't mean I was wrong, though.

THOMAS. See, that's where you are mistaken, mate. That's exactly what it means.

LESTRADE. Yes, Tom. You're as clean as a whistle. With the court's ruling to prove it.

THOMAS. You know, Geoffrey, maybe you had the right idea after all. You should just head on home to your "no wife." And while you're sitting there, all alone, in your cheap rented room in Chelsea, you might just want to ask yourself if you're cut out for this line of work. Smart fellow such as yourself. There's all sorts of things you might do. Sky's the limit. *(To EDWIN.)* Let's go.

(THOMAS exits. EDWIN doesn't move yet, watching LESTRADE.)

LESTRADE. What do you want?

(EDWIN doesn't say anything.)

LESTRADE *(cont'd)*. You'd best run along, Mr. Greener. Thomas Chapman doesn't take kindly to lackeys who ignore his instructions.

(EDWIN looks as if he might say something. Instead he turns and exits, following THOMAS. LESTRADE exits in the opposite direction.)

BAKER STREET

(The scene shifts to the sitting room at 221B Baker Street. SHERLOCK sits, reading another copy of the novel STAMFORD was reading. Her black eye has completely healed.)

The doorbell rings. SHERLOCK turns a page and continues reading. The doorbell rings again.)

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Hudson!

(MRS. HUDSON enters and crosses to answer the door. She mutters to herself, annoyed, the whole time.)

MRS. HUDSON. Who on earth is that? Did you invite someone to tea and not tell me? Who put this here? Leaving things everywhere, and guests coming unannounced. Honestly. It's no trouble, none at all, but at least you could warn me ...

(She exits. SHERLOCK puts the book away.)

MRS. HUDSON re-enters.)

MRS. HUDSON *(cont'd)*. Miss Sherlock, I do not think this is funny.

SHERLOCK. Funny, Mrs. Hudson?

MRS. HUDSON. There is a person downstairs who claims to be a doctor.

SHERLOCK. Yes?

MRS. HUDSON. This person claims to be your doctor.

SHERLOCK. And?

MRS. HUDSON. And? This person is a woman, Miss Sherlock!

SHERLOCK. Yes, surely you're aware that such things exist nowadays.

MRS. HUDSON. I refuse to believe it. Surely we have not become so uncivilized.

SHERLOCK. The barbarians are at the gate, Mrs. Hudson. Dr. Watson! Please come in. Thank you, Mrs. Hudson, that will do.

(WATSON enters as MRS. HUDSON exits, muttering.)

WATSON. Have I done something to upset her?

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Hudson is not quite prepared for an age in which we women-folk indulge our eccentric longing for the will-o'-the-wisp pleasures of independence.

WATSON. I see. I must say, that black eye has healed nicely. The compresses worked, then?

SHERLOCK. Indeed. Would you believe Mrs. Hudson wanted me to put raw meat on it?

WATSON. Well, I am just glad to see you are feeling better. I'm sorry I wasn't able to take you up on your invitation sooner. Between the hospital and the school I've been rather occupied of late.

SHERLOCK. That's quite all right. It gave me time to investigate a hypothesis. I just finished reading your novel, Mr. Graham.

(Pause.)

WATSON. Mister—

SHERLOCK. Graham. D.W. Graham. That's your pen name.

WATSON. I ... How ... ?

SHERLOCK. I generally have chemicals about and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?

WATSON. Why should that annoy me? But how did you know—?

SHERLOCK. I sometimes seem sullen and don't open my mouth for days on end. Mrs. Hudson thinks I'm sulking, but usually I just want to be left alone and soon enough I'll be fine. Now what have you to confess?

WATSON. Confess? I—

SHERLOCK. Come come. We ought to know the worst of one another if we're going to be living together.

WATSON. Living together? Who said anything about living together?

SHERLOCK. I thought it the most logical solution.

WATSON. Solution to what?

SHERLOCK. There's no need to decide right away. Let us hear what she has to say, and then discuss it afterward.

WATSON. She?

(The doorbell rings.)

SHERLOCK. Ah. Right on time.

(MRS. HUDSON enters. She complains as she crosses to answer the door.)

MRS. HUDSON. Now who could this possibly be? Really, all these visitors tramping about at all hours. I wish I'd known when I let these rooms I was opening a train station ...

(She exits toward the front door.)

WATSON. May I ask whom we are expecting this afternoon?

SHERLOCK. A woman, young, rather pretty, who dresses somewhat better than her accent might lead you to believe. She has a serious matter weighing on her, but puts great effort into affecting an air of nonchalance. Or so I am informed.

(MRS. HUDSON re-enters, followed by LIZZIE.)

MRS. HUDSON. Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman for you, Miss Holmes.

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Chapman, how do you do?

LIZZIE. I'm sorry to disturb you. I hope I won't take up too much of your time.

SHERLOCK. Not at all. Thank you, Mrs. Hudson.

(MRS. HUDSON mutters disapprovingly as she exits.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Mrs. Chapman, this is Dr. Dorothy Watson.

LIZZIE. Hello.

WATSON. How do you do?

LIZZIE. Well, thank you.

SHERLOCK. I don't believe that to be the case, Mrs. Chapman. I gather your visit has something to do with your husband?

LIZZIE. Why do you say that?

SHERLOCK. The skin on your finger near your wedding ring is red. You have been worrying at it.

LIZZIE. I ... yes. My husband is Thomas Chapman. He is—

SHERLOCK. The Scotland Yarder?

LIZZIE. Yes. You've heard of him?

SHERLOCK. His name has appeared in the papers.

LIZZIE. Someone has been sending me letters. At first I thought it nothing, but they keep coming.

(LIZZIE hands SHERLOCK the letter. SHERLOCK removes the letter from the envelope. She examines the paper, rubbing it between her finger and thumb and then examining her thumb for residue. She smells the letter, then hands it to WATSON.)

SHERLOCK *(continuing to examine the envelope)*. The provenance of the paper is inconclusive. Common stock, widely used. The letter itself was typewritten using a Sholes and Glidden machine. Again, rather common. But the author was not skilled at its operation. Several common errors in spelling, uncorrected, and you can see two instances where the carriage jammed and the author left the space blank rather than retype the correct letter.

WATSON. Why on earth would you know that?

SHERLOCK. Dr. Watson, would you be so good as to read the letter aloud for me?

(WATSON stares at SHERLOCK.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Well go on.

WATSON *(reading the letter)*. "Mrs. Chapman. This is my third attempt to warn you. I can only hope my messages have not come too late. I'm certain you know that you are not the first to bear that name and title. Before you, Katherine Featherstone had the misfortune to be married to the man you now call husband. Please know that Thomas Chapman is not the man he claims to be. By now I'm sure he has told you what happened to Katherine. Do not believe him. Katherine Featherstone was not the first to suffer by his hand. I pray that by my warning she will be the last. Signed, A Friend."

SHERLOCK. Fascinating.

LIZZIE. I'd heard you spoken of before, Miss Holmes. I understood you've been known to help women who find themselves in difficult spots.

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Chapman, who do you suppose wrote this letter?

LIZZIE. I don't know. That's why I came to you.

SHERLOCK. Have you any reason to believe the contents of this letter to be true?

LIZZIE. No, none whatsoever.

SHERLOCK. There must be something, Mrs. Chapman. This is the third letter you've received? Why haven't you shown this to your husband?

LIZZIE. I showed him the last one. He said he'd take care of it, but that was two weeks ago. This one just arrived the other day, and I didn't want to trouble him with it. He does such important work at Scotland Yard.

SHERLOCK. And so instead you brought it to me. Please remember, that I have heard of your husband before. I am a voracious reader of the newspaper.

LIZZIE. Then you know what has been said about him.

SHERLOCK. I know that Thomas Chapman is considered by many to be the most efficient investigator in the Metropolitan Police Force. I know he has one of the highest arrest records in Scotland Yard. I know he has been investigated more than once on suspicions of corruption and brutality, but has never been convicted. And I know that he has been married three times, most recently to one Elizabeth Durham—that would be you, Mrs. Chapman—not two months after he was cleared of any wrongdoing in the death of his second wife, Katherine Featherstone, who drowned in a bathing pool at Hampstead Heath. He married her two years after his first wife, Margaret Cleary, was killed in a fall from a horse. Do I have that right so far? You want me to tell you that you have nothing to fear. You want me to tell you that this letter is nothing more than a harmless prank, inspired by petty jealousy. You want me to tell you to go home to your husband.

LIZZIE. My husband is a good man.

SHERLOCK. Those are lovely shoes, Mrs. Chapman. Very high quality. Very expensive. You would not expect to see them on the feet of your average policeman's wife. But then, your husband is not your average policeman, is he?

LIZZIE. All I want to know is who wrote this letter. Are you going to help me or aren't you?

SHERLOCK. If you want my advice you should find a relative, someone away from the city, and pay them a visit.
LIZZIE. I've made a mistake. I should go. I'm sorry to have intruded.

WATSON. Let me walk you out, at least.

LIZZIE. No. Thank you. I can see myself out. Good day.

SHERLOCK. Be careful, Mrs. Chapman.

(LIZZIE exits.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Now that was interesting.

WATSON. Miss Holmes! What on earth just happened? Why did you say such horrible things to that poor woman?

SHERLOCK. I told her the truth. What is so horrible about that?

WATSON. How can you possibly know anything about her husband?

SHERLOCK. Oh, him. Inspector Chapman is notorious. He received no less than twelve mentions in the *Times* in just the last year. Three times, he was mentioned in connection with high-profile arrests. He was mentioned twice regarding his marriage to Mrs. Chapman; four more mentions in an exposé of police corruption, specifically regarding controversial interrogation tactics. And then there was the death of Katherine Featherstone. There were three articles that focused on this event. The first simply reported the fact that it happened and that an investigation was underway; the second that a coroner's jury had been convened. But the third ... oh, the third was my favorite. The third article informed the public that Thomas Chapman had been cleared of any wrongdoing. But when the press asked the inspecting officer for a statement, he refused to comment.

WATSON. Why is that significant?

SHERLOCK. Isn't it obvious?

WATSON. It is not.

SHERLOCK. He refused to comment!

WATSON. I can think of few phrases that appear more frequently in the newspaper.

SHERLOCK. The police had just exonerated one of their own. Under normal circumstances they would trumpet such a victory to the world with great fanfare and celebration. But in this case, the investigating officer refused to comment. That means something. And possibly something else. It definitely means there are details of the case still hidden from the public eye. And it might also mean that the officer in charge of the case does not agree with the official conclusion.

WATSON. There is a third option. He might not care.

SHERLOCK. Oh, not this one. I follow his cases with great interest. Inspector Lestrade is the best of the professionals.

WATSON. Well then why don't you refer Mrs. Chapman to him?

SHERLOCK. I intend to. But Lestrade's abilities in this case are hampered by the protective web Thomas Chapman has spun around himself. All Mrs. Chapman can do is add to Lestrade's suspicions. We must provide evidence.

WATSON. *We* must provide evidence?!?

SHERLOCK. Who else?

WATSON. Someone more qualified?

SHERLOCK. There is no such person. Mrs. Hudson! We'll be stepping out now!

WATSON. What? You're leaving?

SHERLOCK. Oh, are you not coming with me?

WATSON. Coming with you? Where? This is all moving rather quickly.

SHERLOCK. This is what I do, doctor. It's not all that different from your own profession. I observe. I deduce. I investigate. I diagnose. And I prescribe.

WATSON. And you want me to come with you?

SHERLOCK. Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. I assure you I am just as surprised as you.

WATSON. She was quite plain, she doesn't want your help. Why would you continue in spite of that?

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Chapman lied to us.

WATSON. She ... What?

SHERLOCK. Didn't you notice? Right from the beginning, when I asked her if she had any idea who wrote the letter, she insisted she had none. She lied to us then.

WATSON. How do you know?

SHERLOCK. The same way I knew you studied medicine in Bern and paid for your education by scribbling dreadful mystery novels under a less-than-subtle pen name.

WATSON. Explain yourself, if you please.

SHERLOCK. I saw. I smelled. I deduced.

WATSON. You smelled?

SHERLOCK. You are a licensed medical doctor practicing in London. Your demeanor and your association with Elizabeth Garrett Anderson tell me you have some skill and some experience. But England only started issuing licenses to women four years ago. So, while you were able to complete the bulk of your studies in Edinburgh, you would have to have traveled abroad to receive your degree. When you first entered the examining room, I detected the scent of chlorine. You had just washed your hands using a technique favored by continental institutions, particularly in Austria, Germany

and Switzerland. And I could plainly see the chain of your watch, a common brand associated with Antoine Léchaud of Geneva. The medical school located closest to Geneva, and which accepts international students, is in Bern.

WATSON. I see. And the writing?

SHERLOCK. You have no family to speak of, but managed to complete your studies over an extended period of time. There are no scholarships available to women, so the funds for your education must have come from somewhere. Then there were the words Dr. Anderson spoke when we first met. You recall?

WATSON. "She's a romantic, this one." But I didn't think that's what she was talking about.

SHERLOCK. It was only a hunch, but a survey of book reviews from the last several years revealed the existence of an author focused on the adventures of medical students, and who wrote under an obvious nom de plume. Writers who employ initials rather than complete names are concealing something. Most of the time, that thing is the fact that the writer is a woman. And honestly, "D.W."?

WATSON. All right then. Answer one question for me. Is this, what you do ... Is it safe?

SHERLOCK. Dr. Watson, tell me truly, when was the last time you felt "safe"?

(WATSON lets this sink in.)

WATSON. Where are we going?

SHERLOCK. Regarding the authorship of Mrs. Chapman's note, I have a hypothesis of my own. I believe the first step is to pay a call on Mrs. Eudora Featherstone.

(They exit.)

MRS. EUDORA FEATHERSTONE

(The scene shifts to the home of EUDORA FEATHERSTONE. EUDORA enters. She is dressed in full black. The death of her daughter has had a profound impact on her psyche, and this is apparent throughout.)

With EUDORA is her nephew, REGINALD. He fawns over her in a way that makes others nauseous.

The maid, PEGGY, enters, excited. She is put off when she sees REGINALD.)

PEGGY. Forgive me, ma'am.

REGINALD. What is it, Peggy?

PEGGY. Miss Sherlock Holmes is here to see you.

EUDORA. Miss what?

PEGGY. That is her name, ma'am.

REGINALD. Eudora is not receiving visitors right now.

PEGGY. Yes, I understand. But ma'am, I really think you'll want—

REGINALD. Did you not hear me, Peggy?

EUDORA. I am quite capable of speaking for myself, Reginald.

REGINALD. What is it, Peggy? Out with it.

PEGGY. She said it was about Miss Katherine, ma'am. Something about an investigation.

REGINALD. Well now, this is just in bad taste—

EUDORA. Show her in, Peggy.

(PEGGY curtsies and exits.)

REGINALD. Are you sure, auntie? I'd hate for anything to upset you—

EUDORA. Thank you, Reginald.

(SHERLOCK and WATSON enter.)

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Eudora Featherstone, I presume?

REGINALD. She is. I am her nephew, Reginald. What sort of a name is "Sherlock Holmes"?

SHERLOCK. An unusual one, to be certain. May I introduce my companion, Dr. Dorothy Watson.

(REGINALD snorts.)

WATSON. How do you do?

REGINALD. You said this had something to do with her daughter Katherine?

SHERLOCK. I did. And may I say, Mrs. Featherstone, we are both deeply sorry for your loss.

EUDORA. I don't believe either of you were acquainted with her.

SHERLOCK *(to WATSON)*. You see? I don't know why you told me to say such a thing. It was entirely pointless.

WATSON. Nevertheless, Mrs. Featherstone, please accept our condolences. I cannot imagine what a trial this has been for you.

EUDORA. No, and I hope for your sake that you never can. My daughter was a light in the world, and now all is shrouded in darkness.

WATSON. Yes, ma'am.

EUDORA. To die in such a way ... I shudder to think on it.

REGINALD. There was some nonsense about an investigation? There has already been an investigation, pointless as it was. Has that police inspector with the funny French name found some reason to reopen the case?

SHERLOCK. Not exactly. We are acting privately, at the behest of Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman.

(EUDORA and REGINALD look at each other, genuinely confused.)

EUDORA. I don't believe I understand.

SHERLOCK. You know who Elizabeth Chapman is, yes?

EUDORA. I do.

SHERLOCK. She has asked us to look into certain allegations made against her husband, specifically concerning your daughter Katherine.

EUDORA. *She* has asked you?

SHERLOCK. She has.

EUDORA. And who are you, again?

REGINALD. Enough of this. Explain yourselves, and be plain.

WATSON. Mrs. Featherstone, we understand that this is unusual. I can assure you that no one wonders what on earth we are doing here more than myself. The fact is that Mrs. Chapman received an anonymous note alleging that her husband poses a threat to her.

EUDORA. I have no doubt he does. That poor girl.

SHERLOCK. So you harbor such concerns yourself?

EUDORA. I am certain that what befell my Katherine was no accident.

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Featherstone, you are of course aware that the coroner's jury determined there was no foul play.

EUDORA. Nonsense. It determined there was no foul play committed by Thomas Chapman. A conclusion which I regard as highly suspect in and of itself.

SHERLOCK. Why is that?

EUDORA. Had Scotland Yard not been protecting one of their own, the truth might have come out. My Katherine was the sweetest, kindest girl that ever lived. My daughter would never have done anything so vulgar as to attend a public bath. And why would anyone be at such a place at that time of night? Hmm? You tell me that!

SHERLOCK. But then why would a jury conclude otherwise?

EUDORA. Why indeed? Alas, the record of the hearing has been sealed. If not, I believe we might receive a fuller account of whom Thomas Chapman calls his friends.

SHERLOCK. Ah. You think Thomas Chapman somehow fixed the outcome of the coroner's jury?

EUDORA. Would such a thing surprise you? He has been accused of far worse in the newspapers. But of course, Thomas Chapman is merely the tip of the iceberg.

REGINALD. Now you've done it.

SHERLOCK. And what makes you say that, Mrs. Featherstone?

EUDORA. You think my Katherine was the first?

SHERLOCK. We know that Thomas Chapman had a previous wife—

EUDORA. I am not speaking of her! This goes far beyond her! This goes beyond my daughter, or Thomas Chapman, or Scotland Yard! I tell you, there is something sinister at work, and it has been loosed upon England! None of you are safe!

(PEGGY enters, hearing the commotion. EUDORA struggles to control herself. SHERLOCK takes out LIZZIE's note and offers it to her.)

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Featherstone, did you write this note? Did you send it to Elizabeth Chapman?

EUDORA. I did not. But I bless whoever did. I only wish someone had done the same for my Katherine.

WATSON. Thank you for your time, Mrs. Featherstone. We truly are sorry for your loss.

EUDORA. You did not know her. No one knows anyone.

(EUDORA exits. PEGGY moves to follow her.)

REGINALD. I think you've done enough, Peggy. Show these people the door. I will see to Mrs. Featherstone. *(Exits.)*

WATSON. I am sorry we upset her. May I ask if she began using laudanum before or after her daughter's death?

PEGGY. How did you know that?

WATSON. Her emotional state is a sign of dysphoria. It's a common side effect.

PEGGY. Mrs. Featherstone has not been well for some time. But the shock of Katherine's death has made things a great deal worse.

SHERLOCK. In what way?

PEGGY. All this talk of conspiracies and whatnot. And then she has this fear of water. You know that poor Katherine drowned, yes? Since then, Mrs. Featherstone cannot bring herself to go near a bath. A damp towel is the best she can manage.

SHERLOCK. Her nephew arrived shortly after Katherine's death, I assume?

PEGGY. I'd never heard of him before the funeral. With Katherine gone, though, he stands to inherit a lot of Mrs. Featherstone's money.

SHERLOCK. The money isn't guaranteed, I take it?

PEGGY. No. He's petrified she'll change her will.

WATSON. Well, doesn't he sound delightful?

PEGGY. You'll have to excuse me, Miss Holmes. I'm to clean the floor today. Mrs. Featherstone may be unclear about some things, but when judging the housekeeping she is meticulous.

SHERLOCK. Thank you, Peggy. We will see ourselves out.

PEGGY. Bless you, Miss Holmes. I don't know if I understand half of what Mrs. Featherstone talks about these days, but if there's anything to be learned about what happened to poor Katherine, I hope you can bring a little peace to this house. *(Exits.)*

SHERLOCK. Fascinating.

WATSON. Fascinating? You think upsetting an elderly, grieving woman is "fascinating"?

SHERLOCK. Didn't you think so?

WATSON. No, I did not. Mrs. Featherstone is clearly suffering from the long-term effects of her laudanum dependence. She probably doesn't remember writing the note in the first place.

SHERLOCK. She didn't write the note. That woman has never operated a typewriter in her life.

WATSON. And how do you know that?

SHERLOCK. Didn't you get a look at her hands? But that's not important anymore. We were fortunate enough to witness a particularly lucid moment. Didn't you hear it?

WATSON. No, I did not.

SHERLOCK. The jury!

WATSON. The ... The coroner's jury?

SHERLOCK. Thomas Chapman somehow managed to manipulate the outcome.

WATSON. Oh, so you find that credible. Shall we also look into this "conspiracy that goes beyond Scotland Yard"?

SHERLOCK. There's no need to be facetious.

WATSON. What makes you believe this, of all the things that poor woman said?

SHERLOCK. It was the one thing she wasn't sure of. We must find out what happened at that hearing.

WATSON. No, we must not. I assume those are kept secret for a reason.

SHERLOCK. Oh yes. The question is, what reason? In point of fact, the records of coroner's juries are not kept sealed unless it is specifically requested. So who requested it? And why?

WATSON. Good question! Why don't you ask that Inspector Lestrade?

SHERLOCK. That is precisely what I intend to do. *(Starts to exit.)*

WATSON. You know I was being facetious, just then.

SHERLOCK. That does not negate the validity of your suggestion.

(Pause.)

WATSON. So. Scotland Yard, then?

SHERLOCK. Where else?

(They exit.)

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

(Lights shift to the street outside Scotland Yard. Some pedestrians walk past. SHERLOCK and WATSON enter.)

WATSON. Why can't we just go in?

SHERLOCK. It would attract too much attention. Besides, have you ever observed the way people's walking patterns alter when they are in the vicinity of a police station?

(A man enters and walks past.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Take this fellow. Watch how his back straightens, and his gait takes on a careful, measured rhythm. Might as well carry a placard that reads, "Upstanding Citizen. Nothing to see here!" It would be equally convincing.

WATSON. That's rather cynical.

SHERLOCK. Is it? I make no judgment. He may very well live his life according to the highest moral standards, and yet the behavior remains consistent. We live in a world that would have us believe that no matter how hard we struggle to live proper lives, deep down we must surely all be guilty of something.

WATSON. Original sin?

SHERLOCK. That rarely turns out to be the case.

(LESTRADE enters. SHERLOCK moves to meet him.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd, to WATSON)*. Here's our man. *(To LESTRADE.)* Good evening, inspector. My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is Dr. Dorothy Watson. I'm very happy to finally make your acquaintance.

(SHERLOCK offers a handshake. LESTRADE looks at her hand for a moment before taking it.)

LESTRADE. Um, hello. Your name is ... what?

SHERLOCK. I have followed your work for some time. I must say that compared to most of your colleagues at Scotland Yard, you are by far the closest thing to what one might call, "competent."

LESTRADE. Thank you?

(WATSON laughs.)

SHERLOCK. I hoped you might spare a few moments so that we might discuss one of your cases.

LESTRADE. Eh ... what case?

SHERLOCK. Thomas Chapman.

(Pause. SHERLOCK waits for a response and is perplexed when she doesn't receive one.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. You are familiar with the name.

LESTRADE. Who are you?

SHERLOCK. My name is Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Watson and I—

LESTRADE. No. Who are you? Is this some sort of joke?

SHERLOCK. I never make jokes. We are here on behalf of his wife.

LESTRADE. His wife? Thomas— *(Looks around to make sure he is not overheard.)* Thomas Chapman's wife?

SHERLOCK. She has asked us to look into certain rumors surrounding her husband. We are specifically interested—

LESTRADE. Just wait a minute. *(To WATSON.)* Did she say you were a doctor?

WATSON. I am a doctor, yes.

LESTRADE *(to SHERLOCK)*. And you are a ... some sort of ... What are you?

SHERLOCK. I am interested in the coroner's jury that investigated the death of Inspector Chapman's previous wife, Katherine Featherstone. We understand a motion was allowed to keep the record of the proceedings sealed.

LESTRADE. For the love of ... Keep your voice down, would you?

(He ushers the women to a secluded corner.)

SHERLOCK. Who requested the motion?

LESTRADE. Look, I don't know who you are, and I don't know what you think you're doing, but this is no business for women to go mucking about. If you know what's good for you, you'll forget all about this. While I do thank you ladies for your interest in this investigation, I cannot in good conscience allow you continue with your little private inquiry. It's too dangerous.

SHERLOCK. I don't see how it can be any less dangerous for you than it would be for us.

LESTRADE. Miss Holmes, I am a police officer. This is my job. You are ...

SHERLOCK. We are what, Inspector Lestrade?

LESTRADE. You, Miss Holmes, are the strangest damned woman I have ever met. And in my line of work that is saying something.

SHERLOCK. Is that what you'd have us tell Mrs. Chapman?

LESTRADE *(to WATSON)*. If you really are a doctor, then talk some sense into your friend here. *(Starts to exit.)*

SHERLOCK. Why did you refuse to comment?

(LESTRADE halts.)

LESTRADE. What?

SHERLOCK. In the *Times*. In the article about the outcome of the coroner's jury, you "refused to comment." I'd like to know why.

LESTRADE. Because ...

SHERLOCK. Because you knew Thomas Chapman had gotten away with it. And you could not stomach it, could

you? Because you know what kind of man he really is. If only you had the evidence you needed. *(Pause.)* Please, inspector. How long have you been wanting to tell your side? Consider it therapeutic.

(LESTRADE stares at SHERLOCK and sees something there that changes him.)

LESTRADE. I can't talk here.

SHERLOCK. Come to us tomorrow, then. 221B Baker Street.

(LESTRADE thinks about it.)

LESTRADE. Just talk, right? I don't want to find out you two have been snooping around crime scenes.

SHERLOCK. I am scandalized to even hear you mention such an idea.

LESTRADE. Right. It's late. Why don't I find you ladies a cab to take you home.

SHERLOCK. That would be splendid. Thank you, Inspector Lestrade.

(LESTRADE exits. SHERLOCK notices WATSON's furrowed brow.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. You have concerns.

WATSON. Why did Mrs. Chapman come to see you? No clever answers, please. Just explain it to me.

SHERLOCK. I ... very well. When I was seventeen, a friend of my father's had arranged to marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant. The daughter was afraid of the merchant for reasons she was unable to articulate. Upon meeting this merchant for myself it took me about ten minutes'

observation to deduce that this man had been a criminal sentenced to transportation, but had escaped and assumed a false identity. We were seated for dinner when I made my conclusions known. I recall the hush that settled over the table. My parents were mortified, of course, but one by one the stares shifted from me to the merchant. He rose from his chair, calm as if he intended to propose a toast. He cleared his throat, brushed an imagined imperfection from his jacket, and then sprinted from the room.

(A hansom cab arrives. LESTRADE re-enters.)

LESTRADE. Good night, ladies.

SHERLOCK. Until tomorrow, inspector.

(LESTRADE exits. SHERLOCK continues her story as she and WATSON climb into the cab.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. He was caught later that night, emptying the safe in his offices. The young woman who had escaped a shameful marriage was ever so grateful, and not long after she sent an acquaintance to me with a similar problem. Soon I had developed something of a reputation, and now when women have certain concerns or difficulties that cannot be addressed through customary means, they come to me for assistance. I believe I provide a necessary service, if an unconventional one.

WATSON. And it is in this service that you find yourself brawling with orderlies at Bedlam?

SHERLOCK. Only very occasionally. I was fourteen years old, the first time I found myself at such a place. It was at my mother's insistence. She felt my fondness for reading and studying the physical world had caused undue stress.

WATSON. Why did she think that?

(*SHERLOCK hesitates.*)

SHERLOCK. Perhaps you have heard of the Alsatian Wolf Dog, the new German breed? They are said to be the most intelligent dogs ever bred. Some claim they can understand nearly a thousand different words. But there have been problems, issues with temperament as the dogs grow older. They have been known to lash out and cause injuries. And can you blame the poor beasts? Imagine having a wealth of language, and a desire to communicate, but lacking the physical capacity to simply speak the words you wish to say. Would you not rage and bite? Would you not go mad? One must find some form of release. When I returned home, my father took one look at me and swore that I should never again be subjected to such treatment. But within four years both mother and father would be gone, and I would become my brother's problem.

WATSON. Your brother? But surely he would have some concern for your safety, at least?

SHERLOCK. Mycroft is not malicious, but no, "concern" is not a faculty with which he has been burdened. He places nothing ahead of his work. The threat of institutionalization looms, omnipresent.

WATSON. That's horrible.

SHERLOCK. But within his rights.

WATSON. Can all of this be worth the risk?

SHERLOCK. Yes. That said, I have from time to time thought that a companion might be a useful thing to have. Someone who might remind me now and then when my activities skirt the edge of common sense.

WATSON. A companion.

SHERLOCK. In fact, I mentioned this idea to Dr. Anderson once. The next time I saw her, she introduced me to you.

WATSON. You want me to, what, be your caretaker?

SHERLOCK. Not exactly. I ... I rather thought it might be mutually beneficial for the two of us to ... to be friends.

(*WATSON is taken aback.*)

SHERLOCK (*cont'd*). And ... and to that end, I thought I might offer you the use of the spare room at Baker Street. I had deduced a degree of dissatisfaction with your current situation. It is forty-three minutes' walk from the Royal Free Hospital. It is already furnished, and there would be no need for you to pay rent—

WATSON. You do not need to bribe me.

SHERLOCK. Forgive me. I have many acquaintances, but I have never mastered the process of converting acquaintance into friendship.

WATSON. Should I expect adventures like this to be a regular occurrence?

SHERLOCK. I certainly hope so.

WATSON. A pair of women running around London, questioning police inspectors about murders and the like? There would be consequences. For both of us.

SHERLOCK. That is precisely why I need you with me. To remind me of that very thing. Of course, I understand if you'd rather accept the gentleman's proposal.

WATSON. The gentleman—How on earth—What was it? My voice? The way I'm dressed? What?

SHERLOCK. Dr. Anderson told me.

WATSON. Bloody hell. (*She laughs.*) Yes. His name is Michael. And I am fond of him. His family and mine have been friends for a long time. His mother was particularly kind to me during some difficult times. He's very successful.

My life would be very safe and secure, which is something I've always wanted to try. I could be quite content. It would also be very ... ordinary. *(Pause.)* Let me think about it.

SHERLOCK. Of course.

(The carriage comes to a stop.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. I believe this is you.

WATSON. So it is. Regarding my current living arrangement, you deduced correctly. This place is dreadful. *(Steps out of the carriage.)* I've an early shift tomorrow. I'll come by Baker Street after, to hear what Inspector Lestrade has to say. We'll discuss it more then.

SHERLOCK. Very well. Good night, Watson.

WATSON. Good night, Sherlock. Get home safe. *(Exits.)*

SHERLOCK. On to Baker Street.

(The carriage drives off.)

THOMAS AND EUDORA

(The scene shifts to EUDORA's home. EUDORA enters.)

EUDORA. Peggy? Peggy!

(THOMAS enters.)

EUDORA *(cont'd)*. Peggy, where have you—

(She freezes when she sees THOMAS.)

THOMAS. Hello, ma'am.

EUDORA. What do you want? Where is my maid? Where is Reginald?

THOMAS. You know why I'm here?

EUDORA. I'm sure I have no idea.

THOMAS. No? Are you certain? You haven't been writing any letters, have you?

EUDORA. I have not, but I thank God that someone is.

THOMAS. Oh, so you know about it then? And where did you hear it?

EUDORA. Why don't you ask your wife?

THOMAS. My wife.

EUDORA. She sent them. She knows now.

THOMAS. Sent who? Knows what, ma'am?

EUDORA. Get out of here.

THOMAS. Did someone come to see you? What did you say to them?

EUDORA. Nothing I haven't said before. I am not afraid of you.

THOMAS. I don't need you to be afraid of me. I just need you to believe me when I tell you that if you don't shut your bloody mouth, I will shut it for you. You believe that, don't you?

EUDORA. You cannot hurt me.

THOMAS. Right. You think that after all you've suffered, you're immune now. But I can tell you—and I have had some experience with this—you are not. Whatever pain you've endured in the past, there is always room for more. *(Pause.)* But neither of us wants that. So you just keep your mad ideas to yourself, you hear me? Because that's all anyone thinks it is. Madness.

(THOMAS moves toward EUDORA, and she flinches back. He smiles, leans in and kisses her cheek.)

THOMAS (*cont'd*). It's good to see you again, Eudora.

(*THOMAS exits. EUDORA holds out a shaking hand to steady herself, then collapses, sobbing.*)

MYCROFT

(*The scene shifts to outside Baker Street. WATSON enters after a shift at the hospital, carrying her Gladstone bag. As she approaches the door, WATSON pauses. She looks behind her, unable to shake the feeling that she is being watched.*

Slowly, WATSON reaches into her bag as she continues to look back in the direction from which she came.)

MYCROFT (*entering from the opposite direction*). That won't be necessary. Greetings, Miss Watson.

WATSON. Who are you?

MYCROFT. My name is Mycroft Holmes. Might I have a word?

WATSON. You're Sherlock's brother?

MYCROFT. I wish to ask a few questions regarding your connection to my sister.

WATSON. And you thought it best to do so by surprising me on a dark street at night?

MYCROFT. I needed to speak with you right away, so I went to the place I knew you would be.

WATSON. By God, you are Sherlock's brother.

MYCROFT. I understand that last night she offered you her spare room. I wish to know if you intend to accept her offer.

WATSON. What business is it of yours, exactly?

MYCROFT. I like to know my tenants.

WATSON. The flat belongs to you, then?

MYCROFT. You won't find my name on any documents relating to it, if that is what you mean. But yes, I provide the means to allow Sherlock to reside here.

WATSON. Well then, to answer your question, I have not yet made up my mind regarding her offer.

MYCROFT. I should like you to accept it.

WATSON. You would? On what basis?

MYCROFT. She likes you.

WATSON. And I am rather fond of her, as well.

MYCROFT. She doesn't like anyone.

WATSON. I see.

MYCROFT. I assure you that you do not. But you will. Now, Sherlock has offered you the room rent-free. I can agree to those terms on one condition.

WATSON. Of course.

MYCROFT. You will keep Sherlock out of trouble. It sounds simple; it is not. I want you to keep me apprised of what she does, where she goes, what piques her interest. You will be thorough. You will be discreet. I will expect to hear from you on a regular basis. Do you have any questions?

WATSON. Is she to trust me?

MYCROFT. I should hope so.

WATSON. Even as I report on her every move?

MYCROFT. It is not the spying to which she will object. She will try to talk you into doing things against your better judgment. She never listens to her own common sense, so you will have to do it for both of you.

WATSON. She said essentially the same thing.

MYCROFT. It will go a long way to improve your situation.

WATSON. And what would you know of my situation?

MYCROFT. I know your father made a living as a tutor of classical literature and died when you were seventeen years old, leaving your family penniless. I know you enrolled at the University of Edinburgh against your mother's expressed wishes. I know you subsidized your education by publishing a novel under the pen name D.W. Graham, and while sales of the book were adequate enough to provide a modest living during your studies, you have been burdened by the costs incurred after the death of your mother while you were still in Switzerland. And I know about your brother.

WATSON. Leave my brother out of this.

MYCROFT. I am attempting to sweeten the offer, as it were. One of the unpleasant, lingering effects of suicide is that the bereaved are often denied pension benefits. As poor Henry's last surviving relative, I imagine you would have some substantial back pay owed to you as well. The army is notoriously tightfisted when it comes to such things, but I could certainly loosen their grip in this case.

WATSON. Who *are* you?

MYCROFT. I am Sherlock's brother. That is all with which you need concern yourself. Now what say you to my offer?

WATSON. May I have some time to consider it?

MYCROFT. Of course. But, Miss Watson, I do wish to make clear the terms of this arrangement. You would be Sherlock's companion, but my employee. Is that understood?

WATSON. It is.

MYCROFT. Today is a good day. If you find her behavior peculiar now, wait until a bad one. Good evening to you, Miss Watson. I expect to hear from you soon.

(MYCROFT exits. WATSON watches him go, then continues on to 221B.)

LESTRADE STATES HIS CASE

(The scene shifts to the sitting room at 221B Baker Street. LESTRADE has already arrived and is talking with SHERLOCK as WATSON enters.)

SHERLOCK. Ah, Watson, you're just in time. Inspector Lestrade was just about to tell me who filed the motion to suppress the coroner's jury witness list.

LESTRADE. Chapman made the request himself.

SHERLOCK. Can you tell us who was on the witness list?

LESTRADE. That would be defying the court, Miss Holmes. That's how these things work.

SHERLOCK. Yes, but surely—

LESTRADE. Look, it doesn't really matter who was on the witness list. The coroner's jury could not indict Thomas Chapman for one simple reason. He did not kill Katherine Featherstone.

SHERLOCK. You sound very certain of that.

LESTRADE. He has a very convincing alibi. He was making an arrest on the other end of the city at the time of Katherine's death. Aside from it being registered in the log book, there's the fellow he arrested. As alibis go, it's about as solid as they get. But just because he didn't kill Katherine doesn't mean Thomas Chapman isn't responsible for her death.

SHERLOCK. You have another suspect.

LESTRADE. Edwin Greener.

SHERLOCK. Edwin Greener? Who is he?

LESTRADE. Edwin Greener works for Chapman in an "unofficial" capacity. He was a soldier, invalided home during the last Afghan war. His time over there left him a bit ... Well, you say you're a doctor, maybe you're familiar with it.

WATSON. It's more common than you think.

LESTRADE. He's had a hard time finding steady work, got picked up once or twice for petty theft, assault.

SHERLOCK. Why do you think it was this Greener fellow?

LESTRADE. He was there. He claims he happened to be walking through Hampstead Heath on his way home from a street-cleaning job. He heard a shout, came running and found Katherine face down in the water. Greener says he pulled her out and tried to revive her, with no success, so he ran to flag down a policeman. The street-cleaning job checks out, but then, with Thomas Chapman, everything always does.

SHERLOCK. Clearly you have reason to doubt Edwin Greener's story.

LESTRADE. I have dozens of reasons. Chapman makes no secret of his hold over Greener. What I don't have is proof, and the coroner's jury was unable to find any. He's too careful. He's got a lot of friends at Scotland Yard, and no one on the street who knows anything is stupid enough to talk. One came close, but he disappeared three days before he was supposed to testify. That's how Thomas Chapman deals with obstacles.

SHERLOCK. Then where do you suggest we begin?

LESTRADE. We? Miss Holmes, I thought I was clear about this.

SHERLOCK. Come now. His own wife is suspicious of him. Surely—

WATSON. That's enough, Sherlock. I'm sure Inspector Lestrade is very grateful for the opportunity to air his thoughts on the case.

LESTRADE. Er, yes, quite.

WATSON. But it's time to say good night, don't you think?

SHERLOCK. But I still have one or two more—

WATSON. Good luck, Inspector Lestrade. I believe Miss Holmes would appreciate being apprised of your progress, if there is any.

LESTRADE. Of course, Miss—Dr. Watson. Good evening to you, Miss Holmes.

WATSON. Good night, inspector.

(LESTRADE exits.)

SHERLOCK. Why did you do that?

WATSON. Because I wish to discuss your brother. I just met him on the street.

SHERLOCK. Oh? Did he recite your entire biography back to you?

WATSON. Yes. His intimate knowledge of my personal history was as encyclopedic as it was unsettling. Who in the world is this person?

SHERLOCK. He claims to be merely a civil servant, but I assure you that very little occurs on a national scale without his knowledge, if not his direct influence.

WATSON. You understand what he wants from me? He asked me to spy on you.

SHERLOCK. Does this mean you're taking the room then?

WATSON. That's not the point, Sherlock! Brothers do not normally bribe people to spy on their sisters for them.

SHERLOCK. No, but when the fate of an empire rests on one's shoulders, as is often the case for Mycroft, one can never be too careful.

WATSON. So you are willing to accept this arrangement?

SHERLOCK. I am. Are you?

WATSON. Yes.

SHERLOCK. It's settled then. The only question now is where to pick up the thread of our investigation, since Inspector Lestrade turned out to be disappointingly commonplace in his willingness to accept our assistance.

WATSON. He'll come around. Until then, I believe I have an idea.

SHERLOCK. You really wish to participate?

WATSON. No. This entire enterprise seems foolish at best, and dangerous at worst. But on one point I agree with you: If we do not help, who will?

(The doorbell rings. MRS. HUDSON enters, muttering.)

MRS. HUDSON. Now who on earth could that be at this time of night? Really, first policemen come calling, now it's who knows what ...

(MRS. HUDSON exits. A moment later, LIZZIE rushes in, upset. She is followed by MRS. HUDSON.)

LIZZIE. Miss Holmes, forgive me. I didn't know where else to turn.

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Chapman? Is everything all right? You've changed your shoes.

LIZZIE. Oh, it's horrible. Just horrible!

SHERLOCK. What? What is so horrible?

WATSON. Take a breath, Mrs. Chapman. Now, can you tell us what's troubling you?

LIZZIE. The poor old woman!

WATSON. What old woman?

SHERLOCK. Something has happened to Eudora Featherstone.

LIZZIE. Mrs. Featherstone ... Mrs. Featherstone is dead!

(Pause.)

WATSON. My God. Sherlock—

SHERLOCK. Yes, Watson. The game is afoot.

(Blackout.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

THE GAME BEGINS

(Lights up on the sitting room at Baker Street, moments later: SHERLOCK, WATSON, LIZZIE and MRS. HUDSON are right where we left them.)

SHERLOCK. How do you know Mrs. Featherstone is dead?

LIZZIE. My husband told me.

SHERLOCK. And how did he know of it?

LIZZIE. It's his job to know, isn't it? I don't know. People knew she was his mother-in-law once. I imagine someone thought he'd want to hear about it.

SHERLOCK. When did this happen?

LIZZIE. Late last night, I gathered.

SHERLOCK. What do you think, Watson?

WATSON. She was an old woman in poor health. It could be a coincidence.

SHERLOCK. Does that seem likely to you?

WATSON. A coincidence by definition is unlikely.

SHERLOCK. Precisely, although I expect the coroner will draw the same conclusion as you. We must hurry. *(To LIZZIE.)* Mrs. Chapman, Dr. Watson and I must run an errand. May I suggest you stay here until we return? Mrs. Hudson will make sure you are comfortable.

MRS. HUDSON. Of course. You've had quite a shock. Why don't you come along and I'll fetch you a nice cup of tea?

LIZZIE. Yes, thank you. *(To SHERLOCK.)* Thank you, Miss Holmes.

(LIZZIE and MRS. HUDSON exit.)

SHERLOCK. What was your idea, Watson?

WATSON. My what?

SHERLOCK. Before Mrs. Chapman arrived, you said you had an idea.

WATSON. I was going to suggest we try to locate this Edwin Greener fellow.

SHERLOCK. Capital idea. We can do that on the way.

WATSON. Where are we going now?

SHERLOCK. The scene of the crime.

(They exit. As they go, THOMAS appears in the street, watching them.)

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

(The scene shifts to Mrs. Featherstone's home. We hear the sound of someone tampering with a lock, which then clicks open. A door opens. SHERLOCK and WATSON enter.)

WATSON. Dare I even ask where you learned how to pick locks?

SHERLOCK. I wouldn't want to shock your delicate sensibilities.

WATSON. I am not amused, Sherlock. This is the very thing you promised the inspector we would not do. I can only guess at the laws we are breaking right now.

SHERLOCK. Burglary, trespass, interfering with a crime scene ...

WATSON. Thank you. Can we please get on with it, before we are arrested for any of those crimes?

(They begin searching the house.)

SHERLOCK. This is the place. What do you see, Watson?

WATSON. Nothing different. It smells like it's been cleaned since we were last here.

SHERLOCK. Yes, you'll recall the maid said it was her day to ...

(Something about the floor catches SHERLOCK's attention. She crouches to get a closer look.)

WATSON. Did you find something?

(SHERLOCK produces a magnifying glass and scrutinizes the floor with it.)

WATSON *(cont'd)*. What is that?

SHERLOCK. It is a magnifying glass.

WATSON. Yes, obviously. Where did you find a—

(SHERLOCK raises a hand.)

SHERLOCK. Hush, Watson.

(SHERLOCK's attention goes back and forth between two nearby spots on the floor. She pulls out a cloth and rubs one spot with it. She smells the cloth. Then she rubs the other spot, careful to use a different part of the cloth. She smells the cloth again.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Fascinating.

WATSON. What is?

SHERLOCK. Most of this floor holds a residue of hypochlorite of lime. From this we may deduce that Peggy the maid carried out her duties and cleaned the floor as she was supposed to. But this area here displays significantly less residue.

WATSON. What does that mean?

SHERLOCK. This part of the floor was rinsed and then wiped clean again, after the maid washed it.

WATSON. Thomas Chapman?

SHERLOCK. It's possible. We know he has a motive, and as a police detective, he would surely have the wherewithal to remove the evidence. But the nephew Reginald had just as strong a motive, and he had the means to—

(REGINALD enters. He is very drunk. There is a brief pause as everyone assesses the situation.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Hello.

REGINALD. What the bloody hell are you doing here?

SHERLOCK. Offering our condolences. So sorry for your loss, Reginald.

REGINALD. Now? At this time of ... what time is it?

WATSON. We were just leaving.

SHERLOCK. Can you tell us how your aunt passed?

REGINALD. She fell in her bath. How did you get in here?

SHERLOCK. In her bath? Are you sure?

REGINALD. Of course I'm sure! It's where I bloody found her!

WATSON. That must have been quite a shock.

REGINALD. Wait. Who let you in?

SHERLOCK. Peggy said we could—

REGINALD. Peggy doesn't work here anymore. Gave her the sack, first thing.

SHERLOCK. Well, that seems uncalled for.

REGINALD. You don't know me. What are you doing in here? I should send for the police.

WATSON. I assure you there's no need for that. We're going now.

SHERLOCK. Are you sure there was nothing unusual about finding your aunt in the bath rather than, say, here in the drawing room?

(Pause. REGINALD looks SHERLOCK up and down.)

REGINALD. Piss. Off.

WATSON. It's time to go, Sherlock.

(They exit.)

THE KNITTING CIRCLE

(The scene shifts to the street as SHERLOCK and WATSON leave the house.)

SHERLOCK. Well, I believe we can rule out the nephew.

WATSON. This is too far. I'm not willing to risk being arrested, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK. I saw little risk of that. You saw how drunk he was.

WATSON. This time, yes. But the next one might be sober, and then what? What were you even hoping to find in there?

SHERLOCK. Mrs. Featherstone was murdered, Watson. I'm certain of it.

WATSON. How?

SHERLOCK. Madmen remain consistent within the confines of their madness. You recall what Mrs. Featherstone's maid told us. After her daughter died, she developed a keen aversion to water. She would only bathe with a damp towel. Nothing on earth would compel her to immerse herself in a bathtub.

WATSON. So then ... *(Realizing.)* Why would she have fallen in her bath?

SHERLOCK. Precisely. Mrs. Featherstone met her end in the drawing room, and was then moved to the bath to cover the crime. The scene itself was then wiped clean to conceal any evidence.

WATSON. Why are we sure it wasn't the nephew?

SHERLOCK. His fingernails. Whoever did this had a good deal of blood to clean up, not just from the floor but from their person as well. Dear Reginald had not a spot on him, even though it's clear he hasn't bathed at all since before we met him yesterday.

WATSON. Too busy celebrating.

SHERLOCK. Indeed.

(A washerwoman, MARTHA, enters.)

MARTHA. Miss Holmes?

SHERLOCK. Hello, Martha. How is your son?

MARTHA. Safe in hand, thanks to you, Miss Holmes.

SHERLOCK. Any news?

(MARTHA hands a note to SHERLOCK.)

MARTHA. Amelia Leeds from the White Hart in Bethnal Green told me to give this to you. Said she got it from a friend.

SHERLOCK. Thank you, dear. Give my best to your son, next time you see him.

MARTHA. Bless you, Miss Holmes.

(MARTHA exits. SHERLOCK reads the note.)

WATSON. Who was that?

SHERLOCK. Her name is Martha.

WATSON. I gathered that. Who is she?

SHERLOCK. Well. I have this group of ... I call them my Knitting Circle. The name is meant to be ironic.

WATSON. Obviously.

SHERLOCK. In the course of my work I have won the favor of a number of women in all sorts of useful positions in London. Governesses, maidservants, washerwomen, barmaids. A useful network for gossip and information. I rely upon them to keep me informed. It's how I knew when to expect Mrs. Chapman when she first called upon us. She'd been asking around, and word always gets back to me.

WATSON. And you helped her son somehow?

SHERLOCK. Got him arrested, yes.

WATSON. Arrested?

SHERLOCK. Best thing for him, I assure you.

WATSON. Well? What did she tell you?

SHERLOCK. We have located Edwin Greener.

WATSON. Should we call for Inspector Lestrade?

SHERLOCK. This was your idea, Watson.

WATSON. I only suggested we locate him. We should tell the inspector.

SHERLOCK. To what end? He will only try to talk us out of it.

WATSON. He may have a point. You are proposing we confront a known criminal and suspected murderer.

SHERLOCK. And?

WATSON. If Mrs. Featherstone's nephew had summoned the police, I could lose my medical license.

SHERLOCK. Yes, and I could be sent to an asylum.

WATSON. This is dangerous, Sherlock! You must understand that.

SHERLOCK. Of course I do.

WATSON. This is one of those "common sense" moments both you and your brother asked me to watch out for.

SHERLOCK. Are you coming with me or aren't you?

WATSON. Of course I'm bloody coming with you! *(Pause.)* But first, we're stopping off at Baker Street.

SHERLOCK. What for?

WATSON. I left my bag. Come on.

(They exit.)

PROTECTING LIZZIE

(The scene shifts to 221B Baker Street where MRS. HUDSON comforts a distressed LIZZIE.)

LIZZIE. Thank you so much, Mrs. Hudson. You've been too kind to me.

MRS. HUDSON. Think nothing of it, dear. I may not approve of Miss Holmes' business, or whatever she calls it, but I'm not one to turn away a soul in need.

LIZZIE. They've been gone so long. Do you have any idea when they will be returning?

MRS. HUDSON. You would think she would tell me something like that, wouldn't you? But you'd be wrong.

LIZZIE. Oh.

MRS. HUDSON. Mrs. Chapman, far be it from me to put my nose in where it doesn't belong, but I really must say that in my day, a young lady would not dream of asking questions about her husband behind his back.

LIZZIE. Even if you knew him to be a criminal?

MRS. HUDSON. Especially if I knew him to be a criminal. Young people today have no sense of propriety. You want my advice, it is your duty to be of help to your husband, no matter what his profession may be.

LIZZIE. Thank you, Mrs. Hudson. You are entirely correct, I'm sure.

(The sound of the front door opening, followed by SHERLOCK and WATSON entering.)

MRS. HUDSON. Ah, here they are.

SHERLOCK. Hello, Mrs. Hudson. All's well?

MRS. HUDSON. We were just having a pleasant chat, Mrs. Chapman and I.

(WATSON finds her bag and checks inside.)

LIZZIE. Miss Holmes, it was her, wasn't it? Mrs. Featherstone wrote the letter?

SHERLOCK. It is our opinion that she did not.

LIZZIE. Not her? Not her? But ... who then?

SHERLOCK. We are pursuing another line of inquiry. Our first concern now is for your safety. Do you know where your husband is now?

LIZZIE. He's on duty tonight. Won't be home until early morning.

SHERLOCK. Go home then, and pack up whatever is essential. Dr. Watson and I have one more stop to make, and then we will come fetch you.

LIZZIE. Where will I go?

SHERLOCK. You will return here for the time being, until we can find some place safer for you.

LIZZIE. You promise you'll come?

SHERLOCK. I do. Hurry now. Be brave. And be careful.

LIZZIE. I will. Thank you, Miss Holmes.

(LIZZIE exits.)

SHERLOCK. Are you ready, Watson?

WATSON. Define, "Ready."

SHERLOCK. Good enough. Come along.

(They exit.)

WHO WROTE THE LETTER

(The scene shifts to a shabby, run-down flat. Again we hear the sound of a lock being picked. The door opens, and SHERLOCK and WATSON enter.)

SHERLOCK. It's really rather simple once you comprehend the mechanics of it. And cheaper locks like this one are so much easier. But what I'd really love to attempt is a bank vault.

WATSON. What are we looking for, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK. I've no idea. Try not to disturb anything.

(WATSON looks around from where she is standing. SHERLOCK moves around the flat, examining things up close.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Watson, how would you describe this room?

WATSON. Tidy? Organized? Efficient? Not what one would expect, given the neighborhood.

SHERLOCK. No. This is the room of a man who works very hard at maintaining a normal life. See the way the shirts are folded, and the shoes arranged. Such care. Military habits, I would assume.

WATSON. Sherlock, look at this.

(SHERLOCK comes over to see what WATSON has found: A typewriter.)

WATSON *(cont'd)*. How could he afford a typewriter?

(SHERLOCK produces LIZZIE's letter and compares it to a paper found near the typewriter.)

SHERLOCK. This is it. Edwin Greener wrote the letter.

WATSON. But why?

(They hear a noise and look up. EDWIN stands in the doorway, staring at them. They stare back. After a moment.)

SHERLOCK. Hello. Edwin Greener, I presume?

(EDWIN turns and sprints out.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. No, wait!

(SHERLOCK and WATSON exit, chasing after him.)

EDWIN GREENER

(SHERLOCK and WATSON chase EDWIN through the alleys. They find themselves at a dead end, and EDWIN is nowhere in sight.)

WATSON. Dead end. He must have gone another way.

SHERLOCK. No, I don't think so. We may want to—

(EDWIN jumps from the shadows and grabs SHERLOCK. He has a knife. They struggle over it, and he is able to overpower her.)

EDWIN. Who are you? What do you want with me?

(WATSON draws a pistol from her doctor's bag and fires it in the air. Both EDWIN and SHERLOCK freeze in surprise.)

WATSON. Let her go!

EDWIN. Who sent you?

WATSON. Drop the knife, Mr. Greener!

EDWIN. Who sent you?!?

SHERLOCK. Elizabeth Chapman sent us! We know you tried to warn her about her husband. We just want to ask you a few questions.

EDWIN. I don't know what you're talking about.

SHERLOCK. We found your typewriter, Mr. Greener.

EDWIN. Did he send you? Are you here to kill me?

SHERLOCK. I assure you we are not here to kill anyone, in spite of my associate's appearance to the contrary.

EDWIN. You're not going to kill me?

SHERLOCK. No, Mr. Greener.

EDWIN. Why not?

SHERLOCK. Watson, put your weapon away.

WATSON. After him.

EDWIN. Do it. Please. Do it.

WATSON. Mr. Greener. If you do not drop your knife, I will fire my weapon again. At this range, I have a strong chance of striking your shoulder, arm or upper chest. The

bullet will pierce your skin, tear through your soft tissue, and most likely impact against bone, breaking it. This will inhibit the use of your arm, possibly permanently. Removing the bullet fragments will be painful—much more so than actually being shot. You will not enjoy the medical treatment required, but unfortunately for you, you will receive it. And as much as you may wish for it, the one thing it won't do is kill you.

(EDWIN lets this sink in. He shoves SHERLOCK toward WATSON, but he does not let go of his knife.)

EDWIN. Who are you?

SHERLOCK. We are friends of Elizabeth Chapman. She wants to know if there is any truth behind the letter you sent her.

EDWIN. It's true. I saw it.

SHERLOCK. You saw Thomas Chapman kill Katherine?

EDWIN. I ... no. I didn't see that. But I know she didn't die in no bathing pool at Hampstead Heath.

SHERLOCK. How do you know that?

EDWIN. Because she was already dead when I put her there.

SHERLOCK. You put her there?

EDWIN. He told me to. I was working for him, small stuff. Collecting. Sometimes he'd have me rough someone up. Help keep people in line. That's all. But then that night he tells me to meet him at his house. He has me fetch a wagon and bring it 'round to the back. I'm not one to question orders. I do as he says. I knock on the back door, and Tom tells me to come through. And that's when ...

SHERLOCK. It's all right, Edwin. That's when what?

EDWIN. Katherine. He had her all wrapped in a sheet. I mean, I couldn't be sure it was her at first, but he says, "Grab her feet," and we pick her up and take her out to the wagon. That's when he tells me where to take her, what to do.

SHERLOCK. He didn't come with you?

EDWIN *(shaking his head)*. Needed his alibi. He told me, "I need you now, Edwin. More than I ever have before. You take care of this for me, and you'll never want for nothing again." He went off his way, and I went to Hampstead Heath. It was full dark, no one around. I ... I took the sheet off and that's when I saw her.

WATSON. Did you notice any injuries?

EDWIN. Not injuries, no. But her face was purple. And her eyes were so red. And they just stared at me. I remember thinking, you know, maybe it was an accident, right? But I knew it couldn't be. Tom wouldn't have me doing what I was doing for no accident.

SHERLOCK. What did you do then?

EDWIN. Put her in the water. Let her just float there for a while, then pulled her out again. Then I fetched the cops.

SHERLOCK. Mr. Greener, you are an accomplice to a murder, but I believe an unwilling one. If you are willing to testify against Tom Chapman, I believe the court would be lenient toward you.

EDWIN. Testify? Against Tom? You don't understand. You don't cross Tom Chapman.

SHERLOCK. A moment ago you were willing to die, but now you're afraid? You were a soldier.

EDWIN. Have you seen what he's done to folks before he kills 'em? You seen what he does to their families? You don't get it. If I wasn't a dead man before, I am now. It's just a matter of time. And he'll make sure I die screaming.

WATSON. Mr. Greener, please put down the knife.

EDWIN. He'll kill Lizzie too, you know. But first he'll kill you.

(EDWIN puts the knife to his throat.)

SHERLOCK. Edwin, don't—

(WATSON fires once, shooting EDWIN in the shoulder just as she said she would. The impact knocks him back. The knife drops from his hand.)

EDWIN. You shot me.

WATSON. You were going to do worse to yourself.

EDWIN. I can't believe you really ... oh bloody hell that hurts!

(EDWIN grabs his shoulder and sinks to his knees. WATSON puts her weapon back in her bag and takes out supplies to treat EDWIN's wound.)

WATSON. Go find Mrs. Chapman. I've got this.

SHERLOCK. Are you certain? What if he tells someone you shot him?

WATSON. I'll tell them he came at us with a knife. Go on. I'll drop him at the Royal Free and then meet you at Mrs. Chapman's house. I'll be right behind you.

(SHERLOCK exits.)

WATSON *(cont'd, to EDWIN)*. Come on, you.

(WATSON helps the whimpering EDWIN to his feet and leads him off.)

THE TURN

(A knock at a door. The scene shifts to the Chapmans' home. A packed bag sits open. LIZZIE enters and crosses to the door. She lets SHERLOCK enter.)

LIZZIE. Oh, Miss Holmes! Thank goodness. I've been jumping at every sound since I got here.

SHERLOCK. Completely understandable. Are you ready?

LIZZIE. Almost. I just need one or two more things from my dressing room.

SHERLOCK. We must hurry. Watson is tending to our witness as we speak.

LIZZIE. Your ... what?

SHERLOCK. Edwin Greener. Do you know him? He worked for your husband.

LIZZIE. Yes, I know Edwin. Helped around the house now and then.

SHERLOCK. He helped in more ways than you know. Mrs. Chapman, it was Edwin Greener who sent you that letter.

LIZZIE. He didn't.

SHERLOCK. It's true. And it will take some work, but I believe we can convince him to testify against your husband.

LIZZIE. Really? I ... I don't know what to say.

SHERLOCK. You'll think of something on the way. Quickly now!

(LIZZIE exits.)

SHERLOCK looks around the room, trying to take in as much detail as she can. She briefly looks in LIZZIE's bag, moves past, stops. Something puzzles SHERLOCK. She returns to the bag, reaches in and pulls out a pair of shoes.

They are identical to the shoes LIZZIE wore when she first visited Baker Street, but these show signs of water damage.

SHERLOCK comes to a disturbing realization.)

SHERLOCK (*cont'd*). Oh. Oh my. (*She listens at the door.*) Mrs. Chapman? (*There is no response.*) Mrs. Chapman, are you coming?

(SHERLOCK opens the door, then stumbles back. THOMAS stands in the doorway.)

THOMAS. Miss Holmes, is it?

(THOMAS advances. SHERLOCK backs away.)

SHERLOCK. Stay away from me.

THOMAS. You're in my house, Miss Holmes. Bothering my wife.

SHERLOCK. She came to me. She asked for my help.

THOMAS. Did she, now?

SHERLOCK. Look. My friends know where I am. If anything happens to me, you will have a lot of questions to answer.

THOMAS. Your friends. Oh, you mean that woman doctor? Dorothy something? She's got nothing to worry about. You're certainly safe here.

SHERLOCK. You'll let me leave, then?

THOMAS. Of course I will.

(There is a knock at the door.)

THOMAS (*cont'd*). I believe your coach has arrived.

(THOMAS answers the door. MYCROFT enters.)

SHERLOCK. Mycroft—

MYCROFT (*furious*). It was bad enough when you set your sights on common reprobates. All it took was a few pounds slipped into a pocket to keep things manageable. But a detective of Scotland Yard?

SHERLOCK. A corrupt detective. A murderer.

MYCROFT. Be silent, Sherlock. This goes far beyond anything I can possibly allow.

(WATSON enters.)

WATSON. Sherlock?

SHERLOCK. Watson!

WATSON. What's happening here?

MYCROFT. Ah, Miss Watson, good. We're all here. I was just explaining to my sister that this game of yours has now ended.

SHERLOCK. Mycroft, how can you trust this man's word over mine?

MYCROFT. What have we always said about sentimentality? I'm afraid you've left me no choice. Gentlemen?

(ORDERLY #2 and the SUPERINTENDENT enter.)

SHERLOCK. What is this?

MYCROFT. I warned you it might come to this.

SHERLOCK. No, Mycroft, you can't be serious.

SUPERINTENDENT. Come along, miss. Nice and quiet.

SHERLOCK. Mycroft, please, you can send me to the country again.

MYCROFT. Because that worked so well last time? No, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK. And you think the asylum will hold me better? You know I can walk out of there any time I like.

MYCROFT. Not this time.

(MYCROFT nods to ORDERLY #2.)

ORDERLY #2. All right, miss, here we go.

(ORDERLY #2 advances on SHERLOCK.)

SHERLOCK. NO!

(SHERLOCK lashes out, fighting like a caged animal. ORDERLY #2 and the SUPERINTENDENT try to catch her, and she manages to knock both to the ground. But before she can escape, MYCROFT steps in and grabs her tight. WATSON steps in, but THOMAS cuts her off.)

THOMAS. Careful there, doctor.

MYCROFT *(struggling with SHERLOCK)*. Now, damn it all!

(The SUPERINTENDENT produces a syringe, which he plunges into SHERLOCK's arm. After a few more seconds of struggling, SHERLOCK goes limp.)

WATSON breaks free from THOMAS and goes to SHERLOCK.)

WATSON. Sherlock? Sherlock?

SHERLOCK. The shoes.

WATSON. What was that?

SHERLOCK. Such lovely shoes.

WATSON. Shoes? What shoes?

SHERLOCK. Watson ...

(ORDERLY #2 and the SUPERINTENDENT pick up SHERLOCK.)

SUPERINTENDENT. Right then. Off we go.

(They carry SHERLOCK out. MYCROFT turns his attention to WATSON.)

MYCROFT. Miss Watson, the terms of our arrangement were clear, were they not?

WATSON. They were.

MYCROFT. I thought it was understood that your main purpose was, to the best of your ability, to curb these ... adventures.

WATSON. You instructed me to act as Sherlock's common sense.

MYCROFT. Yes, those were my words. You will understand, then, why I find you in material breach of our agreement. The invitation for you to take up residence at 221B Baker Street is rescinded. Is there anything you wish to say?

WATSON. Would it make any difference if I did?

MYCROFT. None at all.

WATSON. Where are they taking Sherlock?

MYCROFT. Bethlem Royal Hospital. And I have instructed the hospital to make use of the most modern chemical treatments available.

WATSON. You'd make her a subject of a laboratory experiment? That could destroy her.

MYCROFT. I have been assured that the treatments are perfectly safe.

WATSON. For her body, perhaps, but not for her mind!

MYCROFT. Isn't that the point? Miss Watson, your responsibilities toward my sister have ended. I'll not tolerate any further questioning of my decisions regarding

her care. I suggest you leave this place at once, and forget you ever met Sherlock Holmes. I would hate for you to place your medical license in jeopardy simply because you could not leave well enough alone.

WATSON. May I ask one question?

MYCROFT. What?

WATSON. How did you know?

MYCROFT. How did I know what?

WATSON. How did you know what Sherlock was doing?
How did you find her?

MYCROFT. How do you think? Inspector Chapman here found me and told me.

WATSON. He found you? How is that possible? How did he even know what we were doing?

MYCROFT. I can only assume that Thomas Chapman is a very skilled detective. Good day, Miss Watson.

WATSON. Dr. Watson.

(MYCROFT stares at WATSON, unmoved.)

WATSON *(cont'd)*. It's Dr. Watson.

(WATSON exits.)

MYCROFT. A very skilled detective indeed. I thank you for your discretion in this matter.

THOMAS. Think nothing of it, Mr. Holmes. You have my sympathies. Poor troubled soul like that, must cause no end of frustrations to man like yourself. A man who likes his privacy.

MYCROFT. Rather.

THOMAS. Were I in your position—that is to say, had I the means, and the wherewithal—I might be tempted to take drastic measures.

MYCROFT. Where you in my position.

THOMAS. Because I valued my privacy, as it were. Just something to think about, Mr. Holmes.

MYCROFT. Indeed. *(They shake hands.)* Good day, Inspector Chapman.

(MYCROFT exits. THOMAS makes sure he's gone, then turns toward the bedroom.)

THOMAS. Lizzie!

(He exits into the bedroom.)

LESTRADE AND SHERLOCK

(The scene shifts to a room in the asylum. LESTRADE sits at a table.)

The SUPERINTENDENT enters, escorting a drugged SHERLOCK. He sits her down across from LESTRADE.)

LESTRADE. Thank you. Leave us.

SUPERINTENDENT. Mr. Holmes left strict instructions to keep an eye on her at all times.

LESTRADE. Miss Holmes is a witness in a criminal investigation. You will allow me to conduct my business or you will be brought before a judge to explain your actions.

(After a moment, the SUPERINTENDENT backs down.)

SUPERINTENDENT. Five minutes. *(Exits.)*

LESTRADE. Miss Holmes, can you hear me? *(No response.)*
I'm sorry it took me a few days to get in here. Are they ...
treating you all right? *(No response.)* Bastards.

(SHERLOCK gives a weak laugh.)

SHERLOCK. Hello, inspector ... Are you unwell, inspector?
You are displaying some rather strange physiological
reactions. Dilated pupils, increased respiration, perspiration
around the brow and neckline. Indeed, you seem a trifle
flushed. Watson, what is wrong with him?

LESTRADE. Dr. Watson isn't here, Miss Holmes. I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK. You are not what most consider an "attractive"
man, are you?

LESTRADE. Um, well, I—

SHERLOCK. I'm asking for a friend.

(SHERLOCK laughs.)

LESTRADE. What have they given you?

SHERLOCK. Thoughts are like ... swimming through
treacle.

LESTRADE. I honestly don't know if that's good or bad.

SHERLOCK. Watson? Where is ...

LESTRADE. She's all right. She's been overseeing the
care of Edwin Greener, who is recovering from a gunshot
wound. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that,
would you?

SHERLOCK. Clean.

LESTRADE. Sorry?

SHERLOCK. Very clean. Clean as a whistle. Are whistles
particularly clean?

LESTRADE. Uh ... I haven't really thought about it.

SHERLOCK. This requires further investigation.

LESTRADE. I don't like seeing you like this, Miss Holmes.
(Awkwardness.) And I think the best way to sway your
brother from this course is to discredit Inspector Chapman.

SHERLOCK. 'S a good plan.

LESTRADE. But I need your help, Miss Holmes. I'm
afraid a jury won't find Edwin Greener all that reliable.
His testimony alone won't be enough. We still can't prove
Chapman was there when Katherine died, and we still don't
know what happened to Eudora Featherstone. He's too
smart for me.

SHERLOCK. Do you remember William Hamilton?

LESTRADE. Who?

SHERLOCK. Fired a pistol at the queen. Got sent to Australia.

LESTRADE. We were both small children when that
happened. What makes you think of it?

SHERLOCK. While he waited for his trial, a woman wrote
letters to him. Her name was ... Irish. Something. She fell
in love with him. Hamilton. Wanted to marry him.

LESTRADE. Oh? Did she?

SHERLOCK. No. Australia.

LESTRADE. Right.

SHERLOCK. She never met him. All she knew of him was
that he was a criminal. And she loved him for it.

LESTRADE. I don't think I understand, Miss Holmes.

SHERLOCK. It is a phenomenon. Someone should write a
monograph on the subject.

LESTRADE. I don't see how this helps us with Tom Chapman.

SHERLOCK. It's not him.

LESTRADE. What?

SHERLOCK. No. Yes. You should tell her.

LESTRADE. Tell her what?

SHERLOCK. Book. Awful.

LESTRADE. What book, Miss Holmes?

SHERLOCK. D.W. Graham. Dorothy Watson Graham. You must tell her!

LESTRADE. Tell her what? I'm sorry, Sherlock. I don't understand.

SHERLOCK. Such an idiot.

LESTRADE. Not the worst thing I've been called.

SHERLOCK. Not you. Me.

(The SUPERINTENDENT enters, carrying SHERLOCK's paperwork.)

SUPERINTENDENT. Time's up. She's due for another round of treatment.

(The SUPERINTENDENT grabs SHERLOCK and yanks her to her feet.)

LESTRADE. Wait, just one more minute.

SUPERINTENDENT. Afraid not.

(LESTRADE grabs the SUPERINTENDENT's arm. The SUPERINTENDENT shoves LESTRADE back roughly. LESTRADE quickly grabs the SUPERINTENDENT's hand and twists one of his fingers. The SUPERINTENDENT yelps in pain.)

LESTRADE. Did you just attempt to manhandle a police officer?

SUPERINTENDENT. Apologies, sir. Just doing my job. We've got special instructions for this one.

LESTRADE. You will treat her with respect, or I will know why.

SUPERINTENDENT. You want to know why, ask Mr. Holmes!

(LESTRADE starts to break the SUPERINTENDENT's finger.)

SHERLOCK. Inspector.

(LESTRADE stops.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. It's all right.

LESTRADE. Miss Holmes, I—

SHERLOCK. It makes sense, you know. A man like that would want things kept clean. *(Pause.)* I'm ready to go now.

(After a beat, LESTRADE lets the SUPERINTENDENT up. The SUPERINTENDENT and SHERLOCK exit. When they are gone, LESTRADE reveals that in the scuffle he got a hold of SHERLOCK's paperwork. He reads through it, not understanding everything he reads. Then something catches his attention. He reads carefully.)

LESTRADE. Oh bloody hell.

(He exits in a hurry.)

THE LOW POINT

(The scene shifts to the Royal Free Hospital. WATSON waits. ANDERSON enters, carrying a patient's chart.)

WATSON. Dr. Anderson. How is our patient?

ANDERSON. The operation was a success. I believe with enough rest and proper exercise, Mr. Greener will regain full use of his arm within six months.

WATSON. I cannot thank you enough for letting me bring him here. I know the risk you're taking, hiding him like this.

(ANDERSON flips past the first couple pages of the chart.)

ANDERSON. What risk? We have no record of a patient by the name of Edwin Greener. Only a Mister ... *(Looks at the chart.)* Trevor Norwood, brought to us after an unfortunate encounter with a meat hook while working in the stockyards.

(ANDERSON removes the first pages and hands them to WATSON.)

ANDERSON *(cont'd)*. Keep these safe.

WATSON. Of course. When he's able to move, I'll see about getting him out of the city. I doubt Thomas Chapman will ever stop looking for him. *(A beat.)* Have you heard anything?

ANDERSON. I'm afraid not. The superintendent at Bedlam made it quite clear that no information would be forthcoming.

WATSON. Thanks to Mycroft Holmes.

ANDERSON. Actually I hadn't gotten so far as naming the patient. His response stated that Bethlem Royal Hospital would only provide access for "real" doctors.

WATSON. Bastards.

ANDERSON. I said much the same thing when I received the message.

WATSON. I don't know what to do.

ANDERSON. There's the common sense approach. If this Mycroft Holmes is as formidable as you say, it would be prudent to keep your head down for the time being.

WATSON. While Sherlock sits in a cell, being subjected to God knows what sorts of "treatments."

ANDERSON. No, I didn't think that option would appeal to you. Well then, now that you've ruled out doing nothing, what are you prepared to do?

WATSON. Sherlock said something, as they were taking her away. Something about ... shoes.

ANDERSON. What did she mean by that?

WATSON. I feel like I should know, like the answer is just there, out of reach. I can't do what she does.

ANDERSON. Then do what you do. Observe. Diagnose. Treat the problem.

WATSON. Observe, diagnose, treat the problem.

(WATSON thinks about this.)

ANDERSON. You know, I followed the exploits of you Edinburgh ladies with great interest. I remember, it must have been your first year, when the papers made a passing mention of a certain "little row."

WATSON. "Little row." You mean Surgeons Hall. There were three hundred people in the street, just to stop twenty women from sitting for an exam. They waited until we were right at the gate and then slammed it in our faces. They shouted horrible names, pelted us with refuse. Finally one of the staff got us in through the side gate. We took that bloody exam, sitting there covered in filth, the noise of the crowd outside the whole time. The Surgeons Hall Riot, they called it. I had never been so angry.

ANDERSON. There it is. Most people would have been terrified by such an ordeal, but not you. You recall the surgery you performed the day Miss Holmes came to see me? The patient you lost?

WATSON. Mrs. Pertwee?

ANDERSON. None of us wanted to treat that poor woman, with an infection so advanced. She was a lost cause, but you were determined to try. When you channel it properly, your anger leads you to do great things.

WATSON. But I lost the patient.

ANDERSON. But you will save the next one. And with Miss Holmes, I believe you can save many more than that.

(STAMFORD enters.)

STAMFORD. Hello!

ANDERSON *(to WATSON)*. Do what you do.

WATSON. Hello, Michael.

STAMFORD. I hope I'm not interrupting anything?

ANDERSON. Not at all. I was just stepping out. *(To WATSON.)* Good luck. *(To STAMFORD.)* Dr. Stamford. *(Exits.)*

WATSON. What can I do for you, Michael?

STAMFORD. Well, I wondered if I might get your signature on something.

(He holds out a copy of WATSON's book.)

WATSON. Found me out, did you?

STAMFORD. I'm ashamed to admit that no, I did not. After I finished it, I returned it to Mother, wondering why she wanted me to read the thing. She told me. She claims she knew it was you after the first chapter.

WATSON. Your mother always was clever.

STAMFORD. Not so clever as to write a novel. Will you write another one?

WATSON. Oh ... I don't know. I haven't really thought about it for a while.

STAMFORD. You should stay at it.

WATSON. I might. I had considered writing about my time in Edinburgh.

STAMFORD. Medical school?

WATSON. The Surgeons Hall Riot.

STAMFORD. The Surgeons ... Oh, that little row that was in the papers?

WATSON. "Little row." Right. Give me that book.

(WATSON takes the book out of STAMFORD's hands and chucks it in the trash.)

STAMFORD. Why did you do that?

WATSON. Because two weeks ago I saw you here reading that very book and when I asked what you thought of it you called it "rather silly stuff." If you'd met the author for the first time today, you wouldn't have given it a second thought. So no, Michael, I will not sign your bloody book for you. If you want it that much you can just dig it out of the trash.

(LESTRADE rushes in.)

LESTRADE. Dr. Watson, I— *(Seeing STAMFORD.)* Oh. Have I come at a bad time?

WATSON. I believe you have come at a bad century. Oh, Michael Stamford, this is Inspector Geoffrey Lestrade of Scotland Yard. Inspector, Dr. Michael Stamford.

STAMFORD. Inspector Lestrade, was it?

LESTRADE. Ah, I don't mean to be rude, but I really must speak with you alone, Dr. Watson.

STAMFORD. Oh, well, I—

WATSON. Michael, would you mind waiting for me outside? Just for a moment?

STAMFORD. Are you sure?

WATSON. I'll just be a minute. Thank you.

(STAMFORD awkwardly fishes the book from the trash and then exits.)

WATSON *(cont'd)*. What can I do for you, inspector?

LESTRADE. Dr. Watson, you didn't happen to study in Switzerland, did you?

WATSON. I did. I had to learn German for it. My final courses and certification took place in Bern.

LESTRADE. While you were there, did you happen to make the acquaintance of a Dr. Gottlieb Burckhardt?

(A shadow falls over WATSON.)

WATSON. Why?

LESTRADE. You have heard of him?

WATSON. I attended some of his lectures. His ideas on functional regions of the brain and their roles in mental diseases are revolutionary. His notions of how to treat them are ... terrifying. I dread your answer, but why do you ask?

(LESTRADE hands SHERLOCK's asylum paperwork to WATSON. As WATSON reads.)

LESTRADE. Sherlock's brother is seeking a consultation from him. He's developing a procedure called "psychosurgery." I can't pretend to understand half of what's written in those papers, but from what I can tell it sounds like something to be avoided at all costs.

WATSON. Oh God. Sherlock. We have to get her out of there.

LESTRADE. We are neither of us family, but if we could solve the case, it would prove she was in the right.

WATSON. What case? There is no case without Sherlock. There must be some way to see her.

LESTRADE. I was only able to get a few minutes with her. They are giving her some sort of treatment that makes her practically incoherent.

(STAMFORD enters.)

STAMFORD. Sorry to interrupt. I've got a cab waiting.

(WATSON stares at STAMFORD.)

STAMFORD *(cont'd)*. What is it?

WATSON. I have an idea. We'll have to hurry. We can discuss it in the cab.

LESTRADE. I should probably be leaving, then.

WATSON. Are you not coming with us?

LESTRADE. Dr. Watson, I am a police officer. The less I know about whatever you are thinking, the better. Besides, if you are successful, things will start to happen very quickly. I think the best thing for me to do is find out where Thomas Chapman is right now, and don't let him out of my sight. How is Edwin Greener?

WATSON. He'll keep his arm. Can you keep him safe?

LESTRADE. I'm doing all I can. He's our only witness, at this point. I'd find more protection for him, but honestly I don't have that many friends at Scotland Yard. I don't know who I can trust.

WATSON. And what of Elizabeth Chapman?

LESTRADE. There's been no sign of her. But her husband hasn't reported her missing. And it's too soon yet for anyone else to do so.

WATSON. Bloody hell.

LESTRADE. We should both hurry.

WATSON. Be careful, inspector.

LESTRADE. You too, doctor. Good luck. *(Exits.)*

STAMFORD. Um ... what's happening?

WATSON. Michael, dear friend. I must ask you for an enormous favor.

STAMFORD. Oh?

WATSON. Yes. How is your German?

STAMFORD. My what?

(They exit.)

THE GERMAN PLOT

(The scene shifts to the asylum. The SUPERINTENDENT enters and is stopped by ORDERLY #3, who is slightly panicked.)

ORDERLY #3. Superintendent? Superintendent!

SUPERINTENDENT. What is it?

ORDERLY #3. He's here.

SUPERINTENDENT. Who's here?

ORDERLY #3. The doctor from Bern. Dr. Burckhardt.

SUPERINTENDENT. Already? That's not possible!

ORDERLY #3. He says he's here to see Miss Holmes, on instructions from her brother.

SUPERINTENDENT. Well, bring him in, damn you!

(ORDERLY #3 goes to the door. STAMFORD and WATSON enter. STAMFORD is working very hard to appear condescending.)

SUPERINTENDENT *(cont'd)*. Willkommen, Dr. Burckhardt! I must say, this is quite an honor. I'm sorry if we seem a little disorganized. We weren't expecting you for a few more weeks.

WATSON. *Er sagt, dass er ganz beehrte wird, Sie zu kennenlernen, aber er hat gedacht, dass Sie später ankommen wurden.* [He says it is an honor to meet you, but he thought you were coming later.]

STAMFORD. *Ich weiß, was er sagte. Ich spreche Englisch, du weißt.* [I know what he said. I speak English, you know.]

WATSON. *Nein, du sprichst es nicht. Erinnerst du dich? Deshalb übersetze ich.* [No, you don't. Remember? That is why I am translating.]

STAMFORD. *Oh, richtig. Entschuldigung. Um, sag ihm, ich möchte Fräulein Holmes sofort sehen.* [Oh right. Sorry. Um, tell him I wish to see Miss Holmes right away.]

WATSON *(affecting a German accent)*. Dr. Burckhardt asks to see the patient right away, please.

SUPERINTENDENT. Oh, yes, of course. *(He signals frantically to ORDERLY #3, who exits.)* Um, doctor, if you don't mind, I've had the privilege of reading translations of some of your monographs on psychosurgery, and I was hoping I might have the opportunity to, eh, pick your brain, as it were.

WATSON. *Er will dir Fragen über deinen Gedanken von Gehirnochirurgie stellen.* [He wants to ask you questions about your ideas for brain surgery.]

STAMFORD. *Was für Gedanken? Ich weiß nichts von Gehirnochirurgie!* [What ideas? I don't know anything about brain surgery!]

WATSON (*German accent*). He says he will be happy to discuss his ideas with you at your earliest convenience.

STAMFORD. *Ich sagte nichts davon!* [I said no such thing!]

WATSON (*German accent*). But he wishes to conduct his preliminary interview with the patient first. He will be at your disposal afterward.

STAMFORD. *Ich bin mir nicht sicher, dass dieses Aktionsprogramm so gesund war.* [I'm not sure this was a good idea.]

WATSON. *Spiel mit und alles wird gut.* [Play your part and everything will be fine.]

(*ORDERLY #3 returns, leading a dazed SHERLOCK. WATSON is shocked by her appearance, but stifles her reaction.*)

SUPERINTENDENT. Ah, here we are! As you can see, we have been administering a carefully monitored chemical cosh. Without it, this one has been prone to violent outbursts. She does not react well to physical contact without permission. But the current treatment has kept her acceptably docile.

WATSON. *Sag mir, ihm zu sagen, dass du die Patientin allein untersuchen möchtest.* [Tell me to tell him you wish to examine the patient alone.]

SHERLOCK. Oh hello! Are you speaking German now?

WATSON. *Sag es.* [Say it.]

STAMFORD. *Ja. Um, ich möchte die Patientin privat untersuchen.* [Yes. Um, I wish to examine the patient privately.]

WATSON (*German accent*). The doctor will examine the patient privately.

(*SHERLOCK laughs out loud.*)

SUPERINTENDENT. Oh. I'm sorry, but it is hospital policy that a member of the staff be present for all visiting consultations.

WATSON. OK. *Sag es jetzt.* [Say it now.]

STAMFORD (*theatrically losing his temper*). *Stellen Sie meinen Methoden in Frage? Wissen Sie nicht mit dem Sie sprechen? Wissen Sie nicht, wer mich hier angerufen hat? Sie wagen mir vorzuschreiben, wie ich mit meiner Patientin interagiere? Raus sofort! Ich bin noch nie so beleidigt worden!* [Are you questioning my methods? Don't you know who you are talking to? Do you not know who has called me here? You dare to dictate to me how I will interact with my patient? Get out of here at once! I have never been so insulted!]

SUPERINTENDENT. No, no! I assure you, we meant no offense! Of course, by all means. Use my office! I will just go and make my rounds, and perhaps we can talk later?

STAMFORD. *Raus!* [Get out!]

(*The SUPERINTENDENT and ORDERLY #3 exit in a hurry.*)

STAMFORD (*cont'd*). I say! That was quite good, wasn't it?

WATSON. Sherlock? Sherlock, can you hear me?

SHERLOCK. Ha! I knew it was you all along.

WATSON. Can you stand, Sherlock? We have to hurry!

(STAMFORD peeks out the door.)

SHERLOCK. Who is your friend? Lucky his language tutor was Austrian. You know he's never been to a German-speaking country in his life?

STAMFORD. How did she know that?

SHERLOCK. Your accent is much better, Watson. Always helps to learn a language in-country.

STAMFORD. The coast is clear.

WATSON. Come on, Sherlock. We're leaving.

(WATSON puts her arm around SHERLOCK and leads her out. STAMFORD follows.)

SHERLOCK. Auf wiedersehen!

THE VAGRANT

(The scene shifts to the street outside Scotland Yard. THOMAS enters. As he crosses, LESTRADE appears, following him.)

THOMAS senses something. He halts and turns back. LESTRADE ducks into the shadows. THOMAS looks in LESTRADE's direction, sure something or someone is there.

A VAGRANT enters from the opposite direction, seemingly unaware of THOMAS or LESTRADE. His path leads him to run right into THOMAS, who never saw him coming.)

THOMAS. Oi, watch it!

VAGRANT. A thousand pardons, sir!

(The VAGRANT scuttles out. THOMAS watches him, suspicious. Suddenly worried, he checks his pockets and his

surprised to find a folded piece of paper in one of them. He unfolds it and reads.)

THOMAS *(under his breath)*. No no nonononono ...

(He slips the paper back in his pockets and hurries off.)

LESTRADE steps out of his hiding place. He considers for a moment following the VAGRANT, but instead exits after THOMAS.)

SETTING THE TRAP

(The scene shifts to a bedroom at the Royal Free Hospital. EDWIN, his arm in a sling, sits comfortably. He reads a copy of WATSON's book. Something in it amuses him.)

ANDERSON rushes in, followed by WATSON and STAMFORD, who help SHERLOCK.)

ANDERSON. Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Greener. We need to make use of your room.

EDWIN. Is that Miss Holmes? Is she all right?

STAMFORD. I don't understand. We broke her out of one hospital so we could sneak her into another?

WATSON. Well I couldn't very well take her back to Baker Street, and I don't know of any other safe places in the city.

ANDERSON. It's not that safe. It won't take long for them to figure out it was you. This will be the first place they'll look.

WATSON. We don't have to stay long. Sherlock just needs to rest for a few hours. Then we'll figure out what to do next.

STAMFORD. Whose room is this, anyway?

EDWIN. Um, it's mine, sir.

WATSON. Mr. Greener, this is Dr. Stamford. Dr. Stamford, Edwin Greener.

EDWIN. How do you do?

WATSON. I'm sorry to intrude like this, but Sherlock isn't well, and we need a place for her to rest a bit. I thought since you were on your feet you wouldn't mind.

EDWIN. No, of course, Dr. Watson. She'll be safe here tonight.

WATSON. Thank you. How's the pain?

EDWIN. There's still plenty of it, but they tell me it'll go away soon enough, and I'll be able to use my arm again, good as new. Thanks to you and Dr. Anderson.

WATSON. I'm glad to hear it.

ANDERSON. I have to get back. Let me know if you need anything. Otherwise, I have no idea who any of you people are, nor what on earth you are doing in my hospital. Good night.

(ANDERSON exits. WATSON tends to SHERLOCK.)

STAMFORD. Looks like quite an injury. Mind if I ask what happened?

EDWIN. Dr. Watson shot me.

STAMFORD. She ... what?

EDWIN. Shot me right here in the shoulder. That was an eye-opening experience, I don't mind telling you.

STAMFORD. Well, yes, I suppose it would be.

EDWIN. I was in a bad place, getting ready to take some drastic steps. Dr. Watson got my head back facing the right way again.

STAMFORD. By shooting you?

WATSON. That's enough, Edwin. I think Dr. Stamford has had enough excitement for one day. Michael ... I can't thank you enough. You really were magnificent today. I only hope it doesn't cause any trouble for you.

STAMFORD. I don't see how it could. I really have no idea what is going on.

WATSON. I know. And I'm sorry about that. I hope I'll get a chance to explain it all soon.

STAMFORD. I must say, this certainly paints you in a very different light.

WATSON. Paint me how you like, Michael. I am who I am. I suppose this isn't quite what you had in mind when you asked me to marry you.

STAMFORD. You have certainly given me a lot to think about.

WATSON. You deserve someone who wants the same things you want. And, frankly, so do I.

STAMFORD. What do you want, Dorothy?

WATSON. Right now, I want to see this business through to the end. I really can't worry about anything past that.

STAMFORD. Is there anything else I can do to help?

WATSON. Certainly not. You've risked far more than I should ever have asked you as it is.

STAMFORD *(genuinely relieved)*. Oh thank goodness. I wish you nothing but the best in this, honestly, but if you've a mind to recruit friends for further adventures, I would appreciate it if you'd leave me out of it.

WATSON. I understand.

STAMFORD. Good night, Dorothy. Good luck.

WATSON. Good night, Michael. Give my love to your mother.

(*STAMFORD exits.*)

SHERLOCK. So you are taking the spare room, then?

WATSON. Sherlock. How do you feel?

SHERLOCK. Really, truly terrible. Are my arms buried under bags of sand?

WATSON. It's the sedative they gave you. It will wear off soon, but you'll feel dreadful for a while after.

SHERLOCK. Where are we?

WATSON. The Royal Free Hospital. Mr. Greener has been convalescing here under an assumed name. He's feeling better now, and was willing to share his room for a few hours.

SHERLOCK. Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Greener.

EDWIN. Think nothing of it, Miss Holmes. Anything you need.

SHERLOCK. How on earth did we get here?

WATSON. Dr. Stamford and I ... broke you out.

SHERLOCK. Something about speaking bad German? Whatever induced you to take such a risk?

WATSON. Inspector Lestrade showed me your file. I know what it means to receive a consultation from Dr. Gottlieb Burckhardt. I couldn't let such a thing happen to my friend.

SHERLOCK. Your friend? (*After a moment, she realizes who WATSON means.*) Oh. Oh! I'm so pleased.

WATSON. Sherlock, you need to rest.

SHERLOCK. But weren't you afraid they'd recognize you?

WATSON. Not really. When they took you away there was too much excitement for them to get a good look at me, and when we came to get you I pretended I was a nurse. No one ever notices female nurses.

SHERLOCK. Lovely Watson. So clever.

WATSON. We don't have much time. We need to keep moving.

SHERLOCK. No, let's not do that.

WATSON. Sorry? May I remind you that we have both Thomas Chapman and your brother looking for us. Frankly I don't know which possibility scares me more.

SHERLOCK. Oh, Mycroft is infinitely more terrifying. Thomas Chapman can have you murdered, but Mycroft can fix it so you were never born.

WATSON. Well, neither of those options are particularly appealing.

SHERLOCK. No, but they're the best we can hope for unless we end this tonight.

WATSON. And how do you propose we do that?

SHERLOCK. We make it known that Edwin Greener can be found at the Royal Free Hospital.

WATSON. Are you suggesting we use Edwin as bait?

SHERLOCK. Yes. Precisely.

WATSON. Sherlock, he trusts us. You cannot ask him to risk his life for us like this.

EDWIN. 'S all right with me.

WATSON. Edwin, you don't have to do this.

EDWIN. No, I think I do, actually. Got some atoning to do. Might as well start now.

SHERLOCK. I can assure you both, Mr. Greener will be perfectly safe. But first, Watson, I need you to find a Miss Sarah Price. She's a housekeeper in Paddington.

WATSON. Someone from your Knitting Circle?

SHERLOCK. She will know how to get the word out about Edwin being here. Tell her it comes from me. Do we know where Inspector Lestrade is?

WATSON. He's looking for Thomas Chapman.

SHERLOCK. Try to find him if you can, and bring him here.
We'll need him eventually.

WATSON. What will you do?

SHERLOCK. I will be here, waiting. Don't worry. I've got Mr. Greener to protect me.

WATSON. Neither of you are in any condition for a confrontation.

SHERLOCK. The sooner you find Inspector Lestrade, the less we'll have to worry about that. Now hurry!

(WATSON exits.)

THOMAS CHAPMAN'S LAST BOW

(The scene shifts to a dark alley. THOMAS enters. He looks around, confused.)

THOMAS. Are you here? *(He waits for a response. Receiving none, he continues.)* I got your message. I came as soon as I could. What—

(A sound from the darkness startles him. He looks for the source, but cannot find it.)

THOMAS *(cont'd)*. Look, there's nothing to worry about, right? Everything's under control. It's just my wife, she gets these ideas ...

(Silence.)

THOMAS *(cont'd)*. I've done my job. I've kept things moving. I cleared the way for you lot. You should be thanking me. I mean, so what my name shows up in the papers from time to time? That's on me, right? It never goes

past me. But I can tone it down. You'll see. Just let me get through this Sherlock Holmes business. Once she's back in hand, we'll be back to business as usual. You've got my word. Just tell the Prof—

(A figure appears. Perhaps just a shadow. Recognition dawns on THOMAS' face.)

THOMAS *(cont'd)*. It's you.

(THOMAS withers under its glare. The figure disappears.)

THOMAS *(cont'd)*. No wait—

(Hands shoot out and grab THOMAS, pulling him into the darkness.)

SPRINGING THE TRAP

(The scene shifts to later that night. The light is low. SHERLOCK sits alone in EDWIN's hospital room.)

The door opens and a figure enters.)

SHERLOCK. Hello, Mrs. Chapman.

(LIZZIE steps into the light. She appears nervous and desperate.)

LIZZIE. What are you doing here? Where is Mr. Greener?

SHERLOCK. He's safe.

LIZZIE. I thought they'd locked you up. How'd you get out?

SHERLOCK. Friends, and luck. You seem quite agitated,

Mrs. Chapman. Is there something wrong?

LIZZIE. I'm fine.

SHERLOCK. Are you sure? Where is your husband?

LIZZIE. You tell me. I don't know.

SHERLOCK. No?

LIZZIE. I haven't seen him since this morning. It's not like him. You tell me where he is.

(SHERLOCK is silent.)

LIZZIE *(cont'd)*. You know something. I can tell you do. It doesn't matter. No one can catch my Tom.

SHERLOCK. We shall see. Do you want to tell me what brings you here tonight?

(It's LIZZIE's turn to stay silent.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. Suit yourself. I believe I know all the relevant facts, but perhaps you can fill in a few details, hmm?

LIZZIE. Why should I tell you anything?

SHERLOCK. I thought perhaps we could help each other.

LIZZIE. You'll tell me where Tom is if I answer your stupid questions? *(She thinks about it.)* All right. What do you want to know?

SHERLOCK. When did you first meet Thomas Chapman?

LIZZIE. The day I started work as his housekeeper. It was his wife at the time, Margaret, who actually hired me.

SHERLOCK. And did you know anything about him before you went to work for him?

LIZZIE. Oh, I'd heard of him, yes. Seen his name in the papers.

SHERLOCK. They've said some awful things about him in the papers.

LIZZIE. They don't know him like I do. We have a special connection, Tom and me. Always have. I knew it the first time I read about him. Before we ever met.

SHERLOCK. Fascinating. But aren't you even the least bit concerned?

LIZZIE. About what?

SHERLOCK. You know what happened to his first two wives. Didn't you worry he'd do the same to you?

LIZZIE. Of course I'm not worried. Tom would never hurt me.

SHERLOCK. I'm sure Margaret Cleary and Katherine Featherstone thought the same thing.

LIZZIE. I know what Tom needs. I take care of him when no one else can. Even when he can't take care of himself.

SHERLOCK. And Mrs. Eudora Featherstone? Was that something Tom needed?

(LIZZIE does not respond.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. That was something of a mistake. She was just a poor, mad, old woman. Everyone knew she talked nonsense. Still, it pays to be careful. She didn't talk *just* nonsense. She was sharp, that one. And then when that letter turned up—

LIZZIE. You said she didn't write the letter.

SHERLOCK. We know that now, don't we? As I said, it was a mistake. And I suppose you showed up with the news of her death to throw us off the scent? That was Tom's idea, I imagine. He must have been rather cross with you. The timing would look awfully suspicious. He told you to stick with us and find out who else we'd been talking to. Did he also tell you to make it look like she fell in her bath?

Your husband did you a disservice there. Mrs. Featherstone was afraid of baths. Wouldn't go near them. It was a dead giveaway. But rinsing the floor again was a nice touch. Not many would have noticed that you'd rinsed a floor that had just been cleaned hours earlier.

LIZZIE. You're so clever, Miss Holmes. I just wanted who wrote that bloody letter. Why did you have to get so involved?

SHERLOCK. It was clear you were hiding something from the moment you entered my sitting room. How could I resist? Of course, I never suspected what I'd find. That's an interesting skill you have.

LIZZIE. What's that?

SHERLOCK. You're good at being underestimated.

LIZZIE. Aren't we all, Miss Holmes?

SHERLOCK. Perhaps we are. Shall I tell you what gave you away? It was your shoes. You'll recall I pointed them out when we first met. Then when you came back to tell us Mrs. Featherstone was dead, I observed you had changed them for another pair. And then, when I saw them in your bag—

LIZZIE. Be quiet.

SHERLOCK. Water does terrible things to leather.

LIZZIE. Be quiet!

SHERLOCK. I am sorry for you, Mrs. Chapman. Your husband has led you down a dark path.

LIZZIE. Led me? Led me?! I beat that old woman's brains out with a paperweight! Made an awful mess. She may have looked frail but she fought like a banshee. And Katherine? I smothered her with her own pillow while she was resting. She fought like hell too. You should have seen the claw marks she left on me. Tom got Mr. Greener to take care of it. He's a troubled man, you know. It wouldn't have been long before my husband took care of him, too.

SHERLOCK. And his first wife, Margaret?

LIZZIE. Oh, Tom did that one all on his own. Saw a chance to move up in the world through Katherine, and he went for it.

SHERLOCK. But you knew each other by then. Weren't you jealous?

LIZZIE. Of course not. It's all about trust. Tom thinks long-term. It was all part of the plan.

SHERLOCK. I suspected as much. I even told Inspector Lestrade my theory, but he didn't believe a woman capable of such things.

LIZZIE. My husband sees me for what I really am.

SHERLOCK. And what are you, Mrs. Chapman?

LIZZIE. I'm his partner. His equal. Is there any man you can say that about, Miss Holmes?

SHERLOCK. No. Never.

LIZZIE. Now I think it's time for you to answer my questions. Where is Tom?

(SHERLOCK is silent.)

LIZZIE *(cont'd)*. You want to play fair with me, Miss Holmes. Tom told me what they were doing to you in Bedlam. Sounds awful. I understand it takes a while for that stuff to wear off. I imagine you must be feeling pretty rough right now. *(Reveals a large syringe.)* I worried I wouldn't have enough for Mr. Greener, but there's more than enough here for you.

(SHERLOCK remains silent.)

LIZZIE *(cont'd)*. This will go easier for you if you don't fight.

(SHERLOCK laughs.)

LIZZIE (*cont'd*). Something funny?

SHERLOCK. Just recalling how many times I've heard that exact sentiment before. "Don't fight."

(*SHERLOCK rises and faces off with LIZZIE.*)

SHERLOCK (*cont'd*). Tell me, Mrs. Chapman, do I seem like a woman who has ever heeded such advice?

(*WATSON enters, pistol drawn.*)

WATSON. Put it down, Mrs. Chapman.

SHERLOCK. Watson, I told you to wait for the signal.

WATSON. Sherlock, she'd already confessed. What else were you waiting for?

SHERLOCK. I was waiting for the proper amount of dramatic—Oh, never mind. You're right. Inspector Lestrade? Have you heard enough?

(*LESTRADE emerges from a hiding place.*)

LESTRADE. Yes, rather. Elizabeth Chapman, I am placing you under arrest.

(*LIZZIE lunges at SHERLOCK, but LESTRADE catches, disarms and cuffs LIZZIE.*)

LIZZIE. You sure you want to follow through with this, inspector? My Tom has been just waiting for a reason to come after you.

LESTRADE. Not this time, I'm afraid. Mrs. Chapman, it is my sad duty to inform you that your husband's body was found just after sunset this evening.

LIZZIE (*after a beat*). He's lying. You're lying. Isn't he, Miss Holmes?

SHERLOCK. I am sorry for your loss, Mrs. Chapman.

LESTRADE. Come along, Mrs. Chapman. Good night, Dr. Watson. Miss Holmes.

SHERLOCK. Good night, inspector. Goodbye, Mrs. Chapman.

LIZZIE. This is a trick. Miss Holmes, tell him it's a trick. Nothing can happen to my Tom. He's fine. It isn't true. It isn't true!

(*LESTRADE leads LIZZIE out.*)

SHERLOCK. That poor woman.

WATSON. Are you all right, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK. I'm almost my old self again. Shall we head back to Baker Street?

WATSON. Are you sure it's safe? What about your brother?

SHERLOCK. With you by my side, dear Watson, there is nothing I cannot face. Let us go speak to Mycroft together, shall we?

(*They exit.*)

HOME AGAIN

(*The scene shifts to Baker Street. MRS. HUDSON paces anxiously. WATSON and SHERLOCK enter.*)

MRS. HUDSON. Oh, Miss Holmes!

(*She rushes and grabs SHERLOCK in a tight hug.*)

SHERLOCK. Um, yes, hello, Mrs. Hudson. I'm pleased to see you as well.