

WATSON (*overlapping their exit*). I agree. Excellent idea.  
I'm bushed, too, whipped, nothing left in the tank.

WATSON (*cont'd, to AUDIENCE*). Alone at last. Had to make some notes! (*Withdraws paper and a writing instrument from her handbag.*) "Shirley: Mrs. Barrymore is a bit creepy. Perkins is a classic 'Bad Boy,' but he did pay me a nice compliment. Oh, yeah, Sir Henry thinks someone stole his boots, and Barrymore has a black beard. More later." (*To AUDIENCE.*) And that wailing thing a moment ago? Was that the lunatic? Or was it

something worse, maybe? I was afraid that I wouldn't be good enough for the job. And then...

(*SFX : The sob of a woman, the muffled, strangling gasp of one who is torn by an uncontrollable sorrow. It fills the damp and chilly corridors of Baskerville Hall, and echoes throughout the theater.*)

WATSON (*cont'd*). Hear that? Kept me up most of the night! I tossed and turned but I couldn't... (*SFX: Wind, lots of wind!*) And the wind! What was I doing here? Where was Shirley when I needed her? I finally dozed off a bit. Then boom! It was morning!

DR. MORTIMER (*con't*). A great, black, foul thing, a beast shaped like a hound larger than any mortal eye has ever seen and its teeth were... [tearing out the throat of Hugo Baskerville!] ...it was a horrid sight to see...Hugo so dead and lifeless. Then the beast's red, blazing eyes turned upon Hugo's henchmen who shrieked with fear and rode away for dear life, screaming across the moor.

*(SFX: Lots of screaming and a few frantic pistol shots as the HENCHMEN escape for their lives!)*

HOLMES (*in a hush-hush fashion*). No time for pleasant-  
ries, Jennie. I must catch this morning's train to London.  
Hold down the fort here. Keep your eye on Sir Henry.  
And no sneaking across the moor.

WATSON (*whispering*). Will do. But who do you think did  
it? Just a hint. Dr. Mortimer? She's the legal beagle  
type, right? Contracts and wills and all that. She could  
forge everything! With Sir Henry dead, she could have it  
all!

HOLMES. Patience, patience.

WATSON. And I know Barrymore makes a nice cup of tea  
and all, but he has that black beard; and if Sir Henry  
doesn't actually live here, then the Barrymores can have  
the whole place to themselves! And Mrs. Barrymore's  
tears? They seem a little much, don't you think?

(*Again, right on cue, we hear MRS. BARRYMORE wail-  
ing away somewhere in Baskerville Hall.*)

WATSON (*cont'd*). Hear what I mean?

HOLMES. All will be revealed shortly, girlfriend. Never  
fear.

WATSON. You always say that and then you don't reveal  
zilch. I've doing all the heavy lifting out here. All you  
do is play dress-up on the moor!

HOLMES. Play dress-up on the moor? Oh, well done. Just  
wait 'til I tell you about your perfume!

WATSON. What? Tell me what about my perfume?

HOLMES. Tonight at nine o'clock, Jennie. Meet me at the  
Stapleton house. Don't be late. Don't wear that perfume.  
Bye for now. *Ciao*, Barrymore.

WATSON (*pursuing HOLMES*). What about my perfume?  
Don't leave me here again!

(*HOLMES is gone again.*)

— maid. *(The MAID ushers WATSON into the room.)*  
Thank you.

MAID. Thank you? Is that all? Just thank you? Just nod my head and get off the stage? I have lines here! About the weather. And if I've heard some large dog barking! I'm ready! Give me the cue!

WATSON. We had to cut your lines. Sorry.

MAID. Sorry? What do you mean by sorry? I've been waiting over an hour for—

WATSON. We're running late.

MAID. Oh, man...what a bummer!

— *(The MAID begins to cry. Loudly. And exits in a huff.)*

*ing a small, flickering candle.)*

WATSON (*cont'd*). I hear footsteps approaching my bedroom door! I don't move a muscle. I pull the blankets tight up to my neck. The footsteps stop just outside the door! Then, after a moment, they continue down the hall. What should I do? What would Shirley do?

*(LIGHTS UP on HOLMES in a tight LIGHT POOL. She is "inside" WATSON's brain, serving as a mentor-cheerleader urging WATSON to be courageous.*

*HOLMES speaks directly to WATSON. WATSON continues addressing the AUDIENCE but never acknowledges HOLMES' presence.)*

HOLMES. I'd follow the flickering candle, Jennie. That's what I'd do. Not too close. Not too far.

WATSON. Yes, of course you would. You'd get out of bed. You wouldn't hide under the covers like a wimpy girl.

HOLMES. Absolutely not!

*(WATSON opens the bedroom door slowly and peeks out.)*

WATSON. And you'd open the door, peek out.

HOLMES. The light, Jennie! Follow the light.

WATSON. And look down the hallway.

HOLMES. Don't lose the light!

WATSON. A man, I think, Barrymore, perhaps. In shirt and trousers with no covering on his feet. He doesn't want to be heard!

HOLMES. But you heard him!

WATSON. But I heard him, I did, indeed.

HOLMES. Excellent work!

WATSON. So I begin stalking the shadowy figure.

*(BARRYMORE and WATSON animate the details of the action.)*

WATSON *(cont'd)*. My heart's pounding in my chest. Am I going to be caught? How do I explain wandering Baskerville Hall in my nightgown? I stay so far behind the figure that I think I've lost him. But then I catch a thin glimmer of light through a barely open door. There, do you see it?

HOLMES. I do, yes. Good girl.

WATSON. I tiptoe closer, peek inside the room. Barrymore's holding a candle high up against the window. Then he lets out a deep groan and blows out the candle.

HOLMES. Careful now!

WATSON. I press myself into the shadows as he hurriedly passes me by and disappears down the hallway.

WATSON (*to AUDIENCE*). A walk across the moor is no picnic, let me tell you. The smells? Pee-yew! Wet stuff  
— all over the place and bubbling pools of—

STAPLETON (*offstage*). Stop! Don't take another step!

*(WATSON stops mid-step as STAPLETON enters, hoisting a tin box for botanical specimens over one shoulder and waving a green butterfly net in an effort to capture WATSON's attention.)*

STAPLETON. Not there! Watch your every step, young lady. Or you'll be lost forever.

WATSON. Thank you for the warning.

STAPLETON. One false step yonder means death to man or beast. Only yesterday I saw a horse wander into it. Didn't have a chance, poor animal. Sucked into the muck in a matter of seconds.

WATSON. How ghastly! This must be an awful place!

STAPLETON. They don't call it the Murky Moor for nothing.

WATSON. And what do they call you, sir?

STAPLETON. Oh, so sorry. Yes. John Stapleton. I am a naturalist in search of botanical species of infinite beauty and variety. I know every trail in and out of the moor.

WATSON. A pleasure to meet you. My name is—

STAPLETON. Jennie Watson. Yes, I know. Your uncle is Dr. John Watson, famous surgeon and companion to the really, really famous Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Mortimer and I are good neighbors. We were having tea with  
— Maxine this morning, you see?

WATSON. Yes, well, who might we be, exactly?



SIR HENRY. Behaving like a crazy man, he was, Miss Watson.

WATSON. Is that so?

SIR HENRY. And all because of Dorothea! I've only known her these few weeks, Miss Watson, but I feel she's the woman for me.

WATSON. How nice for you.

SIR HENRY. There's a light in a woman's eyes that speaks louder than words, you know?

WATSON. I'll keep that in mind.

HOLMES. Watch it, Jennie.

SIR HENRY. She must know how I feel, but she keeps warning me to leave Baskerville Hall. Then, as I'm about to kiss her, Stapleton bumbles into the scene. What are my intentions for his sister? And being the Lord of the Manor doesn't give me the right to barge into their lives.

WATSON. But you protested.

SIR HENRY. I certainly did. I told him I had strong feelings for Dorothea. That I was not ashamed of my emotions.

WATSON. Never!

SIR HENRY. That I hoped she might honor me by becoming Mrs. Baskerville.

WATSON (*disappointed*). Oh, my! How nice for her. Then he ordered Miss Stapleton home, I suspect, and you were left all alone, confused, shoulders drooping.

SIR HENRY. Yes! It's almost as if you were there.

WATSON. A woman's intuition is all we need, Sir Henry.

SIR HENRY (*an idea taking root in his mind*). Indeed!

You're an attractive young woman, Miss Watson.

WATSON. Why, thank you.