

CAST: (in order of appearance)

SIR HUGO BASKERVILLE/ WATSON/ BEARDED MAN

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE/ STAPLETON

HOLMES/ BARRYMORE/ COCKNEY MAN/ POLICEMAN/ STATIONMASTER/  
CARRIAGE DRIVER/ HORSE

MRS HUDSON/ COCKNEY WOMAN/ MRS BARRYMORE/ BERYL STAPLETON/  
LAURA LYONS

Set: A large screen backdrop for projections of various locations. The forestage is an open moor, with the odd tuft of grass and bog weed. On the opposite side is a lamp post.

WATSON

(to himself) I was not going to write so much about Sherlock Holmes. I had killed him off in the Final Problem, when he fell to his death with Moriarty but some kind friends asked me to revive him.

(typing) Dear Strand Magazine, so here is the scariest and strangest of all Sherlock Holmes' adventures...

HOLMES

The game's afoot !

FILM: ON THE MOOR. CAPTION "DEVON, ENGLAND. 1647"

A woman's scream pierces the air. SIR HUGO BASKERVILLE enters in pursuit of a young servant girl.

SIR HUGO

Come back! You can't get away from me! There's nowhere to run out here. Where are you, you stupid girl?

Come back! You are my servant and you will do exactly what I tell you to do. Anything.

Anything. I am your master and you will please me. Right. If I can't

have you, then nobody can. Release  
the hounds!

The sound of dogs barking and howling in pursuit. SIR HUGO  
waves the dogs on with his stick.

SIR HUGO (CONT'D)  
Go! Get her! Go on, get her! Get  
her!

He suddenly backs off, terrified. Menacing growling sounds.

SIR HUGO (CONT'D)  
Not me, you stupid animal. Argh!  
Get away from me! Get off me you  
stupid animal! Oh God! Help me!  
Come back, help me! Aargh!

SIR HUGO collapses, fatally wounded.

FILM: INT. "221B BAKER STREET, LONDON. 1840"

WATSON is typing on a typewriter. Holmes is reading an old  
manuscript.

WATSON  
So your ancestor, Sir Hugo  
Baskerville, died two hundred years  
ago.

SIR HENRY  
Yes its all in this old family  
manuscript

WATSON  
And he died chasing a poor servant  
girl across the moor. Death by  
ghostly hound !

HOLMES  
Sir Henry, this is ancient legend.  
The Baskervilles' punishment for  
Sir Hugo's sins, tormenting your  
family for generations? Surely you  
cannot believe this rubbish?!

WATSON  
Sherlock Holmes may be the greatest

detective in the world, but even he cannot solve a mystery over a hundred years old !

SIR HENRY

But, I am here with a more immediate problem. A much more recent death.

HOLMES

Ah, yes, I saw it in the Times. The death of your uncle, Sir Charles. Right. Let's go over the *facts* of the case.

As WATSON speaks, typing still, SIR HENRY re-enacts the story.

WATSON

Sir Henry tells us that Sir Charles Baskerville , his uncle, liked to take a walk and smoke a cigar before going to bed. Every night, he walked along yew tree alley. On the fourth of May, he went for his walk but never returned. At twelve o'clock, his servant Barrymore went in search of him. Sir Charles's footprints were visible down the alley. Halfway down, there is a gate to the moor. It seems that Sir Charles had stood there for five or ten minutes. Hmm... But how do we know this?

SIR HENRY drops ash from his cigar onto the ground, still impersonating SIR CHARLES. HOLMES sees this.

HOLMES

Because there was ash from his cigar on the ground.

WATSON

An excellent deduction!

WATSON begins typing again.

WATSON

Then his footprints changed. They suggest he then walked on his tiptoes down the alley. His body was discovered at the far end. There were no signs of violence, but his face was distorted with a kind of... terror.

SIR HENRY proceeds to act out the death of SIR CHARLES.

SIR HENRY AS CHARLES BASKERVILLE  
No, no, please God. What in God's name is this apparition?

He clutches his chest and stumbles to the ground.

SIR HENRY AS CHARLES BASKERVILLE

(CONT'D)

Uh! No! NO! Please, NO!

He screams and then is still.

WATSON

So Sir Charles is dead now too.

HOLMES

It would seem so, Watson.

MRS HUDSON

Would you like a cup of tea, dear ?

HOLMES

Upon which enters dear Mrs Hudson...

WATSON (typing)

Upon which enters dear Mrs Hudson...

HOLMES

No, don't write that down, I mean ...

MRS HUDSON, the housekeeper, enters through the auditorium, offering cups of tea to the audience.

MRS HUDSON

You look like you could do with one. No? Mr Holmes! Doctor Watson! Would you like a cup of tea?

No reaction from on stage.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

Oooh that violin, sounds like somebody strangling a cat. Nobody ever hears me. What about you, dear? Tea? I know it looks like dirty dish-water, but - No? Oh well. A penny a cup. Euros? What are they? No, dear, I don't take Euros, or any other strange made-up currency. Pounds and pennies, that's real money. Will you gentlemen be requiring afternoon tea?

WATSON

No, thank you Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON

Are you sure?

WATSON

Yes, thank you, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON

I have some very nice scones and crumpets that I -

HOLMES

NO! THANK YOU! Mrs Hudson. I am trying to think, can't you see?

MRS HUDSON notices the body on the floor and examines it.

MRS HUDSON

I'm sorry, Mr Holmes. I didn't know you had a client. Would he like a nice cake or - um...

WATSON shakes his head.

WATSON  
I don't think so, Mrs Hudson.

She exits. HOLMES studies the body meticulously.

HOLMES  
The expression of terror is a symptom of death from a heart attack, is it not, Watson? Now, that change in the footprints - what do you make of that?

WATSON  
As Sir Henry just showed us, Sir Charles must have walked on tiptoes.

WATSON demonstrates tip toes.

HOLMES  
Why would he do that?

WATSON  
Maybe he was trying to be quiet?

HOLMES  
He was running for his life, running until he burst his heart.

WATSON  
Running from what?

HOLMES  
There lies our problem. I presume that whatever it was, was coming from the moor.

WATSON  
But why didn't he run back to the house?

HOLMES  
He was crazed with fear.

WATSON  
And why was he standing by the gate to the moor?

HOLMES

He must have been waiting for someone.

WATSON

Waiting for someone?

HOLMES

Yes. It was a cold, wet night. The man was old. We know waited for five or ten minutes.

WATSON

Why else would he stand there, eh Holmes? But... he went out every evening.

HOLMES

But he didn't wait there every evening. We know he avoided the moor. That night he waited there. The night before he was going to London. Was there any other evidence near the body?

SIR HENRY straightens up.

SIR HENRY

Yes.

HOLMES

Footprints?

SIR HENRY

Footprints.

HOLMES

A man's or a woman's?

SIR HENRY

Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!

WATSON

I say!

SIR HENRY

Could I have a cup of tea?

WATSON

Of course, this must be very difficult for you old chap. Mrs Hudson?

WATSON exits to find her.

HOLMES

Are there many sheep-dogs on the moor?

SIR HENRY

Yes, but this was no sheep-dog.

HOLMES

Large footprints?

SIR HENRY

Enormous.

HOLMES

How far away from the body were these footprints?

SIR HENRY

Say, twenty yards.

HOLMES

Hm. So it had not approached the body. What is the alley like?

SIR HENRY

There are two lines of old yew hedge, twelve feet high. The path is in the centre.

HOLMES

So there are only two ways in to the yew tree alley, from the house or through the gate?

SIR HENRY

Yes.

HOLMES goes to look out of the window. A BEARDED MAN has subtly entered to lurk beside the lamp post in the street and is reading a newspaper. HOLMES notices him.

HOLMES



You are the sole heir?

SIR HENRY

Yessir, now my poor old Uncle Charles is dead, ... I am the sole heir to the Baskerville fortune.

HOLMES

You should have called me in immediately!

The BEARDED MAN spots HOLMES is looking out of the window at him. He quickly folds his newspaper and exits in a suspicious fashion.

SIR HENRY

I would have, but...

HOLMES

Yes?

SIR HENRY

There is a realm in which even the most experienced of detectives is helpless.

HOLMES

You mean that the thing is supernatural?

SIR HENRY

I didn't actually say that -

HOLMES

No, but you evidently think it. I don't believe in the supernatural.

SIR HENRY

All the local farmers believe in the Baskerville Hound. Nobody dares to cross the moor at night.

HOLMES

And you, a man of noble blood, believe this?

SIR HENRY

I don't know what to believe. Gee willikers!

HOLMES  
Gee willikers indeed. So you've come from Canada, you say?

WATSON enters.

WATSON  
Canada eh ?

SIR HENRY  
Yessir, fresh off the boat only yesterday, but already some strange things have happened.

HOLMES  
Yes indeed. Did you know you are being followed?

SIR HENRY  
Followed! By whom?

HOLMES  
A man with a black, full beard. I noticed him on the street.

WATSON  
A big black beard, eh?

HOLMES  
Do you know anybody with a black beard?

SIR HENRY  
No, I don't know anybody here yet. With or without a beard.

HOLMES  
It could a false one, of course. A disguise.

WATSON  
But why would this man be following Sir Henry?

SIR HENRY pulls a shoe out of his bag.

SIR HENRY  
Well... somebody stole my shoe.

WATSON  
What? Your shoe.

SIR HENRY  
Yes, at my hotel. I put them out to be cleaned, but then somebody stole one.

WATSON  
Just one shoe?

SIR HENRY  
Yes! This is the left one. Why the Hell would somebody steal just one shoe?

WATSON  
Strange indeed. I don't think somebody would follow you just to steal a shoe!

SIR HENRY produces a note.

SIR HENRY  
And then I got this weird note. It was addressed to my hotel room. But nobody knew I was there!

HOLMES  
What about the staff at Baskerville Hall?

SIR HENRY  
They don't know where I'm staying.

HOLMES  
Hmm. So who wrote the note?

SIR HENRY  
Nobody. It was anonymous. Here -

He hands the note to WATSON.

WATSON

"If you value your life or your reason, keep away from the moor."

HOLMES

Sir Henry, you are in danger. You must go to Devon immediately. Go and hide. Do not leave Baskerville Hall without Watson by your side.

SIR HENRY

What?

HOLMES

Watson, promise me you will guard Sir Henry closely, and do not let him leave the house alone.

WATSON

I'll guard him with my life.

SIR HENRY

I don't want to hide forever.

HOLMES

Only until we find your uncle's killer. Or he kills you as well.

SIR HENRY

Gee willikers!

HOLMES

First things first, you're going to have to learn to fit in. If you are to inherit an English title and stately home, you must find your inner Englishman.

WATSON

Here, if you straighten your tie a little...

WATSON adjusts SIR HENRY's tie. SIR HENRY feels more English with every adjustment.

HOLMES

And stiffen your upper lip...

SIR HENRY holds his face in a stiff upper lipped grimace.

WATSON

Never, ever, for any reason, show any emotion...

SIR HENRY

Gee! I feel like an Englishman.

HOLMES

In fact, Sir Henry. I think you're going to have to get a completely new wardrobe.

SIR HENRY

What do I do with my old clothes?

HOLMES

Get rid of them.

SIR HENRY

What, throw out all my clothes?

WATSON

I have to say, that is a rather "loud" check jacket.

HOLMES

Loud? It's screaming at me.

WATSON

You stick out like a sore thumb, old man!

HOLMES

You're in England now Sir Henry, so you'd be best to dress like an Englishman.

SIR HENRY takes off his jacket and WATSON dons it for fun.

SIR HENRY

If you say so.

HOLMES

I do.

MRS HUDSON enters with tea and scones for SIR HENRY, which he eats. WATSON impersonates SIR HENRY in his jacket.

WATSON

Gee willikers!

MRS HUDSON

There you are young man, a pot of  
tea and some nice scones.

SIR HENRY

Thank you kindly, Mrs Hudson.

WATSON has helped MRS HUDSON into SIR HENRY's jacket.

MRS HUDSON

Gee willikers! My pleasure, dear.

SONG: TO BE AN ENGLISHMAN.

WATSON

He is an Englishman!

HOLMES

He is an Englishman!  
For he himself has said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit,  
That he is an Englishman!

WATSON

That he is an Englishman!

HOLMES AND WATSON

For he might have been a Roosian,  
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,  
Or perhaps Itali-an!

SIR HENRY

Or perhaps Itali-an!

HOLMES AND WATSON

But in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman!  
He remains an Englishman!

ALL

For in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He (I) remain(s) an Englishman!  
He (I) remain(s) an Englishman!

During the song, SIR HENRY's jacket may provide opportunities to poke fun at Sir Henry. Indeed, there could be a sequence involving different national costume items. A French beret, a Prussian helmet, a Turkish turban, etc. At its conclusion, SIR HENRY should be back in his jacket again.

HOLMES

Listen, Watson, I have to stay here in London. I'm too busy here. But I need you to escort Sir Henry down to Baskerville Hall. You must be my eyes and ears in Devon.

WATSON

Yes, certainly, Holmes. I shall keep my eyes and ears open for any clues - however small.

HOLMES

And write to me with any information you receive. I want regular reports.

WATSON

Certainly, Holmes.

HOLMES

Excellent. Then I shall wish you both a pleasant journey. It is one of the benefits of being here in Baker Street. Being at the centre of a modern transport network. Just round the corner, Paddington Station, with its railway line to the West country. Mr Brunel's triumph of engineering, the first long distance railway in the world. The Great Western Railway.

HOLMES exits with a flourish.

WATSON

Yes, indeed, in London, we are at the heart of a new modern era. Britain is the very centre of

technology. Home of the industrial revolution.

SIR HENRY

I hear Mr Brunel has plans to dig a tunnel under the English Channel to join England with France by rail.

WATSON

Ridiculous! It will never happen.

SIR HENRY

Never say never.

WATSON

But what would be the point? The French have no railway system.

SIR HENRY

It is possible that, in time, they may build one.

WATSON

Yes, and pigs might fly! As must we, to Paddington Station, and then to Baskerville Hall.

WATSON checks his pocket watch.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Oh dear God! The train leaves in twenty minutes.

WATSON picks up his umbrella and case and runs frantically out of the door. SIR HENRY follows.

FILM: EXT. THE STREETS OF VICTORIAN LONDON, DAY

A MOVEMENT SEQUENCE where WATSON rushes sweatily through the hustle and bustle of London.

COCKNEY MAN

Oi! Watch where you're going, mate!

WATSON

Sorry, I've got a train to catch.

WAR VETERAN



I fought in the war in Afghanistan.

WATSON

Oh me too. So sorry, old chap, got a train to catch!

WAR VETERAN

Oh my penny. You fool ! Thank you miss.

WATSON

Look, I'm trying to catch a train.

COCKNEY MAN

I don't care, don't push me around.

WATSON

Look, I haven't got time to stand around and chat, I've got a very important mystery to solve, and if you don't get out of the way -

COCKNEY MAN

Yeah, WHAT?

WATSON

(meekly)

Then I might miss my train.

WATSON

I'm so sorry. Look, erm, what's your name?

COCKNEY WOMAN

Elsie.

WATSON

What a lovely name. Have you met... Sorry, what was your name again?

COCKNEY MAN

Bert.

WATSON

Bert. Have you met Elsie?

COCKNEY MAN

No, but I...

WATSON

Look, I'll leave you two lovebirds to it. Good bye and lovely to meet you.

WATSON flees towards the station, leaving our two "lovebirds" chatting uncertainly. SIR HENRY follows in his wake.

COCKNEY WOMAN

So Bert, is that short for Albert?  
(giggling)  
You're not Prince Albert, are you?

They exit arm in arm.

FILM: EXT, LONDON'S STREETS. THE FILM SPEEDS UP AS WATSON AND SIR HENRY RUN FASTER AND FASTER.THEN PADDINGTON STN

A puff of smoke, as WATSON and SIR HENRY arrive at Paddington Station nearly collapsing with exhaustion. WATSON checks his pocket watch.

WATSON

Thank God! Three minutes to spare.  
Now, which platform?

SIR HENRY

Well, there's only one.

WATSON

Oh, yes, of course. Come on, we don't want to miss it.

They run for the train. The STATIONMASTER arrives with a hand-held megaphone. He holds out his hand to stop them.

STATIONMASTER

Ladies and Gentlemen, we regret to announce that the one thirty train service to the West country is cancelled, due to leaves on the line.

WATSON

What?!

STATIONMASTER

The one thirty train service to the West Country is cancelled.

WATSON  
Cancelled!

STATIONMASTER  
Due to leaves on the line.

WATSON  
Leaves on the line!

STATIONMASTER  
There will be a replacement carriage service available.

WATSON  
A replacement carriage service!!

STATIONMASTER  
Well, it would be a replacement bus service, but busses haven't been invented yet, so -

WATSON  
So I have to get a carriage all the way to Devon?

STATIONMASTER  
I'm afraid so. Tickets Please!

He wanders off to collect tickets. With a change of hats, he morphs into a POLICEMAN.

SIR HENRY  
So where do we find a carriage?

WATSON  
Over there I think. Let's ask this policeman. Excuse me, officer, where are the carriages?

POLICEMAN  
Over there, sir.

WATSON  
I can't see any.

POLICEMAN

There'll be one there in a minute,  
sir, you'll just have to be patient.

The POLICEMAN exits and changes into a CARRIAGE DRIVER.

WATSON

Hello! Cab! Cab! We need a  
carriage here!

POLICEMAN/CARRIAGE DRIVER  
(mid-change)

All right, give me a minute here!  
I said you'd have to be patient.

WATSON

Replacement carriage service! It's  
ridiculous. I mean if they can't  
run a train service because a few  
leaves have fallen off a tree -

The CARRIAGE DRIVER creates his carriage with chairs.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Carriages to Devon! Get your  
carriages here!

WATSON

I say, my man -

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Yes, sir.

SIR HENRY and WATSON sit in the carriage. They create the  
wheels with WATSON's umbrella. The COCKNEY WOMAN enters.

COCKNEY WOMAN

Aww, what a lovely horse.  
What's his name?

WATSON

It doesn't matter what his name  
is. We've got an important  
mystery to solve.

COCKNEY WOMAN

Can I feed him an apple?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

No! No you can't. Go away!

COCKNEY WOMAN

What we need is an horse !

The COCKNEY WOMAN produces an apple. She waves it at the CARRIAGE DRIVER and gives him an expectant look. He sighs and gets down on all fours to become a HORSE.

COCKNEY WOMAN

Aww, isn't he sweet?

The HORSE neighs and takes a bite of the apple.

COCKNEY WOMAN

He smells a bit funny, though.

The HORSE turns back into the CARRIAGE DRIVER.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Yeah, well that's because he's been running around like a blue-arsed fly.

The COCKNEY WOMAN exits in a huff.

WATSON

Baskerville Hall in deepest, darkest Devon, please, and don't spare the horses.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Yes, sir.

WATSON

(yawns)

Do you mind if I just close my eyes for a minute?

SIR HENRY

No, please, don't worry about me.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

You relax, sir. It's a long, long journey.

SIR HENRY enjoys the passing views as WATSON sleeps, but it is clear from his bouncing motion that the roads are getting rougher. Eventually, he is woken by a jolt that nearly throws him out of his seat.

WATSON

Ugh! What? Who? Where? Ah.

FILM: EXT. MOORLAND WITH BASKERVILLE HALL IN THE DISTANCE.

SIR HENRY

We're nearly there. That's  
Baskerville Hall there.

WATSON

Ah! Excellent. It looks very...  
dark.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Shh!

WATSON

What's wrong?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

I thought I heard something.

WATSON

What?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

There's an escaped convict out  
there.

WATSON

What? Who is he?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Selden, the Notting Hill murderer.  
And he's out there - somewhere.  
He's been on the run for three days  
now. There are soldiers watching  
every road, but they've had no  
sight of him yet.

WATSON

Thank you, my man.

WATSON tips the driver and they head for Baskerville Hall.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Thank you, sir. Much obliged.

WATSON

A murderer on the loose, eh?  
Could be relevant.

WATSON gets out notebook and writes.

WATSON

Dear Sherlock, our carriage driver  
tells me there is an escaped  
convict by the name of Selden, who  
is roaming the moors.

FILM: INT, BASKERVILLE HALL

WATSON and SIR HENRY are greeted MRS BARRYMORE. BARRYMORE  
patrols the audience sombrely, with a lamp or a piece of  
lead piping.

SIR HENRY

(gloomily)

It's no wonder my uncle felt  
troubled here. It's enough to scare  
any man.

MRS BARRYMORE

Welcome, Sir Henry!

SIR HENRY

You must be Mrs Barrymore.

MRS BARRYMORE

Yes, sir.

SIR HENRY

Mrs Barrymore, this is my friend  
Doctor Watson. He will be staying  
here for a few days.

MRS BARRYMORE

Very good, sir. Welcome to  
Baskerville Hall, sir.

SIR HENRY

It's just as I imagined it. To  
think that my people have lived in  
this hall for five hundred years.

MRS BARRYMORE

Would you like dinner, sir?

SIR HENRY

Is it ready?

MRS BARRYMORE

In a few minutes, sir. You will find hot water in your rooms.

SIR HENRY

Thank you, Mrs Barrymore.

MR BARRYMORE

Will there be anything else, sir?

SIR HENRY

Yes, just one thing. I'm getting rid of some old clothes. I'll leave them outside my room.

MRS BARRYMORE

Certainly, sir. My husband and I will be happy, Sir Henry, to stay on and help you until you have found a new butler and a new cook.

SIR HENRY

You wish to leave?

MRS BARRYMORE

Only when it is convenient, sir.

SIR HENRY

But your family have been with us for generations.

MRS BARRYMORE

Yes, sir, but the death of Sir Charles has shocked us both. I fear that we shall never again be easy in our minds here.

WATSON

But what do you intend to do?

MRS BARRYMORE

I don't know, sir, we'll think of something. And now, sir, perhaps I had best show you to your rooms.



MRS BARRYMORE leads them off, as night descends. Through the darkness, the sounds of a woman's sobbing can be heard. Next morning, WATSON is scribbling in his notebook.

WATSON

Dear Sherlock, the sound of a woman crying kept me awake all night. It must have been Mrs Barrymore, I suppose. I will be glad to get out this morning. I am going out onto the moor.

FILM: EXT. ON THE MOOR. DAY

WATSON takes out binoculars and surveys the view. STAPLETON enters, chasing a butterfly with a net.

STAPLETON

Don't move! You might frighten it.

He lunges in the air with his net. WATSON ducks and swerves, as STAPLETON attempts to catch the butterfly.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

Ah! It has escaped.

WATSON

What has escaped?

STAPLETON

That butterfly. A rare specimen.

WATSON

Oh, I see.

STAPLETON

Yes, I collect them. There is a lot of interesting wildlife here.

WATSON

So I have heard.

STAPLETON

I love to pin my butterflies.

WATSON

Really?

STAPLETON

To keep them in perfect condition,  
you see.

WATSON

Not really.

STAPLETON

I sedate them and then I pin them  
down. To watch the beauty of their  
slow death is an exquisite  
pleasure. Unable to move, and yet,  
aware of their slowly fading  
existence.

WATSON

Well, it's been a pleasure to meet  
you, but I really must ...

STAPLETON

You must be Doctor Watson.

WATSON

Yes, how did you know?

STAPLETON

Excuse me, Dr. Watson. Permit me to  
introduce myself. I am Mr.  
Stapleton.

WATSON

How do you do?

STAPLETON

We like to take an interest in what  
our neighbours are doing. Everybody  
knows everybody here. I trust that  
Sir Henry is none the worse for his  
journey?

WATSON

He is very well, thank you.

STAPLETON

After what happened to Sir Charles,  
we thought he might not want to  
live here. Does Sir Henry have no  
superstitious fears?

WATSON

No.

STAPLETON

Of course you know the legend of the fiendish dog which haunts the family?

WATSON

I have heard it.

STAPLETON

The peasants will believe anything here! Many say that they have seen the creature upon the moor. The story terrified Sir Charles. It probably led to his tragic end.

WATSON

But how?

STAPLETON

He was so nervous that the appearance of any dog might have been fatal for him, with his bad heart. I think he really did see something on that last night.

WATSON

A dog frightened him to death?

STAPLETON

Have you any better explanation?

WATSON

I have not come to any conclusion.

STAPLETON

But has Mr. Sherlock Holmes?

WATSON tries not to show his surprise.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

Come now, everybody knows that Doctor Watson and Sherlock Holmes work as a team. I am curious to know his view.

WATSON

I can't tell you that.

STAPLETON  
Will he be visiting himself?

WATSON  
He cannot leave London at present.  
He is too busy.

STAPLETON  
What a pity! And may I ask -

WATSON  
How about I start asking the  
questions?

STAPLETON  
Of course. I am happy to help.

WATSON  
What do you know about this place?

STAPLETON  
It is a wonderful place, the moor.  
It is so vast, and so barren, and  
so mysterious.

WATSON  
How long have you been here?

STAPLETON  
Two years. We came just after Sir  
Charles arrived. But nobody knows  
the moor better than I do.

WATSON  
Is it hard to know?

STAPLETON  
Very hard. Look north here, at the  
low hills.

WATSON  
What about them?

STAPLETON  
They have cost several men their  
lives.

WATSON

What do you mean?

STAPLETON

That is the great Grimpen Mire. One false step means death to man or beast. Only yesterday I saw a pony wander into it. He never came out. I watched his head for quite a long time, craning out of the bog, but it sucked him down at last. It is a dangerous place. And yet I can find my way to the very heart of it and return alive. But look, there is another one of those miserable ponies!

The chilling echoes of a horse being sucked into the bog. WATSON watches, horrified, through his binoculars.

WATSON

Dear God, that poor horse. Can't we do something?

STAPLETON

It's too dangerous. Do you want to die in the Grimpen Mire too?

WATSON

No. No I do not.

STAPLETON

It's gone. It's a bad place.

WATSON

And you know the way through it?

STAPLETON

Yes, I have found a secret path.

WATSON

But why would you go into so horrible a place?

STAPLETON

That is where the rare plants and the butterflies are.

WATSON

I shall try my luck some day.

STAPLETON

For God's sake, put such an idea out of your mind. There is no way of coming back alive.

WATSON

What is that?

A long, sad, low moaning wail echoes around the moor.

STAPLETON

Strange place, the moor.

WATSON

But what was that?

STAPLETON

The peasants say it is the Hound of the Baskervilles.

WATSON

You can't believe such nonsense?

STAPLETON

We are nearly at my house. May I have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister.

WATSON

Very Well.

STAPLETON

Oh, excuse me! That butterfly is back again! It is extremely rare.

STAPLETON exits in pursuit of a butterfly. As soon as he is gone, BERYL STAPLETON warily sneaks up to WATSON.

BERYL

Go back! Go straight back to London, instantly.

WATSON

What? Why should I go back?

BERYL

I cannot explain. But for God's sake, go back and never set foot upon the moor again.

WATSON

But I have only just arrived.

BERYL

Man, can you not tell when a warning is for your own good? Go back to London! Tonight! Get away from this place! Hush, my brother is coming! Don't say a word of what I have said.

(innocently)

Would you mind getting that orchid for me? We are very rich in orchids on the moor.

WATSON

Oh, yes, of course, my pleasure.

WATSON exits. STAPLETON enters. He is out of breath and has given up his chase.

STAPLETON

What are you doing, Beryl?

BERYL

Nothing.

STAPLETON

I told you not to talk to anybody up here.

BERYL

I didn't. I mean I was just being polite. It would have looked odd to say nothing.

STAPLETON

Do I have to tie you down to stop you talking to every man you meet?

BERYL

No, please.

STAPLETON

Do I have to keep you in the house every day?

BERYL

No, I won't say anything. Please.

WATSON enters, oblivious, carrying an orchid.

WATSON

It is indeed a beautiful orchid. Here.

BERYL

Thank you.

She takes the orchid. STAPLETON glares at her. She gives him a look of "What?"

STAPLETON

I see you have met my sister.

WATSON

Yes. A pleasure to meet you.

BERYL

Yes. I was telling Sir Henry that it was rather late for him to see the true beauties of the moor.

STAPLETON

Why, who do you think this is?

BERYL

He is Sir Henry Baskerville.

WATSON

No, no. My name is Dr. Watson.

BERYL

(vexed)

Oh! Then we have been talking at cross purposes.

STAPLETON

Why?

BERYL

Oh, I just thought Doctor Watson was Sir Henry. Silly me. Excuse me.



Flustered, BERYL exits. STAPLETON indicates in her direction as he talks about her.

STAPLETON

My sister Beryl and I were good friends with Sir Charles and we would like to meet Sir Henry. We are neighbours, after all. Do you think that we could call at Baskerville Hall and meet him?

WATSON

I am sure he would be delighted.

STAPLETON

Then we may see you later, Doctor Watson. Good day to you.

STAPLETON exits. BERYL sneaks out to join WATSON.

BERYL

Doctor Watson, I am sorry about the stupid mistake I made - thinking that you were Sir Henry. Please forget the words I said. They were not for you.

WATSON

But I can't forget them. I am Sir Henry's friend. Tell me why you think he should return to London.

BERYL

It's nothing. My brother and I were shocked by the death of Sir Charles. I felt that Sir Henry should be warned of the danger.

WATSON

But what is the danger?

BERYL

You know the story of the hound?

WATSON

I do not believe in such nonsense.

BERYL

But I do. Take him away from here.  
The world is wide. Why would he  
want to live in a place of danger?

WATSON

So why don't you want your brother  
to hear what you said? You've said  
nothing that he could object to.

BERYL

My brother wants the Hall to be  
inhabited.

WATSON

Why?

BERYL

He thinks it is good for the poor  
folk here. But I must go back, or  
he will miss me. Goodbye!

BERYL exits and dark descends as WATSON nervously returns  
over the moor. Strange canine sounds, images and shadows.

#### BASKERVILLE HALL

WATSON scribbles more notes for SHERLOCK HOLMES.

WATSON

Dear Sherlock, the other day I met  
Mr Stapleton and his sister Beryl.  
Yesterday, they came to visit Sir  
Henry here at Baskerville Hall.

BERYL and SIR HENRY enter from opposite sides of the stage  
and meet in the middle. They are lovestruck. SIR HENRY  
kisses her hand. They stare into each others' eyes. They  
separate and walk away from each other. BERYL exits.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Beryl is a fascinating woman and,  
the fact is - Sir Henry seems to be  
falling for her...

#### SPLIT STAGE

SIR HENRY remains in a separate reality from WATSON, who remains observant. SIR HENRY could be writing a letter, or simply seeing BERYL in his mind's eye. He holds an orchid.

SIR HENRY

Dear Beryl, I know I've only just met you, but I feel that we were made for each other. And I know you feel the same way about me, I'll swear it. There's a light in your eyes that speaks louder than words. But you will not let me speak of love. You just keep telling me how this is a place of danger, and that you will never be happy until I have left it. I tell you, Beryl, if that's what you really want, the only way I'll go is if you come with me as my wife. Please accept this rare orchid as a token of my love.

Exiting, SIR HENRY hands the orchid to BERYL as she enters from the opposite side of the stage.

BERYL

Dear Sir Henry,  
 (to herself)  
 dear, dear, sweet Sir Henry -  
 (to Sir Henry)  
 Dear Sir Henry, I thank you for your chivalrous words and I do understand your sentiments, but please, you must understand. My brother is a jealous man. If I left, he would be so lonely. So when I tell you to go, you must go alone. I tell you, you must leave. You are in danger here.

She looks at the orchid in her hand.

BERYL

It's beautiful. And it's from my Sir Henry. But my brother will kill me. I can't accept this.

She throws the orchid to the ground and runs. WATSON thoughtfully picks the orchid up, as he watches BERYL exit. He remains in his separate reality as BARRYMORE enters.

FILM: INT. BASKERVILLE HALL, EVENING.

BARRYMORE enters with a bag of clothes and a pair of shoes. He does not see or hear WATSON, who continues his missive to HOLMES. As WATSON speaks, BARRYMORE polishes the shoes and furtively places them in the bag.

WATSON

Dear Strand Magazine, so we have a mystery on the moor with many suspects - we have Beryl the femme fatale, her butterfly pinning brother, a murderer on the loose on the moor, Barrymore the tall bearded butler and his wailing wife. So who killed Sir Charles Baskerville ?

WATSON steps into the scene with BARRYMORE, who is surprised to be caught in the act.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I say, Barrymore, what are doing with those shoes?

BARRYMORE

Uh! Doctor Watson, sir, I, er...

WATSON

Yes?

BARRYMORE

Well, I was just polishing these shoes, sir.

WATSON

And then what did you do with them?

BARRYMORE

Nothing , sir.

WATSON

I was watching.

BARRYMORE

Well, I - I put them in this bag.

WATSON

What on Earth for?

BARRYMORE

Sir Henry wishes to get rid of all his old clothes.

WATSON

Ah, yes, of course. Yes, that is true. But why are you polishing his shoes before you throw them out?

BARRYMORE

Just a habit, sir, I suppose.

WATSON

Really? And why throw them out in a perfectly good bag?

MRS BARRYMORE enters.

MRS BARRYMORE

Excuse me, sir. Mr Stapleton is here to see you, sir.

WATSON

Ah, thank you, Mrs Barrymore. Show him in.

MRS BARRYMORE exits.

BARRYMORE

Sir, there are many poor folk in these moors. I felt that it would be a waste to throw them away when I could give them to the needy.

WATSON

(regretting his suspicion)

Very well, Barrymore. Very good. Carry on.

MRS BARRYMORE ushers STAPLETON in.

MRS BARRYMORE

Mr Stapleton, sir.

STAPLETON  
Good evening, doctor.

WATSON  
Ah, good evening.

STAPLETON  
Is Sir Henry at home?

WATSON  
Is he still up, Barrymore?

BARRYMORE  
I believe he has gone to bed, sir.

STAPLETON  
Ah. Beryl and I were hoping to  
invite him over to our house for  
dinner next week. I came to deliver  
his invitation here.

STAPLETON produces a sealed envelope.

WATSON  
Oh, well, thank you. I'll see he  
gets it.

MR AND MRS BARRYMORE  
Will that be all, sir?

STAPLETON  
Perhaps Mr Barrymore could pass it  
on to him?

WATSON  
Would you pass on Mr Stapleton's  
invitation to Sir Henry?

MR AND MRS BARRYMORE  
Yes sir.

STAPLETON  
Thank you.

The BARRYMORES exit.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

Doctor, I would like to apologise  
for my behaviour yesterday.

WATSON

Well, you did seem rather upset  
about something.

STAPLETON

I may have seemed a little...  
jealous of Sir Henry. My sister is  
everything to me, you see. We have  
always been together and I'd be  
very lonely without her.

WATSON

I see.

STAPLETON

Good night, doctor. Thank you for  
being so understanding.

STAPLETON exits into the audience. He patrols the auditorium  
for the next few scenes, looking suspicious and mean. WATSON  
continues his letter to HOLMES.

WATSON

And so, dear Sherlock, I went to  
bed. But I was awoken at about two  
in the morning, by footsteps  
passing my room.

The amplified sound of footsteps.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I rose, opened my door, and peeped  
out. I could see somebody by the  
window at the end of the corridor.

As WATSON speaks, BARRYMORE creeps across the stage with a  
lantern. WATSON stealthily follows him and watches from a  
distance, as he narrates. BARRYMORE acts out the scene.

WATSON (CONT'D)

He crouched down at the window with  
his lantern held against the glass.  
He was staring out into the  
blackness of the moor.

WATSON enters the scene and confronts BARRYMORE.

WATSON (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Barrymore?

BARRYMORE

Nothing, sir. Just checking the windows are shut.

WATSON

On the second floor?

BARRYMORE

Yes, sir, all the windows.

WATSON

Come, now! No lies! What were you doing at that window?

BARRYMORE

I was doing no harm, sir. I was holding a light to the window.

WATSON

And why were you holding a light to the window?

BARRYMORE

Don't ask me, please! It is not my secret - I cannot tell you.

WATSON peers out of the window and spies a distant light.

WATSON

Aha! What's that light on the moor?

BARRYMORE

I can't see anything.

WATSON

I think you've been using this light as a signal.

BARRYMORE

No, sir.

WATSON

Let us see if there is any answer.



WATSON takes the lantern and moves his hand in and out of its beam, to use Morse code. In the darkness, an identical pattern of light and dark is returned.

WATSON (CONT'D)

There's somebody out there on the moor!

BARRYMORE

No, no, sir, it is nothing - nothing at all!

WATSON

Who is out there? What's going on?

BARRYMORE

It's my business, not yours. I won't tell you.

WATSON

Then I will see to it that you leave Sir Henry's employment right away.

BARRYMORE

Very well, sir, if you must.

MRS BARRYMORE enters, awoken by the argument.

WATSON

And you shall go in disgrace.

MRS BARRYMORE

No, no, sir, please -

BARRYMORE

We have to go, Eliza. This is the end. Pack our things.

MRS BARRYMORE

It's my fault, Dr. Watson. He has only done what I asked him to do.

WATSON

What does this all mean?

MRS BARRYMORE

My unhappy brother is starving on the moor. The light is a signal to him that food is ready for him.

WATSON

Then your brother is -

MRS BARRYMORE

The escaped convict, sir. Selden, the criminal.

WATSON

Dear God! But you are a respectable woman -

MRS BARRYMORE

Yes, sir, my name was Selden, and he was - is - my little brother. Then he grew older, and he met wicked people, and the devil took him. He broke my mother's heart and dragged our name into the dirt. But he's still my little brother. When he dragged himself here one night, weary and starving, with the soldiers after him, what could we do?

WATSON

Go to bed. We'll talk in the morning.

MR and MRS BARRYMORE exit. WATSON opens his notebook and scribbles more notes for SHERLOCK HOLMES.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Dear Sherlock, right I am going up onto the moor to see if I can find this man Selden.

WATSON takes out his pistol and inspects it.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I'm taking my gun.

FILM: EXT. ON THE MOOR, NIGHT

WATSON creeps on, looking nervously from side to side. He carries a lantern, which pierces the darkness. He stops and peers out front, into the distance. He pulls out a map and studies it, when suddenly, he thinks he sees something.

WATSON  
AH! Who's there?

WATSON quickly folds his map away and pulls out his gun.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
I warn you! I'm armed! I know  
you're there. Come out with your  
hands up!

Suddenly the wails of a hound echoes around him.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
What the devil..?

The wailing continues.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
Who's there? Who... or what?! What  
in the devil's name are you?

WATSON runs away and the wailing subsides.

FILM: INT. BASKERVILLE HALL, NEXT MORNING

WATSON sits waiting for his breakfast to be served.

BARRYMORE  
You rang, sir?

WATSON  
Yes, I'd like a very strong cup of  
tea with my breakfast.

BARRYMORE  
You are late rising today, sir. Is  
everything all right?

WATSON  
I went up onto the moor to search  
for Selden.

BARRYMORE

But sir, that is so unfair. You can't hunt down my brother-in-law like an animal! I told you a secret!

WATSON

Only because I forced you.

BARRYMORE

I didn't think you would take advantage of it.

WATSON

The man is dangerous. There are lonely houses all over the moor.

BARRYMORE

He won't hurt anybody, I promise you. In a few days time he will be in South America.

WATSON

Well, I suppose... if he were safely out of the country it would relieve the tax-payer of a burden.

BARRYMORE

God bless you, sir, and thank you! It would have killed my poor wife if he had been taken again.

WATSON

All right, Barrymore, you can go.

BARRYMORE goes to leave, but hesitates and returns.

BARRYMORE

You've been so kind, sir. I want to do something for you in return. I know something - about Sir Charles's death.

WATSON

Do you know how he died?

BARRYMORE

No, sir, I don't know that.

WATSON

What then?

BARRYMORE

I know why Sir Charles was waiting  
at the gate - to meet a woman.

WATSON

To meet a woman!

BARRYMORE

Yes, sir.

WATSON

Who?

BARRYMORE

All I know for certain is that her  
initials were L.L.

WATSON

How do you know this, Barrymore?

BARRYMORE

My wife found a letter. Well - the  
ashes of a burnt letter. She found  
it in Sir Charles's fireplace.

WATSON

Well?

BARRYMORE

The letter was to Sir Charles and  
written in a woman's handwriting.  
The only bit that wasn't burnt was  
at the end of the page.

BARRYMORE produces an envelope. WATSON eagerly snatches it  
and grabs the letter inside, inadvertently destroying it.

BARRYMORE

Be careful! It's... very

WATSON shakes a few ashes out of the envelope.

BARRYMORE

...fragile.

WATSON

Ah. What did it say?

BARRYMORE

It said "Please, please, if you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock." And it is signed, "L.L."

WATSON

Have you any idea who L. L. is?

BARRYMORE

The letter came from over the moor. There is a young woman there called Laura Lyons.

WATSON

Then I must find her immediately. Why didn't you say anything before?

BARRYMORE

I was afraid it might injure his reputation.

WATSON

Very good, Barrymore, fetch my coat.

BARRYMORE fetches WATSON's coat and helps him put it on. WATSON pulls out his notebook and writes with purpose.

FILM: EXT. ON THE MOOR, DAY

WATSON

Dear Sherlock, I am making progress at last. I am going across the moor now to speak with a young lady by the name of Laura Lyons. I do hope you can come and join me down here soon.

As WATSON crosses the stage, the lights dim and the sounds of a wailing hound echo around him. Ghostly images and shadows reappear of the Hound. WATSON pulls out his gun.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Hello? Selden? Is that you? It's all right, I mean you no harm. I've promised Barrymore not to harm you.

Show yourself, Selden! If you are Selden, show yourself and I won't shoot. Then who are you? Show yourself! Who are you? What are you?

The noises and images subside. WATSON shakes his head, mystified, puts his gun away and hurries on his way.

FILM: EXT. LAURA LYONS'S HOUSE, DOOR OPEN, DAY

LAURA LYONS and STAPLETON are kissing, saying their goodbyes in LAURA'S doorway. STAPLETON goes to exit, but realises he has left his hat. He returns for it and once again, they kiss goodbye. WATSON watches at a distance. STAPLETON spots him, pulls his hat over his face and exits back into the audience. WATSON approaches.

LAURA  
Hello, can I help you?

WATSON  
Miss Laura Lyons?

LAURA  
Yes.

WATSON  
Good morning. I'm Doctor Watson.  
I've come to see you about the  
death of Sir Charles Baskerville.

LAURA  
Not out here! Come inside.

FILM: INT, LAURA'S HOUSE, DAY

WATSON  
You knew him, didn't you?

LAURA  
I owe a great deal to his kindness.  
It is thanks to him that I am able  
to support myself.

WATSON  
Did you correspond with him?

LAURA

What is the object of these questions?

WATSON

The object is to avoid a public scandal. It is better to tell me the truth now. Or would you prefer to admit the truth in court?

LAURA

What do you want to know?

WATSON

Did you write to Sir Charles?

LAURA

I wrote to him to thank him for his generosity.

WATSON

Have you ever met him?

LAURA

Yes, once or twice. He was a quiet man. He preferred to do good without shouting it from the rooftops.

WATSON

Did you ever write to Sir Charles asking him to meet you?

LAURA

Really, sir, that is a very extraordinary question. No, certainly not.

WATSON

Not on the very day of Sir Charles's death?

LAURA

No!

WATSON

Surely your memory deceives you, I can even quote from your letter.



"Please, please, if you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock."

LAURA struggles hard not to lose her poise.

LAURA

Is there no such thing as a gentleman?

WATSON

Sir Charles did burn your letter. But sometimes a letter may be legible even when it's burned. Do you admit that you wrote it?

LAURA

Yes, I did write it. Why should I deny it? I have no reason to be ashamed. I needed him to help me, so I asked him to meet me.

WATSON

But why so late at night?

LAURA

Because I had only just found out that he was going away to London the next day.

WATSON

But why a rendezvous in the garden instead of a visit to the house?

LAURA

A woman cannot go alone to a bachelor's house at that hour.

WATSON

What happened when you got there?

LAURA

I never went.

WATSON

Mrs. Lyons!

LAURA

No, I swear to you I never went.

WATSON

Why?

LAURA

I cannot say.

WATSON stands up to go.

WATSON

I cannot help you if you do not tell me the full truth. If you don't, I will call the police.

LAURA

I didn't go, because I feared somebody might see me, and that might have caused a scandal.

WATSON

And why did you ask Sir Charles to burn your letter?

LAURA

If you have read the letter, you know.

WATSON

I did not say that I had read *all* the letter.

LAURA

This is my private business.

WATSON

All the more reason why you should avoid a public investigation.

LAURA

I made a bad marriage. My ex-husband hates me and I hate him. And I've met somebody else. I'm divorced now. But I needed money to do it, so I was going to ask Sir Charles to help me.

WATSON

Then why didn't you go?

LAURA

Because somebody else helped me.

WATSON

Then why didn't you write to Sir Charles to explain this?

LAURA

I was going to, but then I read about his death in the paper the next morning.

WATSON

Very well. Thank you for being honest with me. Good day to you.

LAURA exits and WATSON sets off to cross the moor again.

FILM: EXT./INT. A SHEPHERD'S HUT ON THE MOOR, EVENING.

The lights dim and spooky noises and shadows abound. WATSON suddenly shivers. Thunder and heavy rain. WATSON looks up at the sky. He looks around for some shelter. He discovers a small hut and carefully investigates.

WATSON

Hello, what's this?

He pulls out his notebook and begins to write.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Dear Sherlock, returning over the moor, I have taken shelter in a small shepherd's hut. There is clearly somebody living here. Is it Selden, or somebody else? I thought I saw another man up here.

WATSON sees a bit of paper and picks it up.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Oh and there's a piece of paper here with something written on it. It says, "Dr. Watson has gone to meet Laura Lyons." Dear God! And I was worried that somebody was after Sir Henry. It looks like it is *me* that in danger.

The lights flicker and the wailing sounds return. WATSON pulls out his gun and looks around nervously. He is terrified and silently listens. We hear amplified footsteps and a huge shadow falls over WATSON. WATSON whimpers. HOLMES enters. WATSON jumps and raises his gun.

HOLMES

My dear Watson, it's a lovely evening.

WATSON

Holmes! My dear Holmes!

HOLMES

Please be careful with that gun.

WATSON lowers the gun and shakes HOLMES'S hand, heartily. The storm has passed. Laura Lyons appears in the audience. She patrols and looks suspicious.

WATSON

I've never been so happy to see someone in all my life.

HOLMES

Or more astonished, eh?

WATSON

Indeed.

HOLMES

The surprise was not all yours. Did you think I was Selden?

WATSON

I didn't know who you were, but I was determined to find out.

HOLMES

Excellent, Watson!

WATSON

I can't believe you're here! I've been sending my notes to you in London.

HOLMES

I got all your notes. I made arrangements at the post office.

WATSON

But why didn't you tell me you were here? I thought you were in London.

HOLMES

That was what I wanted you to think.

WATSON

Don't you trust me?

HOLMES

I didn't want anybody else to know I was here. It allowed me to work under cover.

WATSON

But why keep me in the dark?

HOLMES

You might have given me away. You might have wanted to tell me something, or bring me some food and somebody might have seen you.

WATSON

I feel used.

HOLMES

My dear fellow, you have been invaluable to me in this as in many other cases. Forgive me.

WATSON sighs and smiles wryly.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

That's better. Now tell me what Mrs. Laura Lyons had to say.

WATSON

She was supposed to meet Sir Charles on the night he died. But she never went.

HOLMES

This is important. You know that this lady is close to Stapleton?

WATSON

Yes, I've seen them.

HOLMES  
Now if I mention this to  
Stapleton's wife -

WATSON  
His wife?

HOLMES  
Beryl Stapleton is not his sister.  
She is his wife.

WATSON  
Good heavens, Holmes. But why  
pretend?

HOLMES  
She was more useful to him as a  
sister. For his deception...

WATSON  
Is he our enemy then?

HOLMES  
Yes, I believe he is. I believe he  
followed Sir Henry in London,  
disguised with a black beard.

WATSON  
And the warning note?

HOLMES  
They were in London together - it  
must have come from her!

WATSON  
So if she's his wife, where does  
Laura Lyons come in?

HOLMES  
She is now divorced. And she thinks  
Beryl is only his sister.

WATSON  
Ah! I see. So...

HOLMES

...when we tell her that Stapleton is married...

WATSON

She may want to help us with our enquiries.

HOLMES

I say, Watson, it's getting late. Shouldn't you be back at Baskerville Hall to check on Sir Henry?

WATSON

Yes, but, Holmes, there's no need to keep secrets from me. What does it all mean? What is Stapleton up to?

HOLMES

Murder, Watson. Cold-blooded murder.

WATSON

You mean he murdered Sir Charles?

HOLMES

And he intends to murder Sir Henry.

WATSON

Then let's arrest him immediately!

HOLMES

No, Watson, we can't. I need to prove it first. I just need another day or two. Until then, you must guard Sir Henry like a mother guards her child.

A yell of anguish bursts out of the silence of the moor.

WATSON

Oh, my God! What was that?

HOLMES and WATSON spring to their feet and leave the shepherd's hut to try to find the source of the scream.

ON THE MOOR

HOLMES  
Shhh... Where is it, Watson?

WATSON  
There, I think.

WATSON points to the source of the scream. Another agonised scream rings out, mingling with the howls of a hound.

HOLMES  
The hound! Come, Watson, come! Good heavens, if we are too late!

HOLMES and WATSON run towards the screaming. There is a "dull, heavy thud" and the screams cease. Silence.

HOLMES (CONT'D)  
He has beaten us, Watson. We are too late.

WATSON  
No, no, surely not!

HOLMES  
Can you see anything?

WATSON  
Nothing.

HOLMES  
What's that?

WATSON  
Oh dear God! Is it Sir Henry?

HOLMES  
That's his tweed suit.

WATSON  
Oh Holmes, I should never have let him out of my sight. We must send for help, Holmes! We cannot carry him all the way to the Hall.

HOLMES  
We could take him to that house there.

WATSON



That's Stapleton's house.

HOLMES examines the body. Suddenly he starts dancing and laughing.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Good heavens, are you mad?

HOLMES

A beard! A beard! The man has a beard!

WATSON

A beard?

HOLMES

It is not Sir Henry! It is Selden, the convict!

WATSON

Ah! Of course. You told Sir Henry that he had to get rid of his old clothes.

HOLMES

And Mr Barrymore must have given them to Selden.

WATSON

And look. Those are Sir Henry's shoes.

HOLMES

These clothes are the reason the poor fellow died.

WATSON

How so?

HOLMES

That's why Sir Henry's shoe was stolen in London. To give the hound his scent.

WATSON

Of course.

HOLMES

But why should this hound be loose tonight. It cannot just run loose. Stapleton would not let it go unless he had reason to think that Sir Henry would be there.

WATSON

Hallo, Holmes, it's the man himself!

HOLMES

Don't say a word to show our suspicions - not a word!

STAPLETON enters jauntily from the audience.

STAPLETON

Dr. Watson, what are you doing up here at this time of night?

STAPLETON "notices" the body.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

What's this? Somebody hurt? No! Don't tell me that it's our friend Sir Henry!

STAPLETON pushes past them to examine the body. He staggers back in amazement.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

(stammering)  
Who...who's this?

HOLMES

It is Selden, the escaped convict.

STAPLETON tries to hide his disappointment.

STAPLETON

Dear me! How terrible! How did he die?

HOLMES

Looks like he fell and broke his neck on these rocks. We were walking on the moor when we heard a cry.

STAPLETON

I heard it too, so I came out to see what it was. I was worried about Sir Henry.

WATSON

Why Sir Henry?

STAPLETON

I had invited him over for dinner. When he didn't come, I was very worried. And then I heard cries upon the moor... Did you hear anything else?

HOLMES

No, did you?

STAPLETON

No.

HOLMES

What do you mean, then?

STAPLETON

Oh, you know the stories about the Hound of The Baskervilles. It is said to be heard at night. I was wondering if you heard it tonight.

WATSON

We heard nothing like that.

STAPLETON

Maybe this poor man heard something?

WATSON

He was running away from something, and he fell over here and broke his neck.

STAPLETON

What do you think, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?

HOLMES

You are quick at identification.

STAPLETON

We have been expecting you here since Dr. Watson came down. You are here in time to see a tragedy.

HOLMES

Yes, I will take an unpleasant memory back to London with me.

STAPLETON

Oh, you are returning to London?

HOLMES

Yes. Watson and I shall return to London tomorrow and Sir Henry will join us the following day.

STAPLETON

Oh! I hope your visit has helped to solve this mystery?

HOLMES

I'm afraid not. It has been a very unsatisfactory case. I need facts and not legends or rumours.

STAPLETON studies HOLMES.

STAPLETON

Indeed, Mr Holmes. I hope that Beryl and I will have the chance to say good bye to Sir Henry before he leaves.

HOLMES

Yes, I meant to say- he's sorry he couldn't join you for dinner tonight, but he would like to join you tomorrow night.

STAPLETON

Ah! Perfect. Please tell him he is very welcome tomorrow.

HOLMES

Good night, Mr Stapleton.

STAPLETON

Good night.

STAPLETON exits into the audience. WATSON covers Selden's face.

WATSON

Holmes, Sir Henry will not be happy to come back with us to London and leave his precious Beryl. He's crazy about her. I refused to let him come over here tonight, and he was angry with me.

HOLMES

But it saved his life.

WATSON

Indeed. So why will you let Sir Henry come here over the moor tomorrow night?

HOLMES

He will be the bait.

WATSON

Bait?

HOLMES

Mr Stapleton has tried to use his wife as bait, to get Sir Henry out onto the moor. But in fact, Sir Henry is the bait to lure *him* out. We will follow Sir Henry at a safe distance. And I hope we will discover Stapleton's secrets.

WATSON

Ingenious. But I thought you said we were going back to London?

HOLMES

That's what I said, Watson, but we will be staying here.

WATSON

So why did you say..?

HOLMES

To make Stapleton think that the way is clear for him. He now thinks this is his last chance to do his mischief.

WATSON

Come on, Holmes, let's get back to Baskerville Hall.

Lights dim, and ghostly wails and shadows haunt the stage, as the duo return home.

FILM: INT. BASKERVILLE HALL, MOVING WALLPAPER, NIGHT.

WATSON enjoys a stiff drink. HOLMES is examining a portrait of an ancient Baskerville ancestor. If the frame has a floor-length piece of cloth attached to its bottom edge, it could be held by an actor for a camouflage effect. They walk on the spot, as the moving pictures and scenery create the illusion that they are walking along a gallery.

WATSON

I must confess, Holmes, I'm always pleased to get back to the comforts of Baskerville Hall. And I'm always glad to have a stiff gin and tonic.

HOLMES

It's impressive. I particularly like the portraits.

WATSON

Ah, yes, all of Sir Henry's ancestors, I suppose.

HOLMES

A line of Baskervilles going back hundreds of years.

WATSON

Who is the gentleman with the telescope?

HOLMES examines the portrait, peering round the back of it.

HOLMES

It says on the back that it is  
Admiral Baskerville, who served in  
the West Indies.

They chat as the portrait is replaced by a different one.

WATSON

He looks a bit like Sir Henry,  
doesn't he?

HOLMES

Yes, there is a family likeness  
that comes out in all of them.

WATSON

What about this one?

HOLMES

This man with the blue coat is Sir  
William Baskerville, who was  
Chairman of Committees of the House  
of Commons.

The portrait is replaced by a different one.

WATSON

Again, there is a strong family  
likeness.

HOLMES

Yes, heredity is a strong force,  
Watson. It can be surprisingly easy  
to see a family likeness.

This time, the "portrait" is an empty frame, with the actor  
playing STAPLETON peering through it. He wears a wig, with  
elaborate ringlets. He is motionless, his eyes fixed  
straight ahead.

WATSON

And who is this Cavalier?

HOLMES

That is the wicked Sir Hugo, who  
started the Hound of the  
Baskervilles.

WATSON gazes with interest upon the portrait.

WATSON

Dear me! He seems a quiet, meek-mannered man, but I dare say that there was a devil in his eyes.

HOLMES peers at the back of the "canvas"

HOLMES

They are authentic. The date 1647 is on the back of the canvas.

WATSON paces from side to side, looking at the portrait. The portrait's eyes start to follow him around the room.

WATSON

It's rather like the Mona Lisa.

HOLMES

I don't think so, Watson. I don't think the French would hang that in The Louvre. The Mona Lisa, or as the French call her - La Joconde - has an enigmatic smile.

The "portrait" attempts an enigmatic smile.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Whereas, that - just looks creepy.

WATSON

No. But what I mean is, like the Mona Lisa, the eyes seem to follow you around the room.

HOLMES paces across the room. The "portrait's" eyes remain still. The portrait only seems to misbehave for WATSON.

HOLMES

I see no evidence of that.

WATSON

But, Holmes, can't you see...

HOLMES turns away. The "portrait" winks at WATSON.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I think I'll have another gin and tonic.



HOLMES's attention returns to the "portrait"

HOLMES  
Do you see anything there?

WATSON  
I'm trying not to.

HOLMES  
Is it like anyone you know?

WATSON  
There is something of Sir Henry  
about the eyes and the jaw.

HOLMES  
Just a suggestion, perhaps. But  
wait an instant!

HOLMES covers the "portrait's" wig with his arms.

WATSON  
Good heavens! He's just like  
Stapleton.

HOLMES  
Ha, you see it now.

WATSON  
But this is marvellous. It could be  
*his* portrait.

HOLMES  
He *must* be a Baskerville.

WATSON  
So, does Stapleton have designs  
upon the succession?

HOLMES  
He must do. This must be the reason  
that he killed Sir Charles and now  
he wants to kill Sir Henry. So that  
he can inherit Baskerville Hall and  
its estate.

WATSON  
But why has he kept this secret?

HOLMES  
To avoid suspicion.

WATSON  
We must warn Sir Henry.

HOLMES  
No, he will be better bait if he is  
innocent of the danger.

WATSON  
Hm.

HOLMES  
Good night, Watson. Sleep well.

WATSON  
Good night. Tomorrow is the big  
day, eh Holmes?

HOLMES  
Tomorrow, we will visit Laura  
Lyons, and I hope we will discover  
exactly what is the Hound of the  
Baskervilles.

FILM: INT. LAURA LYONS'S HOUSE, DAY.

LAURA LYONS enters. HOLMES and WATSON greet her.

WATSON  
Good day.

LAURA  
Doctor Watson!

HOLMES  
And Sherlock Holmes. I am  
investigating the death of Sir  
Charles Baskerville. Watson told me  
about your letter to him. I believe  
you are holding information back.

LAURA  
No. I've told him everything.

HOLMES

We regard this case as murder, and your evidence may implicate not only your friend Mr. Stapleton, but his *wife* as well.

LAURA springs out of her chair.

LAURA

His wife!

HOLMES

The person who pretends to be his sister is really his wife.

LAURA

But he is not a married man.

WATSON

I'm afraid he is.

LAURA

Mr. Holmes, Jack Stapleton offered to marry me. I got divorced so I could be with him. He even gave me the money to do it. But *he* is married. He lied to me. Why should I shield him now? Ask me anything.

HOLMES

Did Stapleton suggest that you wrote that letter to Sir Charles?

LAURA

He dictated it.

HOLMES

And then he told you not to go and meet him?

LAURA

He told me it would be begging.

HOLMES

And he told you to say nothing about your appointment with Sir Charles?

LAURA

He did. He frightened me, but I swear I never wanted to harm Sir Charles. He was my friend.

HOLMES

Thank you Mrs Lyons. That will be all. Come on Watson, let's get up on the moor before it gets dark.

LAURA exits, as WATSON and HOLMES stride onto the moor.

FILM: EXT. ON THE MOOR, FOGGY, EVENING

HOLMES and WATSON warily pick their way as the light fades.

HOLMES

Have you got your gun, Watson?

WATSON

Yes. I am ready for emergencies. What's the game now?

HOLMES

A waiting game.

WATSON

We can't wait out on the moor all night.

HOLMES

(whispering)

Quiet, Watson, there's Stapleton's House. We must walk on tiptoes.

HOLMES holds out his arm to say stop.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

This will do. We can hide behind these rocks.

WATSON

We are to wait here?

HOLMES

Yes, we shall make our little ambush here. What's that window with the light on?

WATSON

The dining room, I think.

HOLMES

Can you see anything?

WATSON

Yes, Sir Henry's in there with Stapleton.

WATSON creeps forward quietly. A door creaks open.

HOLMES

(whispering urgently)

Careful!

STAPLETON emerges, and HOLMES and WATSON watch as he furtively crosses the stage. He carries some keys and a boot. Another door creaks open. STAPLETON crosses back across the stage and exits into the house.

WATSON

What's he doing?

Thick fog begins to seep across the stage. HOLMES is troubled by it.

HOLMES

That fog is moving towards us, Watson.

WATSON

Is that serious?

HOLMES

Very serious, indeed. It's the one thing that could ruin my plans. He's got to leave before the fog covers the path. His life may depend on it.

The fog continues to spread.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

If he doesn't come soon, the path will be covered. Soon we won't be able to see our own hands.

WATSON

Shall we move back up to higher ground?

HOLMES  
Yes, good idea, Watson.

Still the fog pursues them.

HOLMES (CONT'D)  
We can't go too far.

HOLMES drops to his knees and puts his ear to the ground.

HOLMES (CONT'D)  
Thank God, I think I hear him coming.

WATSON  
(squinting)  
Yes, I think that's Sir Henry. It's difficult to see anything in this damned fog.

HOLMES  
(whispering)  
Yes, that's him. Now hurry along Sir Henry, for God's sake, walk faster man.

WATSON  
Good, that's more like it.

HOLMES  
Hist! Look out! It's coming!

FILM: EXT. THE HOUND, NIGHT.

WATSON  
AAAAAARGH!

WATSON yells with terror and throws himself to the ground. HOLMES raises his gun. Very loud howling and slavering noises are combined with the thundering sounds of the Hound charging at them.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
What in Hell's name is it, Holmes?

WATSON scrambles to get his gun out. They fire almost simultaneously. We hear a hideous howl, but the sounds of the charging hound don't stop.

HOLMES  
He's still going.

WATSON  
But we did hit it!

HOLMES  
That was a howl of pain, make no mistake.

WATSON  
It's getting away!

HOLMES runs after the hound and empties "five barrels of his revolver into the creature's flank."

WATSON (CONT'D)  
My God! What was it? What, in heaven's name, was it?

HOLMES  
It's dead now, whatever it was.

WATSON  
Look at the size of its footprints.

HOLMES  
The same footprints as the hound that killed Sir Charles with fright.

WATSON  
Stapleton's killer weapon.

HOLMES  
So that must have been what Stapleton was doing back at the house. He was releasing the hound. And the boot was Sir Henry's - to give the hound his scent.

WATSON  
Come on, we've got to find Stapleton. Let's try the house.

HOLMES

That's the last place we'll find  
him, he must have heard the shots.

BERYL enters, out of breath and very distressed.

BERYL

Is he safe? Has he escaped?

HOLMES

He cannot escape us, madam.

BERYL

No, no, I didn't mean...

HOLMES

Your husband, madam?

BERYL

I mean Sir Henry. Is he safe?

HOLMES

Yes.

BERYL

And the hound?

HOLMES

It is dead.

BERYL

Thank God! Oh, that monster! See  
how he has treated me!

She pulls up her sleeves to reveal that she is badly  
bruised. WATSON examines her injuries.

WATSON

These are very serious bruises.

BERYL

He tied me down! But that's  
nothing! It is my mind and soul  
that he has tortured.

HOLMES

Tell us where he is, then.

BERYL



He's in the Grimpen Mire. He kept his hound there. Nobody else knows the safe way in and out.

WATSON

Come on, let's go! You can tell us on the way.

They walk towards the Grimpen Mire. Thick fog descends.

HOLMES

He'll struggle to find his way in this fog.

BERYL

He may find his way in, but never out again.

HOLMES

What do you mean?

BERYL

We found the path through the Grimpen Mire together. We marked it out with our secret markers. Reeds, wands of grass, bullrushes. If we move the markers...

BERYL starts to move the markers.

FILM: EXT. GRIMPEN MIRE, NIGHT.

HOLMES

Show me!

BERYL

Here, follow me.

WATSON

There he is!

STAPLETON

Uh!

STAPLETON starts to back away from them, terrified.

HOLMES

STOP! In the name of the law.

STAPLETON  
You'll never catch me alive.

HOLMES  
Stop or I'll shoot!

STAPLETON  
You'll never - AH! Damnation! AH!  
Help, I -

STAPLETON descends into the fog/Grimpen Mire.

HOLMES  
Put your hands up!

STAPLETON  
I can't, I'll drown, I'm being  
sucked in, can't you see?

HOLMES  
No, it's too foggy.

STAPLETON  
Help me, please, help me!

WATSON  
It's too dangerous, Holmes. One  
false step and the Grimpen Mire  
will suck you down too.

STAPLETON  
PLEASE HELP ME!

HOLMES wants to help, but can't.

BERYL  
Don't move another step! It is  
certain death.

HOLMES  
I can't. I cannot help you.

WATSON  
Dear God!

A gurgling scream and STAPLETON is gone. Consumed.

BERYL  
May God forgive you.

HOLMES

Watson, I have to say - never have I faced a foe more terrifying than the man who is lying there under the Grimpen Mire.

WATSON

I have seen some sights tonight that I will find it hard to forget.

HOLMES

But we have, tonight, laid to rest the legend of the ghostly Hound of The Baskervilles.

BERYL exits, as HOLMES and WATSON amble towards the lamp-post outside 221 B Baker Street.

FILM: EXT. OUTSIDE 221 B BAKER STREET, EVENING.

WATSON

No mean feat.

HOLMES

Indeed. Probably our most famous exploit.

WATSON

It could well be! I can't wait to write it up.

HOLMES

Do try to make it realistic this time, old chap.

WATSON

Of course, my dear Holmes.

HOLMES

Don't sensationalise it, whatever you do. Keep it factual.

WATSON

Of course.

HOLMES

Fame is for the fools, Watson.  
Stay out of the public gaze and you  
can do the important work.

WATSON

By Jove, Holmes, you're right. As  
you proved in this case.

HOLMES

Yes indeed, it was...

WATSON

Come on, say it, say it, go on!

HOLMES

It was elementary, my dear Watson.