



A STUDY IN SCARLET
G3 Teatre & Playlife Arts

OVERTURE

SCENE #1

SONG: A FOGGY DAY (IN LONDON TOWN)

(Verse)

*I was a stranger in the city
Out of town were the people I knew
I had that feeling of self pity
What to do, what to do, what to do?
The outlook was decidedly blue
But as I walked through the foggy streets alone
It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known*

SHE: ... And now comes the best part.

HE: Can I open my eyes yet?

SHE: Not yet. Wait. Stand here.

HE: Here? Really? Can I open my eyes now?

SHE: No. Not yet. (She puts on a silly hat she finds among the boxes and the set) Now!

HE: Ha, ha, ha! You look so funny. Where are we?

SHE: In the attic of the house.

HE: In the attic of the house? Really?

SHE: Isn't it amazing?

HE: It's okay...

SHE: Okay? Look at all these old pieces of furniture! Who knows how old they are.

HE: London is full of old things.

SHE: Exactly. We're in London, and here we have lots of things that will tell us the history of this city. Isn't it amazing?

HE: I'd rather go for a walk.

SHE: We'll go for a walk later. Look at all these clothes! We could play dress-up! Look at this scarf... It's all yellow, but inside, there's a thread of another color. It's scarlet.

HE: Scarlet?

SHE: Yes. A red with a bit of orange in it.

HE: Like a strawberry?

SHE: Exactly. Like a strawberry. You know what this reminds me of? A book I read.

HE: Oh, boring. You and your books again.

SHE: It was an amazing story...

HE: We're in London. I want to go out. I want to see the city... I want to be a tourist. (A loud sound of thunder, then rain starts)

HE: I think staying here is a good idea.

SHE: Yes, much better.

HE: Does it rain a lot in London?

SHE: Very often. There's also fog. A very special kind of fog called "Smog."

HE: Smog?

SHE: Yes, it's fog mixed with smoke. The regular fog of the city mixes with the smoke from the factories: Smog.

HE: Got it. And what book did you read?

SHE: "A Study in Scarlet" by Arthur Conan Doyle.

HE: I don't know that one.

SHE: Are you serious? You've never heard of Sherlock Holmes?

HE: Of course! Everyone's heard of Sherlock Holmes.

SHE: "A Study in Scarlet" was the first novel starring Sherlock Holmes. The greatest detective of all time! He solved tons of impossible cases with the help of his friend, John Watson. I have an idea... Let's play detectives!

HE: You want to play?

SHE: Want to go out in the rain?

HE: Let's play...

SHE: I'll be Sherlock, and you'll be Watson. Together, we'll solve lots of mysteries and super difficult cases.

HE: I'm not a detective.

SHE: Me neither. I'm a consulting detective. The police handle the rest.

HE: What are you talking about? I'm not sure I want to play this game.

SHE: Do you want to go outside?

(Another clap of thunder)

HE: Fine. Let's play!

(Chorus)

A foggy day in London town
It had me low and it had me down
I viewed the morning with much alarm
The British museum had lost its charm

How long, I wondered, could this thing last?
But the age of miracles hadn't passed
For, suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town
The sun was shining upside-down!

SCENE #2

HE: (Watson) I had just arrived back in London. I had been an army doctor for a while. I was injured and had to return to England. Alone, with almost no friends. I was staying at a hotel, spending more than what the army pension paid me. But one day, I found my luck while having tea with my old friend, Stamford.

SHE: (Stamford) Watson!

HE: (Watson) Stamford, my old friend. How are you?

SHE: (Stamford) I'm working in a medical lab. Doing experiments. And you?

HE: (Watson) I was in the army for a while. I got injured.

SHE: (Stamford) Oh, I see.

HE: (Watson) But I'm doing fine now. It's just... I've been trying to find a place to live. This city is so expensive.

SHE: (Stamford) You know? I heard the same thing today from a man at the lab.

BOTH: "I've been trying to find a place to live. This city is so expensive."

HE: (Watson) Wow, maybe I'd like to meet this man. What's his name?

SHE: (Stamford) Holmes. Sherlock Holmes. But, hmm, I'm not sure meeting Sherlock is a good idea. He's a bit strange.

HE: (Watson) Strange?

SHE: (Stamford, slowly transforming into Sherlock) Yes. Sherlock Holmes is a very strange

man. I wouldn't recommend him to anyone. Why? It's simple, but also complicated. It would seem he has no interest in anything in particular, yet he's interested in everything. He asks strange questions and does even stranger experiments in the lab. I don't know what he really works on, but I wouldn't recommend anyone meet Sherlock Holmes. Nice to meet you!

HE: (Watson) John Watson.

SHE: (Sherlock) Doctor Watson. Yes, I can tell. I'm not sure if a military doctor wounded in Afghanistan like you would want to live with me.

HE: (Watson) What? How do you know that?

SHE: (Sherlock) Deduction, my friend, deduction. Trust me, I'm very good at noticing things that others ignore. That's why I'm a good consulting detective. The police come to me when they can't solve cases. But it would be useful to have a good friend and a doctor as a companion.

HE: (Watson) I... I'm not a detective.

SHE: (Sherlock) You don't need to be. You just need to be a good doctor. And you seem like one. (Starts walking) Come on, let's go see the apartment Mrs. Hudson is renting us.

HE: (Watson) Who is Mrs. Hudson?

SHE: (Sherlock) Our landlady. She's a good friend. She rents us the upstairs flat at 221B Baker Street. What do you think?

HE: Wow, this place is huge. I thought it would be much smaller and that we'd have to fight over rooms. But I can even have my own practice here! One room for me, one for you, a study for you, and a big living room.

SHE: (Hudson) What do you think, young man?

HE: (Watson) Who are you?

SHE: (Hudson) I'm Mrs. Hudson! The owner. Do you like the rooms?

HE: (Watson) I love them. But I'm not sure what Sherlock will think. He's a bit strange... SHE: (Hudson) Oh, don't worry. I know Holmes well, and I know he'll like them.

HE: (Watson) He knew I was a doctor and that I was wounded in Afghanistan. I didn't tell him, but he knew.

SHE: (Hudson) Well. Sherlock has many talents. Not only is he a great violinist, but he also has an incredible talent for deduction. But don't worry, you'll get to know him.

HE: (Watson) And that's how my life with Sherlock Holmes began. The pension the army paid me was generous enough, and this shared house was cheap. Though it's true that Sherlock was a very strange man. He got bored as easily as he got entertained, always trying to figure out things that seemed totally irrelevant to a normal person. He read every newspaper in the country, as well as some from abroad. He spoke many languages and was constantly visited by odd people. But as he always said...

SHE: (Sherlock) I'm bored.

HE: (Watson) Day after day.

SHE: (Sherlock) I'm bored!

HE: (Watson) Nothing ever pleased him enough. He said there was no intellectual challenge he couldn't solve. That's why he was always so bored.

SHE: (Sherlock) I'm incredibly bored!

HE: (Watson) Until one day, something arrived at our house...

SHE: (Sherlock) A telegram! (There is a mechanism with a rubber hand through a door/window to exchange notes)

HE: (Watson) A telegram?

SHE: (Sherlock) Yes, a telegram!

HE: (Watson) Who's it from?

SHE: (Sherlock) Let me read it. "Sherlock. It's Inspector Lestrade" (Oh, the most foolish of the police) "There's been a murder..."

HE: (Watson) A murder?

SHE: (Sherlock) Shh! "Please come to..." Let's go!

HE: (Watson) Where?

SHE: (Sherlock) Follow me. I know the way.

HE: (Watson) But we're not the Scotland Yard police.

SHE: (Sherlock) No, we're not. We're better than that. We're their consulting detectives.

HE: (Watson) And that's how, quite unexpectedly, I became a consulting detective along with Sherlock. And it was a very strange case that was solved thanks to his brilliant mind.

SCENE #3

SHE: (Lestrade) Who are you?

HE: (Watson) Me? Watson. John Watson.

SHE: (Lestrade) Ah, Holmes' friend. He's told me a lot about you. I'm Lestrade, from Scotland Yard.

HE: (Watson) He mentioned you work together...

SHE: (Lestrade) Sherlock is a brilliant man. I wish he'd work at Scotland Yard all the time. But he finds most investigations too easy and boring. Even if we have many men investigating, he just walks around the crime scene and finds everything that we wouldn't see, even if it was right under our noses. Follow me. Holmes is probably already snooping around the crime scene. Here we have a dead man...

HE: (Watson) Oh my! Who is it?

SHE: (Lestrade) Drebber. Enoch Drebber. It looks like there was a fight in this room. The truth is, we don't even know where to start...

HE: (Watson) I can imagine. It must be hard to investigate a case like this. Especially if it's a murder. Wait... What's that written on the wall? "Rache." I don't know what that word means. Do you? Lestrade... where are you...?

SHE: (Sherlock) It means "rage" in German.

HE: (Watson) German?

SHE: (Sherlock) I speak twelve languages, my friend. I even speak... (regional/national language).

HE: (Watson) Incredible. But why "rage"? That's strange.

SHE: (Sherlock) It's mysterious. I like it. It's...

HE: (Watson) Strange.

SHE: (Sherlock) Mysterious. I like mysterious things. It could also be an unfinished "Rachel," but I think someone is trying to fool us with that. I'd like to speak with the person who found the body. I believe it was a police officer. Is that correct?

HE: (Rance) That's right, sir. I'm Officer Rance.

SHE: (Sherlock) Holmes. Sherlock Holmes. Nice to meet you. What can you tell me?

HE: (Rance) Well, some neighbors saw a strange light in this house. So I came right over and found Mr. Drebber's body, as well as the writing on the wall: "Rache." I ran out to get my colleagues from Scotland Yard. But I decided to patrol the area to see if anyone had seen or heard anything. I ran into a tall, thin man who looked like he was searching for something. As I got closer, he ran away, and I couldn't stop him in time. But I did find this: a ring.

SHE: (Sherlock) Interesting. A ring. There's nothing like first hand evidence. What else can you tell me about Drebber? Is he from London?

HE: (Rance) No, sir. Drebber is American. He had only been in London for a short time. He was staying at a hotel.

SHE: (Sherlock) At a hotel? Interesting. Thank you for your help, Officer Rance. Watson! Where are you, Watson?

HE: (Watson) Here!

SHE: (Sherlock) Good. Watson, we can leave now. I think we have enough clues to get started.

HE: (Watson) We do?

SHE: (Sherlock) Of course we do! Let's go! I need to think!

HE: (Watson) Now?

SHE: (Sherlock) Of course, unless you'd rather have tea with the corpse? Let's go! I need to think!

HE: (Watson, chasing after him) You know, you remind me of the detective novels I read, but I never imagined people like you actually existed.

SHE: (Sherlock) My dear Watson. A mystery is like a scarlet thread in the middle of a huge, plain-colored fabric. By pulling that thread, we will solve the mystery.

HE: (Watson) What?

SHE: (Sherlock) We've got work to do, Watson.

SONG: MISTERIOSO

Whispering your deepest darkest thoughts to me
Will set you free
And you won't have to hide behind
That lovely mask that's so refined
Tangled shadows resting in your heart
Will waken with a start
When you begin to turn the key
Unlocking all the mystery
Of sea and sky and where they meet
Why life is so bittersweet
Listen to your soul
MISTERIOSO

SCENE #4

HE: (Watson, relaxing) Finally, back home.

SHE: (Sherlock, ignoring him) Look closely. It's a woman's wedding ring. Which means: The suspect could be married or was married.

HE: (Watson) But Officer Rance said the suspect was a man.

SHE: (Sherlock) Yes, but there could be many factors we don't know yet. But at the very least, we need to attract this woman.

HE: (Watson) But aren't we looking for a man?

SHE: (Sherlock) When we eliminate all other possibilities, what remains must be the truth. So, everything in due time, dear Watson. Everything in due time... Write this down!

HE: (Watson) What?

SHE: (Sherlock) We'll put an ad in the newspaper saying we've found a ring. Write it down.

HE: (Watson) Alright, alright... I'm doing it.

SHE: (Sherlock) "LOST, on the morning of the 4th, on Brixton Road, a gold wedding ring. A generous reward will be given to the person who returns it to Dr. Watson, 221B Baker Street." We'll send it to all the newspapers in London, and the murderer will fall right into our trap.

HE: (Watson) Done. But I don't get it. We have the ring.

SHE: (Sherlock) But what we want is for the murderer to reveal himself, without even realizing it. If this ring is truly valuable, he'll want to get it back no matter what. Now it's just a matter of time... Telegram from Scotland Yard!

HE: (Watson) Are there always telegrams arriving at this house?

SHE: (Sherlock) If I live here, there are. Let's go... They've found a man who's been stabbed at a hotel.

HE: (Watson) Stabbed?

SHE: (Sherlock) To death. Quick, Watson. I think we'll find a connection between this man and Drebber. Don't you remember that Drebber was also staying at a hotel? Let's go to the hotel. (Takes a turn and arrives at the hotel, where HE is already waiting as Lestrade) What do we have here, Lestrade?

HE: (Lestrade) You're quick, Holmes. This is Joseph Strangerson.

SHE: (Sherlock) Is he American?

HE: (Lestrade) How did you know?

SHE: (Sherlock) Just a hunch. What else can you tell me?

HE: (Lestrade) There's a small bottle with two pills. We should take them to the lab.

SHE: (Sherlock) I'll take them myself. What else?

HE: (Lestrade) There's an envelope... Here it is. I didn't want to open it.

SHE: (Sherlock) Well, maybe we'll learn more if we read the letter. Oh, perfect... it's incredible. This letter is exactly what we were missing. Watson, come here.

HE: (Watson) I'm coming.

SHE: (Sherlock) Guess who sent this letter? Enoch Drebber! They knew each other. It says...

HE: (Watson, picking up the thread) "Dear Strangerson. We need to be very careful now that we're in London. No one must know anything about us or our past. That's why I recommend you change hotels often and always use a different name. We should meet soon, but in a discreet place. We can't let them find us..."

SCENE #5

(Back at home again, we hear explosions and bubbling test tubes.)

HE: (Watson) Do you really have to do experiments at home, Sherlock?

SHE: (Sherlock) It's absolutely necessary.

HE: (Watson) It's not a good idea to have a laboratory at home.

SHE: (Sherlock) Of course it is. Remember the little bottle with the two pills, Watson?

HE: (Watson) The ones from Strangerson's room?

SHE: (Sherlock) Exactly. There were two pills: one was poisonous, and the other was sugar.

HE: (Watson) It's like having to choose between one and the other.

SHE: (Sherlock) Exactly.

HE: (Watson) There's a messenger at the door! (They use the door mechanism and the aforementioned hand.)

SHE: (Sherlock) What's the sender's name?

HE: (Watson) Mrs. Sawyer. "Dear Mr. Watson, I am the owner of the ring and would like to get it back. Please let the messenger know when it would be convenient, and meet me at 13 Duncan Street." What should we tell her?

SHE: (Sherlock) This afternoon. At 7:00 PM. Write that down!

HE: (Watson, writing) Alright. Today at 7:00 PM. Here you go, boy. The reply note. (Closes the door) Haven't you thought that this might be a trap?

SHE: (Sherlock) Of course, it's a trap. But I'll go in disguise. She already knows the two of us. But she doesn't know this old sailor... (Starts dressing as a sailor) who will wander down

Duncan Street and see what he can find...

SONG: SEA FEVER

*When the wind is blowing out of the singing south
Then would I be going sea sprayed upon my mouth
When the tide is drifting over the silver sand
My heart sails are lifting set for another land*

*When the stars are staring down from a cloudless sky
Then would I be fairing where the gray gulls cry
Out where the gray gulls cry
Gray gulls cry*

SHE: (Sherlock) Alright. Here we are. Let's see if we can find this mysterious Mrs. Sawyer. Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Sawyer... (Walks around the space) Is no one here? This is a completely abandoned house. Huh, what's that shadow at the window? Watson...? No, Watson's at home. Hey, stop! (Leaves the space defined as Mrs. Sawyer's house) There's no one here. (Walks back towards Baker Street)

SCENE #6

HE: (Watson, helping to remove the sailor's clothes) How did it go?

SHE: (Sherlock) We both tried to set a trap to figure out who the other was, but I don't think either plan worked. He didn't see who I really was, and I only saw a shadow running away. I think we need to come up with a new plan...

(Knock at the door using the fake hand)

SHE: (Sherlock) Wiggins! Watson. It's Wiggins. One of my Irregulars. Street kids who sometimes help me solve cases. They also follow people when needed.

HE: (Wiggins) Sherlock...

SHE: (Sherlock) What do you want, Wiggins?

HE: (Wiggins) I've got... information. (HE makes a gesture with the hand asking for money. SHE digs in her pocket and gives him some coins.) I followed you, Mr. Holmes. You went to Duncan Street, right?

SHE: (Sherlock) Exactly, Wiggins. Did you see anything?

HE: (Wiggins, repeats the gesture for money. SHE gives him more.) I saw a tall man looking through the window when you went into the abandoned house. Suddenly, he ran off, as if he was afraid someone might see him. He ran, and I followed him.

SHE: (Sherlock) Where did he go?

HE: (Wiggins, repeats the gesture for money. SHE agrees.) He went to the inn near the river. You know the one I mean?

SHE: (Sherlock) Yes.

HE: (Wiggins) Room 3.

SHE: (Sherlock) Quickly, Watson. We've found our man. *(As they head out, Watson follows at a distance, and Sherlock explains everything he deduces.)* "Rache" looks a lot like "Revenge." That's a fact. The killer is clever, but not that clever. That's why he didn't leave it unfinished, pretending to write "Rachel." His subconscious betrayed him. He could have written anything else, like, for example: "kartofel."

HE: (Watson) Kartoffel? That sounds mysterious. What does it mean?

SHE: (Sherlock) Potato. (*Dramatic pause*) But no, he wanted to write something that would confuse us. But his mind betrayed him. He wanted to write "Rache," and he wrote "Rache." What does this also tell us? That he's a well-traveled person and speaks languages. He's trying to fool us about where he's from. Then we have the ring... a ring he tried to get back through trickery. It's small, so it's probably a woman's. He carried it with him; he didn't leave it at home. This means he doesn't have a fixed place and doesn't trust anyone. Not even a safe. He prefers to keep it with him all the time. It reminds him of someone... someone for whom he will seek revenge. And now, he's lost the ring and is furious.

SCENE #7

(*They arrive at the hotel, and Sherlock rings the reception bell*)

HE: (Receptionist) How can I help you?

SHE: (Sherlock) I'd like some information about one of your guests.

HE: (Receptionist) That information is confidential. We can't give it to strangers.

SHE: (Sherlock) I'm with Scotland Yard.

HE: (Receptionist) Oh, in that case... Which room do you want information about?

SHE: (Sherlock) Room number 3.

HE: (Receptionist) He's an American man. Just arrived recently. His name is Jefferson Hope, and he seems to be single. Would you like me to call him?

SHE: (Sherlock) No need. I'll go myself. Watson, let's go. We've got a crime to solve!

HE: (Watson) Why did you say you were with Scotland Yard? Don't you think they're all fools?

SHE: (Sherlock) They are. But sometimes you have to lie for the greater good. (*She picks up a silver tray with a lid*) Besides, we're solving this crime for Scotland Yard. (*Knocks on the door*) Jefferson Hope?

HE: (Hope) No one's here.

SHE: (Sherlock) Room service. I've brought you a free dinner.

HE: (Hope, opening the door) Ah, thank you.

SHE: (Sherlock) Mr. Jefferson Hope?

HE: (Hope) That's me. Is this my dinner?

SHE: (Sherlock) It sure is. (*She pulls a gun from under the tray*) Mr. Jefferson Hope, you're under arrest in the name of Scotland Yard.

HE: (Hope, grabbing a stick) Never!

SHE: (Sherlock, tossing the gun aside and grabbing another stick) If you've got a stick, so do I. (*They perform a fight scene with the sticks until Hope is disarmed.*)

HE: (Sherlock) You're good.

SHE: (Hope) I'm an expert in baritsu, the Asian stick-fighting technique. Now, tell me why I killed those two men.

HE: (Hope) No.

SHE: (Sherlock) Then I'll get rid of the ring... (*She moves to throw it out the window.*) HE: (Hope) Alright, alright...

SHE: (Sherlock) Why did you kill Drebber and Strangerson?

HE: (Hope) It's a long story.

SHE: (Sherlock) Go on.

HE: (Hope) Years ago, I was going to marry my beloved Lucy. In the United States.

SHE: (Sherlock) In the United States.

HE: (Hope) She was a Mormon, and I wasn't. They did everything they could to stop me from marrying her.

SHE: (Sherlock) Marrying her!

HE: (Hope) They forced her to marry someone she didn't love, but who was Mormon. She

couldn't bear it, so she took her own life.

SHE: (Sherlock) She killed herself.

HE: (Hope) I couldn't bear it either, so I left. I didn't want anything more to do with the United States or the Mormons. But then, I found them in London, hiding their identities.

SHE: (Sherlock) That's common with criminals.

HE: (Hope) So I decided to hunt them down and make them pay. Lucy never got to choose. I let them choose how I would kill them... This ring belonged to my Lucy. I lost it, and I want it back.

SHE: (Sherlock) And you deserve it, but justice must be served, and the law will decide.

HE: (Hope) I'll turn myself in. (He leaves)

SHE: (Sherlock) Justice is the same for everyone. Whoever has done wrong must pay for what they've done.

HE: (Watson) The Scotland Yard men are here.

EPILOGUE

SHE: (Sherlock) They'll know what to do with him. We've done our part. It's a sad story with a sad ending. But it seems like, after all, the sun is coming out...

HE: The sun!

SHE: (Sherlock) What about the sun, Watson?

HE: It's not raining anymore!

SHE: Oh, it's not raining! We can go outside...

HE: And what about Sherlock and Watson?

SHE: They're in the books.

HE: And Hope?

SHE: He's in the books too. Luckily, none of this really happened. It's just a story.

HE: Can we go back to the books when it rains again?

SHE: We can go back anytime, rain or shine. We can always return to the books and live and relive the stories we love the most.

HE: Let's go back tonight!

SHE: Yes! But for now, let's go outside! I want to enjoy London and have an ice cream...

HE: An ice cream...!

· THE END ·