

MOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

A Sherlock Holmes Parody

Written by

Bernard W. Duffy

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A group of tourists visits the country manor Baskerville Hall, home to the famous Sherlock Holmes story The Hound of the Baskervilles.

CAST (6 FEMALES, 6 MALES)

THE TOURISTS:

HELEN ABOTTHAM-CARTER (40-65)
British upper-crust snob. Aunt to Zoe. She is attempting to introduce her niece to the superior ways of English society.

ZOE CARTER (18-25) An American student being dragged along by her Aunt Helen. Bored. Attracted to Mike.

MIKE MITCHELL (20-30) American soldier on leave. Not the sharpest bayonet. Thinks he's visiting a military base.

WALTER WALMSLEY (40-65) Retired car salesman. From Chicago. Dragged along by his wife Miriam. Actually a Russian spy.

MIRIAM WALMSLEY (40-65) A mild mannered housewife who loves Sherlock Holmes. Actually a Russian spy.

ICHABOD HOLMES (25-45) Odd American who thinks he's related to Sherlock. Dresses and acts like Holmes. Pretentiously carries a pipe, magnifying glass and a violin. He is in reality a CIA agent.

BASKERVILLES AND ESTATE STAFF:

MIMSEY PLOOT (20-60) Tour guide.
Diplomatic and cheerful.

HEATHMOORE BASKERVILLE (50-70) A
country squire. Last of the
Baskervilles. Often befuddled.
Lives in the house.

FANCY BASKERVILLE-PANCE (25-45)
Heathmoore's daughter. Refined and
somewhat spoiled, she visits to
check on her inheritance. Married
to Bosram Pance.

BOSRAM PANCE (35-55) Earl of
Puffington. An upper crust toff. A
ne'er do well, his only chance to
come into money is through his
wife.

SORROW DROOP (20-60) Cockney
Servant. Hard working and
depressed.

DIGGGORY O'DAY (25-45) Estate
Custodian, an affable, gabby
Irishman. He is actually an
undercover agent for MI6.

SETTING

Baskerville Hall Main Room.

UP CENTER a pair of French doors
open to the garden.

UP RIGHT door leads to hallway to
kitchen.

UP LEFT hallway leads to private
Baskerville rooms, upstairs.

A fireplace in the LEFT wall. A
mounted trophy of a buck deer hangs
on the wall. A small set of
bookshelves on LEFT wall.

DOWN RIGHT leads to front entrance.

DOWN LEFT exit leads to guest rooms.

A sofa is CENTER.

Chairs and end tables as needed.

Also on walls are portrait and landscape paintings, crossed swords, a battle axe, a cricket bat, a coat of arms, etc.

The fourth wall is played as having windows which are occasionally looked through.

TIME: The Present

ACT ISCENE 1 THE OMNIBUS

In One, in front of the curtain. A sidewalk at a Bus Stop. There is a trash bin on the sidewalk.

(MIMSEY is pacing nervously with a clipboard.)

MIMSEY

Oh, dear, dear! Of all days for the omnibus to be late!

(HELEN and ZOE enter from Stage Left)

HELEN

Come along, Zoe. This appears to be Departure Bay 221B.

MIMSEY

Hello! Are you by any chance here for the Baskerville Mystery Weekend Adventure?

HELEN

Indeed, we are. Do I ascertain by your inquiry that we have arrived at the proper queue?

MIMSEY

Indeed you have. In fact, at present, you are the queue! I'm your Tour Guide, Mimsey Sploot. Thank you for your admirable punctuality.

HELEN

You are most graciously welcome, Miss Sploot. I am Mrs. Helen Abbotham-Carter.

MIMSEY

Helena Bonham-Carter! I love your films!

HELEN

I am most flattered but must immediately disabuse you of that notion. Though I did appear -to noticeable acclaim- as Wendy in a private school production of Peter Pan, I chose not to pursue an acting career with all its attendant incommmodity and vicissitudes. No, I am Mrs. Helen ABOTTHAM -hyphen, mind the hyphen- Carter. Of the Dorset Abotthams and the Wessex Carters.

ZOE

(Aside)

Yeah, and the hyphen is from Pretentious-ville.

MIMSEY

(Looking at clipboard)

Oh, I beg your pardon! Yes, that's how we have it here.

HELEN

May I introduce my niece from the wayward colonies: Miss Zoe Carter.

MIMSEY

A pleasure to meet you, Miss Carter.

ZOE

Yeah. Hi. I guess.

HELEN

I'm showing my niece about the kingdom, Miss Sploot, to better acquaint her with our higher form of civilization.

ZOE

Hey, Aunt Helen, I'm going to run over to that MacDonald's.

HELEN

No, no, no, dear. We have formed a queue. And must steadfastly hold our place in it. That's how it's done.

MIMSEY

Yes, Zoe, please stay. The omnibus should be here any moment. There will be refreshments on-board.

ZOE

Okay. Hey, why can't you just call it a bus?

HELEN

How rude. I apologize for my niece's laxity of language.

ZOE

And I apologize for my aunt's lack of laxative.

HELEN

Young lady, we've been over this before-

ZOE

(ZOE sees MIKE entering.)

And what have we here?!

(MIKE stops to adjust his backpack,
showing off his physique.)

Oof! There's a six-pack I wouldn't mind popping open.
Welcome to the weekend!

(MIKE strides manfully up to the
line.)

MIKE

Corporal Mitchell reporting for duty.

MIMSEY

Mitchell. Yes, Michael Mitchell. Bound for Baskerville are you, sir?

MIKE

Yes. Base Carville, right? Wanna check out the secret ops.

MIMSEY

Oh, my yes! Plenty of secrets to be revealed on the tour! By the way, it's pronounced Bass-kerville not Base-karville.

MIKE

Yeah, whatever. There's a lot of confusing stuff the English do with English. I just ordered a bag of chips and got a plate of french fries. So, yeah: whatever.

ZOE

I know, it's ridiculous, right? A taxi driver just threatened to put my suitcase in my boot. Weird! Hi, I'm Zoe.

MIKE

Hey Zoe. I'm Mike.

ZOE

You in the army or something?

MIKE

Yes. Special Ops. Well, not yet. But hope to be someday. That's why-

ZOE

Oh, that's so cool!

MIKE

Yeah, I know. I've been accepted for ops training. I'm using my leave to learn how the Brits go about it. This base, Base Carville, we're going to, supposedly has the most advanced-

ZOE

Um...I think you might be-

(The WALMSLEYS enter)

MIMSEY

And this must be the Walmsleys!

WALTER

Yeah, that's us, alright. Walter and Miram Walmsley. Cicero, Illinois. Home of Al Capone the mobster. We live two blocks from his house.

MIMSEY

How... wonderfully...historical.

WALTER

Yeah. You want history, our library has bullet holes!

HELEN

(Sighs)

Ah, the real Americans have arrived.

MIMSEY

I'm Mimsey Sploot, your most humble tour guide. The bus should be here any moment.

HELEN

Heavens! Now it's a bus!

MIMSEY

I'm talking to Americans.

HELEN

If you must. How dreadful!

MIRIAM

Excuse me, Mimsey, do you know if we'll be able to walk around the property? I'd love to "exploore the moors".

MIMSEY

I believe one may circumambulate about to their heart's content.

MIRIAM

Was that a yes?

MIMSEY

Yes, most certainly.

MIRIAM

Aw, that's wonderful! Thanks.

(She whispers to Walter)

MIKE

I bet they have an electrified fence, though. And snipers. Should have snipers.

ZOE

Why would they-

MIMSEY
Let's see who we're waiting for.
(Checks list)
Just one more.
(Sees ICHABOD
offstage)
And here he is. Oh, I believe my eyes are playing tricks!

HELEN
(Sees him too.)
By the hallowed halls of Hampton Court!

MIMSEY
By the brown bricks of Baker Street!

MIRIAM
I can't believe it! Look! It's him! It's Sherlock!

(ICHABOD enters dressed as Sherlock
Holmes, complete with deer-stalker
cap, Overcoat with matching cape,
pipe, etc. He is carrying a violin
case in addition to his overnight
satchel.)

ICHABOD
Ichabod Holmes, Private Consulting Detective, at your
service.

MIMSEY
Look, Wally! Dress up!

HELEN
Yes, most authentic. Except for the mustache. But
nevertheless, most amusing.

WALTER
Nice costume, bud.

ZOE
Looks like Halloween comes early in England.

MIKE
Yeah, definitely a breach of Article 68, unauthorized use of
a violin.

ICHABOD
You mistake me, friends. I am the direct descendant of Mr.
Sherlock Holmes and therefore am in no way pretending to my
office.

MIMSEY
Not intending any disrespect, Mr. Holmes, but-

HELEN

Sherlock Holmes is a fictional character-

MIMSEY

-created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle-

HELEN

-and therefore incapable-

MIMSEY

-of having descendants.

ICHABOD

My genealogical chart proves otherwise. If he was fictional how is it you can observe him solving cases on televised documentaries?

WALTER

Yeah, those are called movies. Miriam loves 'em.

MIRIAM

Oh, I so do! My favorite is-

WALTER

Miriam!

ICHABOD

You are welcome to your opinion, sir. I, however, am interested only in facts. And the facts in this case are... May I?

(ICHABOD moves close to WALTER. He emits a series of "Hmmm's" and "A-ha's" as he fingers a lapel, examines the palm of one hand and thumb of the other, drops to examine a shoe. Others watch with growing fascination. ICHABOD stands, paces while furiously smoking his pipe. He suddenly whirls.)

The facts are as follows! You sir, are a financial accountant who trains horses on the side, resides within 20 miles of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, have this very day eaten in a Hungarian restaurant and in your spare time...allow me to confirm, if you would please...

(ICHABOD lifts WALTER'S arm and sniffs his armpit.)

Yes. It is as I thought. In your spare hours you overindulge...in... Pickleball!

MIRIAM

Why, that's amazing!

WALTER

Yeah, he didn't get one thing right!

MIRIAM

Nope. Not one!

ICHABOD

Not even the Pickleball?

WALTER

Wouldn't catch me dead! I'm a used car salesman, Chicago suburbs.

MIRIAM

We ate Indian for lunch.

WALTER

And I don't go near the horses on accounta losin' big that time at Arlington Park.

ICHABOD

May I ask what year you incurred that loss?

WALTER

Sure. '99. Worst day of my life.

MIRIAM

Yeah, what a way to start the millennium. I almost divorced the big lug.

ICHABOD

I see. Most interesting.

MIMSEY

Not to worry, Mr. Holmes. What you lack in forensics you certainly make up for in conjecture.

(Sound of bus)

Oh, I see that our transport has arrived.

HELEN

Well, about time!

MIMSEY

All aboard to Baskerville!

(MIMSEY exits, followed by HELEN)

MIKE

(Reaching for ZOE'S bag.)

Can I get that for you? MIKE (cont'd)

I got it. ZOE

Can we sit together? MIKE

Yeah, head for the back. ZOE

(ZOE and MIKE exit. MIRIAM is struggling with a large heavy suitcase. ICHABOD is lost in thought and does not see the business between MIRIAM and WALTER.)

I packed too much, Wally. MIRIAM

I told you! Then get rid of some of it. WALTER

You mean this? MIRIAM
(Takes out a machine gun.)

Yeah, throw it in the can. WALTER

You think we'll need- MIRIAM
(Takes out an ax.)

Dump it. WALTER

What about- MIRIAM
(Takes out a machete.)

Give it here. WALTER
(He gets rid of it.)
Next time do like I told you.

Sorry. You were right. I just thought- MIRIAM

MIMSEY

(Off stage)

Mr. and Mrs. Walmsley! We're waiting!

WALTER

Let's go.

(WALMSLEYS exit)

MIMSEY

Mr. Holmes! We're leaving!

(ICHABOD comes to, picks up his satchel and violin case, heads to the bus, then stops, puts everything down, takes out his magnifying glass, examines the side of the bus. All the while MIMSEY is calling out in a very polite sing-song voice.)

ICHABOD

What's this?! On the sidewall of the omnibus tire...

MIMSEY

Mr. Holmes! We're hoisting anchor! Mr. Holmes! Shoving off!

ICHABOD

Fascinating, ! Can it be...? The mud on this tire! Yes, I'm sure of it, Watson! Why, this bus has recently been along the banks of the Amazon!

MIMSEY

We're raising the gang plank!

(ICHABOD grabs his things, rushes onto the bus.)

ICHABOD

My friends! I know why the omnibus was so late!

(Lights fade, curtain up.)

SCENE 2 BASKERVILLE HALL

(FANCY enters angrily, followed by BOSRAM.)

FANCY

NO! I won't hear of it!

BOSRAM

But Fancy, my dearest!

FANCY

NO! You may be my husband, Bosram Pance, and the Earl of Puffington, but I shant listen to one more silly scheme to get rich!

BOSRAM

But this is an absolute winner!

FANCY

Another absolute winner?! Oh, when have I heard that?! Was it the elevator to the moon?

BOSRAM

Some people don't like to fly!

FANCY

Or perhaps the reptile petting zoo.

BOSRAM

Some bad luck there, I must say. Who would have thought it could swallow the entire child?!

FANCY

And just last year, the debacle of...what did you call it? SpitCoin! The currency based on wishing well futures!

BOSRAM

Darling, listen-

FANCY

And then! Most awful! Human trafficking! HUMAN TRAFFICKING?!

BOSRAM

Darling, please. That was a simple misunderstanding: the idea was to humanize traffic. And...things got all turned around somehow.

FANCY

I burn with shame! Had my father not gone golfing with the judge! Not to mention I haven't the foggiest what one wears to visit a prison! Stripes, I suppose? But which? The Valentino ? The Balenciaga? Oh, the couture dilemma you nearly pressed upon me!

BOSRAM

Fifth time's the charm...? Hear me out, my pet. Come sit.

(She reluctantly sits)

Are you ready?

FANCY

I doubt it.

(He paces dramatically, then
suddenly whirls about.)

Fish umbrellas!

FANCY

But... don't fish live in water?

BOSRAM

Ah, but not always! When they leap out of the water to nab a fly, if it happens to be raining their vision may be blurred by the raindrops. The umbrella which is affixed to their dorsal fin, senses the moisture and snaps open, allowing our piscatorial predator to seize its prey! Ha-hah! Genius, eh?!

FANCY

But would not the sensor detect moisture when under the water? Would not the umbrella remain open throughout the fish's liquid lifespan? Would not an open umbrella clamped onto this poor fish's back present a unique set of challenges to its very existence that make a raindrop in the eye pale by comparison?!

BOSRAM

So...what you're saying is... Good idea?

FANCY

(Angrily standing)

Bumbershoots for bass!? What's next? Parasols for perch?! NO! You had your chances. No more. You have drained my future inheritance out of my father's wealth. When he passes on, all that will be left me -Mrs. Fancy Baskerville-Pance, Countess of Puffington- is this gloomy hulking pile known as Baskerville Hall. Thank goodness the Sherlock Holmes Mystery Tours provide some income else my dear father would be penniless, burning the Chippendale chairs in the fireplace for warmth. Oh, Bosram! how could you!

BOSRAM

But my darling, I must keep devising errant strategies to earn income through absurd contrivance. Surely you must realize what the alternative is?

FANCY

Oh no! Don't say it! I couldn't bear it!

BOSRAM

Nonetheless I must speak of it.

FANCY

No, dear husband, no!

BOSRAM

I would...by necessity...have to obtain...a job!

FANCY

No! Never!!

BOSRAM

Employment! Like an ordinary personage! The shame!

FANCY

Oh, I feel faint!

(BOSRAM rushes to hold her up.)

BOSRAM

My dearest, listen to me! Brace up! For as long as there's an England, there will be rosy-cheeked children dancing in the spring, fairies gathering dewdrops in a leafy glade and warm winds whistling through the willows.

FANCY

Oh, Bosram, it's true, it's ever so true!

BOSRAM

There now, that's my pretty little lambkin. All better?

FANCY

Yes, bless you my darling. You have reminded me what a thrilling adventure life with you is...here in this royal throne of kings...

BOSRAM

...this scepter'd isle...

FANCY

...this blessed plot, this earth...

BOSRAM

...this realm...

BOTH

This England!

BOSRAM

Wonderful, my love! That's the spirit. Now: how much money does your father have left?

(SORROW enters)

SORROW

Begging your pardon, Milady. Remindin' that the Sherlock Holmes Mystery Tour omnibus will be soon arriving.

FANCY

Thank you, Sorrow.

BOSRAM

Yes, thank you, Miss Droop.

SORROW

Milady. Milord.

(SORROW sighs deeply, exits)

BOSRAM

I say, couldn't your father have hired a house servant with a less depressing name? Sorrow Droop! I mean, really!

FANCY

I heartily concur. I lose my joie de vivre the moment she enters the room.

BOSRAM

Yes, I near lose the very will to live! Shall we dismiss the damp rag as soon as your father shuffles off this mortal coil?

FANCY

Splendid idea! Oh, I do hope it's soon.

BOSRAM

Yes, but of course. Now, what's this about the Mystery Tour? Coming here, this weekend?

FANCY

I had completely forgotten. I do apologize.

BOSRAM

(Crossing to the back of the sofa.)

Confound it! I detest these omnibusloads of omnibumpkins. Always interrupting me when-

(A squeak. BOSRAM looks down.)

Oh, dear, I have trod upon a small dog.

FANCY

Oh that must be Hortensia, father's new puppy. He adores it.

BOSRAM

Well, I don't!

(He kicks the puppy, a stuffed toy on a line, through the air and down the DL hall. There is a loud long

squeak which fades as the tiny dog
flies down the hall.)

FANCY

Now, Bosram, we Baskervilles have a long and storied
affinity with the canine species. Why, without the Sherlock
Holmes mystery The Hound of the Baskervilles wherein would
our fortunes lie?

BOSRAM

I'll none of that tomfoolery! Why it makes a mockery of
the -

(Smelling a foul odor)

Gad! What on earth! Who has-!

FANCY

Oh, my, yes! Yes, indeed! How malodorous!

BOSRAM

(Pointing to the floor behind the
sofa.)

Oh, now look here: the wretched cur has presented us with a
gift!

(Throughout this scene everyone in
the room is frantically waving
their arms, hands, pinching noses
and improvising fanning devices.
They gag, wheeze and otherwise
suffocate as if a sulfuric gas bomb
had gone off.)

FANCY

How persistent a stench it is! Darling, hold me! I feel I'm
about to faint yet once more!

(BOSRAM rushes to her.)

BOSRAM

Miss Droop! Help! Help!

SORROW

What be the matter, sir? Ooooh! No, no, and then again no!
I've cleaned up after that pup four times just this mornin'.
I told the Master he'll want to be about training the dog
properly as to the depositin' of its excrementations. Till
then, I'll meself not be touchin' it!

BOSRAM

Understood, Miss Droop. But may I request that you prevail
upon another member of the household staff to accomplish the
removal of the...the unpleasance.

SORROW

Milord.

(She strides to the UC doorway.)

Diggory O'Day! To the Great Room with ye!

DIGGORY

(Offstage)

Right away, Missus, here I come, almost there now even as I speak.

(Enters)

What are the matter, Miss Droop? Begorra! What's all the flappin'? A swarm of hornets come down the chimney?

(Smells the droppings)

Arrlph! From what depths of hell is that amighty stink?! Like something crawled up the arse of the house and died! Gack! Phloogh!

SORROW

'Ere it be.

BOSRAM

Away with it, man! Hastily!

DIGGORY

Janey Mack, I'll not be messin' with that mess. Why from the smell of it that's the devil's own dung if I dare say so!

FANCY

Mister O'Day: I hereby order you to-

DIGGORY

Nope. Sorry, Ma'am. You should be knowin' that I spend the day up to me furry eyebrows in all manner of shite.

BOSRAM

Language, Mr. Day, language! A lady is present!

DIGGORY

Beggin' yer pardon, Milady. I mean meadow muffins 'n chicken droppin's 'n such. But such as this, why I'd be a gobshite to traffic in shite as shitey as that shite. Cor!

BOSRAM

Language, man, language!

DIGGORY

Ooof! Saints preserve us, that pup could wipe out a regiment of the King's finest! It does reek to high heaven, it does! St. Peter himself is hangin on to the pearly gates for want of a pint of air!

FANCY

Oh, Excellent Earl of Puffington, what ever shall we do with this doo-doo? Our guests are about to arrive. In fact they're overdue.

DIGGORY

Won't soon be over this doo-doo, if ye take my meanin'. I'd rather be cleanin out the Aegean stables alongside Hercules his very self!

FANCY

Oh, will no one save us? Are we to perish within this foul cloud of septic toxicant!

SORROW

To add to our troubles, Milady, I see the omnibus upon the distant ridge.

FANCY

Oh, Bosram, dear, we are undone! We are finished!

BOSRAM

Know, my love, that in this -our final moment as the end of days is upon us- that my love for you has never wavered. Though wicked fate has conspired 'gainst us we shall expire bravely in each others arms to the everlasting-

(HEATHMOORE BASKERVILLE enters from UL.)

BASKERVILLE

Good morning, all! Anyone seen my little Hortensia?

(Spies the pile)

I see she's been here, the rapscallion! What-ho! Another present for Daddy! Let me get that.

(Takes out a baggie, picks up the "present" and ties up bag)

Now where could she have gotten to? I say, Miss Droop, might we open the french doors for a bit of air? Yes. Good-o!

(He takes one or two filled poop bags out of every pocket, drops them on the sofa.)

Hortensia has been very busy with her business today. Good thing I have these leftover gift bags from Selfridges. Kept me on my toes she did...as well as my knees if you catch my drift.

DIGGORY

We been catchin' her drift but good, guv!

(There are now eight baggies on the sofa.)

BASKERVILLE

Ho-ho! Look at that! I am perhaps feeding her a tad excessively. Ha-ha-hah! Nothing like a puppy to keep one young at heart!

SORROW

The tour has arrived, sir.

BASKERVILLE

Splendid! Diggory! Bring the luggage to their rooms.

DIGGORY

Right, guv.

(DIGGORY exits DR.)

BASKERVILLE

Miss Droop, bring our guests through the garden. It's so lovely this time of year.

SORROW

As you wish, sir.

(She exits DR.)

BASKERVILLE

(Looking out front.)

Here they come. A good group I hope. I have planned some festive jollity for the weekend! Fancy, Mr. Pance: May I call upon you for support and guidance?

BOSRAM

At your service, Baronet.

FANCY

Of course you may, father dear.

BASKERVILLE

Where's my little Hortensia?

BOSRAM

Last I saw her she was flying down that hallway.

BASKERVILLE

Oh my, yes, she runs like the wind, doesn't she?

BOSRAM

(Aside, to FANCY)

As long as she's Gone...With Her Wind!

BASKERVILLE

What's that?

FANCY

Nothing, Father. Just wondering whether to go to the movies tonight. Gone with the Wind is screening at the-

BASKERVILLE

No time for that. Time for hosting, boasting and toasting!

MIMSEY

(Off stage)

Right this way, everyone! Mind the hydrangea!

BASKERVILLE

Here they are! Come stand by me for a proper introduction.

(BASKERVILLE stands Stage Left,
flanked by BOSRAM and FANCY. DROOP
rushes in and stands near by.)

SCENE 3 GUESTS ARRIVE

(MIMSEY is heard offstage)

Oh, the clematis! How superlative! And look, the roses are coming into bloom! Aren't they exquisite?

HELEN

(Off)

Enchanting! Delightful!

MIRIAM

(Off)

Gorgeous it is!

(MIMSEY appears in the UC doorway,
enters, followed by the tour group.
HOLMES is not with them.)

MIMSEY

And here we are! Come in everyone, come in!

(The group enters, to stand Stage
Right.)

MIMSEY

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present Mr. Heathmoore Baskerville, owner of Baskerville Hall, wherein we shall reside the weekend, and, if you'll permit me a humorous note- "bask" in the famous Baskerville hospitality!

BASKERVILLE

Ah, Miss Ploot, how wonderful to see you and your friends.
Yes, the Baskervilles have lived continuously here since

(Points to painting.)

Hugo Baskerville raised this house in 1749. But I am not the last of the Baskervilles. No indeed! Allow me to introduce my daughter, Mrs. Fancy Baskerville-Pance, Countess of Puffington.

HELEN

Ooh! A Countess!

FANCY

(Steps forward)

I bid you all the warmest of welcomes.

BASKERVILLE

And why is she a Countess? Please meet her husband, the Earl of Puffington, Mr. Bosram Pance.

HELEN

Oooh! An Earl!

BOSRAM

Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

HELEN

I'm sure as well!

(DIGGORY enters from DL hallway to stand DL.)

BASKERVILLE

Now for the house staff: This is Miss Droop.

SORROW

Your 'umble servant.

BASKERVILLE

And this burly fellow who just brought the baggage to your rooms is Mr. O'Day.

DIGGORY

Top o' the mornin to all!

BASKERVILLE

Please feel free to call upon them for assistance. Not present is Mrs. Badgerbuns, our venerable cook, who is preparing dinner. A word of warning: don't get caught in the kitchen by Mrs. Badgerbuns. She wields an iron skillet to the detriment of the craniums of hungry prowlers! Hah-hah! Now then Miss Ploot, introduce our esteemed guests.

MIMSEY
With greatest pleasure, Baronet.

HELEN
Ooh! A Baronet!

(HELEN moves to be introduced
first.)

MIMSEY
First, let me introduce Mrs. Helen Abottham-Carter.

HELEN
(She curtsies.)
Lady Puffington. Lord Puffington. Baronet. Permit me to
mention that I am of the Dorset Abbothams and the Wessex
Carters. My hyphen is verified and certified by her
majesty's hyphenographer.

BASKERVILLE
Splendid! Dash-ingly so! Hah-hah!

MIRIAM
Oh, that's funny! Cuz a hyphen is a dash! Get it, Wally?!

WALTER
Miriam, shush! Show some class.

MIMSEY
Her niece from America, Miss Zoe Carter.

HELEN
(To ZOE)
Don't forget to curtsy!

ZOE
Screw that. Hi, I'm Zoe.

HELEN
And Corporal Michael Mitchell.

MIKE
(Saluting)
Special Ops!

BASKERVILLE
Oh, how...impressive.

MIKE
Yeah, hey, I like how you made the base look like an old run
down haunted mansion and have all these phony actors in
bogus costumes pretending that they're all stupid lords and
(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
ladies 'n stuff. Super signature reduction of a clandestine
force, dude!

(Saluting)
I mean General, Sir!

BASKERVILLE
At ease, soldier.

(To Fancy)
I believe this young man could help me with Hortensia.

MIKE
(To ZOE)
"Hortensia"! Must be a code word for a covert mission!

ZOE
Oh, Mike.

MIMSEY
And these are the Walmsleys. Walter and Miriam.

(MIRIAM attempts a curtsy with her
slacks.)
Your Highness. Your Lord-fellow and Lady-ness Personages.

WALTER
Miriam, stop it.

MIRIAM
Oh, I just love Sherlock Holmes!

WALTER
Sorry, she's goo-goo ga-ga over all this stuff.

BASKERVILLE
As are we all, Mr. Walmsley! May I ask, are you of the
Sutton Walmsleys by any chance?

WALTER
Nah, family's of Polish, changed it from Wojislawski.

BASKERVILLE
Ah, yes, well we English continue to be in debt to the brave
Polish aviators who served in the Royal Air Force. "Never
have so few..." and all that. You are most welcome!

WALTER
(To MIRIAM.)
See, Miriam, I told you we had class.

MIMSEY
How gracious of you, Mr. Baskerville. Our final guest is...
(Looks for ICHABOD.)
Oh, dear. Where is Ichabod? Has anyone seen Ichabod?

ZOE

Here it comes.

(ICHABOD sweeps in from the garden
to stand Center.)

ICHABOD

I must ask each and every one of you to remain in place! I have analyzed the footprint in the garden under the window through which the suspect fled. A male, approximately 12 stone, walks with a slight limp -probably an old war wound- possibly incurred during the Afghan Conflict. The work boot -of recent purchase- is of a Belfast manufacturer rarely found in these parts. It has a nick on the forward left corner of the right heel. Mr. Baskerville, have you by any chance recently hired a workman from the north counties of Ireland?

BASKERVILLE

Why in fact yes. Mr. Diggorry O'Day is our new gardener.

(DIGGORY steps forward.)

DIGGORY

That would be miself. County Donegal is hearth and home.

ICHABOD

Mr. Day, may I examine your left boot?

DIGGORY

As you wish, sir.

(ICHABOD inspects it.)

ICHABOD

Ah-hah! The game is a...foot! It is as I thought! I have him at last! This boot perfectly matches the suspect's print in the garden!

DIGGORY

To be sure it does, sir. For I am the gardener.

ICHABOD

A clever ruse! Arrest this man! Another case solved!

BASKERVILLE

Ho-ho! What fun!

(The British, assuming this is a performance, applaud politely. The tourists are beyond fed up with this. ICHABOD is already busy examining objects with his magnifying glass.)

FANCY

Marvelous! And the costume! So genuine!

MIMSEY

May I present Mr. Ichabod Holmes.

BOSRAM

Holmes, you say? Well, no wonder.

ICHABOD

Yes. Direct descendant.

FANCY

I beg your pardon?

(ICHABOD spies a clue in the
garden.)

ICHABOD

Hello, what's this?! Watson! Meet me under the wisteria!

(He rushes off UC.)

MIMSEY

(Quickly intervening)

Yes, well then, now that we've all been introduced, shall we
let the guests settle into their rooms?

BASKERVILLE

Capital idea! Aperitifs at 6:30! Dinner at 7! See you all
then!

MIKE

A pair of what?

WALTER

Teefs. Don't know what a teef is but it sounds like we get
two of 'em.

HELEN

Oh, how silly! Aperitifs! You know: drinky-winkies for
tipsy-wipsies!

WALTER

Oh. You mean beer. Hope they have Daisy Cutter Pale Ale.

MIKE

Dude, that would be the bomb.

WALTER

Yeah, you know it!

(MIMSEY crosses to the DL hallway
to guide them to their rooms.)

MIMSEY

Follow me, friends!

(As WALTER passes the sofa, he
greedily picks up a couple of
doggie bags.)

WALTER

Hey look, gift bags!

MIRIAM

(Picking up a couple.)
Oh, what beautiful wrapping!
(Sniffing)
I bet it's poe-purry!

WALTER

Class, I tell ya, class!

(The tourists all file out,
chattering, each picking up a "gift
bag". Offstage is heard a Hortensia
squeak.)

WALTER

(From hall)
Hey, watch out. Don't step on the little dog!

MIKE

(From hall)
What little-
(Squeak!)

BASKERVILLE

Hortensia! Miss Droop, perhaps we should retrieve those
-ahem!- gift bags before they open them. Then bring
Hortensia up to the library.

SORROW

(Exiting DL)
Right away, guvnor.

FANCY

Yes, not my idea of potpourri!

BOSRAM

Are you sure they'd know the difference?

FANCY

Probably not, the provincial hayseeds!

BASKERVILLE

Now, Fancy, as a Baskerville I expect you to behave with courtesy towards our guests. They have remunerated the family handsomely for the accommodations we so cheerfully provide.

FANCY

Yes, father. Please forgive me and allow me to retract my disdainful impertinence.

BASKERVILLE

As for yourself, Pance, we wouldn't have to lower ourselves to the status of innkeeper had not a certain ne'r do well relation mis-invested much of our assets.

BOSRAM

I beg forgiveness, Baronet. And when I catch up to that n'er do well, I'll give him the trouncing, the trashing of a lifetime!

BASKERVILLE

Er...um... Very good. See that you do, then. I shall be in the library, brushing Hortensia while also brushing up on my latest efforts at hedgehog husbandry. Tally-ho!

(BASKERVILLE exits UL)

SCENE 4 FANCY & BOSRAM PLOT

FANCY

Now see what you've done! My father is cross with us.

BOSRAM

But not for long, my love, not for long.

FANCY

Whatever do you mean?

BOSRAM

I've had an epiphany, a eureka, a flash of brilliance yet once again!

FANCY

Oh, dearest Bosram, spare me!

BOSRAM

I beg you, darling! This one is a dazzler! Remember the shipping container of land mines I procured at tremendous savings from that arms dealer? The one we met at the casino in Monaco, not the one who came to the door.

FANCY

What?! No! When?!

BOSRAM

Oh, dear... Thought I'd mentioned it.

FANCY

A whole shipping container of land mines?! Gracious me!

BOSRAM

No worries, my pet. It's safely hidden downstairs next to the furnace.

FANCY

Surely you jest! What if the heat from the furnace-?

BOSRAM

Oh, my innocent girl! How amusing you are! A land mine won't explode unless you step on it, you silly thing! But just to make sure, I threw several of them into the furnace-

FANCY

Excuse me- YOU WHAT??!!

BOSRAM

Darling, darling: calm yourself. Not a single one of them detonated.

(FANCY has almost fainted.)

Now here's the idea. Instead of thinking of these bombs as land mines, what if they were...Band Mines! You see? Planted in the concert stage to keep overly enthusiastic fans off the platform during performance.

FANCY

But wouldn't the mines dismember or even kill the unsuspecting enthusiasts?

BOSRAM

At first, of course, but then when word gets out no one would dare approach the performers.

FANCY

But are you saying that there will be legs and limbs flying about during the show?

BOSRAM

An added plus! What an improvement to the entertainment value! Have you seen how dreary these concerts have become? Band Mines are the answer!

FANCY

But would not the singers and musicians also be terribly wounded or killed?

BOSRAM

Another plus. Have you heard the rubbish that passes for music these days?

FANCY

Well, hmmm...now that you mention it...the current crop of ditties is beyond dreadful. Oh, Earl of Puffington! I think you may have finally succeeded!

BOSRAM

Oh, Fancy darling! Do you think that I'm...possibly...growing up?!

FANCY

Oh, I do hope so, my love!

BOSRAM

Let us bring the plan to your father immediately!

FANCY

Yes, Bossy, let's do!

(They rush off UL)

BOSRAM

I love you, Fancy Pance!!

FANCY

I love you, Bossy Pance!!

SCENE 5 MIKE & ZOE

(MIKE storms in from DL, carrying his backpack. ZOE is close behind)

ZOE

Mike, wait!

MIKE

I'm such an idiot! It's so embarrassing!

ZOE

It's not your fault. Anyone could've-

MIKE

How'm I supposed to make it into Special ops or intelligence if I don't have any...intelligence!

ZOE

The ticket agent must have misunderstood. When you asked for Base Carville he heard Bas-kerville. That's not your fault.

MIKE

But I looked at the ticket and saw it said Baskerville. I just thought it was one of those English things.

ZOE

I know, it's sometimes confusing.

MIKE

Yeah, like I was in a bar-

ZOE

You mean pub.

MIKE

See, that's what I mean. So I was in a pub and a guy said I was the dog's bollocks, so I slugged him. Then had to deck his six friends.

ZOE

You did that?

MIKE

Me or them. Almost got arrested-

ZOE

Nicked.

MIKE

Whatever. Then found out that "dogs bollocks" means "the best". Jeez, I'm such a jerk.

ZOE

No, Mike, you're not to blame.

MIKE

And now here I am instead of railing down zip lines and learning how to kill with a toothpick or blow up a tank with a tube of toothpaste and a garage door opener or make a hang glider out a couple of jockstraps and some pantyhose or-

ZOE

Stop!

MIKE

Instead of all that wicked awesome stuff, I'm stuck in a stupid Sherlock Holmes house with these...these...

ZOE

Toffs.

MIKE
Toffs...and, and...

ZOE
Poofsters.

MIKE
And poofsters and...

ZOE
Plonkers.

MIKE
Hey, how come you know all these?

ZOE
I'm bored and have a guide book. Which is why I need you to stay, Mike. You're the only other person my age in this mausoleum.

MIKE
Jeez, I don't know.

ZOE
Besides...I think I should tell you: I think you're the dog's bollocks.

MIKE
Why you...!

(Instinctively, he punches her,
grazing her jaw. She flies
backwards to land on the sofa.)
Aw, heck! I'm sorry, Zoe! I forgot what that means.

ZOE
I'm alright, I'm okay. You grazed me is all. Woof!

(ZOE sits up on the sofa, feels her
jaw.)
Dang. You got a roundhouse right cross on you, man.

MIKE
Yeah, mixed martial arts regionals champ, Northern New Jersey. I'm really sorry.

ZOE
I think my neck is... a little...

MIKE
Oh, here, let me work that out.

(MIKE crosses to behind sofa and
massages her neck.)

ZOE

Mmm...that feels great. Can you get a little lower?

MIKE

How's that?

ZOE

Mmm...Perfect. Hey, Mike?

MIKE

Yeah?

ZOE

How long before you think we're snogging? Because I really
like you, big guy.

MIKE

Aw shucks, I like you a lot too, Zoe. But I'm saving myself
for my true love, you know: my wife.

ZOE

Oh. No. That's not what snogging is.

(ZOE stands and walks around the
sofa to him.)

Let's take a walk in the garden. I found a great snogging
place.

MIKE

Er...Umm...Okay, I guess. Should I bring my backpack?

ZOE

Okay, but no camping while I'm vamping. Besides, I have a
feeling you'll be staying.

(She kisses him.)

What do you think, Mike?

MIKE

Um.. yeah...maybe. Kinda depends on... what...what snogging
is.

ZOE

Then you'll be staying. Trust me.

MIKE

Okey-doke!

(They pass ICHABOD coming from the
kitchen dressed as a maid.)

ZOE

Hey, wasn't that Ichabod?

MIKE

No that's his sister What-a-bod.

ZOE

Hey, you: eyes on the prize. Snogging!

MIKE

Oh, yeah: snogging!

(They exit through the french doors
UC.)

SCENE 6 ICHABOD THE MAID

(ICHABOD is dressed and wigged as a
curvaceous maid-servant, tottering
on high heels. He retains his
mustache. She begins manically
dusting, humming all the while.
Occasionally she whips out a
magnifying glass. SORROW enters
from the kitchen.)

SORROW

Blimey! The new maid-servant. It's about time! What's your
name, love?

ICHABOD

Jas...

(Remembering to speak in a woman's
voice.)

I mean... Jasmine. Yes that's it. Jasmine...

(Adjusting and scratching at her
underthings.)

...Itchingsworth

SORROW

Welcome ye certainly are. The name's Droop, Sorrow Droop of
Tears Upon Fears. You know, the sad village desperately
clinging to the banks of the River Woe, on the road between
Gloomingham and Dooms End. And you?

ICHABOD

Me? Oh, yes. I'm from ...

(Adjusting bra)

Dropping... Boobton. That's the town between ...

(MORE)

ICHABOD (cont'd)
 (Adjusting her
 undies)
 Riding Upsbury...and Lower Crackton.

SORROW
 Ah, yes. If I'm not mistaken that's a bit north of Tottering
 On Heels.

ICHABOD
 Oh, yes, of course. Been there, doing that.

SORROW
 Arrived just in time ya 'ave. Need the 'elp we do. Enough
 with the dusting.

(SORROW sees FANCY and BOSRAM
 coming DR.)
 Off to the kitchen wi' ya, now. Serve Milady and the Earl
 their afternoon spirits.

ICHABOD
 Yes, Miss Droop, right away, Miss Droop!

(She exits UR. BOSRAM & FANCY enter
 from DR.)
 But Bosram, I still don't understand how the solar panels
 stay on the sheep.

BOSRAM
 Well, you see, my dear, the-

SORROW
 Beggin' your leave guvnor. The new maid has arrived. Miss
 Itchingsworth will be servin' your mid-day inebrinations. I
 must now be attendin' to the polishing of the inside of the
 chimney.

BOSRAM
 Thanks frightfully, Droop.

(BOSRAM and FANCY sit on sofa.)
 A new maid-servant, eh? The old man must have more money
 than we thought if he's hiring help. Excellent. So, as I was
 about to say, once you spray the sheep with glue...

(ICHABOD enters with
 drinks, falsetto-humming loudly.
 BASKERVILLE enters from UL, gazes
 at ICHABOD lustily. ICHABOD stands
 to the R of sofa.)
 Ah, Miss Itchingsworth, nice to meet you.

ICHABOD

And you of course as well in addition also too, your Importancies. Here are your Bloody Marys. Extra bloody for you, sir. And extra Mary in yours, Milady.

(BASKERVILLE tip-toes up close to pat ICHABOD on the rump as she bends over to serve. She abruptly stands.)

ICHABOD

Freakin' 'eck! Well, I never!

BASKERVILLE

This must be the new help. Didn't expect you till next week, young wo-

(ICHABOD turns toward BASKERVILLE in all her voluptuousness.)

W-w-wow, that's a lot of woman.

ICHABOD

Yes, well, the agency 'eard you need 'elp, so 'ere I am!

BASKERVILLE

And there's so much of you...to help my self to...I mean to help all of us to...that is...Right-oh! Up stairs, immediately, Miss! I desperately need help with the long overdue re-arranging of my drawers.

ICHABOD

Of course, sir. Right away, sir.

BASKERVILLE

This way..er..what's your name?

ICHABOD

Miss Itchingsworth.

BASKERVILLE

(Hitting his flask)

Oh, I've an itching worth scratching, if you catch my meaning, I mean diddle my drift, I mean- Right this way, my dear young huge young thing.

ICHABOD

As you wish, my Lord and Master.

(BASKERVILLE and ICHABOD exit UL.)

FANCY

He's so good with the help. So, then, as I understand it, you apply glue to the sheep...

BOSRAM

Yes, that's it. Then, once you've trained the dumb beasts to always face east while grazing, you take the solar panels and-

FANCY

But how will you then gather the wool from the sheep?

BOSRAM

(Pouting)

You never approve of my ideas!

FANCY

Oh Bossy, don't be crossy with me. I was merely-

(MIMSEY and HELEN enter from DL,
chattering excitedly.)

MIMSEY

Pardon me, Milady, Milord. Have you seen our Mr. Holmes? I want to involve him in some evening entertainments, some Mystery Theatre revelries. What do you think of this: We all take roles in re-enacting The Hound of the Baskervilles right here in Baskerville Hall? We even have a dog to play the hound!

HELEN

Yes, it was all my idea. I have the best ideas! Of course I shall play Irene Adler-

MIMSEY

But she's not in-

HELEN

The fabulously scandalous Mistress of the King of Bohemia-

MIMSEY

That's another-

HELEN

Who enchants Sherlock Holmes, engulfing his heart forever in flames of-

MIMSEY

But he didn't fall in love with-

HELEN

WELL, HE WILL TONIGHT or I'm cancelling this entire weekend!

MIMSEY

What a splendid idea! Why hadn't Conan Doyle thought to place Miss Adler at Baskerville!?

HELEN

I knew you'd love my idea. I have the best ideas!

(ICHABOD enters from UL, completely disheveled: wig half off, a breast missing and a high-heel in one hand.)

BOSRAM

I say miss, hadn't you better freshen up?

ICHABOD

Sir, there's been enough fresh and more than enough upsy-daisy for the afternoon.

FANCY

Were you able to reorganize my father's drawers?

ICHABOD

No, ma'am. He's up there right now repositioning them himself. 'Fraid I'm a big disappointment. Once I made him let me go...he let me go.

BOSRAM

Sorry about all that, Miss. As a part-time barrister, I'd be happy to help you in suing the old goat. I retain merely seventy percent of the proceeds.

FANCY

Bosram! How could you!

BOSRAM

Darling, I'm desperate! They're coming to repossess the condo in St. Germain! That leaves us with only the chateau in St. Moritz and the villa in Montalcino!

FANCY

But you're biting the very hand that feeds you!

ICHABOD

I just bit that hand. Gamey old bird.

(ICHABOD gathers the drinks and drags...him/herself off to the kitchen. MIMSEY, observing ICHABOD, whispers to HELEN.)

MIMSEY

Do you think she could take on the role of Beryl Stapleton for tonight's theatrics? If she's willing to shave, of course.

HELEN

Ooh! Capital! But leave the mustache. Exotic ethnicity!
Perfect! Let us inquire!

MIMSEY

Yes, let's do!

(MIMSEY and HELEN exit after
ICHABOD.)

BOSRAM spies WALTER coming down the
SL Hall.)

BOSRAM

Speaking of lower class ethnicity, here comes the ugly
American.

FANCY

Which one?

BOSRAM

The Chicago gangster.

FANCY

Mon dieu! I shall perish.

BOSRAM

As shall I. Alons-y ma Royale avec fromage.

FANCY

Il faut partir vite, vite!

(BOSRAM and FANCY exit vite. UL)

SCENE 7 WALTER & MIRIAM SPY

(WALTER stealthily enters from SL,
making sure no one else is in the
room. He begins searching in and
under everything. Eventually he
drops behind sofa. MIRIAM tip toes
in from SR, also searching. She
does not see WALTER. He stands up
from behind sofa. They back into
each other. Startled, MIRIAM pulls
out a handgun. WALTER instinctively
reacts, drawing his gun. They
almost shoot each other.)

WALTER

OI! Da idi ty!! (Dah-ee-die-tie! Are you kidding?!)

MIRIAM

EY! Vot te na!! (Vootaynah! Good Lord!)

WALTER

Katerina! Een the room of dinink you must be lookink!

MIRIAM

Nyet! Mikhail, Een the beelliard room are you must be lookink!

WALTER

Weeth a booleet I almost keelt you!

MIRIAM

Nyet, I wood hev fester shot you.

WALTER

Russian spies like us should not with the shootink of each other be happenink!

MIRIAM

Da nu? (Really?)

WALTER

Deed you find?

MIRIAM

Nyet. Notting novhere.

WALTER

Eet must be heer in thees room.

MIRIAM

Then kip with the lookink!

WALTER

Kweek before comink someone is!

(They continue searching. MIRIAM looks closely at a landscape painting on the wall.)

MIRIAM

Mikhail, look!

WALTER

What, the paintink?

MIRIAM

Da. Behind tree. Do you not see?

WALTER

Nyet.

MIRIAM

Dere, behind tree. Ees Moose and Squirrel!

WALTER

Da! Some good memories were those I'm thinkink!

MIRIAM

Da! Well, kip up with the sneeky-peeky.

MIRIAM puts her pistol on the sofa.

WALTER picks up a vase. MIRIAM is on the floor looking under sofa.

DIGGORY enters from UR.)

WALTER

Mehbee een thees vez eet eez.

(WALTER holds vase over his head to examine the base. Diggory thinks he's about to bring it down on MIRIAM's head.)

DIGGORY

Here now, Mr Walmsley, sir! It can't be all that bad!

(Mikhail and Katerina quickly switch to WALTER and MIRIAM.)

WALTER

I'm tellin' ya, I can't take it no more!

MIRIAM

Wally, please! I didn't mean nothin' by it!

WALTER

Then stop tellin' me...tellin' me that...I'm no good at...no good at...

MIRIAM

At solving mysteries?

WALTER

Yeah. That's it!

(WALTER puts down the vase.)

MIRIAM

Like Sherlock Holmes?

WALTER

Yeah! I'm beginnin' ta think you care more about him than me!

(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)
(MIRIAM stands)

MIRIAM
No, no, Wally, there's no one I care about more than you!

DIGGORY
See now Mr. Walmsley, it's a right nice wife you have there.

(MIRIAM sees gun on sofa, realizes
she needs to cover it.)

MIRIAM
Come sit with me, Wally, so's I can explain.

DIGGORY
Yes, have a sit with yer lady to make it up with her.

MIRIAM
Yes, you really must sit...right here, Wally dear...right...
here.

(MIRIAM guides WALTER to sit on the
pistol. It goes off with a bang.
WALTER bites his hand to keep from
screaming.)

DIGGORY
Mercy of the saints! Was that gun fire?

MIRIAM

(Pointing out the front window)
Yes. I saw Mr. Baskerville shoot a quail.

DIGGORY
In the car park?

MIRIAM
Yes.

DIGGORY
That's odd. I'd better be seein' to that. You feelin' better
now, Mr. Walmsley?

WALTER
No. Pain. In the ass. Whatta pain in the ass...she is.

DIGGORY
Oh, my wife is too from time to time. But Mrs. Walmsley
appears to be a woman of fine caliber.

WALTER
Yes. 22, I think.

DIGGORY

(Whispering to WALTER)

Looks more like a 38 to me, guv. But keep up the flattery. Sure 'n that's way to her heart, that is. Well, then. Good day to ya, Missus, guvnor.

(DIGGORY exits DR)

(WALTER stands and dances, painfully holding his arse.)

WALTER

CHYORT! BELORUCHKA!

(MIRIAM picks up gun and puts it away.)

MIRIAM

Close one it was. Let me with a lookink see.

WALTER

(Bending over.)

Ahhhrrgh!

MIRIAM

Okay, okay.

(Pulls out his wallet)

Ah! Ees nothink. In the wallet you have been wounded.

WALTER

Nyet! Look more close.

SCENE 8 ICHABOD MONOLOGUE

(MIRIAM grabs both his buttocks and examines more closely. As she searches, ICHABOD, dressed as Sherlock enters from DL, carrying his violin. He sees MIRIAM searching, places violin on sofa, takes out his magnifying glass and also peers into WALTER's behind from...behind.

SORROW enters to DR with an easel and poster-board which has 12 check boxes. And a gong. During the speech, as Ichabod shouts the title of a Sherlock Holmes story, she strikes the gong and checks a box.)

ICHABOD

By the caves of Hephaestus! I would never have thought to seek THE BLUE CARBUNCLE (Gong) in such a place! But you're on to something, Watson! How clever: The poisonous fumes would keep only the most determined spelunker away. Keep up the good work. But I'm onto another case. Shall I tell you the details?

MIRIAM AND WALTER

NYET!

MIRIAM

We mean NO!

(As ICHABOD gets lost in the details of his case, MIRIAM quietly heads for the DL exit. WALTER follows, nursing his arse as he hobbles off. But as ICHABOD drones on, an angry WALTER turns, draws his handgun and is about to shoot ICHABOD when MIRIAM quickly intervenes, lowers the gun, silently reprimands WALTER and leads him off.)

ICHABOD

Very well then, I shall! It was a gloomy day on the moors. A low menacing moan could be heard. What foul growling beast lurked at such proximity? Then I realized it was my own stomach, indignant perhaps at the sixteen cups of coffee I had imbibed that morning. What else is a NOBLE BACHELOR (Gong) to do? In addition to the rumble in my tumbly, a strange buzzing had commenced to resonate within my cavernous skull. Watson had done it again! Watson! I said seven percent solution of cocaine, not seventy!

(Begins singing

"Bohemian Rhapsody":)

Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?

But it was a blessing in disguise, for as I flew around the towers of the manor house that morning, midst the magpies and jackdaws,

Easy come, easy go...little high, little low...

from my lofty vantage point I noticed that the hedges were trimmed so as to spell out a fateful clue: "The butler did it".

Mama, someone just killed a man...

Which indicated that the gardener held a grudge against the butler. I had learned long ago to give no attention to such personal enmity. Later that day, after a third and then a fourth gruesomely mutilated body had been found in an upper bedroom, I passed the butler in the hallway. He was steeped in blood from his collar to the tops of his shoes. He

(MORE)

ICHABOD (cont'd)

noticed my alarm and said, "Pardon my appearance sir, I may have cut myself while shaving." "Nonsense", I cried, "By my calculations there are 2.8 liters of blood saturating your clothes. And you hold a knife in your hand. From the type of tang, I'd say a seven inch Henkel. Furthermore, tomorrow is the Feast of St. Dymphna, widely celebrated in these parts with a traditional meal of pulled pork, pork sausage, and pickled pig's feet. Which leads to a single possible explanation for your gore-soaked apparel. Obviously the local butcher is unavailable and you have been pressed into service as a pig slaughterer!"

"And I may have cut myself shaving," he added, raising his eyebrows in astonishment at my brilliant deduction. Having eliminated the butler as a suspect, I turned my attention to other possibilities when suddenly... I heard music, wafting upon the zephyrs of the air:

Any way the wind blows...

from some distant gazebo. Following the sound, I arrived at a nearby village where, as I suspected, a small ensemble was mangling the old song "A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY".

(SORROW frowns and shakes her head.

This is not acceptable to her.

Disappointed, ICHABOD carries on.)

Yes, that famous patchwork tangle of tunes written by the Queen herself!

Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?!

Indeed! A finger jammed firmly in each ear, I approached the bandstand.

*(Galileo!) Galileo! (Galileo!) Galileo! (Galileo!) Figaro
Magnifico-o-o-o-o-o-o-o*

Oh, oh! What I saw sent a chill down my spine. Each and every member of the orchestra was a ginger-spiced copper-top member of THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE! (Gong) Yes! I had come upon: THE FRECKLED BAND! (Gong) And there- on the riverbank- a clump of rustic locals, THE DANCING MEN (Gong) were, as is customary, performing THE MUSKRAT RITUAL (Gong) upon THE SIX LINOLEUMS. (Gong)

(ICHABOD triumphantly performs a dancing air guitar solo on his violin to the guitar solo from *Bohemian Rhapsody*. Before he can get too far in this, SORROW demands the violin from him. He grudgingly hands it over.)

But I had no time for this, for to my dismay I discovered one of my footgear was missing. Had it fallen off whilst flying around the towers of Baskerville Hall or had I lost it while on vacation and left that SANDAL IN BOHEMIA?!(He glares at Droop. Reluctant Gong) This indicated to me that the foot was a game! As I one-hoofed it back to the village green, I noticed the local movie marquee displayed the

(MORE)

ICHABOD (cont'd)

current cinematic offering: Gone with the Wind. Ah-ha! A STUDY IN SCARLET! (Gong) But what's this?! A triple feature?! Also showing were The Misfits and Mogambo! Surely this evening would be THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE GABLES! (Gong) Then it came to me: the most famous line from the feature film: "Scarletly, Frank, I don't give a damn!" Of course! The dam! I surely now would face THE FINAL PROBLEM (Gong) of this case.

(The other characters [except for MIRIAM and WALTER] randomly enter for aperitifs. SORROW and DIGGORY serve drinks. Some ignore ICHABOD, some are amused, some are annoyed.)

I rushed to the river valley with no little trepidation as this was the well known VALLEY OF FEAR (Gong), where I found the dam...and was immediately bitten by several beavers. Bleeding with disappointment, I made my way back to the road. I noticed footprints -one a bare foot- heading toward the dam. How had I not seen them before? Measuring the length of stride and depth of impression I quickly deduced the suspect to be a male, six foot one, 13 stone, quite handsome, brown hair with a mustache trimmed in the latest continental style. In addition I observed several freshly uprooted trees, one an eighty foot oak. This of course indicated the suspect might possibly be a cocaine addict in full lofty foment. This must be the killer! I must hie me hence to the mansion in the moors before the villian stuck once more, moreover, in the moor. I returned in time to see the butler being escorted into a police van. Of course! They were going to need help in butchering the precinct pig. There could be no other reason to detain this man covered in blood, except to expedite the constables' holiday needs for bacon and ham hocks. Racing into the house, I happened to gaze into a mirror and ...there he was: the handsome fiend responsible for these heinous crimes. *Mama, just killed a man. Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead...*

(BASKERVILLE has wandered in, carrying a small dog crate, looking for his puppy. ICHABOD is annoyed with this interruption.)

BASKERVILLE

Hortensia! Here, princess!

ICHABOD

But then I realized-

BASKERVILLE

Hortensia!

ICHABOD

The man in the mirror-

BASKERVILLE

Where is that rascal?

ICHABOD

-was an imposter! Or was he? Obviously a bad CASE OF
IDENTITY (Gong) confusion!

BASKERVILLE

Hortensia?

ICHABOD

(to BASKERVILLE)

So you think you can stop me and spit in my eye??!!

(BASKERVILLE sees the dog behind
the sofa.)

BASKERVILLE

Sorry, old man. Good show and all that- Why there my beauty
is! Here we go, my love, into the...

(The dog has an accident.)

Oh, now, not again you naughty girl! We'll clean that up
later. In you go. Off to the groomers!

(BASKERVILLE carries the dog crate
off. No one has noticed this
unpleasance, except ICHABOD who is
fascinated. He looks at the
"evidence" behind the sofa.)

ICHABOD

Hallo! What's this?!

(He sniffs the air)

Any way the wind blows...

(More sniffing, looks down)

A hot, still steaming, pile of...

(He disappears behind the sofa,
then quickly pops up.)

At last! I've found it!!

(ALL turn to him.)

The final clue of the first act! THE MOUND OF THE HOUND OF
THE BASKERVILLES!!

(ALL gasp.

SORROW bangs the heck out of the gong.

A sudden crescendo of horror music.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

PILLSBURY VISITS

BASKERVILLE and BOSRAM are sitting on either end of the sofa. FANCY stands behind.)

BASKERVILLE

Sorry, old chap, but I don't understand. Once more: to what advantage is colored electricity?

FANCY

And furthermore, how can it even have a color?

BASKERVILLE

I beseech you: set aside the annoying, boring details. Don't you see? We can charge a premium price for those customers wishing for the electricity coursing unseen through all these wires and devices to be their favorite color!

BASKERVILLE

You mean the wires will be of a certain color?

(BOSRAM slaps his forehead in frustration.)

I'm quite partial to a gentleman's club burgundy, myself.

FANCY

No, father, I believe Bosram is referring to the electricity itself. That which is within the wire. Yes, my dear?

BOSRAM

Exactly so!

BASKERVILLE

Oh, bother! Stuff and nonsense! Bunk and balderdash! You must be joking! The electricity itself?! Of various hues?! What: puce, purple or periwinkle?! I had rather you brought me apes, ivory and peacocks!

BOSRAM

(Leaping up in irritation.)
So this is what Einstein, Edison, Tesla, Hawking and
Strumpfschnagel must have endured!

FANCY

Who's Strumpfschnagel?

BOSRAM

Non-stick glue! Pure genius!

(During this well worn rant,
BASKERVILLE browses a magazine.
FANCY inspects her nails.)
Had he -and we!- been heeded, mankind would have landed on
the moon by now! We'd have meat-free meat! Artificial limbs,
even organs! Or perhaps church organs made of meat! Who
knows, maybe even telephones that you can watch movies in...
on...from. But no! The naysayers shunned Strumpfschnagel,
his genius was forsaken and now we have none, none, NONE of
those worthy ideas, those towering achievements! O, world!
Thou art cruel to thy visionaries! But onward shall we
warriors of noble inquiry endeavor to-

(There is a doorbell ring. SORROW
enters from kitchen then exits DR
to answer the door.)
Yet more ceaseless interruptions!

BASKERVILLE

Who in heaven's name might that be? Expecting any visitors,
Fancy?

FANCY

No, certainly not on a Mystery Tour Weekend.

(SORROW enters, followed by ICHABOD
disguised as an upper-crust toff.
Driving cap, sportsman's jacket,
unkempt white hair, big bushy white
mustache. He is now Sir Pillsbury
Crescent-Rolls.

FANCY has pulled BOSRAM upstage to
calm him down.)

SORROW

A gentleman to see you, sir.

BASKERVILLE

How do you do, sir. Heathmoore Baskerville at your service.

ICHABOD

Marvelous to make your acquaintance, sir. I am Sir Pillsbury Crescent-Rolls. Pardon the intrusion. I was passing by in my motor car and was wondering if by any chance-

BASKERVILLE

If I had any Grey Poupon to lend you?! Miss Droop! A container of our best Dijon mustard for our guest.

(SORROW heads UR to kitchen.)

And make it poupon.

SORROW

Poop on what, sir?

BASKERVILLE

Poupon mustard.

SORROW

As opposed to mustard on poop?

BASKERVILLE

Just ask Mrs. Badgerbuns. She'll know where it is. It will be just a moment, sir.

ICHABOD

How kind! In fact I was about to indulge in a ham sandwich and-

BASKERVILLE

Ho-ho! Extra ham! Am I mistaken?

ICHABOD

Indubitably, sir! I lay it on exceedingly thick! Hah-hah-ha-ha-har-harph!!

BOSRAM

(Aside to FANCY)

As if there were any doubt!

BASKERVILLE

What brings you to this gloomiest part of Dartmoor Heath upon the Blasted Bog of the Grimpen Mire?

ICHABOD

I'm to visit my Great Uncle, the Marquess du... du... Croissant.

BASKERVILLE

Ah, yes. No doubt he is on the Rolls side of the family?

ICHABOD

How perspicacious of you, sir! Yes, The same Rolls who partnered with that chap Royce to manufacture the Rolls Royce auto-car.

(BOSRAM takes notice.)

Our family coat of arms is two rolling pins flanking a Steering wheel and crested with the jet engine of an Air-omnibus 380.

BASKERVILLE

Splendid ancestry, sir!

BOSRAM

Did you hear that, Fancy? He must be loaded!

(BOSRAM and FANCY move in closer.)

ICHABOD

The real reason I stopped in was because my driver mentioned that this very manse is the setting for The Hound of the Baskervilles. Can it be true?!

BASKERVILLE

I assure you it is in fact, sir!

ICHABOD

By Jove! My favorite mystery! You have done a great service to all Holmesian aficionados by so faithfully preserving this hallowed, haunted hall. Bravo, Baskerville!

(BOSRAM and FANCY cross to
ICHABOD.)

BOSRAM

You honor the family, sir. May I introduce my wife, Lady Puffington, Mrs. Fancy Baskerville-Pance.

FANCY

I am your humble servant, my lord. As well as a satisfied consumer of both your breadstuffs and your automotive products for the obscenely affluent.

ICHABOD

Charmed!

(To BOSRAM)

Lord Puffington, I presume?

BOSRAM

A privileged pleasure, Sir Crescent-

ICHABOD

Oh, Pillsbury will do, my good man. So many names! When I'm a naughty boy, my wife calls me Poppin' Fresh!
(All laugh heartily.)

BOSRAM

Oh, jolly good! Thoroughly degenerate!

FANCY

Yes, how deliciously decadent!

ICHABOD

In all the best ways, I assure you!

(SORROW enters from kitchen with a jar of Grey Poupon and a brass candlestick.)

BASKERVILLE

Ah, here's the mustard. Miss Droop, what took so long?

SORROW

Beggin' pardon, guvnor. But when I told Mrs. Badgerbuns that I 'eard there was some old grey poop in the kitchen, she thought I was referrin' to her ancient self, she did. Upon which she threw a waffle iron at me, followed by a fusillade of various servin' implements. Duckin' a flyin' meat cleaver, I perservered, I did. Whilst dodging selfsame pots and pans, on 'ands and knees did I then crawl into the dark pantry and to aid in the search did I light a candle, I did. Whereupon I saw a bag of popcorn kernels -you know, what's we keep for movie nights -and, pursuing a keen hunch- I opened the popcorn bag, whereupon I spied... the KERNEL MUSTARD with a CANDLESTICK in the KITCHEN!!

(DIGGORY runs through banging a gong.)

BASKERVILLE

Spot-on operational maneuver, Droop! Now go tinkle on the bell.

SORROW

Guvnor.

(SORROW curtsies, picks up a hand bell and tinkles it, while crossing the downstage apron.)

This lot 'as me so busy, this is the only time I get to tinkle!

(SORROW then heads heads to kitchen. Comes back immediately

with drinks on tray. DIGGORY also enters from kitchen with a drinks tray. He is wearing a butler's jacket over his overalls.)

BASKERVILLE

(To ICHABOD)

I say, old man, we have guests this weekend and are about to serve aperitifs. Will you not join the good cheer and grace us with your presence?

ICHABOD

It would be an honor.

BASKERVILLE

Splendid!

(The tourists enter from various doors and halls for drinks. Improvised low chatting. MIKE and ZOE are together. WALTER and MIRIAM nervously stand aloof DL, occasionally whispering. HELEN immediately spies royalty and beelines to ICHABOD/PILLSBURY. BOSRAM and FANCY hover. ICHABOD/PILLSBURY keeps an eye on the Walmsleys throughout. MIMSEY flutters about, chatting. SORROW and DIGGORY circulate with drinks.)

BOSRAM

Pillsbury, I wonder if I could interest you in a once in a lifetime opportunity to invest in what I predict will be the newest fashion craze: the Gownless Evening Strap!

ICHABOD

Did you say craze...or just plain crazy?

HELEN

(Pushing BOSRAM
aside.)

Oh, how do you do Sir Crescent-Rolls! I am Mrs. Helen Abbottham-Carter.

ICHABOD

Of Dorset and Wessex? I have of course heard of you, Madame.

HELEN

You have?! Oh, I'm flattered! We the hyphenated must rally together, there being so few of us remaining!

ICHABOD

Yes! Of course! Onward, Hyphen Nation!

MIMSEY

Sir, might I entice you into staying for the evening? We're planning an entertainment that I'm sure you would most assuredly-

(The lights flicker.)

BASKERVILLE

Oh, not again! Apologies, my guests. Mr. O'Day, did you not look to the faulty fuse box as I requested?

DIGGORY

That I did, sir, and could find nothin' amiss.

BASKERVILLE

Alright. It seems to have ceased fluctuating for now. But have a look at it later, will you?

DIGGORY

That I will, guvnor.

MIMSEY

As I was saying, Mr. Crescent-Rolls...

(MIMSEY leads ICHABOD upstage to continue her request.)

AGENTS OF POOPOO

WALTER

(Aside)

Katerina! Dere could not be a better time. For you see everyone is here beink.

MIRIAM

But, wait. The crazy Sherlock where is?

WALTER

Don't be with the worryink of heem. Ees eediot. Ready, Katya?

MIRIAM

Locked and loaded I yem.

(They take out their guns and wave the weapons menacingly.)

WALTER

EVERYBODSKI! HANDS UP! DO AS WE SAY AND NO ONE HURT GETS!

MIRIAM
YOU HEARD COMRADE MIKHAIL! HANDSKIS UPSKIS!

MIMSEY
Walter, Miriam! What ever does this mean?!

MIRIAM
It is meanink we are not Walter Miriam.

WALTER
Da! We are Mikhail and Katerina Smolderinski, undercover operatives of People's Organisation Of Putin's Old Oligarchy.

HELEN
Surely, you can't mean-!

MIMSEY
No! It can't be!

WALTER
Yes! We are agents of -

BOSRAM
Oh, please don't say it.

WALTER
POOPOO!

FANCY
Now, really. Haven't we had enough of poo-poo for the weekend?!

MIRIAM
No more speakink! Here be linink up in a line beink!

(MIRIAM indicates behind the sofa.
Hands in air, they line up in the
following order from Stage Right to
Left: SORROW, DIGGORY, BOSRAM,
FANCY, BASKERVILLE, MIMSEY, HELEN,
MIKE, ZOE, ICHABOD/PILLSBURY

FANCY
Oh dear! How rude these Americans are!

ZOE
These are Russians, you twat!

FANCY
Either way, certainly not British!

WALTER

I tell you Katerina. This will be easy as taking Ukraine.

MIRIAM

Oh, to be sure. By the way, how ees that goink?

WALTER

With much victory! Accordink to POOPOO official State News, our troops are soon to drive tanks across English Channel any day now.

MIRIAM

All glory to POOPOO!

MIKE

Hey, wait a minute...tanks can't drive on water. They weigh like fifty tons!

WALTER

True that...but since State News cannot be wrong...they must be inflatable tanks.

ZOE

So...if you poke a hole in them, they deflate?

SORROW

Sounds like poo-poo to me.

WALTER

Nyetski! Shut-upski!! Now then, Beskerveel, two weeks ago one of our agents was guest here in Hall of Beskerveels attemptink to evade British Secret Service Spy Guys. He was carryink a thumb drive with top secret eenformation. As they closed in on him, he hid thumb drive here in the house somewhere super tricky sneaky-like.

BASKERVILLE

My dear man, I assure you that I have no idea what you are-

MIRIAM

We know you know where it is. Tell us or we weell begin wit the shootink of your femily and guests one by one.

BOSRAM

Not the family! Shoot the guests!

FANCY

Yes, we beseech you, the guests!

HELEN

Not the guests! Shoot the servants!

WALTER

What you thinkink, Katerina?

MIRIAM

Why not the servants? Like tradeetional custom from good old Soviet days to target practice on peasants.

SORROW

As God is my savior would you please shoot me first? My feet are achin' so bad that I just want to get off them.

MIRIAM

Da. No problemski.

WALTER

Okay, Beskerveel, one lest chance. Where is thumb drive?

BASKERVILLE

I tell you, I honestly don't know!

SORROW

'Ere, Diggory, 'old me tray.

(She hands tray to Diggory.)

Make it quick, will ye, I'm havin' ta scrub the kitchen floor and I'm dyin' to get out of it.

MIRIAM

Da. Gettink out of it by dyink you soon weel be. Here goes ...in three...two...one!

(MIRIAM fires gun directly at SORROW but DIGGORY quickly places the tray as a shield in front of her. The bullet ricochets off the tray, flies back across the room. ICHABOD/PILLSBURY holds up a fireplace shovel to ricochet the bullet yet once again into WALTER's arse. The cast follow the bullet like watching a tennis match. WALTER leaps about in pain.)

WALTER

CHYORT! BELORUCHKA!

BASKERVILLE

A double ricochet! Jolly good!

WALTER

Not again! What ees with the shootink of my ess, my zhopa! Now I'm be-ink angry to the max. Hokay, Diggory Diggorivitch! You are next!

DIGGORY

Now look here, Sunny Jim, what's with the shootin' of the workin' class folks? I thought the people's guardians of the proletariat were in solidarity with the Marxist international struggle to overthrow the capitalist imperialist colonizers.

WALTER

Da! But that was before you with a bulleet put in my zhopa! Now ees a bulleet in you! Three ...two...

(The lights go out. In the dark, chaos. We hear oaths and shouts, such as:

"Oy!" "Let go!" "How dare you?!"
 "Ow!" "How rude!" "Why, you...!"
 "I've got you now!" "Unhand me, you fool!" Etc.

Also: Gun shots, whistles, snorts, screams, shouts, grunts and groans.

After a bit the lights come back on to reveal Tableau One:

FANCY is strangling BOSRAM. MIKE has ZOE in a headlock. HELEN is applying makeup. ICHABOD is bringing the shovel down on her head. SORROW is hiding under her tray. DIGGORY is biting BASKERVILLE'S hand. WALTER is holding MIRIAM hostage. MIMSEY is praying.

Lights go out. More sounds of chaos. Dogs. A cow. And a train whistle.

Lights on. Tableau Two:

BOSRAM is hiding under FANCY's dress. MIMSEY is brushing Helen's hair. HELEN is smoking Holmes's pipe. ZOE is on MIKE's back, mauling his face. SORROW is tip-toeing away. BASKERVILLE is knocking back his flask. DIGGORY is wrestling with MIRIAM for control of her gun. ICHABOD/PILLSBURY is spanking WALTER with the fireplace shovel.

Lights go out. More chaos. The trumpeting of an elephant.

Lights on. Tableau Three:

MIKE is holding ZOE in a backwards dip. DIGGORY is peeking up from behind Left end of the sofa. SORROW is smashing her tray on HELEN'S head. ICHABOD is playing his violin in DL doorway. MIRIAM is delivering a karate chop to WALTER's gut. MIMSEY is reading a magazine.

Lights stay on.

WALTER

(Looking up at the Control booth.))

Hey, you, up there in Booth of Control! Who's on lights? You are? Don't move.

(He aims, shoots the board operator.))

Dere! Now weel the lights on be stayink!

HELEN

(To the booth))

But, see here, my good man: it won't change the curtain call, will it?

MIRIAM

Boobchik Lady, your curtain call is comink right now!

(MIRIAM aims to shoot HELEN)

DIGGORY

(Raising a pistol.)

Hold it right there, you Soviet She-Devil!

MIMSEY

Diggory!

DIGGORY

Oh, but I'm not Diggory O'Day, Irish Gardener, Groundskeeper, Electrician, Custodian, Chauffer, Man Servant and Dog-walker. I'm...

(He removes eyebrows, mustache, wig and cap.)

...Trevor Nightingale, Senior Field Agent, MI6!

MIKE

Aw, cool! Agent Nightingale, I'm US Army Special Ops, almost.

DIGGORY

Cheers, Mike. I could use some timely assistance. Disarm these two. Careful, now.

(MIKE takes guns from WALTER and MIRIAM.)

DIGGORY

Nicely done, Yank. You're the-

ZOE

NO! DON'T SAY IT!

DIGGORY

-dog's bollocks!

MIKE

Why you...!

(MIKE drops the guns, and punches DIGGORY, sending him onto the sofa.

WALTER and MIRIAM pick up their guns.)

ZOE

Oh, Mike! Not again!

MIKE

Dang! I keep forgetting!

MIRIAM

Now I geev you somethink you won't ever to be forgettink!

(She aims at MIKE. ICHABOD, DL, raises a pistol.)

ICHABOD

Stop right there, comrade!

HELEN

Pillsbury!

ICHABOD

No, not Pillsbury Crescent-Rolls, known to ladies from Brighton to Bristol as Poppin' Fresh, the traveling upper-crust passerby in need of mustard for a ham sandwich!

FANCY

Gracious! So much ham in that sandwich!

(He removes his big white mustache
and white wig.)

MIMSEY

Ichabod Holmes!

ICHABOD

No, not Ichabod Holmes, direct descendant of Private
Consulting Detective Sherlock Holmes, master of disguise,
part time cocaine addict and lousy violin player!

(He removes brown mustache and wig.
All gasp.)

I'm Special Undercover Agent Jason Thorne on assignment for
the U.S. Undersecretary of Covert Operations Pertaining to
Surreptitious, Stealthy and Somewhat Sneaky Stuff!

MIMSEY

What in heaven's name is all that?

ICHABOD

The CIA.

MIKE

Aw, cool! Need any almost Special Ops help? I'm almost-

ICHABOD

Thanks, kid. Almost take their guns and then almost cuff
them.

(He hands MIKE two sets of
handcuffs)

ZOE

Let me help. I'm almost his girl friend.

(MIKE cuffs WALTER. ZOE puts
handcuffs on MIRIAM.)

ICHABOD

Now stay putski, comrades. A chopper is on the way to pick
you up for interrogation.

WALTER

I don't care what you do. Just don't shoot me in the zhopa
no more!

MIRIAM

Da! Hees zhopa is all worn out from many bulleets it has
been receivink!

WALTER

Da, da! Een my zhopa! Many bulleets! Nyet, nyet!

DIGGORY

(Recovering.)

Just sit there and be quiet.

WALTER

Ken not sit!

DIGGORY

Then stand over there and be quiet. Watch them, Mike, lad.

MIKE

Copy! Roger that! 10-4! F.A.B!

SOLVING THE CASE

DIGGORY

Well then, Thorne, these two apparatchiks seem to know as little as we do. What's your guess?

ICHABOD

Yeah, I was trailing them in hopes that they would lead me to the McGuffin.

DIGGORY

Look here, Baskerville, wasn't there anything unusual about the double agent who visited two weeks ago?

BASKERVILLE

Not at all. A shy little man who kept to himself. Don't think I spoke two words with him.

DIGGORY

What about you, Miss Droop?

SORROW

No sir, it was as the master of the 'ouse 'as said, you wouldn't know 'e was 'ere. Left in a great bloomin' rush 'e did.

DIGGORY

He must have gotten word that we were closing in on him.

BASKERVILLE

He even left his book behind, open on that table.

SORROW

So's I just placed it 'ere in our little lending library whas we keep for the guests.

ICHABOD

Do you remember which it was?

SORROW

Oh, indeed I do, guv. It's one of my favorites: As You Like It by the great William Shakespeares.

(SORROW takes book from shelf,
hands it to ICHABOD.)

'Ere it is, sir.

HELEN

Inspector, if you need any assistance, I played Orsino in upper sixth at Mrs. Pumblechuck's Private Academy for Excellent Young Hyphenated Women.

MIMSEY

And I played Rosalind in lower sixth. Froome Middle School for Ordinaries!

HELEN

Darling, let's perform our parts after dinner!

MIMSEY

Oh, yes, please let's do!

HELEN

But first, if I may, a preview:

(HELEN indulges in overly
theatrical posturing.)

"I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he."

MIMSEY

(Overly melodramatic.)

"Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own. Look, here comes the Duke!"

HELEN

And...Scene!

(Polite applause)

ICHABOD

(Aside)

Well, there's my ham sandwich!

SORROW

'Ang on! Beggin yer pardon, all, but I misself had a go at Jaques (Jack-kwess), in a traveling troupe at the Wessex County Sheep trials.

(MORE)

SORROW (cont'd)

(Shouting)

"All the world's a stige and all the men are merely pliers."

MIKE

Pliers? I don't get it.

ZOE

Men are tools.

MIKE

Oh, yeah. I forgot.

SORROW

(Still shouting.)

"They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plys many parts."

DIGGORY AND ICHABOD

I'll say!

(Tepid applause)

MIMSEY

Must you shout so?

SORROW

I 'ad to, for to be heard over the bagpipes and the pigs.

DIGGORY

Well done, but we must needs focus on the task at hand.

BASKERVILLE

Where's my little Hortensia? She will be our bloodhound.

(He exits, calling for Hortensia.)

DIGGORY

Now look here, have any of you touched this book during your stay?

(All shake their heads, say no.)

MIKE

I would have but it's all that English English, right?

ZOE

Yeah, Shakespeare is pretty much the most Englishy English.

MIKE

See that's what I mean. It kinda pisses me off.

DIGGORY

Seriously? Or are you taking the piss, mate?

MIKE

Naw, I just went.

ZOE

Oh, Mike.

ICHABOD

Nightingale, look at this. There's still a bookmark in place...

DIGGORY

And it's one of those with a slider...

ICHABOD

Which points to a particular line.

DIGGORY

So it does. As You Like It, Act I, Scene 3: Rosalind says: "I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart." In my heart...in my heart. Anyone notice anything unusual in their hearts?

ZOE

Yeah. I have a kind of drum solo in my heart whenever I'm near Mike. And wiggly feelings in other parts, too.

MIKE

Yeah, me too. Especially the other part's wigglies. But the drum solo, too.

DIGGORY

Perhaps something not quite that musical.

ICHABOD

(Sees the trophy deer mounted on
the wall and suddenly realizes.
Laughs wildly.)

Of course! That's it! We've been looking at it all weekend!

HELEN

What ever are you saying?!

DIGGORY

Agent Thorne! Pull yourself together! Buck up!

ICHABOD

Yes, buck up! How right you are! Buck! Up!

HELEN

He's gone daft!

MIMSEY

Batty!

FANCY

Balmy! Round the bend!

(ICHABOD continues to laugh like a
madman until SORROW brings her tray
down on his head.)

ICHABOD

Thank you, Miss Droop. Now. Where was I? Oh, yes. Mrs.
Abottham-Carter, can you recite William Wordsmany's famous
poem, "The Hunter on the Hill"?

HELEN

But of course. Anyone attending the best of British private
schools knows it, by heart.

ICHABOD

(Giggling)

Yes, by heart! Oh, this is too much! Please then, my lady,
do regale us. Do me a favor and stand right here...

(He places her directly under the
deer trophy.)

...so that you may recite the poem...by...heart!

HELEN

Very well then. As you wish.

(HELEN assumes a recital pose.)

HELEN

"The Hunter on the Hill" by Sir William Wordsmany.

Antlers high festoon its head.
The poor Hart leaps upon the ridge.
The hunter aims and shoots it dead,
Drags it home and fills the fridge.

(HELEN looks up at the deer.)

Why, of course! The hart! H-A-R-T
is a deer!

EVERYONE

(Except MIKE)

The deer! The deer!

DIGGORY

(Slapping himself on the forehead,
pointing up at the trophy.)

Buck: up!

ICHABOD

Agent Nightingale! A ladder!

(DIGGORY exits)

MIKE

Hey, is this more old timey English stuff?!

BOSRAM

Indeed it is, my friend. Cheerio, pip-pip and all that, you know.

MIKE

Yeah, but come on, naming body parts after animals!

MIMSEY

And why not? Hare, hair, calf, calf...

MIKE

I know, I know: dogs, bollocks.

ZOE

Why you...!

(ZOE knocks MIKE out.)

I've been wanting to do that all weekend!

MIMSEY

They are so meant for each other, aren't they?!

FANCY

Rather!

(DIGGORY returns with ladder, places it under deer trophy. ICHABOD climbs ladder, reaches into the deer's mouth.)

ICHABOD

I feel something! Yes, yes... Got it! The thumb drive! Let's see what it says...

(ICHABOD takes out his magnifying glass, reads.)

"The encrypted codes for all U.S. nuclear weapons...

(All gasp)

...and every restroom in the U.S. Capitol."

DIGGORY

Egad!

MIMSEY

To think this almost fell into the wrong hands!

ICHABOD

Wait! It has writing on the other side. "If found please return to any bathroom in Mar-a-Lago."

MIMSEY

Oh, it seems I was mistaken. It was in the wrong hands after all!

DIGGORY

Congratulations, mate. Nice working with you.

ICHABOD

Same here, pal.

DIGGORY

One question for you. How did you know the Walmsleys were Russian agents?

ICHABOD

Wasn't sure at first but I became suspicious when he said he lost a lot of money on the horses at Arlington Park in 1999.

DIGGORY

So?

ICHABOD

Arlington Park was closed that year for repairs.

MIRIAM

Mikhail, you're a horse's ass!

WALTER

Don't say ass.

MIKE

(Emerging from behind sofa.)

Wha' happened?

ZOE

I knocked you out, babe.

MIKE

Yeah, you really sure do.

DIGGORY

(To the Walmsleys.)

Alright, you two, I hear the helicopter.

MIRIAM

Off to the gulag, Mikhail.

WALTER

Ow-ski! Would it be okey-dokey if I ride standink upski?

MIMSEY

Well, Agent Bourne, another case closed. By the way, may I say that you were the worst Sherlock Holmes ever.

ICHABOD

But that, my good lady, was the point. My poor imitation allowed me to scour every inch of the place without raising suspicion.

HELEN

I say, most clever...for an American!

BASKERVILLE

(Enters with dog.)

Look, everyone, I found Hortensia!

MIMSEY

(Raising a glass.)

Well then: to the found hound of the Baskervilles!!

ALL

TO THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES!!

(SORROW bangs the gong. A wolf howls. All gasp. A crash of Big Mystery Music.)

CURTAIN