

island!

#1 - HOLMES, WATSON, HUDSON

HOLMES:

(creating chaos) Good thing I AM NO MAN! (banging things, bang bang bang)

WATSON:

So, um, peace out everyone. Be seeing you never!

HOLMES:

(as Watson opens the door to go) Lovely to meet you—Doctor Watson!

(Watson freezes at the door.)

START
→ **WATSON:**

Uh—I am not a doctor.

HOLMES:

Yes, you are.

WATSON:

No, I'm not.

(Watson comes back into the room.)

HOLMES:

Yes you are.

WATSON:

No I'm not.

HOLMES:

Yes you are yes you are
yes you are yes you are—

WATSON:

No I'm not no I'm not
no I'm not NO I'M !!!

MRS. HUDSON:

This is going well.

HOLMES:

YOU CANNOT DISPUTE THE EVIDENCE—Doctor!

WATSON:

What “evidence”?

(Holmes plies her craft; she is not afraid to get into Watson's personal space. EVERY time Holmes gives her deduction summaries throughout the play, they are VERY fast—the other characters, and the audience, should barely keep up.)

HOLMES:

—elementary.

You hold the rental materials close, sideways, like a clipboard—shielding them even from Mrs. Hudson: exercising reflexive doctor-patient confidentiality, as you are accustomed to holding medical charts!

WATSON:

Lots of people hold their papers sideways!

HOLMES:

Your hands are meticulously clean—under the nails and up to the wrist; textbook medical hand-washing procedure! What's more, the skin is dry, rough—it's been years of such habits, a decade of scrubbing up!

WATSON:

Um, it's post-2020, lady. Lots of people have very clean hands.

HOLMES:

Ah, but those spic-and-span sanitized hands keep reaching your upper neck; as if adjusting a stethoscope! Your watch—an expensive model, though wearing at the band, and unusually—featuring a pulsometer; a med school graduation present, perhaps?!

WATSON:

—lots of people wear WATCHES!

HOLMES:

And finalmente—chorus, crescendo, *IL CULMINE*—Your luggage tag.

(Holmes points at the offending tag.)

WATSON:

It—it doesn't say anything but "Joan Watson!"

HOLMES:

Does it really?

The handwriting is entirely incomprehensible.

You might as well be wearing scrubs—Doctor.

MRS. HUDSON:

(*applauding wildly*) Bravo, oh, bravo, brava!!!! You see, Doctor Watson—

WATSON:

Ms! I'm telling you, you're *wrong*.

MRS. HUDSON:

You have now witnessed the work of Sherlock Holmes, internationally celebrated detective!

HOLMES:

I much prefer "deductive consultant".

MRS. HUDSON:

(*just trying to make the sale, speed it up*) Whatever—

HOLMES:

Professional hypothesizer, if you must.

MRS. HUDSON:

Whatever—

HOLMES:

I root out that which would remain hidden—inevitably accomplishing the improbable—if not the impossible!

MRS. HUDSON:

Whatever, whatever!—you must have heard of her pre-pandemic exploits?! (*acting these out vividly*) The Case of The Creeping Man? The Adventure of The Sussex Vampire? The Consumption of Lady Carfax's Corpse?

WATSON:

Those all sound very made-up.

MRS. HUDSON:

—well, perhaps she is not widely known in America, where nobody reads. But she may be the most accomplished "deductive consultant"... in the world!

HOLMES:

CORRECTION: I was. *Was*. A deservedly celebrated iconoclast, Mrs. Hudson. Now I am—adrift. Wrung dry. Washed up.

"Alexander wept, for there were no more worlds to conquer."

MRS. HUDSON:

She means Alexander the Great.

end

WATSON:

Yeah, I've seen *Die Hard*.

HOLMES:

Crime has become so—quotidian. Law-breakers have no imagination anymore! Every day, just—murder, robbery, assault. Murder, robbery assault. Murder murder death and murder—blah blah blahblahblah BLAH.

WATSON:

Yikes.

HOLMES:

My fire has burned out. I have lost all inspiration!

MRS. HUDSON:

Oh, Sherlock. Buck up.

(*she starts singing:*)

Grey skies are gonna clear up, put on a happy face— /strike up the band

HOLMES:

(*grimacing as Mrs. Hudson keeps going under*) /I am alone, alone in my anguish. There is nothing left... but escape.

(*From the recesses of the coffee table, Holmes finds a little baggie of marijuana, and a pipe. Her pipe must be noticeably for weed—not tobacco.*)

#2 - IRENE HOLMES WATSON

WATSON:

(appalled) Eoh.

IRENE:

Mm. What's more, he's rebranding as a *(imitating Monk)*

→ "Champion of Family Values." If he *chooses* to announce his candidacy, I will *choose* to release the footage. Unlike Elliot, I am pro-whatever-choice.

WATSON:

Exactly what is on this frigging tape???

IRENE:

Let's just say—I really have him over a barrel. He runs, I run the clips.

HOLMES:

So—why, exactly, have you come *here*, Ms. Adler?

IRENE:

To warn you, Sherlock. *(she gets close)* Watch out.

A bigger game is afoot—and you couldn't sniff out my secrets if you tried.

HOLMES:

—Trust me, Ms. Adler—if I wanted to—I could.

(They are getting closer and closer)

IRENE:

I think you want to.

HOLMES:

I think you want me to want to.

IRENE:

I think you want me to want you to want me to—

(They're practically nose to nose.)

WATSON:

What is going ON?

IRENE:

Pipe down, baby. The adults are talking.

WATSON:

Lady—you—are—you—are really—psht.

IRENE:

What a way with words.

WATSON:

You—you—*(classic raspberry:)* PBBTH.

IRENE:

—Devastating.—Well, must run, gals. Cosmos and mani-pedis soon!

(Irene begins to leave.)

Oh—Holmes—one last thing. Do you happen to know: the work of Sun Tzu?

WATSON:

What?

HOLMES:

By heart. Of course.

WATSON:

Seriously—what?

IRENE:

"Preparation... may lie within our joined hands, *(she comes palm to palm with Holmes)* but defeat of the enemy—is from the enemy himself."

WATSON:

—what the frig?!

HOLMES:

(still joined hands with Irene) It is—*The Art of War*, Watson.

IRENE:

—and what an artist you are, Sherlock.

But you're not the only one with clever ideas.

(Holmes starts; Irene steps back.)

Ta-ta.



START

MORIARTY:

Please. It's not you that I want, "Watz." (Watson "awks") It's you, Sherlock.

HOLMES:

What?

MORIARTY:

As you've heard, I provide niche services, via the lesser-known channels of the internet: offering ethically-neutral problem-solving to individuals, organizations, and governments.

HOLMES:

"You're not the only one with clever ideas."

MORIARTY:

We are artists working in the same medium, Holmes. I also trade solutions—for secrets.

WATSON:

What the frig does that mean?

MORIARTY:

In dire straits—and straits are so dire nowadays—folks are willing to give access to *extremely* private information, in exchange for easy answers. I collect such sensitive materials—and sell when they accrue maximum value.

WATSON:

You blackmail people??!

MORIARTY:

Noooo—not just people! Companies, consortiums; countries. I work, as Holmes should be working—on a wider canvas. I've been so sad for you, Sherlock—watching you waste your talents, locked away in that ratty flat. Hunting down homicidal housewives. Performing P.R. mop-up for perverts. But with the technologies at my disposal—(Holmes starts drifting towards him)

WATSON:

Uh, Holmes—?

#3 MOR./HOLM/WATSON

MORIARTY:

—you could go so much further. Nothing and nobody would be beyond the reach of your skills. Join my network, and there would be no more closed doors, Sherlock. No more nagging unsolved mysteries. No more *secrets*. (he reaches out to Holmes)

It's time to connect with your true peer, darling. It's time to—partner.

WATSON:

Holmes—?!

(he traces one finger down Holmes' face—taps her head)

MORIARTY:

Join your remarkable machine with mine—and we can solve anything... everything. ← end

HOLMES:

Everything.

WATSON:

HOLMES!!!

MORIARTY:

She's gone blue screen, Watson—you're looking at a total reboot.

HOLMES:

Ev-ry... (Holmes is, indeed, transfixed; still)

(Watson snaps her finger, waves her hand in front of Holmes—nothing.)

WATSON:

Sherlock?!!! Hello?!!! HELLO?!!! (desperately) WAKE UP!!!

(Watson shakes her. Holmes is completely frozen.)

MORIARTY:

Irene, drop the gun, you're not helping with the tension.

IRENE:

No thank you. (she coolly turns the gun towards him)

#4 MONK, H1W

MONK:

—you mean the freckle?

HOLMES:

Your watch, sir. Platinum face; dual diamond dials; crocodile band—all summing up to a Patek Philippe 480 Chronograph. Worth 3.6 million American dollars—(Watson “awks”) and only two ever made. Unless you are the 75-year-old patriarch of Dubai’s royal family—I am addressing Mr. Elliot Monk, CEO; Austin-based tech wunderkind; and billionaire, many times over. Next visit, wear a Timex.

MONK:

Wow, Ms. Holmes—just—wow. No secret is safe with you!

HOLMES:

Flattering, coming from one of the top information-peddlers in the world. Mr. Monk made his fortune in social media start-ups, Watson. He lures in the unwary—getting them to sign away personal information to access addictive apps—

WATSON:

Hey—didn’t you invent Bling Crash? (*Bling Crash is Watson’s absolute favorite app*)

HOLMES:

Then mining their data—

WATSON:

Wait—

HOLMES:

And selling it to the highest bidder.

WATSON:

Is that why I keep getting ads?

HOLMES:

All kinds of unscrupulous parties will pay handsomely for access to people’s private information—won’t they, Monk?

MONK:

Gotta love the free market!

HOLMES:

Behold, Watson—the price of your “connecting.”

—MONK: **BEGIN**

As you say, Ms. Holmes, I’ve managed to make a—decent living—in the private sector. (*he taps the watch*) But along the way, I had some mistakes in my personal life. I mean, don’t get me wrong—I’ve dated lots of chicks. Hot chicks. Socialites. Newscasters. Models. Foot models.

(*Watson gags audibly*)

But not one of ’em ever could compare to—Irene. (*pronounced like Irene*)

WATSON:

Irene? What, like—Irene—but a little extra?

MONK:

Ms. Irene Adler. And as extra as they come. Irene’s had a varied career—lots of different skills—but nowadays—she works as a “professional companion”. A lady of the night. A member of Mrs. Warren’s—

WATSON:

We GET it.

MONK:

I saw her, in that capacity, for about a year. And during that time—we made a—certain—tape.

HOLMES:

Of course you did—

MONK:

And she kept the only copy.

HOLMES:

Of course she would—

MONK:

And now she’s threatening to release it.

HOLMES:

Of course she is.

MONK:

I want to become a better man, Ms. Holmes! Leave the past in the past! But Irene refuses to let me move on!

WATSON:

I mean—there's a lot of risqué footage out in the world, nowadays. How exposed could this tape really leave you?

MONK:

Very exposed. *(beat)* Very very very exposed.

WATSON:

Yeah, I'm gonna need more details. Could you—just draw me a picture—no wait, show me on the skeleton—

MONK:

I'm willing to spend a LOT to get this film out of her hands. Whatever your normal rate, I'll double it. Triple it. Quadruple it.

HOLMES:

This is not my kind of case, Mr. Monk. Why don't you hire some inferior sleuth?

MONK:

Oh, I've hired men to follow her, hack her computer, break into her place—

WATSON:

Wow, okay, Prince Charming—

MONK:

But every one of 'em failed. They say—the only person who could ever match Irene, Holmes—is you.

WATSON:

Hellooo, didn't you hear her the first time? You're not her type of client, buddy. B-bye! *(she starts pushing him out)*

MONK:

Just because I'm not a hero, lady, doesn't make Irene the heroine!

WATSON:

Adios, Tex! Sorry you're in the queso! Don't let the door hit you in the ten-gallons on the way out! *(she pushes him most the way out)* ← end

MONK:

(to Holmes) Name your price—and I'll meet it!

WATSON:

Maybe she doesn't HAVE one! *(she gets him most of the way out; he sticks his foot in the door)*

MONK:

We all do, in the end. Holmes, Holmes, baby—call m—

(Watson slams the door in his face.)

WATSON:

Well. May I just say—G-BLEGH.

HOLMES:

Mr. Monk certainly wins no prizes for charm.

WATSON:

Oh he's a true-blue Yankee Doodle Scumbag, ain't he? And did you notice—the ring? *(she holds up her left hand like The Finger)*

HOLMES:

I did, yes. *(Watson snorts and starts cleaning)* But isn't there something—irresistible, Watson, about a problem—that no one else can solve?

WATSON:

NO!

HOLMES:

I'm not jumping to kittens. There just may be merit in taking on this case!

WATSON:

Even with the sleaziness and the skeeziness and his business summing up to everything you hate?!

5- LESTRADE
(WATSON)
HOLMES

WATSON:
What/ do you—

HOLMES:
You may want to put this on.

WATSON:
A rain coat? *(even as she pulls it on)* Okay, um, why would I need a—

(Two GIANT buckets of blood are thrown on Holmes & Watson. Just—blood splashed everywhere.)

WATSON:
AhhHHHHhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

LESTRADE:
Welcome to Scene 5, ladies. Sorry it's a bit—messy.

WATSON:
AaaaaAAAAaaah!

LESTRADE:
Yes, this one is—not a suicide.

HOLMES:
Lestrade, you're *learning*.

WATSON:
This is—this is—oh my God, is that an EYE?!!

HOLMES:
About three-quarters of one.

WATSON:
Nnnghhh there is blood everywhere—on the walls, on the ceiling—

LESTRADE:
Under the stove. And I wouldn't recommend looking into the box safe, that's where the killer put the victim's—*(his phone rings—that stupid ring tone song again)* Hang on.

(He steps away.)

WATSON:
Put the whaaaat? *(a la Se7en)* What's in the box? What's in the boxxxxx?

HOLMES:
—Feeling woozy, Watson?

WATSON:
Feeling VERY DISTURBED, THANK you!

HOLMES:
But not having a panic attack!

WATSON:
(with some surprise) No. No, I guess—not. *(beat; Watson wipes some blood off; she is almost happy)* Well! Huh!

HOLMES:
Don't sit there, Watson, unless you like spleen.

WATSON:
(jumping up) BLEGH.
And all of this—is really the work—of the red-haired woman?

HOLMES:
No. All of this—is what is left—of the red-haired woman.

→ ~~Lestrade~~
Lestrade re-enters—he holds up the phone, in confirmation with info:)

LESTRADE:
Checked in under a fake name—but the clerk recognized her. She's in regularly, with men, as a—professional companion. A lady of the night. A member of Mrs. Warren's profes—

HOLMES:
She was a sex worker. You can say it, Lestrade, we're not 14.

LESTRADE:
I just didn't like to, in front of Watson.

WATSON:

...uh?

LESTRADE:

It is clear what happened here, of course!

HOLMES:

Is it?

LESTRADE:

(proudly) Elementary, my dear Holmes. *(he and Watson may attempt a high five; if so, they miss)* The anarchists only gain in brutality with each crime! This woman—this *professional*, was involved in a kind of a post-Soviet honeypot operation to ensnare Mr. Drebber. It went wrong—and they did this as a sign—to other members of the—the Communists Consortium: Protect the Party—or Pay the Price!

HOLMES:

By Jove, Lestrade. You're so close. It's shocking how close you are.

LESTRADE:

Really?!!!

HOLMES:

No.

LESTRADE:

Oh, and I suppose you know exactly who these Marxist murderers are???

HOLMES:

Yes. Obviously. Aaaaand—*(They look expectantly at her—she takes a breath—and then bounces up to leave, cheerfully)*

LESTRADE:

Aaaaand??

HOLMES:

And so we ought to go! Nothing left to learn!

WATSON:

We're just—leaving?

LESTRADE:

(hysterical) MY GOD, WOMAN, A HORDE OF VICIOUS PINKO ASSASSINS IS ON THE LOOSE!

HOLMES:

Lestrade, in this morning's *Guardian*, I leaked a story that Mr. Drebber's wedding ring was stolen from the scene of the first crime. When they call for comment, note that a gold men's ring, size 10, has now been found. *(she holds up the ring)*

LESTRADE:

Did—you—steal evidence from my crime scene, Holmes? That is *very very* illeg/al—

HOLMES:

In your follow-up to the press, say that if the public has information on said ring, they should contact 221 Baker Street, Number 2B.

LESTRADE:

—and then what?!!

HOLMES:

And then... *(looking around the blood-covered room)* then we should order a pizza.

← end

#6 HOLMES / WATSON

→
Begin

9.

*Back to Apt. 2B. Watson rolls out her little rolly suitcase out.
It's awkward.*

HOLMES:

Ah, Watson. All—packed up, are you?

WATSON:

Um. I think so. *(re: the bag)* I barely unpacked, to be honest.

HOLMES:

Suppose we were rather busy, the last few months.

(Awkward beat.)

WATSON:

Well, Holmes.—I guess this is—

HOLMES:

Watson—wait. I wanted you to—to have this.

(She hands her the human finger bone.)

WATSON:

—it might raise some questions at customs.

HOLMES:

—this, then.

(She gives her the kitten puzzle box.)

WATSON:

Oh. Okay. Um. Thanks. *(pause)* So—see ya.

(Watson begins to roll out.)

HOLMES:

Watson—there is—something bothering me. One nagging mystery, yet to be solved.

(Watson looks at her)

Why are you—leaving?

WATSON:

Look—it really doesn't—*(she stops herself)*—I gotta/ go

HOLMES:

Because—I thought you—rather enjoyed the life! Like—I do.
(Holmes gets in the way as Watson starts to leave) /And didn't you?
Watson, didn't you!

WATSON:

/Holmes—stop, okay, STOP! /You USED me!

HOLMES:

What?

WATSON:

Listen. Last night with Irene and Moriarty, it became clear—that I was playing checkers, and the rest of you are playing chess. I was just, like,—a pawn, in your much bigger game.
(covering for the extremely deep hurt) And that's... fine, whatever.
But it means—I must just have to find a new place out there—for me in like, the normal world. A world where maybe people aren't so much trying to murder each other over fake blackmail fodder books filled with weird invisible love tests, or whatever.
(A car honks, outside.) Anyway, that must be my cab—

HOLMES:

Did the normal world indeed make a place for you?

WATSON:

What?

HOLMES:

Has that purportedly sane world out there, ever bent to meet your—breakage?

Watson. I've been told, you know,—that I am—heartless. A—robot—remarkable machine.

(she taps her head)

But whatever limitations I may have, I am—uniquely suited—designed—for the spheres in which I operate. How could I do my work without detachment? How could I objectively observe with too much feeling clouding my judgment? I make my eccentricities work in my favor. And thus, I see the reason for why they may—exist.

WATSON:

(flatly) So?

HOLMES:

(getting more desperate) So, if there is a me, there must be a counter-me. Somebody who cannot turn off their intense empathy; someone so attuned to other people's suffering that she is, however subconsciously—a kind of human lie detector; able to distinguish genuine distress from fraud, and feel others' pain—very deeply indeed. A person of that nature might consider—themselves—broken.

But I hypothesize that there is something useful, to be made—with their mixed-up pieces, even if it does not look like the picture on the box.

(The cab honks again.—Watson opens the door to leave: Holmes, with extreme desperation—)

I—I didn't want you only as my pawn, Watson! In fact, I—depended on you having—moves to make in the game! You know that I have always prided myself on being alone; above all influence. But I find now—that perhaps I have been searching for a real—real—match.

WATSON:

—Well. Smell you, Nancy Drew.

HOLMES:

That bobby-socked boobie.

Watson—though my book was a ruse—I've been thinking

perhaps you should begin to chronicle our adventures, to—connect to—the wider world. On the Twitters, perhaps! Maybe you could even start a true-crime blog!

WATSON:

A blog?

HOLMES:

You know. *(she mimes typing, but only with two fingers, like your grandma types)* Typings on the—e-news. Ads and likings and clickers.. A blog!

WATSON:

A BLOG?

—Maybe you do need me, Holmes.

HOLMES:

So you'll stay on as my mentee?!!!!!!

WATSON:

Not mentee.

HOLMES:

Assistant?

WATSON:

Not assistant.

HOLMES:

—just roommates, then.

WATSON:

Not just roommates. Friends.

HOLMES:

... friends.

(They move to shake hands—)

WATSON:

If you say the real mystery was the pals we made along the way, I will puke upon your shoes.

(There's a ding-dong of the bell—then, a creak on the stairs. Moriarty, in his direct-address narrator mode, has started

end