

something to laugh off because of momentary feelings of –

(Suddenly, there is a howl in the distance and they all look up. It's a long, low moan, incredibly sad. Then it

It's the hound.

out again and its hideous howl echoes

It howls and cries and brings nothing

owl and she becomes hysterical.)

t can hurt people and kill them and make

ton!

*o back! Please listen to me! Save yourself! I
be killed!*

*howl and MISS STAPLETON screams
away in SIR HENRY's arms. WATSON
are dumbfounded.)*

*alities of the Dies Irae from Benjamin
quiem take us straight into:)*

urteen: 221B Baker Street

Milker!

g in a chair with his back to us.)

We're right 'ere, sir! We're on the way

without CARTWRIGHT.)

ve the letter?!

turns pale.)

There it is. That

*(The hound cries
across the moors.)*

It never stops! I
but death!

(It continues to ho

*It's not a myth, i
them suffer!*

SIR HENRY. Beryl!

WATSON. Miss Staple

MISS STAPLETON. Go
beg of you! You'll

*(Another horrible
and faints dead
and SIR HENRY a*

*(The jangled tone
Britten's War Rec*

Scene For

HOLMES. Cartwright!

(HOLMES is sittin

CARTWRIGHT. *(off)* V
up!

(MILKER enters w

HOLMES. Do you hav

MILKER. Yes we do, sir!

HOLMES. Then what are you waiting for? Christmas?! Get up here!

CARTWRIGHT. (*rushing in, disheveled*) Here I am, sir! I'm right here!

HOLMES. What took you so long?!

CARTWRIGHT. (*the actor*) You have no idea ...

HOLMES. Now first of all, what happened with *The Times*? Did you find the copy with the cut-out letters?

MILKER. No sir. No luck. But we did have fun lookin' through all that trash.

HOLMES. As I suspected. Now read me Doctor Watson's letter. And curse my experiments, curse explosives and curse the day *I ever needed eyes in the first place!!*

(*He rises and turns and we see that his eyes are bandaged.*)

CARTWRIGHT. You get them bandages off tomorrow, don't ya?

HOLMES. That or I'll strangle the doctor who put them on me, now read!

(*CARTWRIGHT tears the letter open and looks at it.*)

CARTWRIGHT. Whoops. It ain't from Doctor Watson after all, it's from one o' your many, many beautiful girlfriends, in fact I think it's that tall blonde one with the silky hair and the ...

(*HOLMES is unamused.*)

HOLMES. Is this your idea of humor, Cartwright?

CARTWRIGHT. (*gulp*) Yeah, it was.

HOLMES. Well it was very poor.

CARTWRIGHT. Sorry. Ahem. "From Doctor John Watson to Mr. Sherlock 'Olmes, My dear 'Olmes. My previous letters have kept you pretty well up-to-date so far, but there is a new development to add to the mosaic that you and I are so carefully assembling." 'E's a very good writer.

MILKER. (*grabbing the letter*) My turn! "Our friend Sir Henry begins to display a considerable interest in our neighbor, Miss Stapleton. It is not to be wondered at, for she is a very fascinating and beautiful woman." Ugh! It's revolting.

CARTWRIGHT. (*grabbing the letter back*) "There is something quite exotic about her, and Sir Henry says she has hidden fires buried deep inside her bosom."

MILKER. *Bosom! Haaaa!*

CARTWRIGHT. Bosom!

(*They carry on, delighted by the word 'bosom.'*)

HOLMES. That's it! That's it! I can stand it no longer!

CARTWRIGHT. Mr. 'Olmes!

HOLMES. Eyes! Eyes! I need my eyes!

MILKER. But Mr. 'Olmes!

HOLMES. (*untangling*) *They are 'kin to my soul and must be fed or else I wither like the stalk of summer!*

(*He tears the bandages off in a fury of frustration.*)

CARTWRIGHT. Sir!

HOLMES. Now where's the letter?!

(MILKER, his hand shaking, offers the letter. HOLMES snatches it and glares at the paper, adjusting his eyes with great effort to the light and the writing.)

Thank you. "... buried deep inside her bosom."

(*The boys start to laugh again but HOLMES stops them.*)

"There is more important news, however. When I was out one night last week I caught a glimpse of someone whom I could not identify as one of the villagers. He was silhouetted in the moonlight and I could see his wiry figure standing quite still at first, then capering over the rocks like a sprite. I have begun to think of him as the Man of Mystery." How curious.

CARTWRIGHT. Yeah, it's curious all right.

MILKER. Very curious.

CARTWRIGHT. Gives me curiosity.

MILKER. And wonder.

CARTWRIGHT. And surprise.

MILKER. And amazement.

HOLMES. *That's enough.* "I saw the man from a distance several nights in a row, but I have not seen him for the past two days. He comes and goes and seems to melt, almost magically, into the landscape." Watson. He is our better self.

"And now let me tell you more about the Barrymores."

*(The BOYS don't react. HOLMES [the actor] tries again:
The BOYS need time to change costumes.)*

"The Barrymores."

(The BOYS get it and run off as fast as they can.)

"The surprising development began last night. As you know, I am a very sound sleeper, but at two in the morning I was aroused by a stealthy step passing my room."

(We see the following acted out by WATSON.)

"I got out of bed and saw a shadow in the hall, a man going by, or so I thought. My instinct was to follow him alone, but I thought better of it and crept into Sir Henry's room down the corridor and woke him quietly."

Scene Fifteen: The Upstairs Rooms of Baskerville Hall

WATSON. *(whispering)* Sir Henry, wake up ...

SIR HENRY. *(starting up from his bed, frightened, holding a gun)*
What?! What is it?!!

WATSON. *Shhh! Shhh!*

SIR HENRY. Holy cow! I thought I was bein' murdered in my bed like my Uncle Willie.