

WATSON. Something strange is occurring. Follow me.

SIR HENRY. You got it!

*(SIR HENRY follows WATSON into the corridor.)*

*(They enter a large room with a window overlooking the moor. A shadowy MAN at the window lights a match – and we see that it's BARRYMORE. He lights a candle from the match, then kneels in front of the window. Then he raises the candle up and down, then side to side, as if signaling someone in the distance.)*

SIR HENRY. *(gun in hand)* Barrymore!

BARRYMORE. *(leaping in fright)* Agh!

SIR HENRY. What are you doin'?!

BARRYMORE. *I was looking for Russia!*

SIR HENRY. Oh baloney! Now listen, Barrymore, I want the truth out of you, *now what were you doin' at that window?!*

BARRYMORE. *Don't ask me, Sir Henry! Please! I give you my word that it is not my secret!*

WATSON. Wait a moment, I have an idea.

*(He takes the candle and he holds it up to the window.)*

He must have been signaling someone. Let's see if there's an answer.

*(He lifts the candle up and down, then peers out into the darkness. There's a pause, and then in the far distance we see a pinpoint of light signaling back.)*

There! There it is! An answering light! Out on the moor!

SIR HENRY. *(agitated)* Now you wretch, do you deny it's a signal?! Who's that out yonder and what's goin' on?! Tell me! TELL ME RIGHT NOW!

*(MRS. BARRYMORE appears dramatically in the doorway and cries out.)*

MRS. BARRYMORE. HE CANNOT TELL YOU!

BARRYMORE. *Inga!*

MRS. BARRYMORE. *It iss my brudder!* My brudder iss starwing on de moor! Der light is a signal dat wictuals is ready for him, and his light iss to show us vhere to bring dem.

WATSON. Then your brother is

MRS. BARRYMORE. *(weeping)* His name is Wictor. He iss a conwict.

WATSON. Pardon?

MRS. BARRYMORE. *(weeping)* A conwict.

*(WATSON and SIR HENRY are still confused.)*

He vas incarserwated.

SIR HENRY. What?

MRS. BARRYMORE. He vas awwested, he vas in pwison!

BARRYMORE. He was in *jail!*

*(She weeps uncontrollably.)*

MRS. BARRYMORE. He iss my younger brudder. He vas a good boy, but I could never enwision vhat is going to happen to him. As he gwew older he met vicked conwict companions and vent fwom wictum to wictum like a wicious dog *und he broke our hearts!* He iss starwing out dhere in de svamp, und I send him prowisions und clothing. Sir Henwy, vhen you threw out your old clothing last veek, I gave dem to Wictor. I am very sowwy!

SIR HENRY. Oh that's all right. And I can't say I fault you, Barrymore, for standin' by your wife. We'll discuss it in the mornin'.

MRS. BARRYMORE. Wery goot, sir.

BARRYMORE. Very good, sir.

*(BARRYMORE leads his wife, still weeping, out the door.*

*SIR HENRY stares out the window at the pinpoint of light, which is still visible. He's itching to run out and find the man.)*

SIR HENRY. Just look at that light out there. And he's a convict! How far out there do you think he is?