

A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Adaptation by Glenn Carlson and Scot Crisp

for One Act Audio Theatre

1 INT. NARRATION

1

SFX: MUSIC UP

WATSON: To my friend Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him refer to her under any other name. In his eyes, she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. I believe his feelings for her were as close to love as his precise and perfectly reasoning mind would allow.

WATSON: When this case began, it had been some time since I had seen Holmes. After my marriage our paths crossed less frequently, but I knew he remained at our old lodgings, buried among his books and instruments, alternating between cocaine and ambition. That he remained deeply attracted to the study of crime there was no doubt. I often noted his name in the papers, associated with cases abandoned as hopeless by the official police.

SFX: MUSIC FADE OUT

WATSON: One Summer's night in '88, as I was returning from a call to a patient, I passed by the old door in Baker Street.

SFX: VIOLIN SOLO UP

WATSON: I heard the strains of his violin, glanced to the open window above, and felt a keen desire to see Holmes again. A quick knock at the door, up the stairs, and I was in the presence of my old friend.

2 INT. BAKER STREET SITTING ROOM -- EVENING

2

SFX: VIOLIN OUT

WATSON: Hullo!

HOLMES: Watson!

WATSON: Good evening, Holmes.

HOLMES: Have a chair, will you. Wedlock suits you. You have put on eight and a half pounds since I saw you last.

WATSON: A mere eight I think.

HOLMES: Indeed? I should say your scales need a calibration. And in practice again I see! This evening's patient was by the riverside I note.

WATSON: Ha! I should know better than to ask, but how can you deduce this?

HOLMES: It is simplicity itself. A gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with the black mark of silver nitrate on his right forefinger, and a bulge in his left overcoat pocket where he has secreted his stethoscope ... Ah, Watson, I would be dull indeed not to pronounce such a man an active member of the medical profession.

WATSON: Bravo Holmes! But the patient ... surely --

HOLMES: There, inside your left shoe, I note fresh scrape marks at the edges of the sole where you have attempted to remove mud, but enough remains to identify. By its grey color I can state with certainty that the mud in which you trod is composed mostly of common river silt.

WATSON: To hear you explain it, it seems so ridiculously simple, Holmes. I fear my eyes are not as good as yours.

HOLMES: You see, Watson, but you do not observe.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

WATSON: Quite so, I am afraid.

HOLMES: Well, you have arrived at an opportune moment to engage in some observation. Have a look at this envelope.

WATSON: It is addressed to you here. No note of the sender. No postmark. Hand delivered.

HOLMES: And the letter inside.

WATSON: Ah, yes. "There will call upon you tonight, at a quarter to eight o'clock, a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of import and urgency to a great house of Europe. You are known to be trustworthy, this account we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wears a mask." This is indeed a mystery, Holmes? What do you imagine it means?

HOLMES: I have no data yet, and it is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. We must not be tempted to twist facts to suit theories. Now, apart from the message, what do you deduce from the letter itself?

WATSON: It appears a man's hand. There is no signature or monogram, so he is being quite circumspect. By the quality of the paper the gentleman is presumably well-to-do. The stock is peculiarly strong and stiff.

HOLMES: Peculiar -- that is the very word. It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light.

WATSON: I see a watermark: Eg-P-Gt. The maker I presume.

HOLMES: Not at all.

WATSON: No?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

HOLMES: No. G with the small t, a common contraction, stands for Gesellschaft, which is German for company. The P, of course, is for papier. Now the Eg, that is most interesting. I had to refer to the Continental Gazetteer for that. It stands for Egria, located in Bohemia, noted for its numerous glass factories and paper mills. So, my good man, what do you make of that?

WATSON: The paper was made in Bohemia.

HOLMES: Precisely. And the man who wrote it is German.

WATSON: Really?

HOLMES: Yes. Note the peculiar construction of the sentence "this account we have from all quarters received." No Frenchman or Russian would have written that. No, only a German is so uncourteous to his verbs.

SFX: HORSE CARRIAGE APPROACHES OUTSIDE

WATSON: What else?

HOLMES: What else, indeed. Who is this German, who writes upon Bohemian paper, and prefers to wear a mask rather than show his face?

SFX: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE (off). FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

HOLMES: I believe we shall meet our mysterious letter writer now.

WATSON: Shall I go then, Holmes?

HOLMES: Certainly not, Doctor. Stay where you are. This promises to be most interesting. It would be a pity for you to miss it.

3 INT. BAKER STREET SITTING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

3

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

HOLMES: Come in.

(CONTINUED)

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3

SFX: DOOR OPENS

KING W: You had my note? I told you I would call.

HOLMES: Pray take a seat. This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases.

KING W: You may address me as the Count Von Kramm of Bohemia. I would prefer if we spoke alone.

HOLMES: I am sorry, but it is both of us or none.

KING W: All right then. As this matter may have an influence on European history, I must bind you both to absolute secrecy.

HOLMES: I promise.

WATSON: And I.

KING W: You excuse please the mask. The august person who employs me wishes his agent unknown to you. And I confess also the title I gave is not my own.

HOLMES: I was aware of that.

KING W: I am instructed to employ your services for avoiding an immense scandal ... a compromising of a reigning family of Europe.

HOLMES: Am I to know the name of this reigning family?

KING W: The matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia.

HOLMES: (pause) If Your Majesty, King Wilhem Gottsreich von Ormstein of Bohemia would proceed to state your case, then I should be better able to advise you.

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3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

KING W: Wha-? Ah, Mr. Holmes, they said you are clever. You are right. I am the King! Why I should attempt concealing it?

HOLMES: Why indeed.

KING W: You please understand, sirs, I am not accustomed to doing such business in person. Yet the matter ... so ... delicate ... I dare not confide it to another. Therefore, I come incognito from Prauge for the purpose of consulting you.

HOLMES: Then, pray consult.

KING W: The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made acquaintance with the well-known American adventuress Irene Adler. The name is familiar to you?

HOLMES: Yes. At the time the Imperial Warsaw Opera prima coloratura, no doubt?

KING W: This is true.

HOLMES: Watson?

WATSON: I believe she now resides in London.

KING W: This is also true.

HOLMES: And Your Majesty became entangled with this adventuress lady, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back?

KING W: Yes, but how --

HOLMES: Was there a secret marriage?

KING W: Absolutely not.

HOLMES: No legal papers or certificates?

KING W: Nein!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

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HOLMES: Then I fail to follow. If these letters are produced for the purpose of blackmailing Your Majesty, how is she to prove authenticity?

KING W: There is the writing.

HOLMES: Bah! Forgery.

KING W: My private note paper.

HOLMES: Stolen.

KING W: My own seal.

HOLMES: Imitated.

KING W: My photograph.

HOLMES: Bought.

KING W: We are both in the photograph.

HOLMES: Oh, dear! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion.

KING W: I was mad -- insane -- but such a passion I could not control!

HOLMES: You have compromised yourself seriously.

KING W: I was only Crown Prince then, young, foolish ... but I tell you, no man can resist such a beautiful and remarkable woman.

HOLMES: The photograph must be recovered.

KING W: With it she will not part.

HOLMES: Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought.

KING W: She will not sell.

HOLMES: Stolen, then.

KING W: Twice attempted. Once her luggage diverted. Nothing. Burglars ransack her London house. More nothing!

HOLMES: Do you know what she proposes to do with the photograph?

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3 CONTINUED: (4)

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KING W: Ruin me.

HOLMES: And how, precisely?

KING W: In three months I wed Clotilde
Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second
daughter of the King of Scandinavia.
A marriage such as this ... my
conduct ... a mere shadow of doubt
would end the matter.

HOLMES: Are you sure she has yet to use the
photograph?

KING W: I am sure.

HOLMES: And why?

KING W: Because she said it would be sent to
certain newspapers on the day my
engagement is proclaimed to the
public. That will be Monday.

HOLMES: Oh, then we have three days yet.
That is very fortunate as I have one
or two matters of importance to look
into just at present.

KING W: But I --

SFX: CHAIR SCRAPE FLOOR

HOLMES: Your Majesty is staying in London?

KING W: Yes. At the Langham by the name
Count Von Kramm.

HOLMES: I shall drop a line to let you know
how we progress.

KING W: Could you not attend to this matter
presently?

HOLMES: I am sorry, no. But in due time,
Your Majesty. And as to money?

KING W: For the photograph, I would give a
province.

HOLMES: For present expenses.

SFX: SOUND OF BAG OF COINS STRIKING TABLE

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (5)

3

KING W: I have three hundred pounds in gold
... and seven hundred in notes.

HOLMES: And the mademoiselle's address?

KING W: Briony Lodge in St. John's Wood.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

HOLMES: Good night, Your Majesty, you shall
here from us shortly.

KING W: I anxiously await news, sir.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

WATSON: One thousand pounds, Holmes!

HOLMES: Hmm? Ah, yes. Well, Watson, I have
some matters to attend to. If you
would be so kind as to return here
tomorrow at three o'clock. There
will be a task for us to accomplish.

WATSON: (fade out) Why, of course, I shall
see you tomorrow ...

SFX: MUSIC BRIDGE

4 INT. BAKER STREET SITTING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

4

SFX: CLOCK CHIMES FOUR O'CLOCK

WATSON: (to self) Late again, Holmes?

SFX: FAST FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS AND DOOR
OPENS

HOLMES: Ah, Watson! Sorry to keep you
waiting, but I have had quite the
adventure. I am sure you cannot
guess how I have employed my time
today!

WATSON: By your interesting choice of dress,
I can see that you have been
portraying one of your characters ...
for the purpose of watching the
habits and house of Miss Adler, I
suspect.

(CONTINUED)

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HOLMES: Quite right! But the sequel was rather unusual, as I am sure you will agree. I left this morning in the character of a stableman out of work. There is a wonderful comraderie among horse men. Be one of them and you will know all there is to know.

: I soon found Briony Lodge, a bijou villa, garden at back, built out in front to the road, two stories, large sitting room to the right. Chubb lock to the door, but preposterous window fasteners which a child could open. *

: I then strolled down to the mews and there lent a hand to the other carriage and stablemen, rubbing down the horses, for which I received in exchange twopence, two fills of shag tobacco, and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of a half dozen other people in the neighborhood in whom I was completely unintersted. *

WATSON: And what of Irene Adler?

HOLMES: To the men of the mews she is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and is home at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out in the evening unless it is to sing.

WATSON: Not quite the adventuress King Wilhem described.

HOLMES: She has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He often calls twice a day, never less than once. He is the lawyer Godfrey Norton of Temple. See the advantages of the cabman as a confidant?

WATSON: Indeed. But the involvement of a lawyer in this matter sounds ominous, Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

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HOLMES: My thoughts exactly at the time.
What was the relationship between
them and what is the object of his
repeated visits? Had she transferred
the photograph to his keeping? I was
in this line of reasoning when ...
Ah, I fear I bore you with details,
Watson.

WATSON: Not at all! Pray continue.

HOLMES: It was just prior to noon, and over a
pipe, I sat contemplating turning my
attention to the gentleman's rooms in
Temple, when a hansom arrived. A
gentleman sprang out, calling for the
cabman to wait. He did knock at the
door, but then brushed past the maid
who opened it with the air of a man
who is thoroughly at home.

WATSON: Mr. Norton.

HOLMES: Yes. He was in the house about half
an hour and then emerged in more of a
flurry than before. He called to the
driver: "I must be at the Church of
St. Monica in the Edgeware Road
within thirty minutes. But first to
Regent Street."

: Away they went. I wondered if I
would do well to follow him, when up
the lane came a neat little carriage,
with the coachman's coat but half
buttoned. Why, it hadn't even come
to a stop before she shot out the
door and darted into it. "The Church
of St. Monica, John, as fast as you
dare!" she cried.

*

: This was quite too good to lose,
Watson. I dashed over to the street
and saw an empty cab. Before the
driver could object to such a shabby
fare, I jumped in and promised the
man half a sovereign if he reached
the church in less than twenty
minutes.

*

WATSON: My word!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

HOLMES: My cabbie drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but still the others were there before us. I paid the driver and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a clergyman at the altar. I quickly sat in a pew and bowed my head, like any idler who had dropped into church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three turned and looked toward me.

WATSON: No!

HOLMES: Godfrey Norton then came running towards me shouting, "You! You there!" And before I could duck out the door, he had me by the arm.

WATSON: Holmes!

HOLMES: I, too, thought my plans seriously menaced, that I had been recognized, but no! By the arm I was pulled up the aisle, Norton proclaiming "Come, man, we've only three minutes!"

WATSON: Three minutes?

HOLMES: What came next was a blur to me. The clergyman, now evidently satisfied with the participants, then proceeded to marry Irene Adler and Godfrey Norton. It was done in an instant. There I stood, Watson, a handsome gentleman on one side, shaking my hand, a very beautiful lady on the other thanking me profusely, and a clergyman beaming in front of me. My arrival, it seems, just saved Mr. Norton from dashing out to the street in search of a best man to witness the marriage! As we left the church, the new bride said, "I shall return to Briony and see you at the park at five." Mr. Norton then left.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

HOLMES: The lovely Mrs. Norton then presented me with this gold coin in thanks for my service. I intend to wear it on my watch chain in memory of the most preposterous afternoon I ever have spent!

WATSON: This is a very unexpected turn of affairs, I must say.

HOLMES: Yes, but it simplifies the matter of the photograph.

WATSON: In what way?

HOLMES: The photograph is double edged now. Its publication would only risk her happy marriage, too.

WATSON: Then the King has nothing to fear.

HOLMES: Perhaps not for the immediate time being, but there is always the chance of future demands. Therefore, I have devised a way to retrieve it from her house this very day.

WATSON: Her house was searched by the King's agents.

HOLMES: Pshaw! They did not know where to look.

WATSON: But you know.

HOLMES: I will not look.

WATSON: No?

HOLMES: She will show me.

WATSON: Surely she will refuse.

HOLMES: She will not be able to. Now, I desire only some cold beef and a glass of beer. Afterwards I have some arrangements to see to, and I could use your assistance, Doctor.

WATSON: I shall be delighted.

HOLMES: You don't mind breaking the law and risking arrest?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (5)

4

WATSON: Not in a good cause.

HOLMES: I was sure that I might rely on you.
Now, if you would, take this note to
Harris Plumbers near Euston station.
The proprietor will give you a
package. Bring it to the head of the
lane at Briony Lodge where I will
meet you at precisely 6:55.

WATSON: (fade out) I will be there ...

SFX: MUSIC BRIDGE

5 EXT. BRIONY LODGE -- EVENING

5

SFX: CARRIAGE TO STOP

WATSON: (off) If you could wait here, my good
fellow, I shall be back shortly.

HOLMES: Watson! This way, we have but a few
moments.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

WATSON: Holmes! You're dressed as a
clergyman?

HOLMES: An inspired choice given this
afternoon's events. You have the
package?

WATSON: Yes, of course.

HOLMES: Good. Everything is arranged. We but
await the imminent arrival of Miss
Adler, ah, Madame Norton. Now
Watson, there will be some commotion,
perhaps some slight unpleasantness,
but you must not interfere, you
understand?

WATSON: I am to be neutral?

HOLMES: To do nothing whatever. When it has
ended, I shall be conveyed into the
house. At this time position
yourself -- there -- at the base of
the window.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

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HOLMES: Inside I will ask for air to clear my head, and the window will be opened wide. In your pocket you have a self-igniting plumber's smoke rocket. Pull the cap, toss the rocket into the room, and shout a warning of fire. Others will quickly join in and carry forward the alarm, while you return to the top of the lane and await my arrival. I hope I have made myself clear?

WATSON: Perfectly. You may rely on me completely.

SFX: CARRIAGE APPROACHING LOW

HOLMES: Excellent! I hear the lady's carriage. I must prepare for my role.

6 EXT. BRIONY LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

6

The following montage occurs: Holmes' footsteps run up the lane. The carriage continues under. There is then a collage of male voices (ad lib) "You there" "Watch out" "Hey There". There is a clatter, horse neigh, and clop. Then: "He's been struck" "Is he dead?" "No, unconscious."

7 EXT. BRIONY LODGE -- CONTINUOUS

7

IRENE: Oh, dear, man.

JOHN: I did not see him, ma'am.

VOICE 1: He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, ma'am?

IRENE: Yes, of course. John, help these gentlemen to bring him to the sitting room.

SFX: MUSIC BRIDGE

8 INT. BRIONY LODGE -- MOMENTS LATER

8

SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADE IN AS THEY ENTER THE SITTING ROOM.

IRENE: Here, gentlemen, in here.

HOLMES: I am feeling fine, really, please. I can stand. Ooooo.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

VOICE 1: Hang on there, vicar, you took a blow to the head.

IRENE: Sit him down on the sofa.

HOLMES: Thank you, yes. Perhaps some fresh air will help clear my head.

IRENE: Of course.

VOICE 1: I'll get the window, ma'am.

SFX: WINDOW SLIDES UP

HOLMES: You are too kind.

SFX: SOUND OF FLARE IGNITING A TOSS AND A THUNK

9 EXT. BRIONY LODGE -- CONTINUOUS 9

SFX: MUSIC UP

WATSON: Fire! Fire!

ALL: Fire! Fire! Fire!

SFX: WATSON'S FOOTSTEPS AND BREATHING, RUNNING UP LANE

WATSON: Hold one moment more, driver!

SFX: FADE UP HOLMES' RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

HOLMES: Into the cab, Watson! Driver, the Langham Hotel!

SFX: MUSIC BRIDGE FADE TO

10 INT. CARRIAGE -- MOMENTS LATER 10

SFX: CARRIAGE

HOLMES: You did splendidly, Doctor.

WATSON: You have the photograph?

HOLMES: (pats pocket) Safely tucked away for presentation to the King.

WATSON: You were in the house so short a time. How did you find it?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

HOLMES: She showed me, as I told you that she would.

WATSON: I am still in the dark.

HOLMES: It is no mystery, my friend. You of course saw that everyone on the street was an accomplice?

WATSON: I guessed as much.

HOLMES: When her carriage came down the lane, I stepped close and improvised being struck. The cries of the crowd reinforced the deception. I fell down, and played injured. It is a common trick used to extort money from the gullible. But dressed in the clothes of a common clergyman, who would doubt?

WATSON: No one.

HOLMES: I was carried in to the sitting room and asked for air. When the window was opened you had your chance.

WATSON: Yes, but I thought it was to provide distraction, a diversion while you searched for the photograph.

HOLMES: Not at all. When a woman fears her house afire, she will rush to the thing she values most. A mother grabs at her baby, a young woman her jewel case. And our adventuress, Irene Norton, rushes to retrieve ...

WATSON: The photograph!

HOLMES: The photograph. Exactly. In the midst of the smoke and shouting, she responded beautifully. I watched her closely. Her eyes darted to the bell-pull beside the fireplace mantle. As she moved towards it, the carriage driver interceded and hurried her from the room. I then had my chance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

HOLMES: Behind the bell-pull I found a loose seam in the wallpaper, and there, tucked in behind the paper I found the photograph! I had barely time to hide it in my breast pocket when the driver returned to assist me, the poor injured vicar. I think he was quite surprised as I ran right past him and out the front door.

WATSON: Well done, Holmes! The King will be pleased.

HOLMES: Yes, he will. Our work is nearly complete, Watson.

SFX: CARRIAGE SLOWS

DRIVER: (off) The Langham, gentleman.

11 EXT. THE LANGHAM HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER 11

SFX: CARRIAGE STOPS, PASSENGERS DISEMBARK

HOLMES: Here you are driver.

SFX: CARRIAGE STARTS AND FADES

HOLMES: I have sent word ahead that we would be here with news for Count Von Kramm. I suspect we --.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS UP

VOICE 2: Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS OUT

WATSON: Who was that gentleman?

HOLMES: I don't know, but the voice is familiar to me. No matter. Come Watson ...

SFX: MUSIC BRIDGE

12 INT. KING WILHELM'S ROOM -- LATER 12

SFX: DOOR KNOCK, OPENS AND CLOSES

HOLMES: Good evening, Your Majesty.

KING W: You have news for me, Mr. Holmes?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

HOLMES: More than that. We have retrieved your photograph.

KING W: Splendid!

HOLMES: There is other news as well.

KING W: Ja?

HOLMES: Irene Adler is married.

KING W: Married! When?

HOLMES: Yesterday.

KING W: But to whom?

WATSON: To an English lawyer named Norton, Your Majesty.

KING W: But she could not love him.

HOLMES: I am in hopes that she does.

KING W: Why?

HOLMES: Because a woman who loves her husband does not love Your Majesty and therefore is not likely to interfere with any of Your Majesty's future plans.

KING W: Yes, I see. If she had only been of my station. What a queen she would have made. May I have the photograph?

HOLMES: Of course.

SFX: ENVELOPE OPENS

KING W: (pause) Are you having a joke, sir?!

HOLMES: I'm sorry?

KING W: If so, this is not amusing.

HOLMES: That is the photograph retrieved from the house of Irene Adler.

KING W: But there is no man in this photograph, only her!

HOLMES: What!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

WATSON: By jove!

KING W: Explain yourself!

HOLMES: Your Majesty, I have not an explanation, but we shall have one at once. Come, it is time we spoke with the former Miss Adler.

SFX: MUSIC BRIDGE

13 INT. BRIONY LODGE -- LATER 13

SFX: DOOR KNOCK (pause) DOOR OPENS

MAID: Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?

HOLMES: I am Mr. Holmes.

MAID: My mistress told me that you were likely to call this evening. She has left with her new husband for the Continent.

HOLMES: She has left England?

MAID: Yes, sir.

KING W: The photograph! All is lost.

HOLMES: Perhaps not (pushes past maid).

MAID: I say, excuse me, sir?

14 INT. BRIONY LODGE -- MOMENTS LATER 14

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

HOLMES: It was ... HERE! I say ...

WATSON: What is it, Holmes?

HOLMES: Where earlier the photograph was hidden, I now find a note ... addressed to me.

WATSON: Indeed.

SFX: ENVELOPE OPENS

KING W: Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

WATSON: Your note, Holmes? Pray, what does it say?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

KING W: I demand an explanation!

HOLMES: One moment ... ahhh ... remarkable
... truly remarkable ... here ...
read it.

WATSON: "My Dear Mr. (fade out) Sherlock
Holmes ..."

15 INT. KING WILHELM'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 15

IRENE: (fade up) Sherlock Holmes. Allow me
to commend your performance. Until
the alarm of fire, I was taken in
completely. You had done so well,
that I admit, I did nearly betray
myself ... but at the last moment, I
managed to restrain my impulses.

: Remember, I too am an actress, and *
after I noted your keen observation
of my actions, I engaged in a little
play acting, just as you had done, to
divert your attention where I wished.

: Then as I stood outside my house, I *
wondered if you had been misled, and
if you had found what you thought was
the desired item.

: Well, I did not wait long before the *
poor, injured vicar came racing
through the front door and up the
lane ... a most miraculous healing I
must say!

: And as you have by now viewed the *
photograph taken from my sitting
room, you realize I was quite
prepared to deceive anyone who sought
to retrieve that other item against
my will.

: My ruse successful, I was prepared to *
let you go, but I was seized by the
sudden notion that the vicar in my
sitting room was the very same
stableman who had stood at my wedding
not hours before. How could this be?
It was most stimulating!

(MORE)

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15 CONTINUED:

15

: I could not resist, I simply had to know the true identity of such a formidable antagonist. I quickly summoned my carriage with the purpose of following you.

: As our two coaches crossed town, I thought hard on what had transpired this day and concluded that if a certain gentleman were to employ an agent -- to seek a certain item -- and this person, twice in disguise, could fool me: Why, it could only be the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

*

: I was sure you had set out to meet with this certain gentleman. As the gentleman's habits are well known to me, your destination could be none other than the Langham Hotel.

*

: With this knowledge I was able to stop at the head of the hotel drive, while you proceeded on towards the grand entry way. This allowed me time to don my driver's overcoat, hurry down the sidewalk, and arrive just in time to wish you an impudent "Good night, Mr. Sherlock Holmes".

*

: I then returned home, penned this note, and left to meet my husband and embark this very night on our honeymoon. Therefore, when you arrive, you will find the nest empty.

*

: You may tell your client that he has nothing to fear from me. So that he waste no more effort in this matter, I willingly part with what was but a memento of a once fine man. But now, may he know that I love and am loved by a better man than he.

*

: I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, very truly yours, Irene Norton, nee Adler (fade out)

*

16 INT. KING WILHELM'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

16

WATSON: (fade up) ... nee Adler. Amazing!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HOLMES: This is for you, Your Majesty.

KING W: Mein Gott! It is the photograph! I do not understand this.

HOLMES: She had us both, Your Majesty, and has shown mercy. She out-thought and out-witted us both; yet even with the upper hand, she has capitulated.

KING W: What a woman! Would she not have made an admirable queen! Pity she was not on my level.

HOLMES: Yes, it appears that she is indeed on a very different level to Your Majesty.

KING W: Thank you, Mr. Holmes. I have what I sought after. I am indebted to you. How can I reward you. This ring --"

HOLMES: Your Majesty has something which I should value even more highly.

KING W: Name it!

HOLMES: The other photograph. The one I took from here earlier.

KING W: Irene's photograph? Certainly, if you wish it. Here, it is yours.

HOLMES: I thank Your Majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter, and I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS UP AND OUT, DOOR OPENS

KING W: Ha! I believe your friend, like so many, has been smitten by that astonishing woman.

WATSON: As improbable as that seems to me, Your Majesty, I do believe you are right.

SFX: MUSIC UP

END