

# THE LEGACY OF BAKER STREET

By

Brian Dowling

# THE LEGACY OF BAKER STREET

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THE LEGACY OF BAKER STREET

*Special Thanks*

*Royal Pharmaceutical Society*

*Mark Martin – Typewriter Historian*

*Alpha and Beta Readers – Joleen Fresquez, Elizabel Riggs, Lizzy  
Mackiewicz, JD Rose, Erik Bryan, and Chrissie Malone*

*For Mary Jean Dowling, Mary H. Dowling, & Joan Nuanes.  
The strongest women you could ever meet.*

The major final edits of the script were completed at  
The Sherlock Holmes Museum  
221B Baker St, Marylebone,  
London, NW1 6XE  
on 11/15/2021

## THE LEGACY OF BAKER STREET

*The Legacy of Baker Street* was originally produced as a short play on a livestream during the COVID pandemic. It was produced by Coal Creek Theater of Louisville in Louisville CO, featuring the following cast:

Charlotte..... Elizabel Riggs  
Felicity Watson..... Joleen Fresquez  
Gregory Hudson..... Brian Dowling

*The Legacy of Baker Street* received its 1<sup>st</sup> full length production at the Louisville Center for the Arts by Coal Creek Theater of Louisville, featuring the following cast:

Charlotte..... Jaccie Kitts  
Felicity Watson.....Staci York  
Gregory Hudson..... Jadd Miller  
Sherlock Holmes..... Jay Moretz  
Basil Everleigh..... Angelica Kalika  
Irene Adler.....Susan Meylor  
John Watson..... Dan Schock  
Inspector Belgosi.....Gary Leigh Webster  
Bradstreet..... Lou Clark  
Voices..... Ensemble and Steve Rausch

*The Legacy of Baker Street* received its 2<sup>nd</sup> production at the Evergreen Players Black Box Theatre by Third Side Theatre Company, featuring the following cast:

Charlotte..... Leann Ritter  
Felicity Watson..... Kellie Fox  
Gregory Hudson..... Brian Dowling  
Sherlock Holmes..... Andy Seracuse  
Basil Everleigh..... Christian Shaw  
Irene Adler..... Michal McDowell  
John Watson..... Ryan Glaser  
Inspector Belgosi..... Jeremiah Martinez  
Bradstreet..... Christian Shaw  
Voices..... Ensemble

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## **Cast**

Charlotte	Female, 20s-early 30s.
Felicity Watson	Female, 20's.
Gregory Hudson	Male, 30s-early 40s
Sherlock Holmes	Male, 30s to 60+
Irene Adler	Female, 30's to 40's.
Dock Worker 1	Male, late 20s+
Dock Worker 2	Male, late 20s plus
John Watson	Male, 60s+
Inspector Belgosi	Male, 40s+
Basil Everleigh	Gender Neutral, late 20s+
Bradstreet	Male, late 20s+
Samantha	Female, doubled by cast or a mannequin
Doctor	Male, 30+
Pharmacist	Female, late 20s+
Newsies	Can be cast/crew/voice overs/offstage/etc.

NOTE – ALL character genders are deemed as presenting. This show is to be open to all casting possibilities and opportunities. Directors should feel free to expand casting or tailoring it down for smaller companies.

Many roles can be doubled or tripled up.

The age of Sherlock Holmes is open as it depends on the 'photo'

Charlotte is most familiar with of him.

Time: 1930s

Place: London, England.

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## ACT 1 SCENE 1

*London, 1930s. Lights reveal a well-furnished and decorated flat. The room is orderly and clean. While it looks as though it was once occupied, it also feels lifeless, making it reminiscent of a museum exhibit. CHARLOTTE and FELICITY enter the room. Charlotte sweeps in with casual swagger, observing the room. Felicity is slightly hesitant.*

**FELICITY.** Charlotte. Again, shouldn't we wait on the landlord as opposed to barging in?

**CHARLOTTE.** Why for, Felicity? Father's telegram invited us to meet him here, and the door was open. Seems an invitation to me.

**FELICITY.** Even one who was kicked out of Scotland Yard should know that this is breaking and entering.

**CHARLOTTE.** You very well know I voluntarily left.

**FELICITY.** *Heavily recommended...*

**CHARLOTTE.** Anyways, why would I want to be counted among such incompetency?

**FELICITY.** Even your... friend?

**CHARLOTTE.** Yes. Gregory. He was different.

**FELICITY.** I'll say, especially from how you spoke of him.

**CHARLOTTE.** Dear sister, I respected him. He's a man of virtue. He's kind.

**FELICITY.** *(Mimicking Charlotte's voice.)* Oh he's brilliant, Felicity.

**CHARLOTTE.** I said he wasn't stupid.

**FELICITY.** Dear sister, you will never succeed in convincing me that

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something wasn't there between the two of you.

**CHARLOTTE.** Well, enjoy your emotional fancy. It can help pass the time as we wait for father. Or the landlord.

**FELICITY.** Or ironically, Scotland Yard. (*They look around, inspect some objects, etc.*) This is the right place?

**CHARLOTTE.** It is what was in the telegram.

**FELICITY.** You didn't find the address odd? Almost as though it were wearing a mask?

**CHARLOTTE.** Agreed. I imagine that will be revealed in due time.

**FELICITY.** Peculiar place, really.

**CHARLOTTE.** What do you make of it?

**FELICITY.** Who ever lives here is awfully tidy, aren't they?

**CHARLOTTE.** No, they are not.

**FELICITY.** Pardon?

**CHARLOTTE.** It's well-maintained, mind you, but this room hasn't been *lived* in for years.

**FELICITY.** But today's paper is here on this table.

**CHARLOTTE.** A cursory glance at our surroundings tell us that fact. No one has sat in this chair in quite some time. (*Felicity sits smugly in the chair, Charlotte smiles.*) Well played. Yes, a crisp newspaper is present. Yet the rug underneath shows no sign of distress where the feet would be...

**FELICITY.** Perhaps they are very short.

**CHARLOTTE.** The position of the table indicates otherwise to accommodate the length of their arms.

**FELICITY.** Maybe it's a new rug.

**CHARLOTTE.** Felicity, this room is a time capsule. This rug, those books, that typewriter, just to indicate a few examples, none of these have been updated in at least a decade.

**FELICITY.** The books could have just been research. The tenant appears to be a writer.

**CHARLOTTE.** *One* of the tenants, at least. But still, well-spot. The



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typewriter itself presents questions. *(She crosses to the typewriter.)* The paper here in the carriage appears to be new, and... *(Charlotte closely observes the keys on the typewriter.)*

**FELICITY.** What is it?

**CHARLOTTE.** Certain letters have obviously been used more than others.

**FELICITY.** That's normal though from regular use.

**CHARLOTTE.** Right you are, but the other keys look to have been never used at all. *(Charlotte takes a moment in thought, then types out 9 letters. After she hits the last letter, a click is heard and a drawer slides open. She reaches in and removes an envelope.)*

**FELICITY.** What did you type?

**CHARLOTTE.** My name. *(A door is heard opening offstage, followed by footsteps from offstage are heard approaching. 17 steps in total would be optimal.)*

**FELICITY.** Father?

**GREGORY.** *(Spoken from offstage.)* Landlord. *(There's a gentle knock on the door before GREGORY enters in the room. He is sharply dressed and athletic.)*

**FELICITY.** Our apologies for letting ourselves in. Our father invited us to meet him here with you. Although the telegram didn't include your name.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(Surprised.)* Gregory.

**GREGORY.** Hello, Charlotte. *(Charlotte and Gregory lock eyes for a long moment before he's able to turn towards Felicity.)* Which makes you, Felicity.

**FELICITY.** Wait, Scotland Yard Gregory? Are you here to arrest us?

**GREGORY.** Hardly. I am no longer officially associated with the coppers. I've been tending to this place. Although I am surprised you arrived before John.

**CHARLOTTE.** So you left the Yard to become a landlord?

**GREGORY.** In a manner of speaking, yes. But it's more of a birthright.

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**CHARLOTTE.** And you are also quite familiar with our father?

**GREGORY.** Both of them, in fact.

**CHARLOTTE/FELICITY.** Both?

**GREGORY.** *(With a wry smile.)* We have much to discuss. I've put on some tea, I'll go fetch it. I'd wait on that letter until after we chat.

Felicity and Charlotte Watson, it is my honor to welcome you home.

Welcome to 221B, Baker Street. *(Gregory exits to the kitchen. Felicity and Charlotte rush towards each other.)*

**FELICITY.** What on Earth is going on? Baker Street was demolished!

**CHARLOTTE.** Apparently not.

**FELICITY** We watched it happen. Father took us.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(She realizes the chair Felicity was sitting on is John Watson's)* And that is his chair. It's exactly how he describes it.

**GREGORY.** *(He peeks his head in the door.)* Felicity, how do take your tea?

**FELICITY.** With milk, please.

**GREGORY.** Ah, just like Charlotte. I should have known. *(He exits. Felicity gives Charlotte a 'look'.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Don't start.

**FELICITY.** How is this place still standing then?

**CHARLOTTE.** I have a theory.

**FELICITY.** Care to share?

**CHARLOTTE.** In due time. I'll have tea first.

**FELICITY.** What of that envelope? It has your name on it.

**CHARLOTTE.** Intriguing. But not surprising. *(Gregory enters with a tray of tea, cups and biscuits. He is now wearing an apron as well. He sets down settings of tea and biscuits on each table near the chairs as he speaks.)*

**GREGORY.** Here we are then.

**FELICITY.** Do you mind if we sit?

**GREGORY.** Not my call, ma'am. But please do make yourselves comfortable, however you find it. *(Felicity sits, Charlotte remains*

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*standing. Gregory bustles around the room, cleaning, fixing anything Charlotte or Felicity moved out of place, ensuring the room is in order.)*

**FELICITY.** First, it is a pleasure to meet you, although I feel as though I know you already. You do seem familiar with us, you mentioned knowing both of our fathers. Only those in the family know such things.

**GREGORY.** The pleasure is all mine. As for being knowledgeable of the family, that is also entrusted with the caretaker of Baker Street. I am humbled to have been chosen to protect this place.

**FELICITY.** Is that the birthright you spoke of?

**GREGORY.** I was somewhat stretching that term.

**CHARLOTTE.** You were adopted as well. *(Gregory nods)*

**GREGORY.** But we are not here to discuss my lineage.

**FELICITY.** So that's the reason we were to all meet here, to tell Charlotte who her father was?

**GREGORY.** And we were supposed to wait for John, but Charlotte has that spark in her eye when she's figured something out.

**FELICITY.** Yes, it's both endearing and irritating.

**CHARLOTTE.** I would hope that the answer is obvious. We are standing in the decidedly still existing 221B Baker Street, planned to meet both its protector and Dr. John Watson. The only logical and obvious conclusion is that it was decided to finally inform me that my birth father was Sherlock Holmes. *(Gregory smiles and nods. Charlotte extends her hand to Felicity. Felicity begrudgingly reaches into a pocket in her dress, pulls out some coin and places it in Charlotte's hand. She tucks it away.)*

**FELICITY.** When we were children, she bet me that she was the daughter of Sherlock. *(She sets to enjoying her tea and a biscuit.)*

**GREGORY.** I can't say that surprises me.

**CHARLOTTE.** As for you, *(To Gregory.)* let us now discuss your chosen parentage, which is equally obvious. Felicity, any observations you'd like to share?

**FELICITY.** The tea is excellent. And the biscuits, made from scratch,

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are perfection. In fact, I have had this recipe before, a long time ago. This is Mrs. Hudson's recipe.

**CHARLOTTE.** So a delicate touch was instilled in you by your adoptive mother, the famous Mrs. Hudson. She taught you how to cook and clean, how to maintain a household. She also instructed you in a formal etiquette of which Buckingham Palace would be proud.

**GREGORY.** You did used to tease me about my insistence on proper spoon placement.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(She allows for a brief grin before she gets back on track.)* But we have yet to discuss the why, as in why *you*? Why did Mrs. Hudson take in a small boy as her own? She was hardly likely to be feeling a maternal pull. I would say she had her fill what with having to look after Sherlock all those years. So she didn't go by an orphanage, no you stood out from somewhere. And where else, but from Mrs. Hudson's realm of Baker Street? You were a Baker Street Irregular and that is how you knew Sherlock Holmes.

**FELICITY.** The Irregulars... those were the street children Sherlock would employ to assist on cases, right?

**GREGORY.** Indeed. We were his eyes and ears on London. I did miss listening to your deductions, Charlotte. Although I may have slightly exaggerated about *knowing* Sherlock. I was far too young when he was last active to make such a claim.

**CHARLOTTE.** This would explain how you were so knowledgeable on what was happening in the London underground when we were at Scotland Yard.

**FELICITY.** The Irregulars are still working then?

**GREGORY.** Even as we speak, ma'am.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(She crosses to Gregory and takes one of his hands in hers, inspecting it.)* I see from the state of your hands you haven't abandoned your bare-knuckle boxing. Is that what got you tossed from the Yard?

**GREGORY.** It certainly didn't help matters.

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**CHARLOTTE.** I am pleased to see you've done well to protect your face. *(She moves a hand to his face.)* Your strong jaw is unblemished, nose remains unbroken....goodness you hardly ever lose. *(Charlotte and Gregory gaze at each other, her hand still on his cheek. They subconsciously move closer together. Felicity, who has been thoroughly enjoying this interaction, finally interrupts after taking another bite of a biscuit.)*

**FELICITY.** So Gregory, the Irregulars have stayed working since Sherlock went into seclusion, correct? *(He nods.)* What are they doing now?

**GREGORY.** Much the same, really.

**FELICITY.** Keeping watch when Sherlock couldn't.

**GREGORY.** Which brings us to the other item we are to discuss. But before that, we should leave Charlotte be so she can read her letter.

**CHARLOTTE.** Does all this do is confirm what I have already said?

**GREGORY.** I'd wager it's worth a look. Miss Felicity, I can show you around a bit.

**FELICITY.** I'll be right behind you. *(Gregory nods and exits.)*

Excellent examination of his face, Charlotte.

**CHARLOTTE.** Oh quiet, Felicity. I was simply making a deduction. Speaking of deductions, what told you he made the biscuits from scratch?

**FELICITY.** There were small traces of flour on his shirt and trousers.

**CHARLOTTE.** Nicely done. *(Charlotte reaches to get a biscuit, but Felicity gently stops her.)*

**FELICITY.** It's no good trying to change the subject. You may very well be the daughter of Sherlock Holmes but you never possessed the coldness described about him. Save for his friendship with father.

**CHARLOTTE.** That's just it! How do I exist? How does a man like Sherlock have a child?

**FELICITY.** Perhaps the answer is in that envelope. I'll leave you to it. *(Felicity exits. Charlotte opens the letter. As she begins to read aloud,*

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*another voice takes over. This is the voice of Sherlock Holmes. A lone spotlight shines, showing SHERLOCK HOLMES, a figment in Charlotte's mind.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** My daughter Charlotte...

**CHARLOTTE/SHERLOCK.** While John questions my use of salutation for fear of it being a shock...

**SHERLOCK.** ...I am confident a daughter of mine would have already deduced her lineage before reading this letter. His suggestion of 'my dear' or 'dearest Charlotte' is disingenuous. We were not afforded the time to develop such affectionate terms. Now to the point of the matter. This is the first of a series of letters I shall write to you, along with gifting you my life's work. I have thoroughly documented my methods, the science of deduction I call it. It is now yours and is safely placed at Baker's Street. I imagine you'll locate it with ease. *(Charlotte puts down the letter and stands up. She takes a look around the room, then swiftly moves towards a curio/bookshelf/etc. She opens it exclaiming, "Ha!" She finds journals and/or a bound manuscript. She pulls them out and places them on the desk. Charlotte then returns to the chair and the letter.)*

**CHARLOTTE/SHERLOCK.** Now before you set to reading, there is a question of importance to answer. How are you here?

**SHERLOCK.** How do I, Sherlock Holmes, have a child? First I can assure you of something many offspring cannot claim. You were planned. So many children are a mistake or so-called miracle from lazy happenstance parents. You are not an unfortunate bi-product of lust or love but a discovered necessity. This was orchestrated by myself and the woman, your mother. For everything I am, I am not immortal. The world shall always need a Holmes. It needs you, Charlotte. Our minds are both a blessing and a curse. What you do with your brilliance is ultimately your choice. I shall see you in my journals. Yours in antecedence, Sherlock Holmes. *(The spotlight fades and Sherlock exits. Felicity and Gregory cautiously enter. Gregory's hand is bandaged.)*

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**FELICITY.** Charlotte? Is it alright to enter?

**CHARLOTTE.** Absolutely, please come in.

**FELICITY.** *(She sees the journals and manuscript.)* Goodness, what is all this?

**CHARLOTTE.** Sherlock documented his methods and has left them as something of an inheritance. *(Seeing a bandaged Gregory.)* What happened to your hand? *(She moves to him and looks at the bandage.)*

**GREGORY.** My own clumsiness, I'm afraid. I began to prepare tonight's dinner as Miss Felicity inspected her room. It was just a slight slip with the knife and managed to catch myself quite good.

**CHARLOTTE.** But your hands aren't clumsy, these are confident, skilled hands...

**FELICITY.** I just think his mind was somewhere else. *(Charlotte and Gregory catch each other looking at the other and quickly look anywhere else.)*

**GREGORY.** Entirely possible, ma'am. On the subject of skilled hands, I cannot express my thanks enough to you, Miss Felicity. You have the hands of a surgeon. Quickest and finest stitch I have ever seen.

**FELICITY.** You are quite welcome. I was taught a few aspects of medicine by my father.

**CHARLOTTE.** She's being modest. Privately taught by the revered war doctor, John Watson. She's practically been in medical school her whole life. Felicity helps father treat patients at his practice in our village.

**GREGORY.** My apologies for incorrectly addressing you, Doctor Watson. It shan't happen again. *(Doorbell is heard.)* Pardon me, ladies. I shall see who is at the door. *(He exits.)*

**FELICITY.** I most certainly approve.

**CHARLOTTE.** For goodness sake, Felicity... *(A gentle knock is heard, followed by Gregory re-entering the room with BASIL EVERLEIGH. Their clothes are a bit tatty and worn but not dirty.)*

**GREGORY.** Ladies, may I introduce to you one of the Irregular's

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finest, Basil Everleigh.

**BASIL.** *(Removing their hat.)* My honor, ma'ams. *(Charlotte and Felicity nod, returning the pleasantries.)*

**GREGORY.** Basil has come to speak with us about the other reason as to why you were summoned here. We were hoping that John would arrive by now, but Basil tells me they've received word he's been delayed.

**BASIL.** We got a message that John wants to meet Hudson at the docks later tonight. There's prizefighting, lots o' gamblin' and other shady business.

**FELICITY.** Hudson?

**BASIL.** That's Gregory tis'. Bit of a title he earned with the Irregulars, what with him being the chosen successor of Mrs. Hudson and all.

**CHARLOTTE.** There was no mention of us?

**BASIL.** The message was rather hastily written. *(They pull out a scrap piece of paper that has been crumpled and hands it to Charlotte.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** This is father's handwriting. *(To Gregory.)* You're going?

**GREGORY.** Without question.

**FELICITY.** Shall we come along?

**CHARLOTTE.** We would have to blend in as men... Wait. Sherlock had a disguise kit for such occasions! *(She glances around, Gregory gestures where it is located.)* Thank you, Gregory. *(She gets the box and opens it. She then makes a retching sound due to the smell.)* It's gone off. We shan't be able to be there tonight.

**FELICITY.** Why would father not come here? Why the docks?

**BASIL.** Chasing a lead, I reckon. The Irregulars learned of a new criminal organization that is looking to stake their claim in London.

**CHARLOTTE.** Which means they are running the gambling. Father must have learned about something that is supposed to happen tonight at the docks.

**BASIL.** Makes sense. Whatever tis', London must be in real danger.



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Which is why you two were finally brought home. *(Checks their pocket watch.)* I must be on my way. *(To Gregory.)* Walk me out, would you?  
**GREGORY.** *(Nods.)* Of course. I'll be right back. *(Gregory and Basil exit. Lights out.)*

### SCENE 2

*Lights up on Basil and Gregory standing outside in front of the door to 221B Baker Street.*

**BASIL.** What's the call, then? *(Gregory pauses in thought.)*

**GREGORY.** Protect Baker Street, all our resources.

**BASIL.** Are you certain?

**GREGORY.** If anything happens to me or John, we have to ensure someone is here to help them. There aren't many of us left.

**BASIL.** *(Nods.)* Keep your wits about, will ya? This isn't sittin' right wit me.

*(Gregory nods and extends his hand, Basil shakes it warmly. Basil exits and Gregory goes to enter 221B as the lights fade.)*

### SCENE 3

*Light back up on the interior of 221B as Gregory enters.*

**GREGORY.** Ladies, I shall get myself back to the kitchen and finish preparing dinner. After I get the two of you served, I shall head for the docks.

**CHARLOTTE.** It's maddening we are unable to accompany you. We'll be far better prepared in the future.

**GREGORY.** I know I certainly would be reassured by your presence. *(Realizing that Felicity is also there.)* Both of you, I mean. I'll have dinner up in no time. *(He exits.)*

**FELICITY.** I imagine you'd like to set to reading Sherlock's work.

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Shall I leave you be to study?

**CHARLOTTE.** Please, Felicity. What's mine is yours. Dive into this with me and share your findings. *(They set to work as the lights fade. The lights come up to Charlotte and Felicity working. Felicity has the first letter found by the typewriter. Gregory enters with dinner.)*

**GREGORY.** Might I beg the two of you take a break for supper? *(Setting the food down.)* Even brilliant minds need a bit in their stomachs to work properly.

**CHARLOTTE/FELICITY.** Thank you, Gregory.

**FELICITY.** I am not sure I care for this term for your mother, *the* woman.

**GREGORY.** That's what is written?

**CHARLOTTE.** *(Standing.)* Say that again.

**FELICITY/GREGORY.** *(They look to each other, then at Charlotte.)*  
Who?

**CHARLOTTE.** Felicity. Please repeat the term you didn't care for and say it exactly like you did before.

**FELICITY.** *The* woman.

**CHARLOTTE.** Gregory. Did you ever hear Sherlock refer to someone such as that?

**GREGORY.** Only one such person. It was with reverence. *The* woman was a title.

**FELICITY.** A title?

**GREGORY.** One of the only people who beat him was a woman. *The* woman.

**FELICITY.** What was her name?

**GREGORY.** She had several names. She changed them as one would change their clothes, to fit the occasion or the weather. But there was one name we all knew well.

**CHARLOTTE.** *Scandal in Bohemia.* Her name was Irene Adler. She was my mother. *(Charlotte, while composed is obviously upset.)*

**FELICITY.** What? Your mother's name was Agatha. *(Gregory moves*

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*quickly towards Charlotte.)*

**GREGORY.** Charlotte, I doubt it is of any comfort but your mother had to change her name to protect you. The child of Sherlock Holmes and Irene Adler would have been targeted by criminals of all sorts. From masterminds down to the common thug.

**CHARLOTTE.** You knew. I need you to tell me all you know. *(The clock chimes.)*

**GREGORY.** Blast. I have to make my way to the docks. I will tell you everything when I return. Although it's likely you'll learn much more from what Sherlock left you. Please try and eat a bit, both of you before it gets too cold. Don't mind the dishes, I'll tidy up when I return. *(He begins to get ready to leave.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** You're going to fight tonight, aren't you? *(He nods.)* If you turn your heel out just a touch more, that left cross will have more power to it.

**GREGORY.** I'll remember that.

**CHARLOTTE.** See that you do. And....be careful.

**GREGORY.** I always strive to, but it changes when you have someone to come home to... *(Gregory catches himself, then tries to cover his words but fails.)* Not that I do... or that I don't. What I mean to say is... I should leave. *(Gregory exits. Felicity is smirking at Charlotte.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Felicity, I'll have none of that. To answer your question, it was a simple observation that told me Gregory was going to not just observe but fight as well...

**FELICITY.** That actually wasn't my question but considering your disposition I believe I have come to my diagnosis. *(Charlotte stares daggers at Felicity.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Shall we get to work then?

**FELICITY.** Before that, did you wish to talk about your mother or do you still need time to process?

**CHARLOTTE.** I still need time. Thank you.

**FELICITY.** Of course.

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**CHARLOTTE.** Well. Let's crack on, yes? *(She gestures to the journals/etc. The lights fade out as the duo pick up items of Sherlock's work. Lights back up to them being in different places on the stage, holding/reading journals/papers/manuscripts/etc.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** This is fascinating and unnerving learning how similar our minds are.

**FELICITY.** *(Looking up from her work.)* Hmmmm?

**CHARLOTTE.** Here he talks about a method to store memories and information for later use. He calls it a 'mind attic'. I already practice a mental exercise quite similar to this. I thought that I devised it.

**FELICITY.** How does this memory exercise work?

**CHARLOTTE.** You visualize a place in your mind. So you imagine a physical place where you take information learned and store it there. Perhaps in a box, a drawer or shelf, whatever you like. Does that make sense?

**FELICITY.** No.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(She gets up and begins to move about the room.)* For the sake of example, let us say this room is my 'mind attic'. So imagine we are in the place that I visualize to store memories.

**FELICITY.** Alright, following so far.

**CHARLOTTE.** Now let us say I come across new knowledge. *(She gets a blank piece of paper and pen, then hands them to Felicity)* Here, write something for me to learn. *(Felicity takes it and quickly jots some words down. She smugly hands it back to Charlotte.)* So, now I learn...

'Gregory fancies me.' Honestly.

**FELICITY.** We're both learning here.

**CHARLOTTE.** So I take this bit of 'information' and I store it in this drawer. *(Moves to a desk drawer, and places it inside)* Now it is there for me to retrieve it, should it ever become of use.

**FELICITY.** I'm hoping it does.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(Sighs.)* Is the mind attic concept making any sense?

**FELICITY.** Yes and no, but I appreciate the demonstration all the

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same.

**CHARLOTTE.** Have you found anything of interest?

**FELICITY.** Actually yes. Sherlock could identify over 140 different types of ash.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(Crossing over to Felicity to have a look.)* Does he have them listed?

**FELICITY.** Itemized and in detail. In *excruciating* detail. *(The lights fade again. When they return, Felicity and Charlotte are once again in different placements onstage and have different journals/manuscript. The food is also gone or mostly eaten.)*

**FELICITY.** *(Jumps in excitement.)* Here is what happened with that Baker Street demolition!

**CHARLOTTE.** Was it Mycroft?

**FELICITY.** *(Deflated.)* ...What?

**CHARLOTTE.** Sherlock's brother, Mycroft Holmes. He's been described as *being* the British government.

**FELICITY.** He also was a founder of the Diogenes Club, right?

**CHARLOTTE.** Yes, and don't think for one moment that *gentlemen's club* is not without heavy influence on society. It is my belief that Mycroft orchestrated a false Baker Street to be demolished and had a ceremony built around it. The spectacle would hide it all in plain sight. Therefore the actual Baker Street could be preserved in secret under a different address. With his position he could easily have records altered. Ever since, Baker Street has been wearing a mask, as you put it earlier. Am I correct?

**FELICITY.** Yes. All that is what you theorized earlier?

**CHARLOTTE.** Broadly speaking, but more pieces have been coming into place as I have thought about it.

**FELICITY.** Hang on, so it would be Uncle Mycroft then. That doesn't sound right.

**CHARLOTTE.** I don't like it.

**FELICITY.** Neither do I. *(The lights fade. When they return there is*

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*more of an ethereal look. Felicity is asleep in her chair while Charlotte is still working. Sherlock Holmes is now in the room, sitting in his/Charlotte's chair.)*

**SHERLOCK.** Where is my pipe?

**CHARLOTTE.** I don't care for the habit. Gregory is meticulous.

**SHERLOCK.** If there is anything of mine I am pleased was not passed down, addiction would be it.

**CHARLOTTE.** Took you long enough to get here.

**SHERLOCK.** For us to have a conversation, you needed to be more familiar with my work. My actual mind, not these silly novels. Hardly needed guidance for what I look like, undoubtedly John has photographs. I do thank you for not envisioning me with that damned hat.

**CHARLOTTE.** The deerstalker? I like it.

**SHERLOCK.** Nothing but an artist's fancy for the cover of one's John's books. I never wore it.

**CHARLOTTE.** Perhaps I will.

**SHERLOCK.** Stop avoiding why you brought me here.

**CHARLOTTE.** Why. Why did my mother lie to me about who she was?

**SHERLOCK.** Irene Adler had made herself more than one powerful enemy. Not due to the connection to myself, although it didn't help, but her own brilliance and scheming. It was necessary to protect you and to protect her. Mycroft was able to provide a new identity...

**CHARLOTTE.** *(Interrupting.)* Oh, come off it! I was told her name was Agatha! She died when I was so young. I can only recall glimpses. I remember traveling with her. I remember that she told me stories. I remember her laugh. The warmth of her embrace. But even with my mind, that is about all I have, except for her face and her name.

**SHERLOCK.** I am not the best person for you to have this discussion.

**CHARLOTTE.** Avoidance? I don't remember that being an aspect of your behavior.

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**SHERLOCK.** *(He walks over to a bookshelf, and reaches for a 'Scandal in Bohemia', tapping it.)* The binding on this book is different. Odd in a room that seems to command uniformity. Certainly not how I kept it here. *(He takes the book off of the shelf and extends it towards Charlotte.)* Someone else has been wanting to talk to you. *(Charlotte crosses over to Sherlock and takes the book. She opens it to find a small letter inside. As she opens it, IRENE ADLER enters. She is fashionably dressed.)*

**IRENE.** Charlotte.

**CHARLOTTE.** Mother. Please explain. Why? Why did you lie to me about who you were?

**IRENE.** Straight to the point, then. I wouldn't expect anything less. When you were born, there was only one name that mattered to me. Mother. I left all those prior identities behind. I was determined to be a wonderful mother to you. But this world decided to demonstrate its cruelty and took me from you.

**CHARLOTTE.** Did you actually die from an illness or was that a lie too?

**SHERLOCK.** *(Stepping towards Charlotte and Irene.)* Your mother was one of the first to be lost to what would become known as the Great Influenza.

**IRENE.** Oh, Charlotte. We would have had such adventures together. Don't let him fool you, Sherlock wanted that for you as well. He wanted you to have a wonderful childhood.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(To Sherlock.)* After mother died, why to the Watson home and not to you?

**SHERLOCK.** For the very reason your mother just said. John Watson is a far better man than me. His friendship taught me much about the value of love and of empathy. But his heart holds a humanity mine was incapable of fully comprehending.

**CHARLOTTE.** But who am I then? Am I Charlotte Watson? Adler? Holmes?

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**IRENE.** That is for you to decide. *(Irene and Sherlock both pause and tilt their heads to the side.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** What is it?

**SHERLOCK.** Something is amiss. *(Blackout. Sherlock and Irene exit. Lighting changes, it is now morning. Dawn's light is just beginning to come through the window. Felicity is asleep in the chair, now covered with a blanket. Charlotte is still working. The sound of birds startles Felicity awake.)*

**FELICITY.** Goodness, it's morning. Charlotte, you're up already? No, wait. You haven't had a moment's sleep, have you?

**CHARLOTTE.** I have yet to find sleep.

**FELICITY.** Likely because you haven't looked for it. *(She gazes around, sees that the dinner plates are still there.)* I'll get these dishes cleaned up, Gregory must have not yet had the chance.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(Snapping up.)* What? The dishes haven't been cleared?

**FELICITY.** You haven't noticed?

**CHARLOTTE.** No, I have been far too consumed. Something is wrong. Gregory would never overlook a task.

**FELICITY.** You're right. *(They both get up and exit through different ways, calling out for Gregory. They both quickly return.)* He's not here.

**CHARLOTTE.** He never made it back home last night.

**FELICITY.** To the docks, then? *(She gets her revolver, checks the chamber and re-locks it)*

**CHARLOTTE.** With haste, Felicity. *(They exit and the lights fade.)*

### SCENE 4

*Scene change to outside the door of 221B. As they shut the door, Basil steps into the light.*

**BASIL.** What's all this, then? *(Charlotte shifts into a defensive, fighting stance. Felicity's hand goes towards her revolver. They relax when they see it is Basil.)*



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**CHARLOTTE.** Ah, Basil. I take it you were on watch for Baker Street?

**BASIL.** Hudson asked me to keep an eye here.

**CHARLOTTE.** Gregory never came home from the docks, we're on our way now.

**BASIL.** What? Well I am comin' with you.

**FELICITY.** No, we need you here. Something has obviously gone wrong and we cannot leave 221B vulnerable.

**BASIL.** You have a point, but...

**FELICITY.** Concerned about two women going alone? (*Basil gives an embarrassed shrug.*) Your misplaced chivalry is appreciated. However you will find my sister and me more than capable of handling ourselves.

**BASIL.** Understood, Doctor. I shall maintain my post.

**FELICITY.** Thank you, Basil.

**BASIL.** Good luck, ladies. (*Charlotte and Felicity exit. Lights fade. Basil exits.*)

### SCENE 5

*Lights up on the docks. Two men, DOCK WORKER 1 and DOCK WORKER 2 are seen. They are dressed in shabby, dirty, workman attire and are chatting. Charlotte and Felicity enter, see the men and then pull back into hiding.*

**DOCK WORKER 1.** How are we s'posed to make a living off unloadin' ships if they ain't nothin' to unload? Only the two today?

**DOCK WORKER 2.** (*Takes out a small book from a coat pocket and opens it.*) Thas it, it is. Nuthin' until tomorrow mornin'.

**DOCK WORKER 1.** Bloody hell.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** And at a handful of shillings a ship, can't live on that. This new arrangement wit these shady blokes will be the end of me.

**DOCK WORKER 1.** You best mind your mouth and how you speak of em' or it will be the end.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** Look, all I'm sayin' is I am gunna 'ave to fight

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more to git some food.

**DOCK WORKER 1.** You might try winnin' a fight. Last night you got a thumpin'.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** Underestimated'm, I did. Man in an apron. Who 'spected him to know his way round' a scuffle?

**DOCK WORKER 1.** Everyone. *(Laughs.)* Thas right, you're new 'ere. Most of us know betta than to trade punches with Hudson. 'Cept for those looking to prove themselves. 'Though I s'pose that won't matter no more.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** Wonder what he did to make them take him away like that. Was that Hudson all tied up in da warehouse?

**DOCK WORKER 1.** Be in your best int'rest to forget what you saw. *(Charlotte moves her way towards them, Felicity right behind her.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Before you let that simple mind erase such a memory, I have a few questions.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** Well now, we 'ave a couple of eavesdroppers. Pretty things, mind you. Only two kinds of women find their way 'ere. Since you ain't dead, I reckon I'll sample from your profession.

**DOCK WORKER 1.** You don't 'ave a coin in your pocket to spare for a whore.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** You're under the impression I was plannin' on paying.

*(He begins to move towards Charlotte and Felicity.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** It is inadvisable for you to come any closer.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** It would be inadvisable for you to refuse me. *(DW2 moves to grab Charlotte. A fight ensues where Charlotte is in complete control, and handily defeats DW2 with ease. This should be an impressive display of Charlotte's fighting skills where DW2 is embarrassingly outmatched. Charlotte gets him into a grapple from which he can't escape.)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Apologize.

**DOCK WORKER 2.** *(Struggles to get the words out.)* I... I...sorry.

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**CHARLOTTE.** Apology not accepted. *(She knocks him unconscious with a calculated hit. He crumples to the ground. DWI moves to advance, halting when Charlotte speaks.)* Before you make a similar mistake as your friend here, allow me to describe how I shall dispatch of you accordingly. You're about to lunge towards me in an attempt to take hold of my shoulders which I shall side-step and knee you in the ribs. Specifically on the left, since you're slightly favoring it, undoubtedly cracked last night. As you gasp for air and clutch your side, I shall take advantage of your unguarded right knee. I haven't decided whether or not to make the ensuing hobble permanent or not.

**FELICITY.** Make it permanent.

**CHARLOTTE.** You heard the lady. However, you shall remain conscious as you possess information that we need.

**FELICITY.** Then it is my turn. I am a surgeon and know how to make pain last.

**CHARLOTTE.** So I propose we skip all that ugliness and you just answer my questions. Then we just may allow you to go about your business.

**DOCK WORKER 1.** Impressive talk. How do you expect to answer to a gun? *(He opens his jacket/vest to reveal a holstered gun.)*

**FELICITY.** *(Stepping forward in between Charlotte and DWI, revealing her holstered revolver.)* I would say you've read too many dime store novels and believe yourself a gunslinger. But then I'd be shocked to learn that you were literate. Care to test your luck there, Jesse James? *(A brief stare-down occurs between Felicity and DWI. Seemingly giving up, DWI puts his hands up in surrender. He then makes a sudden move for the gun. Felicity quick-draws her revolver with stunning speed, having it pointed and cocked at DWI before he can even draw his gun.)*

**FELICITY.** I admire your optimism.

**CHARLOTTE.** I shall be relieving you of this. *(She takes the revolver from the holster.)* Care to answer a few questions?

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**DOCK WORKER 1.** Look... *(A gunshot rings out from offstage. DW1 slumps, dead.)*

**FELICITY.** The shot came from up there! *(Another shot rings out as Charlotte and Felicity move to take cover. They take aim towards where the shots were heard. Felicity fires. A cry from offstage is heard and shuffled steps escaping.)* Only nicked him! Shall we pursue?

**CHARLOTTE.** We'll never catch them. Our priority is to tend to the murders here.

**FELICITY.** Murders?

**CHARLOTTE.** Yes, the second shot found its mark. I can't say it's worth mourning over. *(She gestures at DW2. Felicity stoops down to inspect the body. Charlotte looks over DW1.)*

**FELICITY.** Impressive. From such a high-angle and this man on the ground, the shooter managed to place the bullet in his heart.

**CHARLOTTE.** Similar marksmanship here, albeit a less difficult shot. Felicity, they spoke of two ship arrivals this morning, one warehouse may be where Gregory is being held.

**FELICITY.** *(She reaches into a jacket pocket, removing the notebook.)* This one must be the dockmaster. He had a log book. Here it is. This morning's arrivals were the Demeter and the Goldfinch.

**CHARLOTTE.** Does it have the cargo listed?

**FELICITY.** Yes. *(Perusing the book.)* This is strange, it has undocumented boxes in the Demeter. Now for the Goldfinch, it is carrying mainly ammunition...some medical supplies and textiles...

**CHARLOTTE.** That warehouse is our destination. There are traces of gunpowder in his fingernails.

**FELICITY.** Let's get moving then.

**CHARLOTTE.** We must move with caution, I am unsure of what we're walking into.

**FELICITY.** *(Nods.)* Let's go. *(They move to exit as the lights fade.)*

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### SCENE 6

*Lights up to a barren area on stage except for a man in a chair. He is bound and covered completely in cloth and head covering. Felicity and Charlotte enter, armed and surveying the area. VOICES 1, 2 & 3 are either heard from offstage, behind the audience, through microphones or can be pre-recorded.*

**FELICITY.** What in God's name... Is that Gregory?

**CHARLOTTE.** It's difficult to tell.

**VOICE 1.** Welcome. Find what you are looking for?

**CHARLOTTE.** Who are you?

**VOICE 2.** Who are 'we' is a better question.

**FELICITY.** Why are you doing this?

**VOICE 3.** So many 'whys'...

**CHARLOTTE.** Money. Power. Influence. Ego.

**VOICES 1, 2 & 3.** Yes.

**VOICE 1.** However we have exhausted use of this one.

**VOICE 2.** We giftwrapped him for you.

**VOICE 3.** Consider it a peace offering. Take him, and walk away.

**CHARLOTTE.** If you have the slightest notion as to who we are..

**FELICITY.** You will know that is not an option.

**VOICES 1, 2 & 3.** We know.

**VOICE 1.** We were waiting for you to show yourselves.

**VOICE 2.** Now we await your choice.

**VOICE 3.** Please, make the wrong one.

**CHARLOTTE.** It is our turn to make the threats. Know that if you allow us to leave, we are coming for you.

**FELICITY.** We shall uncover whatever machinations you have in place.

**CHARLOTTE.** You'll only stop us by bringing us down, right here and now.

**VOICE 1.** What would be the fun in that?

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**VOICE 2.** The fun is seeing you watch helplessly...

**VOICE 3.** ...as London falls.

**VOICES 1, 2, & 3.** Enjoy the show. *(A brief silence. Footsteps are heard, one with a discernable shuffle-step. A door opens, then closes. A beat of silence. Felicity and Charlotte rush to the man bound in the chair. They pull off the head covering. It is an unconscious John Watson.)*

**FELICITY/ CHARLOTTE.** Father! *(Felicity places her fingers on his neck, Charlotte begins to untie the bounds.)*

**FELICITY.** He still has a pulse, it's very weak. *(The lights fade as Felicity and Charlotte continue to try help their father.)*

**END OF ACT ONE**

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