Scene 1
221B Baker Street

Dr. John Watson sits in the drawing room of 221B Baker Street in his shirtsleeves. On the desk before him is a notebook, a pen, a bottle of scotch, and two glasses. He pours two drinks, takes one of the glasses, and stares at the other glass for a moment. He then cheers the other glass, drinks down the contents of his own, lifts his pen, and begins to write.

Watson: I have returned to my former dwellings at 221B Baker Street. It seems the steadfast landlady, Mrs. Hudson, has taken ill. It had been discussed that when she is no longer able to fulfill the tasks required as regent of 221B Baker Street, she would allow me to relieve her of her duties and bring her to reside with me and my wife. But as so often is the case when I return to this residence, I am immediately beset with memories of my dear friend and colleague, Sherlock Holmes. I am sure many of you have heard of my associate: his deeds as a consulting detective - solving many of the world's most perplexing crimes - have been well-chronicled by every newspaper, and indeed by myself: Dr John H. Watson.

From offstage, Mrs. Hudson breaks Watson's concentration. Her voice is sweet and serene.

Mrs. Hudson: John? Where are you?

Watson: Up here, Mrs. Hudson!

Mrs. Hudson: John, are you--

Mrs. Hudson begins a short coughing fit and clears her throat. Her voice is now hoarse and raspy.

Mrs. Hudson: Oi, tosser! You keep me waiting any longer and I'll make your life a living hell when we get to that shithole of yours. Sack up and get me bags into the trolley. If you expect me to lift a finger around here you've got a bloody surprise coming your way. Now hurry up and get all your shitty little memories down in your diary and get a move on!

She exits, slamming the door. Watson continues writing.

Watson: Ah, the sweet Mrs. Hudson. It seems the years have softened her. *(Sighs)* Perhaps it is because this shall be my last time setting foot on these premises that I find my thoughts drifting back to that night, exactly six months ago… when Sherlock Holmes sacrificed himself to save the world.

Sherlock Holmes appears through the darkness, a silhouette draped in a dressing gown and poised to play the violin.

Watson: Not only am I tormented by the loss of my dearest companion, but also by the riddle that his death prevented us from solving. And how that fatal relic - *the Leg of Santa Anna* - remains lost… along with its purpose…

He closes his eyes. The sound of a distant waterfall.
Behind the curtain, the silhouetted figure begins to play a classical tune.

Watson: The case was one befitting my partner, a man who had the peculiar ability to see what others could not. The papers called his mind the greatest asset to the British Empire, and the eighth wonder of the world. Our close relationship, however, allowed me to peer behind the veil and directly into the mind of Sherlock Holmes, and I learned that his intellect could only be described as… special.

We flash back to six months prior: the Case of the Leg of Santa Anna. Holmes comes from around the curtain.

Holmes: Watson, turn off that bloody classical music, I'm trying to start a fire. *(Holds up the violin)* Would you miss this?

Watson is still at the desk, the financial books of 221B Baker Street spread around him. He turns off the music on his iPhone.

Watson: Now Holmes, I know money is tight, but surely we can afford firewood!

Holmes: Oh for sure, I've just… never cared for live music.

Watson: Is everything alright? You seem… more squirrelly than usual.

Holmes: I need sustenance, Watson. I need the game! I fear that if an interesting case does not befall us soon, I shall waste away!

Watson: And I fear that if a case doesn't befall us soon, Mrs. Hudson will default on her mortgage, and you and I will come down with a nasty case of homelessness. *(Considers)* Best save that violin, actually.

Holmes: *(Stops warming himself by the fire)* Oh… um…

Watson: Forget it. *(Looking up)* Oh god, Holmes!

Holmes: What is it, old boy? A case?

Watson: No, Holmes, your robe--

Holmes: Ah yes, do you like it? It was a gift from the Maharaja of Travancore, for the solving of that case of suspected patricide.

Watson: No, Holmes, it's open!

Holmes: I assure you, that case is closed. Hence the robe.

Watson: I can see your balls.

Holmes: Oh buck up! I say, who would think that a man who has gone to battle in the service of Queen and Country would be so shy!

Watson: It's not that I am shy, but why are they that colour?

Mrs. Hudson: *(Offstage)* Boys! Tea!

Holmes: A mystery for another day.

Holmes closes his robe and sits in his armchair. Mrs. Hudson enters.

Mrs. Hudson: *(Mumbling)* Bloody wankers, making me climb these godforsaken steps to bring you tea three times a day. I'm your damn landlady, not your housekeeper.

Watson: And how is Mrs. Hudson today?

Mrs. Hudson: I'd be a lot better if you two would move the hell out, so I could get some proper cash out of this place.

Holmes: Oh, Mrs. Hudson, what would you do without us?

Mrs. Hudson: I'd turn this place into the fanciest underground gambling and opium den London has ever seen. They'd call me Honey Hudson: I'd be the Queen of the London Underworld and no one would mess with me because I'd wear a necklace of fingers that I've cut off of the suckers who thought they could come into my club and cheat! Instead I'm stuck here taking care of a fat Dwayne The Rock Johnson and an emaciated Ryan Gosling.

She spits into each of their tea cups and then pours their tea. Both men laugh.

Watson: Oh, Mrs. Hudson! Baker Street is brighter with you around!

Mrs. Hudson flips them off and exits. Both men wave pleasantly after her. Holmes gets up and begins looking around for something.

Watson: Missing something, Holmes?

Holmes: Yes, I can't seem to find… my cocaine…

Watson: I've got it.

Holmes: Oh, that is a relief. May I please have it?

Watson: No.

Holmes: Come again?

Watson: Your addiction is out of control. As your physician, it is my responsibility to wean you off your dependency before it poses a threat to your physical well-being.

Holmes: I am the great Sherlock Holmes, her Majesty's most stalwart protector! I think I can handle a few big flakes of that sweet nose snow.

Watson: Holmes! Focus! About this business of a case--

Holmes: Relax, my good man! I believe that problem will be shortly rectified for us.

Watson: What do you mean?

Holmes: There is someone at the door.

Watson: We are not doing this again.

Holmes: No I mean it this time... someone is actually going to be there.

Watson: Every time we sit down to tea you come up with some fanciful lie to get me out of my chair so that you can eat my biscuits. I am not falling for it.

Holmes: No Watson plleaaaseee. I am telling the truth this time I promise!

Watson: No.

Holmes: Please, please, please, please, please!

Watson: No, no, no, no, no, no!

Watson: ALRIGHT. But if no one's there, I'm going to box your ears.

Watson gets up to go look out the window. As he is doing so Holmes grabs Watson's biscuits and shoves it into his mouth.

Watson: Crikey, there is someone there!

Holmes: *(Crumbs in his mouth)* Holy shit! The game's afoot! Who is it, Watson?

Watson: Oh bloody hell. It's Irene Adler.

Holmes: I-- Oh, really?

Watson: Oh god, don't start--

Holmes ducks behind the curtain to get dressed.

Holmes: (*Overheating*) What, um, what do you think she wants? Do you think she wants to see *me?*

Watson: Your name *is* on the door.

Holmes: Poor girl.

Watson: What?

Holmes: Always making a fool of herself. Trying to ensnare the heart of the great Sherlock Holmes. As if, *amirite? Am* I right, Watson?

Watson: I find it somewhat hard to believe that--

Holmes: Alright! I guess we'll have to let her in, so you can see for yourself! I mean, *I* don't care if we let her in or not! I just want you to see for yourself.

Watson: Right.

Holmes: In truth, I pity her. *(He swings opens the door)* Irene! You've come back to me!

Irene blows past him.

Irene: *(Spotting Watson)* Johnny! Aren't you a sight for sore eyes!

Watson: Miss Adler.

Irene: Please, call me Irene.

Watson: Very well. And it's Doctor Watson.

Irene: Ooh.

Holmes: I was about to make smoothies! Would you like a smoothie, Irene? I make them with three types of meat.

Watson: Look, Irene, cut to the chase and tell us why you're here.

Irene: Maybe I just thought I'd pay you a little house call, Doctor.

Holmes: *(Unsubtly)* He's engaged. She's Swedish, isn't she, John?

Watson: No, Holmes. She's from London.

Holmes: Weird. Could've sworn she was Swedish. Anyways, kee-ute. So you two are super-*duper* in love, eh?

Watson: Miss Adler, if you would. Our paths have crossed enough times to tell me that I should be worried.

Irene: I simply come to the two of you with a business opportunity.

Watson: Pass.

Holmes: Watson!

Watson: Hard pass.

Holmes: We don't even know what it is she wants. OR DO WE?

Deduction Mode kicks in. Lights and music warp and change.

Holmes: You see, my beautiful friends, I'm afraid I've already deduced everything there is to know. Miss Adler, if I'm not mistaken, you are sporting a fake tan, meaning that you just arrived here from *You Tan Up Nice,* a salon owned by my dear friend and one-time Secret Santa, Miss Crystal McKay, if I'm not mistaken. But why a fake tan? Well, I'm afraid that that too is as clear as Miss Crystal McKay's namesake. You see, earlier when I mentioned Watson's Swedish girlfriend--

Watson: She's not Swedish--

Holmes: -- you flinched, no doubt because you sensed that I had already honed in on your nefarious scheme. Now, as I'm sure you're both keenly aware, this year's Miss Universe Pageant is scheduled to take place in Stockholm - *Sweden,* if I'm not mistaken - so perhaps - like the syndrome - you fell in love… but not with some hypothetical captor… but rather with an idea… to rig the Miss Universe Pageant and steal the crown. But there is still one thing you hadn't accounted for: the clear fan favourite, Natalya Bulgakov from Russia. Cheat all you will, you can't manipulate pure talent. Believe me, I've tried. So it's obvious! You want us to assassinate Natalya Bulgakov. But did you know she has connections to the Russian Mob? Of course you did. And that's exactly your point. You want us to start a war. And all by poisoning a single tiara--

Irene: Look, Watson, I just need you to track down an item for me.

Holmes: Well, I'll envenom your crown, but I ask you: at what cost?

Watson: Holmes, would you shut up?! *(To Irene)* What sort of item?

Irene: Nothing to worry about. It'll be the easiest money the two of you have made in some time.

Holmes: *(To Watson)* Ooh! Money! You were just saying we need more of that!

Watson: It's never a good idea to get messed up with her, Holmes. Don't you ever learn?

Holmes: You know I don't.

Irene: Tell you what. *(Revealing her chess set)* Let's play for it. Sherlock? What do you say?

Holmes: Very well. What are the stakes?

Irene: I… thought that was very clear. If you lose, you take the case.

Holmes: And if I win?

Watson: Holmes, you know what I'm going to say--

Holmes: You're right! It's not about whether we win or lose, so long as we have fun!

Watson: That's the opposite--

Holmes: Ladies first.

Irene makes a play. Holmes considers but does not play. After a while, Irene speaks--

Irene: Well, while Sherlock prepares his killing stroke, shall I tell you a story?

Holmes: *(As he considers)* I do like stories… Do you know any Harry Potter? I've got them all. Except the sixth one…

Irene: Tell me, Doctor: are you familiar with Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna?

Watson: The Mexican general?

Holmes: *(Quickly)* The Mexican general? Oh, so close.

Irene: "The Napoleon of the West." Made a lot of American enemies when he tried to kill Davey Crockett at the Battle of the Alamo. Walked with a fake leg, which some American soldiers stole back in 1842, and Lopez's family's been trying to track it down ever since. People think it's actually some sort of key or map or weapon. Why else would they want it back so badly? *(To Holmes)* Did you go yet?

Holmes: Um, no, almost.

Irene: Last month, I finally tracked it down to an schoolhouse in Arkansas, but I was scared to hang onto it, so I sent it to London among a shipment of mannequin parts. I need you to find out where it went and retrieve the Leg of Santa Anna for me. *(To Holmes)* Do you know how to play?

Holmes: Well am I supposed to be playing or listening!

Irene: Seriously--

Holmes: Fine, there! *(Moves)* Can I move it there?

Irene: Sure.

Holmes: Your turn!

Irene: *(Plays)* Checkmate.

Holmes: What?!

She gets up and turns on Watson.

Irene: Looks like you're taking the case.

Holmes: *(Demurely, in Watson's ear)* You see, Watson: the game is actually an analogy for coitus. *(To Irene)* Shall we go again? I'll try to last longer this time.

Watson: Christ. *(To Irene)* So you just need us to track down a fake leg? That's it?

Irene: Easy peasy.

Watson: A little too easy.

Holmes: A little too peasy.

Irene: Don't be so suspicious!

Holmes: What's the worst that could happen? I die tragically whilst saving the world? Wouldn't that be something!

They laugh.

Irene: Look, just find the Leg for me and you can name your price. You can call me anytime. Day *(to Watson)* or night.

She leaves.

Scene 2

Holmes: Ah, the poor fool. She wants me, Watson. She wants my body.

Watson: God, can you focus for one second?

Holmes: Well *I'm* not the one who hid all my detective powder now, am I?

Watson: Oh all right! Now, I'll give you some of your vile narcotic if you promise to focus.

Holmes: Yay! *(Watson proffers some coke; Holmes snorts it up)* THE GAME'S AFOOT! All right, let's rearrange our books by colour--

Watson: No, Holmes! We have to find that leg so we can pay Mrs Hudson's mortgage and keep us all from a life on the street, remember?

Holmes: YES! Indeed. We. Do. LOVE IT! Off we go! *(Throwing open the window)* Hark, my spies, my minions! The Baker Street Irregulars! Heed my call!

Watson: Jesus, use the phone--

There's a knock on the door.

Holmes: Is it just me, or is the game getting all a-footy in here?

They admit Wiggins the Street Urchin. He wears a velour tracksuit and speaks with a tough Cockney accent. He grabs his junk a lot.

Wiggins: 'Olmes.

Holmes: Wiggins the Street Urchin! How's our super secret spy network?

Wiggins: Yeah, aw-right.

Wiggins opens his jacket to reveal multiple little baggies filled with pill and powders.

Wiggins: (*Indicating the different products)* Now I got some Blue Carbuncles, a handful of Red Circles, this here's the Devil's Foot, Silver Blaze, and this the Lion's Mane-- That shit'll fuck you up though, so

tread with caution, *amigos*. Oh, and I've got about five Orange Pips left but I'd need to go to the toilet to complete *that* transaction, if you catch me drift.

Watson: Lord.

Holmes: He's talking about heroin, Watson. You see, he's got five balloons full of heroin right up his bum!-- How much for an Orange Pip?

Watson: No! Listen, we're not here to buy any of your poison. This is official Baker Street Business.

Wiggins: Innit always. Whaddya need known, boss?

Watson: A shipment of mannequin pieces came into town yesterday. We need you to find out where they went.

Holmes: But we can't tell you why! Top secret. All we can say is, it has to do with the Leg of Santa Anna.

Watson: Holmes!

Holmes: What?

Wiggins: Selfridges.

Watson: What?

Wiggins: (*Shows his phone)* Me mate says Selfridges Department Store got a shit-ton of dummy bits in this morning.

Watson: *(With dread)* Selfridges…

Holmes: That was peasy. Now let us celebrate by extracting one balloon of powerful opiates from--

Watson: Holmes! No smack until the case is closed.

Holmes: *I HATE YOU YOU'RE RUINING MY LIFE!*

Wiggins: Sorry to interrupt the lovers quarrel, lads, but is that bacon I smell?

Watson: Bacon?

Holmes: We call it "rashers" here.

Wiggins: I mean there's a copper listening at the keyhole.

Watson: You best go out the fire escape--

Wiggins: Wait, could I pop into the loo first? Think I'm leaking some *orange juice* if you catch my drift.

Holmes: Of course, it's right this--

Watson: No you don't, out you go, Wiggins!

He forces him out the back.