

# THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

adapted by

David Taylor

from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's classic

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# THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

at Vienna's English Theatre's Schooltours



Dear Audience, dear Readers,  
Welcome to yet another great classic:  
world-famous detective **Sherlock Holmes**,  
brought **live** to your schools/classrooms!  
Watch and experience the star detective and  
his good friend and colleague, **Dr Watson**,  
solve one of his most popular cases, **The  
Hound of the Baskervilles**.

The story, or in this case, the play, is set in  
the late 19th, early 20th c. in London and  
Dartmoor, Devon. Holmes's creator, **Sir  
Arthur Conan Doyle**, heard of a **local legend**  
and decided to turn it into complex story of  
mystery and suspense, in which the master  
detective gives readers insight into his vast  
knowledge, his ways **of logical reasoning and  
deduction**, and his skills of observation.

Reading classic texts or watching film versions  
of classics, you will notice that the language  
is somewhat different. The **English language**  
in late **Victorian and Edwardian Britain** was  
certainly more formal, less idiomatic than it is  
now. Also, the characters are educated **upper  
middle-class** people or even **aristocrats**,

which does show in the way they speak and  
the vocabulary they use (compare, for instance,  
'Schönbrunner Deutsch'). Interesting and  
entertaining, though, Sir Henry's American  
accent and idiomatic expressions!

Dr Watson's reports to Sherlock Holmes  
were letters (which took time to be delivered!),  
not e-mails. No telephoning or whatsapp-ing!  
And – Sherlock Holmes had no computer  
or search engines to refer to; his information  
came from observing and logical reasoning.  
And he will keep you guessing... and wonder-  
ing... and trying to figure things out...!

However, you will be pleased to discover that  
the play is very entertaining, full of suspense,  
and easy to understand – as Sherlock Holmes  
would say:

**'Elementary, my dear students, elementary!'**

So, have a *jolly good time* and let us know how  
you liked it!

Best wishes,  
*Helena Hirsch*

*Note to teachers:*

*When pre-reading the text please bear in mind that your students don't have to translate/look up every new word/phrase in order to understand. To encourage them to guess and develop reading strategies, translations/footnotes have been kept to a minimum. During the performance, through voice, action, movement and mime, there is no need to translate – students see, hear, feel – and understand.*

*This play takes your students back in time, to the late 19th, early 20th c. The time, social standing of the characters, and culture is very much reflected in the language and the more formal register (perhaps sometimes beyond B1). Explanations/translations are provided in the respective context (therefore also in more formal German).*

*There is deliberately no vocabulary help for the stage directions (which would, in fact, only be necessary if you are pre-reading the text). However, topic vocabulary activities will be offered in the worksheet (see below).*

*There are some straightforward 'quick comprehension' questions at the end of this booklet. For more exploitation strategies and activities please refer to the extensive **worksheet** which will be available for download from [www.schooltours.at](http://www.schooltours.at) as from **September 2016!***

Worksheet available online

[www.schooltours.at](http://www.schooltours.at)

**THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**  
adapted by David Taylor

**Cast**

The play will be performed by four actors.

- ACTOR 1:** Sherlock Holmes  
Policeman  
Mrs Barrymore – Housekeeper at Baskerville Hall  
Beryl Stapleton – Neighbour of Baskerville Hall
- ACTOR 2:** Dr Watson
- ACTOR 3:** Dr Mortimer – Friend and Doctor to Sir Charles Baskerville  
Village Girl  
Sir Henry Baskerville – Nephew and Heir to Sir Charles Baskerville
- ACTOR 4:** Hugo Baskerville  
Train Guard  
Mr Barrymore – Butler at Baskerville Hall  
Jack Stapleton – Neighbour of Baskerville Hall

*Scene 1*

*Enter the 4 Actors.*

ACTOR 1: Sherlock Holmes... what a man!

ACTOR 2: What a character!

ACTOR 3: What a personality!

ACTOR 4: What a detective!

ACTOR 1: Internationally famous!

ACTOR 2: A literary star!

ACTOR 3: A movie star!

ACTOR 4: A TV star!

ACTOR 1: Born in 1854... and still going strong!

ACTOR 3: Sherlock Holmes is ageless<sup>1</sup>.

ACTOR 2: The most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has ever seen.

ACTOR 4: A super sleuth<sup>2</sup> of his time!

ACTOR 3: And who must we thank for his fame?

ACTOR 2: His good friend and colleague... Dr John Watson. It was he, after all, who chronicled all of Holmes's cases.

ACTOR 4: Gentlemen, before we go on any further, I think we should separate fact from fiction. The fame, the mastermind of Sherlock Holmes, is completely down to one man<sup>3</sup>... his creator... Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ACTOR 3: Indeed, it was he who thought up all the ingenious plots<sup>4</sup> that Holmes had to solve.

ACTOR 2: Along with his good friend and colleague... Dr Watson.

ACTOR 1: In Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle created a truly remarkable character.

ACTOR 4: He presented 60 cases for his famous detective to solve.

ACTOR 2: Along with his good friend and colleague ... Dr Watson.

ACTOR 3: But Conan Doyle killed off Holmes after 25 cases! Why did he bring him back?

ACTOR 4: The public loved Sherlock Holmes. They wanted more.

ACTOR 3: So...

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<sup>1</sup> zeitlos

<sup>2</sup> (großartiger) Detektiv

<sup>3</sup> Die Berühmtheit von Sherlock Holmes ist der alleinige Verdienst... (seines Schöpfers...)

<sup>4</sup> einfallsreiche, geniale Stücke (Handlungen)

ACTOR 1: So... Conan Doyle heard of a legend. A legend he decided to expand into a gruesome story of suspense and mystery<sup>1</sup>. He felt only one man could do the case justice<sup>2</sup>... Sherlock Holmes!

ACTOR 3: And what was the case?

ACTOR 1: The case of... "The Hound of the Baskervilles"!

*Dramatic music.*

ACTOR 2: Ah, yes... The Hound of the Baskervilles...

*Dramatic music.*

ACTOR 2: I remember it well.

*ACTORS 2 and 4 exit.*

## Scene 2

*ACTOR 1 moves upstage, takes a smoking jacket off a coat stand and puts it on. He takes a pipe out of the pocket.*

ACTOR 2: It was late, on a foggy morning, at 221b Baker Street... where Sherlock Holmes shared a flat with his good friend and colleague, Dr Watson. The case he was about to accept started simply enough... with a walking stick!

*ACTOR 2 holds out his hand and he catches a walking stick thrown to him from offstage.*

HOLMES: Well, what do you make of it, Watson?

WATSON: *(Examining the stick)* I think that it was, once, a very fine stick. However, it's been well used... a lot of scratches at the base and the handle is worn down<sup>3</sup>. *(Pause)* I would say that it belongs to a country gentleman, who is used to walking.

HOLMES: Rightly observed, Watson. Congratulations.

WATSON: Thank you, Holmes. But where did you find it?

HOLMES: It was left on our doorstep. The owner obviously left it there by mistake.

WATSON: Are there any clues as to who the owner could be?

HOLMES: The owner of the stick does indeed live in the country. Devon, to be precise. Like you, Watson, he is a doctor. His name is Dr James Mortimer.

WATSON: Goodness me, Holmes, how on earth do you know all that?

HOLMES: It is my business to know what other people don't know. In this instance, it was elementary, dear Watson<sup>4</sup>. *(Taking a card out of his pocket)* He left his calling card!

*There is the sound of a doorbell.*

HOLMES: Ah, that will be him now. Watson, as it is our dear housekeeper, Mrs Hudson's, day off... would you, please, be kind enough to open the door.

WATSON: Of course, Holmes.

*WATSON gives the walking stick to HOLMES and exits.*

WATSON: *(Offstage)* Good day.

MORTIMER: *(Offstage)* Good day. I'm here to see Mr Sherlock Holmes.

WATSON: *(Offstage)* Certainly. Please come in.

*Enter WATSON and Dr MORTIMER.*

WATSON: *(Holding out his hand)* Dr Watson.

MORTIMER: No, Dr Mortimer.

WATSON: I beg your pardon?

MORTIMER: I am Dr Mortimer... not Dr Watson!

WATSON: I am Dr Watson.

HOLMES: And I am Sherlock Holmes.

MORTIMER: *(Shaking his hand)* Mr Holmes, the famous detective. It is an honour to meet you, sir.

HOLMES: *(Indicating WATSON)* And this is my good friend and colleague, Dr Watson.

MORTIMER: *(Shaking hands with WATSON)* Of course, Dr Watson. Forgive me, I'm a little stressed. I should have known you immediately. After all, it is you that has made Mr Holmes famous... writing up all his extraordinary cases in *The Strand Magazine*<sup>1</sup>.

WATSON: There you are, Holmes... where would you be without me?

HOLMES: Indeed! Dr Mortimer, I believe this is yours. *(Handing him the walking stick.)*

MORTIMER: Thank you. I wondered where I had left it.

HOLMES: Now, what can I do for you?

MORTIMER: It's not so much what you can do for me, Mr Holmes... but what you can do for a friend of mine. *(Dramatically)* It's a terrible business... terrible business! Sadly, one person... a dear friend... is already dead. And now I fear for the life of another.

HOLMES: Please, continue.

MORTIMER: Three months ago, my good friend, Sir Charles Baskerville, was found dead. He had been out for his nightly walk. When he failed to return<sup>2</sup>, his butler, Barrymore, went in search of him. Not far from Baskerville Hall, at the edge of the moor that borders part of the property<sup>3</sup>, Barrymore found Sir Charles's dead body.

WATSON: I read about Sir Charles's death in the newspaper. If I remember correctly, his cause of death was a massive heart attack.

<sup>1</sup> Eine Sage, aus der er eine schaurigen-spannende Detektivgeschichte machte.

<sup>2</sup> Er war überzeugt, dass nur ein Mann diesem Fall gerecht werden konnte... Sherlock Holmes.

<sup>3</sup> abgenutzt

<sup>4</sup> Berühmter Ausspruch des Detektivs in den Filmversionen ('ganz einfach, mein lieber Watson')

<sup>1</sup> Führende Literaturzeitschrift in Großbritannien im frühen 20. Jhd.

<sup>2</sup> ... als er nicht nach Hause kam...

<sup>3</sup> ... am Rande des Moors, das an einen Teil der Liegenschaft grenzt (vgl. ... *that borders on...*)

MORTIMER: That's the official version, Dr Watson, but I'm convinced he died of... *(dramatically)* fright!

HOLMES: Fright?

MORTIMER: *(Dramatically)* Fright, Mr Holmes... fright! I arrived with the police. Sir Charles's body was unmarked, but his face... *(dramatically)* his face was contorted<sup>1</sup>... his eyes staring.

WATSON: As a doctor, you should know that look is often brought on by a massive heart attack.

MORTIMER: Indeed, Dr Watson. However, something else confirmed my suspicion<sup>2</sup>. As Sir Charles's body was being taken away, I noticed something the police didn't... *(Dramatically)* Footprints!

HOLMES: But there would have been many footprints around the body.

MORTIMER: These were no ordinary footprints, Mr Holmes. These were the footprints of a... *(Dramatically)* a large hound!

HOLMES: A hound?

MORTIMER: *(Dramatically)* A hound from hell! A terrifying monster that haunts the moors near to Baskerville Hall. *(Pause)* The hound of the Baskervilles!

*Dramatic music.*

HOLMES: I must warn you, Dr Mortimer, I am a scientific man. I don't believe in superstition.

MORTIMER: *(Taking out a manuscript)* Perhaps this and what I have just told you about Sir Charles's death might make you change your mind.

HOLMES: What is it?

MORTIMER: A manuscript, given to me by Sir Charles, some weeks before his death. *(He gives the manuscript to Holmes)* I would like you to read it, Mr Holmes. It's not long, but it tells of a terrifying story that has been a curse to the Baskerville family<sup>3</sup>.

WATSON: A curse?

MORTIMER: Yes, Dr Watson... a curse! *(Dramatically)* The curse of... the hound of the Baskervilles!

*Dramatic music.*

MORTIMER: While you read the manuscript... may I please use your Water Closet?

HOLMES: Certainly.

WATSON: It's along the hall, on the right.

MORTIMER: Thank you. I drink too much coffee, when I'm stressed. And, outside... what with the cold air and the damp of the fog... well...! Excuse me. *He exits.*

WATSON: Well, Holmes, what do you make of it all?

HOLMES: Someone is dead... that is for sure. But Dr Mortimer has got so carried away with this 'hound business' that he hasn't told us about the person whose life he fears for.

WATSON: And what about this curse?

HOLMES: Well, Watson... it's story time! *(He opens the manuscript and begins to read.)*

"The origins of the curse on the Baskerville family dates back to the 17<sup>th</sup> century, when Baskerville Hall was lived in by the evil Hugo Baskerville."

*Enter Hugo Baskerville, with an evil laugh.*

HOLMES: "Hugo was a cruel man. To get a lady in his life, he would have to take her<sup>1</sup>! To that end, he set his eyes on a poor, pretty girl<sup>2</sup> from the nearby village."

*Music. Enter the Village Girl. What follows is a pantomime of events, played out to the music. It should be like an old, silent film.*

*The girl is picking flowers. Hugo comes up to her. He bows... she smiles. He moves closer and starts to caress her arm. She backs off. He advances and tries to put his arm around her. She pushes him away and starts to run from him. He catches her. She struggles, frantically. He throws her over his shoulder and exits. Music stops.*

HOLMES: "He locked the girl in a room at Baskerville Hall and had his evil way with her<sup>3</sup>! *(Pause)* One night, when Hugo was drunk, the girl escaped. From an upstairs window, he saw her running towards the moor. Full of anger, he got on his horse and rode after her."

*Music. Again, a pantomime of the events. The girl enters. She runs from one side of the stage to another. Enter Hugo, miming riding a horse. He chases after the running girl. He catches up with her and strikes out at her. She falls to the ground. Hugo mimes getting off the horse. The girl stands and starts to run. Hugo catches her. Again, she frantically fights him off. He hits her. She falls backwards. Music stops. Then there is the sound of the howl of a large hound. The girl screams and points offstage. Hugo turns. There is a sound of the hound's growl. Hugo shrieks in terror. The girl pushes Hugo offstage. There is the sound of the hound attacking and screams from Hugo. The girl runs away and exits. Hugo's screams stop and, after a moment, the attack sounds also stop. Then there is the sound of the hound's howl.*

HOLMES: "Their bodies were discovered, the next day. The girl's body had no marks on it. She had, apparently, died of exhaustion<sup>4</sup>. The body of Hugo

<sup>1</sup> ... sein Gesichtsausdruck war starr/verzerrt (vor Angst)

<sup>2</sup> ... mein Verdacht wurde auch noch durch etwas anderes bestätigt ... Fußspuren...

<sup>3</sup> ... es erzählt die unheimliche Geschichte des Fluchs, der auf der Baskerville-Familie liegt

<sup>1</sup> Um zu einer Frau zu kommen, musste er Gewalt anwenden (sie entführen)

<sup>2</sup> Und so fiel sein Blick auf ein einfaches, hübsches Mädchen aus dem nächsten Dorf.

<sup>3</sup> Er sperrte sie in ein Zimmer (...) und missbrauchte sie.

<sup>4</sup> Sie war offenbar aus Erschöpfung gestorben.

Baskerville, on the other hand, was covered in blood. His throat had been ripped apart! On the bloody ground were the footprints of a large hound. *(Pause)* So is the story of the coming of the hound<sup>1</sup>, which has haunted the Baskervilles ever since. Many have died bloody and mysterious deaths. *(Pause)* Local villagers have spoken about seeing the outline of a large beast on the moor. *(Pause)* Be warned... God's protection is no match against the hound from hell that haunts the moor of Baskerville, during the dark hours."

*HOLMES folds up the manuscript.*

WATSON: Well, Holmes, what do you make of it?

HOLMES: I can't believe that Dr Mortimer expects me to believe that this superstitious nonsense has anything to do with the death of Sir Charles!

*Enter Dr Mortimer.*

MORTIMER: Did you find the story interesting, Mr Holmes?

HOLMES: If I were a collector of fairy tales... possibly! *(Handing him the manuscript)* You say that Sir Charles gave you this?

MORTIMER: Yes. He was convinced the curse was true and that he was next to meet his end by the hound.

HOLMES: Dr Mortimer, when you first arrived, you talked about another person whose life you feared for. Who is this person?

MORTIMER: Sir Charles's nephew and now the only known heir to Baskerville Hall and family fortune<sup>2</sup>... Sir Henry Baskerville.

HOLMES: Does he know the story of the hound and the curse?

MORTIMER: Yes. Although, he has been living in the U.S. and Canada since he was a boy, he knows all about his family's history. Nevertheless, he is keen to take up residence at Baskerville Hall<sup>3</sup>.

HOLMES: Alone?

MORTIMER: Yes. He is not married.

WATSON: And the curse doesn't bother him?

MORTIMER: Not at all. However, since he arrived in England, some days ago... strange things have been happening to him.

HOLMES: What things?

MORTIMER: I will let him tell you. If you don't mind, Mr Holmes, I asked him to call by. *(He takes out a pocket watch.)* In fact, he will be here soon. I must go. As a detective, Mr Holmes, I'm sure what he has to tell you will interest you greatly. But now, at least, you are more aware of the... the background of this case. And so, gentlemen I will bid you a good day. *(He shakes hands with HOLMES and WATSON)* I will find my own way out.

*He exits.*

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<sup>1</sup> Das war die erste Erscheinung des Bluthundes ...

<sup>2</sup> ... der einzige bekannte Erbe von Baskerville Hall und dem Familienvermögen...

<sup>3</sup> Trotz allem möchte er sich unbedingt in Baskerville Hall niederlassen.

### Scene 3

WATSON: Well, I say, Holmes, I don't know if this case needs a priest, or a policeman!

HOLMES: What do you mean, Watson?

WATSON: A priest for all of the supernatural goings on<sup>1</sup>... or a policeman, to make sense of the facts.

HOLMES: Well, there are very few facts at all!

WATSON: Except that a man is dead.

HOLMES: Yes... but by natural causes.

WATSON: And now we have the strange things that are happening to Sir Henry.

HOLMES: Yes. Let's hope for some facts from him... whatever they might be! *There is the sound of a doorbell.*

HOLMES: No doubt, that's him. Watson... if you don't mind...?

WATSON: Not at all.

*WATSON exits.*

WATSON: *(Offstage)* Good day.

SIR HENRY: *(Offstage, with a North American accent)* Hi. I'm here to see Mr Sherlock Holmes.

WATSON: *(Offstage)* Certainly. Please come in.

*Enter WATSON and SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE.*

WATSON: *(Holding out his hand)* Dr Watson.

SIR HENRY: No, I'm Sir Henry Baskerville. You might be confusing me with Dr Mortimer. Are you the butler?

HOLMES: No. He is Dr Watson... my good friend and colleague. And I am Sherlock Holmes.

SIR HENRY: *(Shaking WATSON's hand, energetically)* Sorry, Dr Watson!

*(WATSON grimaces, after the handshake)* How do you do, Mr Holmes.

*(Shaking HOLMES's hand, energetically)* Great that you can see me at such short notice.

HOLMES: Not at all. As you are aware, Sir Henry, we know about the circumstances surrounding your uncle's death... and the story about the so-called Baskerville curse. Now, what is worrying you?

SIR HENRY: Unexplainable events, Mr Holmes! Since arriving here, in London, someone has been following me. The same figure... the same clothes... face mostly hidden by a hat. He has a black beard.

HOLMES: Have you told the police?

SIR HENRY: No. Only Dr Mortimer. He told me about you, Mr Holmes. And suggested, knowing my family background, that you, a detective, would be the person to tell, rather than the police.

HOLMES: I see.

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<sup>1</sup> ... für alle überirdischen Vorkommnisse...

SIR HENRY: As disturbing<sup>1</sup> as it has been to know someone is following me... today something else has happened that is very scary!

HOLMES: And what is that?

SIR HENRY: Yesterday, as the weather was so bad, I left my shoes outside my hotel room door. This morning, I discovered that one shoe is missing... and... this letter (*He takes out a piece of paper*) was at the hotel reception for me. It reads... (*Reading*) "If you value your life and your reason<sup>2</sup> keep away from the moor". (*He passes the letter to HOLMES.*)

HOLMES: Aha... now this case is getting interesting! (*Reading*) "If you value your life... keep off the moor"... a warning, or a threat? Whatever... this definitely merits looking into<sup>3</sup>. Sir Henry, when did you plan to depart for Baskerville Hall?

SIR HENRY: Tomorrow. Midday train to Dartmoor, in Devon.

HOLMES: Not much time to get ourselves together. (*Pause*) Sir Henry, return directly to your hotel. Don't go out again. I will send word<sup>4</sup> about meeting you tomorrow. I will also send a message to Dr Mortimer. (*Referring to the letter*) May I keep this?

SIR HENRY: Of course.

HOLMES: Off you go then. Do not worry... Sherlock Holmes is on your case. We will get to the bottom of this.

SIR HENRY: (*Shaking his hand, energetically*) Thank you, sir. I will make it worth your while. The Baskerville fortune will make it worth your while!

HOLMES: (*Thoughtfully*) The fortune... yes, the fortune... there could lie the root of this case<sup>5</sup>.

SIR HENRY: Goodbye, Dr Watson. (*He holds out his hand.*)

WATSON: (*Giving a wave*) Goodbye.

SIR HENRY: I'll see myself out. So long, gentlemen.

*He exits.*

WATSON: So, Holmes, we will be off on this case... tomorrow?!?

HOLMES: No, Watson, not we... you!

WATSON: Me!

HOLMES: Yes, you! I have some loose ends to tie up<sup>6</sup> on another case, here in London. I want you to go with Sir Henry. Keep your eye on him... and the people around him. Observe... everything. And send me communications about your observations. I will join you as soon as I can and I will look forward to your reports. I will also do some research into the Baskerville family history.

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<sup>1</sup> beunruhigend, Besorgnis erregend

<sup>2</sup> Wenn Ihnen Ihr Leben und Ihr (gesunder) Verstand etwas wert sind...

<sup>3</sup> ... das sollte man sich definitiv genauer ansehen... (*das verdient es, genauer angesehen zu werden*)

<sup>4</sup> Ich lasse Sie noch wissen...

<sup>5</sup> ... das könnte die Basis (*die Wurzel*) dieses Falles sein

<sup>6</sup> Ich muss noch einige Dinge (für einen anderen Fall, hier in London) erledigen

WATSON: (*Thoughtfully*) So, I should...

HOLMES: Go and pack!

WATSON: Yes. (*Pause*) Holmes, this is all very sudden!

HOLMES: Better go to it, then!<sup>1</sup> Oh, and Watson....

WATSON: Yes.

HOLMES: Make sure you pack your gun!

WATSON: So, you think that this case could be dangerous?

HOLMES: Could be, Watson... could be!

WATSON: (*Uncertainly*) Ah!

HOLMES: The game's afoot<sup>2</sup>, Watson. We are on the hunt... either for a would-be murderer, or... the hound of the Baskervilles! Cue music<sup>3</sup>.

*Dramatic music.*

HOLMES: (*Referring to the music*) Thank you!

*Exit HOLMES.*

#### Scene 4

WATSON: And so, the next day, the adventure began!

*He is thrown a suitcase from offstage. Sound effect of a busy Railway Station.*

WATSON: I met Sir Henry at Paddington Railway Station.

*Enter SIR HENRY, with a suitcase.*

SIR HENRY: (*Holding out his hand*) Dr Watson, hi!

WATSON: Good day, Sir Henry. (*Again, SIR HENRY shakes his hand energetically and WATSON grimaces afterwards.*) Any sign you were followed today?

SIR HENRY: Nope. Haven't seen the guy at all.

WATSON: Perhaps he knows you are leaving London.

SIR HENRY: That would be scary!

*Enter TRAIN GUARD.*

GUARD: All aboard for the Dartmoor train.

*They mime getting on to the train. The TRAIN GUARD blows his whistle. The sound effect changes to a moving train. They mime train motion.*

GUARD: Tickets, gentlemen. (*WATSON and SIR HENRY take their tickets out of their pockets.*) Thank you.

*GUARD exits.*

WATSON: Sir Henry, who, definitely, knew that you were in England now?

SIR HENRY: Dr Mortimer, Mr and Mrs Barrymore, who are the butler and housekeeper at Baskerville Hall.

WATSON: Anyone else?

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<sup>1</sup> Na, dann mal los...

<sup>2</sup> Das Spiel ist im Gange (*der Fall ist im Rollen*)

<sup>3</sup> Das ist das Signal für die Musik (*hier tritt Holmes aus seiner Rolle und gibt Regieanweisungen*)



SIR HENRY: Mr and Miss Stapleton, brother and sister. They live in the small neighbouring house. They were good friends of Sir Charles.

WATSON: The Barrymores... have they been at Baskerville Hall long?

SIR HENRY: Oh, yes. They have been there for years. Sir Charles left them a good amount of money in his will. They practically own the place... they've lived in it and looked after it for so long!

WATSON: *(Thoughtfully)* I see.

*Enter TRAIN GUARD. The train sound effect fades.*

GUARD: Dartmoor Station... Dartmoor Station. All off, please... all off. *The TRAIN GUARD blows his whistle and exits. WATSON and SIR HENRY mime getting off the train.*

SIR HENRY: Well, Dr Watson, here we are.

WATSON: I've not been here before. What desolate countryside!

SIR HENRY: Oh, I'm used to wild, open spaces. They stimulate me!

WATSON: What now?

SIR HENRY: Barrymore is meeting us.

*Enter BARRYMORE, a sinister-looking man, with a black beard.*

BARRYMORE: Good afternoon, gentlemen.

SIR HENRY: Hey! You must be Barrymore, the butler.

BARRYMORE: I am Barrymore, the butler.

SIR HENRY: *(Taking BARRYMORE's hand and shaking it energetically.)* This is my friend, Dr Watson.

BARRYMORE: *(Shaking WATSON's hand)* I am Barrymore, the butler.

WATSON: How do you do.

BARRYMORE: Welcome to Dartmoor. The carriage is just here, gentlemen. *They mime getting into the carriage. BARRYMORE is the driver. He mimes holding a horse's reins.*

BARRYMORE: Whoa there! Move along! *(He mimes slapping the reins and neighs like a horse<sup>1</sup>.)*

*Sound effect of a carriage moving. All mime the motion of a carriage.*

BARRYMORE: Baskerville Hall is prepared for your arrival, Sir Henry.

SIR HENRY: Excellent! I'm really excited to see it.

BARRYMORE: Is this your first time to Dartmoor, Dr Watson?

WATSON: Yes.

BARRYMORE: It has a stark beauty<sup>2</sup>, Dr Watson... dramatic, mysterious. *(Dramatically)* Things... happen... on the moor! They can be exciting... and they can be dangerous. You never know, from one day to the next. *A whistle blows. Enter a POLICEMAN holding his hand up. The sound effect stops. BARRYMORE mimes pulling up the reins. All stop the carriage motion.*

<sup>1</sup> wiehern

<sup>2</sup> Eine karge, düstere Schönheit... *(dramatisch und geheimnisvoll)*

POLICEMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen. May I ask where you are headed<sup>1</sup>?

SIR HENRY: I am Sir Henry Baskerville. We are on our way to Baskerville Hall. This is my friend, Dr Watson.

BARRYMORE: I am Barrymore, the butler.

SIR HENRY: Is there a problem, officer?

POLICEMAN: Yes. A prisoner escaped from Princetown Prison. He headed for the moor. The man is Selden, the Notting Hill murderer!

WATSON: I know about him. He's supposed to be insane<sup>2</sup>.

POLICEMAN: Insane and dangerous! Be warned... and be on the lookout, gentlemen. *(To BARRYMORE)* I suggest you drive fast, Mr... what did you say your name was?

BARRYMORE: I am Barrymore, the butler.

POLICEMAN: Well, Mr Barrymore, you'd better get these gentlemen to Baskerville Hall as quick as you can. It will be getting dark soon.

SIR HENRY: Thank you, officer.

*The POLICEMAN exits.*

BARRYMORE: Let's get a move on! Hold tight, gentlemen! *(He mimes slapping horse reins and neighs like a horse.)*

*Sound effect of a carriage moving quickly. All mime a more bumpy motion, with occasional tossing movements, from side to side. BARRYMORE then mimes pulling up the reins. Sound effect stops. All stop the motion movements, with a jerk.*

BARRYMORE: Welcome to Baskerville Hall.

*They mime getting off the carriage.*

SIR HENRY: Thank you, Barrymore. *(Looking around)* Well, this is one helluva place<sup>3</sup>! What do you think, Dr Watson?

WATSON: Well, it's big... and it's old.

SIR HENRY: And it's mine!

BARRYMORE: It's getting dark, gentlemen. Shall we go inside? *(Dramatically)* It's not good to be outside when darkness descends on the moor<sup>4</sup>. Who knows what lurks in its shadows<sup>5</sup>!

*There is the sound of the howl of a hound.*

WATSON: What was that?

SIR HENRY: That sounded like... like the howl of a hound.

BARRYMORE: *(Dramatically)* Yes... the hound of the Baskervilles! *Dramatic music. BARRYMORE picks up the cases and exits.*

WATSON: What do you think of this hound story and the curse?

<sup>1</sup> Darf ich fragen, wo Sie hin wollen?

<sup>2</sup> Es heißt, er ist nicht ganz normal *(geisteskrank)*

<sup>3</sup> Das ist ja irre! *(ganz schön beindruckend)*

<sup>4</sup> Es ist nicht ratsam, draußen zu sein, wenn sich die Nacht übers Moor senkt.

<sup>5</sup> Wer weiß, was da alles in der Finsternis wartet.

SIR HENRY: Just coincidences. Look, Dr Watson, I wouldn't be here if I believed all that 'mumbo jumbo'<sup>1</sup>! My concerns are my shoe, the note and being followed.

WATSON: Apropos being followed... you mentioned that the person had a black beard?

SIR HENRY: Yes.

WATSON: Barrymore has a black beard!

SIR HENRY: Ah, come on, Dr Watson, you don't think that he...?

WATSON: "Rule out nothing, until you are positive of something"<sup>2</sup>... Holmes would say.

SIR HENRY: (*Unsure*) Yeah, well... It's getting chilly. Shall we go inside? *They exit. After a pause, enter BARRYMORE.*

BARRYMORE: (*Calling offstage*) My dear... they're here. *Enter MRS BARRYMORE.*

MRS BARRYMORE: Everything's ready, my pet. *Enter SIR HENRY and WATSON.*

BARRYMORE: Sir Henry, this is my wife, Mrs Barrymore, the housekeeper.

MRS BARRYMORE: (*Curtsying*) Delighted to meet you, Sir Henry. I hope you find everything to your satisfaction.

SIR HENRY: (*Looking around, enthusiastically*) Everything is just as I imagined it. Oh, this is a friend... Dr Watson.

MRS BARRYMORE: Good evening, Dr Watson.

WATSON: Good evening.

SIR HENRY: Dr Watson will be staying for a while.

BARRYMORE: The spare bedroom is prepared, sir.

SIR HENRY: Excellent!

MRS BARRYMORE: Supper will be ready in an hour, Sir Henry.

SIR HENRY: Great! Time enough to have a look around and get settled in<sup>3</sup>.

MRS BARRYMORE: I'll be in the kitchen, if you need me. *She exits.*

BARRYMORE: Gentlemen, if you would be so kind as to follow me. *He and SIR HENRY exit.*

## Scene 5

WATSON: Baskerville Hall was as gloomy inside as it was outside. Old furniture, old paintings and family portraits. (*Pause*) Although I was tired, I didn't sleep very well, at all. A deathly silence filled the old house. Suddenly,

<sup>1</sup> Hokuspokus (*abwertend, umgangsspr.*)

<sup>2</sup> SchlieÙe nichts aus, bevor du es nicht sicher weiÙt.

<sup>3</sup> Genug Zeit, sich umzusehen und (huslich) einzurichten.

I heard a sound... the sound of someone crying. I got out of bed and quietly opened my door... just enough to see...

*Enter MRS BARRYMORE, in a dressing gown. She is crying uncontrollably. She crosses the stage and exits.*

WATSON: In the morning, I mentioned it to Barrymore. *Enter BARRYMORE.*

WATSON: Your wife was upset, last night.

BARRYMORE: Upset, sir?

WATSON: Yes. I heard her... saw her... crying... in the middle of the night.

BARRYMORE: Was she, sir? I was not aware of that. Excuse me, sir, I must get back to work. *He exits. Enter MRS BARRYMORE.*

WATSON: Are you alright, Mrs. Barrymore?

MRS BARRYMORE: Perfectly alright, sir. Why shouldn't I be?

WATSON: I heard you crying in the night.

MRS BARRYMORE: Not me, sir. Maybe it was the wind. It sometimes sounds like cries, in the night.

WATSON: (*Noticing*) Your eyes are all red.

MRS BARRYMORE: (*Clearly covering up*) Really? Well... well, I've just been outside. Maybe it's from the cold morning air. Breakfast is ready in the dining room. Excuse me, sir. *She exits.*

WATSON: I knew she was lying! (*Pause*) Sir Henry had many legal papers to go through... so, after lunch, I decided to take a walk on the moor. Past the gate of Baskerville Hall, there it was... the moor. A wide expanse of wild, rolling countryside, interrupted with hills, topped with stones of granite<sup>1</sup>. One can easily get lost... so I kept to a path. I hadn't gone very far when...

*Enter JACK STAPLETON. He has a bag over his shoulder and is carrying a butterfly net. He swings the net in the air, as if to catch butterflies.*

STAPLETON: Damned difficult to catch... butterflies! You think you've got one... then the bloody thing flies away. So frustrating! (*Pause*) Sorry...

Stapleton is the name... Jack Stapleton. I live nearby, at Merripit House.

WATSON: Good afternoon. My name is Watson... Dr Watson.

STAPLETON: Not Dr Watson... as in THE Dr Watson... good friend and colleague to the famous Sherlock Holmes?

WATSON: (*Surprised*) Yes. But...

STAPLETON: (*Shaking WATSON's hand*) Jolly good to meet you<sup>2</sup>, Dr Watson. Dr Mortimer told me he was going to talk to Mr Holmes about the death of Sir Charles.

<sup>1</sup> Eine ausgebreitete, wilde, leicht hugelige Landschaft, dazwischen Anhohen mit Granitkuppen.

<sup>2</sup> Prima (*veralteter Ausdruck*), sehr

12 Sept – 22 Oct 2016

## WOODY SEZ - The Life & Music of Woody Guthrie

*This musical celebrates a giant of American music, Woody Guthrie, known since the 1930s and '40s as "America's greatest folk poet". WOODY SEZ is a joyous, toe-tapping, and moving musical event, transporting the audience through the fascinating, beautiful, and sometimes tragic story of Woody Guthrie's life with over twenty-five of his most famous songs. The combination of the cast's infectious enjoyment, Woody's incredible journey, and a stirring mix of moving ballads and energetic foot-stomppers make this a must see.*

7 Nov – 22 Dec 2016

## TWELFTH NIGHT by William Shakespeare

Duke Orsino is deeply in love with Lady Olivia, who is in mourning for her recently deceased brother and refuses to receive any messages from Orsino. Meanwhile, Viola is washed ashore following a shipwreck in which she believes her twin brother, Sebastian, has drowned. Disguising herself as a young man under the name Cesario, she enters the service of Duke Orsino and quickly finds her way into his favour. Orsino sends the "young man" to woo the Countess Olivia, much against Viola's will, for she has fallen in love with the Duke herself ....

16 Jan – 25 Feb 2017

## SLEUTH by Anthony Shaffer

The ingeniously twisted plot is set in a cosy English country house owned by celebrated mystery writer, Andrew Wyke. The writer's home reflects his obsession with the inventions and deceptions of fiction and his fascination with games and game-playing. He lures his wife's lover, Milo Tindle, to the house under the pretence of welcoming Tindle's taking her off his hands. Wyke makes a proposal the young, penniless lover can't resist which sets off a chain of audacious bluffs and double bluffs with a chilling outcome.

13 March – 22 April 2017

## OUTSIDE MULLINGAR by John Patrick Shanley

Family farms, feuds and fences have separated neighbours Rosemary and Anthony since childhood. The two eccentric introverts straddling forty have spent their entire lives in rural Ireland. Rosemary watches the years slip by whilst hoping for the painfully shy Anthony to notice something beyond a patch of grass. When his father threatens to disinherit him, not considering his son the right candidate to take over the family farm, Anthony discovers that the beautiful and tenacious Rosemary holds the key to his future. Their rocky journey to happiness is deeply moving and funny, whilst they try to overcome the biggest obstacle – themselves.

28 April – 11 May 2017

VET'S YOUTH ENSEMBLE presents

## *The Rock Musical*

**RENT** by Jonathan Larson

*The Vienna's English Theatre Youth Ensemble was started in 2011 to serve as a practical training ground for young actors and actors in training interested in performing in English.*

The Tony Award winning rock musical, RENT, deals with a group of aspiring artists living in New York City's East Village in the late 1980's; trying to survive and celebrate life under the shadow of poverty and the AIDS epidemic. A modern version of Puccini's opera "La Bohème", the story follows Mark, an aspiring filmmaker, and his friends, as they face the issues of everyday life in the artistic lower class, struggling to pay the rent while searching for love and happiness. Written by the talented young lyricist/musician Jonathan Larson, RENT was an instant Broadway sensation; winning a Pulitzer Prize in 1996, as well as a Tony Award for Best Musical.

12 – 14 May 2017

## ENGLISH LOVERS

Best Improv in town!

Back by popular demand! Let the legendary, award-winning English Lovers amaze, amuse, excite, dazzle, daze and delight you & romp, stomp and vamp their way into your hearts again. They act, they sing, they dance, they mime and they rhyme – nothing is impossible for these accomplished improvisers! No two shows the same. Every night an adventure. Secure tickets fast to be transported into their magical world of spontaneous storytelling!

29 May – 8 July 2017

## BEAU JEST by James Sherman

Chicago resident teacher Sarah Goldman is a nice Jewish girl with a problem: her parents want her married to a nice Jewish boy. They have never met her boyfriend, the very un-Jewish WASP executive Chris. As the devoted daughter that she is, Sarah wants to make her parents happy and so she invents a perfect Jewish boyfriend, "Dr. David Steinberg". Before long she finds herself caught in her own net. So she decides to contact an escort service to send her a Jewish date to impersonate this fictional boyfriend during a family dinner. Instead, they send Bob Schroeder, an aspiring actor, who does indeed look the part but unfortunately is as 'goy' as her real boyfriend. Luckily he is a good improviser and knows FIDDLER ON THE ROOF by heart. Sarah's parents are enraptured, and soon, so is Sarah ...

WATSON: Ah!

STAPLETON: Yes. Damned, awful business... Sir Charles's death.  
*(Dramatically)* The curse of the hound claims another Baskerville!<sup>1</sup>

WATSON: Then you know about Dr Mortimer's suspicions?

STAPLETON: Oh yes. We were good friends of Sir Charles. We have lived down here for 2 years.

WATSON: We?

STAPLETON: My sister and I. *(Pause)* Quite right too... not to involve the police in the case.

WATSON: So, you believe that Sir Charles died of fright, at seeing the hound?

STAPLETON: He died seeing something!

WATSON: Then you believe this hound exists?

STAPLETON: *(Suddenly, pointing at seeing something.)* Good Lord... look... there!

WATSON: *(Startled)* Where... what?!?

STAPLETON: There! *(Referring to a butterfly)* That butterfly you don't see on the moor, at this time of the year. *(Swings the net.)* Damn... bloody thing<sup>2</sup> got away! *(Pause)* What were we talking about?

WATSON: The existence of the hound.

STAPLETON: Ah, yes. The local villagers seem to think it exists. And now the famous Sherlock Holmes is going to investigate the legend. Is he here?

WATSON: No. He has business in London. He will come down soon.

STAPLETON: Ah! *(Seeing a butterfly)* There it is again! Excuse me, Dr Watson... I must have this one! *(Talking to the butterfly)* Come to me, my precious. I will have you!

*He goes after the butterfly, swinging the net and missing... cursing when he does so.*

STAPLETON: I'll be back, Dr Watson... I'll be back!

*He exits. Almost immediately after he's gone off one side, enter BERYL STAPLETON from the other. She runs up to WATSON.*

BERYL: *(Intensely)* Go back! Go back to London... immediately!

WATSON: Why?

BERYL: I cannot explain. But, for God's sake do as I say! There is danger here. Go back and never set foot on the moor again!

WATSON: What are you saying?

STAPLETON: *(From offstage)* Blast<sup>3</sup>!

BERYL: Don't say a word to my brother!

*Enter STAPLETON.*

STAPLETON: Damned, bloody thing got away! *(On seeing BERYL)* Ah, you two have bumped into each other. Beryl, this is Dr Watson, good friend and

<sup>1</sup> Der Fluch hat ein weiteres Opfer (unter den Baskervilles) gefordert.

<sup>2</sup> verdammt (*das verdamnte Ding*)

<sup>3</sup> Mist!Verdammt!

colleague to the famous Sherlock Holmes.

BERYL: Dr Watson? Oh, forgive me... I thought that you were... were Sir Henry Baskerville.

STAPLETON: Dr Watson, this is my sister, Beryl.

WATSON: How do you do.

BERYL: I'm sorry, Dr Watson for what I just said. I was... confused.

STAPLETON: What was that?

BERYL: Oh... nothing!  
*There is the sound of a moan, which grows into a howl.*

WATSON: What was that?

STAPLETON: The local people say it is the call of the hound. *(Dramatically)* He is hungry for blood!

WATSON: And what do you think it is?

STAPLETON: It could be many things. Sometimes, strange noises come out of Grimpen Mire.

WATSON: Grimpen Mire?

STAPLETON: Near here is the dangerous Grimpen Mire. Looks like wet grassland. However, once a man, or animal, steps into it, they are slowly sucked into its muddy depths<sup>1</sup>.

BERYL: It's a terrible death, Dr Watson! Be warned... always stick to the path.

STAPLETON: Beryl, we must go. Dr Watson, you and Sir Henry must visit us. After all, we are neighbours. And Mr Holmes, too, when he gets here.

WATSON: Thank you.

STAPLETON: *(Offering BERYL his arm)* Come along, my dear. Goodbye, Dr Watson.

BERYL: Goodbye.

WATSON: Goodbye.  
*They start to exit. BERYL stops.*

BERYL: My handkerchief... I think I dropped my handkerchief by Dr Watson. Go along, Jack. I'll catch you up.  
*He exits. She comes back to WATSON.*

BERYL: What I said before was meant for Sir Henry.

WATSON: Is he in danger?

BERYL: You know the story of the hound?

WATSON: Yes.

BERYL: I... I believe it to be true. Therefore, I fear for Sir Henry's life. I cannot say any more.

STAPLETON: *(Calling, from offstage)* Beryl.

BERYL: *(Calling back)* I found it. Coming. *(She takes out her handkerchief)* Goodbye, Dr Watson.  
*She exits.*

<sup>1</sup> Gerät ein Mensch oder Tier hinein, wird er/es langsam in die schlammigen Tiefen hinuntergezogen.

## Scene 6

WATSON: I thought it best not to tell Sir Henry about what Miss Stapleton had said. I wrote to Holmes, reporting my first 24 hours' events. The rest of the day was uneventful. I decided to go to bed early and have a good night's sleep. No such luck, I'm afraid! Just after midnight, I heard footsteps on the creaky floorboards in the hall, outside my room.

*Offstage, BARRYMORE makes the sound of creaky floorboards.*

WATSON: I got out of bed and peeped outside my door, to see...

*Enter BARRYMORE, making creaky noises as he walks. He is carrying a candle. He mimes opening a window. Then he waves the candle, from side to side. He makes a loud groan and exits, making the creaky noises.*

WATSON: The next day, I told Sir Henry what I had seen.

*Enter SIR HENRY.*

SIR HENRY: It sounds like he was signalling to someone.

WATSON: Exactly what I thought.

SIR HENRY: I will come to your room tonight and we can check this out together.

WATSON: And so he did. We waited, until...

*From offstage comes BARRYMORE's creaking sound. Enter BARRYMORE, still making the sound as he walks. Again, he is carrying a candle. Again, he mimes opening a window and waves the candle.*

SIR HENRY: What are you doing, Barrymore?

BARRYMORE: *(Startled)* Oh, I... I... was...

SIR HENRY: Yes...

BARRYMORE: I was... was... just fixing the window!

SIR HENRY: In the middle of the night! *(Firmly)* Tell me the truth, Barrymore. What were you doing at that window?

WATSON: *(Noticing something outside the window.)* Look... in the dark of the moor... a faint light is moving, from side to side<sup>1</sup>!

SIR HENRY: Who are you signalling to, Barrymore? Tell me at once!

BARRYMORE: I... I...

*Enter MRS BARRYMORE.*

MRS BARRYMORE: *(Distressed)* Please, sir, it's not my husband's fault. It's... it's mine.

SIR HENRY: What are you talking about, Mrs Barrymore?

MRS BARRYMORE: My husband is signalling to my brother. He is living like a hunted animal on the moor!

WATSON: Your brother? Is he the escaped convict<sup>2</sup>, Selden?

MRS BARRYMORE: Yes, sir.

WATSON: But he's a criminal... a murderer!

MRS BARRYMORE: But he's still my brother. He's sick, Dr Watson, he's sick. His sickness makes him do terrible things. He can't help it.

SIR HENRY: What the hell... he's dangerous! He must be locked away, for the safety of others.

WATSON: What is the signal for?

BARRYMORE: Mrs Barrymore has been putting out food for him<sup>1</sup>. The signal is to let him know when she has done so.

MRS BARRYMORE: Forgive me, Sir Henry.

SIR HENRY: This is outrageous! I will report this to the police tomorrow.

MRS BARRYMORE: Please sir, don't say anything to the police.

BARRYMORE: In a few days, he won't be around on the moor. We have arranged for him to be transported, by ship, to South America.

MRS BARRYMORE: I beg of you, sir. Soon my brother will be far away and not cause anyone any more trouble.

WATSON: Except the South Americans!

SIR HENRY: We will talk further about this in the morning. Now, go to bed, the pair of you!

*MR and MRS BARRYMORE bow to him and exit.*

SIR HENRY: Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Dr Watson. The Barrymores have been so loyal to the family. This 'incident' is ... how shall I put it... unfortunate. I shall sleep on it. Goodnight.

*He exits.*

WATSON: Sir Henry decided not to tell the police about Selden... at least, for the time being. However, I had a lot to tell Holmes in my next correspondence to him. *(Pause)* The day after, the Stapletons kindly invited us to lunch. Their house was quite near to Baskerville Hall... so near that one could easily walk over to them.

## Scene 7

*Enter STAPLETON and SIR HENRY. WATSON joins them.*

STAPLETON: It's jolly good to meet another Baskerville, Sir Henry. Your uncle was a good friend.

*Enter BERYL.*

STAPLETON: Ah, Beryl... allow me to introduce you to Sir Henry Baskerville. And you've already met Dr Watson.

BERYL: *(Nodding at WATSON)* Dr Watson. *(Extending her hand to SIR HENRY)* Sir Henry, it is a pleasure to meet you.

SIR HENRY: *(Shaking her hand)* The pleasure is all mine, Miss Stapleton.

BERYL: Beryl, please.

<sup>1</sup> Ein schwacher Lichtschein bewegt sich hin und her.

<sup>2</sup> Ist er der entflohenen Häftling, Selden?

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Barrymore hat ihn mit Essen versorgt *(hat ihm Essen bereitgestellt)*

SIR HENRY: Beryl. Dr Watson, you didn't tell me that our neighbour was so attractive.

BERYL: Oh, Sir Henry!

SIR HENRY: What's a pretty girl like you doing stuck away in such desolate countryside like this?

STAPLETON: It's not everybody's cup of tea<sup>1</sup>, Sir Henry... but we like it.

Neither of us are the social, city types! (*Firmly*) Are we, Beryl?

BERYL: Yes... I mean... no, Jack.

SIR HENRY: Well... Beryl... we'll just have to make some fun of our own, out here in the countryside.

STAPLETON: Dinner is ready. Shall we go in? Beryl... (*Offering her his arm*)

SIR HENRY: (*Offering BERYL his arm*) Please, may I, Beryl?

BERYL: (*Uneasily, looking at STAPLETON*) Thank you, Sir Henry.

*They exit, with STAPLETON following on behind.*

WATSON: Well, the instant attraction of Sir Henry to Beryl Stapleton was very noticeable. What was also noticeable, to me, was her brother's disapproval. (*Pause*) Some days passed. I continued my observations and my correspondence with Holmes. Then, on one particular walk, on the moor, I spotted a hooded figure, high on a hill.

*Enter a hooded figure. The face is hidden.*

WATSON: We'd heard nothing about Selden... except that he was still on the moor. Surely, this figure was not him. Selden would try to keep out of sight.

(*Calling to the figure*) I say... hello there.

*The figure sees WATSON and quickly runs away.*

WATSON: Strange! (*Pause*) I saw it again, the next day. As I made a move towards it, it was gone, in a flash<sup>2</sup>! Whoever this was, they certainly didn't want to be discovered. (*Pause*) Sir Henry, on the other hand, had discovered something... love!

*Enter SIR HENRY.*

SIR HENRY: Beryl, Beryl! What a gal<sup>3</sup>! What... a... gal! (*Noticing WATSON*)

Hi Dr Watson! (*He starts singing a romantic song.*)

WATSON: I'm going for a walk on the moor. Do you fancy coming along?

SIR HENRY: No, thank you, Dr Watson. I have some serious thinking to do about Beryl – maybe later.

*He exits, singing.*

WATSON: Another letter to Holmes... and off I went. I had walked some distance on the moor, when, suddenly, I saw...

*Enter the hooded figure.*

WATSON: (*Calling to the figure*) Hello there!

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<sup>1</sup> Es ist nicht jedermanns Sache...

<sup>2</sup> ... es war blitzartig verschwunden.

<sup>3</sup> Mädchen (*umgangsspr., veraltet, bes. US*)

*The figure turns and starts running.*

WATSON: I decided to give chase<sup>1</sup>, this time. (*Calling to the figure*) Stop... stop, I say! But the figure did not stop. I ran after it... up a hill, on the moor.

Up, up, to the stony top! (*To the figure*) Stop! (*He takes out a gun*) I am armed and I will shoot.

*The figure stops.*

WATSON: Who are you?

*The figure turns, slowly and removes the hood. It's HOLMES.*

WATSON: (*Surprised*) Holmes!

HOLMES: Forgive me, Watson.

WATSON: Has it been you all along?

HOLMES: I'm afraid so... yes.

WATSON: But... but... I don't understand. Why this disguise?

HOLMES: I wanted to observe for myself, for a while, some of the things you had reported to me.

WATSON: But, where have you been staying?

HOLMES: In a small, uninhabited cottage<sup>2</sup>, on the edge of the moor. In the past few days, I have seen and heard much.

WATSON: But to go to such lengths<sup>3</sup>, just to remain anonymous!

HOLMES: I had to, Watson. During my time in London, I learned some extraordinary facts about this case and the characters in it. (*Pause*) Our opponent is extremely clever!

WATSON: So, you know who it is?

HOLMES: The facts point to one person. However, there is no proof as to his guilt. He plans everything carefully, until he is ready to strike<sup>4</sup>. His target is Sir Henry Baskerville!

*Suddenly, there is the sound a loud howl, followed by the sound of a man's scream.*

WATSON: Holmes... it's... it's...

HOLMES: It's the hound of the Baskervilles!

*Dramatic music.*

HOLMES: (*Referring to the music*) Thank you! Come along, Watson. The game's afoot!

*They run, downstage. WATSON points, upstage.*

WATSON: (*Pointing*) Look, Holmes... up on that craggy overhang<sup>5</sup>!

*There is another howl, followed again by a man's scream. Then, a growling, attacking sound, followed by another scream. Then, from a height, a body falls*

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<sup>1</sup> Ich beschloss, die Verfolgung aufzunehmen...

<sup>2</sup> In einer kleinen, unbewohnten Hütte...

<sup>3</sup> Aber so einen Aufwand zu treiben... (nur um unerkannt zu bleiben)

<sup>4</sup> ... bis er bereit ist, zuzuschlagen

<sup>5</sup> ... da oben auf dem zerklüfteten Überhang

on to the stage. There is the sound of a hound's howl. *HOLMES and WATSON move to the body.*

WATSON: (*Feeling the body*) He's dead! It's Sir Henry. I recognise the coat.

HOLMES: Then we are too late! (*HOLMES bends down to the body and unwraps a scarf that's covering the face*) Wait a moment. This is not Sir Henry!

WATSON: What are you saying, Holmes?

HOLMES: Look again, Watson. The coat, maybe, is Sir Henry's... and I suspect that it is. But this poor unfortunate<sup>1</sup> is not Sir Henry. (*Pause*) It's Selden, the escaped convict!

WATSON: (*Looking closer*) Good Lord, Holmes!

HOLMES: (*Thinking out loud*) So, the coat... and the shoe... from the same person... Sir Henry. Just what one would need to set a murderous hound to work<sup>2</sup>.

WATSON: What do you mean, Holmes?

HOLMES: The scent, Watson... the scent. That's all a hound needs.

WATSON: But how did Selden get the coat?

HOLMES: Stolen, I suppose... or taken by the Barrymores. It's cold on the moor, at nights. Unfortunately, for Selden, my suspect had also stolen an article of Sir Henry's clothing... a shoe.

WATSON: The shoe... Sir Henry's shoe! The one that was stolen from outside his hotel door, in London.

HOLMES: Precisely, Watson! A well-trained hound can easily pick up a scent of a person... once it knows who that scent belongs to. An article of clothing is ideal. Also, train a hound to be a killer... and... presto... you have got the perfect killing machine! My suspect thought that he was killing Sir Henry. But he got the wrong man!

WATSON: So, your suspect uses the hound to kill?

HOLMES: And the story of the curse of the hound to put fear into people.

WATSON: But, who is your suspect, Holmes?

HOLMES: The puzzle is not quite complete yet, Watson. There is another piece that I hope you and Sir Henry can help me with. Then I will reveal to you who it is.

WATSON: What is it, Holmes? How can we help?

HOLMES: It's getting dark, Watson. We are some distance from Baskerville Hall... and we have to navigate our way back, across the moor... avoiding that dangerous Grimpen Mire.

WATSON: It's a treacherous place<sup>3</sup>, by all accounts!

HOLMES: Yes. I heard that it swallowed up a horse, recently. The poor beast screamed... until it finally disappeared into its muddy depths!

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<sup>1</sup> ... dieser arme Teufel (*dieser Unglückliche*)

<sup>2</sup> Genau was man braucht, um einen mörderischen Bluthund (auf die Person) zu hetzen.

<sup>3</sup> Ein gefährlicher Ort, nach allem, was man hört!

WATSON: What about Selden's body?

HOLMES: (*Pointing offstage*) It's best to conceal it, over there, by that distinctive rock formation. It will be easier for the police to find.

*HOLMES exits, dragging the body offstage.*

### *Scene 8*

WATSON: We made it safely back to Baskerville Hall. Mrs Barrymore was extremely upset by the news of her brother's death.

*From offstage, comes the sound of a loud cry from Mrs BARRYMORE.*

WATSON: Holmes then told Sir Henry all he had told me.

*Enter SIR HENRY and HOLMES.*

SIR HENRY: That is one helluva story, Mr Holmes! But who is this guy... and why do you think he is responsible for my uncle's death... and why does he want to kill me?

HOLMES: I desperately need to see something, Sir Henry. A second opinion from you, Watson, would give me the vital clue I require<sup>1</sup>.

SIR HENRY: What is it? What do you need to see?

HOLMES: Watson, in your description of Baskerville Hall, you mentioned a room with portraits of Sir Henry's ancestors<sup>2</sup>.

SIR HENRY: Yes, there is such a room. I've only passed through it... not taking much notice of the portraits.

HOLMES: I would very much like to see it.

SIR HENRY: Then follow me.

*Exit SIR HENRY and HOLMES.*

WATSON: If Sherlock Holmes had a fault... it would be the frustrating way he would keep one in suspense about his thoughts<sup>3</sup>, until he knew something... definitely!

*Enter, from one side of the stage, HUGO BASKERVILLE, holding up a frame, to make himself look like a portrait. Then enter SIR HENRY (carrying a candle) and HOLMES.*

SIR HENRY: Here you are Mr Holmes, a gallery of the good and bad of my family. May I ask, what, or who, you are looking for?

HOLMES: Someone you and Watson might recognise.

WATSON: Us?

HOLMES: Yes. Please, both of you, look carefully at the portraits.

*They mime looking at portraits.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Eine zweite Einschätzung..., ... würde mir den wichtigsten Hinweis geben, den ich noch brauche.

<sup>2</sup> ... mit Gemälden von Sir Henrys Vorfahren

<sup>3</sup> ... es war frustrierend, wie er einen auf die Folter spannte, bis er sich sicher war.

SIR HENRY: What are we supposed to be looking for?  
HOLMES: I think you'll know it when you see it.  
*They move to the portrait of Hugo.*  
SIR HENRY: (*As if reading a title*) Hugo Baskerville. Well, what do you know<sup>1</sup>... it's the guy who started all that curse nonsense!  
WATSON: (*Realising something*) Good Lord! I don't believe it!  
SIR HENRY: Nope. It's true. It says so here.  
WATSON: But... the portrait... it looks like... it looks like...  
HOLMES: Who, Watson, who?  
WATSON: It looks like... Stapleton!  
SIR HENRY: (*Looking closer*) Well, I'll be damned<sup>2</sup>... you're right... it DOES look like Stapleton!  
HOLMES: Thank you, gentlemen. I think I you have given me the last piece of my puzzle.  
WATSON: What a coincidence... Stapleton looking like a Baskerville!  
HOLMES: Oh, much more than a coincidence, my dear Watson. He IS a Baskerville! (*Pause*) Now, gentlemen, I have some serious matters to communicate. (*To the portrait*) Thank you. You can go!  
*Exit Hugo's portrait.*  
SIR HENRY: Wow, Mr Holmes... this is all so surreal!  
HOLMES: While in London, I took the opportunity<sup>3</sup> to do some research into your family, Sir Henry. Your uncle, Sir Charles, had a brother?  
SIR HENRY: Yes, Rodger... an adventurer. He died in South America of a tropical disease.  
HOLMES: That's right. And with his death and the death of your father, your uncle inherited the family fortune and Baskerville Hall. After Sir Charles's death... the next in line was you.  
SIR HENRY: Of course.  
HOLMES: The line of inheritance seemed simple... so no one dug deeper into it<sup>4</sup>. But I did! (*Pause*) Before he died, Rodger Baskerville had a son... an illegitimate son<sup>5</sup>... he never married the boy's mother. The boy grew up in Costa Rica and turned to a life of crime. Digging into his father's past, he learnt of the Baskerville fortune... and his rightful claim to it. But two people stood in his way... Sir Charles...  
SIR HENRY: And me.  
HOLMES: Precisely! He came to England, with his wife. She knew everything. Her name was... Beryl.  
SIR HENRY: Oh, no... don't tell me...

<sup>1</sup> Na, da schau her... (*sieh mal einer an*)

<sup>2</sup> Ich glaub's nicht... (*gehob. umgangsspr., vgl. bist du deppert*)

<sup>3</sup> ... ich habe die Gelegenheit genutzt, um...

<sup>4</sup> Die Erbfolge schien klar, deshalb hat niemand gründlich nachgeforscht.

<sup>5</sup> ... einen unehelichen Sohn...

HOLMES: They changed their names and became brother and sister... Jack and Beryl Stapleton.  
SIR HENRY: Oh, no!  
WATSON: I'll be damned!  
HOLMES: Conveniently, Merripit House was being sold. Jack bought it. But how to get rid of Sir Charles and you, without suspicion falling on him<sup>1</sup>, before, surprisingly, revealing who he really was? Of course, he learned about the stories of the hound and the curse. (*Pause*) Now, even I, who have been exposed to some of the greatest criminal minds, have to admire his ingenious plan!  
WATSON: Get a hound... train it to be a vicious killer, at the scent of its victim. Then, all he would need is an article of his victim's clothing.  
SIR HENRY: So, it was Stapleton who was following me in London... and stole my shoe. And the letter?  
HOLMES: No doubt sent by Beryl. (*Pause*) I believe there is some good in her, Sir Henry. She is just very afraid of her husband. She tried, by the sound of it, to get you to leave... using the curse of the hound as her way of doing so.  
SIR HENRY: Oh, poor Beryl!  
WATSON: So, what now, Holmes?  
HOLMES: All I have told you is the puzzle I have pieced together. Stapleton still has the upper hand, though.  
WATSON: What do you mean?  
HOLMES: We have no proof that he is committing any crime.  
SIR HENRY: So, how do we get this son-of-a-bitch<sup>2</sup>?  
HOLMES: Set a trap! (*Pause*) I've given this careful thought. (*Pause*) Sir Henry, would you be willing to be used as bait<sup>3</sup>?  
SIR HENRY: If it means getting this bastard... you bet!  
WATSON: What do you propose, Holmes?  
HOLMES: Let us create a little situation that Stapleton is sure to fall for<sup>4</sup>. (*Pointedly*) Tomorrow, Sir Henry, visit the Stapleton's. Use your charm and get a dinner invitation from them. Say... you are not worried about the night and the hound. There's a full moon... you'll ride your horse over. (*Almost playfully*) Chances are<sup>5</sup>, something might happen to your horse... resulting in which... you will have to walk home.  
SIR HENRY: So, that's the bait!  
WATSON: And you and me, Holmes...  
HOLMES: We will keep a close eye on Sir Henry... and we will both be armed!

<sup>1</sup> ... ohne den Verdacht auf sich zu lenken...

<sup>2</sup> Mistkerl! (siehe auch: *bastard*)

<sup>3</sup> ... dürften wir Sie als Köder benutzen?

<sup>4</sup> Wir werden eine Situation erzeugen, auf die Stapleton sicher reinfällt.

<sup>5</sup> Höchstwahrscheinlich (*in aller Wahrscheinlichkeit*)...



So, gentlemen, I suggest that we get some sleep. We need all our wits about us to catch a rat and his hound!

*Exit SIR HENRY and HOLMES.*

### Scene 9

WATSON: Sleep... sleep... did he say? Goodness me, when I got into bed, my mind was buzzing<sup>1</sup>! Holmes always seems so cool about such things! Nevertheless, the next day, his plan was put into motion. Early, Sir Henry walked over to the Stapleton's... to inform them about what had happened to Selden. Sometime, later, Sir Henry returned, excitedly, to say...

*Enter HOLMES and SIR HENRY.*

SIR HENRY: There was a clear look of surprise on Stapleton's face when he saw me. He didn't seem to be particularly happy that the hound had disposed of Selden<sup>2</sup>. Beryl was upset, though – possibly through relief that it wasn't me. She left the room, in tears. (*Excitedly*) Then, guess what?

HOLMES: What?

SIR HENRY: Stapleton invited me over for dinner.

HOLMES: Excellent! He's taken the bait!

WATSON: Let's hope for the proof we need to get him, before the hound gets his teeth into you, Sir Henry.

HOLMES: Right, gentlemen... let's prepare ourselves for what is to come.

*Exit HOLMES and SIR HENRY.*

WATSON: A day full of anticipation<sup>3</sup> for the night to come! Before nightfall, Holmes and I checked our guns and off we went, on foot, to the Stapleton's.

*Enter HOLMES. He moves to WATSON. They move to one side of the stage.*

HOLMES: Right, Watson, we have a good view of the house and stable. Let's lie low and observe<sup>4</sup>. Sir Henry should be here soon.

*They both crouch down. Enter SIR HENRY, miming riding a horse. He mimes getting off. Enter STAPLETON.*

STAPLETON: (*Shaking hands with SIR HENRY*) Sir Henry... good evening.

SIR HENRY: Good evening, Jack.

STAPLETON: I'm sorry to say that Beryl won't be joining us. She's not feeling at all well. She has decided to sleep it off.

SIR HENRY: I'm sorry to hear that.

STAPLETON: Please go along in. I'll just make sure that your horse is alright in the stable. I'll be with you in a moment.

---

<sup>1</sup> ... mir schwirrte der Kopf.

<sup>2</sup> Er schien nicht sehr glücklich darüber, dass der Bluthund Selden aus dem Weg geschafft hatte

<sup>3</sup> ... in Erwartung...

<sup>4</sup> Verstecken wir uns hier und passen auf.

SIR HENRY: Thank you.

*He exits. STAPLETON mimes taking the reins of the horse.*

STAPLETON: Come along, you... Jack will take care of you. No more riding tonight!

*He makes the sound of a horse neighing and exits.*

WATSON: Goodness me, Holmes... just like you said... he plans to do something to the horse, so Sir Henry can't ride him.

HOLMES: Precisely, Watson. And no Beryl around to warn Sir Henry... how convenient!

WATSON: He surely wouldn't harm her.

HOLMES: I shouldn't think so. She's probably well locked away, somewhere in the house.

WATSON: Now what?

HOLMES: We play the waiting game, Watson.

WATSON: And so we played the waiting game... for nearly 2 hours.

HOLMES: Dinner should be over by now. Something worries me, though, Watson.

WATSON: What is it, Holmes?

HOLMES: Look towards the moor. There is a fog coming in. Sir Henry better leave soon!

*Enter SIR HENRY and STAPLETON. STAPLETON is carrying a small bag.*

*HOLMES and WATSON crouch down again.*

STAPLETON: Sir Henry, your horse was perfectly alright when I took him to the stable. Perhaps he got a stone in his hoof, when you rode over. You certainly can't ride him back now. Why don't you stay the night?

SIR HENRY: It's really no problem. I can see my way back ok.

STAPLETON: And the hound?

SIR HENRY: I've faced up to bears in Canada. To hell with the hound<sup>2</sup>!

STAPLETON: Goodnight, then.

SIR HENRY: Goodnight. I hope Beryl feels better in the morning.

*SIR HENRY exits and, after a moment, STAPLETON opens the bag and takes out a shoe.*

STAPLETON: Now, my baby... tonight we WILL triumph!

*He lets out an evil laugh and exits.*

HOLMES: Come along, Watson... we must follow Sir Henry. We can't let him out of our sight.

*HOLMES exits the same way as SIR HENRY.*

WATSON: We followed. But, the fog closed in quicker than we thought<sup>3</sup>. Sir Henry started running. As did we! We lost the path... and Sir Henry! We were on the moor, for sure. This was dangerous now.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry sollte sich besser bald auf den Weg machen.

<sup>2</sup> In Kanada bin ich Bären gegenüber gestanden. Zum Teufel mit dem Bluthund.

<sup>3</sup> Der Nebel fiel schneller ein, als wir gedacht hatten.

*The next bit of action is played out to dramatic music. Enter HOLMES, holding his gun.*

HOLMES: (Calling) Watson!

WATSON: Over here, Holmes.

HOLMES: Stay close! Any sight of Sir Henry?

WATSON: No.

*They move as if moving through fog.*

HOLMES: Damn it... I didn't prepare for this, Watson... not at all!

*Suddenly, above the music, there is the sound of a loud howl from the hound.*

WATSON: It's here, Holmes... the hound of the Baskervilles!

*Dramatic music. Enter SIR HENRY, from upstage.*

HOLMES: (Pointing at SIR HENRY) Look, Watson... there's Sir Henry!

*Out of the music comes a loud growl. SIR HENRY turns. From upstage, the hound jumps on SIR HENRY. He screams. The hound and SIR HENRY fight. Out of their struggle come sounds of growls and SIR HENRY's screams. The hound gets SIR HENRY on the ground and goes for his throat. HOLMES takes aim with his gun and fires 6 times at the hound. The hound falls off SIR HENRY... dead.*

*The music stops. SIR HENRY moans. WATSON rushes up to him.*

HOLMES: How is he, Watson?

WATSON: Just wounded... but alright... thank goodness. And the hound?

HOLMES: Definitely dead!

*Enter STAPLETON, holding a gun.*

STAPLETON: As you all soon will be too, Mr Holmes! (Pause) Sherlock Holmes finally defeated<sup>1</sup>! And there'll be no Dr Watson either to write the case of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles'. What a pity. Perhaps I will write it. It should be worth quite a lot of money.

HOLMES: You won't get away with this, Stapleton.

STAPLETON: Oh, but I will, Mr Holmes... I will. Your gun is now useless. You used up all your bullets on my poor baby. Dr Watson, I'm sure you are carrying a gun. Will you be so kind as to take it out... slowly... and push it over here.

*WATSON does so.*

SIR HENRY: (Weakly) Beryl...

STAPLETON: She is safely locked away. I feared she might have spoiled my party tonight<sup>2</sup>.

SIR HENRY: (Weakly) Beryl...

STAPLETON: (Angrily) Shut up... cousin! (Pause) So, now... how to end our story? Well, as it happens, luck is on my side. You see, gentlemen, (pointing) just over there is the start of Grimpen Mire. I will kill all of you and drag your bodies to the Mire. You will be swallowed up... deep into its muddy darkness... never to be seen again. Along with my and Dr Watson's guns.

That leaves your empty gun, Mr Holmes. Six bullets in my poor baby and me with an empty gun. Now, here's the fun part of the story... what I tell the police. (Pause) I heard the screams... ran, with my gun, to help... saw you fighting the hound, by the Mire. It was terrible! The three of you fell into the Mire and when the hound turned on me... I shot it. Naturally, everyone will be upset about you. But I... I will be hailed as a hero<sup>1</sup>... the one who killed the hound of the Baskervilles.

HOLMES: You are mad, Stapleton!

STAPLETON: Yes, yes... go ahead call me anything you like. But I beat you, Sherlock Holmes... (Pointedly) I beat you! I defeated the great Sherlock Holmes. (He laughs) That will be my own private glory! Along with inheriting the Baskerville fortune, of course.

HOLMES: You sad, sad, little man!

STAPLETON: (Moving closer to HOLMES, angrily) Shut up... just shut up! You've met your match<sup>2</sup>, Mr Holmes.

HOLMES: That's right, Stapleton... pump yourself up! You're pathetic<sup>3</sup>!

STAPLETON: (Shouting) I said shut up!

*HOLMES lunges at STAPLETON. They fight furiously. STAPLETON loses the gun. WATSON goes for his gun. Before he can get to it, HOLMES pushes STAPLETON. He falls backward into the Mire. He starts sinking.*

STAPLETON: (Screaming) Help me! Help me! I'm sinking into the Mire! *HOLMES takes off his coat, as STAPLETON sinks deeper. He holds one end of the coat and throws the rest of it at STAPLETON.*

HOLMES: Grab hold of this! Come on, man!

*STAPLETON tries to hold onto the coat. But the Mire is pulling him in deeper. He grasps the coat, screaming. HOLMES can't help him. The last scream disappears into a gurgle, as STAPLETON disappears into the mud.*

HOLMES: Well, Watson, you will have an exciting case to write about!

SIR HENRY: (Weakly) Beryl...

HOLMES: I'm sure she's alright. (Looking around) The fog is easing<sup>4</sup>. Let us get back to Baskerville Hall.

*WATSON and HOLMES help SIR HENRY up.*

WATSON: Holmes, how will we find our way back?

HOLMES: Elementary, my dear Watson... with this. (He takes a compass out of his pocket.)

WATSON: A compass... I should have known. Holmes, you think of everything.

HOLMES: I wouldn't be who I am, if I didn't, Watson. I took a reading<sup>5</sup>, before we set out this evening. We know where the Grimpen Mire is. (Looking at the

<sup>1</sup> Sherlock Holmes – endlich besiegt (geschlagen)

<sup>2</sup> Sie hätte mir wahrscheinlich meinen Plan zunichte gemacht.

<sup>1</sup> Ich werde als Held gefeiert werden.

<sup>2</sup> Sie haben in mir Ihren Meister gefunden... (d.h. ich bin besser als Sie)

<sup>3</sup> Ja, bilden Sie sich nur was ein... Sie sind wirklich armselig!

<sup>4</sup> Der Nebel lichtet sich.

<sup>5</sup> Ich habe den Kompass abgelesen...

*compass*) Now, with that behind us, we go... (*Pointing*) this way.  
 SIR HENRY: I don't know how to thank you, Mr Holmes. You truly live up to your reputation<sup>1</sup> as the world's greatest detective.  
 HOLMES: Thank you, Sir Henry. But, as usual, I think I couldn't have solved this case, without the help of my good friend and colleague, Dr Watson.  
 WATSON: Kind of you to say so, Holmes.  
 HOLMES: Not at all, Watson... not at all. (*Pause*) Fancy the opera<sup>2</sup>, next week? Dinner at Marcini's and then a box at Covent Garden?  
 WATSON: Capital idea<sup>3</sup>, Holmes. I must get in touch with The Strand Magazine, when we get back to London. Tell them I've got a new Sherlock Holmes story for them... 'The Case of the Hound of the Baskervilles'.  
*Dramatic music.*  
 WATSON: (*Referring to the music*) Thank you!

*They exit.*

*The End.*

<sup>1</sup> ... Sie werden Ihrem Ruf (als der beste Detektiv der Welt) gerecht...  
<sup>2</sup> Wie wäre es mit einem Opernbesuch nächste Woche? ..., dann eine Loge in Covent Garden?  
<sup>3</sup> Spitzenidee...

## Comprehension Quickcheck

### Scene 1

- Who is the main character in the play? What is he famous for? When did he live?
- Who is Dr Watson? Why is he important?
- What is the storyline of the play based on?
- Have you come across Sherlock Holmes before? Read any Sherlock Holmes (short)stories? Perhaps seen film versions? If yes, which?
- Web research:  
 Who is the author of the *Sherlock Holmes* stories? When and where did he live? Find the titles of at least three more stories about the great detective.

### Scene 2

- Web research:  
 Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson shared a flat. Find it on a map of London.
- Who is Dr Mortimer? What does he need a detective for?
- Why does he not believe that Sir Charles died from a heart attack?
- What does the manuscript tell us about the Baskerville family?
- Who is next in line to inherit the family fortune? Where did he grow up?
- What does Sherlock Holmes think about the curse?

### Scene 3

- What happened since Sir Henry arrived in London? Why is he worried?
- Sherlock Holmes asks Dr Watson to accompany Sir Henry. What does he want him to do?
- Web research:  
 Which part of the UK are Sir Henry and Dr Watson headed for? What is interesting about the area?
- Why is Sherlock Holmes staying in London?

### Scene 4

- Web research:  
 1. Find and check current train timetables.  
 How long, approximately, does the train journey from .....  
 Station in London to ..... in ..... take?  
 2. In the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, the journey  
 took much longer  
 took about the same time  
 was very slow

- Who are the Barrymores? Where do they live?
- Who else knows about Sir Henry being in England now?
- Why are they stopped by a policeman on their way to Baskerville Hall?
- Why is it dangerous to be outside when it's getting dark?
- How does Sir Henry feel about Baskerville Hall?

### Scene 5

- Dr Watson thinks the old building is gloomy. What happens during the night? How do the Barrymores explain the goings-on?
- Why is Dr Watson so sure Mrs Barrymore was lying?
- Taking a walk on the moor, Dr Watson meets Jack Stapleton. What is he doing?
- What does Beryl want Sir Henry to do? What is she telling Dr Watson?
- Web research:  
Find information on Grimpen Mire. Does it really exist? Where is it?

### Scene 6

- Does Dr Watson manage to get a good night's sleep? What happens?
- What do Sir Henry and Dr Watson find out the following night? How are the Barrymores and the escaped convict, Selden, connected?
- Web research:  
Find out if Selden really existed or if he is a fictional character.

### Scene 7

- The day after, Sir Henry and Dr Watson are having lunch at the Stapleton's house. Where is it?
- Sir Henry is quite taken by Beryl. How does Jack Stapleton feel about this?
- Dr Watson discovers a hooded figure on the moor. Who is it?
- What did Sherlock Holmes find out while he was in London? Who is the next victim?
- They hear a loud howl and a man screaming. Then they find a dead body. Who is it? What is the dead man wearing? Why?
- Sherlock Holmes wants to get back to Baskerville Hall quickly. Why?

### Scene 8

- Sherlock Holmes reports to Sir Henry what he has found out so far. He needs one more clue. What is it?
- Who does Jack Stapleton look like? Who is his father?
- Where did he grow up and what did he come to England for?
- Why did Jack get rid of Sir Charles and is now trying to kill Sir Henry?

- Who stole Sir Henry's shoe in London?
- Who wrote the letter? Why?
- How is Sherlock Holmes going to expose Jack Stapleton?
- Web research:  
How are dogs trained to pick up scents? Why is this so important?

### Scene 9

- Why was Jack Stapleton surprised to see Sir Henry? What does he do?
- Where are Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson hiding?
- Beryl is not around for dinner. Why?
- Who is Jack Stapleton calling 'baby'?
- It's getting dark and foggy when Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson follow Sir Henry. What happens next? Who shoots the dog when it attacks Sir Henry?
- Why is Stapleton so pleased with himself?
- How is he planning to 'end the story'?
- Sherlock Holmes and Stapleton fight. What happens to Stapleton?
- Why, do you think, is Sherlock Holmes trying to rescue Stapleton by throwing his coat for him to hold on to?
- How do they find their way back to Baskerville Hall?
- Back in London, what is Dr Watson planning to do?

Did you like the play? Choose a statement below and say why.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> yes, it was funny | <input type="checkbox"/> I knew the story already | <input type="checkbox"/> it was quite thrilling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> not really, no    | <input type="checkbox"/> I don't really care      | <input type="checkbox"/> it was OK, I guess     |

Which of the characters did you like best? Why?

Were there any characters you didn't like? Who? Why?

Do you generally like detective stories? Why?

If you didn't know *Sherlock Holmes* before: having seen this play, would you like to read another Sherlock Holmes story or watch a film version? Why/why not?

As the action in the play unfolded, was there any point where you were sure who the guilty person was? What were the clues? How did you know?

VIENNA'S *English* THEATRE  
SINCE 1963

- 1966 MAN OF DESTINY by George Bernard Shaw  
 1967 THE HAPPY JOURNEY by Thornton Wilder  
 1968 VILLAGE WOOING by George Bernard Shaw  
 1970 THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST by Oscar Wilde  
 1971 THE GLASS MENAGERIE by Tennessee Williams  
 1972 MAN OF DESTINY by George Bernard Shaw  
 1973 LOVERS by Brian Friel  
 1973 AN INSPECTOR CALLS by J. B. Priestley  
 1974 THE HAPPY JOURNEY by Thornton Wilder  
 1975 OF LOVERS AND FOOLS,  
 scenes from Shakespeare as arranged by Manfred Vogel  
 1976 A SLIGHT ACCIDENT by James Saunders  
 LOOK BACK IN ANGER by John Osborne  
 1977 THE HAPPY JOURNEY by Thornton Wilder  
 ARMS AND THE MAN by George Bernard Shaw  
 1978 FAMILY ALBUM by David Newby  
 AN INSPECTOR CALLS by J. B. Priestley  
 1979 THE CANTERVILLE GHOST  
 by Nicholas Allen, based on the story by Oscar Wilde  
 ALL MY SONS by Arthur Miller  
 1980 THE HAPPY JOURNEY by Thornton Wilder  
 MAN OF DESTINY by George Bernard Shaw  
 1981 FAMILY ALBUM by David Newby  
 RELATIVELY SPEAKING by Alan Ayckbourn  
 1982 THE CANTERVILLE GHOST  
 by Nicholas Allen, based on the story by Oscar Wilde  
 A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS by Robert Bolt  
 1983 ROBIN HOOD by Nicholas Allen. An entertainment with music  
 LOVERS by Brian Friel  
 1984 THE HAPPY JOURNEY by Thornton Wilder  
 1984/85 KING ARTHUR by Nicholas Allen. An entertainment with music  
 THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST by Oscar Wilde  
 1985/86 THE CANTERVILLE GHOST  
 by Nicholas Allen, based on the story by Oscar Wilde  
 THE GLASS MENAGERIE by Tennessee Williams  
 1986/87 SONGS AND DREAMS by Nicholas Allen  
 SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR by Bernard Slade  
 1987/88 DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT by Sean Aita  
 LOOK BACK IN ANGER by John Osborne  
 1988/89 THE WIDOW'S DIAMONDS by Nicholas Allen  
 THE PRIVATE EAR by Peter Schaffer  
 1989/90 ROBIN HOOD by Nicholas Allen. An entertainment with music  
 IN PRAISE OF LOVE by Terence Rattigan  
 1990/91 THE HAPPY JOURNEY by Thornton Wilder  
 DANGEROUS OBSESSION by N. F. Crisp  
 1991/92 RICHARD THE LIONHEART by Nicholas Allen  
 THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH by Sean Aita  
 THE ZOO STORY by Edward Albee  
 1992/93 SONGS AND DREAMS by Nicholas Allen  
 STAGE BY STAGE by Jennie Graham  
 I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES by Neil Simon  
 1993/94 TREASURE ISLAND by Sean Aita  
 SHERLOCK HOLMES INVESTIGATES by Ingrid Statman  
 RELATIVELY SPEAKING by Alan Ayckbourn  
 1994/95 FAMILY ALBUM by David Newby  
 FREDDY AND THE CLOVEN HOOF by Adam Bridges  
 LOVERS by Brian Friel  
 1995/96 THE CANTERVILLE GHOST by Nicholas Allen  
 DRACULA by Sean Aita  
 MY CHILDREN! MY AFRICA! by Athol Fugard  
 1996/97 CRUSOE by Nicholas Allen, based on the novel by Daniel Defoe  
 LOVE HURTS by Sean Aita  
 THE GLASS MENAGERIE by Tennessee Williams  
 1997/98 HUCKLEBERRY FINN by Sean Aita  
 SUGAR AND SPICE by Philip Dart  
 ALL MY SONS by Arthur Miller  
 1998/99 THE SWORD AND THE CROWN by Sean Aita  
 BOTTLING OUT by Philip Dart  
 BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE by Leonard Gershe  
 1999/00 BANANAS by Sean Aita and Nicholas Allen  
 DANCE CLASS by Clive Duncan  
 THE BROWNING VERSION by Terence Rattigan  
 2000/01 AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS by Sean Aita  
 MILLENNIUM by Sean Aita  
 BLUE GIRL by Deborah Aita  
 2001/02 HOTMAIL FROM HELSINKI by Judy Upton  
 ROMY AND JULIAN by Clive Duncan  
 THE LAST YANKEE by Arthur Miller  
 2002/03 A PERFECT MATCH by Sean Aita  
 A DOG'S LIFE by Sean Aita  
 DANGEROUS OBSESSION by N.J. Crisp  
 2003/04 STREETS OF LONDON by Sean Aita  
 WILD WEEKEND by Clive Duncan  
 BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE by Leonard Gershe  
 2004/05 THE CANTERVILLE GHOST  
 adapted from Oscar Wilde by Clive Duncan  
 SUGAR AND SPICE by Philip Dart  
 MACBETH adapted from Shakespeare by Clive Duncan  
 2005/06 AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS by Sean Aita  
 ROMY & JULIAN by Clive Duncan  
 THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND  
 a Woody Guthrie Folk Musicale devised by David M. Lutken  
 2006/07 REVOLTING BRITONS by Clive Duncan  
 DANCE CLASS by Clive Duncan  
 LOOK BACK IN ANGER by John Osborne  
 2007/08 VIRTUAL HEROES by Clive Duncan  
 WILD WEEKEND by Clive Duncan  
 PITCH BLACK by Clive Duncan  
 2008/09 PERFECT MATCH by Sean Aita  
 LITTLE GIRL LIES by Claudia Leaf  
 VIRGINS by John Retallack  
 2009/10 FAME GAME by Philip Dart  
 SACRIFICE by Claudia Leaf  
 MACBETH by William Shakespeare adapted by Clive Duncan  
 2010/11 ROB AND THE HOODIES by Sean Aita  
 ROMY & JULIAN by Clive Duncan  
 BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE by Leonard Gershe  
 2011/12 THE SWITCH by Philip Dart  
 DISCONNECTED by Adam Barnard  
 PITCH BLACK by Clive Duncan  
 2012/13 AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS by Sean Aita  
 JEKYLL'S POTION by James Cawood  
 A PICTURE by Clive Duncan  
 2013/14 VIRTUAL HEROES by Clive Duncan  
 POPULAR by Philip Dart  
 PRETTY SHREWD by Clive Duncan  
 2014/15 SPOOKED! by Sean Aita  
 DANCE CLASS by Clive Duncan  
 THE MAKEOVER by Clive Duncan  
 2015/16 THE FAME GAME by Philip Dart  
 UNDERCOVER STAR by Robin Kingsland  
 VIRGINS by John Retallack