SAMPLE OF SCRIPT FOR SHEER LUCK HOLMES

*The doorbell rings.*

Mrs H Just a minute!

*Mrs H goes to door and opens it. Cecil and Emma enter, with Tracker*.

Mrs H You must be Sherlock Holmes’ nephew.

Cecil That’s right.

Mrs H And is this yours? (*she points at Tracker*)

Cecil This is Tracker. She’s going to help me become a detective just like my uncle.

Mrs H Well, I’m Mrs Hudson, the housekeeper. And you are, my dear?

Emma I’m Emma Watson. I’m looking for Dr Watson. I was told he might be here.

Mrs H I’m afraid they’ve gone to solve a case. I don’t know when they will be back, but please come on in and make yourselves at home. I bet you’ve had a long journey and need a cup of tea.

Emma Thank you, that’s very kind.

Mrs H I’ll go and pop the kettle on.

*Mrs Hudson exits. Cecil and Emma look around the room. Cecil finds a magnifying glass.*

Cecil Look at this. Hey Tracker! You’ve got a really big nose through this! I bet it’s great for finding clues.

*Tracker shakes head and lies down on the settee for a nap.*

Emma Maybe it isn’t a good idea to touch anything. It’s not your house.

Cecil I’m sure my uncle won’t mind, besides I’m going to be a great detective just like him. I’ve got to start practicing sometime.

Emma Cecil, I’m not sure its quite as easy as you think it is to become a detective. My uncle has told me lots of stories about their adventures and it’s amazing how Sherlock Holmes solves some of the cases.

*Cecil finds the traditional deer stalker hat and cloak and puts them on.*

Cecil Now I even look the part. What do you think Tracker?

*Tracker yawns.*

Cecil I thought it was a bit more exciting than that, Tracker. Do you think I look like a detective now, Emma?

Emma I suppose so.

Cecil *(to audience)* do you think I look like a detective now I’ve got my magnifying glass and the outfit? (*reaction*) Well they think I look good even if you two don’t.

*The door bell rings. Mrs Hudson shouts from off stage.*

Mrs H Just a minute!

*There is a crash and a scream from off stage.*

Emma Are you alright, Mrs Hudson.

*Mrs Hudson enters.*

Mrs H There goes the tea! Oh dear. I tripped over the rug. Mr Holmes has been moving it around as part of one of his experiments. I do wish he’d leave things in their proper place. I was trying to get to the door.

Emma It’s alright Mrs Hudson, I’ll get the door for you.

Mrs H Thank you dear. I suppose I’d better clean up the mess.

*Mrs Hudson exits again. Emma opens the door. Lady Byrd and Marianne enter. Cecil sees Marianne and is instantly infatuated.*

Emma Hello, can I help you?

Marianne Is this the home of the famous detective Sherlock Holmes.

Emma Yes. You’re in the right place.

Marianne See mother. We finally found it.

Lady B Oh, I feel like I’ve been walking for days. My feet are pounding like a knock knock joke.

Emma Knock, knock?

Lady B Yes, Knock, knock.

Cecil Who’s there?

Lady B Wooden Shoe.

Emma Wooden shoe who?

Lady B Wooden shoe like to hear another knock knock joke?

Marianne Oh, I’ve got one.

Lady B *(to audience*) Alright then, you lot out there, you know how it works.

Marianne Knock, knock.

All Who’s there?

Marriane Cash.

All Cash who?

Marianne I thought you were all nuts.

Emma Knock, knock

All Who’s there?

Emma Weed.

All Weed who?

Emma Weed better stop telling these bad knock-knock jokes. Why don’t you come in and take a seat.

Cecil You must be exhausted.

Marianne Thank you. It’s ever so kind of you.

Cecil I’ll ask Mrs Hudson to make you a cup of tea.

Marianne Thank you, but under the circumstances we couldn’t possibly sit down and have a cup of tea when something so terrible might have happened.

Emma What’s the problem?

Lady B Oh, it’s just too terrible. (*starts sobbing loudly into a hanky*)

Marianne It’s a disappearance. Doctor Albert Trebla the eccentric inventor. He’s been missing for three days.

Lady B He was supposed to join us for tea but he never arrived. Oh my poor darling, what has become of him? *(sobs loudly)*

Marianne We went to his house and the door was wide open and everything was a mess. There was no sign of him.

Lady B Oh, he’s just the sweetest fiancé. Always caring and loving and I don’t know how I shall get manage without him. Who knows what evil has befallen him if he’s been kidnapped. (*wails*)

Marianne There, there mother. It’s alright. Mr Holmes is the best detective in London. If anyone can find Albert, he can.

Emma I’m sure he can, but he’s on a very important case right now…

Cecil Which can wait. The great Sherlock Holmes never lets a damsel in distress down.

Emma But he’s…

Cecil At your service miss. A beautiful girl like you shouldn’t be kept waiting.

Lady B Oh, you’re such a charmer Mr Holmes.

Cecil I would hate to see either of you suffer such sadness for a moment longer. My other cases can wait.

Emma But….

Marianne Oh, thank you Mr Holmes. You’re so kind.

Cecil I will solve this mystery and have you smiling once again Miss…?

Marianne Marianne Byrd. And this is my mother, Lady Winnifred Byrd.

Cecil Well, miss Marianne, I promise I will do everything I can to find Dr Albert and relieve your mother’s distress.

Lady B Oh, thank you Mr Holmes, you have no idea what this means to both of us.

Marianne I don’t know how I will ever be able to repay you.

Cecil Thank me when the case is solved.

Emma When the case is solved? You don’t really think you…?

Cecil Miss Watson, we should come up with a plan.

*Cecil takes Emma by the arm and pulls her to one side.*

Emma What on earth do you think you’re doing?

Cecil I’m going to solve the case for them.

Emma You keep saying that, but have you even thought this through?

Cecil Look at her Emma. She’s so beautiful and sweet and I’ve just got to help her.

Emma But she thinks you’re Sherlock Holmes. You can’t pretend to be him.

Cecil Why not? You heard what Mrs Hudson said, my uncle is out on a case and who knows when he’ll be back. They can’t wait for him. This is my chance to become a detective and you can be my sidekick. We’ll be just like our uncles, solving mysteries. Besides, technically I’ve not lied because I am Mr Holmes too. Please, Emma. Help me impress Marianne.

Emma Fine, alright. But I still think this could go very wrong.

Cecil It won’t.

*He turns back to Marianne and Lady Byrd.*

Cecil Well, that’s that sorted then.

Marianne So what’s the plan?

Cecil Find Dr Albert.

Marianne Where are you going to start?

Cecil Well… um…. We will start….

Lady B (singing) ‘At the very beginning, a very good place to start’.

Cecil Yes… um….

Emma Mr Holmes, weren’t you saying we should start at Dr Albert’s home.

Cecil Yes. Exactly. We should start at the scene of the crime.

Emma Perhaps you could take us there?

Marianne Of course.

*They stand up.*

Cecil Tracker, come on. We might need you to help hunt for clues.

*Tracker stands up reluctantly.*

Cecil Come along, Watson. The game’s a leg!

Emma Foot.

Cecil What?

Emma The game’s a foot.

Cecil Yes. The game’s a foot. I knew that.

Lady B Oh, I can’t believe it. Solving a case with a real detective. My poor darling Albert will be found in no time now.

**SCENE 3**

*They exit. Scene changes to Rattigan’s den.*

Newspaper

Seller Can Cecil really save the day?

Can he really act the part?

A detective he will need to play

To win sweet Marianne’s heart

But nothing could be really easy

He’ll have to face a test

And if he wants to really please

He will have to do his best

Cause there’s an evil plot at work

Led by a sinister man

In the shadows his gang all lurk,

His name is Rattigan!

*There is an evil laugh as Rattigan enters in a cloud of smoke. Hopefully the audience boo.*

Rattigan Go ahead and boo. It’s music to my ears! There’s nothing I enjoy so much as being evil and the more you boo the more evil I feel. Grub! Scrug! Bartimus! Get in her now.

*Grub, Scrug and Bartimus enter. They are a trio of useless sidekicks. Comical and incapable. Bartimus is the muscle so wants to be bigger than the other two. He is also the slowest to grasp anything and walks on stage sucking his thumb.*

Grub You called us, oh great leader!

Rattigan Where have you three been? I’ve been waiting. I shouldn’t have to wait.

Scrug Of course not boss. We just got a bit delayed.

Rattigan Delayed?

Scrug Yes, it’s sort of a long story, so after we went to do the job you told us to do we got a bit hungry and Bartimus said we should get something to eat, you know for the journey. (*Bartimus shakes his head*) So Grub said we should go to Macdonalds for a Big Mac meal, but I wanted chicken and Bartimus wanted to go for a Chinese take away. So anyway we were having this argument about where to go, when we remembered we’re in Victorian London so none of those places actually exist yet, so then we had to think again about where we could go…

Rattigan Scrug? Does this inane babbling have a point at all?

Scrug Yes boss. I wanted to tell you why we were late.

Rattigan You shouldn’t be late.

Scrug I know that, but you see Grub said…

Grub I didn’t.

Scrug Yes you did.

Grub Oh no I didn’t.

Scrug Oh yes you did.

Grub Oh no I didn’t.

*Start this with the audience.*

Grub How would you lot know? You weren’t even there! Scrug, you’re rubbish at telling a story!

Scrug I am not.

Grub Yes you are. Get to the point.

Scrug So, where was I, yes…. We were looking for food and we were thinking about….

Rattigan I find it highly unlikely any of you were thinking. Either tell me the point of the story or shut up Scrug.

Scrug I was just getting to that bit boss. So anyway, we were so hungry that Bartimus decided to eat a whole crate of apples. The fruit was good, but the wood and nails get a bit stuck between your teeth and that’s why Bartimus had his hand in Grub’s mouth and how he got a splinter in his thumb.

Rattigan A splinter? You were late because of a splinter?

Bartimus It really hurt boss.

Rattigan Give me strength!

Grub He’s got plenty of that, boss!

*Grub and Scrug laugh.*

Rattigan What I want to know is did you do the job?

Scrug No. We never found anything to eat.

Rattigan Not that job.

Grub What job?

Scrug The odd job.

Grub Oh, that job.

Bartimus What odd job?

Scrug You know, the ‘job’ job.

Grub Which one? The bank job?

Scrug No the other job.

Bartimus What other job?

Scrug The ‘job’ job with the odd bob.

Grub The odd bob?

Bartimus Who’s bob?

Scrug you know, thingamybob you stupid blob.

Bartimus I’m not a blob.

Grub we should’ve done a mayo blob on a cob job.

Scrug That would have been a proper cob blob job.

Rattigan Enough! I just want to know if you brought the inventor!

Bartimus Oh that job.

Rattigan Yes that job!

Scrug Yes bob! I mean boss.

Grub We kidnapped him and locked him up just like you told us to, boss.

Rattigan And his invention?

Scrug That too. Though what all those do-hickies and whirly-gigs do I’ve not got the foggiest.

Grub You never do.

Rattigan I’m pretty sure you’re all a few spanners short of a full tool set.

Scrug I didn’t think you needed any spanners. Do you want us to go and steal some more?

Rattigan That’s not what I… oh, why am I wasting my breath trying to explain it you imbeciles?

Grub Because everyone needs someone to talk to, I suppose.

Rattigan and I ended up with you three.

Scrug you must just be lucky I guess boss.

Rattigan Grub, round up the rest of the gang. I have an announcement to make.

Grub Yes, oh wise and wonderful one!

*Grub exits.*

Scrug An announcement? Oh, I hope it’s a wedding. I love weddings. You know when everyone dresses up and there’s that cake with the little tiny bride and groom on the top.

Bartimus I like cake.

Rattigan do you ever think of anything other than food?

Scrug not much boss.

Rattigan I’m already aware you don’t think of much.

Bartimus Butterflies. I like to think about butterflies.

*They stare at him. Grub re-enters followed by the rest of the gang.*

Grub I got them all, just as you ordered boss.

Rattigan Gather round, all of you. My friends I have an announcement to make.

*Scrug hums the wedding march. Rattigan scowls at Scrug and Grub hits him.*

Rattigan We are about to embark on the most evil and sinister plan of my entire career. So far we have proven we can steal anything from under the noses of the pitiful police and now it is time to prove once and for all we are the greatest villains of all time. We have, here in my den, an inventor who has created a machine that can be used as an incredible weapon. We will use this invention to take all of London hostage and finally I shall rule over not just a gang of cutthroat thieves, but an entire country and then the whole world will be mine!

*Cheer from gang.*

Grub I’m sorry to interrupt boss, but the inventor said he hasn’t finished it yet.

Rattigan He said what?

Grub That the invention isn’t finished yet.

Rattigan Then he had better hurry up and finish it.

Scrug He told us he couldn’t finish it without a few more pieces.

Rattigan And when exactly were you planning on telling me this?

Scrug Um… Just now.

Rattigan Then you three had better get whatever else it is he needs to finish the job.

G, S, B Yes boss.

Grub but, even if we get the other things, how do we make him finish it? He’s refusing to work on it.

Rattigan do I have to think of everything? We find some way to threaten him. Find out what will make him agree. He must care about something or someone enough to do anything we tell him to. All you have to do I find out what.

Grub Got it, boss. You can count on us.

Rattigan I’d better be able to, because this time I will have nothing stand in my way!

Bartimus What about Sherlock Holmes?

Rattigan That interfering detective? Oh, I have a plan for him. Even he cannot foil my evil plans this time. Nothing will stop me!

**………………………………………**

**SCENE 7**

*The glue factory. Tracker enters.*

Tracker I’m glad you’re all here in the glue factory too. This place is really creepy. We’ve been looking everywhere, but there doesn’t seem to be anyone working here at all. It’s like the place has been deserted. Most of the lamps are out, but the door was wide open. I’ve got a bad feeling. My nose is itching, that’s usually a sign Cecil is about to get me in to trouble.

*Cecil, Emma, Marianne and Lady Byrd enter carrying a lamp. The lights adjust as though the lamp has lit the room better.*

Cecil Hello? Is there anyone here?

Marianne It looks like the place is empty.

Cecil That could make things easier. No manager to deal with in this place.

Emma But why was the door wide open? That doesn’t make sense.

Cecil (*trying to sound like Sherlock*) yes, that is exactly what I was thinking.

Marianne I don’t like it in here. It’s so dark and I feel like we’re being watched.

Cecil Don’t worry Marianne. The great Holmes won’t let anything happen to you.

Marianne I do feel a lot safer with you around, Mr Holmes.

Lady B Yes. It’s good to know we have the great detective on our side.

Emma (*sarcastically*) so great detective. What next?

Cecil Well. I think we need to find the glue.

Emma We’re in a factory surrounded by glue. How do we know which one the professor wanted?

Cecil Primary, miss Watson…

Emma Do you mean Elementary?

Cecil That’s what I said, Elementary, Miss Watson, it will be the tin reserved for Dr Albert Trebla Let’s have a look at the labels.

*They begin picking up tins and reading out the labels.*

Cecil Glorious gloopy glue….

Emma Perfect pocket Pritstick…

Marianne Green gummy gooey gum…

Lady B Super sticky stay stuck stuff…. Gosh, these have got some complicated names haven’t they.

*Marianne picks up an instruction booklet.*

Marianne Look at this. It says that to get the best result you should mix the bottles to create a lasting concrete adhesive.

Cecil So we need to mix the perfect pocket Prtistick with the glorious gloopy glue?

Lady B and the green gummy gooey gum with the super sticky stay stuck stuff?

Marianne or we could mix the perfect pocket Pritstick with the green gummy gooey gum…

Lady B To get the perfect pocket gummy goo?

Cecil Or perfect gloopy pocket gum.

Emma Or maybe a super sticky gummy glue.

Marianne Or a super sticky tacky gooey gloopy perfect pocket gummy goo.

Lady B Or a jolly jelly gummy bear with super sticky tacky shoes. I think I’ve got some of those here. (*picks up a large tin and takes out handfuls of sweets*). Catch! (*throws some out to audience, or they hand them out quickly)* Where were we?

Marianne We were on the gloopy gluey pocket Pritstick.

Cecil Or the green tacky stuck up stuff.

Lady B I think that’s what you find in an Aristocrats nose.

Marianne Mother!

Emma How about a grey green great greasy grippy grime?

Lady B Or a messy mass of mixture made to meld and weld with water wax.

Cecil or glumpy gloomy gluey gick with super slushy stay put stick.

Tracker (*To audience*) this is getting really messy. I think we’d better help them out. Get ready to shout.

*Tracker does the found a clue routine on a tin with a label hanging off it. Hopefully audience shout about the clue. Cecil picks up the tin.*

Marianne It says Albert’s name on it.

Cecil Well done Tracker! The rest of the label just says special strong glue.

Lady B Trust Albert to keep it simple.

Marianne So we’ve found the glue. Now what do we do?

*Grub, Scrug and Bartimus enter.*

Grub You hand it over to us.

Lady B What a horrible group of ruffians! I do hope they want to rough us up. If you need to strip search us, I am fully prepared to be the first volunteer, I mean victim.

Cecil I’m sure it won’t come to that.

Lady B Oh, you really do know how to ruin a lady’s fun, don’t you.

Marianne Who are you?

Grub We’re the ones who let you in here. We knew you’d find the correct tin.

Marianne That doesn’t actually answer my question.

Scrug We represent an individual who shall remain anonymous at this time.

Bartimus I thought we worked for Rattigan?

Grub Bartimus, do you remember before we jumped on stage we talked about the two things you needed to do, which were?

Bartimus Look scary…. And… um…

Scrug Oh I know! Pick me! Pick me!

Bartimus I’m thinking… um….

Scrug pick me! (*raises hand like small child, stands as tall as possible waving hand*) pleeeease. I know, I know!

*Game show music and spotlight falls on Bartimus.*

Grub I’m going to have to ask you for an answer.

Bartimus Um… I… can I phone a friend?

Scrug Oh! Choose me! I know!

Grub I’ll let you ask one friend, yes.

Bartimus Yay.

*Bartimus starts to exit.*

Grub Where are you going?

Bartimus To ask Bill at the pub.

*Exits. Lights go back to the glue factory.*

Grub Wait! Come back!

Scrug It was be silent, Bartimus! That’s what you were told. Look scary and be silent. Bartimus! I think he’s gone, Grub.

Grub It doesn’t matter. We can handle this on our own.

Scrug Are you sure? He’s the big scary one. I’m not sure we look very intimidating.

Grub In timid what?

Emma Intimidating. It means scary or threatening.

Grub Oh. Thanks.

Emma You’re welcome.

Grub but that is where you are wrong, Scrug, because we might not be big and scary like him, but we have brains and a plan.

Scrug What plan?

*Grub sighs and pulls him aside. They confer in a small huddle for a minute.*

Scrug Got it!

Grub Good.

Lady B So what exactly is this evil plan, you fiends?

Grub Simple. We say ‘hand over the tin’ and you give it to us.

Marianne Well, that’s definitely simple.

Grub Hand over the tin!

Cecil And what happens if we say no.

Scrug *(tugging on Grubs sleeve*) Grub, what do we do if the plan isn’t working?

Grub We change it. Hand over the tin, or the Lady gets it!

*Grub grabs hold of Lady Byrd.*

Lady B Oh, you great strong brute!

Cecil Unhand her.

Lady B It’s alright detective. I’m prepared to be handled with or without care.

Grub Well, Mr great detective?

Cecil Alright. You can have the tin.

*He tries to hand it over to Grub. Grub takes it, but Cecil doesn’t let go.*

Grub Let go then.

Cecil I can’t.

Grub why not?

Cecil It’s stuck. Some of the glue must have leaked. My hand’s stuck to it.

*Grub tries to let go.*

Grub I’m stuck too.

Scrug Let me have a look.

*Scrug tries to pry their hands off, but neither will come off. He pulls really hard, slips off and hits Grub. Grub hits him back. Lady Byrd hits Grub too making her escape. Scrug tries to grabs her and they grapple, knocking over tins.* *This turns in to a slapstick fight scene in which the tins of glue are knocked over and everyone starts to get stuck to things. The idea is to make it look like they are stuck in comical ways. At the end of the fight, Grub and Scrug manage to get Cecil off the tin but are stuck together. Grub drops his scarf in the fight and Tracker picks it up. Grub and Scrug manage to exit.*

Grub This isn’t over, Sherlock Holmes!

Marianne Oh no. Now what do we do? We’re stuck to the stage.

Lady B I’ve got slimy goo all over my hands. Shall I shake it off on the audience? Shall I?

*Audience reaction. She lifts her hands threatening them with goo. The goo can be the sort of play slime that children use, but it needs to dangle from her hands.*

Marianne Mother, this is no time for games.

Lady B You lot should just count yourselves lucky. You could be in as sticky a mess as we are right now.

Marianne We can’t stay here. What are we going to do?

Emma The one thing we can do. Get ourselves out of this mess during a scene change. Up there in the lighting box, do you think you could help us out?

*Lights blackout.*

Emma Thank you.