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*Dramatic Publishing*



# SHERLOCK HOLMES:

The Baker Street Irregulars

Adapted by Eric Coble

From the graphic novels by Tony Lee and Dan Boulwood

# SHERLOCK HOLMES: The Baker Street Irregulars

**Drama/Comedy. Adapted by Eric Coble. From the graphic novels by Tony Lee and Dan Boulwood.** Cast: 5 to 10m., 5 to 10w., up to 10 either gender. Sherlock Holmes is missing, and the streets of London are awash with crime. Who will save the day? The Baker Street Irregulars—a gang of street kids hired by Sherlock himself to help solve cases. Now they must band together to prove not only that Sherlock is not dead but also to find the mayor’s missing daughter, untangle a murder mystery from their own past, and face the masked criminal mastermind behind it all—a bandit who just may be the brilliant evil Moriarty, the man who killed Sherlock himself! Can a group of orphans, pickpockets, inventors and artists rescue the people of London? The game is afoot! *Unit set.* Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Code: S2E.



**“A reminder anyone can rise above their backgrounds and past, especially when someone else respectable also respects and trusts them.”**

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# **Sherlock Holmes: The Baker Street Irregulars**

By

ERIC COBLE

Based on the graphic novel series by

TONY LEE and DAN BOULTWOOD



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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Based upon the series of graphic novels entitled *The Baker Street Irregulars: The Adventure of the Missing Detective*, *The Baker Street Irregulars: The Adventure of the Phantom of Drury Lane*, *The Baker Street Irregulars: The Adventure of the Charge of the Old Brigade* and *The Baker Street Irregulars: The Adventure of the Family Reunion* by TONY LEE and DAN BOULTWOOD

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“Originally produced by First Stage in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.”

*Sherlock Holmes: The Baker Street Irregulars* premiered at First Stage (Jeff Frank, Artistic Director) on Oct. 17, 2014. Jeff Frank directed, with scenic design by Brandon Kirkham, lighting design by Jason Fassl, sound design by Matt Whitmore, costumes by Lyndsey Kuhlmann and music direction by John Nicholson.

CAST:

Moriarty/Morris Wiggins/Peabody ..... Todd Denning  
Holmes/Watson ..... Mark Corkins  
Mrs. Hudson/Ensemble ..... Marcella Kearns  
Lestrade/Mayhew ..... Chike Johnson  
Wiggins ..... Max Pink/Elliott Brotherhood  
Chen ..... Matthias Wong/Carlos Meyers  
Tiny ..... Maxwell Zupke/Casey Kitzman  
Ash ..... Eloise Field/Emily Harris  
Mayor’s Daughter ..... Mira Laroyia/Ella Vitrano  
Eliza Mayhew ..... Katherine Pollnow/Blakely Martin  
Pockets ..... Elizabeth Robbins/Elizabeth Batory

# **Sherlock Homes: The Baker Street Irregulars**

## **CHARACTERS**

**MRS. HUDSON:** The despairing elderly landlady.

**DOCTOR WATSON:** The despairing best friend to Holmes.

**WIGGINS:** The young man with an intellect, 16.

**POCKETS:** The young woman with a criminal gift, 14.

**CHEN:** The young man with the contraptions, 12.

**TINY:** The young man with pencil and brawn, 16.

**ASH:** The youngest girl with sooty hands, 9.

**ELIZA MAYHEW:** The young woman without a grandfather, 15.

**RICHARD MAYHEW:** The missing grandfather of Eliza.

**PEABODY:** The man keeping Mayhew from sight.

**INSPECTOR LESTRADE:** The skeptical policeman.

**MORRIS WIGGINS:** The wicked father of Wiggins.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES:** The missing detective or the memory of him.

**MORIARTY:** The greatest criminal mastermind.

**VARIOUS HENCHMEN, POLICE, PASSERS-BY, PARENTS and CHILDREN.**

**PLACE:** In and around London, England.

**TIME:** 1891.



## PRODUCTION NOTES

The play can be performed by 10-20 actors of any ethnicity. If performed by 10 actors, casting is three young men, three young women and four adults (who all play multiple parts):

One man can play Moriarty/Morris Wiggins/Peabody

One man can play Lestrade/Richard Mayhew

One man can play Holmes/Watson

One woman can play Mrs. Hudson/Arthur/Mother, etc.

The play can also be performed in one or two acts. It is written with an intermission, but if performing as a one act, simply move straight into the Baker Street office scene with a light shift and no break.

# Sherlock Homes: The Baker Street Irregulars

## ACT I

SETTING: *London and surrounding environs, 1891.*

AT RISE: *A single instrument plays in the dark. Perhaps a violin or accordion. Other instruments join until a raucous tune is bouncing off the walls.*

*Lights up on a figure in silhouette, perhaps on a level above the main stage—SHERLOCK HOLMES. Music continues, builds—HOLMES confronts another figure in silhouette, MORIARTY—they grapple—sound of a roaring waterfall.*

SHERLOCK. If you're as brilliant a criminal mind as you claim to be, Moriarty, you'll see there's no escape from here! It's time to surrender—

MORIARTY. Thank you for the advice, Mr. Holmes!

*(He attacks HOLMES again—A dangerous battle—building ... building ...)*

SHERLOCK. Moriarty! The only way down is the waterfall!  
Even you won't survive that—end this madness—

MORIARTY. If I die, Sherlock Holmes, you die with me!!

*(He grabs HOLMES, and they plummet off the cliff-face into darkness.*

*Boom. Music stops.*

*Lights up full on a sitting room in Victorian England. 221b Baker Street.*

*A proper older woman, MRS. HUDSON, walks in, wiping her eyes with a handkerchief. Behind her enters middle-aged DOCTOR WATSON.)*

MRS. HUDSON. I just can't believe he's gone.

WATSON. None of us can, Mrs. Hudson. None of us can.

MRS. HUDSON. I just expected he would always be here, in this apartment, you know? He and you, solving crimes, deducing ... whatnot.

WATSON. I know.

MRS. HUDSON. Leaving his mess all about, and the smells of his experiments—

WATSON. Yes—

MRS. HUDSON. Oh those smells! Ghastly.

WATSON. Yes.

MRS. HUDSON. And the horrific musical ruckus all hours of the day and night—

WATSON. Yes.

MRS. HUDSON. I never thought I'd miss them ...

*(She cries.)*

WATSON. Truly. Sherlock Holmes was more than the greatest detective in the world ... he was my closest friend. To think that this fiend Moriarty could drag Holmes over the Reichenbach Falls with him in death ...

MRS. HUDSON. And when the city needs him more than ever!

WATSON. What's that?

MRS. HUDSON (*holds up newspaper*). Just this morning while we were at Mr. Holmes' memorial service—someone's kidnapped the daughter of the Lord Mayor of London himself!

WATSON (*takes paper and reads*). Blimey. Where is Holmes when we need him ...

MRS. HUDSON. I just keep looking to the door, you know—I keep expecting it to open and there he'll be—

WATSON. Or to hear that impatient pounding BOOM BOOM BOOM when he'd forgotten his key—

*(BOOM BOOM BOOM. On the door. They pause. Look at each other.)*

WATSON (*cont'd*). Do you ... ?

*(BOOM BOOM BOOM.)*

WATSON (*cont'd, goes to the door*). No ... It can't ... it simply can't ...

*(He opens the door, and there stands a small 16-year-old boy in worn shirtsleeves, suspenders, bowling hat and glasses. This is WIGGINS.)*

WATSON (*cont'd*). Oh. I'm sorry, young man, we're not—

WIGGINS (*strides in, glancing around*). Dr. Watson, good to see you again. You ready to get to work?

WATSON. I beg your pardon?

WIGGINS. Surely you're not suggestin' we stand 'round here while clues get even colder?

WATSON. Young man—

WIGGINS. It's me! Wiggins! Or Mr. Wiggins to you, sir.

WATSON. ... Wiggins? (*To MRS. HUDSON.*) Do you ... ?

*(She shakes her head no.)*

WIGGINS. Old age does slow the memory I guess, don't it?

WATSON. Wiggins ... the young Wiggins from the Strangerson murder? *(He closes the door.)*

WIGGINS. I believe when you wrote about it you called it "Study in Scarlet." I taught myself to read just so's I could see how you dolled me and the Baker Street Irregulars up.

MRS. HUDSON. You know him, Dr. Watson?

WIGGINS. I should hope so! We helped Mr. Holmes over and over again!

WATSON. Sherlock paid several street children to help him with cases now and again—I can't be expected to remember them all—

WIGGINS *(offering a hand to MRS. HUDSON)*. Wiggins. And you must be Mrs. Hudson, the faithful landlady.

MRS. HUDSON. How did you—

WIGGINS. Mr. Holmes turned me into a right detective, he did. That's why we're here. We don't think Mr. Holmes is dead and we want to reopen the case!

WATSON. "We"?

*(A knock at the door. WATSON answers.)*

*There stands a 14-year-old girl [POCKETS] in patched trenchcoat and cap. She glides quickly past WATSON.)*

WIGGINS. That's Pockets.

*(WATSON closes the door.)*

MRS. HUDSON. Really, what sort of name is "Pockets" for a young lady—

POCKETS. I've got the lightest fingers in all London.

WATSON. And that would have what exactly to do with pockets—

WIGGINS. As in “pick.” She’s one of the best pick-pockets in the city.

POCKETS (*hands WATSON his pocket watch back*). Your watch, sir.

WATSON. How did you ... ? Really, see here—!

WIGGINS. We all live on the street, Dr. Watson. You do what you have to do to get by.

WATSON. I hardly think two children—

*(KNOCK KNOCK on the door. WATSON opens it. In runs CHEN, a young Asian boy in poor traditional Chinese clothes with a vest, a belt of many pockets and wearing goggles.)*

WIGGINS. That’s Chen. One of the greatest inventors in the city.

*(CHEN starts immediately looking through any small items in the room.)*

POCKETS. —Or so he likes to believe.

WIGGINS (*to POCKETS*). His flying bowler hat hardly ever catches on fire anymore.

MRS. HUDSON. Oh dear.

WATSON (*to CHEN*). Please, would you not—

*(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. At the door.)*

WATSON (*cont’d*). Oh for heaven’s sake—

WIGGINS. That’ll be our last two members.

*(WATSON opens the door to reveal a large boy [TINY] in worn waistcoat and neckerchief, hair slicked back, pleasant. And BIG.)*

WATSON. I only see one.

WIGGINS. That's Tiny.

WATSON. Of course.

TINY. How d'you do?

WATSON. I'm afraid to shake hands for what I may lose in the process.

WIGGINS. Tiny's no thief. He's an artist.

POCKETS. A big artist with an even bigger heart!

TINY. Oi, Pockets! I thought we agreed to cut the "big heart" stuff. *(To WATSON.)* Hurts my feelin's, it does.

WATSON *(to WIGGINS)*. I thought you said there were two members left?

*(TINY enters and behind him we now see a small girl [ASH], the youngest of the lot, in too-big coat, scarf and cap covering her eyes.)*

WIGGINS. That's Tiny's little sister, Ash. A chimney sweep apprentice who can slip down a rabbit hole!

*(ASH darts in and hides behind the sofa.)*

WIGGINS *(cont'd)*. We, sir, are the Baker Street Irregulars! The finest detectives in all London-towne ... until Mr. Holmes gets back!!

*(SPROING POP! A loose collection of pen parts, papers, and tidbits explodes in CHEN's hands.)*

CHEN *(trying to collect the pieces)*. Sorry. Sorry. I'm making a flying machine—

MRS. HUDSON *(to POCKETS at desk)*. Please don't touch those. Please.

*(ASH is under the desk collecting pieces of CHEN's contraption. WATSON tries to get to him.)*

WATSON. Can you—Can you please—

*(He's blocked by TINY's large presence. He keeps trying to get around to CHEN, but TINY keeps moving with him, accidentally blocking him.)*

TINY.

Sorry. Oh.

Sorry.

Sorry.

Sorry.

WATSON.

Will you—

Can ...

I ...

Just ...

MRS. HUDSON. Those don't belong to you!

CHEN. If I can have the stuffing out of this chair, two candles and a jar of shoe polish, I can booby-trap the front and back doors—

MRS. HUDSON. NO!!

*(ASH is now under WATSON's feet, tripping him—he goes down.)*

WATSON. STOP!! All of you!!

*(They do.)*

WATSON *(cont'd)*. See here! I will not allow a pickpocket, the nephew of a Tong gang leader—Yes I recognize you, Chen Sin-Hau—as well as a bruiser and burglar to storm through here—And *you*, Wiggins! Son of the notorious criminal Morris Wiggins—

WIGGINS. That's my *father*, Dr. Watson. He's been in prison six years. I'm *not* my father.



WATSON. Oh, really?

WIGGINS. And Chen ain't his uncle, and we don't even know  
Tiny and Ash's and Pocket's parents.

ASH. Yeah!

WIGGINS. Where we come from ain't what counts. It's  
where we're goin'. And who we are. Mr. Holmes changed  
our lives.

POCKETS. I was twelve when I met him. He caught me  
dipping his pocket on the Pentonville Road.

CHEN. He spoke to me during the Nassau case. He was the  
first grown-up to talk to me like I mattered. And he fancied  
my fireworks.

TINY. He had me draw a sketch of a missing heiress for him.  
First grown-up to tell me I was any good.

ASH. He gave me and Tiny biscuits when we was hungry.  
And he let me play in his fireplace.

WIGGINS. We all owe him. His body was never found at  
that waterfall. We think he's still alive, and we're going to  
prove it.

WATSON (*quietly*). That's not possible, lad. He's gone.  
Moriarty killed him.

(*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Pause. They all look at the door.*)

WATSON (*cont'd*). I thought you said your "team" was all  
accounted for, Wiggins.

WIGGINS. ... We are.

(*WATSON opens the door and in runs a teenage girl in  
simple blue dress and shawl, carrying a small book. This is  
ELIZA MAYHEW on the verge of tears.*)

(*She runs to TINY and instinctively hugs him tightly. He freezes.*)

WATSON. Excuse me, miss!

TINY. There's, um. There's a, a, a girl ...

WIGGINS. Do you know her, Tiny?

*(TINY vehemently shakes his head no, blushing.)*

POCKETS *(gently extracting the girl from TINY)*. Hello, love.  
Can we help you?

ELIZA. I ... I need to hire Sherlock Holmes.

*(They all look at each other awkwardly.)*

WATSON. Ah. Well. My dear—

ELIZA *(to WATSON)*. My name is Eliza Mayhew. My grandfather is Richard Mayhew, the great detective. He worked with you on a case, I believe?

WATSON. The Rathbone Mystery! That was so briefly, I don't see—

ELIZA. My grandfather has gone missing, Dr. Watson. He was upset about something three days ago, but he wouldn't say what it was. That was the last I saw of him.

WATSON. He probably—

ELIZA. Two days ago our neighbors saw him bundled into the back of a carriage by two men—no one has seen him since.

MRS. HUDSON. Oh dear.

ELIZA *(holds out the book)*. I brought his diary—I haven't dared open it myself, but I'm growing desperate for any clues—My parents died when I was two, my grandfather is all I have in the world—

WATSON. But—

ELIZA. I have to find him—I know Mr. Holmes is gone but you assisted him, surely you can—

WATSON. My dear girl, I'm no detective, all I ever did was record Holmes' career—

WIGGINS. I'll take your case, Miss Eliza.

WATSON & ELIZA. What??

WIGGINS (*takes the diary*). Our man Tiny here happens to be the best artist in the country. (*TINY's eyes go wide.*) Eliza, please describe your grandfather to him. We'll get his sketch out into the city, see if anyone can shine a bit of light on the case.

ELIZA (*offers her hand to TINY*). ... Hello.

(*TINY stares, frozen.*)

POCKETS. Tiny. (*Nothing.*) Tiny!

TINY. Hullo.

WIGGINS. Your notebook, Tiny.

TINY. My notebook.

WIGGINS. Perhaps you should take it out.

TINY. My notebook! Right!

(*He pulls out a pad of paper and stares nervously at ELIZA.*)

CHEN. And pencil.

TINY. Pencil. Right.

(*CHEN and POCKETS pull ELIZA and TINY aside as ELIZA starts describing her grandfather.*)

WATSON (*pulls WIGGINS aside*). See here, Wiggins, you can't just take a case! You're not a detective, you're a street urchin!

WIGGINS. Who else is going to help her? The police? They're all gonna be lookin' for the mayor's daughter—which by the way I wouldn't be surprised if the two cases are connected—

Mayor's daughter goes missin', who's the best person to find her? Sherlock! 'Cept he's gone. Who's the second best detective? Eliza's grandfather—and now he's missin' as well? Isn't your mind buzzin' yet, Dr. Watson?

WATSON. But you—

WIGGINS. And as for me not bein' a detective ... you have a slight bulge in your left jacket pocket, which indicates your service revolver—that and the fact your hat has dust upon it—dust your wife or parlor maid would usually clean off at night—tells me you haven't been home for a few days, which is most likely because you're scared Moriarty's men are still out there and you wish to keep your wife safe.

*(Beat.)*

WATSON. Well. That is. That. Is.

CHEN. That's that! We've got the sketch!

*(They turn around and show a good drawing of a face to WIGGINS.)*

WIGGINS. That's him, eh?

ELIZA. He's amazing.

*(TINY blushes.)*

ELIZA *(cont'd)*. I mean he's an amazing artist. I mean the drawing is amazing.

WIGGINS. Keep it up, Tiny—we'll need multiple copies of this. *(To MRS. HUDSON.)* Mrs. Hudson? We've got a mystery to solve. We need a headquarters. Can we call 221b Baker Street home? At least until the real owner gets back?

MRS. HUDSON. I ... it would be nice to keep some life in the place until I can find other renters.

WIGGINS. Then we're off! I'll stay here and start goin' through the diary and analyzin' the clues. You all start the search on Eliza's street and fan out until we find Richard Mayhew! The game's afoot!

*(They start out.)*

POCKETS. Ash. Get out of the fireplace and come on.

*(ASH crawls out of the fireplace and trods over.)*

ASH. I like it in there.

*(They all exit.)*

*Music. Lights shift, and we're on the streets of London. CHEN, TINY, ELIZA, POCKETS and ASH fan out, showing drawings to anyone who passes by, including out into the audience.)*

POCKETS *(to a man on the street)*. Beg your pardon, but have you seen this man around here?

MAN. Sorry, he's a stranger to me.

TINY. Oi, you ever seen this gent?

WOMAN. Sorry.

ASH *(to a different man)*. Are you a grandfather?

MAN #2. I most certainly am!

ASH *(grabs the man's hand and drags him over)*. Found him!!

ELIZA. That's not him!

TINY. Not just any grandfather, teacup.

ASH. Oh. *(To ELIZA, indicating the old man.)* Well, would you fancy this one instead?

TINY *(frees the man, to ELIZA)*. She's a bit, um, over-eager. You know.