

Sherlock's Bottom



A screenplay by Richard C Brown MBE - June 2024

Synopsys

Characters: Sherlock Richards [S], Eddie Palmer [E], Lucy Albright [L], Urchin [U].

Background: It is early 1887, late-Victorian era. The year Arthur Conan Doyle creates Sherlock Holmes and the year Jack the Ripper begins his grisly work. Sherlock Richards is a struggling detective, living in a flat in Hammersmith. His flatmate, Eddie, helps him with his cases. Eddie frequently goes to his members club in the city and returns much the worse for wear. Sherlock is intensely jealous.

Plot: Sherlock Richards is a 2nd rate detective who believes he is close to catching his arch nemesis, Moriarty. Through a series of clues, Sherlock deduces that Moriarty is coming for him that evening. Eddie goes out. Sherlock prepares for the confrontation. Moriarty arrives and unexpectedly offers Sherlock a very large bribe to stop his investigations. Sherlock accepts the bribe, but is incapacitated by the trap he set. When he comes to, Eddie is just leaving forever. Eddie confesses that he has been living the life of a crime lord (by accident), he has double-crossed everyone and is off with all the money. Eddie is not Moriarty [although he has met him], Sherlock's investigation was getting too close to his own activities. He wrote the threatening letter in Act two to buy him enough time to escape with the money. An angry crowd has come for both of them and can be heard outside.

Location: The familiar interior of the flat from the TV series. Grubby and dirty. SL is now an office area, dominated by a large desk and chaise longue. A fireplace occupies the wall, a portrait of Victoria and Albert above. A poker sits in an empty coal scuttle on the fireplace. A fruit bowl full of fruit sits on the sideboard. A grandfather clock stands on the right of the fireplace, a sideboard with drawers and cupboards on the left. A sash widow at this end of the room. This part of the room is obviously little used and in slightly better condition. SR is a kitchen area without fridge and cooker and with a sink full of washing-up. An oversized furnace with door occupies this end. CS is the living area. Two internal doors are in the wall CS. A shabby upright piano stands against the CS wall [instead of electric organ]. The set is lit by gaslight and is warm rather than bright electric light.



Aerial view of set

Act One

Exposition

Empty flat. Morning.

S [offstage] oh I see, gone off to your little club again have you? They only accepted your membership because of your acquaintance with me. Turn me down for membership, well, they will be sorry they didn't have me when they could. But it'll be too late, I'll start my own gentleman's club, except mine will have ladies of the night and gambling.

Enter Sherlock wearing a deerstalker hat, a white shirt with large bowtie and large white underpants with shoes and socks on. He holds a magnifying glass.

S: The game is afoot. [Running his fingers over his underpants]. I'm all alone, what shall I do now?

[audience] Have a wank!

S [Horried] Really? You think I, Sherlock Richards, the most famous and beloved detective in old London town, on the verge of greatness, would have nothing better to do? No, I must work on my cases, I'm so close to getting my hands on Moriarty. I know, I'll play my violin, that always helps me think.

Sherlock puts down magnifying glass and picks up violin and bow up from kitchen table. He takes deep breath and puts it to his shoulder.

S [to audience] Quiet, I need silence, I am a genius you know.

Clock chimes 12 times. Each chime is at a random interval, just as Sherlock raises his violin to begin playing. Sherlock waits angrily for the last chime.

S 12 o'clock. At last, perfect silence. [raises violin and bow]

Clock chimes once more

S [to stage crew] Oh I bet you think that's really funny! Don't you know who I am? Mess with me again and I'll have you all fired. [raises violin and bow]

Eddie bursts in CS.

E: Ah ha ha me old cockney rhyming bastard, it's been a while, you're looking very well, I thought you were dead – some kind of riding accident.

S [Gleeful] Oh Eddie, we're in Victorian times now, so I can still be alive!

E: [deadpan] So there's no escape from you. [to audience] Ever.

S: Not for you. [Steps closer] Were going to be together [pauses] forever. Where have you been? To your club I suppose?

- E No, it's only morning. I've been to get the paper. I'm going to my club for supper.
- S I don't know why go there it's just a bunch of old men sitting around reading newspapers and smoking cigars. [begs] Please let me join, I'll be ever so good.
- E It's not for you Sherlock, do you know what the others call you?
- S So they have heard about me then?
- E Oh yes, they call you, I think this is quite good, Garlic Richards. On account that you smell so terrible that you never have girls around.
- S How can they say those things? I do not smell terrible. And you're the reason why girls never come around. Haven't they heard about my famous cases, the mystery of the stubborn seamen, the case of the unremovable brassier and the case of the stinking Bishop?
- E Yes, who would have thought a day at the docks would be so exciting?
- S I'm sure my archenemy, Moriarty was there. I would have finally got my hands on him. I was so close. I had a red hot tip...
- E [*deadpan*] I know, that's why we got arrested.
- S I could have had him at last Eddie, toppling his crime empire will finally get me out of this [gestures around him]. Then everyone will know my name. But he slipped through my fingers...
- E [*changing the subject*] Anyway, I would not want to be a member of the club that had you as a member. Anyway, you already are a member. [*Mouthes the word "prick" to audience*]
- S Anyway, I don't have time, I've got all the crimes in London to solve. They'll be begging me to join soon enough. [quietly] Some very strange things have been happening around the flat.
- E What things?
- S Every time I leave the rent money out for Mrs Hudson, it goes straight away. I had a bottle of Ouzo and a bottle of Pernod. They disappeared without a trace. I keep hearing loud banging noises at night. I can't deduce it. I think it's him. Moriarty is playing with me.
- E [Hiccups, looks shifty] You're just overthinking it, maybe you should take a break?
- S I can't stop now Eddie, I sense something big is about to happen.

Eddie rolls his eyes.

Sherlock has a visitor

Afternoon. Sherlock tending the furnace SR

S [calling] Eddie, Eddie, come and help me. I've been having some terrible trouble with the stove. Could you have a look at it please?

Eddie enter CS

E Calm down! [*joins Sherlock*] You've not been burning urchins again have you?

S No, I just can't get it stay lit, can you see if the flue is blocked?

E Well, it wouldn't be the first time you've had your *flue* blocked. [*Eddie kneels down, looks inside quickly*] Nope, it all seems fine to me. Maybe we have just run out of coal again?

S You have to get your head right in there [*Eddie puts his head inside*] Yes, that's it.

Sherlock holds Eddie's back and slams the stove door repeatedly on Eddie's head

S [punctuated by slamming] I. Don't. Want. To. Ever. Join. Your. Stupid. Club.
[pauses] Ever.

Releases Eddie, who stands uneasily and straightens his glasses, his face blackened. The doorbell rings

S Ooh he's here for me, that crazed monster. Quick, get your service revolver. This is goodbye old friend.

E [still dazed] I don't think a crazed monster would ring the doorbell.

Grandfather clock chimes once

S [looking at grandfather clock] Oh yes, that will be our new client. [to stage crew] Are you quite sure it's one o'clock. [To Eddie] It's a lady, and I don't want you to mess it up for me like you always do. Smarten yourself up. [skips to desk SL]

E [flatly] Are you going to put some trousers on first?

S There is no time for that, they keep falling off. I will just stay sitting down behind my desk.

E [*opening door*] good evening Maaaam, can I take your coat?

L No. [*eye gouges Eddie*] I have an appointment to see Mr Richards, is he here?

S [*from stage left*] Why yes, I am dear, Eddie, show our guest to my office.

Eddie leads Lucy SL, where Sherlock is sitting behind a desk.

S That will be all. [*Eddie shuffles to CS*] Now my dear, [*both hands slip below the top of the desk*] have a seat. How can I *help* you?

Glancing nervously around] Lucy perches uneasily on the chaise longue

L Well, I [pauses to find the right word] *work* down in Whitechapel and over the last few weeks, me and quite a few of my [pauses again] *colleagues* have had encounters with this very strange man.

S I see, and what has he actually done?

L Nothing, yet. I don't know, it's how he feels. So menacing's it's more what we think he will do.

S [*impatiently*] And what does this man look like?

L We see him most nights, just lurking in the shadows, like he is waiting for something. We have never seen his face.

S How is he dressed?

L He looks ever so funny, he wears a top hat and cape and carries a cane and a doctor's bag. He looks like he's just been to the opera or something.

Eddie nervously removes a top hat from that stand and throws it SR.

S So, what do you expect me to do about it?

L [*flirting*] Well, we all heard about how great you are, you were hoping that you could fin7d out who is and what he is up to before something terrible happens.

Sherlock takes a large pipe from his desk and sucks on it thoughtfully. Bubbles rise.

S And just how great am I?

L [*adoringly*] We follow all your exploits. We heard about the case of the fractured sausage, the case of the cancerous lawnmower and the great toilet illusion. And however did you escape from that locked cell?

S [*defensively*] How do you know about that?

L It was in today's paper.

S Well, if you *can* read that, you will know that I am the best detective in London and my services don't come cheap. [*begins to stand, then sits down again quickly*] Can you *afford* me?

L We are just working girls, we can't afford...

S I don't just work for free. If you are working girls, I suggest you work a bit harder. If I'm in the area, I might come along and do some sleuthing, but there is not much I can do if no crime has been committed. You're wasting my time. [*swivels his chair so his back is to her*] Now get out.

Eddie opens door and gives a bow as Lucy passes, sniffing and dabbing her eyes with a hanky. He closes the door

Sherlock's Bottom

S She wanted my services for free. [shouts] Bloody poor people. [To Eddie] But I knew she had no money.

E How do you know that then?

S I deduced it using my superior observational powers. It's quite easy really. - her badly crumpled dress and the overpowering odour of stale sweat that she carried with her, the dirt under her fingernails, all point to a penniless chronic alcoholic who spends most of her time in the workhouse, drunk or asleep.

E You know, it's entirely possible that you didn't quite understand what she meant by *working girl*. There are 62 brothels in Whitechapel [adds quickly] I would imagine. I think her and her friends would have made a *special* arrangement with you. [hopefully] So you're going to do absolutely nothing?

S 62 eh? That's very precise. You're right, I must help these girls, they could be in great danger. I'll put some of my urchins onto it for now, see if they can find out who this mysterious gentleman is and what he's up to.

Sherlock opens the window and smoke billows in

S [to Eddie] Gosh it's very foggy out there! [shouts out of window] Urchins. I want you to find a well-dressed peeping Tom hanging around Whitechapel. I want to know who he is and what he's up to. [pauses/listens] Yes, the usual shilling for any information I can use.

U [from outside] Put some trousers on mister!

Eddie's Invention

Evening. Sherlock stands alone at the window with pipe and smoking jacket. A large object covered by a sheet is CS

S [looking out of window, dramatically] They're lighting the lamps my dears. Tis dusk, the ending of the natural day. As the industrial mantle of grime settles and the embers of the evening fires steal the glow of the dying sun, such wickedness as never before seen, comes abroad in this great city.

Audience cheers

S [to audience] I'm better than Dickens and too good for these knob-gags. [mockingly] I've got a red-hot tip!

Eddie enters CS

E Sherlock, I think you're struggling to get the right cases. I have invented something that will help you become London's greatest detective a bit faster. It's a lie detector.

S I've heard about these, but you didn't invent it.

E Not technically, but I have improved it. Try it out.

Eddie reveals his machine. It's a penny farthing bike, the wheel on rollers. The whole thing is attached to a frame. The seat is 1m off the ground, so three steps are part of the construction. The steps have flashing lights at the side. Thick wiring snakes from rollers to the steps to a 2m tall post with a green and red light bulb side by side at the top.

S How does it work?

E The subject, in this case you, powers the machine, and answers questions. The sensitive sensors detect changes in the brain whether you are telling the truth or not. But it's still in testing. There are a few *kinks* I need to iron out.

S Wow, kinks eh? Sounds exciting, let me help. [Getting on machine] this is going to save me so much time!

Eddie attaches electrodes to Sherlock's forehead and a comically large crocodile clip to the front of his underpants.

S Mind the Prince Albert.

E You have a piercing on the end of your penis? Why?

S [matter of factly] Well, it's quite simple really. When you're wearing super-tight trousers, like what us upper-class folk like to do, you use a ring in the end of your penis to attach it to your thigh, thus preventing an unsightly bulge and any embarrassment.

- E I see. But that would mean that your penis would have to be big enough to cause an unsightly bulge in the first place. And yours isn't. I can't even see it [Sherlock hands Eddie the magnifying glass]. Oh yes, there it is. They did a nice job. Did it hurt?
- S Hardly, it only a few days to heal and I had to be very careful in that entire area. Ooh, this seat feels very *comfy*.
- E: Now you start peddling and I will ask you a few questions. Is your name Sherlock Richards?
- S Yes [Bell dings and green light shows] wait a minute, that feels rather sexy.
- E I forgot to mention: the subject is also stimulated by giving truthful answers.
- S [*begins pedalling furiously*] well hurry up and ask me some more questions.
- E Very well. What's my name?
- S Easy, your name is Eddie [Bell dings and green light shows] Uhhh, I like that! But what's your last name?
- E Palmer, Eddie Palmer.
- S Palmer. That's a very odd name.
- E [*reverently*] My dear old mum named me after the notorious poisoner, William Palmer. [*to audience*] Hitler won't be born for another couple of years yet.
- S [*pedalling slows*] Oh, I thought it sounded familiar.
- E Keep pedalling. Now something a bit more difficult. Do you desperately want to be a member of my club?
- S No, that's ridic... [*buzzing sounds and red light shows. Stage lights flicker, Sherlock screams in pain*] Eddie you bastard.
- E You just have to tell the truth. Here's another easy one - are you a virgin?
- S [*thinking carefully*] yes [Bell dings and green light shows], *Ahahah*, but I absolutely don't deserve to be... [*buzzing sounds and red light shows. Stage lights flicker, Sherlock screams in pain*] I have excellent prospects... [*buzzing sounds and red light shows. Stage lights flicker, Sherlock howls in pain*] So much to give... [*buzzing sounds and red light shows. Stage lights flicker, Sherlock groans in pain*]
- E I think we'd better stop this, I think you're enjoying this too much. The floor is awash with your bodily fluids.

Sherlock stops peddling

- S [*panting*] I think I may need to change my underpants. [*dismounts gingerly, squelching noise*] and make sure you give the seat a good wipe down before you use it again. [*looks around*] What a mess.

Sherlock's Bottom

End of Act One

Act Two

Some Clues for Sherlock

Empty Flat. Afternoon. Clock chimes three times. Sherlock enters alone, dressed as before.

S The game is afoot. I need to think, I need to relax. *[picks up violin and bow up from kitchen table. He takes deep breath and puts it to his shoulder]* *[to audience]* Yes, we're doing this bit again. I need silence, I am still a genius.

Eddie bursts in CS.

E *[waving letters excitedly]* Sherlock, it's...

Sherlock smashes violin on Eddie's head

S You won't be interrupting me again will you? *[to self]* Actually, that is the best tune I ever got out of this. *[to Eddie]* Wait, Eddie, have you got the post?

Eddie looks down at his trousers

E *[groggily]* No, I just came up the stairs too quickly! Oh, you mean the post, oh yes I have. They're both for you, *[he looks at each]*, a notice of eviction...

S Oh ignore that. It's just one of our little jokes, Mrs Hudson loves me really. What's the other one?

E This one is different, it seems to be *[says dramatically]* written in blood!

Sherlock opens the letter and scans it briefly

S *[matter of factly]* Oh yes this was written by deranged lunatic, *I* can tell. *[To the audience]* by the handwriting of course.

Long pause as Sherlock reads and considers the letter. Eddie looks Pleadingly the audience and shrugs.

E *[stage whisper]* I think this is important exposition, we have to tell the audience, *[to audience]* I wonder what it says?

S It just says, dear Sherlock, end your'e interfering, I will peg you. A lot. Expect me at 7. It's just signed with an M.

E I thought you asked your mother to stop writing to you.

S No it's not from her, it's from Moriarty. He used the incorrect form your, Ma-ma would never do such a thing.

S Anyway, I don't think I'd like being pegged.

E *[to audience]* No, but I've heard that The Prince of Wales does!

Sherlock's Bottom

- S I am obviously getting close to something and this is a warning. [*disdainfully*] A very brief warning. It's awfully smudged.
- E Perhaps he was feeling faint after writing the entire address out in blood.
- S I think this person has a vendetta against me.
- E [*incredulously*] Oh come now, how can you tell he likes ice cream from that?
- S Wait a minute, you keep saying 'he'. How do you know it's a *he*?
- E [*nervously*] Well, I assume it's a he. Can't you tell by analysing the handwriting?
- S Yes. [*holds up letter*] barely literate, possible brain damage, drooling uncontrollably.
- E [*looks shifty*] Ah – sounds like Boris Johnson!
- S Who?
- E A Tory politician from the future. But no, it couldn't possibly be him. None of his names begin with an 'M'.

Stones rattle on window pane SL

- U [*outside*] Oi, open your window mister.
- S Oh, it's my urchins, [*excited*] they must have news for me. They're ever so good you know. [*opens window and leans out*]
- E [*to audience*] Yes, and very, very quick.
- S What is it my dears? Do you have some information for me? You do? Well come on then, let me have it.

Sharp Crack and Sherlock falls back into the flat holding a stone to his face

- S I have told them repeatedly to just tell me the ruddy message. Not to assault me with it.

Laughter from outside

- E I think there's a message tied to this stone.
- S Give me that [*snatches stone*] so there is. They must have some information about the mysterious top hatted weirdo. There are only three words here. Jacob, Rees and Mogg.
- E What could that mean?
- S It could be a name, it could be three people, it could be a dodgy legal firm. I have a terrible feeling that this person or people are going to play a part in something dreadful and they must be stopped for the good of the British people. It means the game is afoot!
- U [*outside*] You owe us a shilling mister!

Sherlock's Bottom

S Really? I'll show those little bastards. Eddie, have you got the coins?

E [*looking down at trousers*] no, it's just the way I am standing. Oh coins. Haven't you got any?

S [*rudely*] I haven't got any pockets, have I?

E [*shrugs*] Here you go. I've only got five pennies. [*hands S five one penny coins*]

S [*to Eddie*] Gosh, these are very warm. [*to audience like a teacher*] The coins were much bigger and heavier in Victorian times. [*through window*] Here's your money. [*draws arm back to throw*]. Make sure you watch carefully to see where it lands!

Sherlock throws the coins one by one in quick succession. Eddie hands him the stone and Sherlock aims carefully. He throws the stone.

U [*sickening thud*] Ow, my eye!

Sherlock chuckles and closes the window.

Sherlock has another visitor

Eddie sits on the Chaise longue reading the paper. Sherlock sits behind the desk.

E Says here that this country is full of immigrants.

S Yes, there's far too many of them. They'll be coming over in small boats next. Send them all to the colonies or off to fight in a Great War I say. Hammersmith has not been the same since the railway came, you know.

Clock chimes six

E [relieved] Right, I'm off out.

S But Eddie, you can't go now, Moriarty is on his way. I need you here, by my side to fight him for me - I mean *with* me.

E It can't be helped I'm afraid. I have a meeting with a friend who is working on something big and has asked for my help.

S Something big eh? I'll bet he'll be giving you something very big. I'll never speak to you again if you go through that door!

E Fine by me. [Eddie Exits CS]

S [shouting through door] Like that is it? Well, I'll take care of him myself. [looks round, runs his fingers over his pants] No. There's no time for that now. Weapons. Have we got any? [Sherlock rifles through drawers, discarding a noose, huge dildo a curved knife and a rubber chicken] I want something to incapacitate him. [opens dresser cupboard] Oh yes, yes, this will do nicely, [setting it on the fireplace] my old surplus Navy cannon, but no balls. [to audience] shut it. [To self] but I need some ammo to put in it [looks around some more] this will be fine [holds up fruit bowl] Yes, [tipping the contents in] this fruit may be made of wax, but it won't kill him, but it will sting like buggery.

Clock chimes 7

S [to stage crew] That was never an hour. [to audience] I just have time to turn the lights off so he thinks I've gone out.

Light down. Sounds of footsteps on the stairs

S Oh my god, he's here. How did he get in? That bastard Eddie must have left the door open. I'll light the fuse on the cannon. If I can just keep him in that spot for the next 30 seconds, he'll rue the day that he tried to intimidate Sherlock Richards.

Loud hissing begins. Knocking on the door

S [to door] I'm not in, and I don't like pegging. Eddie does. Try again later.

Door crashes open. Enter Moriarty wearing cape and top hat, a scarf over his mouth and surrounded by fog. Backlit by a strobe light in the hall and with thunder SFX, he seems more like a terrifying ghost

M [deep voice] It is I, your nemesis

S Which one?

M [confused] Moriarty of course.

S Oh of course, you're here to kill me aren't you?

M Unfortunately, not this time. Didn't you get my note?

S Yes. Now, about this pegging business, I'm not sure if it's a good idea.

M It said 'pay you a lot', I want to make a deal with you. You must do absolutely nothing for the next 24 hours and I will pay you £1000. Just to be clear, you speak to no one and go nowhere.

S Pay me £1000 you say?

M Yes, I have it here [tosses envelope over].

S Yes, that all seems to be in order [stuffs envelope into back of underpants] I can assure you Sir, it will be quite safe there. Is that everything? I'm very busy you know. Can you leave now please? [dramatically] I would be alone.

M Not just yet, I would like to give you a good thrashing before I leave. [steps toward Sherlock] I hear you been having terrible trouble with your stove. Oof. [slips and falls]

Hissing stops

S That fuse must have been faulty. It must have got wet. Oh well, I don't need it now.

Sherlock stands above Moriarty

S [to audience] I say, he seems to have slipped and knocked himself out. [to Moriarty] Now the game is on the other foot. I'm going to take your money *and* deliver you to the police! [Moriarty groans and mumbles something] What's that? [Sherlock bends over to hear]

The cannon explodes

The Angry Mob

It is several hours later that night. Sherlock lies on the floor, not moving. Eddie enters CS in hat and coat, carrying two large suitcases. He turns the lights on. He puts the cases down and stands above Sherlock.

E [checks Sherlock's pulse] Nothing. [drops Sherlock's wrist] Well this is goodbye old friend, tomorrow I'll be starting a new life in the Raj! I'll just take that £1000 you've been looking after for me.

Clock chimes midnight. As soon as Eddie touches his underpants, Sherlock regains consciousness.

S Where am I? Oh Eddie, help me to the chaise longue. [Eddie puts down his cases and helps Sherlock]. [pauses] Your touch must've brought me back! You won't believe what happened to me. How long was I out?

E Out? I thought you were dead. Well, I had a lovely evening at my club, when I got back I found the front door off its hinges. [sniffs] have you been smoking? What happened with Moriarty?

Eddie helps Sherlock get to his feet, Sherlock puts his hands on his bottom, groaning in pain.

S He was here. He wanted me to stop my investigations, I must be getting close, he gave me £1000. That would be enough for me to buy a flat in Baker Street and set up a proper detective agency. Just like I have always dreamed.

E Then what happened?

S He slipped over in that filth left by your lie detector and knocked himself out. Of course, I rushed to his side to help, but the cannon went off and took me out. He must have thought I was dead.

E I didn't think you had the balls. What was in that cannon?

S It was only wax fruit, [tugs at back of underpants awkwardly] but one piece seems to have got stuck.

E [to audience] Lemon-entry was it?

S [extracting envelope] this money must have saved my life, it took the impact [lemon shaped hole scorched through every note]. [angrily] It's ruined. [deploringly] I had our future in my underpants Eddie.

E [to audience] I really wish I hadn't heard him say that before. [to Sherlock] Did you get a look at him?

S Not really, it was over so quickly. But hold on a minute, I'm London's greatest detective. He knew I've been having trouble with my stove. That means [pauses dramatically] it could only have been you.

- E Okay, you've got me. It was me. I got involved with the underworld, but it's all about money. I was collecting it from the fleshpots, buying opium from the triads and selling it to the gangs. Then I would use that money to buy influence from police and politicians. Every week, the amounts just got bigger and bigger. Then I became the underworld. It was out of control.
- S [*stopped listening fleshpots*] but those ladies of easy virtue, you must have [*thrusting just with hips*].
- E Nope. Nobody was ever pleased to see me. I never even got offered a cup of tea. It was a terrible cycle [*dramatically*] from which I could not escape.
- S But what about the letter written in blood?
- E I wrote that letter to scare you off that case. It nearly killed me. You were getting too close to me. I just needed enough time to double cross everyone, get all the money together and run away without leaving a trace. Which I am about do now. [picks up suitcases stuffed with money]
- S So there is no Moriarty then? What a relief!
- E Oh no, he's out there alright. I met him at my club once. He knew all about you [Sherlock beams]. He said he hated you with a passion and desperately wanted to hurt you [Sherlock's smile drops]. I quite liked him so I invited him round for tea. Anyway, I must be off. They can't be far behind me.
- S So you're starting a new life, but what about me?
- E I made sure there was plenty of money for you to start a new life in London
- S But that's all been destroyed. [*sheepishly*] Can I come with you?
- E I'm sorry but no, this is a new start for both of us. it's time for us to go our sperate ways. Maybe our progeny will work together one day.

Loud crowd noise can be heard outside

- S [opens window and looks out] [*smugly*] Well they have caught up with you now haven't they? I wonder what they're going to do to you? There's lots of celestial people down there. [*to audience, pompously*] I can ruddy well say that, I'm a Victorian. [*To Eddie*] they look very cross, they're waving meat cleavers and pitchforks. And what's that they're holding? It looks like... Well, it looks like you, wait, then setting it on fire, now they're dancing on it.

Crowd cheering.

- E [*Eddie pushes to the window and looks out*] Hold on a minute, isn't that that mad Jack McMurdock? What's he doing here, didn't you get him sent to Australia for burglary?

Sherlock's Bottom

- S Not burglary, but near enough. Let me see. Yes, it is him. He looks very angry, doesn't he? Ooh he's seen me. Oh, look, it's my urchins, they've come to help!
- U [outside] There he is. He's the one what blinded Billy. We're going to kill you mister!
- E It looks like this crowd is here for both of us.
- S I suppose it's too late to turn the lights off and pretend we're not in?
- E I think it's a bit too late for that.
- S [dramatically] So this is how it all ends for Sherlock Richards, London's greatest and most beloved detective?
- E Well as it happens, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a member of my club and when I told him about you, he wanted to make you into character for a book he's writing. Perhaps you will be a famous detective after all.
- S Oh well, that will have to do.

Shouting and running footsteps on the stairs. Sherlock and Eddie hug.

Fin