

Scene Three: On Baker Street in the Rain

(Two cockney lads of about fourteen appear out of nowhere. They're cheerful, resourceful, and competitive.)

CARTWRIGHT. Hello, Doctor. No need to yell.

MILKER. We can get ya a taxi in seconds.

WATSON. Cartwright. Milker. How on earth did you know I'd be here?

CARTWRIGHT. I dunno. I've got this kind o' sixth sense where you and Mr. 'Olmes is concerned.

MILKER. I think me friend 'ere is whatcha call paranormal.

CARTWRIGHT. No, I'm not. I'm exotic.

MILKER. Freaky.

CARTWRIGHT. Prophetic.

MILKER. Peculiar.

CARTWRIGHT. Telepathic.

MILKER. Insane.

WATSON. Enough! We have a job for you.

CARTWRIGHT. Is it dangerous?

WATSON. Yes.

MILKER. Excellent.

CARTWRIGHT. Now I'll get ya that taxi ya wanted.

MILKER. I'll get it.

CARTWRIGHT. I said I'll do it.

MILKER. I'll do it faster.

CARTWRIGHT. Oh sure, you wish.

MILKER. Me da has a taxi.

CARTWRIGHT. Me ma has a carriage.

MILKER. And I've got a yacht.

CARTWRIGHT. And I got a balloon, two battleships and half an army!

WATSON. Boys, that's enough!

(To us.) On the way to the station, we stopped at Mrs. Gasner's Newsagents, Dry Goods, and Sundries and picked up the items that Holmes requested –

(The door opens with the tinkle of a bell.)

MRS. GASNER is efficiency itself and carries a clipboard.)

MRS. GASNER. Come in, come in and state your business. Do not shilly-shally with a lot of nonsense, I'm a busy woman.

CARTWRIGHT. A quart o' paraffin.

MRS. GASNER. It's on the shelf.

MILKER. A wick.

MRS. GASNER. To the left.

CARTWRIGHT. And an empty bottle that holds exactly eight and a quarter ounces o' liquid when it's filled, not more nor less!

(Bang! There it is.)

MRS. GASNER. Would you like to measure it, dearie, or take my word for it?

MILKER. Ha!

(The boys start to go.)

MRS. GASNER. Ah-ah. Say the magic words.

Scene Four: Platform Nine at King's Cross Station

CARTWRIGHT. 'Allo, Mr. 'Olmes.

MILKER. It's good to see ya!

HOLMES. Cartwright. Milker.

(A rude PORTER bustles past pushing a trolley.)

PORTER. Porter! Porter! I'm comin' through!

CARTWRIGHT. Hey, be careful!

MILKER. Watch yer step!

(The PORTER growls back.)

CARTWRIGHT. So what's the case, Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES. The *case* is to listen to me very carefully. The doctor and I will be in Carriage Seven, Compartment Two, and Cartwright, I want you to patrol the carriage but remain invisible –

CARTWRIGHT. "Invisible."

HOLMES. And if anyone suspicious comes near my compartment, call out loudly. Do not approach him, he is likely to be extremely dangerous.

CARTWRIGHT. Yes sir.

MILKER. And what do I do, sir?

HOLMES. You will travel to the town of Grantchester outside Cambridge by a separate train, then double back to this address. Then at two o'clock precisely – do you hear me? –

MILKER. Two o'clock precisely!

HOLMES. – you will start a fire in the grate in the kitchen.

MILKER. You mean to cook the supper, sir?

MILKER & CARTWRIGHT. Thank you.

MRS. GASNER. Not those magic words, dearies. The ones that go "Here is your money *and I'm not going to stiff you for a change!*" We respectable women require a certain amount of upkeep, and don't you forget it.

CARTWRIGHT. Sorry.

MILKER. Sorry.

(They pay and leave.)

WATSON. We left Gasner's and arrived at King's Cross Station right on time. I could see Holmes on the platform waiting for us, and even at a distance I could tell that his eyes were ablaze with new purpose.

CONDUCTOR. *(Voiceover.) All aboard for Cambridge, stopping at Epping, Harlow and Great Shelford.*