

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

This is a version of what would happen if PBS decided to make a children's show based on Sherlock Holmes, specifically, The Red-Headed League.

ANNOUNCER: *The Red-Headed League* is made possible by grants from the Arthur Vining Davis Foundation, the P-U Charitable Trust, the Lucille Ball Endowment for the Arts, and the Carrot-Top Philanthropic Society.

ANNOUNCER: Hey, kids, it's time for the Red-Headed League.

ALL: Are you ready, are you ready,
Are you ready for the Red-Headed League?
With Jabez and Watson
And Holmes and his dachshund
In the Red-Headed League.

We'll do tricks and we'll jump around.
We'll solve a couple cases and arrest a clown.
We'll wiggle and we'll wriggle—chase away your frown.

Are you ready, are you ready,
Are you ready for the Red-Headed League?
We just need a half-hour
To show our laugh-power
In the Red-Headed League.

WILSON: Hello and welcome. I'm Jabez Wilson and we have all sorts of fun planned for you.

FLIP: Chris gonna find Ray Charles.

WILSON: That's my brother Flip and we'll be hearing from him a little later in the show. But first, here's my good friend Dr. Watson.

WATSON: It's a beautiful day here in Rojo Corners. Well, look, here's the telephone man. Hello, telephone man.

CARROT-TOP: Dial 1-800-CALL-ATT. It's cheap for them and—

WATSON: My, aren't you the obnoxious one. (He pulls out his revolver and kills Carrot-Top. Looks at gun before putting it away.) I wondered why Mr. Holmes told me to bring my Army revolver. Can you say revolver? I thought you could. Well now, I want to remind all our viewers that I am not taking a seven percent solution of anything. I'm high on Cardogan Sweaters. Sure. (the doorbell rings) Who can that be? Oh, it's Mr. Holmes. Hello, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES: Hello, Dr. Watson. A pleasure to see you today.

WATSON: Why thank you. It's a pleasure to have you come visit. What sort of a case are you working on today?

HOLMES: Well, if you must know, Elmo is missing.

WATSON: Oh dear.

HOLMES: Yes, and the evidence points overwhelmingly to either Grover or Oscar.

WATSON: Really? Now why is Grover a suspect?

HOLMES: It is a well-known fact that Grover and Elmo have not gotten along well over the last few years.

WATSON: Really?

HOLMES: Yes, Grover was insanely jealous about the Tickle Me Elmo doll from a few years ago. I even broke into Charles Augustus Milverton's apartment and found several threatening letters that Grover wrote but never sent.

WATSON: Uh-huh. You know, that's a very good idea. When you get mad at your friends, what do you do? Grover wrote letters about how he felt. He never sent them, though. No. Mr. Milverton took those letters. That wasn't very neighborly. Why do you think he took them? Do you think that maybe he was trying to help Grover? Maybe he wanted to make sure that the letters were never sent. Uh-huh. What would you do with the letters?

HOLMES: Actually, I don't think that was Milverton's intention. As for suspecting Oscar, he hates everyone, so he is always a suspect.

WATSON: Sure. I see. Well, how is your dog, Lestrade?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

WATSON: Just fine, I can see.

WILSON: Mr. Holmes, I was wondering if you would have the time to look into a matter about an assistant I have. A Mr. Spaulding.

HOLMES: Let me get this straight. Your name's Wilson and your assistant is Spaulding?

WILSON: Why yes, that's correct.

HOLMES: So who's your maid? Adidas? Who's your gardener? Nike?

WATSON: That's very funny Mr. Holmes. Isn't that funny, Mr. Wilson? Let's take a little break, shall we? (he waves in another person and talks to audience) While we're gone, our new neighbor Uncle John Clay is going to visit for a while. Okay? Okay.

(Holmes, Watson and Wilson exit)

CLAY: Hello, loves. Glad I could join you. I hope we can be friends. Hey, while the three musketeers are out, what say we have us a little party, huh? Just you and me, huh, 'cause that's all we really need, don't you think? Just us. Just us friends. Just us good friends. You know what good friends do, don't you? They help one another, don't they? You know what else friends do? Friends also keep secrets, eh? So, this will be our little secret, eh? I want you to go into your mummy's purse, or your dad's wallet. Take out a dollar—just one, eh? Wouldn't want to be too greedy, would we now? Just one dollar. Put it in an envelope and send it to Uncle John Clay, care of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, P.O. Box 33546, New York, New York, 10017. And write Confidential on the envelope. That's C-O-N-F-I-D-E-N-T-I-A-L. Confidential. That means that this is just between you and I. Let's keep this a secret, 'cause that's what friends do. And guess what? Uncle John just taught you a new word, eh?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

CLAY: Hello there, Lestrade. How's my favorite dachshund?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

CLAY: What's the matter, there, girl?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

CLAY: Hey, stop clowning around there. What's the problem?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

CLAY: What the bloody hell is the matter with this dog?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

CLAY: Get away from me, you mangy little cur.

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

WILSON: What's going on, Lestrade?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

WILSON: Mr. Holmes, your dog is trying to tell me something.

HOLMES: She is? What is it, girl?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark. Bark. Bark.

HOLMES: He is?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

HOLMES: You don't say? Mr. Clay?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

HOLMES: You do have supersensitive hearing, don't you, girl?

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

WATSON: What is it, Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES: Lestrade here tells me that Mr. Clay is extorting money from the children.

CLAY: What? Now, how would I be doing that? Your dog, just like you, has gone daft.

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

WILSON: Hey, wait a minute! His name's not Uncle John Clay! He's Spaulding, my assistant!

HOLMES: Lestrade is never wrong. You, sir, are coming with me.

CLAY: Get your bloody hands off my suit. I'm royalty, you know.

HOLMES: Come along.

LESTRADE: Bark. Bark.

WILSON: Well, I guess we'll be getting a new neighbor, won't we? See you next time on The Red-Headed League.

ALL: Are you ready, are you ready,
Are you ready for the Red-Headed League?
We'll solve a new case if you get in our face
On the Red-Headed League.

Lestrade's on the trail and he won't slow down
He won't stop running 'til he gets the clown.
We'll wiggle and we'll giggle—chase away your frown.

Are you ready, are you ready,
Are you ready for the Red-Headed League?
With Jabez and Watson
And Holmes and his dachshund,
On the Red-Headed League.