

THE ADVENTURE OF SILVER BLAZE

HOLMES: ...and that, my dear Watson, is the tale of the Giant Rat of Sumatra.

WATSON: I had no idea that the Rat was just a metaphor.

HOLMES: No, Watson, it was a real rat.

WATSON: But I thought you said—

HOLMES: Were you listening at all?

WATSON: Well, I was thinking about that redhead in the next compartment.

HOLMES: Why does that not surprise me? Ahh, here we are. Dartmoor. I believe that Inspector Gregory is meeting us here.

WATSON: He is quite punctual, if unimaginative.

HOLMES: Much like you these days, Watson.

EDITH: Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES: Yes. And you would be Edith Baxter, the maid.

EDITH: Why that is amazing. How did you know?

HOLMES: The smell of curried mutton on your blouse, the stable dirt on your left toe, and the name tag that says, "Hello, I'm Edith Baxter, the Maid." Where is Inspector Gregory?

EDITH: He has disappeared.

HOLMES: Curious.

EDITH: Oh, Mr. Holmes—the horse.

HOLMES (chuckling): The horse?

EDITH: There is something unusual about Silver Blaze.

HOLMES: Unusual?

EDITH: It is a horse from hell, I tell you.

WATSON: Hmmm. Horse from hell. Has an interesting ring to it.

HOLMES: Well, won't you lead us to Mapleton?

EDITH: Of course. This way.

HOLMES: So tell me of this horse. I understand that he is of Somomy stock, and has been racing for five years now. That hardly seems unusual.

EDITH: But he has never lost a race.

WATSON: That is hardly unusual either.

EDITH: The inspector said that you should read these newspaper clippings.

HOLMES: Hmm. Many of the other horses competing against Silver Blaze have met with unusual fates. Why just last month, just before the Grimpen Mire Stakes, one of the fillies had her leg hit with a crowbar. Immediately before the race. Yes, I recall hearing something about that. The Harding Gang of Sussex was questioned at length, but nothing came of it.

EDITH: Yeah. They never found them what did it.

HOLMES: Anything else?

EDITH: He gives me the willies. Those big eyes, that white thing on his face. (Shivering) He just creeps me out.

WATSON: Hmm. The Creeped Out Woman. Has an interesting ring to it.

HOLMES (dismissively): Yes, yes, yes.

EDITH: Here we are. That's Colonel Ross over there.

HOLMES: Colonel Ross, a pleasure to meet you.

COLONEL: Yes, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES: Have there been any further developments.

COLONEL: Nothing major, apart from the Inspector disappearing. Mr. Straker's body is upstairs. The inquest is tomorrow. All indications point to Fitzroy Simpson as the killer.

HOLMES: I think we should inspect the area where the murder occurred before we make any final conclusions.

COLONEL: By all means. I or my staff are at your general disposal.

WATSON: Tell me, Colonel, are there any singles taverns around here?

COLONEL: I wouldn't know. I'm a very private person. I have my horses and that is more than enough.

WATSON: To each their own, I suppose.

COLONEL: What on earth does that mean?

HOLMES: What my unobservant, uhh, colleague is trying to say is that horses are a fine pastime.

COLONEL: He has a funny way of putting it. Ahh, here we are. Mr. Straker's body was found here. He had taken off his coat and placed it on the furze-bush over there.

HOLMES: Why would Mr. Straker be out here in the middle of the night?

COLONEL: He was an amateur astronomer.

HOLMES: He was?

COLONEL: Yes. Had quite a nice telescope. Newtonian, by the way. Wonderful optics. None of that glass nonsense. A mirror is the only way to go.

WATSON: I quite agree. It is ever helpful for seeing around corners. And over window sills. And into rooms.

HOLMES (miffed): Yes. (Back to business) Watson, please. Here are the tracks of Silver Blaze. They lead this way. See how they disappear and then reappear? Hullo, what's this? One set goes round this way and the other goes round that way. Watson, you and the Colonel take that set and I'll take this one.

WATSON: But I wanted to go with you.

HOLMES: You will be fine, Watson.

WATSON: But I—

HOLMES: Go with the Colonel.

WATSON: Holmes, I—

HOLMES: Go with the Colonel. Run along.

WATSON: Holmes, please, I—

HOLMES: I need a few minutes alone, Watson.

WATSON: Just this once.

HOLMES: Yes. We will rendezvous back at the house. Hmm. The tracks lead this way and then branch off again into two trails. This is quite interesting. Someone took great pains to try to confuse anyone who might follow.

SILVER BLAZE: Sherlock.

HOLMES: Hello. Who is there?

SILVER BLAZE: Sherlock.

HOLMES: Show yourself. I know Baritsu. I am quite the boxer.

SILVER BLAZE: You don't stand a chance against two left hooks.

HOLMES: Who is there? Show yourself.

SILVER BLAZE: Very well.

HOLMES: There you are Silver Blaze. We have been looking for you. Come along home.

SILVER BLAZE: Take your paws off me you damn dirty detective.

HOLMES: Excuse me.

SILVER BLAZE: You heard me.

HOLMES: You—you spoke. This is some kind of joke.

SILVER BLAZE: No joke, Sherlock.

HOLMES: Lestrade. Have you taken up ventriloquism?

SILVER BLAZE: This is no joke.

HOLMES: This is impossible.

SILVER BLAZE: Hey, I'm from Somomy stock. We're brilliant, you know. And we're good runners too.

HOLMES: A talking horse? Why, this can't be.

SILVER BLAZE: Have you listened to some of your members of Parliament lately? They're less a horse and more of an a—

HOLMES: Why this is incredible.

SILVER BLAZE: Look, this isn't a social call.

HOLMES: Whatever do you mean?

SILVER BLAZE: He was getting too close.

HOLMES: Who was getting too close to what?

SILVER BLAZE: I'm beginning to think that Dr. Watson has been too complimentary toward you.

HOLMES: Oh...ohhh. The unfortunate Mr. Straker. I see. To what was he getting too close?

SILVER BLAZE: Well, there's the—nice try, Sherlock. I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.

HOLMES: So Straker had hard evidence of something underhanded, eh?

SILVER BLAZE: Let's just say I'm the Secretariat of crime.

HOLMES: Do you think I will just stand here and not try to stop you?

SILVER BLAZE: I don't think you have much choice. I've already dispatched Inspector Gregory. And I knew you'd be difficult so I took out some insurance. Dr. Watson and Colonel Ross are now my prisoners.

HOLMES: I do not negotiate with equestrians. Watson knows that. He is willing to take that risk.

WATSON: Oh, Holmes. We seem to have gotten ourselves into a bit of a pickle. Do you think you could help us out? I've gotten a bit of a rope burn from some sort of a trap.

COLONEL: Yes, please do something, Mr. Holmes. I don't think I can handle any more stories about brunettes.

WATSON: I thought you'd find them quite amus—

COLONEL: Oh, can it, Watson.

HOLMES: You fiend. You're worse than the devil's fire.

SILVER BLAZE: Why do you think they call me Blaze?

HOLMES: Very well, then. I will let you go on one condition.

SILVER BLAZE: I don't think you're in any position to bargain.

HOLMES: I will allow you to go as long as you promise to leave Dartmoor.

SILVER BLAZE: I think not. I like it here. It's a backwater place run by a backwater lord.

HOLMES: I'm through arguing with you. Release them or you will regret it.

SILVER BLAZE: Try it.

[Fight sounds]

SILVER BLAZE: Uncle. Uncle. I give, I give.

HOLMES: I told you I knew Baritsu.

SILVER BLAZE: I thought it was a Japanese film director.

HOLMES: You'll be lucky if you escape the glue factory, my friend.

SILVER BLAZE: Tell ya what: Let me go and I'll change my ways. I'll even be your partner.

HOLMES (laughing): My partner? I already have a perfectly good partner.

WATSON: Hurry, Holmes, I think I'm going to be sick.

SILVER BLAZE: You were saying?

HOLMES: He's just a tad queasy from the train ride.

WATSON: I think I broke a nail, Holmes. Can I borrow your file?

SILVER BLAZE: What a wuss.

HOLMES: No, it is the gallows for you, my friend.

SILVER BLAZE: I can type 60 words a minute.

HOLMES: I—

SILVER BLAZE: You wouldn't have to worry about getting around London.

HOLMES: You can't possibly—

SILVER BLAZE: I'd never break a nail.

HOLMES: But if you ever broke a leg I'd have to shoot you—although there have been times when I'd like to shoot Watson.

SILVER BLAZE (sorrowfully): Please.

HOLMES: No, not the big brown eyes. Don't look at me.

SILVER BLAZE: Pretty please.

HOLMES: No, don't look at me. Edith was right.

SILVER BLAZE: Pretty, pretty please.

HOLMES: Fine. Just go. Get out of here. Leave Dartmoor. And don't forget your promise.

SILVER BLAZE: What do I look like? An elephant?

HOLMES: Why you—

SILVER BLAZE: Sucker.

HOLMES: I'll find you, Silver Blaze. I will hunt you down.

SILVER BLAZE: You gotta catch me first.

HOLMES: Blasted horse. I never should have fallen for it. Here, Watson, Colonel, let me help you down.

WATSON: What happened? Did you find the horse?

HOLMES: Uhhh, no, no, I didn't. You might want to scratch Silver Blaze and put Bayard in his place.

COLONEL: Ohh, no. What will I do? I've bet a fortune on him. I need him back.

HOLMES: No you don't.

COLONEL: What do you mean by that?

HOLMES: Let's just say that it is a dark day when an intelligent horse turns to a life of crime.

WATSON and COLONEL: What?

HOLMES: Nevermind. Come along, Watson, we can do no more here. Let us return to London. I should have seen the answer earlier, but instead I missed it. It's enough to make a grown man cry.

WATSON: The crying detective. Has an interesting ring to it. Oh, miss. You dropped your hanky. Do let me help you.

HOLMES: And I chose Watson over the horse.

Closing Song:

A case is a case,
It's such a waste.
If he doesn't solve it,
He will lose face.
He'll deduce the solutions that you'll embrace.
The famous Sherlock Holmes.

People come and bend his ears.
It's simply noise pollution.
'Cause Sherlock Holmes is way ahead
And is onto a new solution.

A horse is a horse
Without remorse.
His life of crime
Is a constant source
Of irritation to the sleuthing force.
The famous Silver Blaze.

His escapades in Edinburgh
Are very legend'ry
And Silver Blaze still weaves his web:
The king of crime is he.

A bee is a bee,
And Holmes can see
His error in letting
The horse go free.
He took his lumps without his tea.
The saddened Sherlock Holmes.

A crime is a crime,
No trial, no time.
He is pure evil,
He is pure slime
You've never heard of a crim'nal slime?
Well, listen to this.
I am Silver Blaze.