

### **Male Audition # 1**

Sherlock

I took the opportunity to peruse the train manifest given to me by the Lieutenant Detective. Lo and behold, I noticed a Moriarty, but not merely a James Moriarty, but Col. James Moriarty: your brother. He was on the train, not you. You were waiting for us here, knowing we'd follow your unwitting namesake to Dover Priory so that you could put on this orchestrated display. You play the victim, my partner returns home, I stand ashamed, and you continue your as-of-yet-undiscovered criminal enterprise. All this I deduced from slightly altering my well worn habits. Elementary!

### **Male Audition #2**

Sigmund Freud

You see, Herr Watson, although I was able to purge Holmes of the need for cocaine, it is only his body that is truly rid of it. His emotional dependence is still quite strong. For instance, he can be fine and then one day b-cups over there breaks his heart and then ya, back to the cocaine. Or he gets bored and frustrated mit his work and is like "Boo hoo. Ich bin bored und frustrated mit mein work solving unsolvable crimes und chasing after Moriarty. Boo hoo. Why is that Moriarty so hard to catch, und why does he always survive falls off cliffs? Woe ist mir."

### **Male Audition #3**

MORIARTY

Monster? Me? Whaaaaat? I'm a good man. No nonononono. No monster am I. I attend mass when the occasion calls for it. I enjoy cool Mediterranean breezes, and a fine port. I attend the Opera. I laugh when puppies lick themselves at inappropriate times in inappropriate places. Honestly, do monsters giggle at the words "fizzle" "squint" and "bugaboo"? HMMMMM? You think me a monster? Does a monster like the taste of the glue on stamps or know how to give a meat check? No! A monster would not!

### **Male Audition #4**

WATSON

What I may report within these pages could be interpreted as mere fantasy or flights of whimsy; I assure you they are not. Pesky details such as exact dates and names have fallen prey to the vagaries of memory, poor note taking, and the editorial concerns of Strand Magazine. Still the events did happen as written...more or less. To understand what occurred here; in this epic narrative, during what would be known as the last great tale of the legendary Sherlock Holmes.

### **Female Audition #1**

Queen Victoria

Give it here. You're as useless as my fourth nipple.(reading) To Your Highness, the most majestic Queen Regnant of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the first Empress of India of the British Raj.Stop. The mission you tasked Sherlock Holmes with has stalled in Budapest. Stop. He has been gravely injured and his colleague Dr. Watson was abducted by James Moriarty presumably headed toward Cyprus. Stop. He is operating with the explicit backing of Russia and the implied backing of the Ottoman Empire. Stop. Send help. End of Message.

### **Female Audition #2**

IRENE

Are you mad? The first place a Turk would look for you is on the Orient Express. No, you must alter your route. Watson, Holmes: We shall depart from an alternate station in Orleans via the Arlberg Express. Mycroft, you shall keep on schedule. Perhaps they will take the bait and follow you. Either they will scurry back knowing that their targets have been lost or they will kill you. Holmes, I gather on our journey to Orleans, you will overcome your infatuation with me and reveal enough so that I may be able do some good.

### **Female Audition #3**

MRS. HUDSON

For all things sweet and holy, John Hamish Watson, would you listen to me for once and not sit on the damned table? And who the hell are you talking to in here? How can you keep your sterling reputation as a man of science while prattling on to Lord-knows-who every time people's backs are turned? Can't you just move your lips when you read like everyone else? Do you know what time it is? The Lord made it dark at night for a reason. You're not engaging in obscenities are you? Because I will not allow Baker Street to become some warehouse for smut. Now, hand it over.

### **Female Audition #4**

MARY

When we met, you were an unhappy widower with a recently deceased brother. You were languishing in a practice surrounded by illness and struggling to find your voice as a writer. I hadn't truly seen a spark of joy from you until you brought me a copy of Beeton's Christmas Annual with your first Holmes story tucked deep within. "I did it." you said. "I have finally achieved something that makes me worthy of you" and then you asked for my hand in marriage. Though it pains me to see you leave, I will not stand in the way of what appears to be your calling. Besides. It is only temporary. You spirited me away long ago, love. He needs you for a week, you have me forever.