

## HOUDINI SIDES – CHOOSE ONE MONOLOGUE

### HOUDINI

Mr. Holmes. Mr. Watson. I do not consider myself a conjurer, yet I deal in dreams. Fantasy. As I boy I flew the trapeze, satisfying my audience's desire for danger and flew when they could not. No one paid attention to the net below because the fear they felt occurred well above it. I moved on to cards where the crowds knew they would find the Jack of Hearts they were looking for. They knew it was predetermined somehow, yet every time that Jack was pulled they were astonished. They wanted to believe. They needed to believe. Eventually I became the Handcuff King. No sorcery, no dark art other than the darkness the people brought with them. They saw what they wanted to see and all I did was lead them to it. That is my gift. So, no, Mr. Holmes, I am not this demon you speak of unless a demon is what you want me to be. And so it is with your mystery.

### HOUDINI

Good evening, lovely guests. Please do take a seat. If you will forgive the pretty young woman who sits apart from us. This is my assistant Bess and she will act as conduit and she cannot be responsible for any outbursts while in communion with the spirits. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Prepare to see into the unknown, ladies and gentlemen. Prepare to peer into the imperceptible space between life and death; where nothing is as it seems. We call unto the spirits of that void world, where nothing is as it seems. We call unto you, oh spirits of lives forgotten, of lives ripped from this existence. But they can only reach us if we all believe...if we all fix our gaze onto the same point.

## WATSON SIDES – CHOOSE ONE MONOLOGUE

### WATSON

And so it began, over a decade since I published my most accomplished work, darkness would pierce the light and threaten to snuff it out for good. For you see, one could never make their living wading into the blackest recesses of human nature without the Cimmerian shade reaching up and pulling one down into it. Most tales begin with a bang. Ours, dear friend, would begin with a scream. It was this brutal incident that would spark the tale I call Watson and the Dark Art of Harry Houdini. The tabloids would have a field day with this shocking act that would attract the attention of a once great detective.

### WATSON

We should head back to the precinct. Redouble our efforts. We'll scour the case file all over again. We must have missed something. The knife perhaps, I'll send a description of the wounds to Scotland Yard. We may be able to match them and confirm the murder weapon. Mycroft suggested it might be a serrated edge. The blade approximately thirteen inches in length. There is more to be revealed here, Holmes. I can't let this die here. Not this way. You may have given up, but it's become too important to me to quit now. These women deserve better. I can bring them justice. It's time we should enter the viper's pit.

### **HOLMES**

Pike, pay attention. The victim, in a romantic gesture bucking tradition made the fatal error of placing a rickety chair on a rickety box in order to cut down of bough of mistletoe for his paramour which was just out of reach. The chair leg snaps, the victim falls separating the branch covered in the poisonous shrub from the tree. He hits the ground, knocking the knife in one direction; impaling himself with the Lloyds of London end of the branch. The panicked lover rushed to his aide, making the fatal error of removing the branch, intensifying the bleeding, speeding up the effects of the poison and guaranteeing his death. The woman, Millicent Staunton, the name gleaned from the love letter I just now pilfered from his person ran towards those flats over there. No murder, no tabloid chum for you to throw toward your ravenous readership, merely an act of love gone horribly awry. Simply Observed. Simply deduced. Simply Elementary!

### **MYCROFT**

Sherlock Holmes. Stop. John Watson. Stop. Testing. Stop. I do hope I am not paying by the word. Stop. I do so hope this message finds you. Stop. Scotland Yard requested the passenger manifest. Stop. It is revealed that Harry Houdini is on that ship. Stop. It is advisable that you follow cautiously and do not, repeat do not confront. Stop. I'm being incredibly emphatic about this. Stop. Do not confront him. Did it work? Are you sure they're going to get this? Sending a telegraph to a moving vessel out in the middle of the sea? That sounds almost too good to be true. Must I pay per word? Bugger. Stop. Bugger! End of Message.

**FREUD**

Do not bullscheiss ein bullscheiseer. Ok? You think I like doing this? Do you think I want to be here listening to you bitch und piss und moan. I've been sitting here, respectfully, und all I can think of is "Jesus, he won't stop complaining. I really need to scheisse."

**WATSON**

Herr Freud, you are being most unprofessional.

**FREUD**

Unprofessional? Nein. Unprofessional is dozing off during a session. Unprofessional is mixing up ein patient's prescription. Unprofessional is putting someone under hypnosis und making them do strange things like eat ein fish tank full of mayonnaise or have ein patient think their eyes are actually boobs so when their allergies are bad, they rub them and get off by playing with their big hay-fevered eye titties. That, my chunky friend, is unprosessional!